

71. The Ambassador From Bakersfield

(for Robert Duncan)

One cloud up there is being chased by the police.

Ramon Gomez de la Serna

& then the swarm of night bees gone from the
hive part of the soul of the Ambassador from
Venus from whose heart the fire master would
return to, wd occasionally grant permission words
compressd, language avails itself (co-creator of
rimes) *a tone leading of vowels* vowels known to be the
soul of the poem, consonants, the body.

& the body
there to be purgatoried night after night a tone
leading to breakdown of kidneys (abandonment
fear maybe) or beat abandonment to the gate,
always an overweight middle aged woman to
appreciate such tones to appreciate (not repetition)
emphasis *so that speech may come when the mind is not
yours* and certainly not Ramón's (but maybe his)
maybe that of the cloud, the bee swarm, the off-
beach sea stacks hacking at another Pacific wave or
the stars themselves finding amusement in their
slow path to the first planet past Venus.

*You can't take
a piss ... w/o getting hit by a myth* but what myths are
made by assignation after assignation what karma's
bought for a handful of essence what what what
what what what is only part of what Stellar Jay
might say getting his bird jag on in forests this side
of Ruby Beach, the rain forest before rain season
the eyes looking at you while looking three rows
behind you and the stars burning a hole in the ink
of the Hoh night sky.

In the outlands of the sun's
decline, let us
reconvene *The Symposium of the Whole*,
leave not even
one working bee.

9:31P - 10.9.12, Rainforest Hostel, Forks, WA
(Quotes taken from *Robert Duncan: The Ambassador*
from Venus, Lisa Jarnot)