

# UNFUUCK YOURSELF



## Walt Whitman's Beard

write like your ass is on fire  
dress reality sandwiches in madness  
eat naked lunch  
unfuck yourself  
pull daisies  
wear flipped wigs  
ride the railroad earth that never sleeps  
live impossible music  
that you cannot help but sing  
live the way you write because you have to  
because you want to  
because beat is love  
is art is god  
and love is all we have  
sing it in the shower  
sing it in your sleep  
in your wake dreaming  
beat is your skin's forwarding address  
outlaw is the burning river of your hair  
the night alive with visions  
the way you invent the air  
when the words  
come rushing thru  
the poem is where the streets collide inside  
your bones as wild history  
as the unemployed future  
unwrapping the present  
the 1st amendment hallelujah choir that sings  
backup for the blues  
the poem is a wilting hatred called the news  
an indestructible lotus  
that is always the news  
a red wheelbarrow in the ancient rain  
small like love  
an emperor of ice cream being chased down the  
lonely street of dreams where you live  
your mind erect inside the windy city of change  
a bus called further with no destination  
Dillinger's opus gunfire  
Homer's golden fleece  
the ghosts of Venice West  
tony scibella's kid in america shopping at the 99 cent store  
a funny style cat  
The Lady  
and poets beware  
she is watching  
she is listening  
Cassady's hammer  
a mile high underground  
railroad between left of west Los Angeles  
and west of west Denver  
beat is whoever and/or whatever the hell you want it to be  
it is that sacred promise pumping inside the four walls of  
your reality show teaching the dead to sing  
a blood river  
a rank stranger  
it is all things holy  
a holy fool  
a holy goof  
a bottle of smoke  
a sore dove on the wing  
the myth of youth rocking  
to the pneumatic fuck of cities  
the free rent inside the apartment of this ongoing moment  
the alive people all around you  
who are the saints alive  
the father most of us never had  
and never will and don't you know  
that god is really Pooh Bear  
a Times Square junkie called Huncke  
the mother Ginsberg bop of be  
a vortex sutra  
Branaman's nude eyebrows

an apocalypse rose parade wearing  
Charlie Plymell's final moccasins  
Lord Buckley who is always  
temporarily strolling thru your garden  
shouting, "Hep cats eat everything!"  
a river of red wine  
Jack Micheline coming in at 90 to 1  
riding Skinny Dynamite  
the polis of Olson  
the unvert of Spicer  
the Mingus of Macker  
Charlie Parker blowing Bob Kaufman  
be an abomunist  
join only your hands and legs  
swim Ruggle's lifeguard in the snow  
nail yourself to Winans' second coming press  
dance the revolution of Diane di Prima  
be a beatnik nun on fire like Philomene Long  
and hang your habit inside the rebel cafe  
eat co-existence bagels and  
holy soul jelly rolls  
drink no tomorrow  
ride the mother road  
wear no seat belts  
it is a 1959 Cadillac high on process  
sing third class junkmail oracle  
give away poems like the welfare department  
let the poem fuck freely  
rabbits everywhere  
as you ride levy's ghost pony into  
Kerouac's golden eternity  
live the book of the dead  
cover the world with lines  
write Ted Joans lives on every sidewalk  
be a happiness bastard  
a rat bastard  
be completely forgotten  
swim in the fallout of Corso's Bomb  
go third eye into that good night  
explode and swing with the best minds of  
your generation for it is the only  
iteration that matters  
get Jackson Pollock  
remove time's baggy underwear  
skinny dip in the future here now  
play wild guitar  
live in the shadows  
know the light  
fear no darkness  
beat is a drive in movie till dawn  
hummingbird logic  
cockroach angels and ministers  
Rimbaud in Africa  
a meditation  
a prayer  
a breath  
it is nothing  
it is everything  
forget that I said or wrote any of this  
remember where you come from  
never know where you are going  
get there  
you will  
paint moustaches on the moon  
tag the sun  
wear your inside out  
be Thoreau talking to Emerson saying  
all criminals are outlaws  
not all outlaws are criminals  
and there are no rules  
except the ones you follow  
now go

S.A. Griffin

S.A. Griffin is a Carma Bum starting from zero inside his 1959 Cadillac Sedan. Editor for The Outlaw Bible of American Poetry, he is also the author of Numbskull Sutra, Greatest Hits (Pudding House) and The Fucker Inside. He has been publishing numerous titles on his Rose of Sharon imprint since 1988 including Juice, The Musical! by Scott Wannberg, Teaching The Dead To Sing: The Outlaw's Prayer by John Dorsey and most recently, Call by francEyE. He is a father, husband and Vietnam era vet.

# NOW GO