Dream-like New York Visit

Fell asleep on a plane in San Francisco
wake in New York
fell asleep in brief dream flashes
at the Tibetan Buddhist Center
NYC Chinatown
in the dream of New York –

Saw the Jack Kerouac exhibit at the Berg library
there was a photo of Ginsberg in the backseat
of my ’64 Plymouth Valiant in 1991
San Francisco backseat where I fucked writer Suzi Kaplan
after my one month dakini retreat
(then also back from New York
less than a month after Ginsberg’s death 1997) –

In the Berg Library there were Kerouac’s shoes, his
brakeman’s lantern his half-finished pack of Beachnut gum –
his crayola sketches of angels & Buddhas, his crayolas
themselves in the dream of New York where a big canvas sign
hangs over the library door BEATIFIC SOUL with his face and
the yellow dashes of the road –

After the Tibetan Buddhist dakini feast day Chinatown NYC
I gave the cab driver a blessed tangerine
I gave the cashier girls at the Rubin Tibetan Museum tangerines later
I gave poets Eliot Katz & Cliff Fyman
tangerines
my now-wife Suzi Kaplan Olmsted will get the holy
Chinatown coffee
candy – citrus gives her migraines in the
dream of a head on her shoulders in Oakland
where I’ll waken morn departure (up 2AM Oakland time)
to sleep on the jet
flying home

Marc Olmsted

Allen Ginsberg said "MARC OLMSTED inherited Burroughs' scientific nerve & Kerouac's movie-minded line nailed down with gold eyebeam in San Francisco." His book, WHAT USE AM I A HUNGRY GHOST? - POEMS FROM 3-YEAR RETREAT (Valley Contemporary Press, 2001), has an introduction by Ginsberg. For more of his work, visit Olmsted’s website: www.marcolmsted.com

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