Allen Ginsberg

from "Wichita Vortex Sutra" (1966)

I'm an old man now, and a lonesome man in Kansas
but not afraid
to speak my lonesomeness in a car,
because not only my lonesomeness
it's Ours, all over America,
O tender fellows--
& spoken lonesomeness is Prophecy
in the moon 100 years ago or in
the middle of Kansas now.

It's not the vast plains mute our mouths
that fill at midnite with ecstatic language
when our trembling bodies hold each other
breast to breast on a matress--

Not the empty sky that hides
the feeling from our faces
nor our skirts and trousers that conceal
the bodylove emanating in a glow of beloved skin,
white smooth abdomen down to the hair
between our legs,

It's not a God that bore us that forbid
our Being, like a sunny rose
all red with naked joy
between our eyes & bellies, yes

All we do is for this frightened thing
we call Love, want and lack--
fear that we aren't the one whose body could be
beloved of all the brides of Kansas City,
kissed all over by every boy of Wichita--
O but how many in their solitude weep aloud like me--

On the bridge over the Republican River
almost in tears to know
how to speak the right language--
on the frosty broad road
uphill between highway embankments
I search for the language
that is also yours--
almost all our language has been taxed by war.

Radio antennae high tension
wires ranging from Junction City across the plains--
highway cloverleaf sunk in a vast meadow
lanes curving past Abilene
to Denver filled with old
heroes of love--
to Wichita where McClure's mind
burst into animal beauty
drunk, getting laid in a car
    in a neon misted street
        15 years ago--
to Independence where the old man's still alive
who loosed the bomb that's slaved all human consciousness
and made the body universe a place of fear--
Now, speeding along the empty plain,
    no giant demon machine
        visible on the horizon
but tiny human trees and wooden houses at the sky's edge
    I claim my birthright!
    reborn forever as long as Man
        in Kansas or other universe--Joy
    reborn after the vast sadness of War Gods!
A lone man talking to myself, no house in the brown vastness to hear,
    imaging the throng of Selves
        that make this nation one body of Prophecy
    languaged by Declaration as
        Happiness!
I call all Powers of imagination
to my side in this auto to make Prophecy,
    all Lords
    of human kingdoms to come
Shambu Bharti Baba naked covered with ash
    Khaki Baba fat-bellied mad with the dogs
Dehorahava Baba who moans Oh how wounded, How wounded
    Sitaram Onkar Das Thakur who commands
        give up your desire
Satyananda who raises two thumbs in tranquility
    Kali Pada Guha Roy whose yoga drops before the void
    Shivananda who touches the breast and says OM
Srimata Krishnaji of Brindaban who says take for your guru
    William Blake the invisible father of English visions
    Sri Ramakrishna master of ecstasy eyes
        half closed who only cries for his mother
Chaitanya arms upraised singing & dancing his own praise
    merciful Chango judging our bodies
    Durga-Ma covered with blood
        destroyer of battlefield illusions
    million-faced Tathagata gone past suffering
    Preserver Harekrishna returning in the age of pain
Sacred Heart my Christ acceptable
    Allah the Compassionate One
        Jahweh Righteous One
    all Knowledge-Princes of Earth-man, all
    ancient Seraphim of heavenly Desire, Devas, yogis
& holymen I chant to--
    Come to my lone presence
        into this Vortex named Kansas,
I lift my voice aloud, 
make Mantra of American language now, 
    I here declare the end of the War! 
Ancient days' Illusion! 
and pronounce words beginning my own millennium.

Let the States tremble, 
let the Nation weep, 
let Congress legislate its own delight 
let the President execute his own desire--
this Act done by my own voice, 
nameless Mystery--
published to my own senses, 
    blissfully received by my own form 
approved with pleasure by my sensations 
manifestation of my very thought 
accomplished in my own imagination 
all realms within my consciousness fulfilled

60 miles from Wichita 
    near El Dorado, 
The Golden One,
in chill earthly mist 
    houseless brown farmland plains rolling heavenward in every direction
one midwinter afternoon Sunday called the day of the Lord--
    Pure Spring Water gathered in one tower 
where Florence is 
    set on a hill, 
stop for tea & gas

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