

110th Chorus

I know how to withstand poison
And sickness known to man,
In this void. I'm no apprentice
When it comes to remembering
The eternity of suffering
Quietly I've been through,
Without complaint, sensing inside
Pain the glorifful um mystery.
Afternoons as a kid I'd listen
to radio programs for to see
the scratch between announcements,
Knowing the invalid is glad
only because he's mad
enough to appreciate every
little thing that blazons there
in the swarmstorm of his eye
Transcendental Inner Mind
where glorious radiant Howdahs
are being carried by elephants
through groves of flowing milk
past paradises of waterfall
into the valley of bright gems
be rubying an antique ocean
floor of undiscovered splendor
in the heart of unhappiness

111th Chorus

I didnt attain nothin
When I attained Highest
Perfect
Wisdom
Known in Sanskrit as
Anuttara Samyak Sambodhi

I attained absolutely nothing,
Nothing came over me,
nothing was realizable —

In dropping all false conceptions
of anything at all
I even dropped my conception
of highest old wisdom
And turned to the world,
a Buddha inside,
And said nothing.

People asked me questions
about tomatos robbing the vine
and rotting on the vine
and I had no idea
what I was thinking about

and abided
in blank ecstasy

112th Chorus

Dont sound reasonable,
dont sound possible,
when you bring it up
But if you dont bring it up,
everything is alright.
Dont believe Mr. Believe Me?
Dont think about him
and boy
you'll see how he vanishes
in morning's mist
when the moon
is a crescent a banana
and birds jump
and far over the Atlantic
where Red Amida is Shining
you'll hear the Call Trumpet
of East is Alright with the West
In the Orb of the Womb
of Tathagata
so round
so empty
so unbelievably
false-lyingly
empty of persimmonny

113th Chorus

Got up and dressed up
and went out & got laid
Then died and got buried
in a coffin in the grave,
Man —
Yet everything is perfect,
Because it is empty,
Because it is perfect
with emptiness,
Because it's not even happening.

Everything
Is Ignorant of its own emptiness —
Anger
Doesnt like to be reminded of fits —

You start with the Teaching
Inscrutable of the Diamond
And end with it, your goal
is your startingplace,
No race was run, no walk
of prophetic toenails
Across Arabies of hot
meaning — you just
numbly dont get there

114th Chorus

Everything is perfect, dear friend.
When you wrote the letter
I was writing you one,
I checked on the dates,
Just about right, and One.

You dont have to worry
about colics & fits
From me any more
or evermore either

You dont have to worry bout death.
Everything you do, is like your hero
The Sweetest angelic tenor of man
Wailing sweet bop
On a front afternoon
When not leading the band
And every note plaintive,
Every note Call for Loss
of our Love and Mastery —
just so, eternalized —

You are a great man
I've gone inside myself
And there to find you
And little ants too

115th Chorus

LANGUID JUNKEY SPEECH WITH LIDDED EYES
So bleakly junk hit me never.
Must be something wrong with the day.
"How you feel?" — "Um — Ow" —
Green is the wainscot, wait
For the vaquero, 1, 2, 3 —
all the faces of man
are torting on one
neck

Lousy feeling of never-get-high,
I could swallow a bomb
And sit there a-sighing,
T's a Baudelairean day,
Nothing goes right — millions
Of dollars of letters from home
And the feeling of being,
Ordinary, sane, sight —
Arm muscles are tense
Nothing ever right
You cant feel right
Hung in Partiality
For to feel the unconditional
No-term ecstasy
Where, of nothing,
I mean, of nothing,
That would be best