

WICHITA VORTEX SUTRA

I

Turn Right Next Corner

The Biggest Little Town in Kansas

Macpherson

Red sun setting flat plains west streaked
with gauzy veils, chimney mist spread
around christmas-tree-bulbed refineries—aluminum
white tanks squat beneath
winking signal towers' bright plane-lights,
orange gas flares
beneath pillows of smoke, flames in machinery—
transparent towers at dusk

In advance of the Cold Wave

Snow is spreading eastward to

the Great Lakes

News Broadcast & old clarinets

Watertower dome Lighted on the flat plain
car radio speeding acrost railroad tracks—

Kansas! Kansas! Shuddering at last!

PERSON appearing in Kansas!

angry telephone calls to the University

Police dumbfounded leaning on

their radiocar hoods

While Poets chant to Allah in the roadhouse Showboat!

Blue eyed children dance and hold thy Hand O aged Walt

who came from Lawrence to Topeka to envision

Iron interlaced upon the city plain—

Telegraph wires strung from city to city O Melville!

Television brightening thy *rills of Kansas lone*

I come,

lone man from the void, riding a bus

hypnotized by red tail lights on the straight

space road ahead—

& the Methodist minister with cracked eyes

leaning over the table

quoting Kierkegaard “death of God”

a million dollars

in the bank owns all West Wichita

come to Nothing!

Prajnaparmita Sutra over coffee – Vortex

of telephone radio aircraft assembly frame ammunition
petroleum nightclub Newspaper streets illuminated by Bright
EMPTINESS—

Thy sins are forgiven, Wichita!
Thy lonesomeness annulled, O Kansas dear!
as the western Twang prophesied
thru banjo, when lone cowboy walked the railroad track
past an empty station toward the sun
sinking giant-bulbed orange down the box canyon—
Music strung over his back
and empty handed singing on this planet earth
I'm a lonely Dog, O Mother!

Come, Nebraska, sing & dance with me—
Come lovers of Lincoln and Omaha,
hear my soft voice at last
As Babes need the chemical touch of flesh in pink infancy
lest they die Idiot returning to Inhuman—
Nothing—

So, tender lipped adolescent girl, pale youth,
give me back my soft kiss
Hold me in your innocent arms,
accept my tears as yours to harvest
equal in nature to the Wheat
that made your bodies' muscular bones
broad shouldered, boy bicept—
from leaning on cows & drinking Milk
in Midwest Solitude—
No more fear of tenderness, much delight in weeping, ecstasy
in singing, laughter rises that confounds
staring Idiot mayors
and stony politicians eyeing
Thy breast,
O Man of America, be born!

Truth breaks through!
How big is the prick of the President?
How big is Cardinal Vietnam?
How little the prince of the FBI, unmarried all these years!
How big are all the Public Figures?
What kind of flesh hangs, hidden behind their Images?

Approaching Salina,
Prehistoric excavation, *Apache Uprising*
in the drive-in theater
Shelling Bombing Range mapped in the distance,
Crime Prevention Show, sponsor Wrigley's Spearmint

Dinosaur Sinclair advertisement, glowing green—
South 9th Street lined with poplar & elm branch
 spread over evening's tiny headlights—
Salina Highschool's brick darkens Gothic
 over a night-lit door—
What wreaths of naked bodies, thighs and faces,
 small hairy bun'd vaginas,
 silver cocks, armpits and breasts
 moistened by tears
 for 20 years, for 40 years?
Peking Radio surveyed by Luden's Coughdrops
 Attacks on the Russians & Japanese,
Big Dipper leaning above the Nebraska border,
 handle down to the blackened plains,
telephone-pole ghosts crossed
 by roadside, dim headlights—
dark night, & giant T-bone steaks,
 and in *The Village Voice*
New Frontier Productions present
 Camp Comedy: *Fairies I Have Met*.
Blue highway lamps strung along the horizon east at Hebron
 Homestead National Monument near Beatrice—

Language, language
 black Earth-circle in the rear window,
 no cars for miles along highway
 beacon lights on ceramic plain
language, language
 over Big Blue River
 chanting *La illaha el (ill) Allah hu*
 revolving my head to my heart like my mother
 chin abreast at Allah
 Eyes closed, blackness
vaster than midnight prairies,
 Nebraskas of solitary Allah,
 Joy, I am I
 the lone One singing to myself
 God come true—
 Thrills of fear.
 nearer than the vein in my neck—?
What if I opened my soul to sing to my absolute self
 Singing as the car crash chomped thru blood & muscle
 tendon skull?
What if I sang, and loosed the chords of fear brow?
 What exquisite noise wd
 Shiver my car companions?

I am the Universe tonite
riding in all my Power riding
chauffeured thru my self by a long haired saint with eyeglasses
What if I sang till Students knew I was free
of Vietnam, trousers, free of my own meat,
free to die in my thoughtful shivering Throne?
freer than Nebraska, freer than America—
May I disappear
in magic Joy-smoke! Pouf! reddish Vapor,
Faustus vanishes weeping & laughing
under stars on Highway 77 between Beatrice & Lincoln—
“Better not to move but let things be” Reverend Preacher?
We’ve all already disappeared!

Space highway open, entering Lincoln’s ear
ground to a stop Tracks Warning
Pioneer Boulevard—
William Jennings Bryan sang
Thou shalt not crucify mankind upon a cross of Gold!
O Baby Doe! Gold’s
Department Store hulk o’er 10th Street now
--an unregenerate old fop who didn’t want to be a monkey
now’s the Highest Perfect Wisdom dust
and Lindsay’s cry
Survives compassionate in the Highshchool Anthology—
a giant dormitory brilliant on the evening plain
drifts with his memories—
There’s a nice white door over there
for me O dear! on Zero Street.

February 15, 1966

II
Face the Nation
Thru Hickman’s rolling earth hills
icy winter
gray sky bare trees lining the road
South to Wichita
you’re in the Pepsi Generation Signum enroute
Aiken Republican on the radio 60,000
Northvietnamese troops now infiltrated but over 250,000
South Vietnamese armed men
our Enemy—
Not Hanoi our enemy
Not China our enemy
The Viet Cong!
McNamara made a “bad guess”
“Bad Guess?” chorused the Reporters.

Yes, no more than a Bad Guess, in 1962
“8000 American Troops handle the
Situation”

Bad Guess

in 1954, 80% of the
Vietnamese people would've voted for Ho Chi Minh
wrote Ike years later *Mandate for Change*

A bad guess in the Pentagon
And the Hawks were guessing all along

Bomb China's 200,000,000
cried Stennis from Mississippi

I guess it was 3 weeks ago

Holmes Alexander in Albuquerque Journal

Provincial newsman

said I guess we better begin to do that now
his typewriter clacking in his aged office
on a side street under Sandia Mountain?

Half the world away from China

Johnson got some bad advice Republican Aiken sang
to the Newsman over the radio

The General guessed they'd stop infiltrating the South
if they bombed the North—

So I guess they bombed!

Pale Indochinese boys came thronging thro the jungle
in increased numbers
to the scene of TERROR!

While the triangle-roofed Farmer's Grain Elevator
sat quietly by the side of the road

along the railroad track

American Eagle beating its wings over Asia
million dollar helicopters
a billion dollars worth of Marines

who loved *Aunt Betty*

Drawn from the shores and farms shaking
from the high schools to the landing barge
blowing the air thru their cheeks with fear

in *Life* on Television

Put it this way on the radio

Put it this way in television language

Use the words

language, language:

“A bad guess”

Put it this way in headlines

Omaha World Herald— *Rusk Says Toughness*
Essential for Peace

Put it this way

Lincoln Nebraska morning Star—

Vietnam War Brings Prosperity

Put it *this* way

Declared McNamara speaking language
Asserted Maxwell Taylor
General, Consultant to White House
Viet Cong losses leveling up three five zero zero per month
Front page testimony February '66
Here in Nebraska same as Kansas same known in Saigon
in Peking, in Moscow, same known
by the youths of Liverpool three five zero zero
the latest quotation in the human meat market—
Father I cannot tell a lie!

A black horse bends its head to the stubble
beside the silver stream winding thru the woods
by an antique red barn on the outskirts of Beatrice—
Quietness, quietness
over this countryside
except for unmistakable signals on radio
followed by the honkytonk tinkle
of a city piano
to calm the nerves of taxpaying housewives of a Sunday morn.
Has anyone looked in the eyes of the dead?

U.S. Army recruiting service sign *Careers with a Future*
is anyone living to look for future forgiveness?

Water Hoses frozen on the street, the
Crowd gathered to see a strange happening garage—
Red flames on Sunday morning
in a quiet town!

Has anyone looked in the eyes of the wounded?
Have we seen but paper faces, Life Magazine?
Are screaming faces made of dots,
electric dots on Television—
fuzzy decibels registering
the mammal voiced howl
from the outskirts of Saigon to console model picture tubes
in Beatrice, in Hutchinson, in El Dorado
in historic Abilene
O inconsolable!

Stop, and eat more flesh.

“We will negotiate anywhere anytime”

said the giant President

Kansas City Times 2 / 14 / 66: “Word reached U.S. authorities that
Thailand’s leaders feared that in Honolulu Johnson might have tried to

persuade South Vietnam's rulers to ease their stand against negotiating with the Viet Cong.

American officials said these fears were groundless and Humphrey was telling the Thais so."

AP dispatch

The last week's paper is Amnesia.

Three five zero zero is numerals

Headline language poetry, nine decades after Democratic Vistas

and the Prophecy of the Good Gray Poet

Our nation "of the fabled dammed"

or else...

Language, language

Ezra Pound the Chinese Written Character for truth

defined as man standing by his word

Word picture: forked creature

Man

standing by a box, birds flying out

representing mouth speech

Ham Steak please waitress, in the warm café.

Different from a bad guess.

The war is language,

language abused

for Advertisement,

language used

like magic for power on the planet:

Black Magic language,

formulas for reality—

Communism is a 9 letter word

used by inferior magicians with

the wrong alchemical formula for transforming earth into gold

--funky warlocks operating on guesswork,

handmedown mandrake terminology

that never worked in 1956

for gray-domed Dulles,

brooding over at State,

that never worked for Ike who knelt to take

the magic wafer in his mouth

from Dulles' hand

inside the church in Washington:

Communion of bum magicians

congress of failures from Kansas & Missouri

working with the wrong equations

Sorcerer's Apprentices who lost control

of the simplest broomstick in the world:

Language

While this American nation argues war:
 conflicting language, language
 proliferating in airwaves
filling the farmhouse ear, filling
 the City Manager's head in his oaken office
 the professor's head in his bed at midnight
 the pupil's head at the movies
 blond haired, his heart throbbing with desire
 for the girlish image bodied on the screen:
 or smoking cigarettes
 and watching Captain Kangaroo
 that fabled damned of nations
 prophecy come true—

Though the highway's straight,
 dipping downward through low hills,
 rising narrow on the far horizon
 black cows browse in caked fields
 ponds in the hollows lie frozen,
 quietness.

Is this the land that started war on China?
 This be the soil that thought Cold War for decades?
 Are these nervous naked trees & farmhouses
 the vortex
 of oriental anxiety molecules
that've imagined American Foreign Policy
 and magick'd up paranoia in Peking
 and curtains of living blood
 surrounding far Saigon?

Are these the towns where the language emerged
 from the mouths here
 that makes a Hell of riots in Dominica
 sustains the aging tyranny of Chiang in silent Taipeh city
 Paid for the lost French war in Algeria
 overthrew the Guatemalan polis in '54
 maintaining United Fruit's banana greed
 another thirteen years
 for the secret prestige of the Dulles family lawfirm?

Here's Marysville—
 a black railroad engine in the children's park,
 at rest—
and the Track Crossing
 with Cotton Belt flatcars
 carrying autos west from Dallas
 Delaware & Hudson gondolas filled with power stuff—
 a line of boxcars far east as the eye can see

carrying battle goods to cross the Rockies
into the hands of rich longshoremen loading
ships on the Pacific—
Oakland Army Terminal lights
blue illumined all night now—
Crash of couplings and the great American train
moves on carrying its cushioned load of metal doom
Union Pacific linked together with your Hoosier Line
followed by passive Wabash
rolling behind
all Erie carrying cargo in the rear,
Central Georgia's rust colored truck proclaiming
The Right Way, concluding
the awesome poem writ by the train
across northern Kansas,
land which gave right of way
to the massing of metal meant for explosion
in Indochina—
Passing thru Waterville,
Electronic machinery in the bus humming prophecy—
paper signs blowing in cold wind,
mid-Sunday afternoon's silence in town
under frost-gray sky
that covers the horizon—
That the rest of earth is unseen,
Unknown except thru
language
airprint
magic images
or prophecy of the secret
heart the same
in Waterville as Saigon one human form:
When a woman's heart bursts in Waterville
a woman screams equal in Hanoi—
On to Wichita to prophesy! O frightful Bard!
into the heart of the Vortex
where anxiety rings
the University with millionaire pressure,
lonely crank telephone voices sighing in dread
and students waken trembling in their beds
with dreams of a new truth warm as meat,
little girls suspecting their elders of murder
committed by remote control machinery,
boys with sexual bellies aroused
chilled in the heart by the mailman
with a letter from an aging white haired General

Director of selection for service in Deathwar
all this black language
writ by machine!
O hopeless Fathers and Teachers
the same woe too?

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 mattress—
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 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 Pursuit of
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
Chitanya 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
Jaweh 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 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
Cars passing their messages along country crossroads
to populaces cement-networked on flatness,
giant white mist on earth
and a Wichita Eagle-Beacon headlines
"Kennedy Urges Cong Get Chair in Negotiations"
The War is gone,
Language emerging on the motel news stand,
the right magic
Formula, the language known

in the back of the mind before, now in black print
daily consciousness

Eagle News Services Saigon—
Headline Surrounded Vietcong Charge Into Fire Fight
the suffering not yet ended
for others
The last spasms of the dragon of pain
shoot thru the muscles
a crackling around the eyeballs
of a sensitive yellow boy by a muddy wall

Continued from page one area
after the Marines killed 256 Vietcong captured 31
ten day operation Harvest Moon last December
Language language
U.S. Military Spokesmen
Language language
Cong death toll
has soared to 100 in First Air Cavalry
Division's Sector of
Language language
Operation White Wing near Bong Son

Some of the
Language language
Communist
Language language soldiers
charged so desperately
they were struck with six or seven bullets before they fell
Language Language M 60 Machine Guns
Language language in La Drang Valley
the terrain is rougher infested with leeches and scorpions
The war was over several hours ago!

Oh at last again the radio opens
blue Invitations!
Angelic Dylan singing across the nation
“When all your children start to resent you
Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?”
His youthful voice making glad
the brown endless meadows
His tenderness penetrating aether,
soft prayer on the airwaves,
Language language, and sweet music too
even unto thee,
hairy flatness!
even unto thee
despairing Burns!

with an angry smashing ax
attacking Wine—
Here fifty years ago, by her violence
began a vortex of hatred that defoliated the Mekong Delta—
Proud Wichita! vain Wichita
cast the first stone!—
That murdered my mother
who died of the communist anticommunist psychosis
in the madhouse one decade long ago
complaining about wires of masscommunication in her head
and phantom political voices in the air
besmirching her girlish character.
Many another has suffered death and madness
in the Vortex from Hydraulic
to the end of 17th —enough!
The war is over now—
Except for the souls
held prisoner in Niggertown
still pining for love of your tender white bodies O children of Wichita!

February 14, 1966