

A. D. Winans

AMERICA

AMERICA

drummed out of
the infantry of death
i came back to you carrying
the poems of my soul opened
the door of life and found
only death inside.

AMERICA

i have read the state of
the union and listened to
the state of the economy by
statesmen in a state of hysteria.

AMERICA where

the poor and the black
are sentenced to
attica and san quentin and
the rich serve time at
San Clemente.

AMERICA where

the only sound that can be heard is
the opening and closing of
the downtown bank of america
the angry voices of suburban
mothers preparing their children
for death
the hurried jerks of masturbation from
the closets of the university.

AMERICA where once proud hoboos now
stand in line in hope of becoming an
s.p. detective riding free
the slick superchief special out of
san jose.

AMERICA where
the elderly are treated
like railroad boxcars
kept idle unemployed
forced to walk
the streets like an unacceptable
poem
retreating reluctantly to deserted
amusement parks where lonely
rollercoasters with crazed wheels
rise from the ground and threaten to
murder all that is left inside them.

AMERICA
it is hard living in
a country where the hours are shaped
like coffins
the peace with honor administration
who sold the country to general motors
and I T & T and left the people with
buffalo steak and scientology.

Reader's Digest has renewed its
option on the educational system
the mafia weans the poor on drugs.

R.C.A. and Coca Cola are busy competing
for the nation's heart while
cancer and cardiac arrest ride
high on the charts followed by
IBM and DDT
a hard combination to beat.

AMERICA where
the high priest of
the cemetery drinks
the rooster's blood at
the cross road of reality.

AMERICA where
bukowski leads the pack home
the ultimate longshot in
a fixed race.

AMERICA where holiness is found in
the bowels of buddha where
christ died on the cross and
the police were quick to take
his place.

Buddha is truth
Buddha is a beautiful woman
Buddha is a junkie spade chick
Buddha is you and me
Buddha is bull-shit.

the bicentennial drums roll along
the magic ohm of ginsberg buried deep in
the ass of an arab camel driver
who doesn't know the difference between
a poem and a dollar.

mr. and mrs. america listening to
madison square avenue sandblasting
their skulls with toilet commercials and
the tidy bowl man.

the american way if
you can't kill them
butt them into
the system.

AMERICA
i grow older carrying a new found
vision warmer than any smile walking
the street of my mind's eye.

LADY DEATH waiting
like a birthday cake to blow out
the last candle.

AMERICA
you are the only country
i have known for any length of time
and unlike others
i have no desire for moscow or prague.

BUT

i am a man
i am a poet
i am the energy running through your veins
all too aware of the storm troopers of justice
who would turn off the beauty
and discard it
like a rusted faucet

these men in blue who sniff
the blood of my wounds
like a hound dog crossing
a river of blood

their sirens beating mad
tunes outside my window
like a poet reading underwater

WHERE

the poet twice dead and
once resurrected turns over in
his grave but
the middle finger he raises is
jammed back down his throat until
the shit he shits is theirs and
the blood they bleed is his and
the cries united fill
the air like lonely birds
lost in flight.