

We can get back in touch with the time
we were less like ants
And more like eagles soaring
over the wilderness realms of the earth.

WRITTEN AFTER LEARNING SLAVES IN ANCIENT GREECE AND ROME HAD 115 HOLIDAYS A YEAR

Instead of creating better murder weapons
to "protect" ourselves,
Better create loving boys and girls
who become loving women and men.
Instead of a higher standard of living
why not a higher standard of loving?
Why not a higher standard
of getting high?
No more brainwashed robotzombies!
No more socialization lobotomies!

Thoreau could live a whole year
on money from working 6 weeks.
We canned ourselves in concentration camps
called cities
And in buildings and rooms where we work.
We have become hermetically sealed containers.
The can of today is the wilderness that was.
The can-to-be is the wilderness that is.

As Oscar Wilde said: "Work is the curse
of the drinking man."
As Stan Jones said: "It's not what the machine makes,
but what the machine makes you."
As Virgil said: *Deus nobis haec otia facit*:
"A god has granted us this idleness."
As Lessing said: "Let us be lazy in everything
except in loving and drinking,
except in being lazy."

Should cans stop being made?
Should all factories immediately close down?
What solution do you provide? If everyone's a poet
and no one works, how do we survive?
The way St. Theresa survived on Light?
Love becomes a full-time job?
But where do we get the money
to pay people not to work?

Slaves in Ancient Greece and Rome
had 115 holidays a year!
Hey, wait a minute, that makes us
more slaves than them!



Richard Barsotti

OAK AND RAIL

Golden Towers, Moravian House, Leisure Village,
call them such; go ahead, euphemize,
they will remain what they are, pre-fab
holding tracks; shunted mono-cultures of
old freight.

For two years my grandmother has lived on this line.
Couldn't afford to maintain her home of sixty years,
what with taxes and inflation, on 103 dollars
monthly pension. Worked for it, that's all she did
—work. Measured her worth by work, hard work
to boot, like a boxcar.

I visited the other night. She can't mingle,
that is, play games: bingo, parcheesi,
crafts, the rest—it's not in her.
"There's no art here," she said. "they make little
things to set on furniture. Every morning I breathe
deep at the window. I miss the yard, even if I bobble
around. Others go by pairs, like swans, in the jitney,
downtown to see what's hoppin'."