

The Doors, A Feast Of Friends

Do you know the warm progress
under the stars?

Do you know we exist?

Have you forgotten the keys
to the kingdom

Have you been borne yet
& are you alive?

Let's reinvent the gods, all the myths
of the ages

Celebrate symbols from deep elder forests

(Have you forgotten the lessons
of the ancient war)

We need great golden copulations

The fathers are cackling in trees
of the forest

Our mother is dead in the sea

Do you know we are being led to
slaughters by placid admirals

& that fat slow generals are getting
obscene on young blood

Do you know we are ruled by T.V.

The moon is dry blood beast

Guerrilla bands are rolling numbers
in the next block of green vine

amassing for warfare on innocent
herdsman who are just dying

O great creator of being

grant us one more hour to
perform our art
& perfect our lives

The moths & atheists are doubly divine
& dying

We live, we die
& death not ends it

Journey we more into the
Nightmare
Cling to life
Our passion'd flower

Cling to Cunts & cocks
of despair

We got our final vision
by clap

Columbus groin got
filled w/green death

(I touched her thigh
& death smiled)

We have assembled inside this ancient
& insane theater

To propagate our lust for life
& flee the swarming wisdom
of the streets

The barns are stormed

The windows kept

& only one of all the rest

To dance & save us

W/the divine mockery
of words

Music inflames temperament

(When the true King's murderers

are allowed to roam free

a 1000 Magicians arise in the land)

Where are the feasts

we are promised

Where is the wine
The New Wine
(dying on the vine)
resident mockery
give us an hour for magic
We of the purple glove
We of the starling flight
& velvet hour
We of Arabic pleasure's breed
We of sun dome & the night

Give us a creed

To believe

A night of lust

Give us trust in

The Night

Give of color

hundred hues

a rich mandala

for me & for you

& for your silky

pillowed house

a head, wisdom

& a bed

Troubled decree

Resident mockery

has claimed thee

We used to believe

in the good old days

We still receive

In little ways

The things of Kindness

& unsporting brow

Forget & allow

Did you know freedom exists
in school books

Did you know madmen are
running our prisons

w/in a jail, w/in a gaol
w/in a white free protestant
maelstrom

We're perched headlong
on the edge of boredom

We're reaching for death
on the end of a candle

We're trying for something
that's already found us

Wow, I'm sick of doubt
Live in the light of certain
south

Cruel bindings

The servants have the power

dog-men & their mean women
pulling poor blankets over
our sailors

I'm sick of dour faces
Staring at me from the T.V.

Tower, I want roses in
my garden bower; dig?

Royal babies, rubies
must now replace aborted

Strangers in the mud

These mutants, blood-meal
for the plant that's plowed
they are waiting to take us into
the severed garden

Do you know how pale & wanton thrilling
comes death on a stranger hour
unannounced, unplanned for

like a scaring over-friendly guest you've
brought to bed

Death makes angels of us all
& gives us wings
where we had shoulders
smooth as raven's
claws

No more money, no more fancy dress
This other kingdom seems by far the best
until its other jaw reveals incest
& loose obedience to a vegetable law

I will not go
Prefer a feast of friends
To the Giant family