

Augie March, Heartbeat And Sails

Scoop my brains and let my heart have action
In its thousand million lots,
In the dumb city dawn I am senseless and drawn to the sun
as the blackbirds and the toppyknots.
And in biting down on the great foam world
What is the looming thing?
Not money, not flesh, not happiness,
But this, which makes me sing.
O scoop my brains and let my heart have action
In its thousand million lots,
And feel the subterranean movement a fraction
and deep under ocean, the celibate rocks.
Has it borne me down?
Has it run me through?
If I give it a name do I contract it too?
More likely this thing has been growing in me,
Like I have grown in you.

Scoop my brains and let my heart have action
In its thousand million lots,
In the dumb city dawn we dispense with the forlorn beasts
that we were in the night, grown lean on love.
A love which will pierce and callous and tumesce,
O upon the birth oath the morbid bloom
Is a child's sense of impending doom
in a womb that is ambushed,
in a womb that is ambushed.
In biting down on the great foam world,
What is the looming thing?
Not money, not flesh, not happiness,
But this, which makes me sing.
Not money, not flesh, not happiness,
But this, which makes me sing.