

# morphine, Kerouac

Kerouac yea Kerouac  
His words the words so many words just  
All brothers of the same horn sisters the saxophone  
Notes music words a melody a quote a figure eight a figure  
If you listen close to the drummer  
It's like a mirror and your invisible  
Like your in a back seat  
No handles on the doors just a beautiful driver up front  
She knows where she's going  
Kerouac the observation machine  
Caressing the most passing of scenes with photographic love  
Passionate photographic love  
venerable as anyone knew  
His memories pull shades up and down  
Doors are not done telegrams arrive  
Every morning something extra ???  
Remembering everything like a snatch of melody  
A drumbeat remembering mythologizing  
So fast all the time moving  
The words the words are drumsticks pounding out drum beats  
Like a monk like a monk melody  
With mistakes yea mistakes and sudden inspirations  
Edges corners explosions convections  
All fast through a slow motion landscape  
Yea fast through a slow motion landscape