

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