

The Doors, An American Prayer

[1]

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 a dry blood beast
Guerilla bands are rolling numbers in the next block of green vine
Amassing for warfare on innocent herdsmen 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 theatre
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 were 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 sundome & 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 & 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 a school book
Did you know madmen are running our prison

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
 We can invent Kingdoms of our own
 Grand purple thrones, those chairs of lust
 & love we must, in beds of rust
 Steel doors lock in prisoner's screams
 & muzak, AM, rocks their dreams
 No black men's pride to hoist the beams
 While mocking angels sift what seems
 To be a collage of magazine dust
 Scratched on foreheads of walls of trust
 This is just jail for those who must
 Get up in the morning & fight for such unusable standards
 While weeping maidens show-off penury & pout ravings for a mad staff
 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
 (& where were you in our lean hour)
 Milking your moustache?
 Or grinding a flower?
 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 strange 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 claw
 No more money, no more fancy dress
 This other Kingdom seems by far the best until its other jaw reveals incest & loose obedience
 I will not go
 Prefer a Feast of Friends
 To the Giant family

[II]

Great screaming Christ
 Upsy-daisy
 Lazy Mary will get you up upon a Sunday morning
 "The movie will begin in 5 moments"
 The mindless Voice announced
 "All those unseated, will await The next show"
 We filed slowly, languidly into the hall. The auditorium was vast, & silent.
 As we seated & were darkened
 The Voice continued:
 "The program for this evening is not new. You have seen This entertainment thru & thru.
 You've seen your birth, your life & death; you might recall all of the rest
 - (did you have a good world when you died?) - enough to base a movie on?"
 An iron chuckle rapped our minds like a fist.
 I'm getting out of here
 Where're you going?

To the other side of the morning
Please don't chase the clouds
Pagodas, temples
Her cunt gripped him
Like a warm friendly hand.
"It's all right.
All your friends are here."
When can I meet them?
"After you've eaten"
I'm not hungry
"O, we meant beaten"
Silver stream, silvery scream,
Impossible concentration
Here come the comedians
Look at them smile
Watch them dance
An indian mile
Look at them gesture
How aplomb
So to gesture everyone
Words dissemble
Words be quick
Words resemble walking sticks
Plant them
They will grow
Watch them waver so
I'll always be
A word-man
Better than a birdman
But I'll charge
Won't get away
W/out lodging a dollar
Shall I say it again
Aloud, you get the point
No food w/out fuel's gain
I'll be, the irish loud
Unleashed my beak
At peak of powers
O girl, unleash
Your worried comb
O worried mind
Sin in the fallen
Backwoods by the blind
She smells debt
On my new collar
Arrogant prose
Tied in a network of fast quest
Hence the obsession
Its quick to admit
Fats borrowed rhythm
Woman came between them
Women of the world unite
Make the world safe
For a scandalous life
Hee Heee
Cut your throat
Life is a joke
Your wife's in a moat
The same boat
Here comes the goat
Blood Blood Blood Blood
They're making a joke
Of our universe

[III]

Matchbox
Are you more real than me
I'll burn you, & set you free
Wept bitter tears
Excessive courtesy
I won't forget

[IV]

A hot sick lava flowed up,
Rustling & bubbling.
The paper-face.
Mirror-mask, I love you mirror.
He had been brainwashed for 4 hrs.
The LT. puzzled in again
"ready to talk"
"No sir" - was all he'd say.
Go back to the gym.
Very peaceful
Meditation
Air base in the desert
Looking out venetian blinds
A plane
A desert flower
Cool cartoon
The rest of the World
Is reckless & dangerous
Look at the
Brothels
Stag films
Exploration

[V]

A ship leaves port
Mean horse of another thicket
Wishbone of desire
Decry the metal fox