

Wichita Vortex Sutra

I

Turn Right Next Corner

The Biggest Little Town in Kansas

Macpherson

Red sun setting flat plains west streaked
with gauzy veils, chimney mist spread
around christmas-tree-bulbed refineries—aluminum
white tanks squat beneath
winking signal towers' bright plane-lights,
orange gas flares
beneath pillows of smoke, flames in machinery—
transparent towers at dusk

In advance of the Cold Wave

Snow is spreading eastward to

the Great Lakes

News Broadcast & old clarinets
Watertower dome Lighted on the flat plain
car radio speeding acrost railroad tracks—

Kansas! Kansas! Shuddering at last!

PERSON appearing in Kansas!

angry telephone calls to the University

Police dumbfounded leaning on

their radiocar hoods

While Poets chant to Allah in the roadhouse Showboat!

Blue eyed children dance and hold thy Hand O aged Walt

who came from Lawrence to Topeka to envision

Iron interlaced upon the city plain—

Telegraph wires strung from city to city O Melville!

Television brightening thy *rills of Kansas lone*

I come,

lone man from the void, riding a bus

hypnotized by red tail lights on the straight space road ahead—

& the Methodist minister with cracked eyes

leaning over the table

quoting Kierkegaard "death of God"

a million dollars

in the bank owns all West Wichita

come to Nothing!

Prajnaparamita Sutra over coffee—Vortex

of telephone radio aircraft assembly frame ammunition

petroleum nightclub Newspaper streets illuminated by Bright

EMPTINESS—

Thy sins are forgiven, Wichita!

Thy lonesomeness annulled, O Kansas dear!

as the western Twang prophesied

thru banjo, when lone cowboy walked the railroad track

past an empty station toward the sun

sinking giant-bulbed orange down the box canyon—

Music strung over his back

and empty handed singing on this planet earth
I'm a lonely Dog, O Mother!
Come, Nebraska, sing & dance with me—
Come lovers of Lincoln and Omaha,
hear my soft voice at last
As Babes need the chemical touch of flesh in pink infancy
lest they die Idiot returning to Inhuman—
Nothing—
So, tender lipped adolescent girl, pale youth,
give me back my soft kiss
Hold me in your innocent arms,
accept my tears as yours to harvest
equal in nature to the Wheat
that made your bodies' muscular bones
broad shouldered, boy bicept—
from leaning on cows & drinking Milk
in Midwest Solitude—
No more fear of tenderness, much delight in weeping, ecstasy
in singing, laughter rises that confounds
staring Idiot mayors
and stony politicians eyeing
Thy breast,
O Man of America, be born!
Truth breaks through!
How big is the prick of the President?
How big is Cardinal Vietnam?

How little the prince of the FBI, unmarried all these years!
How big are all the Public Figures?
What kind of flesh hangs, hidden behind their Images?

Approaching Sauna,
Prehistoric excavation, *Apache Uprising*
in the drive-in theater
Shelling Bombing Range mapped in the distance,
Crime Prevention Show, sponsor Wrigley's Spearmint
Dinosaur Sinclair advertisement, glowing green—
South 9th Street lined with poplar & elm branch
spread over evening's tiny headlights—
Salina Highschool's brick darkens Gothic
over a night-lit door—
What wreaths of naked bodies, thighs and faces,
small hairy bun'd vaginas,
silver cocks, armpits and breasts
moistened by tears
for 20 years, for 40 years?
Peking Radio surveyed by Luden's Coughdrops
Attacks on the Russians & Japanese,
Big Dipper leaning above the Nebraska border,
handle down to the blackened plains,
telephone-pole ghosts crossed
by roadside, dim headlights—
dark night, & giant T-bone steaks,
and in *The Village Voice*

New Frontier Productions present
Camp Comedy: *Fairies I Have Met*.
Blue highway lamps strung along the horizon east at Hebron
Homestead National Monument near Beatrice—

Language, language
black Earth-circle in the rear window,
no cars for miles along highway
beacon lights on oceanic plain
language, language
over Big Blue River
chanting *La illaha el (liii) Allah hu*
revolving my head to my heart like my mother
chin abreast at Allah
Eyes closed, blackness
vaster than midnight prairies, Nebraskas of solitary Allah,
Joy, I am I
the lone One singing to myself
God come true—
Thrills of fear.
nearer than the vein in my neck—?

What if I opened my soul to sing to my absolute self
Singing as the car crash chomped thru blood & muscle
tendon skull?

What if I sang, and loosed the chords of fear brow?
What exquisite noise wd

shiver my car companions?

I am the Universe tonite
riding in all my Power riding
chauffeured thru my self by a long haired saint with eyeglasses
What if I sang till Students knew I was free
of Vietnam, trousers, free of my own meat,
free to die in my thoughtful shivering Throne?
freer than Nebraska, freer than America—
May I disappear
in magic Joy-smoke! Pouf! reddish Vapor,
Faustus vanishes weeping & laughing
under stars on Highway 77 between Beatrice & Lincoln—
“Better not to move but let things be” Reverend Preacher?
We've all already disappeared!

Space highway open, entering Lincoln's ear
ground to a stop Tracks Warning
Pioneer Boulevard—
William Jennings Bryan sang
Thou shalt not crucify mankind upon a cross of Gold!
O Baby Doe! Gold's
Department Store hulks o'er 10th Street now
—an unregenerate old fop who didn't want to be a monkey
now's the Highest Perfect Wisdom dust
and Lindsay's cry
survives compassionate in the Highschool Anthology—
a giant dormitory brilliant on the evening plain
drifts with his memories—

There's a nice white door over there
for me O dear! on Zero Street.

February 15, 1966