

1968

Caravan

William Pearlman

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JANE HAYMAN

A WIND

A wind awakes
 in the schoolyard;
 this is a dream
 seen through a gate.
 Within, a winter sun
 and leaves that scrape the walk.
 Children make rings and turn,
 possessed,
 into the sky
 with shouts inaudible
 or late
 and then gone.

I am alone with
 you, a name
 that wakes in my throat.

WILLIAM PEARLMAN

CARAVAN

Another trip, though tiring. Oh I went on. What a show, I heard somebody
 say. A regular walking circus. All the way through gold to gold to green.
 All picture postcard network. So utterly beautiful, assuredly not real.
 Fun house reflectives of the impossible. I wanted to get the film over;
 There was much too much technicolor, not enough matter.

I want the chance to direct a spectacular. Bring everything up the hill,
 baskets of food, kegs of Coors, banana trees, horses, huge negro-dancers
 carrying us in great caravan to the peak as the drug brings the eyes to
 find diamonds in the fields, fluttering crescents in the garden.

WILLIAM PEARLMAN

VENICE PAVILION

He had hashish on the walls, a loving cup of Acapulco grass,
assorted roach holders, a shelf of imported pipes from China,
and a room full of black cats

A strobe light in the head, a sunken bath, a shower full
of lilac water, and that marvelous little waterfall in back
of it all

The way up to the tower that was his bedroom was lithographs
and poems and paintings of the ancient creatures who reached
the summit and died

ROBERT CHETKIN

"ITS HOUR COME ROUND AT LAST..."

And when the last revolutionary
Stumbles down from the mountains in triumph,
Spits on the corpse of Goliath,
Snuffs a stolen cigar
In a massive, vacant eye;
And when the first official messiah,
Priest of the glorious new order,
Leads him into an empty sewer
And silently, impassively,
In the name of internal stability,
Slits his throat;
Only then will Yeats, forgotten,
Have at last earned
His prophetic,
Decomposing
Grin.