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 god 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.