1968

Its Hour Come Round at Last

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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.