

1968

## Venice Pavilion

Robert Chetkin

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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.