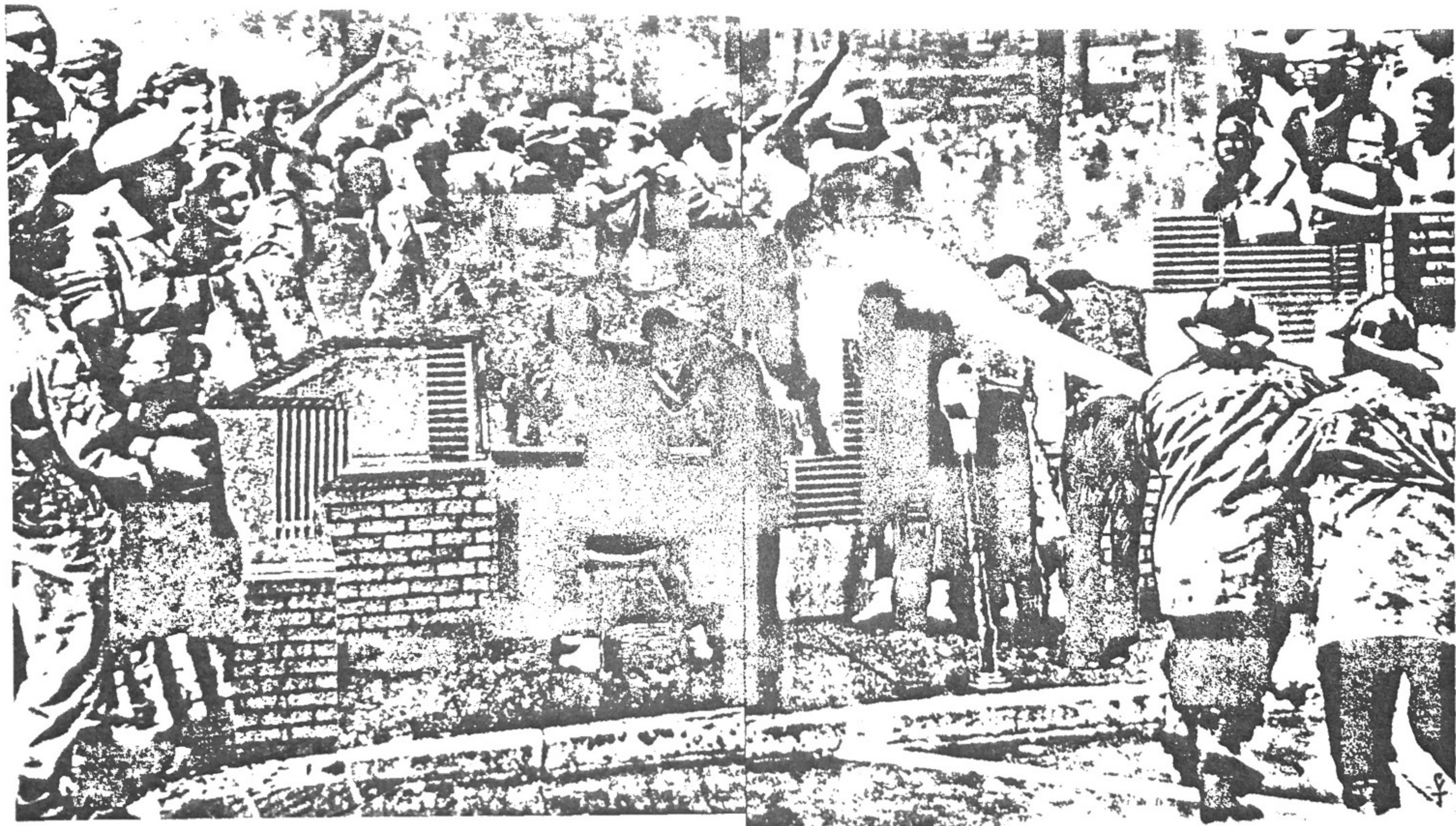


THE BATHERS



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by **LORENZO THOMAS**

I. REED BOOKS

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Onion Bucket

All silence says music will follow
No one acts under any compulsion
Your story so striking and remain unspoken
Floods in the mind. Each one trying now
To instigate the flutter of light in your
Ear. The voice needling the flashy token
Your presence in some room disguised
As the summer of the leaves. Hilltops
Held by the soft words of the running
Wind. What lie do you need more than this
The normal passion. And each thing says
Destroy one another or die. Like a natural
Introducing here on this plant to Europe
The natural. A piece of furniture, smell
Taste some connection to your earth and
"Realize" nothing more than you need
Another view nothing more than you need yourself
Or that is beautiful. Or your luck that speaks.
Lifting its shoulders out the language
Of the streets. Above. The sky worried
Into its own song. Solid rhythm. She stays
Too close for a letter, scared of a telegram
The finger drum express. Impatient blues.
Anxious blues. Her chemical song loud and
Bright in his dimension. This is the world.
The vegetables are walking

1967

Twelve Gates

Face it. The stars have their own lives and care
They are forced into it by your other eye and
Opposite side of your thoughts. Who takes sides
The world quite as fashionable as liars imagined

The picture of one fragile girl in an avalanche
Of the kimono required for their soft trade.
Who is so daring at first to draw lines in the sky
Dingy with this neglected daylight. Opened fan.
Life itself is such a simple thing and we need it

Then here come the music again. And we need that too
People asking each other. The invention of reason.
And those who own nothing what of those walking around
Without land, without cash value, properties. Without

Nothing in their name. Whose destinies
Are not marked or marked down. What of
The ones who are meant to rise in the world
By their names. Whose names are not known.

These worlds are lost in a minute only a gem
Of substance remaining. The necessity to change the form.
These streets clothed in an atmosphere of ash and care-
Less emotion. Who are these persons roll their shoulders

Outside the window in starlight and streetlight
each young man there reminds the girl of someone
These are the last words I send you for awhile.
Written across her fan. Her open eye all flame and
You can feel it take shape in your eye. The lines.

Sufficient confusion calls for a song and
The figure with how many sides. Holler.
Once to the ocean. Sing it for the woman
Whose hands open and deliver the dream

Arousing itself from the day's laborer walking
These streets back from the edge of the river
Deep into town. Traffic. Your voice plays across
The street on the curb right into my open hand

1967

Other Worlds

I see through you in advance!

There are no petty graces
This coffee cup gone cold
Promised recovery. A dutch heart.

What this world is coming to questions and cups.
The song and renewal.

We would rather have you here than absent
Though you fall vomiting into the soup.
We would rather have you here, in English
Than train you in less grand arts of decline

What is not the machine and imposter elevates me
A simple gesture. Not a thought.

This is very important, read it over again

1968

I Just Want To Reach Out And Bite You Baby

As any time another "hep me"
Addressed to the willing
Stars. And it is effective
Like another fine creature

Beautiful animal just find me
And put her soft life in my hand
For a minute. A hour
Without a second thought

Knowing it is gone be lazy
And gentle and knowing
Everything all about it
You are no big head tonight

Keed. Just sit back there and keep
Your big feet out the dim and
Extravagent journey that puddle
On the floor. Where.

Just because you pretty
When you come in the door
And a temporary genius or star
This one night or nights

Still arriving. Across the way and
Down the alley too. Pretty
Thing. Hungry? And what else
You inquire and think you need

Badly. To "survive" or bullshit
Your way into another eternity
Of less meaningful phrases and
Faces made interesting to junior

Samaritans and other meddlers
Long the road to a wide nose
Jerusalem. In other words, I mean
Why be an idiot of the daytime

Now that everything is so inviting
And so fun. What to do concerns
Nobody in they right mind. Only
When the dark comes on and feeling

Crazy. One tender smile or nod
Bank the belly furnace. Swollen
Tongue. Wanted. Corpulent shadows
Oriental as the goat glaze eye.

Like to be walking into the wrong room
Again the tender smile and hands

Under the dumb stars

A smile of beauty cunning
For the exhibition

Such emaciation make all fat people feel good

The compliment of his being
There

1970

The Bathers

We turned to fire when the water hit
Us. Something
Berserk regained
An outmoded regard for sanity
While in the fire station
No one thought of flame
Fame or fortune did them

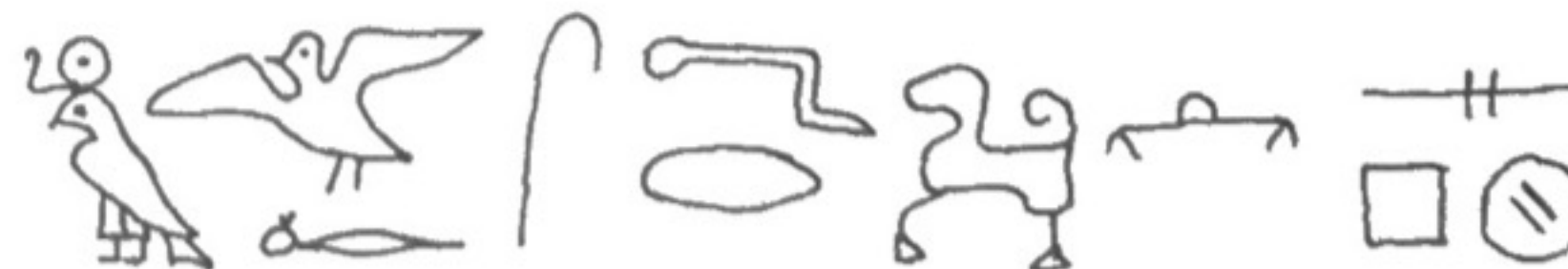
We did them a fortune. We did
Them a favor just being
Ourselves inside of them

Holy day children

In the nation coming your children will learn all about that

But the water creep about us
Water hit us with force.
We saw a boy transformed into a lion
His tail is vau the syllable of love
A master before fellow craft
The summit of the Royal Arch

Lotus. Mover on the face of the waters . . .



Sleepless Horus, watch me as I lie
Curtained with stars when ye arise
And part the skies. And mount the Royal
Bark

They said the ancient words in shameful English
Their hearts rose up like feathers

In the hidden place

And Horus step into the flood of noon
Shedding his light upon the worlds

It was in Birmingham. It happened.

Week after week in the papers
The proof appeared in their faces

Week after week seeing the same moment grow clearer
Raising the water,

Filling the vessel. Raising the water.
Filling the the vessel

O electromagnetic Light shadûf!

Ancient hands bearing water
Ha

The star broke
Over the tub

All righteousness

Not deceived by sunshine nor the light
From a man's desire

Deceived by desire
So that in the moment
The people cast light from their bodies
"Light" being the white premeditation
The simplest fashion
What they want is light

Another source to equip
Their dry want

Want fire light. Space light
Discretions of neon

At least. So to appear natural
 Where the sun is

360° of light

Consumed in the labors of comfort
That cries for the balm

Of all that is natural
Desire.

Bathing in the dark
The water glowing
In the plastic curtain
Suddenly heated

As another expels past satisfactions.
cold as she washes gas tears
From her man's eyes. We hate you.

Hot on her soft thigh
Like the dog's breath at noon by the Courthouse

We hate you for that

But ancient hands raised
This water

As the street's preachers
Have a good understanding hear them

O israel this O israel that

Down here in this place
Crying for common privilege
In a comfortable land

Their anger is drawing the water
Their daughters is drawing the water.

Their kindness is laving and
Oiling its patients.

That day
The figures on the trucks inspired no one

Some threw the water
On their heads.
They was Baptists

And that day Horus bathed him in the water
Again

And orisha walked amid the waters with hatchets
Where Allah's useful white men
Came there bearing the water
And made our street Jordan
And we stepped into our new land

Praise God. As it been since the first time

Through the tear of a mother

1970

The Lion Is The Lamb

for Ben & Marylin

So that is why you miss certain people
Looking for them

A day. But the impressions
Are so different
Curtis is out on his own
A master, like the man said
On the radio

Ba ba ka ra ba ka
Ab ib rb ra brer
This is what is happening
Life. Ile lfe
The witness:
This is you one two hours ago
Now as real as a snapshot
Coming to Berkeley with the wrong
Magazine
In my hand. No wonder
I am not myself
But I'm learning

Within you
The stars wheel
And cakewalk
As usual, you think up
Something else to complain of
Since the day and the women
Are beautiful

You are not yourself
For which you are thankful

They thinking abt you and things
You know to tell them

They listening to Huey on the radio
Today's lesson in temporary English

We say "you" politely
To avoid pronouncing your name
You are the one and the name
Of you is ancient, magic and powerful
Holy

We want you to be beautiful and
You are.

1971

Anubis

A tiger stripped
Of passion
Is not equal
To a dove
The jackal is
A sentry
In his greed
A lamp beneath the mountain
Is a hieroglyph
For love. A man
Should never want
Less than he need

1971