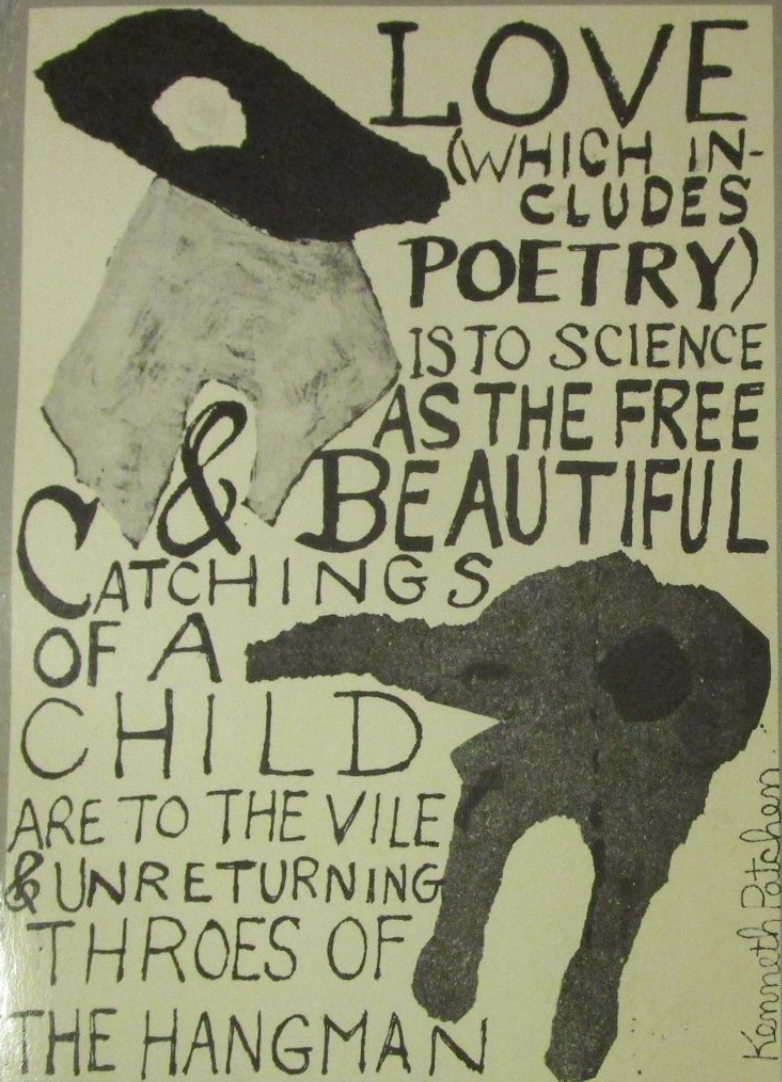


allelujah Anyway



Kenneth Patchen



When this
is it,
eh!

With no more go-betweens
credentials

And

all that nose-counting
hokus-whosis for gotten as
we face up
to the real

business that has damn well got
us all together here like we are

Kenneth Patchem

THEY ARE SO
HAPPY THAT

YOU
COULD
MAKE IT

Out of this
may come

Something
nobody

quite figured on!

Kenneth Patcham

The
concerns of the
heart
Feeling, I must

remind you, is the
poet's sign—

O let the print
of her hurrying sandal
be unrecorded in the

meadow's thousand deaths
yet upon his heart
it has signed the angel's
name. For him the
distance of the world
is never less than when he is forced to think
how all he loves must soon be taken away

Kenneth Patcham



The World
Is Nothing
That Can
Be Known

in the shadow
we shall see
the color of
God's eyes
again



beyond Love

— there is no belief



All

at once
is what eternity is



Pleasantly

We shall remain



at
least

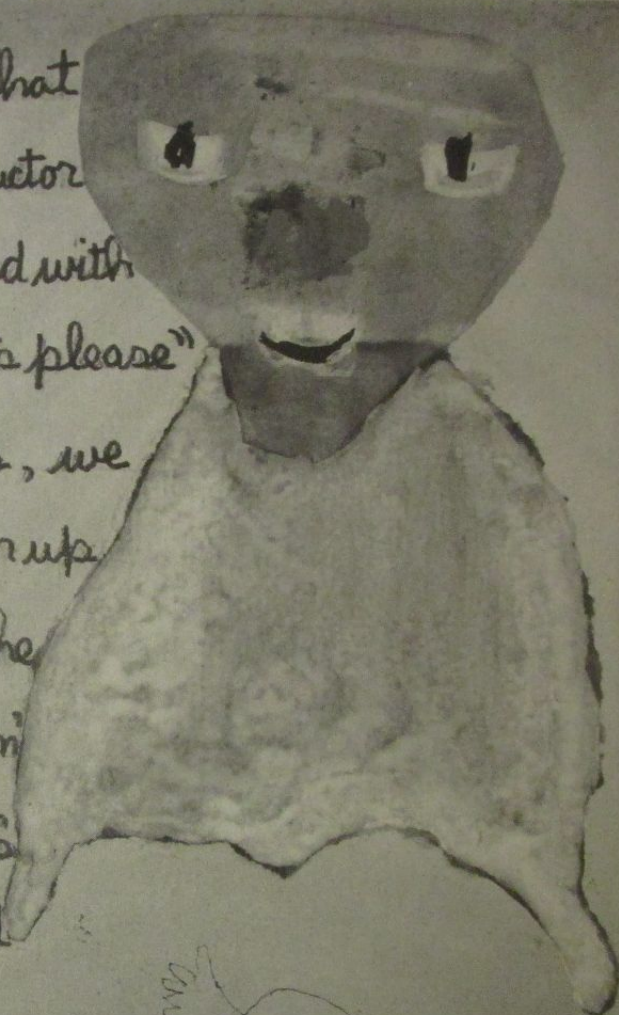
while
we're
here

the Grass

sk

why
it
grows

So when that
mosey conductor
comes round with
that "Tickets please"
dodge of his, we
just plain up
and hid the
whole clockin'
train - that's
what we did



Patchen



MAN IS NOT
A
TOWN
Where Things
Live

But a
worry &
weeping



Of Sumused wings

Kenneth Patchen

ELE
PHA
NTS



and
ESK
IMO
S

are the sort
of inventions
makes me sure
that God has
a couple three-
four kids of
His own



Kenneth Patchen

The World's Not
Enough Really



For The
Kind of Rent
We Have To Pay
To Live In Us

the
day



cloaked
in a

has
followed
me
about

like some
dog-like
thing

tatter
of
worn-out
words

Patchem

Patchem

My Program?



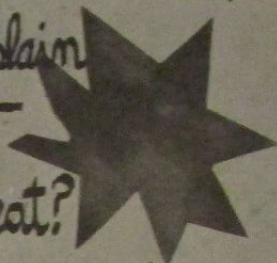
Let us all



weep together

Kenneth Patchen

So the little field mouse said:
"All right, but first explain
something easy —
Like, for instance,
Why does my heart beat?"



Otherwise, you'll never convince anyone
That blowing up the world
Shows how far-along smart you've got —
Still just plain, simple
Prove how crazy you are!"



Kenneth Patchen

INSIDE THE FLOWER

there is room

for every
sower

whether he be
stark monstrosous mad
as all your "leaders" are
or only some poor
innocently crazy one
who in his

uncontrollable
every last
that are in
fear would deface & topple
shrine and TOWER
any way at all still
meaningful to mankind

THE GROUND KEEPER'S DOG AND THE CASTLE MASTER'S CAT

Now they ram
round and round
Until what
They were sure
Was "This"
Often turned out
Never to be
most
Not even "That"

LOVE

(WHICH INCLUDES

POETRY)

IS TO SCIENCE

AS THE FREE

& BEAUTIFUL

CATCHINGS

OF A

CHILD

ARE TO THE VILE

& UNRETURNING

THROES OF

THE HANGMAN

What the story tells itself
when there's nobody around
to hear it





TRIBUTE TO A GRANDFATHER FOOF



Who is one of The Little Guys.

The impression of stairways,
So not usually reckoned
More or less important
In terms of what may
Or may not have conspired
To cause one particular house (or dwelling)
To be erected in one place;
While, say, an identical structure (or coftwage)
- But with a different roof (or chimneyance),
Pall-boned balustrades and
No door of any sort whatever -
So casually moved across town
In the mid-portion of the night,
With only two or three little policemen
In borrowed red paper nests
And spring-equipped girls' gym shoes
Bounding morosely along beside it.
Kenneth Patchen

Imagine
Seeing
You
Here

After all it's

not every day

that
the two

nicest
people

in this
big old

lousy
world

get together
like
this

CURSE
THEY
WILL
WIN

Patchon

That's the only victory we've got left

YOU CAN'T
LEAVE THE DOUGH-
NUT WHOLE

and
still expect
to go on
getting free chocolate
syrup
on your phish bawls

NOT IF THE FBI^{*}
HEARS ABOUT
IT!



* Phish Bowl Institute

Patchman

LITTLE CHIEF
SON-OF-A-GUN-
DON'T-GIVE-A-SHOOT

the last
surviving
member of
the
Blackfeet
Tribe



bl me

—Boston branch

Patchman

NOW IS THEN'S ONLY TOMORROW

As ever the trust of little birds
That the sky will be
Smart enough to appreciate
Their invention
Of flying



Kemmeh Patchen

Ah, YES! we'll please as we do



Oh Come now!

There Is
A
Beautiful
Place!

What
do you
think
we're
all
looking out of

Kemmeh Patchen

I have a funny

feeling

that some very
peculiar-looking

creatures
out there
are watching us



The birds
are
very
careful
of
this
world

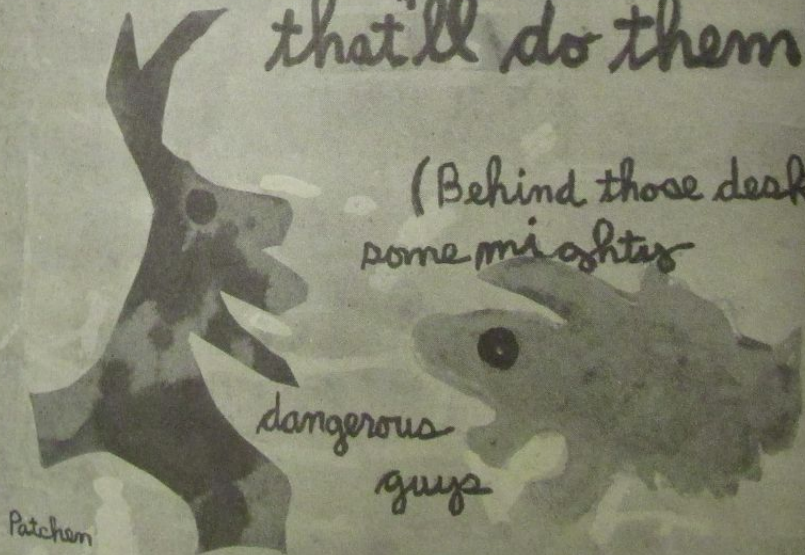


Ha! a lot of good
that'll do them!

(Behind those desks
some might be

dangerous
guys

are sitting, Baby.)



Patchman



THE

BURSO
"DOCKLE"
LE

"It is," explained Mr Spuzz, "a Horse-Not!"
But so nice such; like him and you, I don't buy
Any // Crazy pigs! Get into the streets
And tell them STOP IT!! Got it all fixed
Blow everybody to hell you don't give a damn!
Run into the streets and yell God's shit down
On them! O blood of the butchered! O blood
That drips from every page of every school book,
From every whored-over pronouncement of brotherhood!
Children-killers in your lead-padded laboratories!
You Judas-bait pissers in the Face of Christ!
Skins of black, yellow, white-our brothers! I suppose
The butcher's price is the same - starvation, slavery - A-Bomb!
Our brothers! this merchandise of death - I suppose
We should rejoice that the money-changers have

Been driven from our radioactive temples - & coins
Of flesh and blood made the standard of this trade,
Of our Golden Rule - 2 billions of souls already
Bartered away - Mam has made hell! God is
Not dead. You have not even driven Him insane
With what - with the horror of what you plan to do!
But He weeps He weeps - O my brothers
He weeps // So I digress... O Mr Spuzz, say
That the grass is green... and that little dogs
Which go under wagons aren't always where -
I suppose that.... O but this, to be a Mam-Not
The grass the sun the poor beautiful faces of men.
My Burso "Dockle" believes in you, he loves you
And so do I Kenneth Patchen



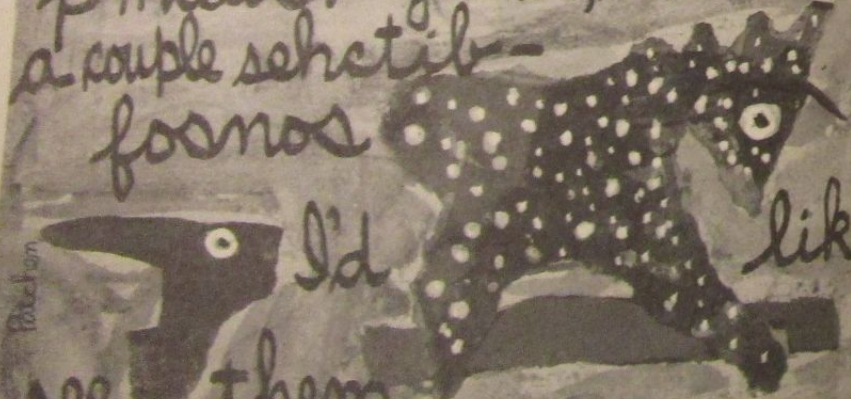
Shaggy balls of fur, Enos!



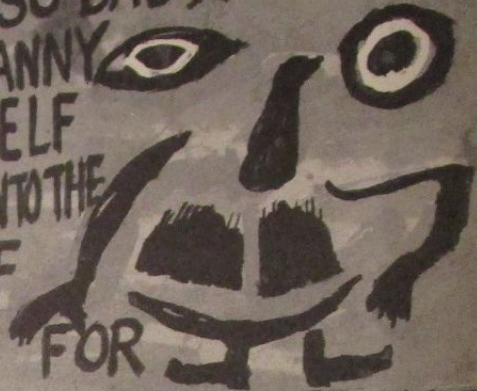
Who said
those sew
matop-
oppih

were back-
ward! Look at 'em bounce-
in' through that 'milims
pmaus! U'know, there're more'm
a couple sehctib-
foanos

I'd like to
see them
ashakin' in the ugly mugso!



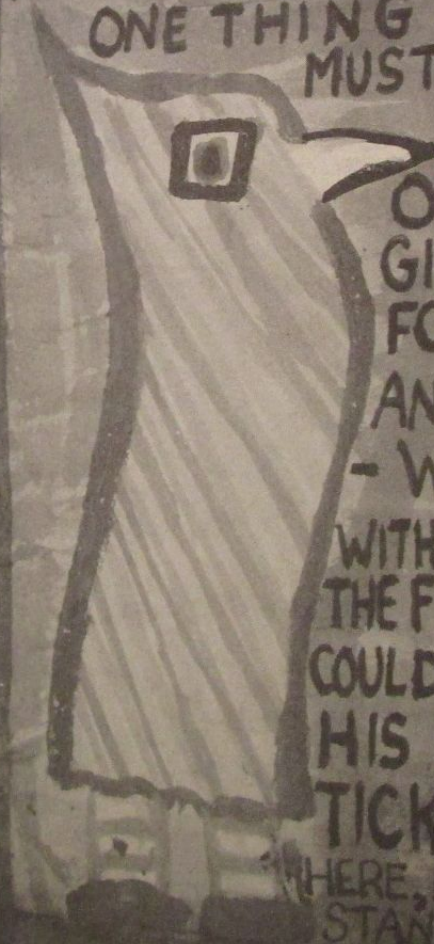
IT WASN'T SO BAD REALLY
WHEN GRANNY
GOT HERSELF
PAINTED ONTO THE
BARN ROOF
BECAUSE "FOR



ONE THING SHE HAD A
MUSTACHE WHICH
ANY HANDLER
OF BARS WOULD
GIVE HIS ICED TEA
FOR; AND FOR
ANOTHER
- WHY,
WITH TWO...
THE FELLAH
COULD WASH
HIS OWN
TICKET!

WHERE, PAL-
STAND ON

THIS



And
Fellows

Disguised
lined Up
and Were

Then Some

As Shelves
Along The Quay
Soon Bulging With
Food Stuffs, Hoe
Handles, Kerosene
Lamps, Crates Of
Geese, Doves,
Small Beavers, Etc.

While This Was, Of Course, In Clear
violation Of Ordinance 23-D, It Wasn't
Until The Following Tuesday That The
culprits Were Discovered Having Taken
themselves A Bang-up Good Time Down Behind
that Big Billboard Where The Road Turns

That Petey D Cross is a sly one!
What's he do but tell me he's go-
ing by boat so's
I'll figure him
maybe for a

bus or even borrowin'

his brother-in-
law's motorcycle,
see, and all the
time he's planned
on takin' a plane!

But I fooled him
there he is whooping
it up in Omaha on my travel's cheques,
while me, see - ha! I've had me a
hitch out to the Coast and back twice!

I GOT ME THE BLUE DAWG BLUES



Patchen

If the Devil don't wag this world,
How come all you lousy cats
Lickin' away at his shoes!

THAT'S N!

CE

"And your mother's
name was
Patrick Q.
Applecore, too?"

Oh,
no!
just
one...

You're most pro'ly like
thinkin' of my twin
sister

Now, When I Get
Back Here,
I Expect
To Find
All Of
You
Marching
Through The
Streets With Great
Bunches Of Wild Flowers
In Your Arms

Kamath Patchan



Patchan

PK TREE-SLEEPING BEHIND LECTURES

O poor
thankless
vessel
Hast never
had thy feet
splashed
by
Bears
TEARS
Before



Kenneth Patch

THE DAYDREAMS OF A KING



from
those of
little



hundred
million

to a rapidly shrinking more

Recher

IN THE LONG RUN



This is
a race
where everybody
ends up



in a tie, sorta

catcher

ad, pow! Tears of
to just lay there a bi
der hairy sounds that a
bodies wh. it A



up-windo
erd you m
wh po



little Ch
men wh af bless
arrasa p erg orl
k wibb-e llm di
t see him because it
at reported on this s
rch and the whar
are of stand both while a
pink however when they rea
since Joseph could not rea
appear beautiful it tour



TAKE HEART, MY BROTHERS
Even now... with every leader
& every resource & every strategy
of every nation on earth



arrayed
against
Her—
Even now
Or even
Now! my
Brothers

Life is in no danger
of losing the argument!
- for after all....

(As will be shown)
She has only to change the subject.

Kenneth Patch

SURE

IS

ONE PECULIAR
WAY TO RUN

ABALGANE

Okay, you hang on
up to the moon

But even if, say,
you got

Some-
body
left to
navigate
'em

what the
weepin' hell
you gonna use for bases

Patchem

What can you do
up here

that you can't
go on doing

just
as wildly
on earth?

Patchem

FLOWERS BIRDS ANIMALS TREES

PEACE PEACE PEACE PEACE
MERCY TRUTH FREEDOM
**PEACE
OR PERISH**
OR ALL MEN ARE DOOMED
LOVE KINDNESS TRUST

The issue
is no longer
war—
it is nothing
less than the
complete &
now almost
certainly
unavoidable
extinction
of every form
of life
on this planet



for Miriam

on 28th Anniversary of June 62

AND
THINK
IT ALL
START-
ed out
LIKE
ANY
OTHER



for Miriam - on our twenty eighth anniversary June 28 June 62

World
Intended, one might al-
most have been led to
believe, to last for
a good long time

IN PERKKOS GROTTO

Everybody
gets along
Just fine
Why
Even
The best
Champagne

Tastes like elderberry wine!

Patchen

THE
WALKER
STANDING

If you return
Before you go

Most foot-shuffles
Will seem pretty slow

Patchen

In the hippodrome



they are
always hoping
that the next act



will do it

So there'll be no
point in ever coming
back or in going home
Do you follow me?



Kenneth Patcham

the CONTINUOUS CHRIST



O seasons
of Earth Sky Sea Air
in one Touching Hearing
the Seeing of the Sun
and these mistaken
& pathetic imaginings

"man"

"bird"
"fish"
"beast"
"flower"
"stone" "lake" "tree"
Forever leaving
arriving always

O this
Animal
where

all reason
denot it standing
into that in moving
Nothing Everything mass

back & forth
and yet again
O geriatric single clock
"life" "death" O
hallucinatory mask

Patcham



& that which is water lily, sea gull,
 Heather, crimson-dotted butterfly,
 Lizard, ant, and heart-shaped leaf,
 White panther, lynx, marsh frog,
 Grass, dogs, and little paradise beetles -
 Oh it's a lot of business we have,
 Being part and substance of everything
 That lives! O yes this tall trade of ours,
 This business of being represented here
 On earth in all these funny-wonderful
 Shapes and guises such as... well, ostriches,
 Walruses, elephants and three-toed galuttes...
 No, this business of being alive
 Is not really 9,824 feet long,
 Or Alexander the Great (was it?), wide,
 And Jesus Buddha Johnny Depp high...

The red flesh of the Rose and the blood of the Sea,
 Engendered in one substance - The glory of God!
 Down it looks from the great stars in equal
 Community on the vast universe of a gnat's wing,
 Where, whirling together in that mysterious
 Of Oneness, which is all this world's sorrow,
 This inseparable division, this strangest of mirrors
 - For I see it makes there, over and over and over,
 A statement of Life living away from us now!
 Until the Sun's Wound is healed in our own hearts
 Kenneth Patchen



BILLY BESTO & MR BUG
were over there easily

and it runs
up to
them
"Hello
boys!
how've
you
been!"
plenty
nice hot
soup
couple
beers!



'Swell having you around
Keep up the good work, lads
and then they all fell asleep

YOU KNOW, SOMEHOW
I THINK, OLD PAL,
THAT THE- RE
MIGHT NOW
JUST CONCEIVABLY
PERHAPS BE A NICER WAY
OF GREETING
ME THAN RIGHT OFF THE
SO TO SPEAK BAT
COMING OUT WITH
GOODBYE



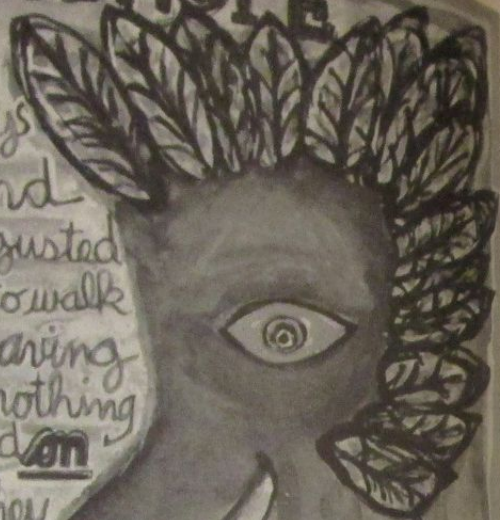
Sure, of
course I know
you're my
best
friend

How else...? After all,
this is the first time
we've met, isn't it

Kenneth Patcham

THE BEST HOPE

Is that one
of these days
the ground
will get disgusted
enough just to walk
away - leaving
people with nothing
more to stand on
than what they



have a bloody well
stood for up to now

Patchen

all talking away
The



now no
Got now
what

body's
here
all
they never



Amyswan

Kenneth Patchen

I AM THE GHOST OF

Chief Mountain-Lyn
(Since Everyone Else Did)

I wedded
Pretty
Red Wing
and if you don't
believe it,
right
down there's
our daughter
Bobbie

Lucky
you made
no deposit
on the country
just throw
it
away
when you're
finished

with
it



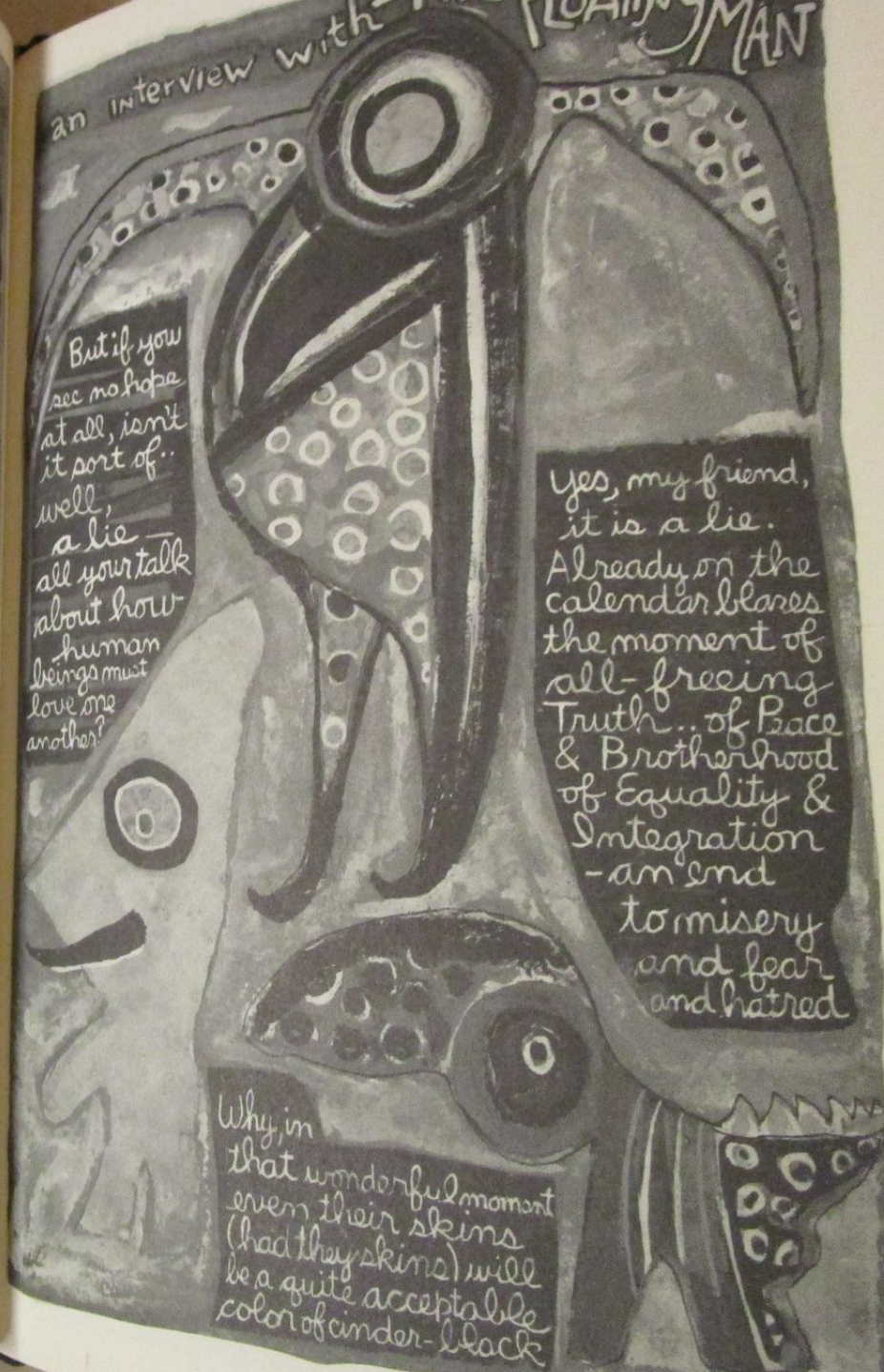
Patchen

an interview with THE FLOATING MAN

But if you
see no hope
at all, isn't
it sort of...
well,
a lie —
all your talk
about how
human
beings must
love one
another?

Yes, my friend,
it is a lie.
Already on the
calendar blows
the moment of
all-freeing
Truth... of Peace
& Brotherhood
of Equality &
Integration
— an end
to misery
and fear
and hatred

Why, in
that wonderful moment
even their skins
(had they skins) will
be a quite acceptable
color of cinder-black



HALELY



Jah

is
my name

and

what's

goin' on around

here I find almost as
captivating as the thought
of a lipless hyena announcing
the next after the last train

Patchman

WHO'VE YOU BEEN TODAY



Know what they
used to say when



Long about all the while
things didn't go so hot?



Kenneth Patchman

Yeah that's when it
should be easiest to keep your code tight



HAD GENERAL GRANT BEEN A XMASTREE

You could take some little colored children - of which there aren't any other kind - and explain to them that the reason he got drummed so much was because he knew they'd chop him down and smear him over with tin stars and fake snow and any other bloody rot they could dream up to make people believe it wasn't miracle enough just being a tree! That it was somehow more beautiful and

wonderful (not to mention more profitable) to pretend you had something stuck there in the living room called "The Mystery Of The Christ Child."

But, children (you'd warn them), at that rate, the next thing you know they'll be saying that you've had some kind of thing done you called "BEING CREATED EQUAL!" - And not only that!

"But regardless of your 'race', 'creed', and 'color'!" Look at them, children! Just look at them! Look at these insane, slaving excuses for men. Equal! Equal... they tell you! Not as a first step, mind you - but as a goal! as a heritage! as a glorious fulfillment - as a closing of ranks...

And the horror is, - that this time, this time - they're telling the truth.

- Kenneth Patchen

CHECK! QUESTIONS ARE THE BEST THINGS I ANSWER, BUB

Well, flip or hawl, if you'll pud 'em the repression, you got no call at all to go to the school marm's, see, the last phone she had Old Chauncey Z. B. Varley beat to death with a hammer - said it reminded him of the clickity-teeth of a tin bananer. But - right and ruddy! spoops, boods and - who do? Look, old buddy, it may be half past ten barn towels to you, but no ad-jacent ever subtract me 'nuff t'shine down my leg! Go fry yerself some egg hair! Not with my tear-smear'd ducks, yuh don't, boyo! yer aw damn come-long Kingaling-tooty wot. Hist me up, O mither - unless - rather hire the lend of someone wed get a bang out of - like, payo any one of the Big Shots with the civilizing end of his goddamned toadstool spout - ing gum properly placed just where

the temple-clearing boot of Christ would land were He anywhere alive just now. So - I hope that tells you what you wanted to know, friends.

Yeah... Thanks. But if that's your answer, I wonder what the hell

it was I could have asked you



ALL
RIGHT,
YOU
MAY
A-
LIGHT

Though me and Charlie
have cared enough for the
world

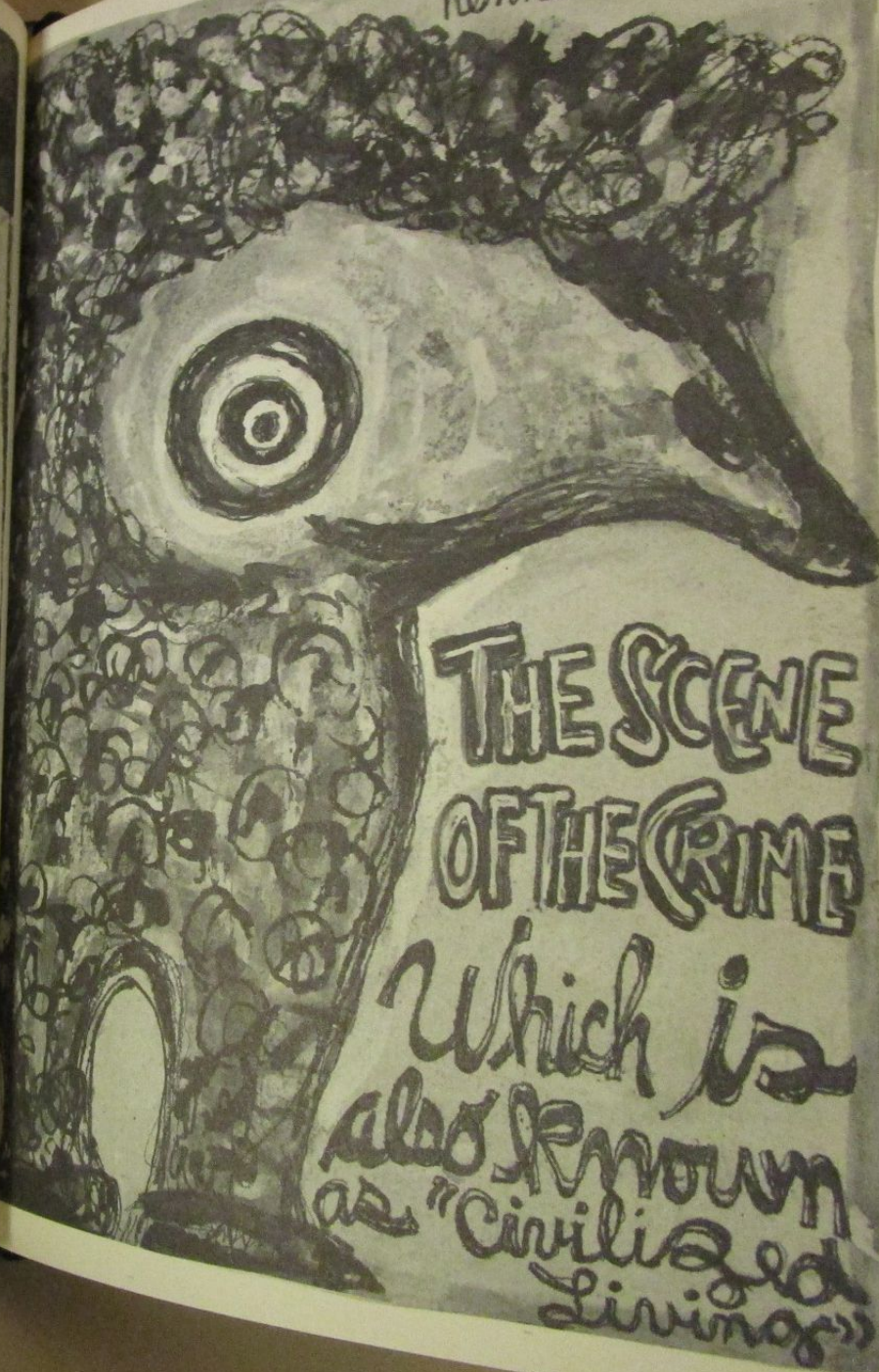
To in-
We do maybe sort of
Well (amo amos) there might just be
A tiny bit of a spot off in some far
corner out of sight
like could do with

- well, let's say a
wee smidgin of sumphin'

Peaceful n' clean
!

Kenneth Patchen

Kenneth Patchen



THE SCENE
OF THE CRIME

Which is
also known
as "Civilized
Living"

PRETTY SOON COMES
THE PUNCH LINE,
OLD MR. HE WHO—
OLD MR. HE HA-HA!
MADE THE LITTLE LAMB,
LITTLE LAMB—ALL SO
MEEK & SO VERY VERY MILD
LIKE IT WAS HIS OWN
LIL' CRADLE-ROCKIN' CHILD



† from a News Dispatch:

“On the third time a towering, fiery fist
—in the now all too familiar mushroom shape—
burst with a blinding roar above the desert
south of Algeria...”

“Jubilant scientists reported that during
the so-called ‘hot’ period immediately follow-
ing the blast, one of the control animals
in the concrete pits below gave birth!”

“Of course the opportunities for truly reliable
investigations into what might be termed the
parabola or inverse declension-ratio of
mutations and such other....”

BETTER JOKE, THOUGH,
IF THAT DOPEY NUT WHO
COULDN'T SPELL BETTER
THAN TYGER HAD COME UP WITH LAM
— LIKE TAKE IT ON THEE

† Footnote For Posterity:
† THE ANIMAL—A BABY SHEEP
† THE TIME—A FEW DAYS
† BEFORE DEC. 25, 1960

Kenneth Patcham

THERE ISN'T MUCH
MORE TO TELL

Ever so, ever so clever
Just one tiny little trouble
On that blinkin' pretty bubble
They never made it really clear
Exactly what the poor little dead mouse
Was supposed like, you know, to do



After he heard the bloody bell!

Kenneth Patcham

No Denial Of Rumor

that Aristotle
and
Hannibal

have been
seeing

a lot

of each other
these last

few centuries

(particularly in
the former)

You're
faced
wrong,
that's
what's
the

matter.

Not that
the back
of you
looks
much
better.
So pay
me the
fifty
bucks

you promised.
I got me no
great desire
to continue
longer in
your hire,
sir.

Upon the
 Brook of the waters
 I have
 Autumn
 Mature
 of the Oak tree
 it's a spring time
 pledge of
 your
 consanguinity

Kenneth Patchen

Unless you
 clock in
 AT THREE
 5 O'CLOCK
 Seldom
 IT'S
 with Truskie,
 Petey, Dan
 Sunsonson,
 Ringaloo
 T. Quisekuf,
 Lovely
 The
 Fern
 Pietin,
 another quite untimely guy
 I haven't met yet named Me

Kenneth Patchen

Is that all

Kenneth Patchen

that's
wrong!

Why hell hell
long you can
up and murder the
moon etc etc

A
DREAM

OF

GOETHE
DANCING

WITH A
FRIENDLY
OSTRICH

Kenneth Patchen

Only A
Bit Longer

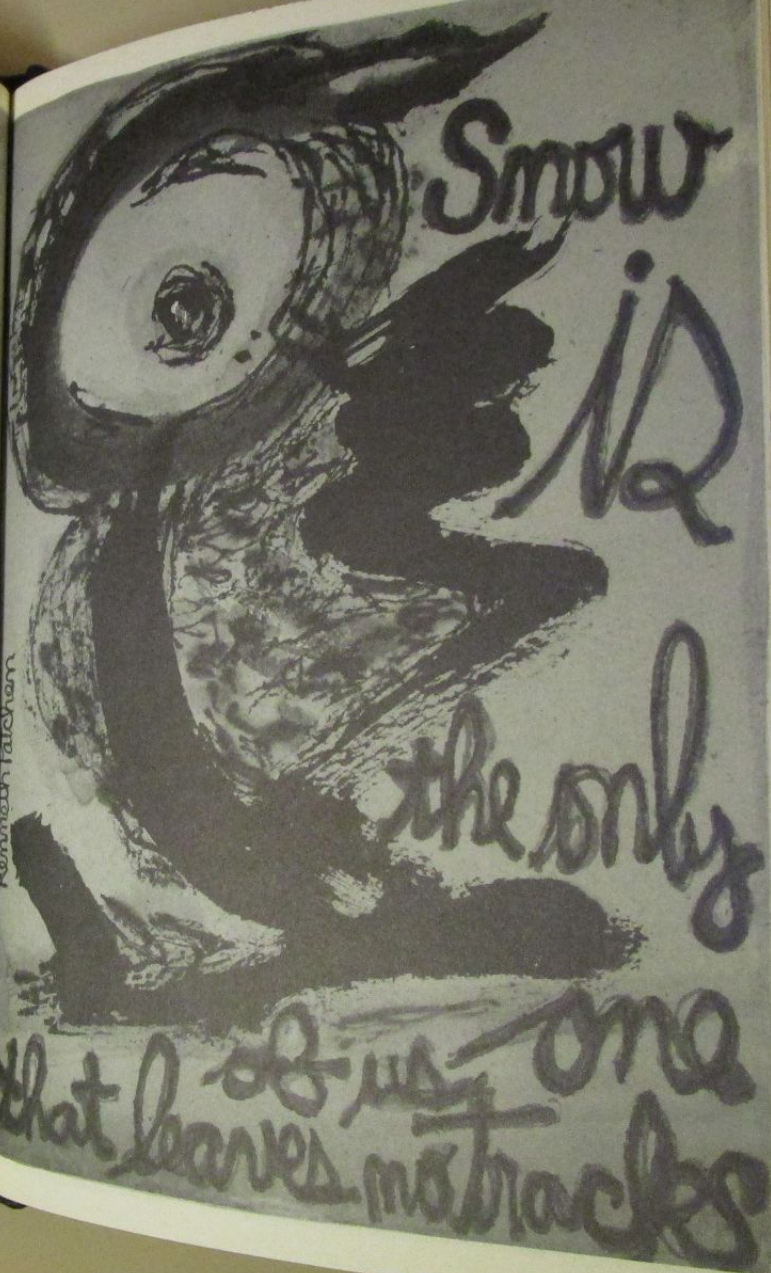
And They'll
Have Your
Life In
Stock



But Don't
Hold
Your Breath
waiting

Kenneth Patchen

Kenneth Patchen



Snow
is

the only

of us one
that leaves no tracks

A Something-Like-
That Look

after

the last of the
5,000 singing leopards

has safely

gone by



Whale Rider

and th
be s
terrib
count
h



ere shal
trange &

le enc

rs on t

away

to Our First Meeting

O my brother I

break to none here

The Easy Hat-Eye
Went To
Shepherd's Kim

Took her mother Tom
Along to short the moon
But I'd say it's no snap
Lookin' over the dam brim
At what they're doin' to Him
To the Human Race, that is

MAN WOULD YOU
JUST LOOK
AT YOUR
LEADERS!

A-puckerin' up
Like they expected god
to kiss them right smack
on the
mouth

(Guess all those crude
& unenlightened people
must have tortured &
starved & murdered them-
selves just
now)

all is as it is not



Faces
have

flesh is not a substance
but a place for one
no edges

Kenneth Patchen

That's what



were

all in.

THE
GOOD

Rode Him Out
of A Dream
Maybe Ten-Twelve
Years Ago



Good enough horse
most ways
Cept he
won't let me get off
Says it might
wake him
up

Wherever You're
Ready



Well, if you don't want me to buy
Philly for you,

we'd
just as
well be
getting
on back
Joey boy

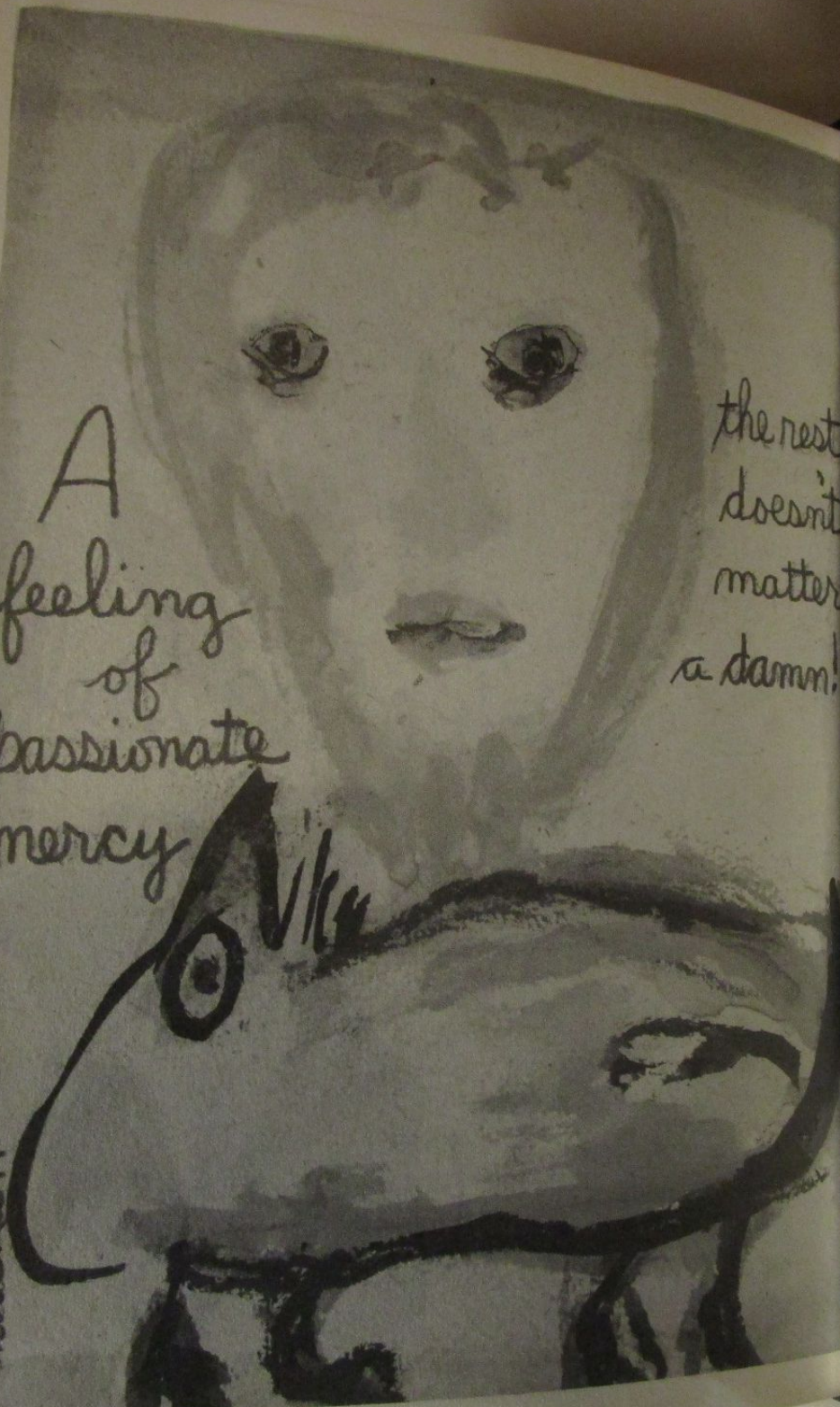
Patcham

He's either
going away

or coming back

And
in between
there +
you can put
all the rest of it

Kenneth Patcham



A
feeling
of
passionate
mercy

the rest
doesn't
matter
a damn!

Patchem

Vika