

**DOES THE  
SECRET MIND  
WHISPER ?**

**BOB KAUFMAN**



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Walk back eating peach seeds after she did that i didn't ask her but i couldn't refuse she seemed so intent then her being only out of jail two years and nothing there to caress her head to give some shelter to the moonrrip falling from the evening covering images of those dead soldiers on my lawn in the middle of winter with nothing to cover their sins from the frost dripping from the pockets of those professors sitting in the intersection on their knees praying to the virgin whores to present them with a rubber ball to beat out their father's teeth until he screamed go then he gave them the beautifully wrapped boys to play with until the doctor laughed at his needle sitting there under the moss trees with nothing to do but masturbate and think of the beautiful lesbians in the monsters' arms wishing their father would come and he would kill them and make them brothers so they could play with those dead little boys at the fountain full of that mental wine used on sad holy days also used to chase away all the ghosts hanging around on the corner waiting for haunted girls to pass so they hide in their shoes anxious to throw peach stones at the whorehouse window for the guys to know that it is time for the policemen to come and get laid for all the hard work they are doing to the children to keep the streets safe for the dust to run up those old white steps in the clouds of coughed sorrow to the roof where mag has her goat milking away beneath the star on the left of the television aerial spitting those electric spit balls in everybody's eyes to keep those blue cars rolling along that musclebound street to hell and back in time to eat second hand lobsters from the parole board office down at the local church near the middle of the street just as old mag had that goat killed by raindrop pressures on the headbone most painless way to die since the invention of radio got that italian fellow in trouble up to his neck in messy publicity about politics and the negro vote sticking in his pocket just when jazz jumped out the window and broke the legs of that goddamned old sacrificed goat of mag's lying there waiting for some poor old medicine man to write him a prescription for rock and roll rolling over rocket-burst of clinging forces lashing the reality wall man anti-man again in servile postures grotesque filled skin hunched lanterns cold owl shivering vibrations waiting to wait for waiting death you are now a minor vice your warm lips are far promises forever cold death you are not death yet warmer beds love us human reeling human to you a minor vice life do not leave us till music ends how else living do we know we live or have lived living among endless processions of cocteous gauchos on bucking motorcycles harsh lights bursting from casual cyclonic winds creeping over strontium landscapes of scorched anatomies of fallen adam birds holding twisted guitars in greek hands caressing us back to old crescent formed wharves of michael faced degenerates whistling over car noises to running statues of fright and can-can memories of fawning buttocks in flickering autumn's bulbs gone before in spiked eyes of lady truck drivers on cracked leg roads to revisited wombs filled with dark brilliant wetness felt in all those sliding eyes glimmering between rumors of truth shouted from sea shell roofs of ochre cardboard huts concealing oracles in furry egyptian cat suits spitting prophecies out of fat stone books from sanded brains of timeless deserts of thebian prostitutes hidden in time beaten minds of made mad translators woven into wrought iron ears and eyes of marble foxes dragging carts of stuffed scented ideas to noiseless suicides behind walls of animated flesh shells while wild visions crawl on airy knees through curly forests of nodding heads strewing bits of shattered images in pointed faces of crepe paper kites flying wildly over petrified idols kneeling on fat walls of glowing flesh in the black rain dripping silently in and out of empty stars drooling over nude bodies of dancing planets celebrating hot birthdays of the sun bannister sliding on twisted bars of light slanting down marble corpse of twice dead socrates who begat gandhi who begat krishna who begat buddha who begat christ who

begat einstein who begat michael who begat melville who begat dostoevski  
who begat lincoln who begat bessie smith who begat picasso who begat charlie  
parker who begat morpheus who begat farnsworth who begat starkweather who  
begat geronimo who begat whitman who begat hymened women with moist  
tongues following chinese funerals escorted by black aeroplanes smokewriting  
against patent leather skies beaming soft unbroken rays on glazed foreheads  
of spoon eyed painters mourning dead pictures of lost faced girls covered with  
tracks of unsuccessful suicides in emptied bays of frantic modern stonepiles  
seen plunging into glass faced swamps filled with superstitious alligators crawl-  
ing among monumental statues of sculptured bone lying among busy eight  
o'clock sidewalks bending under constant shuffling of hard shoes slipping on  
petrified tears dropped from pocked eyesacks of ancient seekers of soft thigh  
love in navels of hard breasted adding machine girls in store bought curls wal-  
lowing in sipped coffee talking of last night's copulations with certified pub-  
lic computers and itinerant umbrella peddlers lost in rainless fogs heel and toe  
and breast and buttock and crooked neck ballet dancers seducing male nymphs  
under cover of secret blankets of brilliant dust blindly flying through terrified  
streets of ruined limping vehicles filled with shaggy mouth youthful gangsters  
hunting the human dog with stilettos of fear and dreams of money sex money  
cars money suits money shoes money muscles money houses money hair money  
pearly teeth money pointed shoes money hats money brains money hate money  
love twisted into pimp patterns of money success grasped by money gnarled  
hands of lanky editorial writers false teeth credit dentists cheap meat queer  
butchers hollow chested bus drivers eye shadow salesgirls all american football  
businessmen hollow thigh supermarket clerks money flag makers money moun-  
tain movers money car makers money eyed raw material citizens pulped of  
money landscapes of holy money timemusical voices of tiny money children  
cushion noises of disintegration still heard in dynastic eras of power skeletons  
stooped in scooped out offices of company wife husbands custodians of domes-  
tic fear and free terror for still hearted breathers lurking behind neon tomb-  
stones singing out corpse voice arias while bristling peaks of unclaimed moun-  
tain ranges concealed by sky high forset stretch their necks through newly cre-  
ated clouds of vibrating breath choked from throats of savage inheritors of still  
rivers flowing serenely from shores of death wheezing civilizations propped on  
skin shriveled arms of emaciated giants echoing in hollow bodies futile death  
rattles beneath dark throbbing of burning drums heralding spears of lightning  
hurled by wealthless savages awakened by the shrill ringing of ceaseless bells  
tolling the voice of hungry jackals sticking ancient dog faces stolen from  
egyptian gods into pewter buckets of sour wine drawn from grapes of wrath as  
bible faced history chanters creep from ice formed caves wearing belts of heat  
held by hands of cool waiting in nighttime republics long hidden beneath land-  
scapes of memory protected by silk panther stealth satin-finish jacket boys on  
rows of corners jangling cold dreams in their fist pockets hoarding puberty  
dreams from crushed breast mothers waiting in kitchen cathedrals for new com-  
ings new christ new cancers new drugs new nightmares of female beginnings  
dying like old dehydrated men sexless at last after nurturing young girl breast  
in futile hope of love wishing disasters on doomed lipstick daughters new male  
body queens of bed sweat lovemaking suffering from stretched lips of shame of  
borrowed contraceptives squirming with giggle noises of skewered pigs among  
grunts of satisfaction and eternal disease deposited by sexless editorials drum-  
med into defenseless pores and wired into never sleeping ears caught now in  
moans of fake pleasures murmured over helpless groaning of elastic flesh as  
oceans of sperm break on reefs of human rocks strewn along shores of time  
slighted by blinking stars in misty sterile skies silent witnesses to never ending  
unflinching destruction committed in those thousand names of god who laughs  
and orders death to laugh with him at his withering failures crouched on beds  
of earth walls and floors of cork were sucking up our conversation as fast as  
we could spit it out through the wordblock o one two why two not a number not  
a symbol a reality oh have you seen my two arms two legs two heads two  
brains two horns on my prickly surly head curling with secrets or is it purring  
at sun caresses does the secret mind whisper to secret organs body message me  
now i am waiting tread the new helm tastes of licorice and is shaped like a

pickles remember the first steps first fall all the way to a lone floor waking  
sleeping dust remember the lonesome broomstraws on cold linoleum mesas nim-  
ble baby ballet steps pink cuts not quite through the skin deep enough though  
for a minor cry a quick lip brush tasting like love tingling remember sacred  
parades of imagined desire remember the girls on the earth one with melted  
feathers under the crepe de chine curtains the heaven under the tree the world  
shut out remember the second breast oh reality leave them alone alone with  
memory you are too much up on trying to terrify me into existing o reality it  
is so easy to die in dreams even attend the soul even welcome quiet demise  
reality don't darken time's corridor or do you too remember hours minutes shoes  
vests iced glasses tables hands and eyes questions questions turning pages music  
from warm lips smoky veins on marble tables sinewy wrought iron tongues flick-  
ering threats of unholy candles marijuana dreams of perfect purpose remember  
freckles as we smoked wet fire crackers dreamed rainy day dreams of putting  
out the sun writing a biography of time on the head of a pin reconstructing her  
costumes from the shapes of puffs covering our heads with laughing reflecting  
cracked mirrors oh remember the time on a decadent island ugly whore you  
mothered then skinny spaghetti slithering from your belly crawling back of my  
eyes popping into my unprepared skull bathing me in thighs and handfuls of  
live fat formless bumps little spheres in a new world remember now bury me  
feet face arms teeth dreams balls swallow me all make me nothing again i want  
to walk through you on every goddamn street in the world though i see you in  
dead mind faces of molded brain intellectuals standing on deserted crusty river  
piers musing on ghostly forms of gone ferries and other sad vehicles of mental-  
ity nerve peeled images of transient ecstasies pains of too personal existences  
private sadnesses hid in smoky dimensions secret pockets in thought cluttered  
space where love stuffed into hungry vortexes of crowded eyes loses its shape  
laughter wears torn aspects memory dredged for forgotten visions offers bitter  
desire twisted beyond recognition blinded by coppery shadows of old failures  
concealed inside fake spires of crumbled plastic chapels while silent skull  
dweller mice fatten on decayed noses of tweedy re-created creatures who  
shout blasphemy at tigers thrusting ragged dreams through crashed windows  
sucking fresh jazz into the cages of university pink brain circuses circumspect-  
ly shielding their manicured faces from laughing whip eyes of beat oracles  
doomed to see after bomb visions of eternity imprinted on flattened objective  
faces of traceless cliffs standing mute in hunhistoried time unchained winds  
moving noiselessly through charcoal forest bent staves of burned light darkly  
illuminating fluted mountains shrouded in flaky smoke warped steel cities fill-  
ed with a thousand colors of dust web metallic fabric stretched on frames of  
powderized towers guarding rivers of jellied earth silent lava streets humless  
unformed shadows heat printed on soft marble canvases gigantic ultimate greek  
vases posed forever in remembrance of breaths and odors conceived in now  
time of scragly haired frightened girls in beer mug barrooms of contemporary  
revolution on barricades of beds and wine jug bloody fields of screaming no  
daddy no daddy daddy no daddy away from home terrors of rape me now rape  
me now babble sounds of hypersensitive talk coming in rhythmic breaths saved  
from lost evenings memories of paperback conversation with camus and dry old  
algiers clerks with hidden wagner records stashed in arab oran hotels with  
whiffs of rimbaud floating in from the holy desert of arab lovers with thousand  
year eyes and death and no transfiguration not ever but hungry truth picking  
at cadaverous brainy scarecrows down from the cross forever with handfuls of  
bent nails screeching martyr cries for hammers of modern romans for veils of  
sophomore veronicas for tears of convent made marys for vacant shells of un-  
holy sepulchers sealed with blood from anonymous drug stores selling life to

(over)

death seeking miscellaneous dehumanized beings floating down the night of time in power chariots of glass watched by disinterested clots of self deformed skin and blood with unadjustable souls in torn cellophane garments blue with blues blue like poems everlastingly blue from inner explosions self demolished wrecks proclaiming love on hostile streetcorners spewing wordless gasps spinning themselves into minute histories chapters of crib scenes filled with mother father father sex mother cry fright wet pants screams of delight hate love daddy love mother teacher mother shaped all over mother shapes daddy shapes in clown faces law faces faceless heads in plaster churches of sunday bench kneeling before faceless god and cotton candy sunday night touch swapping of secret feeling of nothing in first disappointments of no more more stop it hurts its raw there we are all raw there from fingernails and rough dreams going up in nervy rockets trailing fire tongues clamped in hot-sharp teeth grinding remembrance to ashes for beds for later flames kindled tall green stink weeds growing like legions of sick candles spurting jets of pepper odors into flaring nostrils lips of salty winds kissing cracked realer flesh caught red eyed with banned imaginations offering solitary thoughts on death and other illegal mysteries carried off in hurricane afternoon's warped glimpses of buried events squeezed from pits of stagnant wax ripped from walls of the mind's eye of goethe taking faust by the hand across dark teutonic landscapes into hitler germanic swamps of twentieth century bosch daylight pushed by blackened wind from bells of spiked trumpets blasting hun fists through the dead body of whore europe's culture as schiller smiled from beethoven's brain trapped in power as certain as timeless karnak booming over luxor's plain to tuscan dusky twilights where torchlit italians carved life in marble mountains ankle deep in severed heads of bloody popes at war with god for rome's remains only to settle for splendored tombs sprung from hands of deathless spirits in tunics of blood and dust crouched in corners of light where creation is master and man does not exist except as tools of art that stern father-mother of souls not of this earth or in it doomed to disappear in traces of works of beauty and love yet reappear in time abstracts of eternal existence pistons of nature doomed to see those dark trees swaying in forests of pain where myshkin begged tortured dostoevski forgiveness in one illuminated flash of remorse for uncommitted sins and deeds left undone cheeks unknissed faiths unstated love gone ungiven and an idiot's feet were embraced in that maniacal wood where sarah last egyptian first saint mother of all gypsies pumped blood of wild rose into lorca's andalusian veins where federico first sang where mithra in black spanish robes placed her sword in ignacio's groin where sweet lorca weeps bitterly yet lives in the afternoon yet loves in the afternoon that darkly loved wood where all who enter are lost yet live forevermore companion to etruscans and black mountainous shapers of mahogany african breast sucked by old lonely aesthetes looking for lonely women lost on the road to bedrooms of oblivion spreading invisible fingers to steamy corners where athletic gods take all those happy birthday cakes to eat after public showers at baseball games held on heroes' birthdays celebrating lost explorers lost in miserable jungles of old cambodia with many old statues of slant eyed gods and old sleepy eyed virgins sunk in muck and lost philosophies dropped by alexander enroute to death in indian jungles and no conquering of asia today baby greek and other traveling civilization salesmen tomorrow more jazz and brand new nook of hebrew tears cast to western skies of gray and other subdued colors mixed by mad mexican painters of old rituals and aztec virgins' breasts spouting rusty blood to cold marble pyramids and jazz dear bitch dear bitch dear bitch dear bitch dear bitch dear bitch where is the robin's nest where is the final sea of flaming waves seeking last shores where the sailor sees gulls and other winged creatures but makes no report for fear of sea god's wrathful eyes filled with painful love and mistaken death you know the score old veteran remover old flickering floozey of destroyed angels and ancient dreams of old embryonic wonder dreams of glory on

rounded fields of strange bellies with sandpaper skins bruising tender hands holding other lives cherished from memory of yesterday and today given communion for all time in new year noises of hopes and forgotten fears blow blow blow blowing through shadow canyons where we stand on wounded feet filled with muddied toys and bones of phantom friends lost in swirling clouds of broken storms flying in heads of adult children left over from illegal xmas forbidden now that space is the thing of momentous impact and drivers of last year's bomb haunting tin littered launching pads enveloped by crushed hopes of unescaped visionaries hung from dying rockets in hidden lunatic afternoons of probe and thrust and naked skies beckoning with ammonia fingers to rootfree wanderers lost to pursuit of womanly earth writhing under rabbit couplings of hurried lovers anxiously disappearing into each other seeking the ultimate bomb shelter deep inside desperate wombs filled with wet butterflies and shells of deserted silkworms gone forever to weave hiroshima's shroud and spin flowers into her burned sod dead of shame and fire great gift of kansas orpheus and godsmuggled abroad as co-pilot later seen at survivor's victory celebrations a lone mourner at his family's funeral unnoticed with his eyes of flame amid sheets of swirling vapors of belief in insane embraces with blind animals exhaling hot death breath puffing through laughing playground searing cheeks of children chewing chocolate rockets and no silverbells evermore in times of earache commercials vomited from radioactive radios every minute on the minute sandwiched edgewise between wireless seductions of virginal charity nurses with bargains of old gold and silver and no doctor appendix can't go to menopause party with you must attend lobotomy sale with four out of five leading maniacs on channel last chance for other cathode orgies flowing into wall-to-wall tombs demanding save that poor pregnant wonder horse tragic disguised survivor of apocalypse good i want to count down for the camera and for all clod breasts everywhere in captivity in living rooms dying rooms lonely rooms rooms of hot heads under chrome in beauty parlors whores' rooms in duty palaces good schoolgirl's rooms of friendly masturbations reverberating with father shouts and anthropology dreams of new guinea bush love plucked from savage genitals and men's rooms of leftover sadness of grooved dry whimpering torsos and board rooms where people are split two for one those rooms of frigid supremacy and rooms of hollowed hearts suddenly filling with human mud rising from bowels of blood pumped from painful rooms of rock-eyed poets whispering into their own ears curses too valuable for sealed ear drums of well tailored successes hiding inside scooped paper-filled bellies of concrete giants kneeling at all the proper moments counterpointing fragmented peon noises of it did not happen it did not happen that paul's canary ate radioactive seeds that morning and now only meditates refusing to admit that his song is gone that we sold our blood in hospitals butcher shops only to be busted for dangerous needle marks by a cop who knew god that we stayed in bed all christmas week for fear of offending jesus at gift shops that we were so depressed by the suicide rate we read old newspapers and contemplated suicide it did not happen it cannot happen because it always happens while we hide in buddha's smiling breast drifted to sweeter peaks of self and all seeking those elusive koans hidden in crevices of other navels dug in behind venus mounds of girls who glide onto the spike yet contain no answer but offer only gates of jellied lips opening on other softer queries answered with wet friction and cries of deeper deeper deeper stab me through impaled on that bony question answers fly to the loins and life is stabbed into existence as orgasmic silence bathes the room in peace as questions disappear rolling down ballooning bodies in milky crystals of sex odored sweat drowning interhooked feet in pools of giving taking giving never what is asked taking many times more until empty of self free of self until possessor of self in this time of sour bees and rancid honey we are not flowers no lilies grow in our eyebrows and our skulls are potential ash trays for those fires smothered in cores of men smoldering hot coals fuming to burst into flame yet we shall stand naked and cool them with angry love songs.





# CITY LIGHTS BOOKS

261 COLUMBUS AVENUE, SAN FRANCISCO 11

The 'secret mind' whispers and the 'caught flesh' shouts in this opening section of BOB KAUFMAN'S novel-in-progress. This part merely provides the atmosphere in which the 'characters' are to appear—and disappear.

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BOB KAUFMAN is the author of SECOND APRIL and the ABOMUNIST MANIFESTO, both published by CITY LIGHTS as broadsides.

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