

*David Goldschlag*

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**a vision:****what did our parents do during war?**

were they having holy sex under bloodsky, screaming like a  
blanket of steaming molecules, babies sprouting like  
carnivorous death,  
were they killing Martin Luther King Jr. and Malcolm X,  
were they howling pulse beat,  
were they driving steady to work,  
were they dancing in streets and bathing in tea blood until sacred  
rhythms grate moist skin,  
were they knitting plaster of paris caskets open to soul and  
divine coffin air,  
were they dreaming of bigSTUFF from little assholes  
were they dreaming midnight's nightmare that close damp  
curtains of minds, that open acres of lake of eyes,  
were they watching crisp angels pour in through sheer material,  
were they pulling triggers of fortune, shooting dust and coughs  
and blowing cold farts in turmoil,  
were they covering pretty dirt and pores,  
were they waiting like gracious cattle to die at slaughter,  
were they getting high with no intelligence, high on ether in  
springtime, mescaline maybe in winter,  
were they traveling on surrealist clouds, angel bare feet alive  
from toxic heaven,  
what did our parents do during war?

## Snyderian City

*for Gary Snyder*

O Mr. Snyder, your glorious wonderland  
your granite corridors . . .

I hear a jazz clip and it  
bounces off bark  
and bees and leaves fallen  
alive off your granite corridors.  
I hear this jazz clip.  
I look for this woven spyder and its  
web, its  
fortification  
in an alley.

. . . the city alley buried behind  
away from middle suburbia  
away from human chains  
human interest,                      humanitarians.

How long have you lived with the Sierra Nevadas,  
when was the last time you read for city folk,  
when was the last time you sat through Pacifica's pledge?

I send you an increment of time;  
I send you scents of the city  
of the alley excavating sights  
of men huddled in its entrance  
of conversational survival  
of obliterational condiments  
of boys behind men sitting                      shooting syrup  
of girls and women carving initials,  
carving stories in granite,                      in bark;  
I send them all groping for spyders and  
fortifications.

There goes that Ellington *Crescendo* jaazzzzzz  
hip hop jo, but city  
cat's gotta go man  
cat's gotta go.