

THE TRANSFORMATION OF I have got to have been up here for 800 years. Rainwater runs thru my throat like tears.
 I am surrounded by people who say U funny, who don't really like to spend too much money.
 SADIE RHEIN GOLD When I look up and back my neck cracks. I see dead men in dresses stuck on the roof.
 INTO A GARGOYLE If they don't like us Gargoyles, why do they put us all over their big stone nooks?
 GOYLE GATE As I look out, down and around, it looks like New Jersey, Newark, in a screwball 1938 spoof.
 Same reel gray, same fake roman stone, same hard crowds of used human tools plain to the bone.
 It was such a beshpukah town for the Gargoyles. Truly, it was the West End Avenue of the Hollywood Hills,
 Of The Lido the West End Casino! Of Eton, blade on the feather boy girls all together! Of the sturgeons, the roes!
 Of the pharmaceutical corporations, the pills! What an amazing collection of Self-made Gargoyles there arose
 Up on their wing tip shoe toes: Rags to riches Gargoyle Xerxes were dragons and dragons made big deals
 Waddling up stately, plump South Orange Valley on red spoke wheels
 In superb machine tools F. O. B. Detroit, N. O. C. D., P. D. Q.,
 I love my wife but O you kid! Yoo Hoo!
 Pierpontelah! Ah be gezhunt! 23 skidoo!
 In the 1929 square Ouga! Ouga! big steel wad
 Automobile of Samuel Daniels, my very dear old sharp dad.
 He was playing me on the good old twinkle-eye sad fiddle
 How poor he was when indentured Newark slum Gargoyle kiddie liddle.
 This Sunday morning when I was 3, the worlds greatest Gargoyle we drove to see.
 In her fabled grocery store on Prince street, the heart of the Gargoyle ghetto.
 She knew my dad when he was little, when Prince Street's laugh was unpaid loan stone moan.
 Old Sadie Rheingold's sons were millionaires. One they say in England knew the King.
 I heard whispers of secret fortunes paid to mayors in Europe to keep star-crossed gargoyles in business.
 There were hisses of feet in cement in the river and furtives of heads in the rumble seat of a flivver.
 There were murmurs of bootleggers who destroyed prohibition with enigmatic international conglomerations.
 It was whispered that they filled plenty and never sold an empty. Her hot pastrami was never lean.
 She had the best butter. The best milk! The best steak! She always gave you a break.
 Hitler would have cried if he saw her eggs. You never never never ever saw her legs.
 She loved her store. It was her Thebes. Her Versailles! Her Xanadu! Her Elsinore!
 She was high up behind her monolithic counter made of oak, glass and brass,
 Behind her hung a row of upside down stone dead plucked chickens.
 All you saw was her rock nose and fridge fogged gold brass wire eye glass.
 "Schaynah boychicle!" she laughed and laughed and laughed....
 Leaning out, over and down way above the little in a familiar way....
 There was something hauntingly beautiful about her....
 I have seen it before somewhere but it's hard to say...
 Maybe if her counter was 400 feet higher....
 Maybe if she had a nose a little longer...
 If she had an hackscent a little stronger....
 If she had a wing of stone....
 A claw of black bird....
 A turd of granite
 A scale breast bone.....
 A tongue of crow
 A long tail of cow.... r m
 Eye of Cologne... a o
 Beak of Stuttgart c n
 Feather of Rhone g
 "Schaynah boychicle!
 To Mrs. Rothschild
 Could make a
 Nice Little
 Besh pukah
 lo an?"

Stars shine bright on shatter light.
 The past is chock full of fantastic rock delight.
 The. The. That's stone is a solid diet, non-flying landmen.