

1982

Looking out over great flat pearl sunset reflected  
gigantic San Francisco Bay fauve pink red Matisse purple  
orange mauve yellow violet gold high sky of my mind flashed back to May  
1972 Warm Bright Morning Dead quiet Peace Phone rang Answered She'd seen  
my ad in the Boston Phoenix She was 23 She was an art student She said she'd like to talk  
to me She came to see me two days later She breathed with her entire being I asked her what kind  
of name Gold Shield was Indian No she explained that on a magical acid trip she had sensed the center of her  
forehead, chest, and genitals and a magical gold field had flowed out of these locations in a ball of fire and formed in front  
of her mind and showed her how by sensing locations in these and other sensations she'd have a deeper communication with her  
entire being and develop a special organ of perception and action She was very I did not see her again A few months later I got  
a call from a police detective Did I know Mary Zlotokoszula What does she look like Very Long dark hair Hippie Early twenties I  
met her once She was a very lovely person Why are you calling Your phone number was in her wallet What happened At 4 AM  
Tuesday she was found shot to death in the dirt down in Fukoscawildes Pak down in Brockton Under children having sun vision and  
mental fission, dull decisions, family divisions, prisons Now is dead so what I realized, what difference does it make what  
happens to anyone or anything that possesses alive After died and the kids suckered back into death mold it be came very  
difficult for me to feel sorry for anyone or anything that possesses alive What good is the edge of Athena's gold  
shield in the dust: Not even nothing is able to fly death's winding sheet shit wind's empty gust