

1983

Summer:  
 1983: Lunch  
 on the tiny terrace  
 of the gigantic concrete  
 crete Sequoia pillar ed  
 colossal high ceiling ed  
 prodigious dining room  
 of the monumental Ahwahnee  
 Hotel in stupendous Yosemite  
 Valley: The simple flagstone  
 terrace held 10 to 15 cheap  
 metal tables with big sun  
 umbrellas: The big view  
 was of Half Dome and  
 Glacier Point cliffed two  
 Empire State building high:  
 No waterfalls: No water:  
 In 1948: And for years before  
 to compensate for the drying  
 up of the waterfalls in desert  
 summer a firefall  
 by pushing a bonfire  
 the cliff: When  died it  
 Mind Death reigned out  
 at our cheap little round  
 with Feeleé Kinké: She  
 of gigantic chat: Buc  
 Nè Lucretia Sterno Elio  
 Surrounded by awfully  
 beginning of California  
 black bread sandwiches  
 A bunch of Watercress:  
 Garnish: Enjoying the soar  
 trail gear: Sore foot murmurs:  
 mule ride rectums: Suddenly:  
 Of all that: How perfectly serene  
 Yet somehow humble in its grandeur:  
 like the antelope skin rust just under  
 ark Lady Mac Beth's rough: The gentle puff  
 under Gertrude's rude puff: The  
 Sweet Tatiana's gossam muff: Suddenly: The  
 gentle feet of Feeleé Kinké leaped:  
 And shaking up  
 the cheap metal table: Dancing the dance  
 of death on the table: Grabbing the sun  
 umbrella's tin thin  
 pole: Waved it: Screamed the scream of screams:  
 From catastrophe's archaic furry wings: "Get  
 that little fur fucker away from me!" I asked:  
 "What little fur fucker: Darling?" She screamed out:  
 "Don't you see it? You blind four eyed big mouth:  
 know it all bastard! Hitler fodder! Wanting sewer!  
 Palestinian killer! The over fed fat one! There!" I said:  
 "I just see a squirrel eating a wild rose: Darling!"  
 She screamed: "It's a killer! It's a killer! It's a killer!  
 You lousy gauche insensitive Levantine greased  
 oil oozing peasant!" A German alpine woman of refinement  
 at the next table cooed: "Why izt just  
 a little schquirrel: Schquirrel don't hurtz peolez!" Feeleé Kinké screamed:  
 "It's a squirrel! And squirrels kill! They crawl their long sear  
 ching: Winding: Screwing: Hot tail:  
 Up your very legs and mercilessly chew up into your vagina  
 like ice cold meat out: Get  
 soft toast at 21! Squirrels Kill Cunt! Squirrels Kill Cunt!  
 Will you! Get out: Get out! Of my life!  
 You mother fuckin goddam lousy son of a bitch furry runt!"  
 Suddenly: The squirrel: Eye balled: Jerked: Turned:  
 Rose dropped: Ran: Its adorable enormous furry  
 appendage hind uninked to straight as the unfortunate  
 reduced tail of a long tail cat in a room full of rocking chairs:  
 Feeleé softened down to say: "Help remove me from this ridiculous  
 resolve: Will you: Darling?" Her swan hand deep in mine:  
 She anorexic Giraffe queened off of the table: We sat:  
 I asked: "How long have you been afraid of squirrels: Darling?"  
 She asked: "What squirrels: (pause) Darling?" She  
 gazed a puzzle squint at no squirrel: The piece  
 of lettuce: She bit into: As if a ten thousand  
 dollar bill: She raised her hand: With bits of fly  
 ing green veggie: Thundered: "Fake you: You may:  
 This girl back to The Bronx: Evil rat tooth church:  
 But never shall you eat the hot Bronx ensconsed  
 rude crunched munch up this girl's church bunched fur!"