

GIVE up,

James Newell Osterberg, JR.

Given rise, these sordid-streets raging with filth  
Concieved a predawn well distorted before you woke.  
I heard somewhere that the wind bent your first hair  
Long before you died

Made your leathered chest a contraband sound  
The Storm itself churning in the lips  
Pursed before breath

Messiah-Jim

An electric organ himself

Slow coaxing Morgana's robes--

They say in song--to be laid upon the ground.

First breath was followed with first slumber  
--A dream so overwhelmed by its own wandering  
That in the act it slowed but refused to wake.

The nearest bar  
was on Bleeker ST

A Palace where the rotgut raged a tumbling pour  
The entire room slow-seized  
Secluded in backbar booths  
(god!) young bodies swell  
When pressed against the the walls  
Where photos of rank urban goddesses hung fell

Their arches shelled by twin-ivory pumps

Toes together fore-thrust into deviled-ends;  
Velvet brushed on bare thighs

Had it not been night  
Come haunting this den?

Say it!, say it, you ripe wild Dandy...

Long live rock and roll.

Each street a whirlpool Come  
Prasing (god!) the nimbus cocked-crown  
Fails, commanded and predictably drawn.

Here, in a city like this son,  
There goes no aimless passer.  
None.

Where the high-rise once promised,  
Dropped the promise like an anvil-stone,  
To Squalor-some                      promised a Queen...

LIKE some hot-wit police-beat drum co-collapsed WE begin:

Whereas the knees become week  
The intoxicant-ferried stomach grinds;  
Comel, the face is pressed to the horizontal stone,  
Heretic fall; lit myriad born horn; a path to home

A man in his own vomit driven by one night's death to lie  
Enters A woman in heels (god!) she walks gait-beckon by;  
"Sir, those legs: some memory-mirrored, sly-cloven lie,  
    There--not passing--rose  
    The damned-ordained well versed in damning--

Where else in the modern-metro fever could you find  
    Or might well you hear  
    The full-pastured cattle-clop  
        Swagger dared upon unevened-crete  
        Ask the earth, can this you stand;  
Brother, she's a bold-trick, (god!) a laugh-less guise,"--  
    Her a metallic boat abreast--  
        A "'hell if I might' then 'hell she might well too,'"  
            Fine-bred  
            Counter in weight  
            The promised ocean  
            Watered and away

Our eyes uneven:  
Hers a heedless gaze.

        Again,  
LIKE some cold-wet vagabond WE attempt a pitted-rise:  
The vomit-eye begins at the tarmac's edge  
Where by over-indulgence cunning night had led  
                    There ran it up the chicken-wire  
Consecrates, un-lodgings,

(god!) Temptress un-shines.

Let me list as these the gifts  
That in un-giving she-alone dwelt  
And bitter wrists gave rise...

Ritual pleats-rung or pleats-pillared; space is drapery  
Bending skirt-shape tell elongates

Vulgarities of the leg

For the legs-legs where, the run  
In the stocking before written-time began  
Its destination becoming a web  
Hers, a walking unhinged.

I give it time though,  
Debauched-time,  
Those high-end legs, to which obscenity's soft-jackal croons  
Those legs are not hers but from Madonna's pawn  
Shop self-liquidated loan.

"But tell, O Purity, she a girl  
Or did the breasts upon her ribs  
Sing sweet rited woman's pull?"

OR, do we recall  
Once beneath so-welcomed midday's vertices--Look  
Now, slow heaven's un-moxied clouds commanded still--  
Embellished and ignored,  
Consumed by a liquid pill,  
Forgive age, to which this vice-KING doom-seeking drinks,  
And forgive savage consequence and stare!

Not the woman conceived of air, but still agape, rage, ring, stare!

The jukebox chill

Come woman  
For now I see only a shell.