

DREAM TRAVELING IN TIME SEEDS
or
MARX BROTHERS' ZEN VOL. 1

by Frank Moore
1974

[1]

Little eight year old girl
looking
amused
down
at me,
dirty face, clear seeing eyes,
as the giant falcon comes to rest
on the gloved hand
In the tent,
in the holy rock dome,
the unseen & unseeing beggar,
wrapped in a gray raincoat,
suffers,
bone under skin,
shaved head nods
into
unconsciousness & death
within
Within
this decaying body,
a young man
looks
down
from the center of the star rings,
sitting cross legged
pouring pure energy
from one cup
to another
as
a bartender mixing a drink
With Saturn's rings
around his head,
he sits,
remembering
Hitler

[2]

The girl has come down from the tree

has come in

to sit in my lap,

into my arms

to fall asleep

As I rock

the carved wooden chair,

I slowly fall asleep too,

my beard gently touches her

soft

strawberry

yellow hair

which turns into

a magical mushroom

on which my dream rests

[3]

My dream,

my isolated island,

is filled

with

women gentle green hills

covered by fine misty

white

This island,

my dream,

is a bright star within me

[4]

By the velvet
yellow light
of this inner star,
lovers find each other

But
the two lovers are kept apart by a terrible
marble dog
with flashing diamond eyes
& sharp silver teeth

The diamond eyes
d i s s o l v e
into newspaper dots,
white dots on black

The eyes
d i s a p p e a r
into meaningless white dots
becoming the headlights
of the home bound traffic
on the hot smoggy summer light,
going home
from the gray oil refinery

Driving along the jammed freeway,
I wish
I was an old woodman,
feeling the snow white cold
through his heavy boots,
instead of feeling this trickle of sweat
going down my open collar

But I do feel sweat
& do feel a trumpet
playing
above & behind me
do feel the rough wooden
bottom
of the coffin against my cheek

I open my eyes
& get up to my bare knees
& look around

Beside me,
kneeling in their coffins,
nude,
my wife
& our strawberry
yellow girl

We all look up,
our arms lifted expected
at the sunset
pink angel
who is drawing us back into life
thru her horn

The angel is my eight year old

[5]

An old black tree trunk of a hand

grasping

the knees of the two lovers,

nude lovers

being married

by the old priest of the inner star

within the birth triangle

[6]

My girl,
now grown into a soft woman,
lives freely among the stars

Blue
crystal rain falls from
within her cupped hands

Spiral galaxy
of the night's womb
giving birth new life,
wrinkling old/new face
being gently pulled out from her

Now,
my girl
has a girl
of her own

The Bull of Venus
paws
the mystic patterns
of the newly born Rose
who becomes a black girl
of the mountain mysteries,
with sharp, sad eyes
of hazel charred

[7]

Lonely as the yellow

sandy plain

below

the misshaped mountain,

I sit in the forgotten graveyard,

sitting against an ancient headstone

The sickly boy from forty years ago,

that is who I am,

waiting

in the gray world of the past

as a vague woman with

no face except eyes,

with cowhorns

both on her head

& at her feet

& with a scroll in her lap,

waits for me

I wake up
to find myself
under
the old patch quilt
in Mother Isis's poor wooden shack
wondering
when I will marry
the beautiful Indian squaw
& see her soft nakedness
under
the white sheet
wrapped around her

I am the cheerful fool,
the light tramp
dressed in blue & pink
who is unaware of
the high cliff which I just stepped off,
floating
down
on a sunbeam

I am that angel
who pours energy
from one cup
to another,
mixing the chocolate malt of life
wax my wings
as my granddaughter
traces the alphabet
upon the blackboard
against time

My daughter
with her bare breasts
just shrugs
questioningly,
then makes love to me,
her father,
within the inner patterns of her thoughts
far away among the orange rocks
carved by wind & water
into heads of camels

We danced,
dressed only in wind,
to the four corners of the world:
to the eagle,
to the lion,
to the bull,
& to the angel
named John
who was too busy reading a book
to lick an ice cream cone

The spiral galaxy

night womb
opens once again,
firecracker sperm
shoots out
My friend,
Jesus,
is crying
blood,
dying
under his crown
An Indian girl,
standing next to the giant sunflower,
is looking
up the skyscraper,
black as coal,
built to honor
PROGRESS
The high fashion model
also looks,
but in a lovely orgasm
of Venus's kingdom
as Wilbur Wright
tests
his unflyable flying machine
My daughter,
the queen,
is making it with him
on deck
of the ghost ship
as I lie
here
in this shallow grave
in the fetal position
waiting
to be reborn
The wind has ripped
the skin off my bones
Firecracker rain
pours down
as I sit
here on the porch
too old
to go to sea,
or to plow,
or to drive
a train
again,
NEVER AGAIN!
Just watch the pigeons
flying over the watertower
on the General Store
Just let our son,

Momma's & my
son,

who has a farm down the way

bring some of his harvests:

corn,

potatoes, melons & tomatoes

BEAT THE DRUMS FOR THE SUFI DANCERS!

CHANT TO FIND LOVE!

I squeezed the soft breasts
with the moon sickle
of this virgin
bare,
& the feeling of uplifting
support
the gothic dome night
spreads thru-out

[10]

In the rodeo last night
a bunch of us guys
chewed the fat
with this old timer
who said
he
remembered
BUFFALO BILL CODY

Not that we believed him
or anything
like that,
but he did burst
our seedpod of imagination
& the cotton-light thought seeds
were carried everywhere
by the wind.
even to South America
where
we became
gauchos & gypsies,
mountain climbers
with shining metals
hanging
from our cowboy hats
with a sign of the mountain ram

We traveled where
no man has ever
lived

There
we found
a small green valley
with a tunnel
of chickenwire,
leading
into a moon crater

Before us
stretches
a straight smooth highway
down
into the flat Plain of Unknowing

Right thru
the football battle
between Rams
& three Indian musicians
playing homemade sitars
in a haystack

Sitting in the rock womb
cave,
living as Gandhi did,
sleeping with young virgins without

Few travel
getting sexually aroused,
& taking pride in that fact
this road with me
because only the quiet
stylistic
jaded Buddha
eye of the sad
sees me

[11]

Green eyes
in the sanddune
see
the soft dolphin breast,
see
lights in the shadows
of fading pink clouds,
watching in a control tower
for double rainbows
Clouds brewing,
wind bending
the trees
to the BREAKINGPOINT
as the ghost pirate ship
with no sails
floats
thru the curtain of white
yellow lightening
I see
Chinese
mermaids
with long shining black hair
fighting
in the swirling water
foam

[12]

The first snow has fallen
of naked elms on the gray row

[13]

The foaming river

carries me to

ERNIE'S HAMBURGER HEAVEN

where,

using the courteous

curb service,

I have

Seal-Test ice cream,

hamburgers,

ham,

bar-b-q beef,

steak sandwiches,

french fries,

hot dogs & party dogs

I had my ice cream in bulk packages

I drank coke,

malts & sodas:

I even had the Mobil gas sundae

at the Arab flea market

selling a thousand greenish

yellow haystacks

[14]

On my way
up
to roll up
the dragon flag
in the center of the universal daisy,
I,
the Egyptian king,
dreamt that the fox priest
of the god Horis
made me
hard
inside of the belly
of a hummingbird:
that my father
Abram
made me
build
an altar of wood
upon the mountain
on which he
was going to burn,
not the ram,
but me
while the Nazis
& their girlfriends
looked on
Thus he spoke:
"Brotherhood of Man,
The tidal wave
of savagery
& murder
that swept across Europe
with the Nazis
left large areas of society
unstrained
& even defiant"
On this altar,
he,
pulling his long white fuzz beard,
married me
to our earthsmelling Arab maid
in her flower print robes,
as the dark hermit waited,
leaning on his staff
& hiding the shining lamp
of the inner star
under his cloak
How
my two Arab sisters-in-law
stare
in their tent,

stare poison at me
because I took my wife,
their baby sister,
to the dark side of the moon,
to my temple,
to teach her
the Ten Commandments of Light
to save her
from the 4-H Club
Then I took her home
to my teepee,
laying her
down
on the white buffalo hide,
trying to explain
how
I want to get
inside
of her
by using a diagram
from a sex education
textbook
The June Taylor's Dancers
help by forming
an opening
to a womb
in our heated
indoor swimming pool
My new wife
saw me as
a golden lion,
a sun god,
a holy idiot
who ran
the electrical power station of Earth
But I am
just
an ordinary Indian Chief named Eagle
who was
frightened
as a child
into being
blind,
deaf,
& dumb
by my black witch
of a mother
who thought she was
DEATH
My father,
named Nixon,
one day
faded

into TV scan lines
& disappeared
They searched for him
by digging a pit
where our house was,
using cranes,
bulldozers,
& U.S. army dumptrucks,
while I sat on my magic carpet
with my harem
& dancing girls
smoking hashish
Not finding
what they
were
looking
for,
they began howling
at the lady in the moon
like wild gray limber wolves
whose tails
being pulled
by the white crab
in the chilling
autumn night
But I found
a gentle tamer
of lions
She,
my wife,
is called Strength
& her kingdom
is Infinity
& I am the crab
who pulled the wolves
by their tails
when they entered
my home
to play
with my
blind praying
African beggar
We three live in the Maya sun temple,
gold shined thousand steps
in the jungle sun
There,
we watch
the sick
& the lame
wash their
naked suffering
bodies
in the holy river

[16]

Hey,

Man!

Trust you?

Tomorrow,

maybe

How's about another beer,

Clem?

Outside

of the old western saloon

for modern men

the dead weeping willow

stands

in the middle

of Misquito Marsh

He hangs,

beaming

out of the wishingpool

[17]

My three friends & I

are running across the bridge

between

Now

& Then,

trying to escape

the fate

of the gas station attendants

& the soda fountain jerks

The pure teenage virgin
whom I taught in Sunday School
is looking up to me
diamond fragments
with a sweaty expecting face
on our African exploration
so that she
will be
carried across the Nile
on the back
of a huge Negro,
feeling
the tense sweating
skin
between her dawning legs
This back
is
so coal black,
cold blue
This is what
that little mermaid
wants,
King Ram:
to come
out of the sea
& be
violently raped
on the blue velvet backseat
of a 1955 Dodge hardtop
beside the isolated mountain brook,
cool bubblings of spring
pleasure
Yes,
King Ram
Yes,
King Eagle
She wants,
wants living,
being naked among the slippery rocks
& the shining
salmon gold
pebbles
of the fresh stream
& not your dead

saintly martyr
who scooped his own eyeballs out
to offer them to your god,
his hands sticky
with hot blood

She isn't your tobacco farmer
wondering
with a sun baked face
of worry,
wondering
where his life has gone

She could tell him
where
She could guide him
to the underground ruins
of the City
of Destruction,
Siva City

She could,
if she were willing,
take him
thru the thousand by thousand
empty doorways
to the cold inner fire
of a forgotten life,
down
thru the secret trapdoor
into caves
of Ages of Becoming
down
wobbly wooden ladders,
down
to the inner cell
of soul
who has been sitting
in the lotus position,
covered with foul
smelling
dust of his own decaying
flesh
for sixty-four years
forgetting
his human seed
in an insane attempt
to find your god

But she is not
willing
All she wants from you
is the living
wedding ring
formed within the inner star

She wants this from you,
you spaced out Jewish rockstar,

My sunburst girl
cries
with Martin Luther King
over the lost dream
of the world
where
there
would be no Arab beggar,
twisted tree knot,
looking up at me
& you
for the place
of dignity
for his very own,
a place
for the twisted midget beggar
with his turban
& rags
being pushed out
of your
bald womb
into our fishbowl world

He can't take
a graceful swan-dive
into your middleclass ashram
even if he does wear
white rags
& a turban

He cannot change
or hide
or forget
who
& what
he is
simply by shaving his head

[20]

In your class picture
of your guru school
of 1945,
I saw you
making love to Dad
in the airport
after he came back
from his childhood
where he housed
with a fat girl child
of private wild flowers

I just sit here
with my
executioner's tommyhawk,
my blood-crust hand,
ready,
waiting
for any heretics
of the Lord
to cross my warpath

I was converted
to your
God of Loud Death
from the Flintlock

I was converted,
turned away
from my forefathers'
Feather God,
by the French padres
who traveled
behind
De Soto,
& now
my neck is being pulled
down
to the ground
by the eighty pound
pure
iron cross
that They
gave
to me
as a token
of my new freedom

I sit here
because
I cannot climb
the Mountain of the Gods

I cannot
even
lift
up
my head
off the ground

So I sit here
showing you
the washed out color home movies
of our summer vacation
to New Haven
to visit
our four second cousins
who live out of wedlock

The oldest girl, with their seven kids
the blonde
on the left
in the see-thru
Nehru shirt,
climbed into
our duck down
sleeping bag with us,
didn't she,
Marsha?
She was very developed
for ten,
wasn't she,
Marsha?
They took us
to this
Mid-Evil Coffeehouse
in the dungeon
of a deserted supermarket
where this
Jewish comedian,
who could do
absolutely
nothing
with his frizzy hair
because of the slime
& the blue mold
claimed
his act came
straight
from Belview

It was so cold
 & rainy
 out there
 hitching on that country highway
Mister,
 why are you
 looking
 at me
 that way
 in that cracked rearview mirror?
I am only
 cutting
 my wedding cake
 here
 on the back seat
 of your maroon Rolls-Royce,
 carving it
 into a slum toilet
 in a mass
 of pictures
 cut out of Playboy
On this,
 blindfolded Justice sits
 with her sword
 & scales,
 & with an eye
 of the Catfish
 for her damp heart
Excuse me,
 Miss,
 but Ah am
 an eighty year old inhabitant
 of Joannaburg,
 South Africa
 who has come here
 to tell you all,
 all about
 the Alpha
 & Omega Mission
 which will be executed
 right before
 your virgin eyes
by my clients:
 the Archangels
 Gabriel
 & Michael,
 King Samuel,
 Prophet Acimos
with their scriptwriters for radio
 Salamis,

Cassiel
& Ansel
(hasbeens from the
Amos
& Andy show)
& with their commercial artist
Raphael
I am with the respected firm
of Rarran
Suth,
Macquith,
& Gutriz
who were instructed to bring you,
Miss,
into the Inner Star,
carrying my master's wooden cross
on your bare bleeding back,
carrying it into Infinity,
where you are to eat
the simple Last Supper
with Him,
my Master
But first,
we will have to fight
our way
into the General Store
thru the line
of ignorantly hating Southern Rednecks,
making
our way
toward
the white water buffalo
of the Chinese goddess
of the sea
in the Morning
of the Buddha
who is slowly being turned into Nothing
by the Cancer
of the Soul

[23]

Let me take away
the inner devil
who drives you
into breaking
your own neck
by ramming
his molten cock
hard stake
into your cold heart
of the depressions
of separations
chained together

[24]

Thru the time

mirroring

the thousands

reflections

of the rock hard

cold frigid

Krishna,

the Japanese lumberjack

eats ham on rye

with his pretty wife

& me,

the star pitcher

of the Local Little League

[25]

I am their New Year's son

All of our heads,

including yours,

King,

& yours,

Bishop,

& yours,

Blind Justice,

all of our heads

shall be

wacked off

by the long scythe

of Death

riding bareback

[27]

The rainbow of Noah

is just the chemical

formula

of the immortal

human spirit

found even

in the impersonal

undertaker's parlor

The ancient Hopi woman
is separating
the wheat
from the chaff
for the little sparrow
with her sandtwirl tit

The rest of New York has died,
has died from the virus
the necklace
the whole city
which appears to be
of the living rainbow
scales
of the Indian cowboy,
who always carries a .22 rifle
in his pick-up truck

He uses the rifle to chase
his own children,
the tribal outcasts
of loneliness

Chase them back into
the Wheel of Life,
ruled by
the rattlesnake
& the human fox

He chases
them away
just before their home
in the Milky Way
explodes

[29]

As the old Hopi man

tends his corn,

the fat woman

like Krishna

plays

with his jewels

in the high mountain garden

The Indians are busy over their looms
weaving
the diamond colored patterns
of the Egyptian flower hyrographs
for the German opera
which the ancient
bored grandmother listens
to over the wireless
while she,
not exactly enjoying the whole thing,
rocks
back
& forth
on the porch,
wondering
what has happened
to her great
sexual
beauty,
which never did exist,
not even in her mind
Granddad also sits
on the porch,
shocked
& stunned
over the fatal mistake
he made
over sixty years ago
The tidalwave
of ugly
bored
jelly of flesh
rocking
beside him
always burns
that mistake
into his chocolate pudding of a brain

