

MEETING GINSBERG AT THE PORTRAIT MUSEUM

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For Rex McCulloch

Ah, here I am
 middle-night
 drinking
 leftover wine
 thinking of dead Ginsberg

how his last word, before he dropped the flesh and went bust, was full of Allen Ginsberg lust:
 If I come, we'll have to have an orgy, and if that happens the girls will be lonely!

The question?

We asked ole Allen, our poetic guide, to lead us
 deluded suburban angels through the levels
 of our spectacular amerikan hell—
 To the may-be poets sprawled
 in picturesque pose, miming whole albums
 of beat black & whites
 on the rising steps of the portrait museum,
 his profane blessing sounded sacred,
 blended with the homeless man's unexpected operatic aria
 echoing like Pollack's paint against the walls of state—
 Ginsberg floated, ghostly, lips and skin awash
 in street lamps, yellow and buzzing,
 his face like a child, or a sunflower
 tilting toward the language of wanna-be Dantes.
 Our voices waver in the air and Ginsberg's leaving
 nothing but a trace of his nasal lullaby:

ah, la, la, la, ah . . .
 poetic angelic fading