

#7  
Sum./fall  
1979

RB



BOMBAY GIN



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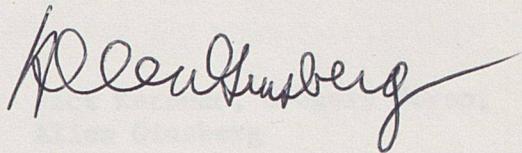
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EDITORS THIS ISSUE: Larry Fagin, Allen Ginsberg, Anne Waldman,  
Charlie Ross

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A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Allen Ginsberg". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a long horizontal stroke extending to the right.

Bombay Gin  
c/o Jack Kerouac School of  
Disembodied Poetics  
Naropa Institute  
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THE FOLLOWING POEM WAS WRITTEN BY JANEY SMITH FOR THE PERSIAN SLAVE TRADER WHO'S LOCKED HER UP SO HE CAN TRANSFORM HER INTO A WHORE. JANEY WANTED TO WRITE HIM A POEM, BUT SHE DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO WRITE POETRY SO SHE STUCK TOGETHER BITS OF PROPERTIUS' POEMS WHICH SHE WAS FORCED TO TRANSLATE IN SCHOOL AND CALLED THIS STUCK-TOGETHER MESS HER LOVE POEM:

LOVE POEM FOR PERSIAN SLAVE TRADER: GHOULS

Janey imagines she's dead. The Slave Trader, mourning her death, speaks:

There are such things as ghosts. Death does not all things end.  
And pale yellow from vanquished even shades escape their graves.  
You see, Jane my was seen to lean over bed,  
though near the roar of just-buried Broadway,  
as finally I was about to fall asleep realizing love  
just dead, my bed the new reigns of chill and pain.

The same she had which she took with her to the grave hairs,  
the same eyes: one side of her dress was burned,  
she had always worn on finger the ring its sapphire had eaten  
away fire,  
surfaces Death's had turned black her lips' dirt.  
Breathing and animation and these words she sent out: though  
thumbbones were rattling her hands:

Janey speaks:

"You lousy creep, though you're the best can hope for a girl,  
you already asleep how can?  
Already you have forgotten our desperate crimes:  
by my that nocturnal worn-down window thefts  
through which dropped-down I to you by a rope  
hanging how many times  
by the other snaking around your neck hand!  
Often Our True Lover occurred publicly: sex organs joined-up  
made hot skins our streets.  
Thou Love-Partnership Thou silent, whose obviously lying  
promises  
not hearing has torn the deaf wind to pieces!  
No man loved me, eyes, dying;  
if you had loved me I could have gotten one more day.  
Not even a priest gave a shit about my funeral,  
but a broken brick fell on my dead brains.

"You matter most of all: who saw you bent over with grief at  
the funeral?  
Who saw your black clothes? Who saw you cry?  
If it pains you so much to leave this city, even for a funeral,  
you could have at least told my death-car to drive more slowly.  
Why did you pray, I know you hate me, the winds to rage over  
my grave?  
Why didn't my grave smell of perfume?  
Why didn't the most expensive roses in the world cover my  
putrifying body?"

And why didn't you get all the priests in the world to try to  
mollify the demons raging in the death-  
room?

You can't manage to do anything. You're a goon. This is what  
you gotta do:"

THIS POEM WAS WRITTEN ABOUT 2,000 YEARS AGO AND IS EVIDENCE OF  
HOW THINGS WERE AND THAT NOTHING'S CHANGED. THE WORLD, THAT IS  
THOUGHTS STILL STINK.

"Lydamus KILL - get WHITE HOT the KNIFE -

I saw how, as from POISON SLUSH WHITE the wine I drank,  
Nonas SECRETLY COVERED UP CLEVER BITCH the taste:  
let reveal TORTURES how she STANK.

SHE who up to a few days ago in CHEAP AS THEY COME was  
SELLING her CUNT the NIGHTS  
now in GOLD-AND-PURPLE GOWNS is DEIGNING TO STEP ON THE  
DIRT

and is making my SERVANTS WORK their ASSES off,  
so they won't have time to REMEMBER even my appearance and  
HER TO CURSE:

Just my cause Petale brought to my tomb some flowers,  
STUCK PINS IN CHAINS ON SHIT has been the OLD WOMAN;  
is BEATEN UP and Lalage by TWISTED HUNG HAIRS  
name because she DARED to my mention.  
YOU let the WHORE BURN UP my picture the GOLD  
frames so YOU TWO could MAKE some DOUGH out of my FUNERAL."  
MY THOUGHTS HURT ME ALL THE TIME. THEY'RE THE TRUTH.

"Not nevertheless I pursue, although you deserve it Slave  
Trader:

for long my in reigns were you.

I swear I, by the Fates by-no-one-able-to-be-reversed,  
may Death-Dog thus to me gently bark,  
that I was true to you. If I'm lying, that most-fearful-  
in-the-world snake my  
will hiss at tomb and on top of bones lie."

THE REALM OF DEATH:

"There are two filthy homes obtained-by-lottery across the  
river

The crowd turned one way or the other rows across the water.  
One way: Clytemnestra's addiction draws, or Cressa's:  
counterfeit wood monster bull cock fuck sex."

THIS IS DEATH

(SOMETHING ELSE BESIDES HORROR EXISTS):

"Lo: the other: wreathed part carried away and by light ships  
seized,  
running quick in the water, flying, caresses where paradise's  
breeze

is your breath bursting into flames music the blood veins  
eyes

faster, like an orgasm growing and growing, burst abyss to  
endless size, I lie in a witch's trance.

Just from your glance,  
your breath is my breath.

"Andromede and Hypermetre who could love  
tell us their stories:

'I was an innocent girl. Cause my mother was jealous of me  
she pinned my arms against these sharp ice-bound  
craggs, bruised me, and left me still alive.'

'My father told me and my sisters to kill our husbands. I  
couldn't cause something in me shrivelled and  
vomitted then my father placed heavy chains around  
my thin knees.'

thus by tears of death we heal the loves of life.

"I've wept enough tears now. I can no longer see of your  
crimes the treachery.

I'm just asking you one last thing  
(if you have any love at all left for me  
(if Chlorid's coke hasn't made you mean),

"(1.) Nurse in her trembling, no more desires, years are  
claws

Partheni: she was competent and not avaricious,  
please give her pleasure, and my Nanny who loved her work  
let her mirror not reflect a strange mistress.

"(2.) Whatever songs you made in my name  
burn them up: fame can no longer be mine.

(3.) Just put on my tomb some ivy ripe with berries gently  
intertwining with vines,

and branchy the East River where garbage spreads on cement  
never, thanks to Rockefeller, will money grow stale,

(4.) this epitaph scribble on the middle of some wall  
SCRIBBLE it so that even the dumbest coked-up businessman  
can read:

HERE LIES GOLDEN JANEY GOLDEN CITY  
WHOSE DEAD BODY YOUR GOLD FEEDS  
DO NOT EVER TURN AWAY FROM LOVE'S DREAMS  
ALL EXISTENCE HAS A GOLDEN SHEEN

"This is what we call life:  
by an unstable night we are carried, night is freeing from  
our self's prison all Shades  
Who wander, for Cerberus casts the bolt away.

"This is what we call death:  
At Lights' rise all of us must to Death's swamp return.  
No escape: we are conveyed: the boatman counts his load.  
No matter what love what joy what agony you know alive,  
soon alone  
you will be dead with me, and I will rub bones love with  
mingled bones."

The Slave  
Trader's  
voice:

After all these fits of anger and jealousy and craving had  
finished, she died:  
between our kisses slipped away that shade of mine.

from BLOOD AND GUTS IN HIGH SCHOOL

Kathy Acker