



Refrain
Allen Ginsberg
 The air is dark, the night is sad,
 I lie sleepless and I groan.
 Nobody cares when a man goes mad:
 He is sorry, God is glad.
 Shadow changes into bone.
 Every shadow has a name:
 When I think of mine I moan,
 I hear rumors of such fame,
 Not for pride, but only shame,
 Shadow changes into bone.
 When I blush I weep for joy,
 And laughter drops from me like stone:
 The aging laughter of the boy
 To see the ageless dead so coy,
 Shadow changes into bone.

River

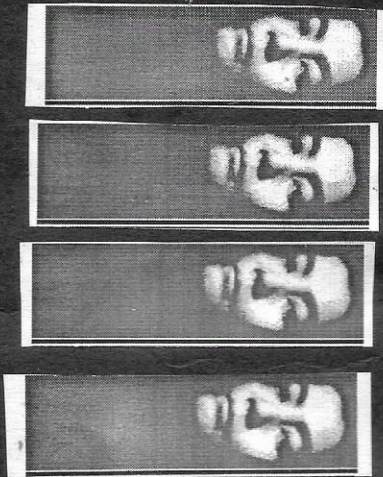
Whole days would go by, and later their years,
 while I thought of nothing but its darkness
 drifting like a bridge against the sky.
 Day after day I dreamily sought its melancholy,
 its searchings, its soft banks enfolded me,
 and upon my lengthening neck its kiss
 was murmuring like a wound. My very life
 became the inhalation of its weedy ponderings
 and sometimes in the sunlight my eyes,
 walled in water, would glimpse the pathway
 to the great sea. For it was there I was being borne.
 Then for a moment my strengthening arms
 would cry out upon the leafy crest of the air
 like whitecaps, and lightning, swift as pain,
 would go through me on its way to the forest,
 and I'd sink back upon that brutal tenderness
 that bore me on, that held me like a slave
 in its liquid distances of eyes, and one day,
 though weeping for my carcasses, would abandon me,
 moment of infinitely satyr air! sun fluttering
 like a signal! upon the open flesh of the world.



Frank O'Hara



Poem for Group of People



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BOX PIECE
 Buy many dream boxes.
 Ask your wife to select one.
 Dream together.
 1964 spring

Yoko Ono

