

New York Blues

The nights are afraid of the longing that creeps slowly within.
The day is warm, never lost, never forgotten,
Something speaks to me in my restless slumber and tells me that I shall die
I say this, who has known death?
Who has viciously confronted the confusion of its monstrosity and looked inward into the darkness of
the catastrophe of the night?
The needle in the vein, blood is life again
America is making love to me naked on the couch, crying and screaming.
I lean and kiss its soul, it is my home.

My body reeks of sweat and masturbation and cheap liquor
I lie down disturbed in a strange hotel room, heroin dripping in my veins,
Breathing marijuana, feeling no pain.
Detroit cold, L.A ugly and soulless, the road to the Rockies must be home.
Tin Cans in Cincinnati full of benzedrine remind me of young pleasure, the youth that has killed me
and awakened the filling preposterous conflict within this great country.
It takes one to go a long road to go back home again.
Home I'll never be,
The railroad is slow, hobo, hobo, hobo.
Holy holy holy holy!!!!
Holy is the love of the road, holy is my soul, holy must be love.
The burden of America is on my shoulders, I roam the department stores, I walk the negro street,
I see the stars, I see my vision,
I see the soul of Dean and Ginsberg, come together!
I see my soul, and as I look out again to the stolen city in the night sky, I see stare right back at me the
great image of God.

Sophistication demands sex, no talk,
it demands no pubic hair, it demands deep drowning ignorance.
The illusion of this country will break and all will pray and speak the sermon of my soul.
All will know they don't care and then don't know why.
All will speak of Allen's soul and Dean's too, then too dumb to think, too high to question and too
ignorant to realize, everyone will die confused.

Texas is the breast of the forgotten moth that crawls rheumy eyed on the surface of the world,
The world will end and it will begin in Texas, Old Burroughs knows too.

The road is running long and making way to the conformations of some anguish and regret
Regret of my heart to know I left the locomotive and jumped my soul
Regret to know I left Dean ostracized and sick of pain and despair in New York
I wish I found his love on the corner of 52nd and 7th I wish we stopped and kissed.
Paramahansa Ginsberg fucked a man, or did he?
The queer driver of the car that this country is becoming is confused by the twining road that makes
me ecstatically hysterical, lost in your hair.

The soul is its own orgasm, its own drug
The dream of the road is what I dig,
I dig Dean and I dig Allen
I dig the road,
I dig it all
I wish to god that now that we are all dead and lost, I can find someone that I can say sorry to.

Rationale

Through this poem I have tried to encompass and shadow the persona of Jack Kerouac as well as the Beat generation. The poem tries to capture drugs, alcohol, sex, the debacherurous and controversial behaviours of the beat Generation as well as their conquest for sprituality, sexual liberation, rejection of social norms and the exploration of America. The poem is written in the poem of Jack one of the key figures of the beat movement and is essentially in the form of a stream of consciousness, representing Jack's thoughts on himself, his friends and the future of the world. The poem has many references to Jack's personal life seen in On The Road as well as his friends the other names mentioned in the poem. I feel it is important to be explicit to capture the wild nature of Kerouac as well as the beat generation. The poem has no structure as Kerouac would write in spontaneous prose and was also known for writing without much structure. The poem flows in rhythms of fast and slow like the road, and it's meant to capture the conflict and compromise, and love and hope and disgust and pain and longing of the Beat Generation and Jack Kerouac.