“Bomb”

by Gregory Corso

Budger of history Brake of time You Bomb

Toy of universe Grandest of all snatched sky I cannot hate you

Do I hate the mischievous thunderbolt the jawbone of an ass

The bumpy club of One Million B.C. the mace the flail the axe

Catapult Da Vinci tomahawk Cochise flintlock Kidd dagger Rathbone

Ah and the sad desparate gun of Verlaine Pushkin Dillinger Bogart

And hath not St. Michael a burning sword St. George a lance David a sling

Bomb you are as cruel as man makes you and you're no crueller than cancer

All Man hates you they'd rather die by car-crash lightning drowning

Falling off a roof electric-chair heart-attack old age old age O Bomb

They'd rather die by anything but you Death's finger is free-lance

Not up to man whether you boom or not Death has long since distributed its

categorical blue I sing thee Bomb Death's extravagance Death's jubilee

Gem of Death's supremest blue The flyer will crash his death will differ

with the climbor who'll fall to die by cobra is not to die by bad pork

Some die by swamp some by sea and some by the bushy-haired man in the night

O there are deaths like witches of Arc Scarey deaths like Boris Karloff

No-feeling deaths like birth-death sadless deaths like old pain Bowery

Abandoned deaths like Capital Punishment stately deaths like senators

And unthinkable deaths like Harpo Marx girls on Vogue covers my own

I do not know just how horrible Bombdeath is I can only imagine

Yet no other death I know has so laughable a preview I scope

a city New York City streaming starkeyed subway shelter

Scores and scores A fumble of humanity High heels bend

Hats whelming away Youth forgetting their combs

Ladies not knowing what to do with their shopping bags

Unperturbed gum machines Yet dangerous 3rd rail

Ritz Brothers from the Bronx caught in the A train

The smiling Schenley poster will always smile

Impish death Satyr Bomb Bombdeath

Turtles exploding over Istanbul

 The jaguar's flying foot

 soon to sink in arctic snow

Penguins plunged against the Sphinx

 The top of the Empire state

 arrowed in a broccoli field in Sicily

 Eiffel shaped like a C in Magnolia Gardens

 St. Sophia peeling over Sudan

 O athletic Death Sportive Bomb

 the temples of ancient times

 their grand ruin ceased

 Electrons Protons Neutrons

 gathering Hersperean hair

walking the dolorous gulf of Arcady

 joining marble helmsmen

 entering the final ampitheater

with a hymnody feeling of all Troys

 heralding cypressean torches

 racing plumes and banners

 and yet knowing Homer with a step of grace

 Lo the visiting team of Present

 the home team of Past

 Lyre and tube together joined

Hark the hotdog soda olive grape

gala galaxy robed and uniformed

 commissary O the happy stands

Ethereal root and cheer and boo

The billioned all-time attendance

 The Zeusian pandemonium

 Hermes racing Owens

 The Spitball of Buddha

 Christ striking out

 Luther stealing third

 Planeterium Death Hosannah Bomb

 Gush the final rose O Spring Bomb

 Come with thy gown of dynamite green

 unmenace Nature's inviolate eye

 Before you the wimpled Past

 behind you the hallooing Future O Bomb

Bound in the grassy clarion air

 like the fox of the tally-ho

 thy field the universe thy hedge the geo

 Leap Bomb bound Bomb frolic zig and zag

 The stars a swarm of bees in thy binging bag Stick angels on your jubilee feet

 wheels of rainlight on your bunky seat

 You are due and behold you are due

 and the heavens are with you

 hosanna incalescent glorious liaison

 BOMB O havoc antiphony molten cleft BOOM

 Bomb mark infinity a sudden furnace

 spread thy multitudinous encompassed Sweep

 set forth awful agenda

 Carrion stars charnel planets carcass elements

 Corpse the universe tee-hee finger-in-the-mouth hop

 over its long long dead Nor

 From thy nimbled matted spastic eye

 exhaust deluges of celestial ghouls

 From thy appellational womb

 spew birth-gusts of of great worms

 Rip open your belly Bomb

 from your belly outflock vulturic salutations

 Battle forth your spangled hyena finger stumps

 along the brink of Paradise

 O Bomb O final Pied Piper

 both sun and firefly behind your shock waltz

 God abandoned mock-nude

 beneath His thin false-talc's apocalypse

 He cannot hear thy flute's

 happy-the-day profanations

 He is spilled deaf into the Silencer's warty ear

 His Kingdom an eternity of crude wax

 Clogged clarions untrumpet Him

 Sealed angels unsing Him

 A thunderless God A dead God

 O Bomb thy BOOM His tomb

 That I lean forward on a desk of science

 an astrologer dabbling in dragon prose

 half-smart about wars bombs especially bombs

 That I am unable to hate what is necessary to love

 That I can't exist in a world that consents

 a child in a park a man dying in an electric-chair

 That I am able to laugh at all things

 all that I know and do not know thus to conceal my pain

 That I say I am a poet and therefore love all man

 knowing my words to be the acquainted prophecy of all men

 and my unwords no less an acquaintanceship

That I am manifold

 a man pursuing the big lies of gold

 or a poet roaming in bright ashes

 or that which I imagine myself to be

 a shark-toothed sleep a man-eater of dreams

 I need not then be all-smart about bombs

 Happily so for if I felt bombs were caterpillars

 I'd doubt not they'd become butterflies

 There is a hell for bombs

 They're there I see them there

 They sit in bits and sing songs

mostly German songs

 And two very long American songs

 and they wish there were more songs

 especially Russian and Chinese songs

 and some more very long American songs

 Poor little Bomb that'll never be

 an Eskimo song I love thee

 I want to put a lollipop

in thy furcal mouth

 a wig of Goldilocks on thy baldy bean

 and have you skip with me Hansel and Gretel

 along the Hollywoodian screen

 O Bomb in which all lovely things

 moral and physical anxiously participate

 O fairylike plucked from the

grandest universe tree

 O piece of heaven which gives

 both mountain and anthill a sun

 I am standing before your fantastic lily door

 I bring you Midgardian roses Arcadian musk

 Reputed cosmetics from the girls of heaven

 Welcome me fear not thy opened door

 nor thy cold ghost's grey memory

 nor the pimps of indefinite weather

their cruel terrestial thaw

 Oppenheimer is seated

 in the dark pocket of Light

 Fermi is dry in Death's Mozambique

Einstein his mythmouth

 a barnacled wreath on the moon-squid's head

 Let me in Bomb rise from that pregnant-rat corner

 nor fear the raised-broom nations of the world

 O Bomb I love you

 I want to kiss your clank eat your boom

 You are a paean an acme of scream

 a lyric hat of Mister Thunder

O resound thy tanky knees

 BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM

 BOOM ye skies and BOOM ye suns

 BOOM BOOM ye moons ye stars BOOM

 nights ye BOOM ye days ye BOOM

 BOOM BOOM ye winds ye clouds ye rains

 Go BANG ye lakes ye oceans BING

 Barracuda BOOM and cougar BOOM

Ubangi BOOM orangutang

 BING BANG BONG BOOM bee bear baboon

 ye BANG ye BONG ye BING

 the tail the fin the wing

 Yes Yes into our midst a bomb will fall

 Flowers will leap in joy their roots aching

 Fields will kneel proud beneath the halleluyahs of the wind

 Pinkbombs will blossom Elkbombs will perk their ears

 Ah many a bomb that day will awe the bird a gentle look

 Yet not enough to say a bomb will fall

 or even contend celestial fire goes out

 Know that the earth will madonna the Bomb

 that in the hearts of men to come more bombs will be born

 magisterial bombs wrapped in ermine all beautiful

 and they'll sit plunk on earth's grumpy empires

 fierce with moustaches of gold.