Mexico City Blues: Part V

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Mexico City Blues
-Part Five-

I Glossolalia

Flute

Bb Clarinet

Bassoon

Narrator

Poem dedicated to Allen Ginsberg

Manic \( \frac{4}{\text{beat}} \) = 120

prap rot rort mort

port lort snort pell mell rhine wine

text: Jack Kerouac

Randall Snyder

2008
roll royce ring ming mock my lot roll my doll pull my

hair-line smell my kell wail my si-ren pile my ane

loose my shoe-tongue sing my aim loll my wild-moll roll my luck
lay my cashier gone a-muk

suck my lamp-pole raise the bane

hang the traitor inside my brain
fill my pail well ding my bell smile for the ladies come from hell

Moll the ming-ling mix-up

all your mix-up-(e)ry and mail in one envelopey
27
Pro-pey Slo-pey Kree Mo-tyey slot-tyey not-ty

30
Pot-ty shot-ty rot-ty wot-ty

32
Salt-y grain-y wa-vey Ta-key
Ca-rey
An-dy
Sa-ri Pa-ri A- vi A- va

Ga-va la-va ma-va da-va Sa-va wa- va ga- ha- va

Gra- har- va phar- va Dhar- ma ri- key
Cry-stal Set Smi-ther- een
Ho-ly li-ly-pad Bean A la Pi-ete

Truss in den-tal Pop O-ly Ru-by Tob-by Tun wuh

duh luh one x t s
Gainesville Georgia

Sleeping in the grass on a July night

Dream of climbing night bank behind the
We die with same un-­con-­cern we live

Blook Bleak Bleak was Blook
an On-ion-cha-ser Hen necked Glut-in-ous Huge Food mon-ster that you ate with FLAN and Syr-up in a stick-y u-ni-verse

Blook on the Moun-tain-top Bleak Blake
by the Mountain-side

Boom went the Crash-er

Mountain Heidi Ker-plunk Arch-ge-lan

Swiss Fun-nel
Top of Funny

Ships Singing and sinking in a

Glu-ti-nous Sea of Le-se Ma-jes-ty

Fra-cons

a-cons and beggs Lay it all that
I didn't took I could

think so be-po be-bop-py

Lu - ney and Ju-ney

if that's the way they get
kind-a hysterical

and Boo-ny

and June

Dont they call them cat men

That
lay it down with the trumpet

The

or-gas-m of the moon and the June
I call em them

cat things
"That's really cute that un"
Dithyramb  \( \frac{3}{4} \)  

**Pastoral Interlude**

Will-iam  
Car-los  
WILL-iams

Ma____ a a a a a a a ah  
said the
sheep and opened its fox-tail soft mouth to say something

emp-ty To ex-press its re-ver-en-ta-tion

And Mna a a a a a a a a a a came the
bull cry something-cry

Because you can't sing open yr mouth with poems

poems without you make sound

and sound is wrong sound is noise
But only human speech and also all sentient communication pointing to the finger that points at sound saying...

'Sound is Noise'

Otherwise sound itself un-self-enlightenable would go on blaring unrecognized as emptiness and silence.
Sool-a-dat smart-y pines came prap-pin down My line of least re-gard last

Prap-po-poo ty and whatta-ya think Old Fa-ther Time made him?

west-ern spon-net with-out no false on bon-net Trap in the cock a-dus time of the
night slight the leak of re-com pense being her ma so dized by fi ney wild trap hoods in

all their e-stap-u lar glori y Gleam ing their shin ing ri sing spears a-

gainst the High Thap All Thup So I aim my ga-
zoo-ta al-ways to the God re-mem-ber-ing the or-i-gin of all beasts and cod Bos-

to - ni - an by na - ture with no mind - a my own could

write a - bout rail - roads qui - e - tus these blues
hurt my hand more
rack my hand with labor of
na-da run hundred yard dash in Ole En-sa-na-da S what'll have to do this gin and
ton-ics Perss o mon-nix twab twab twab-ble all day
Pi-neys hur-sa-phies fi-nal-ly all-a-wies Fo-nal-ly fi-nal-les Hook-ies from O O

SKOOL Polls for Who Hook Fish Fowl for Fair Wea-ther Wu! cries the

In-di-an Boy in the South Sam-pan Night "Es-ta que fer-ro" you be of
I'll be a damn too-te-ly wow

wot Rot Moon-gut Rise Shine Hog-wa-ter Wheel Juice a the eel In

Old Lake Miel Hon-ey wheel Sound E Terpt T A pt
so

Such Is

Sing a little ditty of the moon inside the loony boon of

snow white blooms in Park-a-dy-stan IS TAM-HOW HUCK
The Sock Wock Will-i-by Balloons in the shit-fence

the an-gels in Hea-ven I knew

The An-gel in Hea-ven Ga-bri-el

Toot Boy Horn n All Blows Aw-ful Blues When
Toy Doy Done Bo Moy From-China moy Moy to Ole Penoy

Oy y Y ger-ta was go-do  A Porte corri-

ere Of Span-ish Por-tu-gy Blazed by gui-tars Like Span-ish Cows Or-te-ga y
"You want some coffee before I get it good?"
Faster (Tempo 1)  \( \frac{J}{\approx} = 132 \)

Kay Straight-en me out
Za-ro-o mo o

(The Bus out-doors)
and he-he hey the

Nay Neigh of the Hea-ven Mule
Nice clean Cup Mert o
Postlude

Tempo Rubato \( \dot{\,}= 88 \)

Love's multitudinous boneyard of decay
The spilled milk of heroes
Destruction of silk kerchiefs by dust storm

Caress of heroes blindfolded to posts
Murder victims admitted to this life
Skeletons bartering fingers and joints
The quivering meat of the elephants of kindness being torn apart by vultures
Conceptions of delicate kneecaps

Fear of rats dripping with bacteria
Golgotha Cold Hope for Gold Hope
Damp leaves of Autumn against the wood of boats
Seahorse's delicate imagery of glue

Sentimental "I love you" no more
Death by long exposure to defilement
Frightening ravishing mysterious beings concealing their sex
Pieces of the Buddhist-material frozen and sliced microscopically

In Morgues of the North
Penis apples going to seed
The severed gullets more numerous than souls
Like kissing my kitten in the belly...
The softness of our reward