Mexico City Blues: Part VII

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Available at: http://works.bepress.com/randall_snyder/197/
text: Jack Kerouac

Mexico City Blues
- Part Seven-

Doubles

Randall Snyder
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Not very musical

the Western ear

No lyrics in the

pines compare with the palms

Western Sorcery is Sad Science Mechanics go
mad
In Nir-va-nas of hair and black oil and

rags of dust and lint of flint

Hard i-ron fools ra-ging in the

gloom

Slower \( \dot{\,} = 92 \)
loons of Air And Clouds Blest

Blake-an Angel town Grove of

Bla-ke- an An- gel town

Bear-dy Trees and Bear-dy Emp-ti-ly Ex-press-ing Pa-tri-arch-al Au-

thor-i-ty To us list-en-ers Of the Ho-ly See

Saw said Saved Saved my Bhik-ku-ci-tas

Saw said Saved my Bhik-ku-ci-tas for the ho-ly
hair that was found wanting in

mer-de-air

Tempo 1 $\frac{}{} = 108$

Nine-ty-devils-jo-kin with me and I'm

running on the catwalk At Mar-gar-i-

tee Jumping from car to In a
Six -ty mile freight Run-nin up the pass maw Tunnel

Gore wait-ed Ore The fan-tas-tic

steel-smoke in choke mad tunnels of Timber County Cal-i-forn-ia

where if I'd a fell I'd a fell on peb peb-bles of sore i-ron grit of hard put to it
Im - por - tu - nate

fool that I was

Sav-iors

instead of listen-ing

in To the

Light still a

The

Jews Wrote A-me-i-can Mu-sic
Che wa mi-en-a Pee-tee Wah

Song of Lil Mex-i-co Chil-dren

Kit-chi Kit-chi Kit-che val

Bus-in-ess-men have just to fin-ish their com-mer-cial And go home

saw em at five drink-ing beer at Bar's A-live While old Ca-nuck
Pot looked white and cold in corner count-in candles

Music

It's an Aztec

Radio with the sounds thick and gut-tural

Jazz Singer

kick-ing out of the teeth the Great Jazz Sing-er

was Jol-son the Vau(de)-ville Sing-er?
A Little Faster \( \dot{=} \) 126

84

C

4

87

No and not Miles me

Me Par-a-clete you Ye Me Par-a-clete Thee

Thou Ma-i-tre-ya Love of the fu-ture Me Me San-ti-ve-da me

saint Me sin-ner me Me bap-tist a trap-ist of

lo-wer Ab-sa-fac-tus Me You Me a-
The witchcraft Indiana girls that didn't sing with their hearts where never in a better shock
of hay hocks than the oldtime singer with dusty feet that chased death comes and enfolds you
It's all the same to me
the Radio I

don't wanta hear and can't have to hear
Plays one thing and a-

no-ther of great Sarah Vag-

but no I stop and grasp and I for-

get that it's my own fault See how you
do it?
And having grasped go on singing because I wouldn't be writing these poems if I didn't know that I grasp I sing I've had times of no singing they were the same
Music is noise
Poetry dirt
Meaning

Easter \[ q = 132 \]

I'm just an old Calvinist cross dead of
die pork

I believe in the

Sweetness of Jesus and Buddha
I believe in Saint

Slower \[ q = 120 \]
Shining essences of universes of stars disseminated into

powder and dust blazing in the dynamo of our thoughts in the forge of the moon

In the June of black bugs in your bed of hair earth

STILL LIFE A candle dripped all its gy-sm

to the bottom of a strawberry designed Mexican
Beer tray a single edged
ra-zor-blade Partially under
blade of a butter knife Abstracted from old
camp packs and a tin cup This is the Ma-
tisse Story of a simple arrange-ment of nat-u-ral ob-jects
in a room on a Sunday afternoon

dry dust  black ashes  The edge of the tray is bright red  the strawberries are crimson
dull painted juicy dimensional indefinable silver

lights on the knife and blade  brass  dark death and the tragic
gloom inside the lull of the tumbled wax

Shape-ly

The rim sadness aluminium AL CO Ship-ware

Then in real life not

still life comes the filthy dry gray ash tray of butts and matchlet tips

In-numer-al in-finite songs Great suffer-ing of the a-
Jews  Two French-men  "Einstein probably put a lot of

people in the bug-house by saying that all though pseudo intel-

lectuals went home and read Spinoza then they

dig into the subtleties of Pantheism

after ten years of research they wrap it up and sit
down on a bench and decide to forget all about it because

Pan-the-i-sm's too much for em They wind up trying to

find about Plato Aristotle they end up in a

vicious morphine circle
They got nothing on me at the university

them clever poets of immensitv

men-sitv with char-coal suits and char-coal hair and

green arm-pits and heaven air and cheques to balance my account

In Rome benighted by White Russians with-
out a care who puke in win-dows_ ev-(e)ry-where They got

no-thing on me "cause I'm dead They can't sur-pass me 'cause I'm dead and be-ing

dead I hurt my head and now I wait with-out hate for my fate to es-

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