Mexico City Blues: Part VII

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Mexico City Blues
- Part Seven -

Doubles

text: Jack Kerouac

Randall Snyder
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Ironic \( \frac{3}{4} \) = 108

Clarinet

Narrator

Not very musical

the Western ear

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 $j = 92$

But here's East Cambodi-an Sa-
loons of Air And Clouds Blest Blake-an Angel town Grove of
Bear-dy Trees and Bear-dy Emp-ti-ly Ex-press-ing Patri-arch-al Au-
tho-ry To us list-en-ers Of the Ho-ly See
Saw said Saved Saved my Bhik-ku-ci-tas
Saw my bhik-ku-ci-tas for the ho-ly
hair that was found wanting in

mer-de-air

Tempo 1 \( \frac{3}{4} \) = 108

Nine-ty-de-vils jo-kin with me and I'm

run-ning on the cat-walk At Mar-gar-i-

...
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
Tim-ber Coun-ty 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
Faster $\frac{q}{4} = 120$

Jews Wrote American Music

Ni-ki Ni-ki Ni-ki

The

Saviors Instead of listening in To the Light still a

fool that I was I raved to fight

Impro-tu-nate
Song of Lil Mex-ico Children

Big fat musta-chio,d

business-men have just to finish their commercial 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 counting candles.

Music

It's an Aztec

Radio with the sounds thick and guttural.

Kicking out of the teeth the Great Jazz Singer.

Was Jolson the Vau-de-ville Singer?
A Little Faster $\frac{1}{4} = 126$

No and not Mi-les me

Me Par-a-cle te you Ye Me Par-a-cle te Thee

Thou Ma-i-tre-ya Love of the fu-tu- re 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 were 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

I don't wanna hear and can't have to hear

Plays one thing and another 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 going 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

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

I believe in the

sweetness of Jesus and Buddha

I believe in Saint

Francis Avalokitesvara

the Saints of First
Slower $\downarrow = 108$

Centu-ry In-di-(a) A D And Scho-lars San-ti-ve-dan and

Slower $\downarrow = 100$

o-ther-wise San-ta-ya-nan Ev-ery-where San-ta-ya-na mean-ing ho-ly

Slower $\downarrow = 84$

ve-hi-cle U-no One Cross One Way One

molto rit.......................... Slow $\downarrow = 56$ accel..............................

Cadenza

Cave in-ward down to moon

Tempo 1 $\downarrow = 108$

sub.
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

ra-azor-blade

blade of a but-ter knife

camp packs and a tin cup

This is the Ma-
tisse Story of a sim-ple ar-ran-ge-ment of nat-u-ral ob-jects
in a room on a Sunday afternoon

bits of 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
At- tican and

Shape-ly The rim sadness al- lu- min- um AL CO Ship- ware

Then in real life not

still life comes the fil-thy dry gray ash tray of butts and match-let tips

In- nu- mer- al in-fi- nite songs Great suf- fer- ing of the a-
tomic in verse which may or not be controlled by a

consciousness of which you and the ripples of the waves are a

part that's Buddhism that's universal

Faster $\dot{q} = 116$

mind Pan Cosmodicy

Einstein believed in the God of Spinoza Two
Jews  Two French-men  "Einstein probably put a lot of

people in the bug-house by saying that all those 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

vi-cious mor-phin-e cir-cle"
They got no-thing on me at the uni- ver- si- ty them cle-ver po- ets of im-
men-si- ty with char- coal suits and char- coal hair and

green arm-pits and hea- ven air and cheques to ba-lance my ac- count

In Rome be- night-ed by White Rus-sians with-
out a care who puke in windows every where

They got no-thing on me 'cause I'm dead

They can't surpass me 'cause I'm dead and being
dead I hurt my head and now I wait without hate for my fate to es-

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