



a small answer to a large question



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....in the quiet of the night
the hallowed cries of Mescalito
sear through my mind
like so many locomotives
on tracks of their own design.....



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Where we attack
the negro streets
Ginsburg roared
at dawn
spiraling
soul fest
of ego fed visions
Carl says
now
the whole thing
a farce
nonsensical

transmissions
of scriptures
torn
bloodied
virgin youth
wrought from
their grasp

all this
Carl says now
of Ginsburg
and negro streets
at dawn.

.....

Rastaman picks up
where Jack & Neal
left off
absolute lovers
renaissance men
all
roaming and grooving
on hashish in
stolen cars
and rastafari
speaks
eloquently
of Ja love
roaming universe

with remains
of Jack
and Neal
buried none too
quietly

Ja love calls to them
out of nights
spent
with naked boys
and eager love
finds a home in
this era of
“post beat”

yes,
rastafari
with dreadlocks
and ganja
still
hold out
for a magical note
from Neal's hammer
arcing in his pattern
of beat
to Jack's oft times
erratic
prose
and Allen

giving up the ghost
of negro streets
wanders quietly
in the confines
of his Colorado
retreat
the message returned
from love
sour
with Gregory on a
tepid
summer night.

.....

Visions of Milarepa
of Kabir
float lightly
on the air
of the hashish scarab
Richard Krech's
almost forgotten
litany
of the after
beat
era
60's
and Basho
silent

so many years
returns in our mind
(unconscious, mind you)
through the vessel
of zeitgeist

Burroughs did in
his wife
by an accident
with
tampered
visions of Mescalito
naked
in bed with boys

of Jack and Allen's
dreams
he retreats
to his fortress
in San Fran
to his guns
and his penchant
for pederasty
tall, thin
gaunt from
the satoris found
in other lands
reminiscing
i suppose

of days lost to a
time
lost
and the irrecoverable
testimony of what
Naked Lunch
did to a generation
of post adolescents
lost
in the way of
love
perhaps not
devotion

too bad
for those experienced
in satori
soon the answer
appears
that transcendence
is illuminating
no doubt
but transient
as well

.....

1986

post beat?

neo beat?

illuminations from

hippies and free love

LSD and college

revolution

become misplaced to the

romanticism

neo-romanticism

of beat days

love for that which

rastafari now call

Ja

christian heretics
called
Father, Son &
Holy Ghost
primitive peoples
(some of them)
called it Gilgamesh
but the
Beats
the
romantics
of our own
longed for
satoris

called it by
no name at all
except
perhaps
Life
which seems
to sum it up
quite well
on Ginsburg's
negro streets
at dawn.

- April 1986

Boles' poem serenades long gone Beat figures. It was written in 1986, long after the demise of the Beat era, but still relative to the post-Beat generation. The years have passed, but the poem has not lost anything in its visionary appeal. When I read the poem, I thought of my friend, the late Jack Micheline, and I pictured him reading it at a poetry reading. It's a poem that works well on the written page, but I feel it would be stronger still if read out loud.

I like clarity in poetry, so that a reader doesn't have to struggle with strained syntax or inventive grammar. Boles' poem does not disappoint. This is the kind of book to read over a cup of coffee and leaves you with the feeling you are being given permission to enter the landscape he has drawn.

Boles' range is impressive, with a large capacity of genuine feeling. There is no pretension here. The poem speaks with an authentic vision, all too often lacking in today's poetry world. The strength prevails throughout the poem as if the reader was sitting across the table from the poet engaged in a lively conversation.

a.d. winans / 03-17-2011