

a poem  
in fragments  
& headlines

INVOCATION :

FROM EACH ACCORDING TO HIS MEAT  
TO EACH ACCORDING TO HER MEAT

Demeter mistress of corn & moon, Kali in  
tight brown levis, soapy  
elbows bent over the sink, I  
stand unseen by the kitchen  
door, katchina shakta, power & in-  
carnation, mysterious lady of  
moon & corn, I steal over  
behind you &  
grab ass.

O CHILDREN OF TOMORROW

know that once our parents

failed to recognize each other, saw nothing  
but the walls of their own minds

& built machines  
of greed & fear that turned against them, murdering  
their very flesh & earth.

O children, know  
that then we children went away to live  
among ourselves among the trees in peace  
& there we learned that to

survive we must commune,  
try to share all things & love, the men  
our son & father, the women our sister & our  
wife.

A  
few of them followed us. Most others  
died.

O do not mourn, mad sensual children,  
celebrate  
the passing of delusion,  
hold a feast upon the gentle hills,  
sing of love until our restless mind stops  
crying, sing of love until our warring mind  
is stilled.

CALL TO ARMS: UNIFY THE FIELD

All matter is in motion, Einstein said, all  
matter is at rest, each conscious point  
a center of the universe, around which a  
dream of reality swirls, each particle or  
wave an energetic void which consciousness  
calls a thing.

Then why should it  
matter?

People illusions, phantom objects at  
best, states of nothing in motion, thought  
forms like here & now, infinity, eternity,  
nothing is left to one but Self:

then whom  
is there to love?  
a lonely  
place to suicide or pray.

But then again,  
only the mad  
are sensuous enough  
to walk through walls.

CUNT

crystal pools

in dark sweating caves

where blind transparent fish

wait

noiselessly

Milk blue from your nipples soft like  
honey on my tongue. my  
mother's nipples: darker than yours but  
the same warm smell, in-  
toxicating. father  
must have shared them too,  
perhaps  
remembering as he drank  
my  
grandmother. breast to  
mouth to breast: a continuous stream  
of milk & flesh in bodies  
renewed from the dank recesses of  
nowhere through nothing: a  
hole dark infinite body  
clouds of pubic hair energy  
double helix molecule swirl  
into plants animals first  
woman man is us, primal life itself  
still alive, the same joyous  
pulsating mind 6 eternal inches inside your  
sweet meat universe exploding space exploding  
time.

I'D LIKE TO BE  
THE FIRST MAN TO  
PISS ON THE MOON

DOORWAYS & STAIRWAYS, TRAPDOORS & ROOFS, SHADOWS  
OF AUTUMN LEAVES RUSTLING THROUGH THE GREEN GRASS

I sing of the perpetual revelation of  
events, phenomena, history, mind  
unfurling in time, time un-  
furling as mind to four billion pairs  
of eyes of the same Self, each  
alone struggling to correlate  
the infinite evidence within  
a finite brain,  
capable of clarity only in  
bursts through thoughtfield anti-  
chaos armor,  
clarities which fade  
in an instant, after-images  
of fantasies, leaving us  
in uncertainty again  
until whatever happens next  
happens & we can go  
on. Thought, unlike  
consciousness, is  
a chemical reaction.



ON THE EXCESS & CORRUPTION OF PRESIDENTIAL POWER

Mind is  
your breasts  
    slow sensual wobble  
as you  
move my hundred million years  
    of  
    flesh willing itself to  
            continue,  
mind  
is endlessly expanding energy  
    turning in upon  
    itself endlessly like a  
moebius strip like  
    the universe, mind is  
the spark  
in the infinity between mirrors  
    that contains It all,  
                    mind  
    is god suffering  
in his own created illusion,  
    mind is release, mind is  
light.

THE SKY BELONGS TO THE PEOPLE

When we finally wake,  
surprised at first to see  
our fallen vehicles separate from  
our space, as through a window to  
another land & neither hand nor word can  
penetrate the veil, we  
panic for a moment.

But no,  
we are still here, whoever, wherever we  
are.

Then wonder  
at this new vehicle freed &  
look about in wonder  
& finally turn our mind  
to what awaits.

OBSERVE IT APPEAR, OBSERVE IT MOVE  
THROUGH ALL POSSIBLE PERMUTATIONS,  
OBSERVE IT DISAPPEAR.

Commune ends alienation. The Paris  
Commune. Dienbienphu.

Notice the familiar sensuous progression  
as you fall asleep, like a cater-  
pillar cocooning.

Notice  
the dark corners you  
turn, the transitions, trans-  
formations. Be  
alert:

loss of consciousness is  
a trick you play upon yourself.

Notice

how the dream forms, what stuff it  
is made of, from where it comes.

See  
yourself in it, wonder what you're doing,  
thinking. Creep closer. Slip  
inside.

Now you are in your dream body &  
can go anywhere you wish.

Be careful you don't get lost. Commune  
means together.

LAO TSE ON THE HO CHI MINH TRAIL

You know very well  
you're an illusion:  
why the hell  
don't you start acting like one?

NONE OF US IS LIBERATED UNTIL WE ALL ARE

The mind struggles to unfold in beauty like  
the earth & sky (there are only ends, there are  
only means). anuhctal teaches the

diversities & the unity:

unclarity is the obstacle is a choice. reality &  
systems of reality; politics & systems of politics.

But

the pain of realization is

great. The mind polarized seeks

resolution & freedom from

pain by

destroying the body. We already know

what ghastly flowers grow

in the cracks between worlds.

Nonetheless we

must be born, must invent

a structure that permits it, free

flowing where energy can

stream, we must commu-

nicate again.

No matter what we do,

consciousness in time will unfold. Beautiful or

not is our choice. The mind

unifying seeks to heal.

POLITICS OCCURS EVERY TIME GENITALS WANT TO TOUCH

Who owns the land on a crowded planet  
is famine war & police state,  
alienation, exclusion,  
devestation. there's no  
alternative other than  
extinction to getting it  
together, unafraid to  
trust each  
other, unafraid to touch  
each other, letting our  
head unwind, seeing  
whatever there is to see,  
being whatever  
we have to be,  
together, gently, as  
families in liberation.

ON THE CORRECT HANDLING OF CONTRADICTIONS AMONG  
THE PEOPLE

Science & technology study the mechanics  
of the illusion, the one in order  
to reveal the truth for the truth makes us free,  
the other to better manipulate the  
illusion.

Terrified of universe  
collapse, terrified of freedom, this most  
material of civilizations, unwilling to face  
the truth, abandoned by our own science within  
a contradiction within an empirical  
contradiction, without even material to cling  
to, unwilling to resolve the contradictions,  
spinning dizzily on an arm of a timeless  
imaginary pinwheel spinning on an arm  
of a larger imaginary pinwheel spinning nowhere  
in a centerless infinity, terrified of  
universe collapse, terrified of freedom,  
having forgotten the songs, the old  
songs to the gods we have forgotten exist, songs  
of the hunt & the love feast,  
of setting the stars in order,  
almost numb from pain & emptiness, from staring  
into our abyss, clinging  
savagely, pathetically  
in desperate hope & fear

to the only meaning we have  
let ourselves  
know: the mechanics, the machinery, the  
mathematics, the United States  
of America,

to what new toys tomorrow may  
bring to save us, what new toys today  
have brought us to the verge of  
extinction.

It is no more true to say the earth revolves  
around the sun than it is to say  
the sun revolves around the  
earth, no less true to say the earth  
is standing still & the sky  
spinning.

Commune means sharing the  
air, the earth, the waters, the means of survival  
among all equally, respecting &  
tending the beautiful illusion. Commune  
is sensual, not  
material. Communists are  
erotic.



SEIZE THE LAND - FISHER'S PEAK, TRINIDAD, COLORADO

Late afternoon, summer, a hot  
wind out of the west, Drop  
City shimmers. Mike  
stumbles out of his dome, eyes  
veined, takes a long  
piss. "Mike," I say, "they  
just killed Robert  
Kennedy." Face screwed blinks  
& shakes his head then  
nods in the distance, still  
pissing. "See that mountain? Well  
it's still there."

The  
mountain, by the way, is owned  
by the Rockefeller family. There's  
a barbed wire fence around it.  
When I mentioned  
that to a lady from town, she  
replied, "How nice of Mr.  
Rockefeller to provide such  
a beautiful view  
for the people."

On the Origin  
of Evil  
in the World

The face of Richard  
Nixon, criminal of war,  
makeup cracked by a corrupt  
smile: a strange disguise even  
for godshit.

POWER TO THE KATCHINAS (PERSPECTIVE: PLANET, SPECIES)

Auto accident, ultimate  
meeting of man & machine, leaving us  
trapped in endlessly repeating  
horror semi-conscious between  
two worlds. Thank god eternity isn't  
forever. Alienation civilization  
is choice. Bodies, I repeat, are real.  
Economic equality, individual  
freedom. When you see yourself  
in two places at once, arise. In the  
spirit body we can travel  
anywhere on this plane. But  
in the dream body we can  
travel anywhere. Marx would have  
understood as he wandered through  
the valley of lepers crying love  
for the kingdom is at hand.

THE PIGS VS THE PEOPLE: TAKE US TO YOUR LEADER

Thought dualizes, qualifies, excludes: this  
is our sangsara. As we perceive the Other, we  
invent him.

Thought structures, reality  
flows; structure grips the mind with  
ghostly tentacles after the reality has  
flowed on.

Any man may lead. Only dead men become  
Leaders. Watch children; see where Porky  
grows & why. To Off him, follow him  
home into your head.

The death of a society, the death of a  
thought. Thought fades to  
nothingness; mind - like reality - flows  
on. A society that fears to die delays re-  
birth & makes it more difficult, dangerous,  
painful, costly.

To commune the body we must  
communize the mind, resolve the  
contradictions, the one into the  
many, the many into the one: THIS IS THE  
ONLY WAY TO END THE WAR IN VIETNAM.

To commune is to ease the pain.

WAR REPARATIONS TO THE PEOPLE OF  
SOUTHEAST ASIA

When we wonder what's gone wrong  
with this nation we must  
remember it was founded on red  
genocide & black slavery, but  
luckily katchinas drive starships.

## CHE IN BOLIVIA

infinity is eternal space, eternity  
is infinite time, it is always here, it is  
always now, now is infinity, here is eternity,  
if we don't do it now we never will. the  
united states, with 6% of the world's  
population, devours **30%**  
of the world's resources; **3%** of united  
states population devours 60% of that **30%**.

DARE TO WIN

Those  
trees aren't dying, that pavement,  
those telephone poles have been  
here since time never began & will  
be here until time never ends, even  
when the last of us is meat for  
fish & birds, we too  
will be as we have always been:  
these soft thighs, this  
sensual dance of conditions,  
this pleasure, this  
pain, watching the appearances  
change. Choice is  
illusion.  
Nevertheless in the eternal present we have  
total choice.  
At this very instant U.S. planes are bombing  
Vietnamese villages.  
At this very instant 20 thousand people are  
being born.  
At this very instant the trees are dying.

1 GRAIN, 10,000 GRAINS

technology is continually evolving  
store of practical

methods;

a way of thought, its only

value judgement is

what works. technology is

agriculture, technology is yoga,

technology is how to get

there. Jesus taught

technology. where do we want to

get? rumor has it a guerrilla

army is

forming in the Sangre de Cristo

mountains of Colorado, made up

mainly of veterans of

Vietnam.



SYNOPSIS OF THE STORY: INTRODUCTION & CHAPTER 1

Then long ships with white sails appeared & white-skinned men stepped forth upon the wooded shore & met the dark-eyed people there with fire & enslaved them & slaughtered them & drove them to the mountains & the deserts where they hid & they died.

Then more ships appeared, holds heavy listing in the waves, chains clanking on black ankles stumbling down gangplanks to till the blood-soaked soil.

Now, among the whites was great inequality: those rich in wealth were also rich in privilege & power, & power bought privilege & wealth. This was their law.

And the greatest wealth lay in the land & the people, so both they treated as property, up for grabs, to be possessed, exploited, disposed of.

And the violent governed over the gentle, the shrewd & unscrupulous over the simple, the old over the young, the males over the females.

And each lived out his days in hoarding, each lived out his days in fear.

For the poor plotted against the rich, the women against the men, the children against their parents.

But the least & poorest of whites was still wealthy & privileged & powerful to those of dark eye & dark skin.

And the dark plotted too.

And the land was bathed in tears.

WHAT IS TO BE DONE? : RECOGNITIONS & INTENTIONS

WE RECOGNIZE many realities experiencing existence & many existences experiencing reality. On the level of This & That, we recognize them to be dreams among dreams, fragments of a conscious progression toward Reality.

WE RECOGNIZE Life & Mind as synergetic phenomena that persist beyond the various machines & vessels of energy & matter they ride in. We recognize humanity as a single conscious organism whose center is everywhere & whose circumference is nowhere.

WE RECOGNIZE that on this plane of relative reality & individual existence where nothing is stable, nothing is fixed or final, we are free to pass our days in whatever way is most meaningful to us, create any societal structure in which the way we choose to live is possible. We recognize that in attempting to do so on this plane of relative reality here today we may come in conflict with a violent civilization, but life, we recognize, is eternal.

WE INTEND to call all U.S. troops home from foreign soil, including that of the Indian Nations & New Africa, to de-militarize de-centralize this

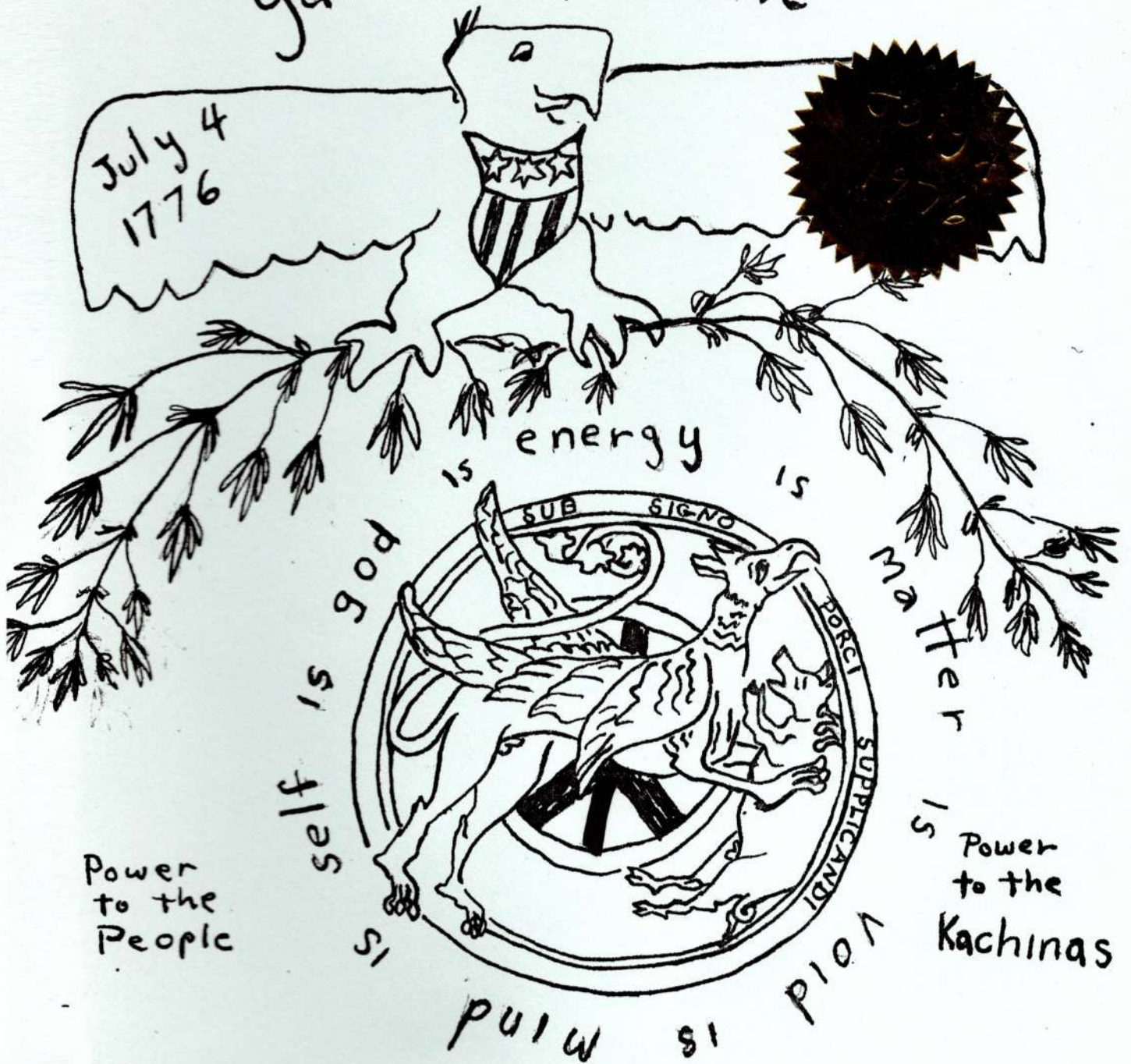
country, permit vast areas to revert to their natural state, liberate the land for the use of all people wishing to live on & off it, commune ownership of natural resources & the means of survival, limit the amount any person may hoard, create a situation where we don't have to exploit or be exploited, repress or be repressed, where crime for economic reasons is unnecessary & each has the freedom to pursue his liberation, even the children, especially the children, create a society by listening to the children, a society where we can run upon the mountains like deer.

Tired in our many wanderings  
suddenly restless  
remembering our mother & finding  
ourselves alone  
searching wind & cloud for signs  
then sensing the direction  
we will head upstream  
without looking back  
& meet in the aspen meadows  
that no man owns  
in the final hours of night  
watch scorpio sink one last time beyond  
the western peak  
& listen to the sea, 1000 miles away,  
rise up to meet her lover.  
High in the mountains  
crouching round the dying fire silent  
sharing a last loaf of bread  
while smoke spirals colors through  
the shadows of our minds  
we will look into our lovers eyes & see the forest  
look into the forest & see our lovers eyes  
then look behind her eyes & see the flames  
look beyond the flames & see ourselves,

we will take off our clothes  
& forget what we were & who we were  
forget where our bodies end & the universe  
begins  
step out of our minds  
through a secret cave we have always known  
& drift into each other.  
Together at last  
home again  
among the animals  
as dawn rises in the north  
& the axis finally shifts  
washed in the first drops of the coming rain  
we will join the dance.

yankee doodle

July 4  
1776



Power to the People

Power to the Kachinas

COMMU is the sexual organ of the Radical  
 Fanatical Party, edited by Propaganda &  
 Manifesto Division of International Conspiracies  
 Inc, Liberation Commune, Gnosis Press May 1971  
 contributions welcome  
 COMMU, P.O. Box 10079, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87114  
 \* Tired in our many wanderings 1st appeared in The 6  
 COMMU 2: Drop City Blues, November 1971