

# In The Back Of The Real

## Allen Ginsberg

railroad yard in San Jose  
I wandered desolate  
in front of a tank factory  
and sat on a bench  
near the switchman's shack.  
A flower lay on the hay on  
the asphalt highway  
--the dread hay flower  
I thought--It had a  
brittle black stem and  
corolla of yellowish dirty  
spikes like Jesus' inchlong  
crown, and a soiled  
dry center cotton tuft  
like a used shaving brush  
that's been lying under  
the garage for a year.  
Yellow, yellow flower, and  
flower of industry,  
tough spiky ugly flower,  
flower nonetheless,  
with the form of the great yellow  
Rose in your brain!  
This is the flower of the World.

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