1957

Buck 65

I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed.
Devoid of conviction, conflicted, annoyed.
Kicked at and worn down. 6 6 6.
Beat. Looking for the next quick fix.
Unpopular prophets with problems
Up against angels in disguise who want to rob them;
Who didnt want to end up crushed by gods embrace
In the age of the cold wind blowing and dogs in space;
Whos faces are fading. Theyre the loneliest drunk.
In empty rooms haunted by Thelonious Monk.
Felonious punks and plate glass squares
That see empty eyes that look straight past theirs.
Street walking cheetahs with a gun in each hand
Who are lost at sea and are desperate to reach land.
Orpheus descending. Swimming in the crooked waters.
Hello Sid Vicious, goodbye Brooklyn Dodgers...No joke. Hit the low note.
We all go to heaven in a little row boat.1957 Chevy Bel Air. Interior velvet especially.
Bloody probably. Stereo: Buddy Holly, Elvis Presley.
Black Flame Trilogy. Quadruple louder bass.
Battle sites. Little Rock. Satellites in outer space
Words wont help but a few bucks can.
Crew cuts and black leather. Ku Klux Klan.
Men wear hats. In fact, harems are shared.
Opiates addicted to and parents scared.
The underground is real. Delivered greens to river queens.
Perpetual motion of free-thinkers and libertines.
Who suffer alone all night with pains
Hooked on drums and who fight with chains.
Its Faulkner and Baldwin. Insult and curse reality.
Spy vs. spy and the cult of personality.
What can the numbers and the words in my head mean?
Killroy was here and so was Buster Crab and Ed Gein.No joke. Hit the low note.
We all go to heaven in a little row boat.The pen keeps moving in attempt to sink the jingoes.
Fight em with hula hoops, frisbees and pink flamingoes.
Up running all night. Late sleep ordered.
Have gun will travel. Great leap forward.
Man on the corner with dark glasses free and preaching.
Appetite is monstrous. Diet is Dionysian.
All over the world, so much peril in one show.Playwright Arthur Miller marries Marilyn Monroe.

Hard rain falling. Babies sleeping in Gods palms.
Alarm clocks ringing. Warrior monks and bomb squads.
Invasion Of The Body Snatchers. Clairvoyants and mediums.
Believers in nothing. Speed freaks and bohemians.
Red is the new black. Identity files.
Rebels and grand dragons. Obscenity trials.
Lolita and Bobby Fisher country. No part is red,
Just black and white. Humphrey Bogart is dead.No joke. Hit the low note.
We all go to heaven in a little row boat.

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