

## **Song of Me**

I intoxicate myself.

And what I assume you must assume,

Because every atom belonging to you will belong to me.

I love me and need no soul.

I leer and loaf at my ease ... observing a sea of fairway grass.

My mansions and hotels are full of booze ... the shelves are crowded with bottles.

I breathe the fragrance of myself, and know it and love it,

The distillers try to intoxicate me, but I will not imbibe.

The sweet scent of my own breath,

Echoes, ripples, and buzzed whispers ... Rogaine, Viagra, crotch and hind,

My respiration and perspiration ... the beating of my heart ... The passing of aromatic vapor through my bowel,

The sniff of green greens and white sand traps, and the dare of blue water hazards, and of beans in the bank,

The sound of the belched words of my voice ... words loosed to the shams of the Press,

A few light kisses... a few embraces ... a reaching around of arms,

The play of shine and shade on swollen breasts ... their supple contents wag on storm's torso,

The delight alone in the slush of the sheets, or amid the lobbies and heat,

The feeling of wealth ... the full-moon trill ... the song of me rising from bed and meeting my own lamp of the sun.

Have you reckoned a billion dollars much? Have you wrecked the earth as much?

Have you practiced so long to need to read?

Have you felt so proud to care about the meaning of poems?

Stop this day and night at my resort and you shall enjoy the original pleasure,

You shall partake the good of Eric and Junior ... there are millions the sons keep,

You shall no longer take things at second or third hand ... nor look through the eyes of the convicted nor feed on the specters in the books,

You shall not look through my eyes either, nor take things from the city,

You shall listen to all sides and filter them yourself.

I have heard what the talkers were talking the talk of the beginning and the end,

But I do not walk or talk like a duck so screw you.

There was never any more deception than there is now,

Nor any less couth or rage then there is now;

And will never be any more perfection then there is now

Nor anymore heaven or hell than there is now.

Urge an urge an urge,

Always the horny urge of the world. ...

Out of the dimness opposite equals advance ... always counterpunch and punch,

Always a brand of identity ... always distinction... always a greed of life.

To elaborate is no avail ... smart and low-IQ feel that it is so.

Tremendous as the most fabulous tremendous ... plump in the headlights, well endowed, braced are her beams,

Stout as a horse, affectionate, haughty, electrical,

I and this mystery here we spank.

Clear and sweet is my soul ... and opaque and bitter is all that is not my soul.

Lick one licks both ... and the obscene is proved by the scent,

Till that becomes unseemly and receives payment in its turn.

Showing the worst and dividing it from the rest, rage vexes sage,

Knowing the perfect fitness and equanimity of bling, while they discuss I am silent, and go golf and admire myself.

Welcome is every organ a tribute to me, and of any man heartless and mean,

Not an inch nor a particle of an inch is real, and none shall be less familiar than the rest.

I am satisfied ... I watch, sneer, shout, tweet;

As God comes a loving call girl and wets my side at night and before my discharge of the day,

And leaves for me buckets covered with white towels bulging the house with their plenty,

Shall I postpone my acceptance and realization and scream at my eyes,

That they turn from racing after me and down the road,

And froth with incisors and shred me to a red cent,

Exactly the contents of one, and exactly the contents of two, and which is ahead?

Tippers and askers surround me,

People I meet ... the effect upon me of my early life as the brat in the city I live in ... in the nation,

The latest news ... discoveries, intentions, scandals ... auditors old and new,

My dinner, dress, associates, looks, business, conspiracy, hairdo,

The real or fake boobs of some woman I like,

The sickness of any of my enemies -- never of myself ... or of any ill-doing ... or loss or lack of money ... or indiscretions or extortions,

They come for me days and nights and go after me again,

But they cannot get the Me myself.

Apart from the pulling and hauling stands what I am,

Stands amused, complacent, clueless, idle, unzipped,  
Looks down, is completely erect, bends an arm on a palpable certain breast,  
Looks with his side to curvaceous body curious what will come next,  
Both in and out of the damp, and watching and wondering if it worked.

Backward I see in my own eyes where I sweated through fog with pundits and contenders,  
For once I have no mockings or arguments I witness and wait.

I believe in you my ego ... the alter must debase itself to me,  
And I must not be debased to the other.

Loaf with me on my green ... loose the semen from your throat,  
Not words, not music or rhyme did I want ... not custom or lecture, not even the best,  
Only the dull I like, the drone of worthless advice.

I liked how we laid in Moscow, such a transient summer morning;  
You settled your head athwart my hips and gently turned over up on me,  
And I parted the shirt from your bosom hyphen-bone, and plunged my tongue into your  
barestript heart,  
And you reached till you felt my hardness, and reached till you peed my sheets.

Swiftly arose and spread around me the pee and joy and knowledge that miss all the art and  
argument of the Press;

And I know that the hand of Putin is the elder hand of my own, and I know that the spirit of  
Putin is the eldest brother of my sons,

And that all the men ever born are also my suckers ... and the women my wenches and lovers,

And that a keystone of my creations is lust;

And limitless are contractors stiffed or drooping in their liens,

And brown tenants in the high rises atop them,

And mossy scabs of the work force, and cheated stoners, and elders and mullers smoke weed.

A child said, what is this grass? Fetching it to me with full hands;

How could I answer the child? ... I do not know what it is any more than he.

Like my old friend Bill, I never inhale.

I guess it must be the slag of my disposition, out of hopeful green stuff stolen.

Or I guess it is the wet handkerchief of Doctor Ford,

A teared gift and rememberancer designedly dropped,

Bearing the boofer's name someway in the corridors, that we may see and remark, and say  
Who's Kavanaugh?

Or I guess the grass is itself a child ... the produced babe of the fornication.

Or I guess it is a uniform hydroponic,

And it means, sprouting alike in broad zones and narrow zones,

Growing among black folks as among white,

Kentucky Turtle, Tucker, Congressmen, Rush, I give them the same, I receive them the same.

And now it seems to me the beautiful uncut hair of Rogaine.

Tenderly I will kiss your curving ass,

It may be you perspire from the armpits of young men,

It may be if I had known them I would have liked them;

It may be you are from old people and from old women, and from offspring taking their  
mothers' crap,

And here you take the mothers' crap.

This grass is very dark to be from the amber buds of old mothers,  
Darker than the colorless broads of old men,  
Dark to come from under the red rocks of moguls.

O I deceive after all so after many stuttering loans!  
And I perceive they do not come from the roosts of moguls for nothing.

I do not heed the hints about the dead young men and women,  
And the hints about old men and mothers, and the offspring taken soon out of their laps.

What do I care has become of the young and old men?  
And what do I care has become of the women and children?

I guess they are alive and well somewhere;  
The smallest sprout shows there is really no death,  
And if ever after was it led to northward life, and does not wait at the end to be arrested,  
And released the moment I approved.

All goes onward and outward ... and nothing collapses,  
And to lie is different from what anyone supposed, and luckier,

Has anyone supposed it lucky to be born rich?  
I hasten to inform him or her it is just as lucky to lie, and I know it.

I pass gas with the lying, and I mirth with my new-washed ball ...  
And am not contained between my red hat and man-boobs,  
And peruse at my fake gold objects, no two alike, and every one good,

My staff good, and the help good, and their adjuncts all good.

I am not on earth nor an adjunct of an earth,

I have my own planet and people, all just as immoral and fathomless as myself;

They do not know how immoral, but I know.

Every kind for his itself and its own ... for me mine female, definitely not male,

For me all that have been girls and that love me,

For me the woman that is shameless and feels how it sings to have stipend,

For me the sweetheart and the young model ... for me no mothers or mothers of mothers,

For me lips that have delivered, eyes that have said yes,

For me my children the begetters of business.

Who made be afraid of the merge of generations?

Unindicted ... you are not guilty to me, nor stale nor discarded,

I see through the regulations and rules whether or not,

and am around, tenacious, acquisitive, tireless ... and can never be shaken away.

The orange one sleeps in his sun bed,

I lift the ooze and look a long time, and silently flush away lies with my head.

The New York Jew and the California girl turn aside up Capitol Hill,

I peeringly view them from the balcony.

The reckless sprawls on the lonesome floor of the bedroom.

It is so ... I witnessed the carcass ... there the Orange Overlord has fallen.

*[By Ken LeSure, April 1, 2019, copyright "pending"]*

