

THE QUIET BRAIN RAIN GATE

Sitting in your warm cozy brains looking out though Reims
Like Monet's color engines revved oils to burn out his brains,
Sitting in a warm cozy brain looking out through the rains
Like great Charles spun inestimable feign pain soul gains,
Sitting in a warm cozy brain looking down through lanes
Like Dr. Stephenson saw Mr. Hyde thru tuberculosis pains
Drunk on disease dependency in a land of counterpains.
Sitting in a warm brain looking out through sugar canes
Like Rumi or Will's view of everythings: Sacreds or inanes:
If bee: Suck honey, If deer: Odor musk, If wasp: Sting blames.
If joy: Suck light: If death: Puss suckets: If Hamlet: Kill Danes.
Sitting in a warm cozy brain looking out at cool naked dames
Like old buttertub Fat Jack in a closet, like Ingres in bains,
Like a missionary in a stew, des peewees dans les mains,
Sitting in a warm cozy brain looking out through reigns
Like Hannibal in Switzerlands or on his way up to Spains,
Sitting in a warm cozy brain looking out through reins
Like one of his dripping elephants soon to be slaughtered,
Carefully fed, groomed, trained, tied down, and watered
In an important job that just got to be done as ordered,
In as important an occupation as any other on this earth,

vein Dwop, so long as you come to know that the real reason of your birth
Ain't the fates, or gods, or the smart or dumb jerks who knocked you out
But the birth rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness' vision clout,
Be you Parisien chauffeur, chauffeur, or Chicagorilla, or Hindu mahout,
You got to know how to turn your elephant into a bat to steal away
Whenever delusion of april grandeur showers want their bloody day.
It is not the rain that you see. It is what you are inside you, when you see.
Not just what you are inside you when you see- but where it is inside you I am be.
Here's what even the endless silent brain in my rain calls a welcome final refrain:
Sit in a warm cozy brain. As much as you can be quiet in sane, look out at the rain.
Say yes. Say yes to warm. Say yes to comfort. Say yes to pleasure. Just say no to pain.

Stars shine bright on shatter light. Wetter than all rain. Eye looked for golden grain. Light messengers quake bread from rain.
The. The. That's deep in King Solomon's mine. A million lights they flicker there. A million hearts beat quicker there, folks.