

THE FO REVER
YOUNG GATE

On the so uth side
of Chicag o I lived
forty five years ago
in a cold reading jail
I met sad ness there,
before I met I am.

Sad born without
a stitch of hair,
the pale face light,
the eyebrows fair
were glued upon
his forehead bare.

Sadness smiled fake
asked a phony knot,
"How do you like
my new hair or not?"
I asked how much.
"Did it cost a lot?"
Sadness said, "1500."
I said, "Nice hair."
I knew of course
to say, "Why care?"
No one needs to grow
Hair that is not there."

My father laughed
when *The Maurice*
Chavalier begged of
him over the footlights
to cover his bald head.
"Eet shyneeng een
my ice-uh." He said.
And when Frank Abuse,
head usher of Sons of Fun,
climbed a ladder to our
box to put a giant red wig
on his shining bald head,
"It's all fun," Poppy said,

But I said not.
Not because I was a sad snot.
But because I saw clear
who could see or not
Who was born not with a
heart but a sad knot.

Until you realized
Sadness was only practicing,
Sadness seemed to be
able to laugh at anything.
It seemed to be
spending its life, in fact,
struggling to giggle
people to like its act,
Forcing its nerve like
strain track named despair
looking for love in no hair
air to heavy manufacture
a fake compassionate air
to cover belief in the
importance of having
something? somewhere?

Not because I was a sad snot,
I saw clear who could see not
who has borne sad heart or not.

Sadness was quite a sharp fake,
said quite a lot, mocked belief
and did seem to know a lot.

Sadness was a small thief,
not the kind that takes
what isn't there but
the narrow corner
difficult to turn
around in.

Years later at a spiritual
funny farm, Fritz, a farmer
stood herd confabulating
before his huge cow barn
electric screens zapping
out a thousand fly slaughter,
giving lecture on how good
no sex families are to God.
How people should lovingly
have reverence for all lives.
We saw the barn screen electrocute
crisp thousands to drop like flies
behind his eyes. Sadness laughed
correctly at how stupid and unwise,
hide behind the family, no sex,
goody goody people are to God.

Not just because I was a sad knot,
I could see clear who saw not
who was a born again not
with a heart but with a snot.

Forty years later, I saw Sadness,
sideways on the news today.
Very studiously, methodically
Sadness raved fake antique
how some average actress
bought her own food
and had children without
any real interest in sex,
as if Sadness drove to
convince in grotesque show
biz giggle that Little Dorrit
were The Duse art playing
The Bernhardt making Hamlet,
I mean, playing Omelette,
pushing gold cart pleine de
packaged Ophelia gloire
Thru checkout ordinaire
on wooden leg, or was it more?

Because I am an untied knot
I can see who fakes real a lot,
is actually born with just a "what?"

The fake old face moved,
the juvenile hair moved not,
a crashed flying carpet down
in a field of fried gold snot.

40 years later! On TV! W. Somerset
Sadness still has 23 year old hair!

Why doesn't Sadness get old hair?
For his serious, fake plastic,
flat face is spread 60 on TV,
Sad snake eyes, as if pressed
crying wide against a window
of like glass he can't get in are
old fried fly's eyes squished yicky.
Yes, his pretense that Sadness
is a no sex, family boob is sticky.
But the sad fake glare of unmoving
new born hair is forever young.

He didn't grow a heart,
I sighed, as I heard the big
broken harp string break
when I saw the baby wig.
Chekov! Has quiet depth hysteria
become TV cute, baby Jesus gig?

Still no one ever told him?
Even Sadness don't need it?
He still don't know it?
Or does sadness not heed it?

Hey! Maybe his mother
made him wear the wig!
Like my mother tried to
make me wear bran new
clean shiny shoes to all
those dark, stupid movies.

"Are you nuts? No one's
going to see what kind
of shoes I have on
in the dark! Mom!"
I dropped the bomb.

She punched the womb.
"Get malaria! I will!
I'll know!" Mom snarled.
Her weird peasant brain
stumbled to and fro,
"Don't you want to be
a rat when up you grow?
People are blind? They
don't ever see anything?
They don't? Get malaria!
I know when it's Asbury
Park I see before me,
and not The Lido!"

"Boy," I brooded,
"Is she hopelessly
low, small, sad dumbo.
So long, Nut. The knot I cut."

I guess seeing under the
big microscope in the
sky magnified 10,000
times extenuates the
long strand of human
hair loss. It comes clear
to being in focus when
you're born with a heart.

Born with the real heart,
not the solid fake red knot,
No one never tells you
not to cover it, you need it.
The rats tell you you need it,
to creed it, bleed it, greed it,
beat it, knead it, deed it,
and sick, slick plastic
rat sic cat food feed it.

They tell you everything
under the sun save, heed it.

"To unbind your heart,
untie and remove
its hardest knot,
throw off perform-
ance, smirk and lies!"
They never tell you.
Ever. They do not.
They always tell you,

"You know, Schmuck,
honestly, you're a snot."

That's what I learned
from my friend Dost
oyevskyskalespeares
ophoclesgalileodicke
nsmillfreudthucydidde
shugoplatosimiasovid
lavoisierurgeneibsen
teinhardyconradibsen
ghs, when sad 16 at the
University of Chicago -

"Leave uncovered bald
misery. Work hard to
grow a heart today.
Stand and give your
Self tomorrow."

Still sad across the mist
they twist world sorrow:

"Humanity what you
are, you are to say,"
I hear them sigh.
"Human heart, can be,
but is not fake snot.

Humanity, what
ever you are,
you are to be,"
I hear them
crying out.

"Pretend-
ing you're
what you
are not

is fake
inner
life
noise
snot -

is not
breathe
not star
lot of
untied
knot."

never get to knot spl
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can't
Why
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The. why
That is
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Cut
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kn
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