

# HOMAGE TO GINSBERG:

## Tribute to a 20th Century Beat Poet

The queerness in me, the queerness in you—  
it pales before the wild, brutal strangeness  
of 20th-century America,  
a land that ravages the earth,  
twists souls in violent surrender,  
and slays what it dares not understand.

A heavy weight of karma, no question.

Sing a kaddish for its poisoned Big Macs,  
then spit out its gnawed, bitter apples of disillusion  
while chanting Yankee-doodle-dandy.

If we howl into the abyss,  
chanting the sacred nonsense of truth,  
perhaps some souls will stir from their slumber.

First, however, we must face our own madness,  
and acknowledge our own hands in cosmic disasters.

Aren't most imagined enemies all too similar to us?  
Aren't the hypocrites we despise mirrors our own convolutions?

Despite numerous nefarious entanglements,  
at times closet doors of realization creak open,  
since poetry, mysterious in its power,  
still carries forces to shatter illusions.



**Terri:** Was America really as weird as Ginsberg suggested?

**Ted:** Yeah. In many ways America could be described as an Evil Empire:  
Many incarnations of Mammon live comfortably at the Capital.

**Terri:** And what did Alan Ginsberg do about it?

**Tim:** (shrugging his shoulders) What could any person do?  
Name the monstrosity and pray for awakening.

- T Newfields  
Beg.: 2001 in Nagoya ▲ Fin.: 2025 in Shizuoka

