

Song

1.

Pu oot yer banjo, boy, n strum
at yon fu moon

till ye nip the prood violet's
wheezy reek

fae teeth n nose n mooth.

2.

Pu oot yer banjo, boy, n pluck
the fucker

till ma hert strings snap n whip
the raw rank erse ae the wirl'd

wi memory like the putrid seas ae Jupiter.

3.

Pu oot yer banjo, boy –

lazy bam in yer lazy bed wi yer
sweetened songs n yer honey dream rhymes.

Ah wull dance, dammit! – n let the roilin waves
spill oan the frozen shore,
till midnight wurd
ir whisperin tendrils ae shiverin
ecstasy nae mair.

LOOK UP!

Part 1

Av been perched at this windae fur
a while noo starin oot at yon monolith
ae local government wi us aw teeterin
oan the edge ae the abyss about
tae plunge heid first thru chaos and calamity,
the next bunch ae jerk-offs
showerin us wi silver tongued deceits,
(Ah saw the full moon once
reflected in its dark glass,
like a picture taken in outer space
beamed back and shimmerin
on a screen grainy vision ae beyond) – sittin
contemplatin the nature ae spiritual
LUMINOSITY against a background
ae social deprivation drug induced mayhem
& blood bleached alcoholism –
FUCK!
Here & now! I mean here & fuckin now!

Granted av always hid these swirlin sun eyes gazin
back oan the 60s a dream machine vision
ae evolutionary leap up, leap up! – age ae Aquarius
A-Q-U-A-R-I-U-S! – droplets ae the divine oan a
tongue soaked skycopter leapin Helios –
but that's aw shot tae hell, right?

For every brain–stormin pseudo-scientist
dippin their finger in the Acid pot at Millbrook –
girls in green saris loungin on the lawn
like yellow haired dakinis waitin tae greet
every star seekin psychonaut filtered thru
the heavy iron gates – at least a dozen kids
ended up pan–fried–mash–up material
in some loony bin somewhere
catatonic
schizophrenic
lost tae the black immensity ae the VOID –
consciousness expansion ma eyeball!

& yet here's me readin a book about
the history ae LSD in America wi
a certain degree ae sympathy for Dr Leary
and his cohorts sandalled toe up the arse

ae smug liberal complacency & that
vital
crucial
mystical yield ae philosophy
set tae penetrate the landlocked brain
ae the pale consumer classes.

Ah see cult girls & light-being boys,
blue sapphire visionaries whirlin in the desert,
clear diamond souls birlin tae the edge
ae the blissful ocean
while the pacific moon
sinks a lover's kiss oan the surface ae the sea.
Ah see them aw in floo'ers & feathers,
saft gentle draped roon stane clad monuments,
ower government instit-
utions, departments ae higher education
correction
detention
as meek as Jesus
as wild as Moses & Milarepa.