1980

Black Snake Visitation

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—hendrix poem—

A black tantric snake I dream
two days to the
morning I die
slipping up
thru my throat,
slithers out
like the vomit I'll be choked by
can't, gigantic
seven-headed
snake, sticks out
one head at a
time. Must
be this hiss my
guitar's been
rehearsing
sits me down by
where the salt
water crosses the
sweet. Self-
searching twitch,
the scrawny
light of its
carriage, broken
sealit starkness, furtive
sea of regrets.
But not re-
duced by what

I knew would not
matter, woke
to see no one

caress the arisen
wonder's dreamt-of
thigh. Death

enters a slack
circle whispering,
slapping hands,

beauty baited
like a hook, hurt
muse at whose

feet whatever
fruit I'd give goes
abruptly bad.

Must be this
hiss my
guitar's

been rehearsing,
lizardquick
tongues like

they were
licking the sky.

Must be this
hiss my
guitar's been
rehearsing, these
lizardquick tongues
like they
were licking
the sky.

Down on my
knees testing
notes with
my teeth, always
knew a day’d
come I’d
put my wings out
and fly.