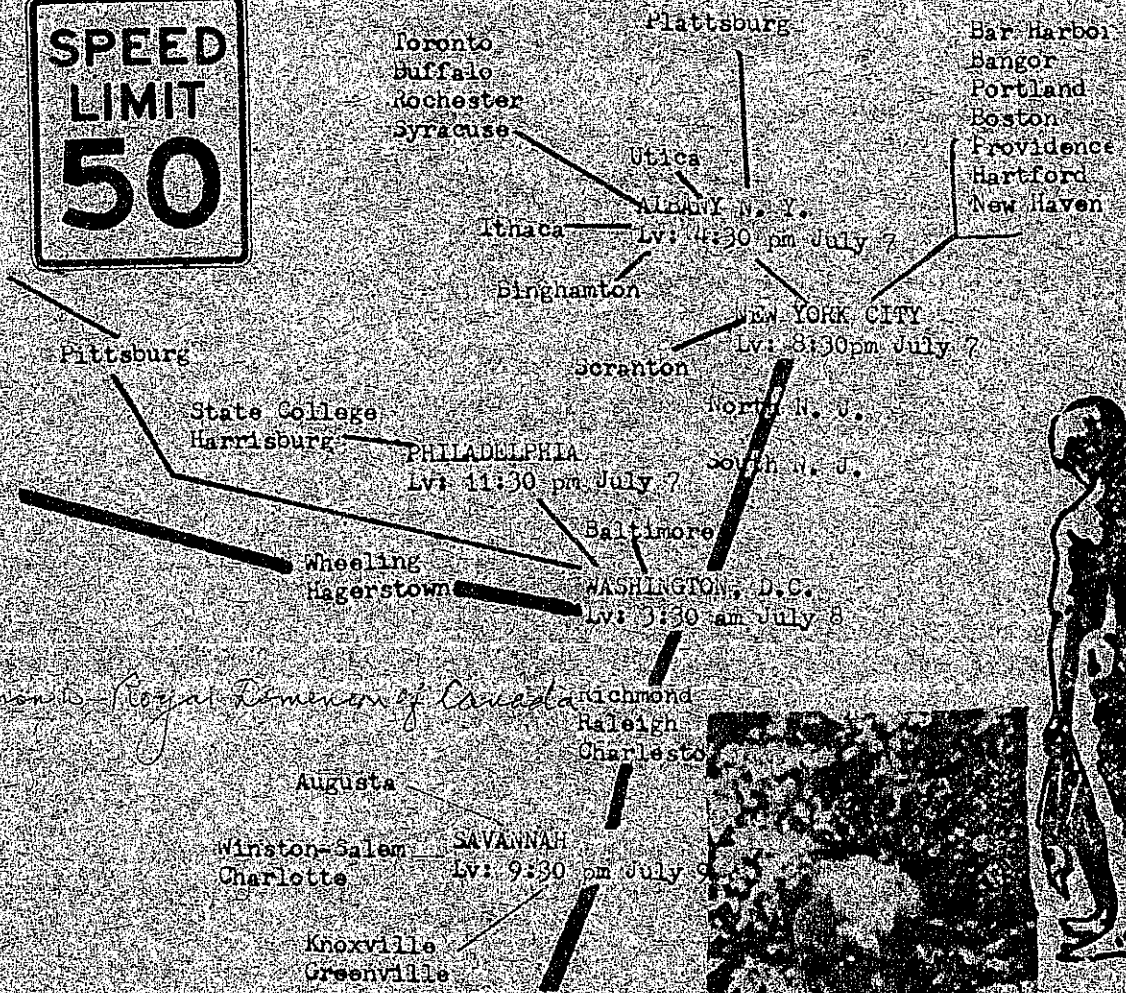


# We were there!



## A GAY PRESENCE



JACKSONVILLE  
Lv: 1:00 am July 10

**miami**

arrive 10:00am July 10

at the democratic convention

*The Good Guy*

**2**

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"BOSTON

MIAMI

ATLANTA

WASHINGTON

NEW YORK<sup>ii</sup>

--Louis Landerson

--John Wieners

Miami Beach Nat'l Democratic Convention

July 9th - July 13th, 1972

PLAYBOY

Just think, going to Miami  
having the warmth of physical bodies beside you,  
gay revolutionist,  
unpinning banners in the kitchen before you leave  
laughing at the poles.  
"Oh this will be easy to carry."

With the lingerie issue of Playboy in the knapsack  
Just think, seven days without a calendar

And thousands of miles of highways spread out  
before you Bidding farewell to dogs and transient companions

Miami Journal

July 9, 1972

as if stepping out of a dream  
we're at highway Exit 9  
Hartford next right  
the sign says N.Y. City

And oh boy, we're on our way again  
They're four of us, all friends  
from having travelled before, and attending

Liberation  
movements.

Station WORC.

Passing a truck, labelled Hostess Cup-Cakes

Might as well enjoy the velocity while one can.

In the sunlight and racy wind  
Twisting dials to the radio.

Unimperishable beauty.  
Allen may have his Himalayas

and I may have my London, someday  
through the woods, the ancient unimperishable trees;  
that Creeley wept over

Time, the day before yesterday

9 Highway stretches as a snake.  
Connie Francis "I'm glad that you're sorry now."  
Bob driver, a musician confesses he was in love with her  
as a kid, as we were with Judy Garland.

Maybe my speed is New York City

I remember sitting in parked cars  
on the Lower East Side  
so blotted out,  
I could have been  
on a roller coaster

Down the valleys  
and into the hills  
by the railway fences  
Passenger cars only 30¢  
Across the bridge and  
over the Tappan Zee  
through priceless toll gate.

Now it's New Jersey  
along the weeping willows

through dank-green mud-flats of shallow Delaware river  
the smell of knee-land hay

Searchlights ahead  
Dusk at Elton  
with blinking highway signals  
partly up front.

It seems it's Miami  
a Virginia licenseplate racing us  
on the left.  
We've passed fifty thousand cars already.

Who strikes these responsive chords  
as if speeding through glamorous Manhattan.  
The red taillights staying on for miles,  
"Are we in Maryland, yet?"

An imaginary hand rolls up his side-window

Yes, the same boy that rode in the swings at Nantasket Beach  
who envisions an auto accident now,  
who'd have believed it, is speeding to Miami Bay Beach  
for the National Democratic Convention  
with his coat, and hat spread out around him,  
and his bag on the seat, with three companions,  
weary before midnight.  
One petulant, his feverish corpus looking for release  
and the pearls in the hair of another grating  
through darkness.

The creepy yellow lights of Washington  
our nation's capital,  
where its true democratic seats of congress meet together  
lost between Massachusetts and 10th Str.

"Temp. in Washington is now 76%."  
The radio allows news of our future  
to permeate each present.

By the cornices and pillars  
5 sleek black limousines patrol  
1600 Pennsylvania Ave.,  
overwhelming in their earnestness, self-possession and  
authenticity, irreduplicatable

I was here in 1970.  
Who'd have thought to be back in '72.

"Perhaps we'll be happy again,  
somewhere, sometime."

"Where, in the Country of You."

"In dear old Dreamy dreamland"

"When it's sleepy time down south."

The roar of the trucks await one  
After a particularly edifying dream  
.....  
.....  
transient, Latin temperment and emotional.

Tantric, I notice a strange photograph  
in the room  
and the book of Folk Songs of North America  
by Alan Lomax.

I am travelling with an Indian, and it is  
raining out.

.....

Morning-birds sing in the shaft  
between two buildings.  
Your problems get harder without poetry.  
Your friends get fewer.  
Times get leaner, and somehow

waiting here in the A.M.  
for others to rise the morning after seems right.  
It gives a chance to compare things with New York City.  
No such luxury there in a green leather armchair,  
not so many Negroes on streets and in passing cars,  
no fresh breezes and hanging plants off the Potomac

Wall-draped Washington seems serene and compatible  
though there were armed, uniformed police treading  
this hill a few short hours before  
I noticed

I move out to a stoop, 1819 Vernon St. N.W.  
as a laundry van comes by,  
MAKE MINE MANHATTAN

I remember their excited rushing feet  
last evening, treading the stairs after sight-seeing the city

By the steps, planted with ivy and hedges  
cats play now in the long grass  
and a white butterfly dances on wheat thrush

I sense more of ennui from San Francisco  
its as if coming back from a war or  
a battlefront beach-head to get well

After two or three years on the scene in different cities.  
New York, Up-front Boston and in Buffalo  
now in action again, upon Beacon Hill Heights

Out Dancing on the Front Lawn

Two earnings from a jewel-case  
with Julie London's old records, last decade  
and heartbreaking twilight, from Jan's crash pad  
the West End 50's, "make it for one, who's doomed  
... to join love's refugees... and oh, what a castle  
leave out the gin."

And just before we leave Bob puts  
on John Lennon's new Some Time with Plastic Ono Band very loud  
featuring, "Woman is the Nigger of the World!"  
and I put on my Ecuador hat, made in Italy  
with a bar of soap and washcloth under the lid.

"oh, we'll discuss it, someday." A diplomat rides  
by in a cab, and the sons of the revolutionaries are  
more piggish  
than the tricks' Ambassadors from the Dominican Republic,  
N W 14th St N W 11th St, "Oh yeah, straight out  
and over the bridge."

Tropical palms upon the route. Sizzling road construction fiery  
PM

Central American apartment  
houses  
Coming to New York Ave. Crossing at walk.

Of all the fifty states, this is the supreme  
depository of  
statehood and national centrifugicity :leaving it over  
The Potomac, one consoles himself with Wordsworth's Ode. Intimations of  
Immortality

Uprooted trunks in an open truck  
whizzing blobs of persons  
crushed between smoking foliage.

Faraway young sailors dream of these wooded shores,  
Flashing white teeth, pink in the rearview vizor.  
A second Haynes Pulling Co. vehicle full of roots  
slithering gassy rubber tires

Arolin

Intermittent flashes of insight  
counteract the coves and summer boats,  
upheld by hi-bred intellectual audiences

goldenrod slopes stinging the nost-  
rils of Sherman's March to Atlanta,

Ga. in memory mediocrity including insignificant irritation..

The scarlet cars flash by  
Orange ones stand still

Hey, Bob Dylan, what're gonna do with me,  
unattaining mode as single man in mystery.

Undrugged love remains  
pot history stays out in the rain

under the speed limit  
Caught by midday up comp.

#### IV:

"Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the call  
Ye to each other make; I see  
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;  
My heart is at your festival,"

no matter how broken, I do not know  
if the words I sing are mine  
or the voices of my beloveds.

I do not know, if my lover is my brother  
or my master. I do not even know  
if I have any lover at all;

and that the voices I hear are mine or his.  
He has lingered so long in my heart,  
I'm sure he exists as a friend

Old farms as tacky queens  
wait to take their husbands in  
home at darkness.

The last time, rather the first one  
I travelled south  
I lived in a dream of love,  
eighteen summers ago.

It does not seem impossible. The writing does  
makes one age, with seasons  
or revivifies. Living does not exhaust  
one  
it's the lack of it gives time its bittersweetness

Huge horseshoe curves open up day's melodies  
filling oneself through adventure pushes limits apart  
for new trevasses, or potentialities  
heavenly cornfields, dense tobacco lumber over the border  
through North Carolina,  
one may almost smell the Floridæan sea, as on Fifth Ave.  
the beauty of writing poetry is knowing it will be read by those  
men whom one loves the most

This is not too long  
The longer the better for the men whom I am in love with.

Naked, sweaty undershirts, puffing on cigars  
in political open-window hotel rooms.

Typewriters, brandy, smoke, pills  
Even Ed Sanders will have to come to this.  
A clearing through the trees  
makes one realize, one does not have  
an age only vision.

And a near-suicide on the parapet above  
causes us to slow down, from the look on his face.

Ah yes, life is sweet,  
especially if you are heaped with afternoons of boredom,  
You cannot put your old life away,  
especially when a tire skids off  
the road.

Two white cars meet without knowing it.  
Jack Spicer denied the real " " "

Dixie Eberheart's got to read something every so often.

Oh, my titties feel so good in the wind under this blouse,  
a certain glamour from real poverty glued to ourselves.



In an old Volkswagen sedan hitting 80 miles an hour for six, long  
hours.

Work at poems is the only permanent, evident release.  
Some only wake to work; others only get up to work,  
some to appear intellectual and despair; they are contagious  
around an university, breeding stench and filth.  
Columbia, Berkeley, Harvard, Yale.

They pollute New York, San Francisco, Boston and  
New Haven.

Others wake to play, at sea, on the shore's sand,  
making one think of dancing and life, love at  
Provincetown, and the upper echelons of Sophisticated  
Society, in Berkeley, Cambridge or Las Vegas.

2)

Then we all put on kerchiefs, and silly hats and bandannas and  
pillowcases

and someone brought out The King and The Corpse,  
except for Charlie, who wore pearls in his hair.

The steady drone of motors reminds me of imagined Switzerland  
the true literary principles of H.D. and Swiss emigres  
in living European capitals, Marie-Luis Franz  
and Carl Jung, who are more eclectic than we.

Red clay Sugar Crk Road brown mud

Kings Mtn. 31



an abandoned railway car truck van exit

8:35 PM on South 85  
\$10 SINGLE

The clenched fist around a crumpled cigareete pack  
Beneath the burgeoning sun's descent  
Absence is failure

A steam-shovel with a man in the tiny cock-pit up front  
we rattle by, managing useless controls  
beneath the grand sun set.

And the poem has opened as a  
exegesis of philosophy and contradicting emotions;  
to be contemplated by graduate students  
living in bachelor flats-in-town.

I miss the lost parts  
I miss the lost poets.  
They are right, the missing gaps,  
as their deaths.

Sonatas to be considered against the whole  
as swamp-lands emit foetid odor before dark  
on Kings Mtn.

Outside of Spartenberg  
That Charles mentioned  
in Antecedotes of the Late War

"Weep not, beloved Friends! nor let the air  
For me with sighs be troubled. Not from life  
Have I been taken;...

--the life which now I live...  
Small cause there is for that fond wish of ours  
Long to continue in this world; a world  
That keeps not faith, ..."

Atlanta 174

with the help of How Could He Leave Me  
from The Fifth Dimension

brings to mind that small apartment, left behind  
waiting with the stuffed pillows and mattresses  
"one less man to pick up, after  
all I do is cry."

Can I handle it, since he's been gone  
with the low-floor lamp and leather back-rest?

One lone auto  
all we have to welcome us  
over the shrill, harsh concrete

crossing into Florida, after the night  
spent camping in the state Capitol

of the constituency just left; Georgia

Unearthing old books and feelings,  
roaring subway trains, gay Atlanta

Peach lamps and squalid inhabitants,  
our buzzing through the border,  
just past the state line.

A few hours more and we'll be at the convention.

Swamp lilies at the pond.

Tampa  
Jacksonville  
Tallahassee

In Florida, gulf sands begin to accumulate.  
Not bad, for a yekel bus rider.

The delicate sweep of staggering blue morning heaven  
beneath a bridge  
with white clouds etched snow perfection  
grants enough latitude

for me to examine his customary perception.  
To try and gain fresh condition  
less referral to the past  
and not thus become an hedonist.

To maintain proper nutrition  
against apprehending repitition  
The cattle country as green Central park  
miraging between marijuana memory  
and Arizona jollity

With Mike McClure on the mesa,  
outside of Tucson Ghost city

And the cut crops  
brimming corn  
to bid adieu to  
grass land.

Yes, Florida is wealthy as Connecticut is,  
true Nevada has been, as upstate Hudson valley,  
some emotional correlative.

Blue sleep.

Blue morning

Bayou blues.

*Jaqueline*

FLA S484  
Bellevue 1 Mile

Cattle gulch.

And the grass is cut, thinned  
To a certain length  
by the side of the road.

And the wind has stripped my mind, independent of its will  
as a close-cropped range of trees, upon the furthest hill  
So that I range back and forth, between now  
and myself as a student, writing over a decade  
and a half ago.

In the restaurant-cafeteria  
I think of the Hotel Commander  
breakfast, alone for one

he thinks of so many things  
that remind him of other things,

A woman in a red hat walks a white dog  
through the parking lot, outside,  
non-existent geographical situations

non-existent lovers at steering wheels.

2nd Part

Entrance into Miami

The first thing that hits you is

The second

Sun and rain

falling together

in unison

heat lightening

Palm beach shores

great gusts of steam

impenetrable invisible

Smart Set, smart manners

the things that one learned the hard way  
set one apart  
as showers let up.

Dilapidated old ranch  
under a giant shade  
45 miles out of town

Another plantation  
stilling the absorbent intellect  
by unanswered rancor.

"Some sayd they lovyd a lusty man,  
That in theyre armys can clypp them and kyiss them than;"

If I were alone, I would be out of the car  
searching along these beaches  
Investigating each one for dramatic possibilities.

"What manner of men set out for these shores,"  
some of the last words left to me

lands, ports

"Travelling down to Miami  
A mile a minute

Sun shining on Saturday nite

And when I reach my destiny  
I'm gonna take my life with me  
Searching high and low for freedom"

Even thinner hands turn down an absent radio dial.

Vacation-land Frank  
Sinatra of all things, sings, "It Was A Very Good  
Year," who better -- rose-canals fuschia  
cherry harbor.

I created you man.

In Allen Ginsberg's Darkened Toilet  
At The Albion

Thursday, July 13th

day of return, two days of revelling  
at the convention, marching, carrying banners  
protesting, chanting and I am not even a rebel  
or radical organizer. Only it's young, and the people I'm in love with  
are poets and are here; Leroi Jones, Ed Sanders, Charlie Shively  
John Giorno. We march together and carry our bags of sand to build dykes  
12 feet high.

The convention goes on, but we will go home.

To middle-class apts,  
and build our world of male imagining. The giant clock outside the window  
says 8:59 A.M.

It could be Times Square or Union Square. The lovely light of Florida  
hits the Chinese scroll of work and order upon the wall, opposite the bed  
where I have slept  
thanks to the generosity of Allen and Peter. The church bells chime and the  
deeds of great men dead  
produce labor and striving on our part. Beaches of indolence lift an after  
noon and morning  
out of mendacity, and the clear air, clean wind prompts rhythm and knowing  
to hasten over death and still the fear and painful jealousy, ravaging  
boyish hearts.

Oh my heart is on fire, alive with love for poets.

As it has always been, no matter what the cause or condition.

I see the great building on this island, the flooding lights of  
time.

And know the songs of the rebel organizers and the ardent pat-  
riot slogans

Of Dave Dellinger and NBC to fall beneath

The slaughter of memory, to provide for the generosity  
that has always surrounded my place among poets.

Imaumu Emir Baraka sits in a darkened hotel room planning for the second Civil War. I woke this dawn thinking of the innocent dead in our country and their senseless slaughter in our streets while Ed Sanders rushes a new book

to deadline, called Vote. The young wait breathless around the nation to make sure their brothers get through. And they have, at least this time. I am unsure of my position here. Soon I shall have to leave. Impatience.

And ride back in the car to Boston. My heart is breaking  
It has been a different world. Miles of human physical flesh gnaw at my spirit. I delight in sharing group feeling.

Evening vigils, drag queens, movie actors, marijuana.  
My poem on Miami is done. I have a book of matches, a cold inside Convention Hall, though we marched by enough outside, with the Migrant farm workers.

John lies asleep exhausted after setting up Convention Park with Allen in Flamingo Field nine days ago. I can sense the excitement of the young writing at home for true historical reports on the scene. I stare at myself in a playsuit in the mirror.

The scroll says: The twelve-fold chain of interdependent origination.  
Take your father and

Mother to task  
for the liberation within our hearts. Scorn poverty and seek the plentiful harbors of devotion, wind, sand, sun.

The smell of left-over marijuana mixed with gasoline.  
A Youth International Party Button 21st St Beach  
and an afternoon on the terrace  
blessing young love.

New love, encountered between strangers,  
maybe or it's only old love come back.

PLAYBOY

by John Wieners

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