

THE POEMS OF JAKE LAMKINS

*These were written from 1964 until 1971
when I quit writing poetry*

THE FIRST

There she stands,
A beautiful dream,
Nature's creation,
Perfection Supreme.

FRAGMENTS

In my hand, trembling globes of flesh
I hold and kiss and love so well.
We climb the hill of ecstasy,
and know the joy of crisis fraught
with nerves taut and consciousness fled
in wondrous pain of love explained.

KAREZZA

With trembling hands and pounding heart ,
I touch your skin so silken smooth,
My vision blurs as tension grows,
Within love's act I know my part,
To show my love, to tell the truth,
Stroke your body til it glows,
That is my aim as I have said,
But there is more so hasten not
to leave the scene of love rampart.

SCRAP 1

Blood cells march through
tunnels of flesh, shrieking
my love for you.

LIFESONG

**In the heat of your blood,
A certain rhythm is discerned,
A lifesong that is all your own,
Divine, if such a thing can be.**

? 11

**I look up
and through a cleft between two breasts
your face I see
in agony, or
is it the face of a lover's plea,
or is it the doublefaced mask
of little death
lying twixt pleasure and pain?**

GOODLUCK

**Hotscauld
Furnacemouth
Bodyheat
Fryingmeat
waydown south
Searingbrain
Convulsing spasm
Gravy train
Dying Orgasm
Detumid peace
Lovefuck
Quiet please
Goodluck**

PASSIONFIST

**Abed with busy horny hands
dreaming of sticky slick gloryholes
Rabid mouthed suckling paps
pumping prickled smelly pits
groping fingered hunchbutted thrusts
moaning groans climax
in phantasmorgorical orgasmic pops and smacks**

THE SILKEN ROAD

**Down I go, down I go
down that downy silken road
to thrust my slickered slackered tongue
into a musky lovely honey cove.**

**Victorian forebears protest and cry,
What art about thou doubledamned pervert
unnatural sex that you practice so sly
An affront to God, and Mankind too
Wallowing in sin and barleycorn juice,
Goddamn, Jesus Christ, Satan's blessings
to this hellbound youth with proboscis loose.**

**Rain on you, you ignorant shits
Living like eunuchs in selfmade hells
trapped and tangled in hidebound shells,
A towering mockery to the farce that pits
you assholes against us freeliving spirits.**

**Down I go, down I go
down that downy silken road
living my life as I alone see fit,
as for the others, who gives a shit?**

SHIT

**Gladgone years of bitter youth
rot my soul with foaming hate
Poison my joy and scath
my heart with memories uncouth**

**This awful shit that clogs my path
prevents my finding the bliss
of longsought happiness
which fulfillment hath**

**Do not tell the things that spell
Me in hell
Arm myself with horny hide
that blunted shafts and blighted roots
leave no clues to trail**

**Flounder on Turn not back
Try again Give up not
Return to the attack
The morrow may undo the knot**

A COLORDY WHORE

**A colordy whore
hummed me a song
that all was well
and nothing was wrong**

**And I replied
with paradox implied
that men only died
after women sighed**

**She retorted
that all men consorted
to allay the hunger
of The Happy Plunger**

**Answered I
with smile so sly
I speak of no roster
but only for Oscar**

**Demanded she
clutching at me
with whining plea
Is Oscar thee**

**Yes I said
flinging her into bed
tis the part of me
that speaks in thee**

**The colordy whore
spoke no more
but worked for her bread
while puzzles throbbbed
through her head**

STASH

**You are the pressure
surrounding my thrust
and the heat
warming my dart**

**First is almost
Second is all**

Bullshit

**Words will not tell it
letters cannot spell it
neither can pages say it
nor books convey it
I'll quit trying
because words may bury
what my being is crying
I'll just feel**

SEANNACH FOR RUBE

**Misty thoughts in midnight sleep,
our attraction, will it keep?
Ere months are gone, will it be
still with us - my love for thee?**

**I think it shall, though not sure,
but hot and strong is the lure
of mind and limb, swift and sleek,
you are the One, you I seek.
It matters not, what the hell?
I'll not be the one to tell
when our love has made its break,
With both hands I mean to take
all thy bounty, sweet and dear,
taste it all with conscience clear.**

HEE

**Foreskin
Boreskin
the cock is naught
but Egoloving
egofucking
til the cock is taught
thou art that**

FRAGMENT ONE

**Out of the gentle star-mottled night,
Rustlings of flesh on f'lesh, and
a low lovesong begins an upward journey
to express the exquisite joy of itself.**

? 1

**Skitter skatter across the platter
Chitter chatter with your palaver
A cup of coffee, a bit of tea,
Any excuse to puke your patter.**

A FLUCUTHUKH PLEE

**Congruent Man of slavering thought
wandering concrete greens,
Who be you to think you are brought forth
in squalling life
only to slaughter Human Beings?**

**Neural swarms of kinetic force,
zapping archetypes and psychostorms,
Can you find no nobler course
than killing to political norms
and profaning another sacred life?**

**Maggothold of a feul mouth-hole
belching excrescent facts
to justify slaughter and murder cold,
Be gone. Words can never convince
that killings are defensible acts.**

**Blood, slime, gore, untimely death,
a pox on the asinine offal
that strives to justify an utter fall,
For Congruent Man a throwback moral
alien to a loving soul.**

**Tis better to seek a higher road,
respecting life and dwelling in peace.
Find understanding to ease the load**

**of psychestrife, and capture a lease
on love that the millenium may escrow.**

RUBE DEPARTED

**Bitter aftertaste of possibility unattained,
Potentiality stunted before its conception.**

**What could have been - never to be,
A loss so great as to be unrealizable
in the sadness of its evaluation.**

**Long departed, memory captures your image,
but time and consideration make it fade
away and away til all hope is a rage
at you for thwarting the love that we made.**

**Goodbye Rube, enjoy all the second-rate,
You missed the best when you missed Jake.**

SOMETHING

**Inside, where I live
At times an unwordable silence steals
Pervading the mind with a calmness
of both glittering awareness
and unspeakable sadness**

**And a peace so silent
that in the sanctuary of my revery
I hear the braincells speak.**

THE URGE

**The urge to clutch
sometimes astalking comes on me
I want to rip the whole damned world
and smash it all with glee
Berserk man-ape outside my ken
Pithecanthrope on a spree
Beat it down, jam it back
down into that raucous den
where lives a raging pack
of prehistoric archetypes**

RUBE RETURNED

**Startled eyes from the past.
throw the mind into chaotic bursts
of scathing memories in a flock
Rushing to light as recognition thrusts
all thought into a thousand fragments
of memory, hope, and shock**

**A synaptic jolt pierces the heart,
as one to one in screeching sequels
sacred neurons shriek and howl
back and forth in thoughtward wrinkles
Rube is back, Rube is back
and mindcells grapple in timeless trial**

**Even the great Sempiternal Hieroglyph
cannot reveal the final significance
of Rube's return - Rube's reappearance
The pursuit of meaning is a hopeless quest
accept what is and hope for the best
forsake forever that great god IF
and savor the joys of the Rubian presence.**

A SMUTHOUND'S LAMENT

**An arbiter of morality am I
dispensing the truth as I can
but no one cares
to buy my wares
Huxley's curse blights my brand
of the eternal word
But I try**

WHO

**We
A rootless race
Wandering lot
Slumheap cityscape
leaving no trace
Caring for naught
but escape
We
Who**

TALK

**Endless talk
smothers my thought
and verbal reams
of muted screams
bout pregnant hopes
and aborted dreams
cause me to ponder
the merit and wonder
of the thunder that is talk
and the talk that is thunder**

3/22/69

**A flower in a weedfield
is a lovely thing
to hold and touch and feel
and to be thankful for
But when one leaves
the weedfield
it would be cruel and unreal
to pick the flower
and take it with you
It would surely die**

**Good things end and new begin
but remember the friend
who knew the end
when it began
and new begin**

WHAT IT

Tis said

as a man thinks so he be

But what of one who feels

Who is he

With the thinker

and the articulate

we are aware

Expressive

Prof'essive

Confessive

I am I am

He will declare

What of the feeler

so acutely mute

Inspective

Depressive

Repressive

Who will sound his flute

Is one the lesser

for having no confessor

to drain the poison

that blocks his vision

What merit

revelling sprawl

revealing all

What merit

concealing squat

Congealing clot

What It

UBREW

**Tis a groddykola brew
that can tell you who
what where and why
am I**

**Can anyone untangle
the fluxflawed weaves
that damnnear strangle
what chaotic life leaves
in the ring of the john
when the chaff is gone**

**Meaning is a lemming
scrambling for the brink
of whatever is seeming
to make men think**

**Life's all a game
Truth makes the score
But the game's the thing
Nobody keeps score anymore**

**Nurture the warmflame and the good that is you
Beware the worldwind
it'll blow right through
and never shun the things that won
insight
inspite
of you**

STASH/JUG

Thought a draught
or two might still
be in this old 'stashed jug
The wine was so sweetly true
and good
it seemed forever
and could never
End
like the Green in me
and the Yellowred in you

Foolish me
the dredges a plea
I never knew
but
now I do

Bitter last glug
reminds so very touchingly
how fine and few
greedily swallowed
unforgettably sweet
was the vintage
in the glad jug
that was We

Cracked now
maybe empty
the finish?
aroma adrift
slipping the clef't
fractured
private anguish
when Jake
let it slip

WELLSHIT

**The Fates portend
that in the End
down into the Hole
we must all go**

**Make of Life what you got
try for the best
But when you are turned under
with body all arot
you'll be wormfood like all the rest**

POKE

**Puny piddly psychedelicate folk
sit around to poke
and hairily scratch at psychological sores
with communal relish and joy
Clutchingly clustered
they puke
frail cloying hearts
and together examine the meager meat's tale
of self-made doubts and borrowed faults
Harking to metaphysical farts
mourning the tinfoil and tinsel facade
----- their life.**

POTTED BACKWINDOW

**Tangle netted
greengrown mesh
moonshine on spidertree webs
sawtoothy silhouetted tombstone skyline
lichencrusted silentious gravemarkers
notch the ridge**

**All tell an ineffable tale
woe and misery and grief
joy and laughter and happiness
name it
take it
cry and laugh and scream**

**No matter
whatever
tinkling crinkling creekwater
keeps chuggling through
the valley's jurassic sandstone layers
and time**

POPALYPSE

**Tonight
discovered
difference tween
sotted fever
and ecstasy**

**Rubian mnemone
freed from convoluted fold
whisperingly spoke
Took you long enough
now you see
why first love
had to flee**

**So I do
and the new
s
feeds the scar
that you are
inside
me**

THE TIME OF OUR KIND

**The flight of the loner to the Alone
zinging thoughtforms lead the way
to introspective formfree play
where one discovers the ineffable zone
and nothing to say**