

## The Beatific

Buck 65

Know-nothing bohemians, arcane and lenient. Disobedient hicks a ddicted to the main ingredient. There's more of us. It's safe t o assume there's a movement. Drown in doubt. Down and out. Ther e's room for improvement. Casualties, gradually wreaking havoc, wreckin' spots. Connect the dots. No such thing as second thou ghts. Representatives of new truth and evidence. Hardly darker. Cycles and currents. Disciples of Charlie Parker.

Che Guevera, rock star. F- off.

The plot thickens! The clock's tickin'. Time's already brief. O n the road and underground. The steady grief of the petty thief . The hustler. Muscular body, lazy brain. Riding the crazy trai n. Link in the daisy chain. Jism and Benzedrine. Booze and shoc k therapy. Heresy. We look dangerous and talk terribly. A natio n of millions. Exclusive. Only the lonely. I know for a fact th at your heroes are phony baloney. Maybe it shows. Known for the brainiest flows. Poems for no one spontaneous prose. It's impo rtant. Vital. Complex text distorted. The coming of war and the next recording of Dexter Gordon. Vs. everything! The lowest li fe. Dizzy heights. Shitty sights. Shots in the dark and city li ghts. Laws of the lords. Applause and awards. Everything belong s to me because I am poor...

Che Guevera, rock star. F- off.

Abstract expression. No control. Hood jacket. Work boots. Swoll en pockets. Stolen goods racket. Neutral. Camouflage. Better to show no style. Stay normal. Amoral. Keep a low profile. Smuggl er. Fighter. Struggling writer. Pervert. Competitive fetishist. Bad seed, preferred dirt. Words hurt. Above and beyond extreme legality and censorship. Enter the new supreme reality.