

LONDON WARWICK STREET

MANUSCRITO:	POESIAS
TÍTULO:	LONDON WARWICK STREET
TOTAL DE PÁGINAS:	03
DATA:	15-10-1972

I hope I will see you again  
 in the Fallout Shelter playing piano  
 among Coca-Cola cans  
 and Stock Market bonus.  
 I will see you again yesterday  
 smiling about that crazy old man in <sup>the</sup> street  
 you don't believe in spiritism, I know  
 and you use to cry when the people is happy  
 I will see you again  
 yesterday  
 in that same old story of love  
 in the disgusting theatre of life, Leischester Square  
 the Guru Marahaj-ri will tell us about the Truth  
 and you will ask me: "do you trust me?"

Because I cannot forget when you told me about the blood of  
 your brothers

in Thames, you are London  
 but you look like New York, do you trust me?  
 And I will see you again yesterday  
 like I saw you tomorrow  
 eating a hamburger, drinking a coffee  
 stoned as the junkies in Piccadilly Circus

All my life I spend sitting in this same old place  
 I was thinking about my preferred war  
 my books and my pet pen  
 with bigs "no smoking" advertissments in the hall  
 of my mind

But I remembered - I can't forget - you tomorrow  
 and your tea, when we <sup>were</sup> ~~was~~ speaking about distant places  
 and your sun, my sundance to your diffieult sun  
 and you gave me song'n eggs  
 you left me in the Italian restaurant  
 my hands on the steak, my heart burning  
 my mind in the stripteaser of morning  
 my brain free and frezzing in the train station.  
 I cannot forget you. You have red buses.

You told me about your dog during seven hours  
 because you are Karla, and Nenad, and Patricia  
 you are also Frank Zappa sad ~~ring~~ trying trying trying  
 and the tiger stripes I told you in the morning  
 like I told you about the Aleph and the Name of God  
 without cats and dogs  
 like my old rain

Remember me. Don't forget me.



I hope I meet you again

yesterday

when the ground in two pieces will be.

I'll write poems, and talk about you

in my coloring book, in my preferred cloud.

I'll sing songs about milk sakes and swans

about the justice among the animals.

I will tell you again

yesterday

about witchcraft and roses

dark streets and Jupiter

policemen and Kodak Instamatic

love under the sea

old friends old dreams

the Mao Little Red Book

the Hyde Park where I drink virginia water

and saw the people walking talking fucking

And you gave <sup>me</sup> my breakfast

tomorrow

I was in bed, and woke up

when you said: " I must go now".

15 de outubro 1972