

Allen Ginsberg



# Wait Till I'm Dead

Uncollected Poems

Edited by Bill Morgan

## Also by Allen Ginsberg

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# Wait Till I'm Dead

*Uncollected Poems*

**ALLEN GINSBERG**

*Edited by Bill Morgan*

*With a Foreword by Rachel Zucker*



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—August 8, 1990, 3:30 a.

# FOREWORD

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## *Allen Ginsberg is dangerous! So, come and get some!*

When I first read Allen Ginsberg's poems as a teenager, they worked on me like a gateway drug. Leading me deeper and deeper into a life of poetry, Ginsberg's poems woke me up and whet a poetic appetite I've spent years trying to satisfy. I saw the world differently after reading "Howl," "Kaddish," "Sunflower Sutra," and "America." Language became clamorous and mystical in my brain, words delicious and unwieldy on my tongue.

Reading Ginsberg gave me the chutzpah to complain to the chair of my high school English department that there wasn't enough poetry on the syllabus. The chair shrewdly offered to give me poetry on the side—as much poetry as I could manage. The poets he proffered—Elizabeth Bishop, Marianne Moore, Wallace Stevens—sounded tame or impregnable to my adolescent ears. The chair gave me Sylvia Plath, but even Plath failed to turn me on (then), failed to bother me the way Ginsberg did, the way I wanted poetry to bother me. No, no, no! I wanted *POETRY!*: disruption, danger, mind-blowing, dirty-talking, proselytizing prophecy! I wanted the kind of Talmudic Beat-babble queer broken-guitar-Bob-Dylan American song that only ALLEN GINSBERG had the nerve to sing!

This is not to say that my adoration for Ginsberg was monogamous. Far from it! Loving Ginsberg led me into all sorts of wondrous affairs. Having read Ginsberg, I fell easily in love with Walt Whitman who made perfect anachronistic sense to me *after* Ginsberg. I fell hard for Adrienne Rich whose diction, cadence, and density of language were unlike Ginsberg's but whose passion and social activism were inherent to what I expected from poetry (from reading Ginsberg).

Throughout high school, college, graduate school, and beyond, Ginsberg led me astray and into fertile adventures. I never would have read William Blake if not intrigued by the stories of Ginsberg's visions of him. Ginsberg led me to Anne Waldman and back, eventually, to Plath and Anne Sexton. I spent years following a wild, imagined map of Ginsberg's affiliations and associations. The Ginsberg–Frank O'Hara relationship led me to poets who would sustain me for decades—David Trinidad, Wayne Koestenbaum, James Schuyler, Alice Notley, Bernadette Mayer. Even when months went by without reading one of Ginsberg's poems, I always felt he was there with me and in the poems I was reading, a gorgeous contamination. Returning to Ginsberg's poems was never disappointing. Years later, after countless rereadings, his poems still feel *hot* to me, infectious, infected, propelling. His poems invite me to keep writing, to write longer, to write messier, to write more authentically, with more ego and more humility, with everything I have and about everything I am.

My conception of poetry is inspired and ineluctably bound up in my (mis)understandings of Ginsberg's work and life. I embrace a libidinous, expansive, socially aware poetics of opposition and love. It took years for the word "poet" to engender a mental image of someone who looked like me—a mother-writer, her young children in the next room or in the same room or climbing all over her. But I think that because my earliest "poet" chimera was *not* a consumptive poet alone in a dank room with a bit of candle but was, rather, a delirious bearded, smiling, ranting man, a shy but outspoken Jewish bard, always in the *midst* and

*among*—this made me feel that I, too, could be a poet!

For years I felt afraid of Sylvia Plath and Anne Sexton, distant from Elizabeth Bishop and Marianne Moore, and even if I liked some of their poems, I felt ignored (or reviled) by writers like T. S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, Wallace Stevens, William Carlos Williams, and Robert Lowell. But Allen was a good mother to me. He invited me into the kitchen of poetry and made me a sandwich. He offered a messy, imperfect, inclusive, exuberant, erotic (we both like men) kind of poetry that I could share. I didn't end up dropping acid or dropping out or living on an ashram. I never left New York for San Francisco or Boulder. In a way, Ginsberg was a good mother because I didn't feel that I had to (or could) be him (or like him) in order to be worthy, in order to be worth something as a poet or a person. Loving Ginsberg didn't mean I had to be Beat or be Buddhist. Loving Ginsberg meant that I had to be very big and very small, mindful and connected.

What a delight it is to read these old-new poems! It's a bit like watching a memorial slide show of someone I loved dearly. How beautiful he was in younger years! How innocent-looking! How wise! One marvels at what has come back into fashion or never went out of fashion, at the images that feel familiar but are, actually, seen for the first time. "Of course! one thinks. Or, "I never knew!" I'm so grateful for these unearthed poems, for the *moreness* of them, which is not just memory but new connection, new discovery. I love Ginsberg's fearsome prolificity, but the massiveness of his published oeuvre makes it difficult to get a sense of Ginsberg's development across time. What a pleasure it is to journey through this substantial (but manageable) temporal road trip of a collection and watch Ginsberg break (through) lines like "Ready are we to meet the challenge hurled: / 'To battle, conquer, and rebuild the world.'" Ginsberg knows, early on, that his throat "was tight, as if to choke / My tongue from talk; though in my ear / The bawdy brawl was ringing clear." We get to hear Ginsberg start singing. We see him "wake to see the world go wild" as he writes his "own physical eternity."

I love the tonal range of this collection, which includes euphoric lines like "I am Bard to my own nature nameless as the very Vast I look at" (from the marvelous poem "After Wales Visitacione July 29 1967") and doleful lines like "Melancholy to sit here middle-aged / with worn sleeve & hairy hand / exposed, alone" (from the sad, cinematic, Hopperesque poem "Cleveland Airport"). I love these poems' inclusion of so many of Ginsberg's friends (as direct collaborators or dedicatees), of Whitman (so present he feels nearly word-made-flesh), of John Ashbery, Frank O'Hara, Kenneth Koch, Bob Creeley, Charles Olson, Amiri Baraka, Gregory Corso, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Bob Dylan, Gary Snyder, Anne Waldman, Ted Berrigan, Ron Padgett, Susan Sontag, Carl Solomon, and others. I love the way Ginsberg always cares *deeply* about *everything*, but never takes himself too seriously: "And I— / 'Om Om Om' etc— / repeat my prayers / after devouring the *NY Post* / in tears—."

I love the short, haiku-like poems: "Awakened at dawn trying to run away— / Got caught in dream / shop-lifting" or the poem "Trungpa Lectures" which reads, in its entirety:

*Now that bow arrow brush & fan are balanced in the hand*

*—What about a glass of water?—*

*Holding my cock to pee, the Atlantic gushes out.*

*Sitting down to eat, Sun and Moon fill the plate.*

And then there are the mini-epics and the awesome “New York to San Fran,” a bird’s-eye coast-to-coast view, an ode not only to America but to “vastitude” itself. I’m so glad Bill Morgan included the unabashedly sexual “[Poem]” that begins “Bebbe put me on your lap .. alongside the sweet birthday poem to seventy-seven-year-old Marianne Moore. The personal, the political, the physical, and the spiritual—it is the tangle of these life forces, an awareness that these are not even, ever separable, that is quintessential Ginsberg.

I am struck (but not, happily, struck dumb) by the alarming timeliness of this collection, which decries police violence, racism, class oppression, and the prison industrial system: “Crazy cars roam the landscape lonesome scared of your police”; “freedom of speech / I’m an average citizen / scared of the cops”; “What divine congressional investigation will ever undo / all these decades of calumny, injustice, / brainwash, jail?”; “Remember pain suffering you caused others Power Head! / Stop & Frisk laws on your deathbed conscience!” This collection reminds us that we are still, too often, “unsuspecting mortals poisoning their air”; that our news isn’t new.

I laughed out loud at the very first poem in this collection. Written the same year my mother was born, I had no idea who Gordon Canfield was (until I read the notes) but was startled by how current the poem feels as we approach the 2016 election. Later the same day my son asked me what I’d do if Donald Trump was elected (I fervently hope that seventy-three years from now no one will know who Trump was). “What would I do?” I asked. “Yeah,” said my son. What was he expecting me to say, that we’d move to Canada? That I’d stop everything and—”Mom,” my son said, “Trump said a woman nursing her baby is disgusting!” I thought of Ginsberg. “I guess I’ll eviscerate Trump in a poem?”

Ginsberg reminds me to write with my friends (even the dead ones), even poets I never met (like Ginsberg). He reminds me to have fun, to be serious, to be angry. He reminds me to meditate under the clouds, to give our crooked politicians a what-for, to wonder why the “White / bankers, politicians, police & armies” still control almost everything. Ginsberg reminds me to “come back to my body,” to fight the “misery ... created / to drown the joy of chant / of all our souls.” Ginsberg’s prescient poems didn’t “work” in the sense that they didn’t end the inequities he railed against. We need these poems now more than ever. This collection reminds me that our war on terror is a war of terror, and, as Ginsberg says, “War is black magic.”

In an age so full of fear, so obsessed with quarantine, isolation, and self-protection, an age in which educators are instructed to provide trigger warnings to students about potentially disturbing material in the classroom and our government issues color-coded advisories about our current threat-level, Ginsberg’s poems remind us that art *must* infect, contaminate, upset, disturb, question, invade, threaten, and excite. Ginsberg’s poems have always done that and continue to do so. They are dangerous. They are fearless. We need them.

—Rachel Zuck

Gathering all of Allen Ginsberg's poetry into one place is not a new idea by any means. Ginsberg himself considered doing just that in 1960, when he had been publishing his work for little more than a decade. Yet for one reason or another it wasn't until 1984 that his first "collected" edition of poetry was released by Harper & Row. Even at that point it contained little more than half his poetic output, while weighing in at over 800 pages. At the time of his death in 1997 the collected was enlarged to nearly 1,200 pages to accommodate his last published books, but nothing was done to gather Ginsberg's stray poems until now.

More than anything else, Allen Ginsberg was a steady and prolific poet, and his poetry chronicled his busy life. He wrote incessantly for more than fifty years, from the early 1940s until a few days before his death in April 1997. He was extremely generous with his work, often composing poetry on demand, although he disliked the pressure that put him under. In the wee hours of the night he wrote poems that would be sent off in the morning to support a cause or encourage young students to write poetry. Sometimes he would send his first and only copy, so that he didn't even have a complete record himself of all he had written. At times he grew weary of the work and complained that he was overburdened, but the complaint often took the shape of a poem itself. Once he wrote back to one of his solicitors, "Want more poems? Wait till I'm dead," and from that note comes the title of this book.

There were hundreds of poems composed and never collected, poems spanning the broad range of his life and career. Ginsberg loved gathering his works together. He kept copies of his essays, his interviews, his music, and his speeches and organized them in large file cabinets in his office. I spent most of the 1980s and 1990s helping him organize his journals, press clippings, manuscripts, and correspondence, as well as his enormous photography archive. It was always with the knowledge that some day they would be made available, another example of his generous nature. So it gives me great pleasure to once again work on a project that Allen would have loved — collecting the uncollected.

### **A Note on the Arrangement of Texts**

Ginsberg saw his first collected poems as an autobiography, and so it is with these materials. They should be read as an extension of that and as such they are also in chronological order as much as possible. Virtually everything that Ginsberg created was kept in chronological order from notebooks to fan mail and continuing that practice seems to make sense here too. In so doing notes have been added where necessary to help place the poetry into the context of Ginsberg's life, not to explain the poems per se. Allen pointed out that his poetic energy was cyclic, that every few years his creative powers would ebb and flow, and this collection also displays "a panorama of valleys and plateaus," as he put it. The reader will be overjoyed to find so many strong, fresh poems that never made it into the collections published during his more fertile periods of inspiration.

### **A Note on the Selection of Texts**

All of Ginsberg's most successful poems were attempts to capture his spontaneous thoughts and insights, what he called "ordinary mind." Composed in that way, in the act of "catching himself thinking," it remained for me only to select the very best examples of his mind at work. This was achieved through careful reading and rereading of texts, whittling the mass down to those poems that best achieved that goal. If the mind was shapely, the art created by that mind would also be shapely was his creed. It also gave this editor the opportunity to reexamine every uncollected poem and select only the best from the entire span of his life without regard to subject matter. So here we follow his creative genius from his earliest political satire at the expense of his local congressman Gordon Canfield through his own "on the road" experiences worldwide. We conclude with his personal thoughts on mortality as he watched himself and his close friends such as Carl Solomon grow old and die.

## Footnotes

Extensive notes, also something much favored by Ginsberg, follow at the end of the book so as not to interrupt the texts. The notes will aid in placing the poems into the context of their contemporary worlds. Ginsberg often quoted Heraclitus by saying "You can't step into the same river twice," here meaning that with the passage of time memory fades, while history and meaning evolve. These notes may help put specific references into the context of their times or lead interested readers to additional information. Younger readers may not recall that Richard Nixon was vice president of the United States twenty years before Watergate, for instance. A note explaining the importance of the Dasaswamedh Ghat to Ginsberg's development of a philosophy of life or why he sometimes referred to himself as the King of May might also save a lot of electronic trips to planet Google. Some notes might reveal the circumstances that led him to write particular poems too. I find it interesting to know his poem "The World's an Illusion" was written for high school students in New Jersey in 1971. Further notes acknowledge the original publication data for many poems, if and when they are known.

Within the texts of *Collected Poems*, Ginsberg made some alterations to previously published work. Not having Ginsberg here as the final arbiter, I have not made changes to either the texts or the layouts of the poetry. Some typographical errors and an occasional misspelling have been corrected whenever these errors seemed unintentional.

—Bill Morg





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**Rep Gordon Canfield**  
*(Mine Own Dear Congressman)*

Canfield votes like a  
Typical politician,  
Guided strictly by  
November Intuition.  
For Canfield is  
But half a man—  
The other half  
Republican.

—New Jersey, ca. Fall 19

Published in: *Columbia Jester*, vol. 43, no. 1 (October 1943), p. 10.

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## [Poem]

We leave the youthful pennants and the books,  
Discard the little compasses and rulers,  
We open up our eyes and test our souls,  
Prepare ourselves to wield more mighty tools.

Abandon dusty tales of history,  
Of good King Arthur's Knights and Kubla Khan,  
We wake, and enter now the world to find  
A living tumult in the struggle of man.

For these are giant times, and history  
Is fashioned as the minutes burn away.  
Buildings of old beliefs are being bombed  
And rotted walls are crumbling down today.  
Ready are we to meet the challenge hurled:  
"To battle, conquer, and rebuild the world."

—New Jersey, ca. 19

Published in: *Senior Mirror* (June 1943), p. 63.

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## A Night in the Village

(With Edgar Allen Ginsberg)

In Greenwich Village, night had come.  
The darkened alleyways were dumb —  
The only voices we could hear  
Were lonely echoes, sounding clear  
From basement bars, where reddish light  
Obscenely sweated in the night,  
Where neons called to passers-by  
“Enter, drink, and dream a lie,  
Escape the street’s reality,  
Drink gin and immortality.”

I smiled to my comrades two:  
We found a door and entered through;  
We stumbled to a smokey brawl,  
Reality fled beyond recall.  
We sat down jesting, wit in flower,  
Disputed wildly, burned the hour;  
We drank a river of delight,  
While pleasure’s flame was kindled bright;  
Memory came, and memory flew,  
Dreams were lost, and born anew ...

Suddenly it seemed, I woke —  
My throat was tight, as if to choke  
My tongue from talk; though in my ear  
The bawdy brawl was ringing clear,  
Its meaning I no longer guessed;  
My heart was thundering in my breast.  
I looked up horrified to see  
Eternity glaring down at me!  
I looked about in wild alarm —  
Death met my glance. He raised his arm:  
Futility, mirrored everyplace,  
Dwelled in every person’s face —  
In every visage was that taint.  
Underneath a woman’s paint,  
Undisguised by colored lead,

Leered a mocking white Death's head.  
Under the lurid light, the room  
Was flushed with shame and vivid doom.

---

Reflected in a whiskey glass,  
Fate's yellow eyes were molten brass;  
In undertones, beneath a note,  
Death spoke out of the singer's throat;  
While, staring through a drunkard's eyes,  
Fate confounded drinker's lies:  
For all the drinks that they had tried,  
Death still sat there at their side.  
And Death peered with contemptuous calm  
From the barman's open palm.  
Thus, waiting patiently, alas,  
Conferring there, and clinking glass,  
And toasting Death, their drinking mate,  
Bent Time, Futility, and Fate.

A woman's laughter rent the gloom —  
And back came once again the room.

—New York, Spring 19

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## Epitaph for a Suicide

A weary lover  
Once he was,  
Who wept as only  
A lover does.

Or laughed as only  
A lover must.  
Now his mouth  
Is ringed with dust.

The credit's his —  
He was quite brave,  
To shut his loving  
In his grave.

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## Epitaph for a Poet

This single pleasure  
I have had:  
I sang a song  
When I was sad.

But since my lips  
Would rot, in time,  
I put my singing  
In a rhyme.

On other lips  
My songs will ring,  
Now I am dead  
And must not sing.

—New York, August 20, 1955

“Epitaph for a Suicide” was published in: Allen Ginsberg, *The Book of Martyrdom and Artifice* (DaCapo Press, 2006). “Epitaph for a Poet” was published in: *Columbia Jester*, vol. 43, no. 9 (October 1944), p. 13.

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## Song

Winds around the beaches blow:  
Things being as they are, although  
Half clearly understood, and I  
Uncurious of mystery;

Such thoughts as once were my despair,  
— The frantic sea, the silent air,  
The changing moon, the frigid shore —  
I find delight me more and more.

I had not dreamed the sea so deep,  
The earth so dark; so long my sleep,  
I have become another child.  
I wake to see the world go wild.

—ca. 19

Published in: *Columbia Review*, vol. 27, no. 3 (February 1947), p. 32.

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[Poem]

To live and deal with life as if it were a stone.  
Time like a turning stone that grinds my bones.  
Time is a dog that gnaws my bones  
and grinds my soul to sticks and stones

It's not mere time  
that pricks my pride;  
Just let my bones  
Be satisfied.

—May 21, 19

Published in: James E. B. Breslin, *From Modern to Contemporary*. (University of Chicago Press, June 1984), p. 88.



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