



Buddha's Birthday 1970

—John Zanzal

Staying and Going



Is it time yet for the beginning of the end? Is it wise to say that all will end in good or is it foolish to say that it will not?

For lo, the once mystic and moving invisible air has become visible in its foulness and substantial in its poison.

The rabid dog of filth is lapping at the last clean shores.

Men are carrying flags and crying America, America, that know only old wives tales of her.

Young barbarians speak of love and peace and carry clubs and torches.

Mothers say, "the pope has spoken" and lie down to spread the choking cancer of mankind.

Moderns speak of progress and try to heave the rising black back into the mud.

People speak of Jesus and in their fervor throw another faggot on the fire.

We cannot stay and be a part in these things and we cannot go and be apart from them. We who are tired of the clash of history have our own hands on the noisy cymbals of today. If we are not for, we must be against. If we are not against, we must be for. Dialectics be damned. Good and evil be damned. Old and young be damned. Left and right be damned. "Walls do not a prison make" even if there are twenty sides. I will be free.

If we don't understand, let us sit down and have the passionate armies of fools fall over us. If we do understand, let us go where we will, even if the army of fools falls on us to kill.

A friend who is going knows these things, but he will be staying, for love is here. I will be staying, for love is here, but I will be going because I know these things. The third force is a tiny heartbeat in a dark distance, but it grows.

Fred Joy