For Allen Ginsberg

By X J Kennedy

Ginsberg, Ginsberg, burning bright,
    Taunter of the ultra right,
    What blink of the Buddha’s eye
    Chose the day for you to die?

Queer pied piper, howling wild,
    Mantra-minded flower child,
    Queen of Maytime, misrule’s lord
    Bawling, Drop out! All aboard!

Finger-cymbaled, chanting Om,
    Foe of fascist, bane of bomb,
    Proper poets’ thorn-in-side,
    Turn of a whole time’s tide,

Who can fill your sloppy shoes?
    What a catch for Death. We lose
    Glee and sweetness, freaky light,
    Ginsberg, Ginsberg, burning bright.


Source: The Lords of Misrule (2002)