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,
  Turner 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)