

THE BET

(Poems in memory of Jim Morrison,
American Poet)

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*Drawing of Jim Morrison by Michael
O'Leary*

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∞ HE CAME IN THROUGH
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(in memory of Jim Morrison, 1943-1971)

He came in through the out door
Dressed in the freedom
Of the Sixties revolution

He came in through the out door
To taunt us with musical power
And poetic exuberance

Then he left through the out door
The in door of the out door
The siamese exit we all must tread

∞ THE BET ∞

Jim you died
and left behind
a legacy
i now find

you said, 'drugs are a bet with the
mind.'
i say 'your life was a bet with death.'

∞ ABOUT JIM MORRISON ∞

Tongues swimming to and fro confront the eagles
And soar over enchanted lies
Destroying ancient cities in the wreck of life
Let the Indians dance and chant their cries

Travel with him to break on through
To the other side of his subconscious life
Jim Morrison was the lizard king alone
In the desert of acid reunion during strife

Alone in the night to fly the devil's kite
He stood tall in a statue of stoned bleeding flesh
The lizard never knew his parents were dead
Awash in the bath with his thoughts seemingly afresh

The doors led to the pure fibre of disorder
The king lives inside the room's path

∞ FOR JIM MORRISON REVISITED ∞

Ride the snake,
in the doors he bathed,
let the holy water soak his body

Ride the snake,
in the bath of death,
see the Shaman as the Satyr

Ride the snake,
in a desert's fix,
hear the Ancient Redskins' rhyme

Ride the snake,
on the beach he laughed,
join the lizard valley tribe

Ride the snake,
into love and despair,
Jim Morrison loved death and fear...

∞ I AM A SWEET PAPOOSE ∞

*“I am a sweet papoose
Under watchful eyes
Of the Shaman’s noose
And my father’s cries” –*

– Sounds belie the cynic’s plan
Jim was the papoose inside his clan
Together the Shaman was nigh
And the cult is an intellectual lie

∞ A MOROSE FAVOUR ∞

Tempt not the gatekeeper to the labyrinth
For he's touring amongst motels, money,
murder, madness

Isn't Los Angeles a grand knot
Tied within Satyr fucking nymphs...

❧ I AM TROUBLED ❧

(after a poem by Jim Morrison)

I am troubled
immeasurably
by his eyes

and his soft spoken
feather replies

but never
have I stopped
to wonder why

his eyes startle me
with such exquisite
surprise

∞ MAY HE LAY ∞

*The stoned idol
who sang the 'Roadhouse Blues'*

*may he lay
with Jimi and Janis*

*may he lay
may he lay
away from the hell
he called the American night'...*

∞ THE DEATH OF JIM MORRISON ∞

I

JUDGE

This court is in session. All Rise.

(Hateful eyes survey the Judge.)

Shall we start?

*And then her thigh speaks
and a lush rain forest
weeps with pain*

*And then his cock inserts
the American night
full of death's innuendoes*



JUDGE

Will the Prosecutor please address the witness
Who's taking the minutes?
Please be quiet! Order,
Order in the Court!

*And then her groan echoed
and the moon bellowed
down, fresh but ordinary*

*And then his peverted mind
stroked the erotic tumour
of comaland*



JUDGE

Counselor, do you wish to cross-examine
the witness?

All objections will be denied...

*And then her breasts laughed
coy, cocky and brash*

And then he left to fuck death with his life

JUDGE

A short recess will be taken

The jury will now leave to decide their verdict
Court will reconvene shortly for sentencing...

*And then her exotic body flinched
from aggressive muscle contractions*

*And then his bath ran, with stillborn
water, the shady stream of Pluto...*



II

(After recess Judge gives his verdict)

(Judge turns around to see the startled Jim Morrison)

JUDGE/REAPER

Welcome, friend:

I find you guilty on two counts
of trying to love
and trying to die...

