

A PICTURE OF THE GONE WORLD

Dada would have liked a day like this
with its various very realistic
unrealities
each about to become
too real for its locality
which is never quite remote enough
to be Bohemia

Dada would have loved a day like this
with its light-bulb sun
which shines so differently
for different people
but which still shines the same
on everyone
and on everything

such as

a bird on a bench about to sing
a plane in a gilded cloud

a dishpan hand
waving at a window

or a phone about to ring

or a mouth about to give up
smoking

or a new newspaper
with its new news story
of a cancerous dancer

Yes Dada would have died for a day like this
with its sweet street carnival

and its too real funeral

just passing thru it
with its real dead dancer

so beautiful and dumb
in her shroud

and her last lover lost

in the unlonely crowd

and its dancer's darling baby

about to say Dada

and its passing priest

about to pray

Dada

and offer his so transcendental

apologies

Yes Dada would have loved a day like this

with its not so accidental

analogies



PLATE II