

GROWL

I

I saw the best musicians of my generation destroyed by drivel,
gorging insensitive oblivious,
lining themselves at the trough of popularity looking for a quick buck,
haloed hypocrites on fire with the heavenly Muse,
connected to the legacy of a thousand influences,
who prostituted and buggered the smoking geniuses
producing the artistic heat of an Arctic iceberg,
who bared their souls (apparently) and saw the bitterness and angst of the
Queen Elizabeth era but left only vapid rhythms of how to love her madly,
who growled quasi-existentialist prattle questioning the balance, citing Timothy Leary
and seeking the lost chord,
who joined the tillerman for tea soaring with flair exploring the wild world of dreams
and nightmares only to yield to Buddha and bull shit,
who stroked the velvet underbelly of the star-making machinery, loaded with
unrecognition and heroin, unable to cope with the 70s,
who sank beneath their precocious, prolific repertoire, no longer on the ball, imagining
only insipid revisitations of others, slipping into mediocrity,
a lost regiment of star-seekers who could not rise above the clouds, slick with the oil
of an American president, flying low
rocks and toys the only sparks before Sgt. Pepper revisited
with more rocks running out of time, arguing it's only rock and roll,
dancing in the moonlight for stellar weeks with a brown-eyed beauty, crazy in love
weaving a rich tapestry, better late than never, filled with earth-shaking notes
and heartfelt assertions
whole geniuses stinging the populous with synchronous solo indulgence, babbling
about Russians
who shocked the folks speaking of changing times, romancing layered blondes
at oddly named avenues
who achieved royalty and shook up the world, surrendering to no one
who loafed jazzy and commercial through New York seeking Kooper's bluesy
recognition but moving to Chicago instead,
who baked the pie and painted the painter then washed the colours down the drain,
starving and artless, leaving us crying
who disappeared into the cavity of the surf after blurting domestic animal utterances
to an awed quartet
who creamed the crop with a slow hand, fantasizing of George's love, buoyed by
ejaculating melancholy,
who looked sharp reading Sunday papers, burning with the jealous wrath of the
weepingly deprived, screwing jazz and classical at subsequent street corners,
who invented the metallic state with ebony canines and cries of miscommunication,

leaving us dazed and confused,
who was next in line after Tommy lamenting the loss of adolescent innocence and
coughing up hopeless fruit of the forbidden tree
who moaned of a mature love, a head-kicker, a bed-wrecker, faces at his beck and call,
telling a story with not a dull moment.

II

What Circe seduced their minds and fed off their lethargic ennui, initiated barter with
the devil, leaving them soul-less?
Insight! Style! Fresh rhythms! Cutting edge visions of life! Gone unclaimed,
drowned by sluggish hedonism.

III

Sweet inspiration! I'm with you in Rock and Roll Land
where you must rail as I against the waste
I'm with you in Rock and Roll Land
where you and I can share the ever so brief flashes of brilliance
I'm with you in Rock and Roll Land
where in my dreams you walk again,
but this time you have come to stay.