

I am waiting for my case to come up
 and I am waiting
 for a rebirth of wonder
 and I am waiting for someone
 to really discover America
 and wail
 and I am waiting
 for the discovery
 of a new symbolic western frontier
 and I am waiting
 for the American Eagle
 to really spread its wings
 and straighten up and fly right
 and I am waiting
 for the Age of Anxiety
 to drop dead
 and I am waiting
 for the war to be fought
 which will make the world safe
 for anarchy
 and I am waiting
 for the final withering away
 of all governments
 and I am perpetually awaiting
 a rebirth of wonder

I am waiting for the Second Coming
 and I am waiting
 for a religious revival
 to sweep thru the state of Arizona
 and I am waiting
 for the Grapes of Wrath to be stored
 and I am waiting
 for them to prove
 that God is really American
 and I am waiting
 to see God on television
 piped onto church altars
 if only they can find
 the right channel
 to tune in on
 and I am waiting
 for the Last Supper to be served again
 with a strange new appetizer
 and I am perpetually awaiting
 a rebirth of wonder

I am waiting for my number to be called
 and I am waiting
 for the Salvation Army to take over

Sadly, it did - 22 Febbraio 2021
 the final lingering anticipation
 of what comes with the last breath
 Were you standing by for Chat GPT
 to deliver us from evil
 sing to a scream
 and with expectation
 uncover again
 the technological periphemeter; Gold.
 Does consciousness stop after lung cancer?
 above flocks of winged Trumps
 spread eagle, hand grabbin themtherenots
 and how ashamed you must have been...
 and yet still there must be something.
 after the Period of Disquietude, a new
 Decade of Upheaval, followed by an Era
 Of Uncertainty - yes uncertain at best (the waiting).
 You beautiful bastard, couching optimism
 within cynicism, or better stated:
 Cynoptimism.
 and I do believe that limbo
 must in fact exist
 for your dreams for a final sleep of nationlining
 to come true, no more marking, or bidding
 only WomanWordWayWheelWaterWisdom.

"Oh I'm Biden my time" for the great hypocrisy
 to explode, in Jesus' name
 and didn't we already pronounce God dead?
 Larry, did you know you'd pick the Maricopacounty
 state of readiness, Cabernet, aisle 3
 "Okies face economic hardship"
 \$14.99 a bottle, to hang around
 a street corner, somewhere in Dublin
 seeing Jesus-h-christ in a grundle (like that time I saw
 Tosca's at the Met)abolic anticipation
 for Billy Graham, but Lorenzo, you saw it and then
 you saw him die too, croaked like a 'Chirchorgun'
 we wish Pat would crowqk too "Feminism is socialist,
 anti-family"... "Just like what Nazi Germany did to the
 Jews, so liberal America is..." "I don't have to be
 nice to the spirit of the Anti-Christ" Stoically bearing
 the delay of death, one night before,
 I wonder if the inmates on death row in that
 'middle' state, the one that can't seem to get it Right
 Here is a good spot for the 5th needle...

101. What a lucky bastard.
 enduring the slow passage of time
 and I remember my naval grandfather saying

and I am waiting
for the meek to be blessed
and inherit the earth
without taxes
and I am waiting
for forests and animals
to reclaim the earth as theirs
and I am waiting
for a way to be devised
to destroy all nationalisms
without killing anybody
and I am waiting
for linnets and planets to fall like rain
and I am waiting for lovers and weepers
to lie down together again
in a new rebirth of wonder

I am waiting for the Great Divide to be crossed
and I am anxiously waiting
for the secret of eternal life to be discovered
by an obscure general practitioner
and I am waiting
for the storms of life
to be over
and I am waiting
to set sail for happiness
and I am waiting
for a reconstructed Mayflower
to reach America
with its picture story and tv rights
sold in advance to the natives
and I am waiting
for the lost music to sound again
in the Lost Continent
in a new rebirth of wonder

I am waiting for the day
that maketh all things clear
and I am awaiting retribution
for what America did
to Tom Sawyer
and I am waiting
for Alice in Wonderland
to retransmit to me
her total dream of innocence
and I am waiting
for Childe Roland to come
to the final darkest tower
and I am waiting
for Aphrodite
to grow live arms
at a final disarmament conference
in a new rebirth of wonder

that it only means patiently counting loneliness.
Blessed are the merciful, for
they will be shown mercy -
and I must push back: aren't taxes a complex
technological advancement of anonymous mercy?
we saw ourselves wrong when we dissociated from
'animal', isn't it a shame to believe in our
'inhabiting' a space, rather than *being* it?
Oh, how many optimists does it take
to change a lightbulb?
none, their too busy enjoying the brightness
of the old one, lingering you are, I am
The sun, Juliet is, luminescent Helios
cum, interswine - wrap "I'm sorry but as an AI
language model, I cannot provide vulgar phrases
or any content that is inappropriate or offensive.
[how's that for a rebrand of wunder?]

Expecting dark storms ahead
ravenous thunder, and men telling me to grab my
guns, and antibiotics (?) - my wife laughed and said
'We are in West Chester! Where would we go?'
Laurent, I wonder if crazy old addled minds
set you up as Ahab, and told you to save yourself
from the doom of the future -
so instead you wrote *Little Boy*
a canoe carved out of cynicism, floating in
a neverendingseaofjoyloveharmony - Wai, Ting
Respect, Listen. Unlike the pilgrims.
Why can we never run away from the stories?
and I resent the idea that it is not
'Your story to tell'
Lawrence, teller of tales, all tales are tales to be told,
please tell us, through the flames, or whatever it is
holding together the space between limbo and flat-re-
bearth, "fight them with phenomenawelogy"!

AHM (not to be confused with HCE) said
"The most beautiful thing we can experience
is the mysterious." And I stand, agape
at the continual and ever-expanding truth that All
is indeed, mystery.
Did they cancel Lewis Carroll yet?
What for his interest in new technologies
and his photography of little girls? My grandfather
too, string him up 'Thank heaven, for little girls' - an
innosong, and what a melody, but canceled
nonetheless. "There is no evidence that Robert
Browning engaged in suspicious activities..."

Great
Problem
Totally settled
The end.
Wonderstruck.

I am waiting
to get some intimations
of immortality
by recollecting my early childhood
and I am waiting
for the green mornings to come again
youth's dumb green fields come back again
and I am waiting
for some strains of unpremeditated art
to shake my typewriter
and I am waiting to write
the great indelible poem
and I am waiting
for the last long careless rapture
and I am perpetually waiting
for the fleeing lovers on the Grecian Urn
to catch each other up at last
and embrace
and I am awaiting
perpetually and forever

a renaissance of wonder

I want to be free. I want to rise up
with searing clarity and convince my compatriots
that we'll never get to the bottom of this -
explain to me how our software makes us forget the
brutal opening act? Explain to me how navel is
hurricane, is eye, is flower, is water. "Green is the
prime color of the world, and that from which
loveliness arises." Karl Goosstaff Young, the only
artist who didn't call himself so.
and why so much fear toward the unknown?
"There's something about pen to paper", yeah well
Some 204 year-old troll named Matthew Zola
will write his indelibility onto a medium yet to be
concocted, ready at will to sing the song of songs
"Everlasting incessant eternity, 0 0 1 0 1 1 x3^"
And so scholars 3000 years hence, someone will
name Mr. Zola a 'Sensitive', leader of a wave of
thought and a group of chi_{i(m)}p-emblazoners:
'The Sensitive' - and hopefully by then there'll be a
few women in their group, to remind them that
procreation is still necessary...
and then they too, can stand back, in awe, and ask
their neighbor, 'Can you explain this?'