

Yani Nicholson
Patchwork Poem
Ms. Sauve
October 24th, 2014

Man of All

Only a hero could deserve such love (W.H. Auden)
Now finite man with all his infinite dreaming (Louis Ginsberg)
Guard[s] my peaceful life with guns (George Johnston)
Endure it still, [he does,] a bloodless civil bore (Earle Birney)

But ah, my foes, and oh, my friends, (Edna St Vincent Millay)
There's a race of men that don't fit in (Robert Service)
The dark brilliance of the Mystery (Jack Kerouac)
Now seeps into the mind and lays its poison (Raymond Souster)

There are many cumbersome ways to kill a man: (Edwin Brock)
And [leave] secret witnesses (Jack Kerouac)
[Alas,] society has good intentions (Jack Kerouac)
[To] live for survival, not for "kicks" (Jack Kerouac)

While this America settles in the [mould] of its vulgarity... (Robinson Jeffers)
This Transcendental Brilliance (Jack Kerouac)
[Decides] Life or Death (Duncan Campbell Scott)
Who made him my enemy? (Ralph Pomeroy)

Was he free? Was he happy? The question is absurd: (W.H. Auden)
I see the armies of faces (Jack Kerouac)
From other bodies [to] yours (Jack Kerouac)
My [humanity] is utterly taken by... man (Ralph Gustafson)