

New Poem by Howard McCord

Contributed by Howard McCord

Los Angeles is the Benares by Howard McCord Of the West; it is America's Holiest City. No single part is more Sacred than the rest. In the ante-chamber of the San Fernando Valley, All the angels which dance on the spire Of City Hall, dance also, Gravely and simultaneously In the strange mind of Warren Beatty, Who dotes on a single poet. The same angels dance as dance In Venice and on the harbor's quays. Along Sepulveda The yogins smile at shopkeepers And at five o'clock cluster along the sidewalk, Kif-smoke rising in pious ejaculations. The city's river, an introverted Ganga {Neti, not a river, Neti, not this} Is a thwart-running spinal Column to the body perpendicular. I bathe my soul there Every dawn, a concrete mirror Reflecting all. At Varanasi, the burning ghats Translate our bodies Into smoke. Here the Holy Sun And Coppertone are the Unguents of transformation. This is not mockery, But a firm persuasion of the wit That's known to all. Dissemblance is in your eyes. Sri Lanka lies off Santa Monica. I see it now. Its beaches burn against the sky.