

THE NEW BEING

They'd make you believe that your problem is one of sex,
That men and women have mysteriously become
Strange and fearful to one another - sick, diseased, cold -
And that is true. But no loss of a father-image or of
Any other image, did this. Why don't you face the truth for once?
You have accepted the whole filthy, murderous swindle without
A word of protest, hated whomever you were told to hate,
Slaughtered whomever you were told to slaughter; you've lied;
Cheated, made the earth stink with your very presence - Why
Shouldn't you despise and hate one another? Why shouldn't
Your flesh crawl everytime you touch one another?
Why should you expect to make /love/ in a bed fouled with corpses?

Oh, you poor, weak little frauds, sucking around
Frantically for something to ease your guilt -
Why don't you face it?
Your birthright, liferight,
Deathright, and now your
Sexright, you've lost. What
Did you expect? How
Else could it be? You've
Made property and money your only gods -
Well, this is their rule,
This is what you wanted.
And now they'll wipe you out.
Why don't you face it?
Stop sucking around.
Your pet witch-doctors can't help you,
They're all sick from the same thing.
Your pompous intellectuals can't help you,
They're all sick from the same thing.
Your sly, vicious statesmen can't help you,
They're all sick from the same thing.
Why don't you face it?

No, your problem is not one of sex -
Your problem is that you have betrayed your animal
Into hands as cruel and bloody as your own.
Man is dead.
I don't know what kind of thing you are.

Kenneth Patchen
SELECTED POEMS
New Directions