

## **\*Footnote to a Postmodern Law Journal**

(Upon Visiting the New York Law School, April 1997)

April (no longer cruel)

poetry and soy product month

I visited yer school quaffed swimming pool

sized beer dithering in men's room<sup>1</sup>

in shadow of JFKJ's cool

intaglio eyes.

Rode cab back to East 57<sup>th</sup> and Second Avenue  
with mad Eastern-Euro taxi artist spoke of poesy  
and El Greco quickly realize shared mind frenzy  
throwing theory at one another like goo.

He wouldn't talk about himself but for money  
I gave him 5 grand I kept in my sock for such  
contingencies<sup>2</sup> funny we didn't want the ride to end  
and when it did he looked at me with pieta eyes.<sup>3</sup>

Later I walked 42<sup>nd</sup> Street looking like poet walking 42<sup>nd</sup> Street:

O market place of ADULT VIDEOS and  
confusion you have become too clean<sup>4</sup> for me I wept  
lugubrious impermeable membrane sterile tears.

I had this dream: law students naked embracing  
stalagmites in warm cave of Platonic ideals in thermal  
justice of Mother's womb and somnolent breasts.

This just in:

Professor Pausesnore, legal mandarin, Master

Beta-Tester for Fortune 500 company

theoretical manifest destiny apologetical say:

All good things come to those what born wid  
brains and no scruples  
or money and no pupils  
and if you gots both you'll become the Host!!

Someday I shall whisper into ear of Justice  
Scalia: Human being is volatile organic  
compound be gentle!

Markets are dreams  
turned inside out  
the preference  
mapping  
of each soul  
an intricate patchwork  
quilt and I am guilty as  
next economist of violating  
the sanctity of the convex  
function which describes your  
furtive smile : )

"In Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
A stately pleasure-dome decree:"<sup>5</sup>

I went inside Chrysler building  
to get luminous details  
so could write a poem to this most  
noble of mankind's structures  
and they are:

1. **no brochure, info. or anything and**
2. **observation deck been closed for 60 years!**<sup>6</sup>

*O hypodermic to the sky/Chrysler building/my oh my*

**DANGER! SIGN ERECTIONS ON BROADWAY!**

Let's discuss the Metropolitan Museum of Art  
where my favorite work was the NAME  
of Norwegian painter:

Odd Nerdrum<sup>7</sup> –

And all those rooms filled with nothing  
That can advance the material conditions  
Of the human race  
But art, poor pathetic art  
Languid eternal slacker of  
Minds internal eye  
Nefarious drunkard child  
Copious reasons to expire  
Living hand to mouth constantly  
Risking absurdity on Larry's wire

Meanwhile the aged professor  
writes on his student's paper:

O beauteous student I long to brush  
the back of my hand gently cross your cheek  
I shall design for you a course of study so  
sublime that you shall weep at the end of  
every class.<sup>8</sup>

On the train home I read *Howl* – Uncle Al I'll miss you so  
but we shared time in the Village tho<sup>9</sup>  
The next day is a Sunday and  
I go to a poetry reading and when  
I come home my wife is crying, my  
wife who hates most sports -- golf in  
particular -- is crying cause Tiger Woods  
has won the Masters. Tiger Woods son  
of African-Asian Americans (who would be  
outcast half-breed in most countries on this  
Earth) stands triumphant waving his smile and  
endorsements about in frenzy of real American  
fantasy come true O Rosa Parks what made you  
take that seat was it economic efficiency or the  
passionate bleeding of soul's lost parameters  
in sweet iambic pentameters the articulate  
bombardment of every atomic particle  
with visionary tears?

O Odd Nerdrum, O Chrysler building,  
Beloved queer Allen someday the molecules  
that swam in you will design skyscrapers on the moon<sup>10</sup>  
someday Tiger Woods will be President, someday the  
Pleasure Dome of true Paradise will allow everyone in

Is this a great Constitution or what!

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<sup>1</sup> A shadow fell across the urinal suggesting a veiled Madonna.

<sup>2</sup> Poetry is a lie that tells the TRUTH.

<sup>3</sup> I fear he cared too much and caring too much as we all know can drill holes in the space/time continuum.

<sup>4</sup> Look I understand why fat Republicans don't like sex -- I don't like the idea of sex with fat Republicans.

<sup>5</sup> What are the legal ramifications of a pleasure dome in today's moral climate -- its impact on efficient resource allocation...(discuss).

<sup>6</sup> You see fellow Americans, as it is not the tallest building we care not for it although it is certainly the most aesthetically pleasing of buildings.

<sup>7</sup> It would be more utilitarian if everyone had numbers instead of names.

<sup>8</sup> I understand that next semester they will offer a course that investigates the secret codes and symbols in

Shakespeare and Dante.

<sup>9</sup> Remember footnote number 2.

<sup>10</sup> A fellow poet was reading once and he said "Look! Madonna's Nipple!" just as Allen Ginsberg walked into the room -- and of course it was true.

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