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I
was born on the day Staffenburg attempted to assassinate Adolf Hitler. I have never understood the capitalist/corporate structure & have, for most my adult life existed external to it. I grew up in a Joint family, there were a lot of Polish, Chekoslovakian, Roumanian ,French & even African people in the household.

My
parents's house
was near the first United Nations. A lot of diplomats & their 'corps' would end up at my parent's house. My mother was generous w. strangers. She suffered from a mental illness which made her hate me. I was often beaten & did not know what a 'real' mother was. I never had anyone to talk to.

A
parapsychologist
told me that when I was born my mother rejected me so I decided to die through starvation. I didn't die because my 'fast' was interpreted as an illness. It was called *Celiac* & I was called the *Banana Baby* because all I cld. eat was

BANANAS.

My
father
did not intervene in my mother's treatment of me. He read books & collected them & knew a lot about art & about flowers. He sold fabric w. flower & other designs I was very sick & spent a lot of time in bed looking at the ceiling. I found a mountain there & looked at it w. great concentration.

At
five my mother dropped me on my head
& I missed a year of school. All this contributed to my strange state. I started writing poetry very early on & saw light coming fr. the letters when I tried to learn the alphabet.

After
that I got involved w. writing poetry.
My first anthology at the age of 8 disappeared. It was written w. red & blue crayon on grey paper. Luckily I had committed some of my work to memory & I still can remember it on certain occasions.

I
am like the kid/ fallen,
into
milk,

So/what happens after the prince
climbs/the tower & rescues the princess.

She rescues him. Right?/O

Golden platters, O Orphan ritual/

*"I am a child of this Earth & the starry heaven,
but my race is of Heaven alone!"*

Sexual
&
mystical...my

Ally.

I'm
definitely weird, just like everyone
says, but is strange not also beautiful.? Is my strangeness
NOT
my
ornament/

after defending the 'Arabs' *you can't speak that way*
I say to the Nationalist, I meet 'Mohammed', who
saves me fr. the night, it's 5 below zero,
I'm stranded. Is Mohammed
worried about anything?
Not
at
all.

Not at all, nervous or shy, just scared to death,
to be Fucked in the ass after the guy abandons us in
a narrow building, & I'm only 17 & don't
know these 2 guys/ the
second one notices I'm bleeding & leaves me
alone,
really
alone

Like everyone says, I'm not very social,
but one day, I'll write a poem that will tear out the inside of
your heart & leave you dripping gold blood on the body of your dream, & your
dream, your sacred dream,
will
be
mine

Madonna met the Queen & paid for it. I didn't pay
anything for the hotel room but forgot the
'practice' of the night.

As

I looked at you. long & hard, I looked right into your eyes of fire & you remembered
your fire, & all the wet dawns & all the silent midnights, fell away fr. your
transparent touch as you reached into the infinity of the mother & found,

No

One

The

arc was located, beneath the shrine, carried on the roads,
by elders & gypsies. Disguised, the old women were singing & their voices were
sweet as May, their steps were light as death. Their love only made me think one

day we wld. meet

& the *derelecta* would bathe her own,

her

own

pores.

again.

Even if everyone else had children & I had only you,
my daughters & sons, small books of sacred verse & some that was pure trash, no
wonder the trucks on Avenue Rapp had taken it to the
cremation
ground.

My
mother & father,
had gone into the greater WORLD,

leaving me, w. not a friend or foe who cld. point out to me their dwelling place: in
the great
beyond,

beyond
name & form, beyond repetition & non repetition, beyond,
generosity & the heart's inability to be generous, beyond,
the thaw & flow of the river, my old baggage was
gradually dissolving, dissolving on an island
of initiates & thieves, I
can't even remember,

the parting words
you said
to
me.

Amsterdam .2003

Dear D.

Too exhausted after Reading to do anything but my favorite things-
Drink Green tea & type-

Short on cash. Pray being guided/protected. Very strange to
integrate in this old scene -find myself *listening*. to Dutch-One
good sound poet - Now too exhausted to do anything

but thinking
of
you.

L.

To
improve
memory

Learn

Hebrew. The

letters.

will

Revive yr. BRAIN CELLS

but don't, I repeat, don't attempt
to gain Worldly power or Position, above
all

LAND

w.
your
new
found

'GIFT'

(or inheritance).

The letters are
meant to revive yr.
intelligence - Revitalize
& Reprogram yr. brain cells.

Aleph Beth Gamel Daleth Hai

Use them
to see
into
other dimensions,

not to
'dominate'
this

ONE.

Joanne
is very persistent
in her poems-Reserved
but fierce, independent, gentle, visionary &
RE....

"If you are innocent of heart you will sit there & dig it."

*"Little Neural Annie was fined \$65.in the Oakland Traffic court this
season for 'driving while in a
state of samadhi"*

Leaving
Mt./ green. green MOON space.

Crazy scene
w. Gino. Repetitive. Why
didn't I open to him - too shocked...Too insincere.

THE DAKINI'S STATION?

So holy to pray & practice
in the deep morning

same
love
for
'd.'

Amsterdam

The obscure future

First he said he was Romeo
then he said he
was
drunk,

The
Tibetans don't have
a culture of
Love
Between the Sexes Between the Bardos
between
the
Streets.

I live in Death if I do not live in life.

I am alive. I am alive.

I cried, after
the crash...

Whose will or
abstinence, deleterious
I embraced yr. scent, yr.
innate desire, TANTRIC

after
the
drought.

S

The lingering perennial arriverderci. All this suffering

serves/

Nothing.

(dream on bus)Merigar (tib.)was on fire. But in
the water "I am alive"
Lolita, Tram.No.9
The endless possibility of
Maria's
good
fortune.

Chartres was composed of
at least 4 divergent cultures. Pythagorean,
Druid, Hermetic & I forget
O yes,
the Ark of the Covenant,
ancient
Hebraic.

It
sounds
(*trivial*) - but
(really) what Holland
lacked
(was)
a
GOOD
Mountain.

Instead
of devoting so
much time to holding
back the Sea, the Dutch
ought to devote some time
& energy to
Making
a
Mountain

^
Fr.
the height of a
Mt. man Communes
w.
God
or
'the
Gods'.

Elevated, he
perceives, the
greatness of Space
which
is
its
Empty
BLISS.

In
NYC
skyscrapers
Replace the spiritual
Need
for
Altitude.

but

there are desert
yogis who, in the
horizontal planes of
space, discover the

same

Virtue

&
I am now
in Tucino, which
was once Italy & still
looks
like
it

CRIME
in
Italy

I am on the train,
going to Venice. g. has
"stolen' w/.o.asking, na-
urally) my heart & I.
have symbolically

lost my crystal shaped
pendulum in the form of a heart . On the train I borrow
a pen fr. a serious looking Musician:

First he said he was Romeo
then he said he
was
drunk,

The
Tibetans don't have
a culture of

Between the Sexes Between the Bardos
between
the
Streets.

I live in Death if I do not live in life.

I am alive. I am alive.

I cried, after
The
crash...

Whose will or
Abstinence/ deleterious
I embraced yr. scent, yr.
innate desire, TANTRIC

after
the

drought

I
used to
dream abt.
Nyala Pema Dudul's

I

terma script

I dream

Now

of

Michael Rothenberg's

CUBA

Is (this the effect of)
The Kali Yuga

or

what?

Danny
knocked- up
the daughter of
the
MAYOR (or 'vice' mayor)
of
Bologna,

That's heavy.

All
day I prayed,
at least on 4 separate occasions
I prayed
that
Maria wld. not
fall
down
from
her her shiny blue 'high heels',
at
the
wedding
in
Siena
& she
didn't.

Will Bernard get his
Rent
Money?
Sweet Jewish Kind Buddhist/
Pythagorean

'I can't follow that Fat man' he says.

Angus'

music/ a mix between anarchist & sacred ART,
molecular flow & great intensity,
Ignorant, Louise who didn't appreciate
his sudden appearance in the tubes of London,
the first time she played in the
'underground;
& he tipped his hat.

Anna has seen it all, seen it all,
come
&
go

Without
a word (of protest), the Italian people
let go of their beautiful \$ & stamps, how
conservative & the people are
starving. I too am
starving.

*"Feed me for I am hungry & hurry,
for time is like
a sword"*

The world has not understood the relation
between / aesthetics & VIRTU..

Bagnore, 2003

Someone

shld. teach
the people who work
in
the
Alt.
not
to kill insects,

nyc, 2001

Where

it
was

or
was

Beginning,

in the eye in the Vision in my,

evenly

manifesting.../It all began

w. sound, the sound of an ambulance or 'lover'

Hollow

stars

& organs, bird songs, the river,

yr. feet, unmoving

Matteo

I place a peacock feather,

&

flower,

on

yr.

grave,

in ARCIDOSSO,

'*Non credeva*'

you were human-

I saw that Red before,

on a deity in

Kanchipuram/ yr. innocence

rises against my thought process-I

was there

am

here,

Matteo,

Cherubic, alarming 'destino' - yet

you have awoken my inner

state,

Matteo, *credo*.

Will

Bush really bomb the shit
out of the Iraqians,

just because his Dad says this war's Cool,
Will the truth abt. the Twin Tower's ever be known
Or is it something
only I can see
or
feel
or...

Flat

Sun/ Rotterdam:

ETOLA GAY- the plane

that
wiped
away

the city of

HIROSHIMA...

...named - the plane not
the city - after
his
Mother.

*"As I look up there, the whole sky is lit up
w. the prettiest blue & pink I've ever seen in my life*

It was just great"

Sitting in Alt.

Sitting in alt. Hollween/Day of Dead. New Computer. Somewhat strange.
Uncomfortable.990/anywhere/ except Dream House. Dream House very comforting.
Rose. I need some help for Sarangi. Don't know what to do w. my life & it's almost
over. I am eating terribly & will get very sick if I continue to do so. Maybe I don't
want to live. That's ridiculous.
I didn't really want to come back fr. Europe. Maybe that;s why the transportation/ w.
Naomi, w. S., didn't really work.I needed more time to finish things/in Holland/also
in Italy.I feel so awkward here/
Don'tknow what to do & am obsessed by my parents
Death/ maybe I shld. See shrink/spend all
Their money...in that way.

I
Shld. Have gone to see Rimpooche/feel so lost.
Sarangi is beautiful but I have no where to play it.
I have my parents plates too/ & all their
Silverward. I hate living in
Brooklyn.

A deep River

which is coming & going
The impression of a luminosity/ So profound – it
is
Everywhere & Nowhere

A Rose,
arose, fr. the
point of

quietude

...of
my death,
nearer, I am
Nearer/
"the body gets more etheric"/ the lover

his hair falling on my/
desire,/ the wound, the cut,

"In the school of Rock"

of drone, shadow reader/
sought, epiphanies,
absolute/
presence/O

Arise, wave, weep for the River
has conjoined/ salience salutary
this
wishfull,
portrayal

On the day
of
the
dead/

Traveling now, safe in the cosmos

"It's not good to be so pretty"

Absolved/ Jacques, the 'furrier'/ absolved/ Sarah,
the blind mute/

from which emergeth/ I can not hear

Origin or/O mother & father/' Set Sail', unite thy House /
The
Dream
Of
Christ
Famine & dread\land in Misery
/MUSIC
Remember/ the chords



About Louise Landes Levi

"Louise is Sarasvati, goddess of poetry."

- John Giorno (Giorno Poetry Systems)

Louise Landes Levi was born in New York City in 1944. She graduated with honors from the University of California at Berkeley and has lived in the Netherlands, Italy, India and the USA.

Her books include *The Water Mirror*, *Departure*, *Highway Queen*, *Concerto*, *Extinction*, *Guru Punk*, and *The Tower*. She is also the translator of *Rasa* by Rene Daumal, *Vers La Compleitude* by Henri Michaux, and Mira Bai, *Sweet on My Lips*.

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