

BEAT ANGEL BLUES TO HAROLD NORSE

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The cosmic hustler is now a pure spirit
And so are the masters of the Dream-machine
Norse continues to whisper from the great beyond
Howling, and writing the story of his crazy karma
O! Hollow America! Hollow America
The harder one hits, the deeper the sound
In the passage underground
The virtual museum of the Beats
They who have forgotten you so soon
Omission accomplished
Tears drop as red petals off a rose
All roses cry: I wanna die! I wanna die!
The Beat Hotel in Paris is haunted
There are no degrees of separation
No reservation no confrontation
Between him and Ira Cohen
Between him and Lenard Cohen
Between Corso and Of course sir!
His ghost still haunts the island of Hydra
Sex and Marijuana evenings with Zina
Her spirit reincarnated in Harold
Where he performs in the Café Purgatory
For the hip elite of the Generation Beat.