

~~untitled doesn't need a title~~

Drunkenly, which wake of dreams I walk, which watch I wait  
the riot mind to fade the silver sunsoaked hand-  
**A**nd thoughts!

john casias

Sept-Oct 1968  
Provincetown  
214 Bradford St.



Journey

~~S~~Silver flirt gleams-

The soul

Occasionally a drink -

<sup>the</sup><sub>1</sub> music

Upon the ruptured body -

To lean

Wind drift thoughts -

Shape

Sunsail/<sup>ed</sup>minds.

john casas



Widows Walk

At the gallows neatly hung outside the village  
the widows walk to the winter woodlands herald, ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~  
tinting ponds below.-

What lighter lights does one heart tremble, sigh -  
whereupon such graceful steps have taken muffled  
voices touch. White to black the gowns, eternity's  
thread tread - How long the eyes stay closed and  
flowers!

john casas



SICK PICKERS

~~POEM~~

Sunlight plays through muscatel  
bottles staining the pavement rosy on  
curbs painted with last night's wine  
gushed forth from spigots of tired flesh and  
worn overcoats -

Against the background of rusted filigree and  
pitted facades -

~~This was the street of the dandies!~~

~~Now~~ spirited old fools with only the wind  
as a chambermaid to change newspaper  
linen - ask who could find a more noble bed  
than the universtity steps ←

or the peoples saloon - fat for a gentleman -  
lorã keepers of the streets, pity of the  
middleclass - a nickle's worth!

You think they would pay more for such an honor  
bestwoed upon one another.

Look how weary they grow from such a task -  
swollen hands, feet still numb in June

Sunken red eyes ~~XXXXX~~ though still sharp enough to  
pick lice off each other - Rotted teeth, dry tongues  
and souls dancing, spinning, craving to be <sup>lost</sup> ~~1st~~ in  
memories - found in one last drink, the curb, nom incommu.

2LINE → Must I thank them after they have <sup>HURISHED</sup> ~~urged~~ me. For it was  
no favor, merely the thought of it -

john casas



X

~~At~~ Seven-thirty AM they let the madman out,

Hobbling legs. Manglaed hands.

Gaze upon the sterling beaches

A heart awakens!

People flock to the square,

the jugglers play the day

The circus grinds a fading light.

The moon disperses.

To the alleys ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

no joys they sing-

But rest

On stones and curbs!

Splattered with rooming house remains.

Lingering thoughts of sun, moon and stars,

The taste of dawn fresh in my mouth.

How they look to me with scorn!

X2

As if the country air

the feel of sweet lips warm

we held each other in the meadow,

Her firm small breasts to mine,



the Quiet rains

Shafts of gold -

Our images cast onto the ponds

~~AS~~  
an indian summer wept

3X

My face turned toward the bow.

The sun crimson towards the east.

A gentle spray -

*TAE* taste of salt upon my lips

Indigo waters

Silvered moons -

Frozen beaches talked to winds

Emptying their burdens, embraced.

Fog rolls

Beaches disappear -

The phantom dog of night -

Barks black !

john casas



SHE

~~The~~ Lingerings afternoons

~~The~~ Opium days

The love of liquor in her mouth

I taste, -

The violent nights

She did not dance

Nor I

But wept upon my knee

Through crevices and facet eye

The moon nestled

~~The~~ Velvet folds of dawn

We decked

The morning sky -

John casas



John Casas circa 1969







*John Casas aboard trap boat Charlotte circa 1969*





*left to right: Debbie Richardson, Jeanie Van Arsdale, Marilyn Rodes, John Casas, Lauren Richmond at the Christopher Ryder House*





*John Casas, chef garde manger, in New Orleans, LA circa early 1970's*



