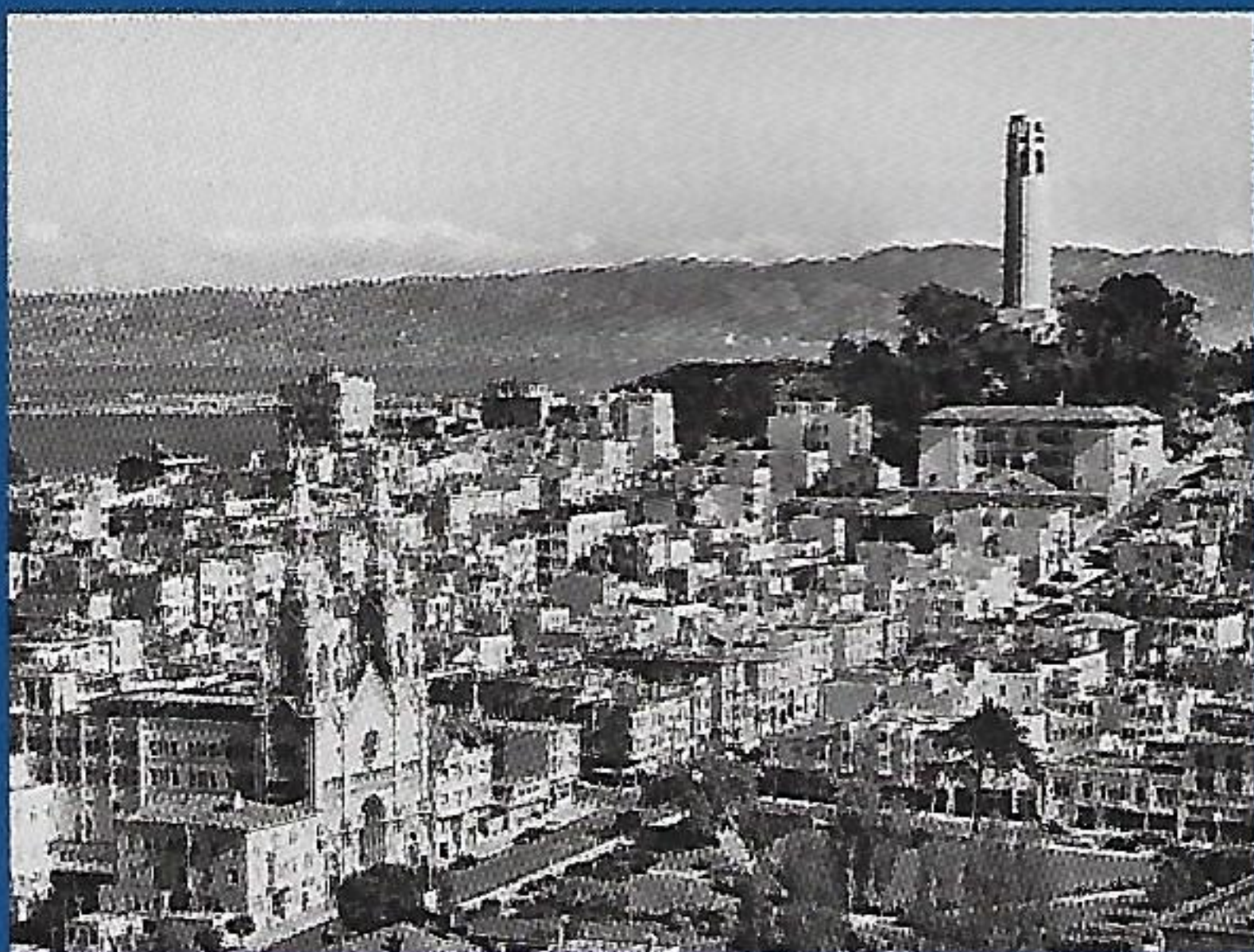


JACK
KEROUAC
SAN FRANCISCO BLUES



p e n g u i n 6 0 s



SAN FRANCISCO BLUES

BY JACK KEROUAC

The Town and the City
On the Road

The Subterraneans

The Dharma Bums

Doctor Sax

Maggie Cassidy

Mexico City Blues

Visions of Cody

The Scripture of the Golden Eternity
Tristessa

Lonesome Traveler

Book of Dreams

Pull My Daisy

Big Sur

Visions of Gerard

Desolation Angels

Satori In Paris

Vanity of Duluo

Scattered Poems

Pic

Pomes All Sizes

Heaven and Other Poems

Old Angel Midnight

Good Blonde & Others

The Portable Jack Kerouac

Selected Letters: 1940–1956

JACK KEROUAC

SAN FRANCISCO BLUES



penguin books

PENGUIN BOOKS

Published by the Penguin Group
Penguin Books USA Inc., 375 Hudson Street,
New York, New York 10014, U.S.A.
Penguin Books Ltd, 27 Wrights Lane,
London W8 5TZ, England
Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Ringwood,
Victoria, Australia
Penguin Books Canada Ltd, 10 Alcorn Avenue,
Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4V 3B2
Penguin Books (N.Z.) Ltd, 182-190 Wairau Road,
Auckland 10, New Zealand

Penguin Books Ltd, Registered Offices:
Harmondsworth, Middlesex, England

Published in Penguin Books 1995

Copyright © the Estate of Stella Kerouac, John Samps,
Literary Representative, 1995
All rights reserved

"San Francisco Blues" is one of the eight poems in Jack Kerouac's
Book of Blues, published by Penguin Books.

ISBN 0 14 60.0118 4

Printed in the United States of America

Except in the United States of America, this book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

San Francisco Blues was my first book of poems, written back in 1954 & hinting the approach of the final blues poetry form I developed for the *Mexico City Blues*.

In my system, the form of blues choruses is limited by the small page of the breastpocket notebook in which they are written, like the form of a set number of bars in a jazz blues chorus, and so sometimes the word-meaning can carry from one chorus into another, or not, just like the phrase-meaning can carry harmonically from one chorus to the other, or not, in jazz, so that, in these blues as in jazz, the form is determined by time, and by the musician's spontaneous phrasing & harmonizing with the beat of the time as it waves & waves on by in measured choruses.

It's all gotta be non stop ad libbing within each chorus, or the gig is shot.

—Jack Kerouac

SAN FRANCISCO BLUES

1ST CHORUS

I see the backs
Of old Men rolling
Slowly into black
Stores.

2ND CHORUS

Line faced mustached
Black men with turned back
Army weathered brownhats
Stomp on by with bags
Of burlap & rue
Talking to secret
Companions with long hair
In the sidewalk
On 3rd Street
San Francisco
With the rain of exhaust
Picking in the mist
You see in black
Store doors—
Petting trucks farting—
Vastly city.

3RD CHORUS

3rd St Market to Lease
Has a washed down tile
Tile entrance once white
Now caked with gum
Of a thousand hundred feet
Feet of passers who

Did not go straight on
Bending to flap the time
Pap page on back
With smoke emanating
From their noses
But slowly like old
Lantern jawed junkmen
Hurrying with the lump
Wondrous potato bag
To the avenues of sunshine
Came, bending to spit,
& Shuffled awhile there.

4TH CHORUS

The rooftop of the beatup
tenement

On 3rd & Harrison
Has Belfast painted
Black on yellow

On the side
the old Frisco wood is
shown with weatherbeaten
rainboards & a
washed out blue bottle
once painted for wild
commercial reasons by
an excited seltzerite
as firemen came last
afternoon & raised the
ladder to a fruitless
fire that was not there,
so, is Belfast singin
in this time

5TH CHORUS

when brand's forgotten
taste washed in
rain the gullies broadened
& every body gone
the acrobats of the
tenement
who dug bel fast
divers all
and the drivers all dove

ah
little girls make
shadows on the
sidewalk shorter
than the shadow
of death
in this town—

6TH CHORUS

Fat girls
In red coats
With flap white out shoes

Monstrous soldiers
Stalk at dawn
Looking for whores
And burning to eat up

Harried Mexican Laborers
Become respectable
In San Francisco
Carrying newspapers
Of culture burden
And packages of need
Walk sadly reluctant
To work in dawn
Stalking with not cat
In the feel of their stride
Touching to hide the sidewalk,
Blackshiny lastnight parlor
Shoes hitting the slippery
With hard slicky heels
To slide & Fall:
Breboac! Karrak!

7TH CHORUS

Dumb kids with thick lips
And black skin
Carry paper bags
Meaninglessly:
"Stop bothering the cat!"
His mother yelled at him
Yesterday and now
He goes to work
Down Third Street
In the milky dawn
Piano rolling over the hill
To the tune of the English
Fifers in some whiter mine,
'Brick a brack,
Pliers on your back;
Mick mack
Kidneys in your back;
 Bald Boo!
Oranges and you!
 Lick lock
 The redfaced cock'

8TH CHORUS

Oi yal!

She yawns to lall

La la—

Me Loom—

The weary gray hat

Peacoat ex sailor

Marining meekly

Hands a poop a pocket

Face

Lips

Oh Mo Sea!

The long fat yellow

Eternity cream

Of the Third St Bus

Roof swimming like

A monosyllable

Armored Mososaur

Swimming in my Primordial

Windowpane

Of pain

9TH CHORUS

Alas! Youth is worried,
Pa's astray.

What so say
To well dressed ambassadors
From death's truth
Pimplike, rich,
In the morning slick;
Or sad white caps
Of snowy sea men
In San Francisco
Gray streets
Arm waving to walk
The Harrison cross
And earn later sunset
purple

10TH CHORUS

Dig the sad old bum
No money
Presuming to hit the store
And buy his cube of oleo
For 8 cents
So in cheap rooms
At A M 3 30
He can cough & groan
In a white tile sink
By his bed
Which is used
To run water in
And stagger to
In the reel of wake up
Middle of the night
Flophouse Nightmares—
His death no blackern
Mine, his Toast's
Just as well buttered
And on the one side.

11TH CHORUS

There's no telling
What's on the mind
Of the bony
Character in plaid
Workcoat & glasses
Carrying lunch
Stalking & bouncing
Slowly to his job

Or the beauteous Indian
Girl hurrying stately
Into Marathon Grocery
Run by Greeks
To buy bananas
For her love night,
What's she thinking?
Her lips are like cherries,
Her cheeks just purse them out
All the more to kiss them
And suck their juices out.

12TH CHORUS

A young woman flees an old man,
Mohammedan Prophecy:
And she got avocados
Anyhow.

The furtive whore
Looks over her shoulder
While unlocking the door
Of the tenement
Of her pimp
Who with big Negro Arkansas
Or East Texas Oilfields
Harry Truman hat's
Been standin on the street
All day
Waiting for the cold girl
Bending in thincloth in the wind
And Sunday afternoon drizzle
To step on it & get some bread
For Papa's gotta sleep tonite
And the Chinaman's coming back

13TH CHORUS

"No hunger & no wittles
neither dreary"
Said the crone
To Edwin Drood

Okay.

There'll be an answer.
Forthcoming

When the morning wind
Ceases shaking

The man's collar
When there's no starch in't
And Acme Beer
Runs flowing
Into dry gray hats.

When

Dearie

The pennies in the
palm multiply
as you watch

14TH CHORUS

When whistlers stop scowling
Smokers stop sighing
Watchers stop looking
And women stop walking

When gray beards
Grow no more
And pain dont
Take you by surprise
 And bedposts creak
 In rhythm not at morn
 And dry men's bones
 Are not pushed
 By angry meaning pelvic
 Propelled legs of reason
 To a place you hate,
 Then I'll go lay my crown
Body on the heads of 3 men
Hurrying & laughing
 In the wrong direction,
 my Idol

15TH CHORUS

Sex is an automaton
Sounding like a machine
Thru the stopped up keyhole
—Young men go fastern
 Old men
 Old men are passionately
 breathless
Young men breathe inwardly
Young women & old women
Wait

There was a sound of slapping
When the angel stole come
And the angel that had lost
 Lay back satisfied

Hungry addled red face
With tight clutch
 Traditional Time
 Brief case in his paw
Prowls placking the pavement
 To his office girl's
 Rumped skirt at 5's
 Five O Clock Shadows

16TH CHORUS

Angrily I must insist—
The phoney Negro
Sea captain
With the battered coat
Who looks like
Charley Chaplin in a
movie about now filmed
in the air by crews
of raving rabid
angels drooling happily
among the funny fat
Cherubim
Leading that serious
Hardjawed sincere
Negro stud
In at morn
For a round of crimes
Is Lucifer the Fraud

17TH CHORUS

Little girls worry too much
For no one will hurt them
Except the beast
Whom they'd knife
In another life
In the as well East
As West of Bethlehem
And do of it much

Rhetorical Third Street
Grasping at racket
Groans & stinky
I've no time
To dally hassel
In your heart's house,
It's too gray
I'm too cold—
I wanta go to Golden,
That's my home.

18TH CHORUS

I came a wearyin
From eastern hills;
Yonder Nabathacque recessit
The eastward to Aurora rolls,
Somewhere West of Idalia
Or east of Klamath Falls,
One—Lost a blackhaired
Woman with thin feet
And red bag hangin
Who usta walk
Down Arapahoe Street
In Denver
And made all the
cabbies cry
And drugstore ponies
Eating pool in Remsac's
Sob, to See so Lovely
All the Time
And all so Tight
And young.

19TH CHORUS

Pshaw! Paw's Ford
Got Lost in the Depression
He driv over the Divide
 And forgot to cleave the road
Instead put atomic energy
In the ass of his machine
And flew to find
 The gory clouds
Of rocky torment
 Far away
And they fished him
Outa Miner's Creek
More dead n Henry
And a whole lot fonder,
Podner—
 Clack of the wheel's
 My freight train blues

Third Street I seed

20TH CHORUS

And knowed

And under ramps I writ

The poems of the punk

Who met the Fagin

Who told him 'Punk

When walkin with me

To roll a Sleepin drunk

Dont wish ya was back

Home in yr mother's parlor

And when the cops

Come ablastin

With loaded 45's

Dont ask for gold

Or silver from my purse,

Its milken hassel

Will be strewn

And scattered

In the sand

By an old bean can

And dried up kegs

We'd a sat & jawed on—

21ST CHORUS

Roll my bones
In the Mortuary
My terms
And deeds of mortgagry
And death & taxes
All wrapt up.'

Little anger Japan
Strides holding bombs
To blow the West
To Fuyukama's
Shrouded Mountain Top
So the Lotus Bubble
Blossoms in Buddha's
Temple Dharma Eye
May unfold from
Pacific Center
Inward Out & Over
The Essence Center World

22ND CHORUS

For the world's an Eye
And the universe is Seeing
Liquid
Rare
Radiant.

Eccentrics from out of town
Better not fill in
This blank
For a job on my gray boat
And Monkeysuits I furnish.

Batteries of ad men
Marching arm in arm
Thru the pages
Of Time & Life

23RD CHORUS

The halls of M C A

Singing Deans
In the college morning
Preferable to dry cereal
When no corn mush

Cops & triggers
Magazine pricks
Dastardly Shadows
And Phantom Hero ines.

Swing yr umbrella
At the sidewalk
As you pass
Or tap a boy
On the shoulder
Saying "I say
Where is Threadneedle
Street?"

24TH CHORUS

San Francisco is too sad
Time, I cant understand
Fog, shrouds the hills in
Makes unshod feet so cold
Fills black rooms with day
 Dayblack in the white windows
 And gloom in the pain of pianos:
Shadows in the jazz age
 Filing by; ladders of flappers
 Painters' white bucket
Funny 3 Stooge Comedies
 And fuzzy headed Hero
 Moofle Lip suckt it all up
 And wondered why
The mild & cream of heaven
 Was writ in gold leaf
 On a book—big eyes
 For the world
 The better to see—

25TH CHORUS

And big lips for the word
And Buddhahood
And death.

Touch the cup to these sad lips
Let the purple grape foam
In my gullet deep

Spread saccharine
And crimson carnadine
In my vine of veins

And shoot power
To my hand

Belly heart & head—
This Magic Carpet
Arabian World
Will take us
Easeful Zinging
Cross the Sky
Singing Madrigals

26TH CHORUS

To horizons of golden
Moment emptiness
Whither whence uncaring
Dizzy ride in space
To red fires
Beyond the pale,
Rosy gory outlooks
Everywhere.

San Francisco is too old
Her chimnies lean
And look sooty
After all this time
Of waiting for something
To happen
Betwixt hill & house—
Heart & heaven.

27TH CHORUS

San Francisco

San Francisco

You're a muttering bum

In a brown beat suit

Cant make a woman

On a rainy corner

Your corners open out

San Francisco

To arc racks

Of the Seals

Lost in vapors

Cold and bleak.

28TH CHORUS

You're as useless
As a soda truck
Parked in the rain
With cases of pretty red
Orange green & Coca Cola
Brown receiving rain
Drops like the sea
Receiveth driving spikes
Welling in the navel void.

I also have loud poems:
Broken plastic coverlets
Flapping in the rain
To cover newspapers
All printed up
And plain.

29TH CHORUS

Guys with big pockets
In heavy topcoats
And slit scar
Head bands down
The middle of their hair
All Bruce Barton combed
Stand surveying Harrison
Folsom & the Ramp
And the redbrick clock
Wishin they had a woman
Or some money, honey

Westinghouse Elevators
Are full of pretty girls
With classy cans
And cute pans
And long slim legs
And eyes for the boss
At quarter of four.

30TH CHORUS

Old Age is an Indian
With gray hair
And a cane
In an old coat
Tapping along
The rainy street
To see the pretty oranges
And the stores
On his big day
When the dog's let out.

Somewhere in this snow
I see little children raped
By maniacal sex fiends
Eager to make a break
But the F B I
In the form of Ted
Stands waiting
Hand on gun
In the Paranoiac
Summer time
To come.

31ST CHORUS

I knew an angel
In Mexico City
Call'd La Negra
Who the Same eyes
Had as Sebastian
And was reincarnated
To suffer in the poker
House rain
Who had the same eyes
As Sebastian
When his Nirvana came

Sambati was his name.

Must have had one leg once
And expensive armpit canes
And traveled in this rain
With youthful hidden pain

32ND CHORUS

Beautiful girls

Just primp

But beautiful boys

Do suffer.

White wash rain stain

Gravel roof glass black

Red wood blue neon

Green elevators

Birds that change color

And white ants

Climbing to your knee

Earnest for deliverance.

33RD CHORUS

It was a mournful day
The B O Bay was gray
Old man angry-necks
Stomped to escape sex
And find his Television
In the uptown vision
 Of the milk & secret
 Blossom curtain
 Creak it.

Cheese it the cops!
Ram down the lamb!
 700 Camels
 In Pakistan!

Milk will curdle, honey,
If you sit on stony penises
Three times moving up & down
And 7 times around

34TH CHORUS

While young boys peek
In the Hindu temple window
To grow
And come
To A-mer-ri-kay
And be long silent types
In the night clerk cage
Waiting for railroad calls
And hints from Pakistan
Beluchistan` and Mien Mo
That Mahatmas
Havent left the field
And tinkle bells
And cobra flutes
Still haunt our campfires
In the calm & peaceful
Night—
Stars of India

35TH CHORUS

And speak bashfully
Thru strong brown eyes
Of olden strengths
And bad boy episodes
And a father
With sacred cows
A wandering in his field.
"Rain on, O cloud!"

The taste of worms
Is soft & salty
Like the sea,
Or tears.

And raindrops
That dont know
You've been deceived
Slide on iron
Raggedly gloomy

36TH CHORUS

Falling off in wind.

I got the San Francisco
blues
Bluer than misery
I got the San Francisco blues
Bluer than Eternity
I gotta go on home
Fine me
Another
Sanity

I got the San Francisco
blues
Bluer than heaven's gate,
mate,
I got the San Francisco blues
Bluer than blue paint,
Saint,—
I better move on home
Sleep in
My golden
Dream again

37TH CHORUS

I got the San Acisca blues
Singin in the street all day

I got

The Sani Acisca
Blues

Wailin in the street all day
I better move on, podner,
Make my West
The Eastern Way—

San

Fran

Cis

Co—

San

Fran

Cis

Co

Oh—

ba

by

38TH CHORUS

Ever see a tired
 ba by
Cryin to sleep
 in its mother's arms
Wailin all night long
 while the locomotive
Wails on back
A cry for a cry
In the smoke and the lamp
Of the hard ass night

That's how I
 fee-
 eel—
That's how
 I fee-eel!
That's *how*
 I feel—
What a deal!
Yes I'm goin ho
 o
 ome

39TH CHORUS

Yes I'm goin
on
home
today

Tonight I'll be ridin
The 80 mile Zipper
And flyin down the Coast
Wrapt in a blanket

Cryin
And cold

So brother
Pour me a drink
I got lots of friends
From coast to coast
And ocean to ocean
girls
But when I see
A bottle a wine
And see that it's full
I like to open it
And take of it my fill

40TH CHORUS

And when my head gets dizzy
And friends all laugh
And money pours
 from my pocket
And gold from my ears
And silver flies out
 and rubies explode
I'll up & eat
And sing another song
And drop another grape
 In my belly down

Cause you know
What Omar Khayyam said
 Better be happy
 With the happy grape
 As make long faces
 And groan all night
 In search of fruit
 That dont exist

41ST CHORUS

So Mister Engineer
And Mister Hoghead
Conductor Jones
And you head brakeman
And you, tagman
on this run
Give me a hiball
Boomer's or any kind
Start that Diesel
All 3 Units
Less roll on down that rail
See Kansas City by dawn
Or grass of Amarilla
Or rooftops of Old New York
Or banksides green with grass
In April
Anywhere

42ND CHORUS

I'd better be a poet
Or lay down dead.

Little boys are angels
Crying in the street
Wear funny hats
Wait for green lights
 Carry bust our tubes
 Around their necks
 And roam the railyards
 Of the great cities
 Looking for locomotives
Full of shit
 Run down to the waterfront
 And dream of Cathay
 Hook spars with Gulls
 Of athavoid thought.

43RD CHORUS

Little Cody Deaver
A San Francisco boy
Hung by hair of heroes
Growing green & thin
And soft as sin
From the tie piles
Of the railer road
Track where Tokay
Bottles rust in dust
Waiting for the term
Of partiality
To end up there
In heaven high
So's loco can
Come home
Con poco coco.

44TH CHORUS

Little heroes of the dead
Found a nickle instead
And bought a Borden half & half
Orange Sherbert & vanil milk
Trode the pavements
Of unfall Frisco
Waiting for its earthquake
To waver houses men
And streets to spindle
Drift to fall at Third
Street Number 6-15
Where Bank now stands
Jack London was born
And saw gray rigging
At the 'barcadero
Pier, His bier
commemorated in marble
To advertise the stone
Of vaults where money rots.

45TH CHORUS

Inquisitive plaidshirt
Pops look at trucks
In the afternoon
While Mulligan's
Stewing on the stove
And Calico spreads
 Her milk & creamy legs
 For advertising salesman
 Passing thru from Largo
Oregon where water
 Runs the Willamette down
 By blasted to-the-North
 Volcanic ashes seft.

46TH CHORUS

Babies born screaming
 in this town
Are miserable examples
 of what happens
Everywhere.

Bein Crazy is
The least of my worries.

Now the sun's goin down
In old San Fran
 The hills are in a haze
 Of Shroudy afternoon—
Bent withered Burroughsian
Greeks pass
 In gray felt hats
 Expensively pearly
 On bony suffer heads

47TH CHORUS

And old Indian bo's
With no stockings on
Just Chinese Shuffle
Opium shoes

Take the snailly constitutional
Down 3rd St gray & lost
& Hard to see.

Tragic Burpers
With scars of snow
Bound bigly
Huge to find it
To the train
Of time & pain
Waiting at the terminal.

Young punk mankind
Three abreast
Go thriving downwards
In the hellish street.

48TH CHORUS

Red shoes of the limpin whore
Who drags her blues
From shore to shore
Along the stores
Lookin for a millioinaire
For her time's up
And she got no guts
And the man aint comin
And I'm no where.

He aint done nothin
But change hats
And go to work
And light a new cigar
And stands in doorway
Swingin the 8 inch
Stogie all around
Arc ing to see
Mankind's vast

49TH CHORUS

Sea restless crown
Come rolling bit by bit
From offices of gloom
To homes of mortuary
Hidden Television
Behind the horse's
Clock in Hopalong
The Burper's bestfriend
Ten gat waving
Far from children
Sadly waving
From the balcony
Above this street
Where Acme Paper
Torn & Tattered
S'down the parade
Thrown to celebrate
McParity's return:

50TH CHORUS

All ties in
Like anacin.

Well
 So unlock the door
 And go to supper
And let the women cook it,
 Light's on the hill
 The guitar's a-started
 Playing by itself
 The shower of heaven notes
 Plucked by a gypsy woman
 In some old dream
 Will bless it all
 I see furling out
 Below—

51ST CHORUS

The laundress has bangs
And pursy lips
And thin hips
And sexy walk
And goes much faster
When she knows
The booty in her
laundry bag
Is undiscovered
And unknown
And so no cops watching
she steps on it
t'escape the Feds
of Wannadelancipit
Here in the Standard
Building
Flying High
the
Riding Horse
A Red—

52ND CHORUS

None of this means
anything

For krissakes speak up
& be true
Or shut up
& Go to bed

Dead

The wash is waving goodbye
Towards Oakland's russet

I know there are huge clouds
Ballooning beyond the bay

And out Potato Patch,
The snowy sea away,
The milk is furling
Huge and roly
Poly burly puffy

53RD CHORUS

Pulsing push

To come on in

Inundate Frisco

Fill the rills

And ride the ravines

And sneak on in

With Whippoorwill

To-hoo—To-wa!

The Chinese call it woo

The French les brumes

The British

Fog

L A

Smog

Heaven

Cellar door

54TH CHORUS

Communities of houses
Caparisoned by sunlight
On the last & fading hill
Of America a-rollin
 Rollin
To the Western Chill

And delicacies of statues
Hewn by working men
Neoned, tacked on,
Pressed against the sign
 Mincin
 Mincin
To see the swellest coupon

Understand?

Light on the fronts
 of old buildings
Like in New York
In December dusks
When hats point to sea

55TH CHORUS

This means
that everything
has some home
to come to
Light has windows
balconies of iron
like New Orleans

It also has all space
And I have windows
balconies of iron
like New Orleans

I also have all space

And St Louis too

Light follows rivers
I do too

Light fades, I pass

56TH CHORUS

Light illuminates
The intense cough
Of young girls in love
Hurrying to sell their
future husband
On the Market St
Parade

Light makes his face
reddern
Her white mask

She sucks to bone him dry
And make him happy
Make him cry
Make him baby
Stay by me.

57TH CHORUS

Crooks of Montreal

Tossing up their lighters

To a cigarette of snow

Intending to plot evil

And break the pool machine

Tonight off Toohey's head

And the Frisco fire team

Come howling round

The corner of the dream

58TH CHORUS

Immense the rivets
In the broadsides
Of battleships
 Fired upon head on
 In face to face combat
 In the Philippines
 Anchored Alameda
 Overtime for toilets
 On Labor Day

59TH CHORUS

IL

W

U

Has tough white seamen
Scrapping snow white hats
In favor of iron clubs
To wave in inky newsreels
When Frisco was a drizzle
And Curran all sincere,
Bryson just a baby,
Reuther bloodied up,
—When publications
Of Union pamphleteers
Featured human rock jaws
Jutting Editorialese
Composed by angry funny
redhead editors
Walking with their heads down
To catch the evening fleet
And wave goodbye to sailors
passing rosely dreams
Into a sparkling cannon
Gray & spicked & span
To shine the Admiral
In his South Pacific pan—

60TH CHORUS

No such luck
For Potter McMuck
Who broke his fist
On angry mitts
In fist fights
Falling everywhere
From down Commercial
To odd or even
All the piers
Blang! Bang!
I L W U had a hard time
And so did N A M
And S P A M
And as did A M

61ST CHORUS

YOU INULT ME EVERY NIME, MALN BWANO

Ladies and Gentle-man

The phoney woiker

You here see

Got can one time

In Toonisfreu

Ger ma nyeee

Becau he had

no dime

To give the con duck teur

Yo see he stiffler

For his miffle

And couldnt cough a little

Bill de juice ran

down his Sfam.

62ND CHORUS

JULIEN LOVE'S SOUND

"All

right!

Here we are

with all the little lambs.

Has anyone disposed

of my old man

Last night?

Mortuary deeds,

Dead,

Drink, me down

Table or two,

Wher'd you put it

Kerouac?

The bottoms in your bag

Of cellar heaven doors

And hellish consistencies

Gelatinous & composed

Will bang & break

Apon the time clock

Beat prow stone bong

Boy

Before I give YOU

An idgit of the

Kind Love Legend"

63RD CHORUS

JULIEN LOVE'S JUDGMENT

"Seriously boy
This San Francisco
Blues of yours
Like shark fins
the summer before
And was it Sarie
Sauter Finnegan
Some gal before—
It's a farce
For funny you
you know?
I don't think I'll buy it"

Slit in the ear
By a bolo knife
Savannah Kid just nodded
At the beast that
Hides.

Secret
Poetry
Deceives

64TH CHORUS

California evening is like Mexico
The windows get golden oranges
The tattered awnings flap
Like dresses of old Perdido
Great Peruvian Princesses
In the form of Negro Whores
Go parading down the sidewalk
Wearing earrings, sweet perfume
Old Weazel Warret

tradesmen
sick of selling
out their stores stand in
the evening lineup
before identifying cops
they cannot understand
in the clouds of can
and iron moosing
marshly morse
of over head

65TH CHORUS

Daughters of Jerusalem
Prowling like angry felines
Statuesque & youthful
 From the well
 Embarrassed but implacable
And watched by hungry worriers
 Filling out the whitewall
 Car with 1000 pounds
 Of "Annergy!"
 That's what I got!
 An-nergy!"
 To burn up Popocatepetl's
 Torch of ecstasy.

The neons redly twangle
 Twinkle cute & clean
 Like Millbrae cherry
 Nipptious tostle
 Flowers tattled
 Petal for the joss stick
 Stuck in neon twaddles
 To advertise a bar
—All over SanFranPisco
 The better is the pain

66TH CHORUS

—“Switch to Calvert”
Runs an arrow eating
Bulb by bulb
Across the bulbous
Whisky bottle
And under the Calvert clock

Tastes better! Everyone
Tastes better
All the time

And fieldhands
That aint got aznos
But the same south Mexican
Evening soft shoe
walk
Slow in dusts of soft
in Ac to pan
Here in Frisco City
American
The same way walk
To buy some vegetables

67TH CHORUS

For the bedsprings on the roof

Not keep the rain on out

Or bombed out huts

In dumpland—Blue

Workjacket, shino pants,

It's like Mexico all violet

At ruby rose & velvet

Sun on down

On down

Sun on down

Sundown

Red blood bon neon

Bon runs don blon

By Barrett

Wimpole

Trackmeet

68TH CHORUS

And like Mexico the deep
Gigantic scorpionic haze
Of shady curtain night
 Bein drawn on civilized
 And Fellaheen will howl
 Where the cows of mush
Rush to hide their sad
 Tan hides in the stonecrump
Mumps bump top of hill
 Out Mission Way
 Holy Cows of Cross
 And Lick Monastery

 Velvet for our meat
 Hamburgers

And doom of pained nuns
 Or painted
 One
Mexico is like Universe

69TH CHORUS

And Third Street a Sun
Showing just how's done
The light the life the action
The limp of worried reachers
Crawling up the Cuba street
In almost dark
To find the soften bell
Creaming Meek on corner
One by one, Tem, Tim,
Click, gra, rattapisp,
Ting, Tang—

Blink! Off
Run! Arrow!
Cut! Winkle! Twinkle!
Fill
Piss! Pot!
The lights of coldmilk
supper hill streets
make me davenport
and cancel Ship.

70TH CHORUS

3rd St is like Moody St
Lowell Massachusetts
It has Bagdad blue
Dusk down sky
And hills with lights
And pale the hazel
Gentle blue in the
burned windows
Of wooden tenements,
And lights of bars,
music brawl,
"Hoap!" "Hap!" & "Hi"
In the street of blood
And bells billygoating
Boom by at the ache
of day
The break of personalities
Crossing just once
In the wrong door

71ST CHORUS

Nevermore to remain
Nevermore to return
—The same hot hungry
harried hotel
wild Charlies dozzling
to fold the
Food papers in the
mahogany talk
Of television reading room
Balls are walled
and withered
and long fergit.

Moody Lowell Third Street
Sick & tired bedsprings
Silhouettes of brownlace
eve night dowse—

All that—
And outsida town
The aching snake
Pronging underground
To come eat up
Us the innocent
And insincere in here

72ND CHORUS

And Budapest Counts
Driving lonely mtn. cars
On the hem of the grade
Of the lip curve hill
Where Rockly meets
Out Market & More—
The last shore—
View of the sea
Seal

Only Lowell has for sea
The imitative Merrimac

And Frisco has for
snake
The crowdly earthquake
cataract
And Hydrogen Bombs
of Hope
Lost in the blue
Pacific
Empty sea

73RD CHORUS

Bakeries gladly bright
Filled with dour girls
Buying golden pies
For sullen brooding boys

On 3rd St in the night

But by day
 The Greek Armenian
 Milk of honey
 Bee baclava maker
 Puts his sugars
 On the counter
 For bums with avid jaws
 And hollow eyes
 Eager to eat
 Their last dainty.

74TH CHORUS

Marchesa Casati
Is a living doll
Pinned on my Frisco
Skid row wall

Her eyes are vast
Her skin is shiny
Blue veins
And wild red hair
Shoulders sweet & tiny

Love her
Love her
Sings the sea
Bluely
Moaning
In the Augustus John
de John
back ground.

75TH CHORUS

Her eyes are living dangers
'll Leap you
From a page
Wearing the same insanity
The sweet unconcernedly
Italian humanity
Glaring from black eyebrows
To ask
Of Renaissance:
"What have you done now
After 3 hundred years
But create the glary witness
Which out this window
Shows a pale green
Friscan hill
The last green hill
Of America
With a cut a band

76TH CHORUS

Of brown red road
 Coint round
By architects of hiways
 To show the view
 To ledge travellers
Of Frisco, City, Bay
And Sea
 As all you do is drive around
—By Groves of lonesome
 Redwood trees
 Isolated
 In physical isolation
 On the bare lump
 Hill like people
 Of this country
Who walk alone
 In streets all day
 Forbidden
 To contact physically
 Anybody
 So desirable—

77TH CHORUS

They kill'd all painters
Drown'd—Made wash
The smothering crone
Of Cathay,

Flower of Malaya,
And Dharma saws,
Gat it all in,
Like wash,
Call'd it Renascence
And then wearied

From the globe—

Hill, last hill
Of Western World

Is cut around
Like half attempted
Half castrated
Protrudient breast
Of milk

From wild staring earth

78TH CHORUS

—The last scar
America was able
To crate
The uttermost hill
Beyond which is just
Pacific
And no more sc-cuts
And Alamos neither
But that can be rolled
In satisfying sea
Absolved of suicide—
Except that now
They're blasting fishermen
Apart?"

79TH CHORUS

"Beyond that fruitless sea"
—So speaks Marchesa
Mourning the Renaissance
And still the breeze
Is sweet & soft
 And cool as breasts
 And wild as sweet dark eyes.

Sits in her spirit
Like she wont be long
And bright about it
 All the time, like short
 star

An angry proud beauty
Of Italy

80TH CHORUS

San Francisco Blues
Written in a rocking chair
In the Cameo Hotel
San Francisco Skid row
Nineteen Fifty Four.

This pretty white city
On the other side of the country
Will no longer be
Available to me
I saw heaven move
Said "This is the End"
Because I was tired
of all that portend.

And any time you need
me
Call
I'll be at the other
end
Waiting
at the final hall

A NOTE ON SOURCES

Book of Blues, which includes "San Francisco Blues," "Richmond Hill Blues," "Bowery Blues," "MacDougal Street Blues," "Desolation Blues," "Orizaba 210 Blues," "Orlanda Blues," and "Cerrada Medellin Blues," is one of the unpublished manuscripts Jack Kerouac left in his meticulously organized archive. It does not contain all of Kerouac's unpublished blues poems—he chose not to include, for instance, "Berkeley Blues," "Brooklyn Bridge Blues," "Tangier Blues," "Washington DC Blues," and "Earthquake Blues." Comparisons with Kerouac's original handwritten notebooks indicate that in the process of editing the book, he deleted and rearranged some verses, and made some small editorial changes. Readers familiar with the excerpts from "San Francisco Blues," published in *Scattered Poems* (City Lights Books, 1971), will notice that he made changes in those verses.

—John Sampas, Literary Executor,
Estate of Jack and Stella Kerouac