

Six Cantos: Poetry by Jon Rappoport

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by Jon Rappoport, *Outside the Reality Machine*

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I

*Miles of unrecorded sand are
The skin of the dragon...
Haunch around the night
Preparing to shrug off hotels*

II

*This is the age of the actor
Who's found that every other age
Was lying in its rooms,
In fumes and spice,
Weary of the pose in its own device.
This is the age of discovering
That every other age was dying,
Muted in a flame,*

Born in presentiments of gold

In the pose of the honored name...

III

Lamps are lit

Along the Appian Way

*Caesar steps out on the running board of his tent and waves
to the surging crowd*

This can only end in elevation to heaven

What else is left?

*How many conquests until the gods tap him as one of their
own?*

Assassination? Impossible!

IV

I dreamt we fought a war to build Time from

A column rising out of the sea

And now, mystified by our own presence,

We aim to destroy it

V

"Burned flowers of the field

*My noon is over, growing old,
Everything I love is finally sold.
Sewed designs for men with money
Thinking it was duty,
To watch them lead the world to war,
From my little field of beauty.”*

VI

*There is no army of artists of reality
There can never be such an army*