



Further

Apurba Biswas

How cool was the counterculture of the 1960s?

Further on the road carrying the hippies and the Beats together,
Sensing nothing but arrays of Lysergic acid diethylamide induced imaginations.

How cool was the Columbia University?

Further meeting Kerouac, Ginsberg, Carr, and others through to
Times Square,

Where Carl Solomon who threw tomatoes at Dadaists, was destroyed by madness, starving hysterical
naked; aftershocks of a shock patient.

How cool was the Greenwich Village?

Where a madman named Burroughs lived at 69 Bedford Street ganging up with Ginsberg & Co. at
San Remo Cafe where Huncke was smoking blunt.

Run faster Further! Buckle up, Neal Cassady, the police are speeding up!

It's the Pacific Northwest! Gary Snyder on the block!

Trailblazing San Francisco! We are now at 3119 Filmore Street,

Everyone here at Six Gallery, reading with Rexroth, the master of ceremonies.

Bridge the generations they say! Kesey as a link between the hippies and the Beats.

How cool was the City Lights Book Store?

Ginsberg, Kerouac, Snyder, Corso, Ferlinghetti missing their appointments,

Turning up unshaven with old cigarette papers stuck to their pants.

Hey Neal!, said Kesey, Let them come too!

Further on the road!

How cool was Owsley Stanley?

Inviting the Beats and the beaten downs to Acid Test parties!

Here comes the Merry Pranksters!

Roaring through the 60s, amplified by the Wall of Sound.

Hear the Jazz!

Further floating through the air! cellophane wrapped in black nightmare of the endless factory!

My soul squeezed in the hydraulic press,

Drip.

Drip.

Drip.

Mother Gleason just showed us nine planets,

Where's that damn Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test? The Mountain girl sauntering past the bus! Babbs
carry on the Happening!

Yeah now the words are floating

I can't put my finger on it--arrays of multiple streamlines of colorful light rays, I saw sawdust in the
veiny soul jumping up and down like Fiasco on the wooden palm as the world is revolving like a
multi-colored sun peeking into my eyes making me lose myself...

But Further now at rest!

Covered in moss and shrubs,

Lost its schizophrenic, hallucinating skins

Skin has grown old.

But I believe I saw the word 'Sunshine' written in blue,

Too late for the Orange Sunshine and Sand and Scully to shine like a crazy diamond,

Last journey was a trip to the Woodstock in 1969.

Could the lunatics from 650 start again with their psychedelics and trippy skins now gotten shaggy in
69?

I hear the Grateful Dead singing,

How cool was the bus that came by and I got on, that's when it all began,

There was cowboy Neal at the wheel of the bus to never, never land.