

Paul Goodman, poet, novelist, playwright, critic, psychologist, and anarchist philosopher, has had an incalculable influence on the counter-culture. His most recent book of poems is NORTH PERCY (Black Sparrow).

FALL 1968

Eating alone
apart from the company
because no one
is interesting to me

and walking alone
day after day
because no one
will go my way

it is no use
to withhold criticism
I cannot choose
to be stupider than I am.

Oh now the year of woe
since my son died
merges into "I too"
that always did abide

and this mortal grief
mixing with
my lonesome life
and sexless youth

I am crying because
the autumn woods are lovely
in this world that was
not made for me

— nevertheless
it is good for exile
to live in a place
that is beautiful.

I am crying bitterly
because I murdered
like the Moor in the play
her who only murmured.

All mixed up is my grief,
red fall has come
and soon I will leave
for still another home.

A man so little
in touch with folks
ought not to meddle
in politics,

the peace my trouble
is thirsty for
is too universal.
It is no wonder
I do not want power

and victory,
that sits with joy
on a naive boy,
is hateful to me.
For me there is no way
but magnanimity.