

# Jim Morrison Visits Disneyland

by B. L. Kennedy

The blues scream out  
The American night  
breaking  
all the laws of tradition  
with  
the passive whimpering  
of  
holy tenor saxophone  
filling empty beer cans with voodoo  
and  
tales of fifteen-year-old tight pussy  
screaming  
we want our hero's return.  
I watch  
loaded up with sayings of peyote  
prophets  
and  
get sick drunk  
as they speak to me, and others like me  
in strange day sonnets  
that breeze  
through  
Mickey Mouse afternoons  
resurrections  
erections  
and  
tales of mysterious cities in Mexico  
in the desert  
in the cold, cold night  
where  
visions and sprits dance  
like killers  
in the end of the highway  
in the night.  
I foresaw celebration  
and  
left  
full of dream  
I would watch television  
as I would sometimes watch the children  
skateboard  
down the streets  
and  
broadways of America  
digging

Rolling Stones,  
Jimi Hendrix  
shouting  
fire  
in fine hootchie-cootchie mystification  
stinking voices  
of  
Boone's Farm Apple Wine  
and  
Maddog  
memories of panties and Corvettes  
all lie buried alive  
in the dark bedrooms of youth.  
Here I would wait  
and watch for the sun to go away  
humming  
old  
California  
miners' tunes  
in  
upbeat scat tempo  
waiting  
for mr. Mojo  
at the hard rock café  
to  
come have a beer  
and  
sing me to sleep  
on  
the other side of the night.  
Jim Morrison  
Visits  
Disneyland  
in the winter  
in one last plea for salvation  
but  
naked snow white  
when  
giving proper animation  
and  
the cartoonman  
turn him away  
his hair's too damn long.

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