

## We Were the Love Generation

*All you need is love*  
- John Lennon

We were the love generation in that century  
of war and atrocities our lives spent chasing our tails  
from bedroom trade deals to boardgame currencies  
of cultural and intellectual capital  
antique mating rituals in modern undress

driven out of the cities — out of our minds, with luck,  
afraid they too had been made, had, by the killing machine —  
not knowing if we'd gone mad or were the few still sane  
in an insane bankrupt out-of-date defunct civilization  
unsure where how or if to draw lines

between fascination imagination and hallucination  
or how to conceive a reality unadulterated  
by such stuff as the mindsets and memes we were born into,  
cookie cutter refills for entry level positions  
accessory to the crimes that sickened us *ab ovo*

Impelled by sex-crazed genes to perpetuate our kind  
in a shrinking already-overpopulated world,  
exercise our lunatic notions of liberty  
within the maze of dead ends and vicious spirals  
prescribed by nature and enlightened self-interest

refugees from free-market evolution  
trying to find a way out from in under,  
to get behind the sense of loss at the outset —  
the skipped first beat — the zero constitutive of the sequence  
but still empty — the heart's desire to overcome

the problem blind monads have communicating,  
the slim chance of recognizing who or what  
besides reproductions of our own alienation,  
cunning configurations of puritan prohibitions,  
we keep bumping into on our shortcuts toward death

War Incorporated in us: innocence lost  
at an early age down on our knees hands clasped

at the back of our necks breathing in the fallout  
unable not to see nightmare mutants  
taking over the plutonium forever earth,

street smart before puberty about things  
then still nameless to us — racism,  
sexism, ecocide, genocide,  
gross national products, fundamentalist  
religion in bed with fundamentalist economics

ladders of knives in each others' backs legs spread  
face to the wall hearts on our sleeves stars in our eyes  
individualist egos on the one hand utter  
schizophrenia on the other — dog eat dog  
business class anarchy in a race to the bottom

A civilization so fundamentally sick  
with self-hatred and afterdeath-wish idealizations  
preached by perverted religion that for centuries  
nations have slaughtered each other in the name of their gods,  
applied their technical genius to ecological mayhem,

brainwashed their children to internalize the insane belief  
that the greatest pleasure our short lives offer —  
the mutual satisfaction of our sexual needs,  
the ecstatic sharing of our mortal bodies and minds —  
is a crime except in the cause of conjugal procreation,

generation after generation hung up  
in shame and guilt for feeling what human beings feel  
when not reduced to AI cyborgs —  
a-, bi- and polysexual but not  
one bit of heart to heart connectivity

Running naked from the killing fields, bombed-out dreams,  
deflated passions and kindred abuses left us  
by age after age of progress, one pyramid scheme  
after another built on scooped-out hearts of the captured,  
before crumbling from the waste of natural resources

looking for a place outside the solitary confinement  
of an atomistic society in thrall to a mythic  
autonomous some say eternal self,

a verdant fruitful place copacetic with the vision  
looping behind our newly opened eyes:

a body politic of expanded consciousness,  
an unselfish sense of self as loving, caring,  
a symbiotic process and integral synergy  
inhabited like our bodies and minds, flesh and blood  
by multitudes of indispensable fellow travelers

Starting with the Bomb, everything everywhere  
all at once changing too fast to keep up with,  
*always already* the by-word, the telling phrase of the hour,  
no substances verbal or nominal,  
no eternal truth or abstract ideals,

no stability or solidity, just flux:  
a confluence of embodied perceptions and perspectives,  
matter not as material but as a matter of time  
in a physical, biotic, social and psychoactive  
global sit-com in turbulent terrain

metaphysics and physics, cosmos as well as chaos,  
cellular autonomy and spontaneous  
generation requiring maps both geometric  
and topological, a luminous ethic  
adequate to both information and imagination

Knowing as if by instinct to try to keep tight rein  
on the military and constabulary, to update their orders  
so they stand at temple door and civic gate  
as guardian demons, occult presences to avert  
sadism, war and blood sacrifice

Knowing as if by genetic compulsion to try to keep  
pulpitry and bigotry far removed  
from affairs of state and heart, yet believing  
governments should be consecrated to our own  
in-group's principles and tenets of faith

Knowing despite ourselves, in our guts and spine,  
the need to counter *prejudice hate injustice and greed*  
with *beauty grace compassion and love* core values  
having nothing to do with theft exploitation

competition ownership or power games

That the good life is not something to have but to do.  
That ideas are a dime a dozen only actions count.  
That we seem to be not only intransitive verbs  
looking for nouns but cognitive fields made up  
of memory imagination will and fear

driven by genetic desire to be continued.  
That every life is a cosmos every death a cosmic  
loss every consciousness a communal treasure house.  
That what we leave behind is a smidgen of what we were  
before recycling into merely binary information.

That our essential obligation is not to ourselves  
but to this relationship we've let go to hell —  
soil smothered waters poisoned air choked  
family ties and animal spirits broken —  
this mortal world this home we share with each other.