



'Pray for me,' says Ginsberg  
addressing Apollinaire  
    as if they were the closest of friends  
'pray for me on the phonograph record  
    of your former existence'  
& already his voice  
(although he's unaware of it)  
    sounds like history  
as scratchy as his recollections  
    of Paris, Picasso, Cocteau —  
'the princes of America' driving  
    towards Montparnasse . . .

ALISTAIR PATERSON