## Take Two: An Alchemy of Machine Guns

Four days before Christmas I sit in my office in Newmarket reading lines from Ginsberg: 'Here in Paris,' he says 'I am your guest' & for the moment I recognise the reverse is true – (miraculously) he's transported me to the tomb of Apollinaire & to the vision of 'Tzara in the Bois de Boulogne explaining the alchemy of machine guns'. And while he does it an ant runs over (his) corduroy sleeve & I remember Apollinaire dying his complaint that there was 'still so much to do' which demonstrates - perhaps needlessly that most of us don't know when to stop including Ginsberg who also reports (being obsessed with death) Jacques Vaché as having invited him to inspect 'a terrible collection of pistols'.

 '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 . . .

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