

**Classic Poetry Series**

# **Harry Crosby**

**- poems -**

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## **Firebrand**

What is your feeling about the revolutionary spirit of your age, as expressed, for instance, in such movements as communism, surrealism, anarchism?

The revolutionary spirit of our age (as expressed by communism, surrealism, anarchism, madness) is a hot firebrand thrust into the dark lantern of the world.

In Nine Decades  
a Mad Queen shall be born.

Harry Crosby

## Telephone Directory

Mad Queen Aeronautical Corporation	Cyclone 3030
Mad Queen Chemical Corporation	Gunpowder 3328
Mad Queen Company for the Manufacture of Hand Grenades	Gunpowder 8878
Mad Queen Drug Store of Tonics and Stimulants	Detonator 8808
Mad Queen Dynamiting and Blasting Company	Rackarock 4196
Mad Queen Express Elevators	Speedway 7898
Mad Queen Fireworks Corporation	Hurricane 1144
Mad Queen Garage for Vandals of the Road	Speedway 3984
Mad Queen Hospital for Electrifying the Heart	Cyclone 5679
Mad Queen Jazz Band	Detonator 8814
Mad Queen Laboratory for the Manufacture of Aphrodisiacs	Gunpowder 0090
Mad Queen Lighting and Fuel Corporation	Gunpowder 4301
Mad Queen Manufacturers of High Explosives	Thunderbolt 4414
Mad Queen Racing Automobiles	Speedway 6655
Mad Queen Rum Distillery	Explosion 1152
Mad Queen Skyscrapers	Hurricane 7444
Mad Queen Society for the Vivisection of the Philistines	Thunderbolt 8778
Mad Queen Society of Incendiaries	Rackarock 2254
Mad Queen Steam Locomotive Company	Speedway 1010
Mad Queen Steam Roller Manufacturers	Detonator 1234
Mad Queen Windmills and Weathervanes	

Helvetica">Hurricane 0164</td> </tr> </table>

Harry Crosby

## Vision

I exchange eyes with the Mad Queen

the mirror crashes against my face  
and bursts into a thousand suns  
all over the city flags crackle and bang  
fog horns scream in the harbor  
the wind hurricanes through the window  
and I begin to dance the dance of the  
Kurd Shepherds

I stamp upon the floor  
I whirl like dervishes

colors revolve dressing and undressing  
I lash them with my fury  
stark white with iron black  
harsh red with blue  
marble green with bright orange  
and only gold remains naked

columns of steel rise and plunge  
emerge and disappear  
pistoning in the river of my soul  
thrusting upwards  
thrusting downwards  
thrusting inwards  
thrusting outwards  
penetrating

I roar with pain

black-footed ferrets disappear into holes

the sun tattooed on my back  
begins to spin  
faster and faster  
whirring whirling  
throwing out a glory of sparks  
sparks shoot off into space  
sparks into shooting stars  
shooting stars collide with comets

Explosions  
Naked Colors Explode  
Into  
Red Disaster

I crash out through the  
window naked, widespread  
upon a  
Heliosaurus  
I uproot an obelisk and plunge

it into the ink-pot of the  
Black Sea  
I write the word  
SUN

Harry Crosby