



**OLD  
ANGEL  
MIDNIGHT**

**JACK  
KEROUAC**

**Excerpt from  
Old Angel Midnight  
By Jack Kerouac**

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1 FRIDAY AFTERNOON IN THE UNIVERSE, in all directions  
in & out you got your men women dogs children horses  
pones tics perts parts pans pools palls pails parturi-  
ences and petty Thieveries that turn into heavenly  
Buddha — I know boy what's I talkin about case I made  
the world & when I made it I no lie & had Old Angel  
Midnight for my name and concocted up a world so  
*nothing* you had forever thereafter make believe it's  
real — but that's alright because now everything'll be  
alright & we'll soothe the forever boys & girls & before  
we're thru we'll find a name for this Goddam Golden  
Eternity & tell a story too — and but d y aver read a  
story as vast as this that begins Friday Afternoon with  
workinmen on scaffolds painting white paint & ants  
merlying in lil black dens & microbes warring in yr kid-  
ney& mesaroolies microbing in the innards of mercery  
& microbe microbes dreaming of the ultimate microbe-  
hood which then ultimates outward to the endless vast  
empty atom which is this imaginary universe, ending  
nowhere & ne'er e'en born as Bankei well poled when  
he ferried his mother over the rocks to Twat You Tee  
and people visit his hut to enquire "What other planet  
features this?" & he answers "What other planet?" tho  
the sounds of the entire world are now swimming thru  
this window from Mrs McCartiola's twindow & Ole  
Poke's home dronk again & acourse you hear the cats  
wailing in the wailbar wildbar wartfence moonlight  
midnight Angel Dolophine immensity Visions of the  
Tathagata's Seat of Purity & Womb so that here is all this  
infinite immaterial meadowlike golden ash swimswarm-

ing in our enlighten brains & the silence Shh shefallying  
in our endless ear & still we refuse naked & blank to  
hear What the Who? the Who? Too What You? will say  
the diamond boat & Persepine, Recipine, Mill town,  
Heroine, & Fack matches the silver ages everlasting  
swarmswallying in a simple broom — and at night ya  
raise the square white light from your ghost beneath a  
rootdrinkin tree & Coyote wont hear ya but you'll ward  
off the inexistency devils just to pass the time away &  
meanwhile it's timeless to the ends of the last lightyear  
it might as well be gettin late Friday afternoon where  
we start so's old Sound can come home when worksa  
done & drink his beer & tweak his children's eyes —

**2** and what talents it takes to bail boats out you'd  
never flank till flail pipe throwed howdy who was it  
out the bar of the seven seas and all the Italians of 7th  
Street in Sausaleety slit sleet with paring knives that  
were used in the ream kitchens to cut the innards of  
gizzards out on a board, wa, twa, wow, why, shit, Ow,  
man, I'm tellin you— Wait— We bait the rat and forget  
to mark the place and soon Cita comes and eat it and  
puke out grit — fa yen pas d cas, fa yen pas d case,  
chanson d idiot, imbecile, vas malade — la sonora de  
madrigal — but as soon as someone wants to start then  
the world takes on these new propensities:

1. Bardoush

(the way the craydon bi fa shta rna j en vack)

2. Flaki — arrete — interrupted chain saw sting  
eucalyptus words inside the outside void that good God  
we cant believe is anything so arsaphallawy any the pranaraja  
of madore with his bloody arse kegs, shit — go  
to three.

3 Finally just about the time they put wood to the  
poets of France & fires broke out recapitulating the  
capitulation of the continent of Mu located just south  
of Patch, Part, with his hair askew and wearing goldring  
ears & Vaseline Hair Oil in his arse ass hole flaunted all  
the old queers and lecherous cardinals who wrote  
(write) pious manuals & announced that henceforth he  
was to be the sole provender provider this side of  
Kissthat.

Insteada which hey marabuda you son of a betch  
you cucksucker you hey hang dat board down here I'll  
go cot you on the Yewneon ya bum ya — lick, lock,  
lick, lock, mix it for pa—tit a a lamana lacasta reda va da  
Poo moo koo — Ia — swinging Friday afternoon in eter-  
nity here comes Kee pardawac with long golden robe  
flowing through the Greek Islands with a Bardic (for-  
got) with a lard (?) with a marde manual onder his  
Portugee Tot Sherry Rotgut, singing "Kee ya."

Tried to warn all of you, essence of stuff wont do  
— God why did you make the world?

Answer: —Because I gwt pokla renamash ta va in  
ming the atss are you forever with it?

I like the bliss of mind.

Awright I'll call up all the fuckin Gods, right now!

Parya! Arrive! Ya damn hogfuckin lick lip twillerin  
fishmonger! Kiss my purple royal ass baboon! Poota!  
Whore! You and yr retinues of chariots & fucks! Devadatta!  
Angel of Mercy! Prick! Lover! Mush! Run on  
ya dog eared kiss willying nilly Dexter Michigan ass—  
warlerin ratpole! The rat in my cellar's an old canuck who  
wasnt fooled by rebirth but b God gotta admit I was born for  
the same reason I bring this glass to my lip — ?

Rut! Old God whore, the key to ecstasy is forevermore  
furthermore blind! Potanyaka! God of Mercy!  
Boron O Mon Boron! All of ye! Rush! Ghosts & evil spirits,  
if you appear I'm saved. How can you fool an old  
man with a stove & wine drippin down his chin? The  
flowers are my little sisters and I love them with a dear  
heart. Ashcans turn to snow and milk when I look. I  
know sinister alleys. I had a vision of Han Shan a darkened  
by sun bum in odd rags standing short in the  
gloom scarey to see. Poetry, all these vicious writers  
and bores & Scriptural Apocraphylizers fucking their  
own dear mothers because they want ears to sell —

And the axe haiku.

All the little fine angels amercyin and this weary  
prose hand handling dumb pencils like in school long  
ago the first redsun special. Henry Millers everywhere  
Fridaying the world — Rexroths. Rexroths not a bad  
egg. Creeley. Creeley. Real magination realizing rock  
roll rip snortipatin oyster stew of Onatona Scotiat  
Shores where six birds week the nest and part wasted

his twill till I.

Mush. Wish. Wish I could sing ya songs of a perty  
nova spotia patonapeein pack wallower wop snot polly  
— but caint — cause I'll get sick & die anyway & you  
too, born to die, little flowers. Fiorella. Look around.  
The burlap's buried in the wood on an angle, axe  
haiku. La religion c'est d la marde! Pa! d la marde! J m  
en dor.—

God's asleep dreaming, we've got to wake him up!  
Then all of a sudden when we're asleep dreaming, he  
comes and wakes us up — how gentle! How are you  
Mrs Jones? Fine Mrs Smith! Tit within Tat — Eye within  
Tooth — Bone within Light, like — Drop some little  
beads of sweetness in that stew (O Phoney Poetry!) —  
the heart of the onion — That stew's too good for me  
to eat, you! —

People, shmeople