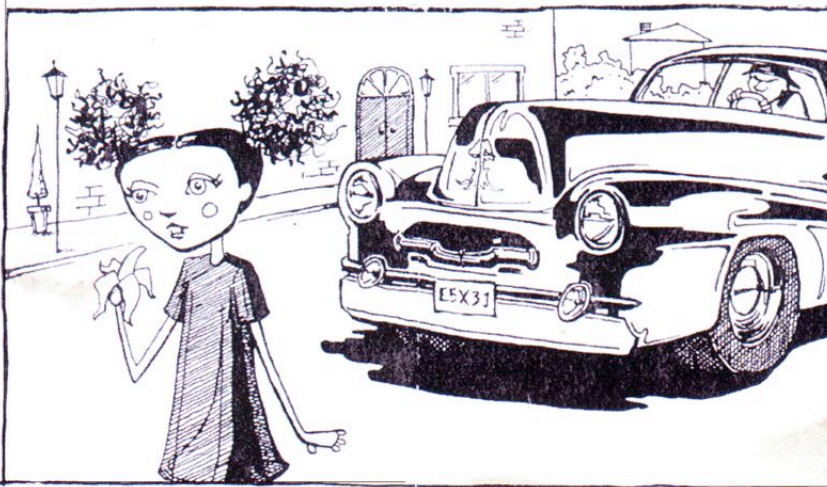


# BANANA BABY



Louise Landes Levi

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I  
am like the kid/ fallen,  
into

**m**ilk,

So/what happens after the prince  
climbs/the tower & rescues the princess.

She rescues him. Right?/O

Golden platters, O Orphic ritual/

*“I am a child of this Earth & the starry heaven,  
but my race is of Heaven alone!”*

Sexual  
&  
mystical...my

**A**lly.

I'm  
definitely weird, just like everyone  
says, but is strange not also beautiful.? Is my strangeness  
**NOT**  
my  
ornament/

**a**fter defending the 'Arabs' *you can't speak that way*  
I say to the Nationalist, I meet 'Mohammed', who  
saves me fr. the night, it's 5 below zero,  
I'm stranded. Is Mohammed  
worried about anything?  
Not  
at  
all.

\*

Not at all, nervous or shy, just scared to death,  
to be fucked in the ass after the guy abandons us in  
a narrow building, & I'm only 17 & don't  
know these 2 guys/ the  
second one notices I'm bleeding & leaves me  
alone,  
really  
alone,

\*

Like everyone says, I'm not very social,  
but one day, I'll write a poem that will tear out the inside of  
your heart & leave you dripping gold blood on the body of your dream, & your  
dream, your sacred dream,  
will  
be  
mine

\*

**Madonna** met the Queen & paid for it. I didn't pay  
anything for the hotel room but forgot the  
'practice' of the night.

As

I looked at you. long & hard, I looked right into your eyes of fire & you  
remembered your fire, & all the wet dawns & all the silent midnights, fell away fr.  
your transparent touch as you reached into the infinity of the  
mother & found,

No

One

\*

The

arc was located, beneath the shrine, carried on the roads,  
by elders & gypsies. Disguised, the old women were singing & their voices were  
sweet as May, their steps were light as death. Their love only made me think one  
day we wld. meet

& the *derelecta* would bathe her own,

her

own

pores.

again.

Even if everyone else had children & I had only you,  
my daughters & sons, small books of sacred verse & some that was pure trash, no  
wonder the trucks on Avenue Rapp had taken it to the  
cremation  
ground.

My

mother & father,

had gone into the greater WORLD,

leaving me, w. not a friend or foe who cld. point out to me their dwelling place in  
the great

I beyond

beyond  
name & form, beyond repetition & non repetition, beyond,  
generosity & the heart's inability to be generous, beyond,  
the thaw & flow of the river, my old baggage was  
gradually dissolving, dissolving on an island  
of initiates & thieves, I  
can't even remember,

*the parting words  
you said  
to  
me.*

Amsterdam .2003

\*\*\*

Dear D.

Too exhausted after reading to do anything but my favorite things;

drink Green tea & type –

Short on cash-pray being guided, protected. Very strange to  
integrate in this old scene - find myself listening to Dutch – One  
good sound poet - Now too exhausted to do anything-

but  
thinking  
of  
you,

L.

To  
improve  
memory,

**L**earn

Hebrew. The  
letters.

will

revive yr. BRAIN CELLS

but don't, I repeat, don't attempt  
to gain Worldly power or Position, above  
all

LAND

w.  
your  
new  
found

'GIFT'  
(or inheritance)

The letters are  
meant to revive yr.  
intelligence - Revitalize  
& Reprogram yr. brain cells.

Aleph Beth Gamel Daleth Hay

Use them  
to see  
into  
other dimensions,

not to  
'dominate'  
this  
ONE

**Joanne  
is very persistent  
in her poems-Reserved  
but fierce, independent, gentle, visionary /REFINED..**

*“If you are innocent of heart you will sit there & dig it.”*

*“Little Neural Annie was fined \$65.in the Oakland Traffic court this  
season for ‘driving while in a  
state of samadhi”*

\*

**Leaving  
Mt./ green. green MOON space.**

**Crazy scene  
w. Gino. Repetitive. Why  
didn't I open to him - too shocked...Too insincere.**

## **THE DAKINI'S STATION?**

\*

**So holy to pray & practice  
in the deep morning**

**same  
love  
for  
'd.'**

\*



Amsterdam

The obscure future”

First he said he was Romeo  
then he said he

was  
drunk,

The  
Tibetans don't have  
a culture of

Love

Between the Sexes between the Bardos  
between  
the  
Sheets.

I live in Death if I do not live in Life.

*I am alive. I am alive.*

I cried, after  
the crash...

Whose will or  
abstinence, deleterious  
I embraced yr. scent, yr.  
innate desire, TANTRIC

after  
the  
drought

\*

The lingering perennial arivaaderci//all this suffering

serves/

Nothing.

(dream on bus)Merigar: (Tib.).House of Fire)was on fire. But in

the water **“I am alive”**

Lolita, Tram.No.9

The endless possibility of

Maria's

good

fortune/

**C**hartres was composed of  
at least 4 divergent cultures. Pythagorean,  
Druid, Hermetic & I forget  
O yes,  
the Ark of the Covenant,  
ancient  
Hebraic.  
\*

It  
sounds  
(*trivial*) - but  
(really) what Holland  
lacked  
(was)  
a  
GOOD  
Mountain

—  
**I**nstead  
of devoting so  
much time to holding  
back the Sea, the Dutch  
ought to devote some time  
& energy to  
**M**aking  
a  
**M**ountain  
\*

**F**r.  
the height of a  
Mt. man Communes  
w.  
God  
or  
'the  
Gods

**E**levated, he  
perceives, the  
greatness of Space  
which  
is  
its'

**Empty**

**BLISS.**

In  
NYC  
skyscrapers  
Replace the spiritual  
**N**eed  
for  
Altitude.

—  
but

there are desert

**y**ogis who, in the  
horizontal planes of  
space, discover the

same

**V**irtue

—  
&  
I am now  
in Tucino, which  
was once Italy & still  
looks  
like  
it

# CRIME

in  
Italy

I am on the train,  
going to Venice/ g. has  
“stolen” ( w/o. asking, naturally) my heart & I  
have symbolically lost my crystal shaped  
pendulum in the form of a heart . On the train I borrow  
a pen fr. a serious looking Musician:

*The next thing I know is*

## Violinist **forgets** her violin

I almost make her  
pay for the fact that she did not GIVE me her silver\  
pen, which I had borrowed  
(on  
the  
train)  
even tho she must have known I needed it,

but pursue her, crying  
*‘signora’ signora, il tuo violino....’*

In  
tears she thanks me for her violin  
& then rewards me -w. the silver pen.

The violinist was  
very respectable looking & I was fascinated  
by the musical notations she  
was studying.

She  
did not know I was a ‘poet’, although seemingly disordered, I careful observed her  
& later, after she departed, her violin  
abandoned,  
on  
the  
train.

I  
used to  
dream abt.  
Nyala Pema Dudul's

*terma script*

Now  
I dream  
of

Michael Rothenberg's

CUBA

Is (this the effect of)  
The Kali Yuga  
or  
what?

\*

Danny  
knocked- up  
the daughter of  
the  
**MAYOR**  
of  
Bologna,

That's heavy.

\*

All  
day I prayed,  
at least on 4 separate occasions  
I prayed  
that  
Maria wld. not  
fall  
down

from  
her shiny blue **'high heels'**,

at  
the  
wedding

in  
Siena  
& she  
didn't.

\*

Will Bernard get his  
Rent  
Money?  
Sweet Jewish Kind Buddhist

## **Pythagorean**

*'I can't follow that Fat Man' he says.*

\*

Angus'  
music/ a mix between anarchist & sacred ART,  
molecular flow & great intensity,  
Ignorant, Louise who didn't appreciate  
his sudden appearance in the tubes of London,  
the first time she played in the  
'underground;  
& he tipped his hat.

*Anna has seen it all, seen it all,  
come & go.*

\*

**Without  
a word (of protest), the Italian people  
let go of their beautiful \$ & stamps, how  
conservative & the people are  
starving. I too am  
starving.**

*“Feed me for I am hungry & hurry,  
for time is like  
a sword”*

\*

**The world has not understood the relation  
between aesthetics & VIRTU**

\*

**Someone**

**shld. teach  
the people who work  
the**

**Alt.**

**NOT**

**to kill insects**

*NYC 2003*

Where  
it  
was  
or  
was

**B**eginning,

in the eye in the **V**ision in my,

evenly

manifesting.../It all began  
w. sound, the sound of an ambulance or lover'

**H**ollow

stars

& organs, bird songs, the river,

yr. feet, unmoving

Matteo

I place a peacock feather,  
&  
flower,

on

yr.

grave,

in **A**RCIDOSO,

*'Non credeva'*

you were human-

I saw that Red before,  
on a deity in  
Kanchipuram/ yr. innocence  
rises against my thought process - I  
was  
there



am  
here,  
**M**atteo,

**Cherubic, alarming 'destino' - yet  
you have awoken my inner**

state,

**Matteo, *credo***

\*

**Will  
Bush really bomb the shit  
out of the Iraqis**

**just because his Dad says this war's Cool,  
Will the truth abt. the Twin Tower's ever be known  
Or is it something  
only I can see  
or  
feel  
or..**

\*\*\*\*

**Flat  
sun/ Rotterdam:**

**ENOLA GAY - the plane  
that  
wiped  
away**

**the city of  
HIROSHIMA...**

**...named - the plane not  
the city - after  
his  
Mother**

*“As I look up there,  
the whole sky is lit up w. the  
prettiest blue & pink I’ve every seen in my life  
It was just great”*

\*

**Frank Sinatra,  
on the Radio, is  
singing, *New York, New York*, it  
must  
be  
a  
sign...**

\*

### **SITTING IN THE ALT**

**Sitting in Alt. Halloween/Day of Dad. Somewhat Strange. New computer.  
Uncomfortable 990. Anywhere except Dream House. Dream house very comforting.  
Rose. I need some help for sarangi. Don’t know what to do w. my life & it’s almost  
over. I am eating terribly & will get very sick if I continue to do so. Maybe I don’t  
want to live. That’s ridiculous.**

**I didn’t really want to come back fr. Europe. Maybe that’s why the transportation  
w/ Naomi, w. S. didn’t really work. I needed more time to finish thing sin Holland,  
also in Italy./ I feel so awkward here.**

**Don’t know what to do & am obsessed by m parent’ s  
Death. Maybe I should see a shrink & spend  
All their money hat way.**

**I  
should have gone to see Rinpoche/ feel so lost.  
Sarangi is beautiful but I have nowhere to play it.  
I have my parent’s plates too& all that  
Silver ware. I hate living  
in  
Brooklyn.**

## A Deep River

The impression of a luminosity/ so profound – it

is

everywhere

&

nowhere/

arose, fr. the point  
A Rose,

of

quietude

-----

...Of

my death,  
nearer, I am

Nearer/

*"the body gets more etheric"* the lover,

his hair, fallen/ on my, desire/  
the wound, the cut,

*"In the school of Rock"*

of drone, shadow reader/  
sought, epiphanies,  
absolute/  
presence /O

Arise -  
wave, weep for the River  
has conjoined/ salient/ solitary/  
this  
willful

'portrayal'

\*\*\*\*\*

On the day  
of  
the  
dead/  
traveling now, safe in the cosmos

"It's not good to be so pretty"  
Absolved/ Jacques, the 'furrier'/ absolved/ Sarah,  
absolved,

'deaf  
&  
mute'

*'from which emergeth'/* I can not / this  
origin or/ O Father - O Mother- ' Set Sail' - Unite thy House /

the  
dream  
of  
the  
House/  
of  
Judah

**Famine & dream—in the land of the Merciful**

**MUSIC**

**Re/member/ the chord**

---

**BANANA BABY**

Autobiographical Sketches/Anna's Bar Aug.999

**I**

was born on the day Staffenburg attempted to assassinate Adolf Hitler. I have never understood the capitalist/corporate structure & have, for most my adult life existed external to it. I grew up in a Joint family, there were a lot of Polish, Czechoslovakian, Rumanian, French & also African people in the household.

**My**

**parent's house**

was near the first United Nations. A lot of diplomats & their 'corps' would en up there. My mother was generous w. strangers. She suffered from a mental illness, which made her hate me. I was often beaten & did not know what a 'real' mother was like. I never had anyone to talk to.

**A**

**parapsychologist**

told me that when I was born my mother rejected me so I decided to die through starvation. I didn't die because my 'fast' was interpreted as an illness. It was called *Celiac* & I was called the *Banana Baby* because all I cld. eat was

**BANANAS.**

**My**

**father**

did not intervene in my mother's treatment of me. He read books & collected them & knew a lot about art & about flowers. He sold fabric w. flower & other designs I was very sick & spent a lot of time in bed looking at the ceiling. I found a mountain there & looked at it w. great concentration.

**At**

**five my mother dropped me on my head**

& I missed a year of school. All this contributed to my strange state. I started writing poetry very early on & saw light coming fr. the letters when I tried to learn the alphabet.  
**kk**

**After**

that I got involved w. writing poetry. My first anthology at the age of 8 disappeared. It was written w. red & blue crayon on grey paper. Luckily I had committed some of my work to memory & I still can remember it on certain occasion

**\*Louise is Saraswati. Goddess of poetry\***  
John Giorno (*Giorno Poetry Systems*)

Scholar traveler musician & poet , LLL was born in NYC in 1944. She graduated fr. the Univ. of California w. honors/ she lives, performs & publishes her work wherever it is possible to do so.

Her books include little known publications: *The Water Mirror, The Highway Queen, The Tower & Concerto* (City Lights Books), *Extinction* (Left Hand Books) & *Guru Punk* (Cool Grove Press). She has translated fr. the Middle Hindi of Mira Bai & the French of Henri Michaux & Rene Daumal.

She is the director of Il Begatto Press. & sells her CD's, books, cards & scrolls in places where travelers, mystics, musicians & visionaries meet & separate.

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Photo Ira Cohen

*“as one of the Sufis said ‘no matter how many draughts of forbidden wine we drink, we will carry this raging thirst into eternity’ as quoted in TAZ/Hakim Bey*