

The jails are full of psychedelic & political prisoners,  
sheared eagles who study to set their captors free, to regenerate  
the criminal, whose resistance is fasting & prayer, whose  
release is vision, caged panthers who keep silence & temper  
their wills to white fire....

Saddhus are on foot all through  
America, right now, with shaved heads or long ecstatic  
manes, all they own in packs on their backs, mantra pulsing  
through their hearts, on foot in the cities, the mountains, the  
deserts, learning how to metabolize light, invisible to those  
who will not give them rides, learning as the Indians do :  
from the ground up....

There are hidden saints who live like  
turnips in the world, who pitch their teepees far back in the  
canyons, who live on birdsong in the mountains, who play  
their flutes to jackrabbits & pass like wind & light through the  
grass....

There are hotel maids who sing all day over  
strange sheets, yogic night clerks, psychic auto mechanics,  
janitors mumbling oracles & chauffeurs ceaselessly praying.  
There are slaves who clap their hands & dance....

And there  
are cafés on courthouse squares where love is served on blue  
plates....

There are hidden saints on secret journeys who



move like the seasons through the world, wandering among  
the polar fields, swimming up phylogenetic amazons, riding  
the subways back & forth, raising matter to light. There are  
saddhus who meditate in movie theaters & bus terminals,  
museum guards quietly releasing karma, priests who say mass  
for the rats in the sewers, taxi drivers in incessant Jesus  
prayer....

not to forget the man in the turnpike toll booth  
reading science fiction....

Every hitchhiker has left the  
world & is in the world, on the road to the code, on the trail  
of the snail of enlightenment, wandering among the herds of  
light, drinking in our darkness....

wind at twilight, turning  
over the long grasses & passing on....