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....

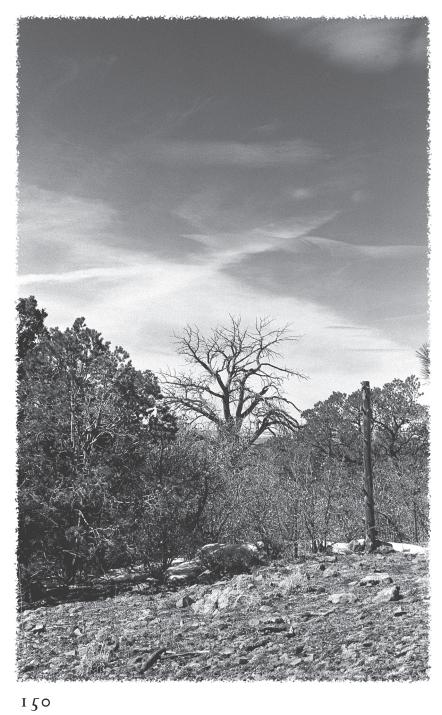
Saddhus are on foot all through America, right now, with shaved heads or long ecstatic manes, all they own in packs on their backs, mantra pulsing through their hearts, on foot in the cities, the mountains, the deserts, learning how to metabolize light, invisible to those who will not give them rides,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