

# DARK JOURNEY

BY JIM MORRISON &  
CRAIG STRETE



Also by Jim Morrison

- The Lords and the New Creatures, 1970
- An American Prayer (ed. by Katherine Usdandro), 1978

Also by Craig Strete

- The Bleeding Man and Other Science Fiction Stories, 1977
- Paint Your Face on a Drowning In the River, 1978
- When Grandfather Journeyed into Winter, 1979

In Dutch Translation:

- If All Else Fails. We Can Whip the Horse's Eyes and Make Him Cry and Sleep, 1976
- We've Seen White Camera's in Geronimo's Coffin, Interviewing Indian Worms, 1977
- Unde Coyote and the Buffalo Pizza, 1978
- Paint Your Face on a Drowning in the River, 1979

Also by Jim Morrison & CraigStrete

- Menstruation Taboos; A Woman's Studies Perspective (In: Mandala/Montagna Rossa; Haarlem. Holland, 1977)

Jim Morrison & Craig Strete

# DARK JOURNEY

Dark Journey

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## NIGHT

night  
interrupts screaming  
an orchestra rides  
without a saddle

two eyes two spies  
short circuiting  
forbidden treasures  
azure notations  
sky concepts  
the enemy asks  
the meaning of wetness  
and is unanswered  
except in sleep

and moves on  
with negro gaiety  
recounting a circus  
this is a crimson premise  
half laughing  
in unwritten tongues  
languages of night  
let us kill our women  
let us kill our women  
let us kill our pets

with names

## ON THE ROAD TO SLEEPING LAKE

we died and we cried  
on the road to sleeping lake  
the singing lizard man  
said you have to understand  
those are the chances you take  
on the road to sleeping lake

we've got a love house inside  
the doorway opens with the tide  
so just follow us in  
surrender to sleep  
let the last kiss  
hiss snake deep

well the dark was big  
where your cars went through  
what you thought  
you thought you knew  
so let's swim, let's swim  
it's the season to come in  
the world outside wants in  
to burn inside your skin  
so let's swim, let's swim

play and sleep  
senses divide  
surrender to the tide  
come follow us inside

the admiral sleeps with the sea  
looks at dance  
the history  
battered ships of his children  
gone to sea  
gone to season  
all have lost their reason

on the conquistadore shore  
we swam real slow  
with all the ones  
who didn't want to go

on the road to sleeping lake  
we felt the building shake  
we touched the smooth skin  
of the drowned man's swim  
we touched the dead hair  
we saw it moving with the tide  
riding beyond repair

the admiral cries  
on the conquistadore shore  
none of his children  
ever sail any more

we died and we cried  
on the road to sleeping lake  
the singing lizard man  
said you have to understand  
those are the chances you take  
on the road to sleeping lake

when you drown in us  
your hair drifts behind you  
the fish are not kind to you  
when you drown in us  
your hair drifts behind you  
all the boats come out  
but they never find you

just wait for the tide  
remember the love house  
and surrender inside

those are the chances you take  
on the road to sleeping lake  
come with us, we'll take a ride  
we'll go down and find the tide  
we'll get another chance  
at the dance  
another chance

## CONCERTO IN EARTH MINOR

the universe is a wide terrace of expanding galaxies  
where the time clock of human reality  
is forever damaged  
by the long aching distance  
of Earth's separate voyage

pulsars with volatile cadences  
and flirtatious emanations  
tease a scientific jazz band  
playing for human dancers  
climbing barren, invisible  
antennas into unanswered silences

Earth is trapped  
in an orchestration of space  
where sunspots under the Earth's barefeet  
warms with a radioactive musicality  
that changes the vivid animated mural  
of human history

Earth is trapped  
in an orchestration of space  
where light years are casual accomplishments  
that carry away our half spoken words

Earth is imprisoned  
in a galactic symphony  
where human beings project images  
that rise above gravity  
with a purely decorative quality

## I AM THE NIGHT RIDER

i am sprung  
from great jeweled creatures  
who roam the hollow eyes of earth  
i am a stalker of an angry night  
i have ripped antelope hearts at my birth  
killed the deer inside my mother  
i have been no other  
in all of my being

one side of me is a desert  
where the footprints of the  
kingdom  
empty into the sky

one side of me is an ocean  
where night  
falls into the sea

I've looked the worms' eyes over  
listened to sleepers in the grave  
watched, unseen from the birth cave  
hidden where night dreams  
interrupt the screams

turn your face away  
forget the questions  
you would ask  
take up the mask  
take up the mask  
i have hidden myself  
deep inside my scorpion dance  
hide yourself while you have this chance  
run

take up the mask  
go before the blood comes

your free souls  
have fetal positions  
healing hands, madman exhibitions  
horseback blisters  
dead men and dead sisters

i am the night rider  
my red river just gets wider  
i touch the place  
where i was born  
i save the human race  
born in the blood  
gaily colored  
born in the blood  
born in the blood  
(the white child was smothered)

I am the night rider

take up the mask  
give up your breathing games  
for one day I'll go among you  
and take all of your names

i am the night rider

## I WEAR A MASK

No need to ask  
why i wear a mask  
of open wounds  
parades of grief  
just give me your  
willing suspension of disbelief  
we are no longer commanding  
at our own understanding  
our free souls' superstitions  
have fetal positions  
healing hands from snakes  
horseback rides into lakes  
strangers of forgotten night  
systems of hidden ancestral deBght  
i wear a mask  
of open wounds  
parades of grief  
just give me your  
willing suspension of disbelief  
we are no longer commanding  
at our own understanding  
every day we see ourselves change  
crawling down the wall  
into something strange  
i wear a mask  
no eyes to see  
no need to ask  
just set me free  
set me free

## LITTLE STRANGE EYES

well, you know what you've been  
tell me what are you winning  
we made you alone  
back there at the beginning  
take it easy, take it slow  
i have all i am and you  
you are all i know  
little strange eyes  
we made you alone  
we made you a stranger  
trapped inside your home  
why are you grinning  
little strange eyes  
have you been sinning  
please take it easy, take it slow  
i have all i am and you  
you are all i know  
you looked so nice  
i wanted your fire  
and touched all of your ice  
little strange eyes  
we were together all night  
little strange eyes  
we knew who put out the light  
we loved you all the time  
before the death, at the birth  
we were together when  
we buried it in the earth  
little strange eyes  
little strange eyes

(the police saw what we did)

## **I WALK BY NIGHT**

i walk by night  
down into the black valleys  
down through the back alleys  
there is something sinister  
in the dark unfolding  
of my faces

distant thunder rolls and crashes  
in the mountains  
shattered lion eyes bleed  
from night wounded fountains  
the river runs red  
through my head

i walk by night  
hungry mouths eat the light

outside she sits, publicly bleeding  
black thing that came of her needing  
lost on the love ride dead and driven to hide

turn out the light  
i walk by night

the dead bodies  
burst in flames  
the dead tongues  
whisper my names  
vanquish the light  
i walk by night

cut the child of your eye  
and made him bleed  
to satisfy my need

built graveyard stones  
for the soft bones  
i have torn  
from the unborn

i drink the dead  
from the lion's screaming head

drown wisdom in a pool of blood  
it's the beginning of my flood

and i walk by night  
out the stolen faces  
of the children of light  
drape them over  
my steel blue shoulder

cold the fountain grows  
shallow comes the breath  
there's lion blood upon the snows  
and the black stars spell death

turn your eyes toward  
the tomb of the valley  
sit in the womb of the alley  
azure promise of my coming  
sets the hills alive with running  
reptile voice of doom  
rattles windows of the tomb  
clutching amorphous fear  
from beyond the tomb  
touches the people here  
and enters the room

and puts out the light  
i walk by night

rising and falling  
civilizations of human screams  
echo the calling  
of dark riders, darker dreams

(the stranger wove the wounds of winter  
the cold woman kills  
and bids the children ENTER)

when i walk by night  
hunting moon hides its face  
heartbeats give away their final resting place

i walk by night  
i am an ancestral king

i can kill everything  
i am the god of the one way door  
i am the god called war

i walk by night

(resolution)

(dust)

## **CITIES**

the cities  
stay awake at nights they  
offer strange wonders  
promise strange delights

the cities  
have no seasons  
all the wicked women  
have their reasons

it takes a long time to think  
of going home if you have to  
walk back all alone

the cities  
got children in killing games  
too many strangers with too  
many names

it takes a long time to think  
of going home if you have to  
walk back all alone

cause the cities stay awake  
at nights they offer strange  
wonders and promise  
strange delights

## I WOKE UP A DEAD MAN

I wake up a mountain  
falling to the plain  
i woke up a dead man  
rolling in the rain

I'm the favorite son of the world  
forever bending  
the mad boy into the sad girl  
never ending

i wake up a mountain  
falling to the plain  
i woke up a dead man  
rolling in the rain

girl we balanced on death  
on the treadmill stair  
blowing our breath  
at each other there

and there was a clock  
attached to birds  
that explained you and me  
without any words

at birth we promised to love forever  
but cold rain was death in all our weather  
and in the birthgrave of the world  
we drown in Red oceans of sand  
the mad boy and the sad girl  
they never really understand

i wake up a mountain  
falling up to the plain  
i woke up a dead man  
rolling in the rain

## FROM ALL SLEEPING CHILDREN

from all sleeping children  
hidden  
an accident near the center  
hideous in this light  
the long slow of face  
drew the wicked light  
from the eyes of the children  
the children  
and accident near  
from all sleeping children  
hidden

accident in exile  
the long, slow decline  
of face, sunken into reptile age  
performed before  
a village of children  
believing enthralled

i shall go down to the shore with them  
in this light

the assassin among the weeds  
causes accidental dive  
of youth into age

the victim in the crosshairs  
his performance  
explores his death  
the climax approaches  
the children, beyond death  
climbs for a meaning  
hideous in this light

i say to you children  
learn to close the door  
softly  
murderously with control  
to the room  
you do not return to  
you must not hope to arrive  
without exile

## SHAMANISM DIRECT

interplay between Spirit and Media  
both sexes

delight is participation

the dead  
delight in the participation  
of decay

the living  
delight in escape  
of souls  
through hands of light  
faces in the dark

the shaman  
when first murdered  
is not death  
is not himself, dead

murder him and murder him  
a kingdom of circles in again  
hemispheric repetition  
inherited unnatural murder

the dead shaman  
has no mouth  
that speaks clearly  
not death but

death

if only death could be forever  
as this time  
birth is

## **YOU ARE THE ONE**

i found you at the zoo  
you looked at me  
the blood looked good on you  
you are the one  
you are the one

i want to tell you about  
the zoo and you and the big  
and the big drought  
i know all about you  
the things you pretend to  
do  
the things you do  
you are the one  
you are the one

i met you in the animal park  
making mistakes with sailors  
in the dark  
i met you in the animal park

i found you at the zoo  
you looked at me  
the blood looked good on you  
you are the one  
you are the one

you were all the animals  
in their cages  
you were all women  
down the ages  
you are the one  
you are the one

## LIZARDS

we are lizards  
summer lizards  
in the flowing heat  
of young rivers  
we have immense blind children  
blind lizard children  
swim rivers of dust  
their bridal leather tongues  
caress scorched rocks  
we have immense blind children  
& dust rivers  
pouring out of  
tv screens

## NEW ENDING FOR A DANCE OF WHEELS

she sits inside herself  
like a cat on a comfortable chair  
no mother awaits her coming  
oh, then this that comes,  
is not of youth  
not of celebration

the horse drags its legs through the fire  
the city flicks its reptile tail  
the dancer's central intent is dispossessed  
the trainyard emptys into a soft white pool of screams

interconnected freeways  
tunnel visions swimmers in the driver's box  
the engine of the heart  
predestination between  
the white lines of the highway  
neither to the left  
nor the right  
straight  
the highway

the dead swimmers float listlessly  
through the tides of traffic  
who among them has driven  
into uncharted desolation?  
no surprises  
no changes of lanes  
no thoughts  
in the intersections of erogogenous zones

the swim deprives senses,  
eliminates pain  
beyond the human tunnel  
there is only  
the euphoria of wreckage  
the withering of dream

## **THE NEANDERTHAL, KICKED OUT OF COLLEGE, DREAMS OF BUNGALOWS**

(... and there were those who went among the dreamers... and punished them... and ultimately they said... the lady who lives next... proves it with her razor)

the words NECESSARY  
the words OFFICIAL  
the words DESIRABLE  
when added to SUICIDE  
prevails

so speak those who go among the dreamers

## **BROTHERS AND SISTERS, JOURNEYING INTO NIGHT TORTURED CHILDREN OF DREAM**

(... endure this dream of thanksgiving in steerage... the neanderthal kicked out of college, dreams of bungalows... there is a man without healing hands, going round, taking names... and of those who murder dreams... they have left this epitaph for you...

**THERE IS A REASON IN THE UNIVERSE FOR EVERYTHING BUT YOU)**

## BEYOND FIRES

summer curse  
through twistings and turnings  
unspoken conversation  
past ancient arrows of birth  
beyond fires that hiss at rain  
the stranger came  
movement  
lean muscled  
newborn tongues  
infancy languages  
& they sat at their fires  
summer curse, lidless  
closely watched  
narrowed with presence  
no surprise  
the animals were bom with tents  
monument  
the killers inherit wilderness  
waiting for birth  
inside  
waiting for birth  
when will it happen  
again?

## STAY WITH ME

father's got a face  
mother is the human race  
some of us murdered night  
some of us cursed the light  
pain is easy  
pain is yes  
pain is no  
come with me baby  
i need you  
for a place to go  
stay with me  
stay with me  
let me kiss your eyes into sleep  
let me dive in deep  
stay with me  
on this side  
can you recall  
the escapes we made  
we lived in the valleys  
made love in the shade  
stay with me  
stay with me  
tonight tonight  
we'll hold each other  
do it right  
pain is easy  
pain is yes  
pain is no  
come with me baby  
j need you  
for a place to go  
come inside  
stay with me  
let's hide  
pain is easy  
pain is yes  
pain is no  
come with me baby  
there's noplac  
left to go

## COME WATCH ME CHANGE

strange night, so strange  
will you come  
come watch me change

all of this evening  
it's all for you  
i paid for the whole night  
for me and for you  
we're here together  
and we know what to do

we'll cry  
we'll watch the light  
fade in our eyes  
we'll die  
all of this evening  
we're here together  
and we know what to do

start us over  
we'll die  
we'll hold on  
til tomorrow's lie  
all of this evening  
it's all for you

we'll kiss  
our faces will touch  
our eyes will shine  
we won't say much and  
you'll be mine

strange night, so strange  
will you come  
come watch me change  
with you  
with you  
you know you're all  
i want to do  
until tomorrow

## IN THIS GENTLE RAIN

in this gentle rain  
i feel your pain  
girl of steel and wire  
i see your eyes  
kiss your breath on fire

we were a collision  
at night so bright  
we couldn't understand  
how we walked these strange lands

in this gentle rain  
i feel your pain

the river has flamingo bridges  
we crossed them all  
we were warm inside  
and saw the birds fall

i feel your young girl softness  
in this gentle rain  
these eyes your secret nakedness  
no time to explain

we were a collision  
at night so bright  
we couldn't understand  
how we walked these strange lands

you walk in a strange woman's skin  
the world outside wants in  
to burn in your fire  
in this gentle rain  
i feel your pain

a distance from a kiss  
a day from your touch  
we wanted the world  
nothing much  
nothing much

## NEVER GO HOME

i want to tell you all i have seen  
all i have been and all i believe  
i want to enfold you  
to make you my own  
to take you away  
and never go home  
out here we're on our own  
we can stay all night  
we can run in the street  
like dogs in the noonday heat  
i want to see you  
to make you my own  
to take you away  
and never go home  
c'mon baby, get in my car  
the driver's sleepy  
he's not going very far  
swim in with me  
through the lonely sea  
c'mon baby, get in my car  
let's drive to sleep  
under the moon  
baby, we'll be there soon  
i want to make you my own  
to take you away  
and never go home  
never go home

## **DARK JOURNEY INTO THE LAND OF THE NIGHT LIZARD**

for seven years  
the dead shaman  
walked on the punished lands  
of the soft kingdom

for seven years  
he walked on a silent body  
whose wrinkled age  
bled through the hair  
of soft, white trees

and as dead shaman walked  
he met a pale wayfarer  
who came out of the eastern lands  
his blindness carefully strapped to his chest  
bound with eyeless cold blue hands

and the stranger said  
i have come from the lands beyond the sea  
and i seek the night lizard  
i am the first to come  
the first  
now the women will run  
to look at me  
in their summer thirst

the shaman's answer  
seven violent efforts  
to spit out bones of old lovers  
and make flutes of their ribs

and the stranger was invaded  
the snake spat murder at the mirror  
the snake crawled across the emptying bones  
the snake danced in the red architecture  
the snake

the shaman unmoving  
stares inward with chameleon eyes  
posing anonymous visions  
the shaman within

unglues the photograph  
of night  
from its frame

the soft white flood  
the dark red blood  
the snake writes his face  
in the blue sand  
with poisoned honey and pollen

the idol dances above the stranger  
the idol dances with legs parted  
consumed by the fever of soft, secret yielding

the snake dances in the eggshell of memory  
carves with golden and copper words  
back inside the brain  
kills with blue fanged dances  
back inside the brain  
feeds with yellow eyed dances  
back inside the brain

the snake sheds its universe  
in the shaman's path  
words from forbidden languages  
oozing from the dry blueprint  
of exiled skin  
and the road comes out of the dead snake's mouth  
like a keyhole of visions with an ironic curve  
the senses that follow travel  
now ashes beneath the skin

and watching  
the shaman's heart bleeds from his eyes  
passes into other centuries

inside the stranger's new snake eggshell  
a young girl is buried standing up  
her human breath blinding mirrors  
like acid etching an invisible script  
her strange presence  
her strange presence

her heartbeat a chant of the desert  
her soft, night skin  
dissolving blue looks  
painted arrows to nourish illusion  
deep ancestral tidal rooms  
pushed by the dark snake of the moon

and the shaman's victim  
the stranger  
the stranger retraces his lies  
returning to the source  
and sleep  
sleep  
an easy sleep  
inside voices from other worlds

the walls of the white boned stranger  
the walls of her father  
are covered with stolen ritualistic museums  
death rattles that run to the rhythm  
made by the steps of ghosts  
death rattles echoed by  
moments of aging, unnatural laughter

the mind and body of stranger  
aflame in the eastern lands  
captured in reptile vision  
sinks into the western sun

the soft sucking mouth of shaman  
drawing the soft snake hisses  
of blood beneath the skin  
cool, stinging kisses of pain  
illusion re-enacted invisibly  
red lips against blue skin  
no communication with the living  
arrivals and exits without memories  
extended physical visions of warmth  
as a venomous, chemical substance

the stranger's body sinks into  
the calm of minerals  
ceases breathing inside the pyramid  
moves into the shaman's grave

passes through like ghosts  
into a house with open eyes  
into a human city  
splintered by ritual rainlight

and the snake mind of shaman beckons  
in the cruel beginning of winter  
come pale child  
when we see you  
we choose a body  
when we see you  
the night lizards arise  
in the ghost wind  
in the ghost wind

your strange green minutes  
will go on fanged wires  
mounted like tin toy soldiers  
your costume a hiss of the eternally damned  
salvation  
without windows  
mind and blood  
in mysterious union  
salvation  
the father's hand upon the daughter's  
red forbidden poison  
what slaughter is this?  
this strange, terrifying collision of resemblances

in the eggshell of the stranger  
the lizard moves in his unsensed skin  
the blood rises and sweats its sin  
and passes into virginal years  
with rivers between their legs

and the shaman reaches for the face  
and now we come upon a forest  
of decapitated women  
with green live branches  
growing above the forest of moist beginning  
his dark dead eyes fill lizard rooms  
with dark semen sparks  
marrying in space

inside the lizard, eggs give birth to hope  
without breaking

STOP! DO NOT GO IN THERE!

There are careless moments inside this dream  
do not touch the soft tunnel  
stop in the center of this dance  
beware of the horse tail whip  
the bleeding red cuts  
of the snake woman without arms

beware of her pale suffocated snake voice  
rising above drowned black hair  
beware for in the rituals  
that move her legs  
her father marches proudly into the grave  
and is swallowed alive  
in blind subterranean channels  
where night lizards run  
in mysterious regions of being

all movement choked with invasion  
shiny scales obscure false vision  
the shaman awaits behind hollow, dripping teeth  
the snake glides across the unbom  
into the sleep of ten thousand years

and the shaman's dream  
speaks in many languages  
to which none have the secret  
and the shaman's dream  
pierces the sky beyond  
the worm covered ashes of deatti  
and the shaman's dream  
turns slowly on its side  
and closes the eyes of the human house  
and abandons them  
at the edge of city  
at the edge of city

full bellied the shaman  
returns to the desert  
to stare at rooms

he must someday enter  
and now he moves from our presence  
and we are free  
free  
to give birth and drown  
in some terrible reptile moment

he has passed from our presence  
he has passed from our presence

return now while you can  
to the arrogance  
of your living secrets  
return in the time left to you  
to the islands of pleasure  
and to the strange women  
and their red, excited treasure

return if you can  
because soon you go on a dark journey  
because soon you go on a dark journey

now you move  
beyond the body  
and beyond dreams  
and come once again  
into the land of the night lizard  
and come once again  
to this ancient sacrificial lake  
where we await  
the shaman dance of the ancestral snake

PHOTO: JOEL BRODSKY



PHOTO: BERT NIENHUIS



'I have seen the future and I won't go,' says Morrison, staring at the sky as if he saw the words up there somewhere.

And the day explodes, rocketing into a long shamanistic shared journey. Words tumble out as we write furiously, thrown together accidentally by the summer. Putting it all down on paper. Poems meant never to be heard except in the dark side of our lives. Stories of the yet to happen, fantasies that bleed and offer no comfort.

The future has been to the barricades too many times. The future has been up against the wall so many times, that the handwriting on the wall is now on the future. It is on us.

We see our own deaths and the deaths of those around us.

(From: 'Two Spies in the House of Love' by Craig Strete)

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in de knipscheer

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