

# Kral Majales (I am the King of May)

Allen Ginsberg May 7, 1965

And the Communists have nothing to offer but fat cheeks and eyeglasses and  
lying policemen

and the Capitalists proffer Napalm and money in green suitcases to the naked,

and the Communists create heavy industry but the heart is also heavy

and the beautiful engineers are all dead, the secret technicians conspire for their own  
glamour

in the Future, in the Future, but now drink vodka and lament the Security Forces,

and the Capitalists drink gin and whiskey on airplanes but let Indian brown millions  
starve and murder whom they can in Vietnam

and when Communist and Capitalist assholes tangle the Just man is arrested

or robbed or had his head cut off,

but not like Indian saint Kabir, and the cigarette cough of the Just man above the clouds  
in the bright sunshine is a salute to the health of the blue sky.

For I was arrested thrice in Prague, once for singing drunk on Narodni street

once knocked down on the midnight pavement by a moustached agent who

screamed out BOUZERANT,

once for losing my notebooks of unusual sex politics dream opinions,

and I was sent from Havana by plane by detectives in green uniform,

and I was sent from Prague by plane by detectives in Czechoslovakian business suits,

like card players out of Cezanne, like the two strange dolls that entered Joseph K's room  
at more

also entered mine, and ate at my table, and examined my scribbles,

and followed me night and morn from the houses of lovers to the cafes of

Centrum--

And I am the King of May, which is the power of sexual youth,

and I am the King of May, which is industry in eloquence and action in amour,

and I am the King of May, which is long hair of Adam and the Beard of my own body

and I am the King of May, which is Kral Majales in the Czechoslovakian tongue,

and I am the King of May, which is old Human poesy, and 100,000 people chose my name,

and I am the King of May, and in a few minutes I will land at London Airport,

and I am the King of May, naturally, for I am of Slavic parentage and a Buddhist Jew

who worships the Sacred Heart of Christ the blue body of Krishna the straight back of ram

the beads of Chango the Nigerian singing Shiva Shiva in a manner which I have invented,

and the King of May is a middle European honour, mine in the XX century despite space ships and the Time Machine, because I heard the voice of Blake in a vision,

and repeat that voice. And I am the King of May that sleeps with teenagers laughing.

And I am the King of May, that I may be expelled from my

Kingdom with Honour, as of old,

To show the difference between Caesar's Kingdom and the Kingdom of the May of Man-

and I am the King of May, though paranoid, for the Kingdom of May is too

beautiful to last for more than a month-

and I am the King of May because I touched my finger to my forehead

saluting

a luminous heavy girl trembling hands who said "one moment Mr. Ginsberg"

before a fat young Plainclothesman stepped between our bodies-I was

going to England-

and I am the King of May, returning to see Bunhill Fields and walk on

Hampstead Heath,

and I am the King of May, in a giant jet plane touching Albion's airfield

trembling in fear

as the plane roars to a landing on the grey concrete, shakes & expels air, and rolls slowly to a stop under the clouds with part of blue heaven still

visible.

And though I am the King of May, the Marxists have beat me upon the street, kept me up all night in Police Station, followed me thru Springtime Prague, detained me in secret and deported me from our kingdom by airplane.

Thus I have written this poem on a jet seat in mid Heaven.