

I turned myself into a singer of mythic tales,
I developed a series of historical masks or persona,
which I took from Ovid.

I was influenced by every poet who ever lived
in an age when we were all supposed
to be completely "original".

I realized that "individuality" is a self-delusion.

I was living in Rapallo and working on the Cantos when
the U.S.A. went to war with Italy.

I tried to return home, but strangely,
my application was refused.

I had no way to support my family.

I began making broadcasts from
Rome Radio.

I castigated the system,

I expectorated against the corrupt
old order which was destroying Western culture.

Perhaps only Nietzsche and a few others would have
applauded me.

The common man certainly knew that I was right about the bankers.

But the effete intelligentsia preferred to
call me insane.

I discovered that there is almost nothing that
the international intellectuals will not do to
appease the decadent rulers of
our dying civilization.

They threw me into a concrete gorilla cage
in 1945.

After three weeks of torture
my sixty year old body collapsed and
they shipped me back to America as a "traitor".
Eventually, I was sent to St. Elizabeth's for the insane
where I spent the next thirteen years.

St. Elizabeth's was an interesting place.

Across the ward an ex-dancer would
lie down and expose her brown patch to me.
Mary the Mother of Jesus would scream and
claw the walls with her fingernails...