



THE LORDS
and THE NEW
CREATURES

poems

JIM MORRISON

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THE LORDS

NOTES ON VISION

Look where we worship.

We all live in the city.

The city forms—often physically, but inevitably psychically—a circle. A Game. A ring of death with sex at its center. Drive toward outskirts of city suburbs. At the edge discover zones of sophisticated vice and boredom, child prostitution. But in the grimy ring immediately surrounding the daylight business district exists the only real crowd life of our mound, the only street life, night life. Diseased specimens in dollar hotels, low boarding houses, bars, pawn shops, burlesques and brothels, in dying arcades which never die, in streets and streets of all-night cinemas.

When play dies it becomes the Game.
When sex dies it becomes Climax.

All games contain the idea of death.