



# CUT THE MOTHERFUCKERS LOOSE

*This poem is included in notes which Kesey jotted down during the last two or three hours of his 4 1/2 months confinement at the Sheriff's Honor Camp...La Honda? The full text of his account of the evening will appear in the next Difficult But Possible Supplement of the Whole Earth Catalog. Cut the Motherfuckers Loose is also the title of the mixed-media book Kesey has been working on intermittently since they cut the m-----r loose.*

Drunk tank full to overflowing  
Motherfuckers wall to wall  
Coming twice as fast as going  
Heads get big and the tank gets small.

Dominoes slapping on the table  
Bloods playing bones in tank next door.  
Bust a bone if you be able  
Red Death stick it good some more.

Three days past my kickout time  
Ask to phone but don't got the juice.  
And crime times crime just equals more crime  
Cut the motherfuckers loose.

Will I make the Christmas kickout?  
Will commissary come today?  
Will they take my blood or take my good time?  
Or just rip my guts away?

Some snitch has found my fucking outfit.  
They've staked a bull up at the still.  
They've found the pot sprouts I was sprouting  
At the bottom of the hill.

They've punched my button, pulled my covers,  
blown my cool and ruind my ruse  
They rehabilitated *this* boy  
So cut this motherfucker loose.

And the fish that angles for the bull.  
Let him off his heavy rod  
And you that suckers the gavel banger  
Cut him loose from playing God.

Back off from Johnson all you peace freaks  
So he'll back off from Vietnam  
Cut loose the squares, cut loose the hippies  
Cut loose the dove cut loose the bomb.

You the finger on the trigger  
You, the hand that weaves the noose  
You, you hold the knife of freedom  
Cut all the motherfuckers loose.

## ken kesey