The Poets of San Diego

—Michael Davidson—

Perched on one of the mountain flanks between San Diego and an active volcano one day in early summer, New York was suddenly San Francisco's next-to-the-last resort for artistic expatriates. In the city, a man was building his world on a rail of recurrent cycles. He made the city a headquarters for a community that he had formed, made his work a transcontinental vehicle for his art. He was the last poet of the San Francisco scene, and his presence was everywhere.

The name of the poet was Jack London. His work was a poem to the people, a song of the poor, a declaration of freedom. London's voice was heard in the streets, in the saloons, in the bars. He was the last of the great American poets, the last of the San Francisco scene.

In the years that followed, London's work became more and more political. He wrote about the labor movement, the workers, the unemployed. His poems were a call for revolution, a call for action. He was the last poet of the San Francisco scene, and his presence was everywhere.

The name of the poet was Charles Bukowski. His work was a poem to the people, a song of the poor, a declaration of freedom. Bukowski's voice was heard in the streets, in the saloons, in the bars. He was the last of the great American poets, the last of the San Francisco scene.

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The name of the poet was Robert Frost. His work was a poem to the people, a song of the poor, a declaration of freedom. Frost's voice was heard in the streets, in the saloons, in the bars. He was the last of the great American poets, the last of the San Francisco scene.

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The name of the poet was Langston Hughes. His work was a poem to the people, a song of the poor, a declaration of freedom. Hughes's voice was heard in the streets, in the saloons, in the bars. He was the last of the great American poets, the last of the San Francisco scene.

In the years that followed, Hughes's work became more and more political. He wrote about the labor movement, the workers, the unemployed. His poems were a call for revolution, a call for action. He was the last poet of the San Francisco scene, and his presence was everywhere.

The name of the poet was John Steinbeck. His work was a poem to the people, a song of the poor, a declaration of freedom. Steinbeck's voice was heard in the streets, in the saloons, in the bars. He was the last of the great American poets, the last of the San Francisco scene.

In the years that followed, Steinbeck's work became more and more political. He wrote about the labor movement, the workers, the unemployed. His poems were a call for revolution, a call for action. He was the last poet of the San Francisco scene, and his presence was everywhere.

The name of the poet was Allen Ginsberg. His work was a poem to the people, a song of the poor, a declaration of freedom. Ginsberg's voice was heard in the streets, in the saloons, in the bars. He was the last of the great American poets, the last of the San Francisco scene.

In the years that followed, Ginsberg's work became more and more political. He wrote about the labor movement, the workers, the unemployed. His poems were a call for revolution, a call for action. He was the last poet of the San Francisco scene, and his presence was everywhere.
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