

A Good While

A stain
on my pants,
candle wax
over
wild flowers
to
cure the boiling rash.

The winds of
rising humidity,
the storm cuddles on the town
away from
the city.

For the hearth
and
happenstance
of
light shrouds,
our fathers
knew how to
wear business trails.

In noontime
whispers
on
a
hill
that's just a slight rise,
we see
the PLAN
or
scramble for
a
new one--

In the end,
her smile
felt my mind
and
wouldn't leave
for a good while.

On The Ground Today

The sweat
runs
over our skin--

An insane
bitch of heat
has
her
claws
in my scalp and
over my bosom.

The sweat
has us
in
an
ordered trance
to
follow the red piper
up
the
crossbow pole.

Anxious to
feel the cold,
sweat takes
the
skinny into our pores to
beat and drench
the
food we forgot
we ate.

I sweat on
this
paper
for the winds
that
cool the inferno
on the ground.

Anymore In Anyway Land

Not anymore
will
the chimes ring
into the
Rural Heights--

Sound has
been outlawed
and
the clay artists went on strike.

Sent to
read musical notes,
the wall did weep
a
loud speech--

A speech about
Horace
Precious
&
Pavilion.

Three
of the most devout souls
that
never graced the
side
of
school books.

The only saving grace
for
the
Rural Heights
were the oblivions
of
water
that dripped
from locks of tan leather
which
left the show early
because
the crowd wasn't paying attention
any more.

When Light Has Come & Disappeared

*Secrets
we don't want
them to know--*

*Not because
it would inflict
some hallow remorse
or
create a pain that needs no clearance
without
acceptance.*

*Their your genitals
 plump buttocks
the soul that needs
yourself
like solace after a fucked-up hour of living.*

*No,
walk with the
feet you create,
speak the way you
need to be heard.*

*It's the secrets
that aren't surely secrets,
but hidden--*

*Their yours,
the life,
which is art,
to blossom.*

*Because without
them,
it becomes trite
or damn worse.*

*Hold on
to yourself and the other self that needs
to
mingle and*

be free.

*Though,
listen my reader soul,
take yourself & hide,
be kind,
come into the night
when light has come & disappeared.*

2 Hidden Lover's Burrows

Over the
lover's den
into
the
humid bed of rocks,
the
little children huddle around
mystic bushes
counting
the seconds backward,
saying the alphabet sideways.

Hard to tell
if
the
lovers
heard
these chants from the children,
though
the rocks kept
rolling & tossing--

There
for several hours,
the old men
stepped-out
of the moon
to
massage the
children's minds.

To remove
to
muddle of boredom
and
christen them
between
2 lover's burrows.

Do You Believe Me?

The buttons
ripped
loose
and
flew after the ice guy.

Juxtaposed
to
punish the provider,
the
buttons had
a
mind of their own.

One of
shrewd strings
loose bosoms
crazy patterns.

Another set
of
buttons then flew loose
and
lunged after
the log man.

Those insane
buttons that hold
together
many sets of clothes
don't
want to hold on anymore.

They want
to
feel a fresh gust of air
and
attack the
weather,
attach
to the nearest slug
slithering
a
cool shake down a rough tree.

The buttons
will
kill
you
if you aren't kind.

Do you
believe
me?

A Little Bit Of The Moon

The property
humans
believe they own.

Hunts
and
scurries
all over the map
to find the next planet
to
own.

I own nearly
1,700 acres of land
on the moon
if colonization ever becomes an alternative
way
to destroy another planet.

Bought
this little beauty for \$27.15.
Now,
I have my first -- last
and only chance to have my own country
and
come up with a name.

“Welcome
to Joe,
I’m Joe.
Stay at the Joe,
they have excellent robes you can steal.”

So,
watch yourself,
if I have my shot at this Moon
and
a country of 1,700 acres
it’s
going to be one hell of a utopia.

One
you
or
I
will never know about
until
we
fuck-up mother earth enough
and

I finally found out I
fell
into
some comical hoax

or

otherwise. . .

Neither Soon Nor Too Late

Water about
my
bowels,
my hair
on the kitchen floor,
she
stole my clothes
and
told me to go home.

Into
succulent dreams
that
neither exists nor
comes to life in a vacuum.

Cruel waves
of
traffic
snip
and
scream
at my existing pieces
of
hair
that were born of the scalp.

I've
been scalped
with a belly full of food
and
several stamps
to
mail to the
Far East.

If you
get this
mail,
notice the number
and
give it to someone who knows
how
to
use the phone.

With
their preserved existence,
I
doubt
there will be any delay.

Write
so on.

a divine offer

*there's
extra if you
want it.*

No?

*Maybe
several dead stars
that drifted
from
the
clouds into
your paved parking lot.*

*How about
several
slices of peach pie to replace
the
extra special offering?*

No?

*Then go without,
swing like a monkey
from
the top bunk
of
wooden loop holes.*

*Drink that
year-old port wine
and
please an extra.*

*An extra piece
of
a
few hours
to
replace a divine offer.*

the thoughts were once here

A thought
that
was forgotten.

Brazen radio waves
that
dipped from the big dipper
to
do
a
ditty.

Stomped the
story which
could have planted flower buds
on
the
moon.

A long line
in
a
quick glance
that
quit.

Quick
and
witty,
this would have made
China women
smile with the wide acceptance
of
a
President after the inaugural dance.

Risen in the
Wednesday glass of
the
Britain Prime Minister,
such
a
fucking mind ring
that
died in the doorbell song.

Could have
been the white rain
on
the black land,

which will prevail?

A hole
in the side
of
the
fat red candle,
tuna cans opened
wide
for the dogs
to
feel what it's like to be a cat for some time.

Caterpillars
crawling over the ledge of our fireplace
wondering
where the winter went
and
why humans call the Fall
the fall.

Twigs at the bottom
of a cleft
in
the
Grand Canyon
blowing any way the wind
may
decide to go.

The events
below and above
the
afternoon manhole
crash loud and fall silent,
the
the crucible
and
the
nonsense
that
lost 24 bucks on the way home from the 39th Street bar.

Damn,
damn you
me

her

him

damnation naked
with the last bottle of bourbon

the world has to offer.

Pleasure eats flower petals

on

the other side of the street

with

a

wide gaping mouth and orange teeth,

for pleasure

ate the sun

and knew that damnation will unfortunately find a way

to

prevail.

When I Pull Away My Band Aids

Shucked
like a corn stalk,
brewed
on a metal sieve
for the macaroni
freedom will live.

Had the gas man
read
my meter,
climbed the stairwell
into a nasty natural heater.

Pulled-off socks
 thoughts
that stuck to my body
with
reason that didn't fail me--

Brought to a mountain range
my
father
would love to see,
dropped into a cloud of vicious mist
my mother would choose to avoid.

My band aid
is
yours
and
we may never
be allowed
to
peel this adhesive away.

Stop In Real Time

Video screens
on
blank
city poles.

They flash
speed limits
 soft drinks
faces to back each sequence of pictorials.

Books lie at
the
feet of these
poles
burning a row of tears
that
scorch Hong Kong.

Christ,
those
British children
are
indeed chaps.

The world
beneath
different lights
as
I
sit here
and
sip white lights
for
the
pictures to stop still
in
real time.

The Road

Liquid tires
burn--

As I approach
from
the
living room cold,
the apartment
is
screaming
with a choked throat
as
a
man settles one last deal
to
reason with
his machinery.

In fiery defiance,
the flames
shoot
upwards
to
another level of summer.

I grab
the
camera to
shoot the flames
fire water
department lights.

His caravan
is
dead
until my pictures
are
developed.

A crazy scene
as
the
safe cars
slowed down
to
drool evaporated
refreshment
for
another afternoon on the road.

the sight

let
those tension knobs
fly into tight pensions
of
lost geriatric stones.

bfore the patience
Gandhi
erected,
talk of your forehead,
become the grass that grows around the memorial.

trow out
the latest designer
purchase
and melt into
the non-mind,
yet intelligence
in
a
gust
from the nothwest.

tke a
battle,
swallow a large
tug boat.

trn tokens
gather into
glued shapes,
wind becomes tranquil--

enjoy the sight

the sight
pretty baby,
don't wait

the sight--

Why She Doesn't Speak When I Listen

Forced into
her pale green booth
with
3 cigarettes left
&
lukewarm coffee.

I join her--

Sit next
to her shadow
and
carry on a
conversation
with the silhouette being.

She listens--

"What did you say?"
she asks.

"It's obvious,"
I respond.
"You said it."

As silence
wallows over
the
ash of the trampled table top,
she stares off.

Others
come
in-&-out
back-&-forward--

Into a gust
of wind
I won't feel
between
these walls.

Again
I speak to the faint black being
as
a

gust of wind
rushes over my ears.

She wouldn't say a damn thing.

the ground and the sky

From the ground
to
the sky,
voices
go
in
&
out
of madness
to the sound of no sound.

Loud
between
the daisies
and
shelf clouds,
people
refuse the insanity
that
makes them
drive -- eat -- fuck -- drink -- talk
become
one
or
ten
between the sky and ground.

Beguiled for
reasons
they know
and
want to refuse,
smog & humidity
have a voice that speaks into the
ears
of
passing women.

Hunched
over the wheel,
look
between the sky and the ground,
surprising,
maybe not,
but notice this.

The soldier
didn't kill the foreign man,
smooth existence
needsto

be
given
to
more
souls.

The spirits
multiply & divide
between
you and me
inside
the
layer of the
ground
and
the
sky.

Pastrami Between White Slices

The warm
summer
evening--

Crisp air
at 62 m.p.h.,
a slight tingle
to
smile without
prior perception.

The urban rain.

Dry,
quiet at once
the flush
with
noise as the digital numbers
walk between two
human constants.

Now,
the breeze
of a wavering fan
chills my bosom,
cold water
on
night stand
to protect my mouth.

Protection
from the benign
that awaken
with the spirits
that
once worked
in
the
Scandinavian Deli
below.

Somewhere Else

To be
somewhere else,
I remain
here--

To look
at
you in the eyes
while you
walk away
with your back to me.

To whisper sounds
that will
soak into
your sleep at night.

To doubt the conclusion
purged in
the
name of selfishness.

To rise through
the water bowl
you just offered
friendly house pet #3.

I will be there
and
so will you,

even if
you
are
somewhere else.

We Can All Smile About

The pickles
were
cold,
sleep in the
divine quarters of
quadrants
that
splash in
puddles
that have since washed-up
the
puddles
of the awakening.

Unreal sunset over
the
fast food signs
in the other state
over
the
building tops,
honeysuckle stings
the kitchen with a scent that
is
nothing more than pleasing
to
smell.

As the
sweat trickles over
my
breast plate,
summer heat in
the
evening that is in calm evaporation
has
arrived.

God,
the
heat

the left over meals
the city

my invisible
overalls
of
wet fluids

that drain over my

body
in
way's

we can all smile about.

the new "sociology"

Bought
what was presumed
as
four cans of soup today.

One labeled: *Philosophy*
The next: *Scientology*
#3: *Psychology*
The final: *Paleontology*

Which one
did
I
choose to eat?

None.

I listened to
The Beatles
and
smoked your *Sociology*.

To Speak Reality

Crafted
in a commercial,
welded in
the door of a 1979 LTD,
squeezed into a bagel
I bought
but chose not to eat.

Created for
several weeks
so you could forget
about how much you hate to fill your gas tank--

Written into a chorus line
I heard thrice
and
enjoyed.

Envied for a quality
I didn't know existed,
shed to my natural costume to look
at
the
day
in a different way.

Depicted abstractly on
a
concrete wall
for
being in the wrong place
at
the
right time--

Letting you know this,
because there
were
few ways
I
could
speak my reality.

in a moment of standing

It will
happen anyway.

The windmill
shall
turn as the wind licks
invisible lips
beneath the sun that won't fail
to
blemish.

It will
happen anyway.

As the mold
sticks to the piping
of
tubes
that have seen many picture
shows
refract and flash
in
some familiar notion.

It will
happen anyway.

The murmur of groans
will
evaporate faintly
as the sounds rise in the
motion
of
radical reason.

It will
happen anyway.

For all the muscles
that will stretch
to
feel a smoother carpet
to
walk on.

It will
happen anyway.

When you
fuck
or

whine
or
shine
on cheddar bushes
that melt for the gratuity.

It will
happen anyway.

As you
read a book that
makes
you refuse
speech with the world that
has
beat you into a slow shell
picked-up by a fast child
on
an ocean shore.

It will
happen anyway.

The numbers that
jump
on a red motorcycle
and
flash rotten teeth
for the day 45 monks that should
have committed suicide before the presumed rapture.

It will
happen anyway.

During the
drink that slips into your trachea,
yellow
and
green--
The smell
we
have risen to
in
a

moment
of
standing up.

His Defining Tone

The faith
was here,
the water was near.

Three chasms away
from survival,
river currents ripped
the
final chords of music
from
his breath.

Below to
a
realm
he wasn't afraid to face--

The angels
now drink his wine
as
he tightens the harp strings
for
a
residual chorus.

This musician
knew
the chance
&
spoke fondly of it--

Gone for
the
greater part of grace,
the music
worked his meaning
and
he defined the tone.

Words & Thoughts On Top Of Each Other

The words
you
can
use to love
those
cramped thoughts.

A general dances on marble floors with wife #9--
Old sandwiches eat stale chips on clean trash barrels behind convenience store hitches--
Leaves become small people in the summer night to share a rare drink and maybe fornicate--
A small dog limps across the road with silver tags that ring out a detailed subpoena to humanity--
Mad women and their boring men forget condoms on the night of easing "Racial Tensions"--

You feel
my
body yet?

Touch the page.

My words have
several
thoughts to give.

The Treasure Trash

The
trash truck (631-3300)
squeezes
exhaust from brake pads,
makes
a
slow left turn.

Into the streets
that
collect debris
and
throw them out
like
families waiting on highways
for AAA to fix their flat tire.

Down stricken boulevards
into
shady side streets
to
clean-up the leftovers
of
Wednesday afternoon
and
question which circling gull
will
get to the smoldering snack first.

One stop
 One left turn
gone--

We go to the
right
to
make
the
treasure

trash.

To The Beginning Of The Universe

Bald black man
down
the
sidewalk
WINES *BERBIGLIA* SPIRITS
has
him locked-in
on
some deserted
parch way of reason.

One look over the
shoulder
to
the
crowding intersection,
to
the
phone
on the wall.

Several minutes pass
and
he
has
taken the opportunity
to
dash across the
street.

To turn into
a
light
swallowed by the night.

Several words
more
footsteps
and
gone

gone
to
the
corner bar
while my lungs
ache
and
each moment has a whole
reality

that
could be divided into
fifths

eighths

twelfths

any number
of
crumbs
or
pieces
to
the beginning
of
the universe.

Nothing But Us

A style
we bring to the
table.

To tug at
the
chairs and
gargle over a bowl.

The style isn't
a
trend as
the outfitter would like,
it's
a facial remark
that bends the water
coming out of the fountain
into a black cat's mouth.

Black cats
that
bring absurd luck to the doubtless. . .

Comfort for
the
demise in
your mind
that has arrived.

Style
for
human sake
in the large room
you built
that
sees nothing but *us*.

6 Walls Or More

Enclosed
betwixt
four walls,
you would be
lucky
to find
five that could provide
the same feel.

Between technology
&
living in a mountain range,
whiskers
turn gray and
the
female bosom
loses that sturdy beauty.

Yea,
you would
be a lucky bastard
to find
yourself comfortably
between
six walls or more.

what we once knew

Worn by
fragrances
roused in the view
of black larks,
tears won't fall
for the monarch
had
only a night
to see earth.

Beyond the skin,
OH
the litigation
will go on for years.

They ask of fame
&
speak of prominence.

All I want
is to be a better
human being--

One to the existence
that
provides another
damaged or indignant
face.

The face
of the real
&
to become,
in my fate
that
knows what
we once knew.

Words & Thoughts On Top Of Each Other

The words
you
can
use to love
those
cramped thoughts.

A General dances on marble floors with wife #9--
Old sandwiches eat stale chips from clean trash barrels behind convenience stores--
Leaves become small people in the summer night to share a rare drink and maybe fornicate--
A small dog limps across the road with silver tags that ring out a detailed subpoena to humanity--
Mad women and boring men forget their condoms on the night of easing *Racial Tensions*--

You feel
my
body yet?

Touch the page.

My words
have
several thoughts
to give.

Keep Closed -- 20 Minutes Away

I will
explain it to you.

First,
you have to close your
eyes
and
slap your thighs. . .

This is
going to feel
well,
I think
you think
you
know
how it's going to go.

Secondly,
halt thoughts
of
the outcome.

Here
we go.

Lying on
her back,
the dirty sidewalk
loved her more than boyfriend #19.

A fist full of collard greens
in
one hand
and
a Russian flag in the other.

Humming at
11:14p.m.
in
the
city twenty minutes from your current residence.

She
hums. . .

the eternal
blades of dismal
love
for

the
harvest of colder wars
that
will come down the road.

Not wars
between domestic and European powers
or
the
racial upheavals that will surely
hit
those city streets
and
travel 20 minutes to your neighborhood.

She bellows lightly,
firm grip
on
the objects,
yes objects,
that are lurched in her
hands
and
the reality that has driven her to the concrete
in
the
city.

Smelling
the exhaust of Metro busses,
she ovulates from her mouth
because
the worst wars are fought
and
brewing around her in ways that are accepted
and
the most destructive.

Fights over
the
newest product,
who forgot to send that bill to the collector,
the
abuse of small ignorant beautiful children
that
shine like ghosts at a zombie wake.

Petty
indifferent
arguments -- slaps -- screams.
Over what?

Keep your eyes
closed
20 minutes away

and
tell yourself what it is.

Don't
open your eyes until
this happens.

Once you
have uttered your pail of words,
open your eyes.

It will be one
hell of a way to
reopen life.

ALL AT ONCE

I HAVE
LET IT OUT--

TO CAREEN
AROUND A LARGE VESSEL
OF
SWEATY SOULS.

TO SMOTHER A
STENCH BREATH
IN
A
PURE BLACK PILLOW.

I HAVE LET
IT OUT.

TO STROLL WITH
THE
PINK LEGS OF A DRUNKEN MOTHER
GOING HOME TO WARM
A
MILK BOTTLE
FOR HER HUSBAND THAT LOVES NIPPLES.

TO SWIM IN
A
SUIT
WITH A GROUP
OF
HIPPIE LIFEGUARDS.

I
HAVE
LET IT OUT
FOR
YOU
TO
SEE
IF
YOU
CAN
SEE,
IF NOT--

LISTEN. . .
IT HAS A SIGHT
YOU
CAN HEAR & SMELL
ALL AT ONCE.

Those Alive Haven't Died Yet

If you
haven't walked lately,
you probably shouldn't run.

If you haven't listened to music
for a week or more,
you shouldn't take violin lessons any time soon.

If you have never tried beer,
don't toss tequila down your throat
in any given quantity.

If you love to sleep,
stay away from coffee
and read a familiar novel for the fifth time.

If you've never smoked a cigarette,
don't inhale cigar smoke.

Remember though--
If your alive,
you haven't died yet.

Once Will Have Been

The cumbersome
wooden angles
that
hold the
thoughts of paint
constructed in
minutes hours
years
 decades
12 years--

To gawk
at the world as
the
artist caressed
the reality
she was told couldn't be created.

To drink from
a
clean lake
and eat off
a
forgotten tree.

Between 1597
and
1997,
the years
couldn't provide
enough money
to
justify
such a work.

Not really work,
just
important enough
to
stare at the strand
we will once have been.

The Black Limbs

I look
out through
the concave glass
into circles of concrete.

Cars
with polished wheel wells,
the dogs in the back bed
of
Chevy trucks,
teeming rays of heat
that quench chlorine skin.

Saturday afternoon
alone with
the vents pushing
an
invisible power.

The silence
of
so much money
in
another suburban neighborhood.

Yea,
praying the tree
won't fall on their
car,
the next best thing
they need to see
past the black limb.

Bring on the storms
shake the trees
fuck the metal

talk to the souls...soon.

*“Man always looks at the clock
and sees his birth date in numeric form -- 6:21.
He also notices 10:19 for some odd reason.
Could be an eerie correlation between his birth and pending death--”*

this chime rhyme

Afraid
so
ashamed
the
rain will make its way.

Rose
in
a
common pose
come and join the low for tea.

Limp
the
quick gimp
caught a glimpse
of
his lover on the platform.

Hardened
for shame
the gardener
licked the same stale garter belt.

Grease
in the heat
reach
down to the geese in a pond.

...At the end of the line
we should have no reason to whine
for the pine
will continue to sprinkle the world with
the same joyous chime...

Afternoon City Paper

A requiem
in the
pinnacle clay artifact,
hands clasped
such as not
to
release the heat.

Heat of
more pamphlets
 brochures
to
announce
the show that won't take place--

Internet images
&
overdoses
killed the pleasant odor
that
was going
to perform in sold-out smog.

Hands open
slow,
as the man waiting
for the city bus
opens the afternoon paper.

Create & Illustrate

My back aches
from
the marked weight
of
black lungs,
sweat on my
coccyx
around my knee caps.

She tells me
she wants
to get her tongue pierced--

“That shit hurts,”
I tell her.

Several tattoos
down the road,
her father speaks
gruff
in the background.

Her defiance
and
his outward ugliness,
enough for me to awake easier
to
a
harder night
that is easier than
warm pie.

The empty papers
and
canvass that watch
me
walk
and avoid some lazy fall.

Somehow
we'll create
the
fall

and

illustrate
the
rise.

what day is it?

the Friday
night
hustle.

a night
defined like
no other for the people
to
race
fuck
get naked to eat food
and
water the skull with
new
things.

Wednesday
pissed the people off
too
much,
now an acronym
is
the new
craze.

it's
Friday,
several people
might die
or
live into a new living.

the
white
blue
teal
neon
black
red
gray
green
black
yellow
off-orange
colors
of cars and people
go
into the Friday fortress.

to the new
being

they have
a
feeling will come alive
and
swallow them whole
without
fork
knife
spoon

napkin to finish the job.

it's Friday,
this
undershirt is nice-n-snug.

it

is

Friday,

it

is

another day.

viva
the
day for its a day
and

called Friday.

Death Of A Beloved Season

Heat
in the
white strips of
paint
on the street
just jumped loose.

To love the
walking populace
waiting to run
into
the
opposite pleasure.

All about
a
fortunate 'Hello'
the heat
rose in the
'Good-Bye'
of
shattered winds.

Welcome,
you whips
of
free heat
lashing my skins and bones.

Away
from the
winter cold,
stuck in the eyes of
Northern Geese.

Strips
of
heat
massage me. . .

It's a pain
you
feel
in the
Death of a Beloved Season--

Next to you, me & the wax play dough

Where
has he gone?
I wonder
what the hell
he's doing right now,
shit
we could have
one hell of a talk
if we were under that bright light
at
the
living room table again.

Where has
she gone?
I would loathe
a
number of thoughts,
but
revel in the fluid
of
talking to her away from the love and relationship
that
once went down.

It's all a good
lesson in human nature
or
a
testament
in realizing your age.

Where have all the
people that accidentally flit
into
your mind
go.

Do they
live in South Carolina
go to Space Camp to live out a fantasy you never knew about
walk around naked in rural shacks and chant the Tao
paint a silhouette of you with a giraffe
lift potted plants above their heads and let them crash on bathroom floors because they have finally
realized insanity
to a dark P.O. Box in Santa Clara, CA--

They're still
next to me in
some
way

and they could be next to you reading
this
poem

or

strip down this scenario
if
you care to.

Yea,
do they care anymore?

Stained Drains

Bags in their
hands,
week-old calcium
in
their bone joints,
they reach
across the street.

Across a pavilion
into
a
red square.

Always reaching
for the other side
before
the
previous side
had a chance
to
soak completely.

Assured to
reach the
new destination.

The white
lily branches
sag
&
beat back a bleak light
that
approaches.

For satisfaction,
nothingness
in the
comfort of your mind--

To detach thyself
from
severed body parts
poured down
stained drains.

the breath becomes easier

Creatures
gathered close
on
the
ground
while the birds
of
a western dusk
dive
jive
fly
ride
on their
wings that take no effort
to
escape into.

Worms
have been
eaten,
they need some
after
time
to ride a wind
that
tilts the stop lights
that
change
on
a
smooth time frame.

The timing
of
lights
and
squawks of the feathered
world
have
been some kind
of
funky wine.

Wine for
the
reality
that glides
across
the open space.

The open spaces

above
many forgotten spaces.

Pathways open,
the
breath
becomes
easier.

asking for existence

The authorities
arrived--

She was face down
He was perched toward the northern morning.

Everything
but
motion existed
in their cramped
open room
in the middle of
their
spacious apartment.

Touched by the
rainbow cap of insanity,
raveled
around a ring of raven black.

Unconscious
in
the
dead air,
the authorities
notified
a
local mental hospital.

Buried by
their
own hell,
it's rough to say
how they died--

All they ever
wanted
was
to see was
the gates of purgatory
to ask if a heaven did
indeed exist.

Now they may know.

Feed The People

The rains
have exhausted the mud,
fog has
no more tentacles
to
crawl upon--

Our moon
is an orange peel
&
the sun is a crater of
Braeburn apple chunks.

Atmosphere
on the lake,
brevity in the pool of my heart.

Fond exhaustion
has spoken
to the desolate
in
a
tiny room
cramped with
fast fans
in humid June.

Their talk was
long
and
the fruits rose over the lands
to
feed the people.

A Real Fix You Cannot Repair

Out of
bed,
I look at the roof--

Unlock the door,
down the steps.

Open the car door,
the street is a mess.

My eyes wide open,
the shit will hiss.

To define a
fable
that
has been forgotten
is
a
secret mission
we
all do
from
time-to-time.

As you
swerve to
avoid killing a squirrel
or
hold back words
in select company,
hold silence
in the cup of your gathered hands
and
know that at all times you're
in
a
fix you cannot repair.

someone will do it for you

A robust
man
by the name of BoB
spelled
his named
backwards.
The neighbors were aghast.

Petite Jane
lifted her
skirt,
no panties,
to the passing traffic.
The boys
went
positively wild.

Medium-sized
Raul
drank a 32 ounce bottle of cheap beer
and
threw the empty bottle
through the bar window.
He
got the shit kicked-out of
him
in
several new and novel ways.

They say
size counts
and
in other cases
it doesn't count.

The morale
of the
actions that
were just explained
and
will when you aren't watching. . .

Do something--
or
someone will
do
it
for
you.

4th...3rd...2nd...1st

Several days
past
America
saluted the United States.

To shoot fireworks
into
a
yellow or black
sky,
we love those
Japanese whispers
that
crack so loud
we go to the emergency room 7,000 times over.

Peach pie
a watermelon up your ass
ribs in your jaw,
who in
the
crowd knows how to spell 'Constitution?'

Building new
craters
in rough dirt
and
black asphalt,
the
people scream for another year
our
freedom
has arrived.

The Supreme Court
strikes the wood
President Clinton
grabbed her buttocks
Senator Ted
takes down another fifth of Scotch.

Not here
to
defame the
freedom statutes,
no
fight to evolve
to curse
democracy.

Just have a hard

time
figuring how it
took
nearly a century
to
become the most powerful nation
in
the world
when we
can't even come close to
building an Egyptian shrine
such as those in the 7th and 8th century B.C.

I hope
we
can all know
how
to
spell 'Independence.'

Little Girl

Small girl,
runs happily
away from
her mother
like two infant Tigers
biting
 chewing
in the frolic of prairie grass.

Beautiful Mom
runs
to
catch child
in
video store,
smiles--

“Sorry”

I'm in a
hypnotic laugh--

An adorable
pair
in the world
I graze past.

Fair desire
to
slip into her
companion's wedding ring.

Happiness
in
the tears of my
leaking bathroom floor.

Moments
you walk into . . .

That would murmur
without you there.

I caught
the sparkle
 laugh
for myself
within the little gift.