

spring fog



in a hog's nostril

A tram ride around  
The marsh,  
The folks with small eyes  
And large hands wave  
From the shore to ensure  
That everything  
Is all right and that  
The times roll along  
Like milk in a child's belly ..

\*\*

Radio's playing mixtures  
Of voice  
Sound  
Instrumentation  
As folks leave their lives  
From a desk ..

A life that was called by another  
"unnatural" ..

One of the truer statements  
I have heard in some good long time.

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Slices  
Of notebook paper stuck  
To the top of the  
Soiled desk,  
Child car  
Seats stacked on the floor  
Of a candy shop to  
The top of the cinnamon stick jar,  
Thoughts of a mother kangaroo  
Hopping off with several offspring into the  
Sunset of a country  
That  
Has counted the Aborigines  
As  
The  
Last race  
Of  
Flesh that really have  
A  
Chance ..

The piano tuner  
Looks  
Up at the clock  
That doesn't work  
Anymore and  
Begins  
Counting to  
60 just

for  
the  
pure hell of counting what  
time

can't catch within  
his  
eyes

playful grasp ..

\*\*

Small slugs of wine  
And  
The evening in  
What should be spring  
That is turning into a frosty pear  
In a native Californians day dream,  
The band  
Packing up their gear  
And tuning their pants  
For  
The  
Show before  
A  
Local crowd  
As  
I  
Smile  
With the brim of  
Novice  
Earthquakes  
Going across this  
Midwestern land  
Making  
The  
Resident Westerners  
Feel

Just at home ..

\*\*

Rolled cigarette leaves  
And roaring engines  
As  
The trees  
Spruce  
New toes  
For  
The  
Passengers  
Peeking over the hill into  
An  
Ocean breaking

Like a  
Chain

And  
Wrapping around a waist  
Like  
A  
Warm belt.

\*\*

Angled velocity of  
A  
New color coming over the  
Art landscape ..  
Those  
Bent on being  
'up on the scene' proclaim that  
it has to be a hoax ..  
Others  
See it as a new  
Possibility for stop lights,  
M&M's,  
Garter belts,  
Construction paper,  
Shoes,  
Gum,  
And  
Tubes of paint  
To  
Give  
All new paintings a hope  
Of being discovered in a  
Water flow full of  
Paintings  
With  
Old colors ..  
The color is a mixture  
Of  
Orange  
Gold  
Blue  
Viridian  
And white ..  
It's call  
"See 90" ..  
It's a new declaration  
For a decade gone,  
Centuries  
That have been created  
And  
Eyes that have been begging  
For  
Some  
Pizzazz for so long ..  
Yes,

It's a new time for  
The  
Paints  
And

Another  
Marketing blend  
That  
Will  
Make you hope another color  
Will  
Be  
Invented in the near future ..

\*\*

Cold coffee mugs  
And  
Idle hands feeling around  
Curved  
Knees  
For  
A  
New  
Thought  
To  
The  
Beginning of the  
Story

That began  
A good long time before  
There  
Were any  
Bones

On this landscape ..

\*\*

Eyes peering from  
Behind blinds  
In  
The bottom floor apartment below . .  
What the  
Hell is going on up there,  
They think.  
I'll tell you what's going on ..  
We had  
Forgotten about  
You  
Until  
We saw  
You  
Poke your eyes  
Into

The  
World  
Above you ..

\*\*

Amid the wiper  
blades  
moving aside  
the  
wet splotches  
and  
intermittent hail,  
the kids  
pulled over on the  
side of the road  
to  
wait this one out ..

The young  
couple,  
married a little over 3 years  
and  
together for 7,  
sat there on the side of the road  
and  
looked in a  
dazzled glaze  
at  
the  
torrent of rain  
and  
frozen ice coming  
down out of the sky ..

As they sat  
there in silence  
beneath the  
sturdy slabs  
of  
concrete,  
she  
perked up and  
asked ..  
"Do you think there  
will come a day when city's, county's  
and municipalities will build a dome in the upper  
stratosphere to deter serious weather from  
hitting the land .. You know,  
like an enormous retractable roof  
that will deter hail,  
hurricanes, tornadoes ..  
And within this retractable, plastic apparatus  
of high engineering ingenuity,  
do you think they can attach sensors  
that could wane the tide of building storms .. "

He responds,

"I think it's possible .. though, actually putting together a protective structure like that would be rather ludicrous. To throw undue props in the face of Mother Nature will surely create a bad tidal of karma. Plus, the costs involved would surely out-do any damage a storm would cause on ground. There could be malfunctions along the way, thus is the natural course of human invention, which could create this 'weather stopper' contraption to spontaneously malfunction and come hurtling earthbound in a blaze of sure destruction.  
So, I don't think it would be a good idea at all .. "

"Well,"

she comes back.

"Think about it this way. They can use materials of a synthetic, structurally sound nature that wouldn't rack enormous debt. Also, they could test this system for several years, if not more, in an isolated, temperate environment such as field in the Midwest or elsewhere. As far as the bad karma it could create from the hands of Mother Nature .. I don't buy it. We have created, invented and implemented so much shit that has gone against the natural flow of nature. By the by, what is really natural and unnatural in the scope of human invention according to the laws of nature? We have created the nuclear bomb, sky scrapers that reach almost 1,500 feet into the sky, genetic engineering in a multitude of ways, etc. How could an invention of this nature cause such havoc?"

"Listen, baby. Weather is one of those environmental effects that is just too large and out of our league. The monies that could potentially go into a protective shield looming over the sky like a guardian angel is foolish for reasons I have already explained. The finances and efforts going into an endeavor such as that should be funneled into the continuation of research that's creating better warning systems for people to brace for and avoid tumultuous weather conditions. There are warning systems and preparatory devices that can inform and instruct people on how to deal with tornadoes, hail, hurricanes, severe thunderstorms and the like ..  
If human beings go out and assume they can harness and control one of the most uncontrollable by products of our existence on our planet, it will undoubtedly be proven a mistake soon or later." he described.

"I see you point .. Though, I would support the cause," she said.

The rain began pulling away into a good rain without hail as he popped the stick into 'D' and pulled on down the road with a smile on his face as the windshield wipers came flickering back to life like a rolly polly coming out of his circular hiatus ..

Then,

a smack of thunder came peeling out of the south before them striking the ground and making a loud rod iron smash over the land ..

At this,

the young man smiled because

they both  
didn't  
factor in  
lighting

and  
melting  
plastic.

\*\*

The old woman in the back of the Italian bakery cooks up a hearty pot of broth for the boys sitting up in the foyer. She whistles to herself a tune that grabs the ears and atonement of the boys up from. They start bringing down the pitch of their conversation going like a patch of sage in a field of weeds. As the conversation trickles to a dim silence .. the boys begin whistling the tune. They start snapping their fingers and swaying down the straps on their pants .. Yes, it was a rare event as the patriarchy of the custom came melting down. The boys accompanied the woman in the kitchen making the broth in a 7-minute chorus of pure Italian whistlin' soul.

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Ten  
Glasses of wine later,  
He  
Recited the National Anthem  
And  
Laughed through  
The alphabet ..

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Guitar ghost  
Muttering  
Through  
A  
Bass line  
As  
The  
Drummer  
Plays  
A  
Tune  
He doesn't even know  
Where it came from or where it's going ..

\*\*

An old gal I dated some years back. Christ, I haven't really conjured up her images for many months .. though, last night she came in a circle of force and pushed through the dream door .. We we're laying in bed talking about what the jive has been going down over the past several years .. It was known that she was married to some other cat .. though, she let me know several times that she was going to leave him in three months .. so, as we got warm and laughable in the lap of blankets in the dark of eve slipping back into the eastern light rise, I asked her if she wanted to give the bed a good whirl for the final time .. or the beginning of more .. she said she wasn't so sure .. so , I ask her if we could take our clothes off and have a good talk in the natural .. she winced and said it would be way too fucking hard to go that route .. so, I tell her to keep the temptations at bay, I would keep my clothes on and hands off .. I just wanted to see her



glistening limbs of love smacking my retina's one last time .. for it was a dream and a happened chance that I had at the fucking dream craps table .. I was going for the 12, 7, 6, 4, 8 and any other number that had the fancy to come swimming through my mind .. she told me she would do it under one stipulation .. if she could slip on a robe, get under the covers and begin revealing her skin flank by flank .. I agreed as I scurried off to find an old red, satin robe hanging like a cup of sweat beading around an evening of potential fore play .. as I took the robe over, she was out of her clothes and lounging on the bed like a queen lost in that grand last novel Hemmingway never got around to penning .. I stood there and marveled .. my boys were pulsing like a flow of water pelting an amusement park wet slide .. I held forward like an 8-year old boy looking at his first pair of tits .. I could hardly move forward .. it floored me again as it did in the beginning .. Christ, how dreams can bring it back if fancy is the delight ..

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So, we're going down narrow streets at high speeds in what would appear to be Ireland. A beautiful woman sits next to me .. right past me peripheral that has the black stick shift protruding up like a seal grinning in cold water. She asks in a cool, sly sort of way .. when are you going to kiss me? I slam on the brakes, lean my right hand past the stick shift and towards the pivot point on her waist and approach. I lean in and get some good gel going down for a good 30 seconds .. lean back .. pull the car back into first and laugh as I see her playfully wipe the outside edges of her mouth.

As we go on down the road talking about the clouds and lost paper clips in the world .. time begins to speed up. The day quickly comes to a close as the darks come enveloping around our skin like a late bill in a chagrined standard #8 envelope. Then, she decides to push the envelope of the evening and suggests that we pull to a quick stop in the middle of the road and give our junk a good twirl. I peer over at her inquisition, purple/blue sundress, deep dimples, curled brown hair and a foot at the end of her crossed legs that won't stop bounding and bouncing in a child's fascination. I agree .. though, I give the brakes and steering wheel a more graceful maneuver and turn into a good alley behind an old bakery. As I pull the car to a full stop, she's climbing over the Freudian stick separating the both of us .. as she climbs over, her dress is high enough to expose a good fist full of panties that are gleaming into the dark car like a cat's eye catching a high beam. As she comes over .. I start pulling my pants and shorts down around my ankles. As she comes closer and begins unraveling the mystery between her lower chops, I pull her head close and begin doing some hard French in all the right places. After a minute or so, I tell her to pull away because all my white glue is going to come teaming out like a fuckin' drunk looking for a drink. At this, he eyes boil with mild fear as she climbs over the passenger seat into the back seat of this tiny 1991 Pugot. As my liquid love comes scream up and around my hand, seat, towards my face .. she tells me that I have fallen victim to 'pre-sheath syndrome' and laughs. A playful laugh as I hear a knock on the window. When I look up, there's a dapper looking London chap with a badge and a glare purporting me to roll the window down for a little talk. I hold up my index finger, point at my junk and then to the glove box. This was my message that I was going to fish out a towel to wipe up the lost and potential stories I could have told to my lover's grand kids. The detective takes some paces back, for privacy, as I notice two more dapper looking 'Bond' style cats by the passenger window, one at the front of the car and another with a gun held low a the back window. My heart begins searching for more blood and organs to shoot it out around my body that is a little interested in why they're around now. After I clean up my shit, I roll down the window and bid a fond evening. The man nods with a mild detachment and instructs my lover to climb up into the passenger seat. At this, he raises a brow and whispers, "It's procedure" .. Once she gets settled into the front seat, I peer over and my carnal swim begins to gain a tide again. The dapper cat starts talking in a thick English accent that I have violated two traffic laws of the particular region I was within. "Oh yea, I've been parked here for some time. Were they moving or non-moving violations?" He tells me they were both moving. One was for going the wrong way down a one-way street and the other was for flicking a cigarette out next to a gas station (a rule of the region that can't be compromised on). So, he asks us to slowly climb out of the car and answer a couple more questions. As we both unload out of the car, I notice the spider we of police circling around our bodies and shadows playing time with the new harvest moon above looking down in anticipation. Once we're out and the detectives stop circling around us I tell the head detective that they are some sharp dressed motherfuckers. At this the lead detective grins and fishes for a cigarette with along with several others in the circle. As he looks down, I grab my lover's hand and make a clean break for the open road ahead of us. Due to the lighting cigarettes and languid pace up to this point, we gain some quality headway. Shit baby, it's a dream. I was going to take the Brandy for all the label was telling me. As we

gain some speed up the hill .. we fall into the chambers of another section of the dream. We're in a house baby sitting several kids for some gal friend that works with my lover. Though, the whole time I'm on a tight window patrol trying to keep my eyes peeled for the detectives re-visit to the site. Though I knew the whole time they weren't going to catch us.

Not that night.

Never in that dream as my lover comes towards me with no dress and a box of rubbers.

Maybe next dream, boys.

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It takes forever for reason to reach the ignorant.

\*\*

This man travels the world

to find the perfect piece of gum ..

He's going about India,

South Africa, Indonesia, Russia,

Guam, the South Pacific, Guadalajara,

Honduras, Mexico, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania ..

Anywhere and everywhere to find

that perfect piece of gum ..

Oh yes, this fucker has had pieces of gum

but he really hasn't had 'the piece of gum' yet.

He's looking for that big break in his travels that will afford him the pleasure

to really crash his teeth like moist sticks on a frozen cymbal to get that

piece of gum that could keep the kids chewing the same piece for months

and the grandmothers and fathers of the world chewing with dentures .. free of the thought

that their dentures will not be affected.

Yes, gum that won't even stick to your shoes on those hot as a fucking bitch days

when the sun smiles a sinister, crooked glance and

tries to make the people on the ground pay for their avowal to the

day and the lights, with the light wind that goes around in a trance

that is merely a glitch in the regular ..

So, as this man gains miles on planes and feet to beat down this perfect piece of gum,

he chews every variety of gum imaginable .. spaghetti squash, watermelon with a twist of lemon/kiwi

splashed with a slight drop of ginger, tomato/basil/thyme, egg white,

pickle/Anjou, cheddar cheese, bar-b-que, pear with a hint of brown sugar ..

Christ, the list goes on ..

He has his own gum fan club .. this man has jaws of fucking pure shark meat ..

Looking .. looking for that perfect piece of gum .. stay tuned ..

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Pork rinds around the ring in the eve.

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Shades of brick .. dust of sun coming through the window .. the world in a child's gust .. a drip of blood in their umbilical cord cup ..

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Giving requires taking and I don't need much ..

\*\*

The cafeteria sneaks food while we swindle snacks ..

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The rectory directing the heads .. the fleece giving to skins .. a kazoo playing to the beat .. while the snores listen to the crowd flooded in their boots ..

\*\*

Oil rings in the deep south & water wells overflow with juice .. the joy of a hand glider carrying a sign over a frozen lake: "SHAKES FOR FREE & BANTER IS BETTER THAN BARTERING."

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On hold music going like a bearded mink in a black tunnel ..

\*\*

Do you speak in tongues? No, I speak in teeth.

\*\*

It's been hard getting up sometimes .. Motivation is lying in the Robinson twist of a sprouting tree leaf .. while the world invents a new candy .. ingests a drink .. nips at mayonnaise .. gets up and notices what is around.

\*\*

Writing about morning as night twines about ..

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Have it figured out .. quote yourself.

\*\*

You know .. they said the best minds in science were really suckers for a good lobotomy ..

\*\*

The day the roosters built the turkey's shrine ..

\*\*

Don't look back so often at what you write and create .. It was done then and has its place around the entry of the bullet hole in the wall ..

\*\*

Sitting shoeless in a St. Louis airport waiting for the connecting flight to New York .. I have realized that once I come back from Italia .. I will never view the states in the same way .. There's something all together refreshing in that manner of states ..

\*\*

Playing tic-tac-toe until you get black spots in your eyes ..

\*\*

Drunk travelers falling over luggage and laughing like Irish folks going back to their homeland here in NYC .. There's a Beatles remix on musac .. Christ, they still couldn't kill the vibe ..

\*\*

The luggage of a goldsmith, yet the simplicity of a gun maker .. This is what we call the new language of clever bullshit ..

\*\*

47,000 feet above Geneva in a cold thrust of a 767's engine .. sometimes things come soon .. other times they come right on time ..

\*\*

The only reason it feels like morning is because the sun is shimmerin' through as we swim over the Swiss Alps .. I hear the echo now ..

\*\*

Cops on motor bikes as the people walk slow and even .. In the warm ooze of mist on the roadway. Leaving little to barter .. the purchasers come by with new copper currency and a swirlin' light for the helluvit.