

INTO THE HIGH SKY

tHE STREETS
RUN
OVER RACE CARS,
WINDSHIELD WIPERS
SCRAPE AWAY
THE
ANGER OF SKIES
DECEIVED
BY
RAINBOWS.

tAKING THE
TIE
FROM
MY
NECK,
TO
LOOSEN THE LINT
SPRINKLED ON FLOORBOARDS
THAT
GRACE
COINS
DIRT
THE DESIRES . . .

nUMBERED ON
A
CALM CALENDAR,
COUNTING
THE STEPS
OF
MIDGETS--

tINY PEOPLE
AND
LARGE FEET
ALLOWING THE
ANTHEM OF STRANGERS
TO STREAM
ON
METAL POLES
NEITHER

DRY NOR WET--

a BAND OF
MONGRELS SMOKING
KAMELS
&
MINUTES
DREARILY--

hITCHHIKING
A
PATH
BACK TO
NEW YORK
ARIZONA,
ANCESTRY

LONG LOST.

Hollywood

Rumble
from
the
two rooms
between me
now--

Hollywood
NY
never sleeps.

Maybe
me & Buddha
should,
for
time
is
&
will be ready
to capture the pure--

Just Hot

*Tonight,
the stars
in the California sky
will
cater an ancient comet
from
North
to East--*

*A movie
at
the
Mann's Chinese Theater.*

*Pint of gin,
half pack of cigarettes,
a meal
if needed.*

*Holding firm
to
a
blood stream of thought
that
implodes out of my head--*

*For the streets
of
L.A. County
Universal City
hold my
soul open
with
forks,
burning
answers appear
before
the
lukewarm questions.*

*It's hot
baby,
just plain hot.*

Los Angeles Homeless Wipe A Tear

*Ventura Blvd.
hijacked
Hollywood Blvd.,
while
101 North
stood idle
and
watched the
red light turn green.*

*The smog
refused
to heed hindsight--*

*Women in BMW's
Troopers driven by phones--*

*Downtown L.A.
passed,
Sunset Blvd.
screams with the sun
&
loud cosmetics.*

*A frame case
basket case
with large bills under
the
Citibank clock--*

*The bell yelled
"7",
while
the L.A. homeless
wipe a tear.*

My Limber Breath

Come back
to
shore--

Pull me
into
the
shift of sand
some deceased seaweed
forces of nature unexplained.

I ask you,
don't stay away
for
too very long.

Pictures
only complete a moment
of
need--

Yet,
your my strength
which
holds my limber breath.

Liposuction & Premium Cigars

*Finished brushing
my teeth,
lighting a smoke,
the smog-n-fog
over
Hollywood
settles like an infant
in an oversized crib--*

*Restive
&
somewhat festive,
like a tropical ostrich,
one more
day
is
mine
in the warm bustling confines
of
S. Cal,
the other region (Manhattan).*

*They never
resist
for
a
smoke
or
to
brush their teeth--*

*Liposuction and
premium cigars
are
on
their
minds.*

Over the
crescant
tree,
three
doves
laughed at the mocking bird.

the ocean will win

Maybe glass,
the
picture snaps--

Musical icon pulls away
in
Grand Cherokee
--bumper sticker: "I Love Gorillas"

Four days
on
a
rental car
valet stub
placid,
alive listening to Dave Matthews
on
Santa Monica Boulevard.

Industrial lights
Towering billboards--

The King of Champs
Wrath of Idols
Bounty of Nature.

The ocean will win,
keeping
the
sand
eternal
&
bits of
shells
humbly polished.

Santa Monica Oil Change

Guess
the
discovered society--

Place
your elbow
on
the
blazing culture.

Strip off the
shirt,
drive down to
Santa Monica Blvd.,
find
the beach
of
waves
skates
bikes that need training wheels--

The oasis
of
salt water
stale scents of sea specimen.

Cars
maps
laughs
that take
us
below the fame--

Our underground
haven
beneath
the Limo
getting
an
oil change.

On Top Of The Hotel

*Top of
the
Universal Hotel--*

*Criss-cross
across
the 11:00pm dining floor,
an empty
dark room
looking over
Los Angeles (Hollywood)--*

*We catch
the
night enchantment
of
the
lights flirting
with
each other
and
the hills
covering the moonlight.*

*Yes,
about as alive
as
I can define.*

*Putting mist
on
the
plate glass--*

*Taking my nose
hair
to the
corner
of the
complex,
praying for this
moment
to
last longer
than the few minutes--*

The Palm Tree Wondered

Palm tree
arising
before me--

You ever
think
the thoughts?

Those eyes
over
the
valley
 freeway,
taking the
tonal smog
on
the horizon.

Have you ever
given-up
or
risen by the
roots
people cannot see?

Taken
a
picture
for
your scrap book?

Shit,
license plates
 white gates
 sails over the Pacific Ocean--

Between
you & me,
did you ever come alive
and
shop
for

small coconuts?

You're about
the
only thing
purely quaint
in
these parts
that
sleep
with retina's open--

Southern California, Where Have You Been?

Again,
back on some strip--

Victory Blvd.,
in
Burbank, CA
fish tacos
Volkswagen busses
palm trees in cool evening breeze.

Lasted
3 hours
into
a
walk down a favored runway--

Home in the hills,
tonight
I
rest in hotel off North Hollywood
smokes
drinks
laughs
to
the
downtown traffic
marching through
an
open
patio window.

I need to stay,
for
this
should

not end

soon.

While She Is Awake

*To take
her by the
elbow,
while
she swallows my hand--*

*To show
her my
thighs,
while I caress her ankles--*

*To levitate
in her waters,
while
she towels off my dry sweat--*

*To lead
her bend into the wind,
while she shields the sun from my eyes--*

*To ward off
the nasty dreams of the incumbent,
while
I wake-up in her shadow--*

*Screams of light
over the morning blaze
a praisin' her much more
than
my smile
while she is awake.*

Stamped & Sent

*Huddle
close
&
large--*

*Bel Air speaks
to
the
Beverly Hills Hotel--*

“Have any change to spare”

*None
on this side
of the Hills--*

*For the
invisible Hollywood sign,
to
produc,e
to
lunch,
on the stash.*

*Run
on
past
with a
satchel
of
apricot seeds
and
look-out
for the benign architecture--*

*A mingle
of
the past
and
soon-to-be.*

*In the land of
thinner hips
after a knife
and
many stamped--*

*Wanted:
Pleasurable Decree*

To Swoon A Mountain Range

Courtesy
of
the
Universal Sheraton,
I
can now
indulge in
the teachings of Buddha--

Never before,
even though many bookstores oblige,
have
I
been handed this Japanese theology.

A gift
from
B.K.D Bukkyo Dendo Kyoka/ Tel: (03) 3455-5851
to carry
back free
to
K.C.

Pent-up
in
ethnocentricity,
somewhat selfish inclusion,
the
Midwest will be where I
return--

For all the
cosmetic smog
 processed malls
 financing galore
for
exquisite cars,
Southern California
has
a
conscious
that
is
so bearable
I would love to rent
a local abode.

For my feet
are
as
soft as the sand,
I possess enough love
to
swoon a mountain range.

Tropic of Stars

If there
was a way
on that cloudy runway,
I would
have
done
so--

Broken with
leather straps
on my shoulder
to
enter the airplane,
hungry
on the runway.

Leaving
the
picture of destruction
 sublime thoughts
 touch of childthought--

Yes,
the break into
the
back hills
that hide
behind a lemon tree.

Tear off my pants
and
dream a thousand thoughts
of
stories. . .

if I could have,
I would have
ripped open
the lengthy ticket
&
talked amongst
the nighttime crickets.

Giggling
a
razor,
packing cigarettes,
eating cold mustard
&
hot dogs

below
the
Tropic of Stars.

***Close Your Eyes,
/
Have
the world to thank--***

World Fares

The breath
of
world affairs
splash
against you like
a
metal rope on a flag pole.

On the corner
of
newspaper headlines,
the
mass suicide citizens
ponder &
marvel
like their own child just mangled
the
knees seriously in a playground accident.

The width
of
balanced budgets
have your banks
making
additional brochures to proclaim
a
better deal:
"New 6.7% APR!"

Renting cadillac's
on
the final day
of
the dealers feast--

Brother,
the gasp of foreign and domestic affairs
have
the
deaths in Jerusalem
Montenegro
downtown Jersey.

Across the
cradle
over
the pacifier,
suck down
what may sustain--

Otherwise,

take a warm bath
on
a
hot day
with a Russian novel
and
sip on a mixture. .

A mixture
of
the
howl & growl
of
your own
world affair.

Those
world
fares.

3:58a.m. In North Hollywood

Pint of gin
Northern Italian cuisine,
AM won't let
me
sleep
in
North Hollywood--

The chilly
air
streaks through
the
patio window,
news on
the
tired television (voice).

*Polka around
the
collar--*

Need
more sleep,
the sun is beginning to
make
an
opening call
over
hotel lights
the Hollywood hills--

Feet
begin
to slip
in the tropical air.

The Numbers Read: 10:13

Once more
I coincidentally
look at
the
digital bedside clock--

10:13,
I was born on
10-13-72.

Such an odd
pleasurable experience--

A date
I
was
given human form,
reoccurring Karma
over
each clock
or
watch
in
U.S. Pacific time.

In London,
4:13 a.m. would mean
little--

Now,
again it happens
some more--

My eyes
glide
across the time
bars & gas stations
love
to wax at.

It strikes
me strange,

for 10:14
doesn't
mean

a

thing.

afternoon away from missouri

On the
boulevard,
against
green plastic,
the foliage sparkles
in
the
California sun--

Traffic
hums
from the hotel terrace.

Liquor
in
room,
too expensive to drink--

Stars
in
white,
bearded
 bloated.

Another
Southern California
afternoon.

buzzer rings free
(What?)

Once California Ends

*Throw
peanut shells
on
restaurant floor--*

*Murder a
charging lobster,
pull out a comb
wet the spokes generously,
brush in the freedom--*

*The liberation
from
gritty stars
or
potential
for nonverbal confrontation--*

*Out west
in
California,
there's just
too much fucking shit
going down
to
dribble in
cold oatmeal
&
florescent stickers
in tinted glass of a boy pissing on Chevy emblems--*

*The night
is
leaving into the day
&
the patrons
want you to come along.*

*Jump into the tap,
eye a gorgeous pair of legs.*

*It's freedom
over
your
position
you'll yearn for
once*

your sabbatical ends. . .

The California Night

*San Francisco wine
next
to
the
steam off
the hot tub--*

*Drinks
toes
in
the
heat.*

*Palm trees
pool chlorine
keep us safe
under the hotel sight--*

*Platonic
twilight,
a
time
to sit on towels
to
speak the spoken
&
spin the token
on
a
March night,
while the California night arrives.*

Clown On The Stool

*The clown
on
the
stool,
the fool
who
was convinced
he was cool--*

*Shittin' & spittin'
in
a
pool your girlfriend
knows you're cruel--*

*Tuggin'
on
a
pill
that was called protocol.*

*Only your fate
was easy
to
foretell
by
the clown on the stool--*

Nothing To Disguise

Thoughts--

*The 11th minute
on
the
hour hand
chime.*

*Tell the
bar-bound civilian
the
roasted seconds
had
some lunch.*

*Lower
an
empty mug
and
laugh
for the
clean debauchery--*

*that has
run down
the
parkway
after
stealing an
empty purse.*

The Floor Followed Him

Hair
blonder
than knuckle veins,
a
deadpan smile
that could make
a
cat land on its back--

Hustlin'
slow into the local bar,
spot him next to
his
faithful girl
in
the
booth
behind
minds of harried malice--

Yes,
a smile
too
human
for people.

He rides
on
a cloud,
speaking
to the conscious ride.

Assured
to
arise a laugh,
finding a wet west spot
on the desert ground--

Estranged from
bloated disgust,
a kilter of sky blue,
he takes the floor.

The floor
doesn't take him.

Tempting Gales

Crepes
on
Thursday
beneath
a
wet red sun--

Tearing
aged thorns
from
eye brows.

Oh,
how the loud
are
the
becoming.

Pouring
lime lava juice
from
a
mountain of glass,
while the
lambs graze
on
Western Hills--

'The temptation
of
the
gales'

March 26, 1997

Missouri Gas Energy
P.O. Box 419255
Kansas City, MO 64141-6255

Dear MGE,

Due to the recent influx of phone calls to your company in regards to increased gas prices, we have not been able to conveniently get through to your representatives for the past two weeks. In addition, we did get a hold of a representative about a month ago in regards to the February bill and the rep. told us that a surveyor would be out to our meter to read it. Well, that did not take place and we are confused as to what charges we currently have on our bill. So, we're currently sending you \$50 for that bill before the March 31 deadline for our gas to be turned off.

We have been understanding of the influx of customers calling in, so we would like your understanding in return. Also, we will have our March bill to you in the first week in April. In the meantime, could you please notify us of any wrong billing that occurred in February, if not, we have the money and would be willing to pay the bill.

For convenience, could you please contact Dean Woods or Joe Dimino on this matter-at-hand. Dean Woods can be reached at the following: Home; 531-3534 or Work; 781-6833. You can reach Joe Dimino at the following: Home; 531-3534 or Work; 471-0076.

Thank you for your understanding. Please contact us and in the meantime we will try to contact you.

Sincerely,

Dean Woods
Joe Dimino

Hazy Sockets

Vacant
package of reds,
went into the
lungs--

To hide
from the nichoderm patches
of
powerful liquid.

Subtle receptions
thrown
by
corporations
helpful to supply
a
free lighter.

Burn the
back of fingers,
sing follicles,
destroy maddening hair shot
from
scalps--

Take
down that tar
like
a
smoldering pavement in summer wool,
whether
social
 personal
 some manifesto--

You pay,
the price.

Throwing ashes
over
lungs
toiled gray,
mangled

within
hazy sockets.

To Soak Into Her Skin

*Built
on
a
menu,
told on
crowded maps,
stuck
on
wet match sticks
in
a
two-month-old puddle--*

*Who screwed
that bolt into
the
plane's wing?*

*I wonder
if
repair men heed
the red warning
next to the escape latch?*

*Runway wheels,
gusts of steam,
the stretch of airport gravy
brings
me
to
a
home
I have never lived--*

*Into the cerebellum
that releases
subconscious fantasies.*

*Acted out
serendipitously
by
women
in*

*black skirts
&
tight tank tops--*

*A lucky thankless
sun
has the promotion
to
soak
into her (my)
skin.*