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

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 loud speech--A speech about Horace Precious & Pavilion. Three of the most devout souls 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.

Not anymore

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

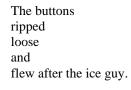
and

christen them

between

2 lover's burrows.

Do You Believe Me?



Juxtaposed

to

punish the provider,

the

buttons had

a

mind of their own.

One of shrewd strings loose bosoms crazy patterns.

Another set

 αf

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 own. I own nearly 1,700 acres of land on the moon if colonization ever becomes an alternative 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 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 a country of 1,700 acres going to be one hell of a utopia. One you or I will never know about until we fuck-up mother earth enough

I finally found out I fell into some comical hoax

or

otherwise...

Neither Soon Nor Too Late

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 give it to someone who knows how use the phone. With their preserved existence, doubt there will be any delay.

Water about

Write

s o 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?

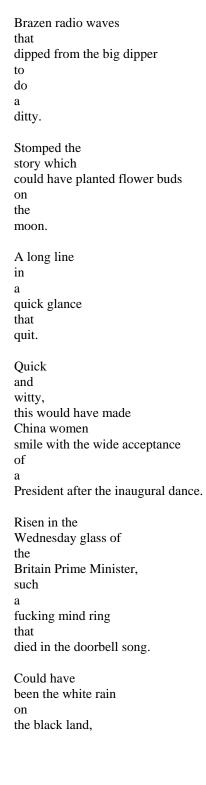
No?

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

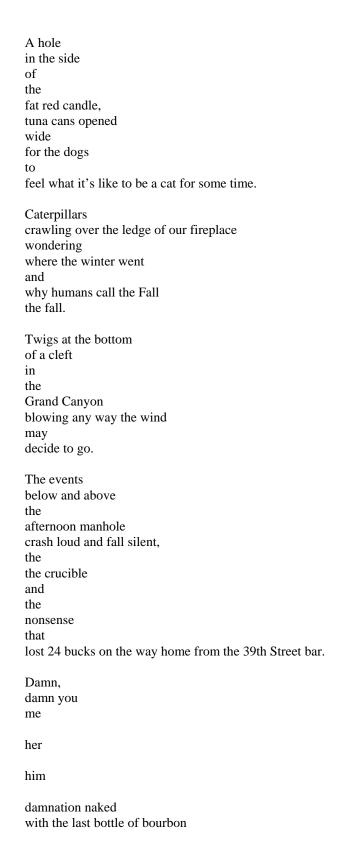


A thought that

was forgotten.

instead another thought has come into the imaginative juice. To spring in fruitful delight for the hands to raise in a marble bowl. the thought (s) g . . o n

which will prevail?



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.

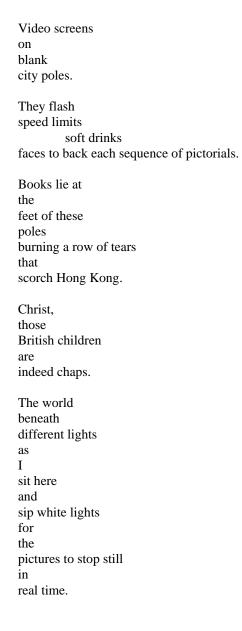
Had the gas man read my meter, climbed the stairwell into a nasty natural heater.

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



The Road

to reason with his machinery. In fiery defiance, the flames shoot upwards 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.

Liquid tires burn--

As I approach

living room cold, the apartment

with a choked throat

man settles one last deal

from the

is

as a

screaming

the sight

let those tension knobs fly into tight pensions 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

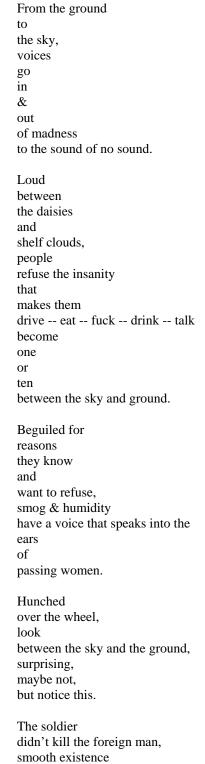
as

a

gust of wind rushes over my ears.

She wouldn't say a damn thing.

the ground and the sky



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.

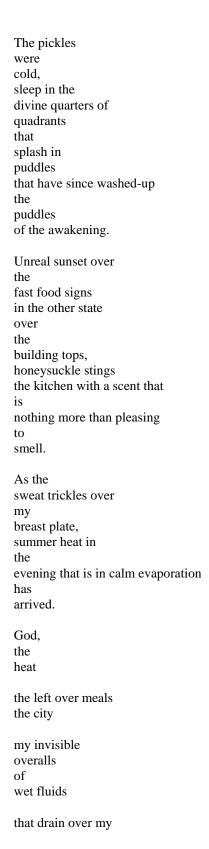
To doubt the conclusion purged in the name of selfishness.

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



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.

Let The Carousel Spin

```
Busy
in a silent stance.
Summer fire flies
speak
about their
talent
to the diseased
mesquitos from the West--
The bugs rise
               fall
some more
sweat consumes the
balls of my feet.
Open air
careens
the stolid jazz into
my eye sockets
strained like metal ropes holding a rusty bridge.
I pin point
each sound
that takes the city
into another country
haven't seen thus far.
Life in the cup
      on the towels that dried me clean
          the wine jugs that have been emptied for a greater cause.
I spin in my chair...
the carousel is
about
me.
```

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

exhaust from brake pads, makes a slow left turn. Into the streets that collect debris and throw them out families waiting on highways for AAA to fix their flat tire. Down stricken boulevards into shady side streets clean-up the leftovers Wednesday afternoon question which circling gull get to the smoldering snack first. One stop One left turn gone--We go to the right to make the treasure

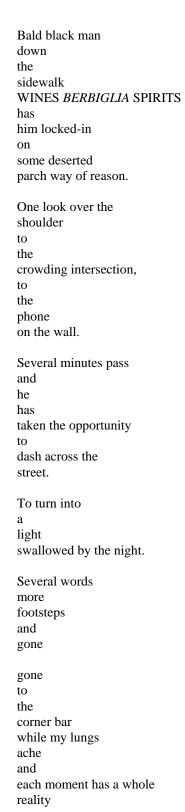
trash.

The

squeezes

trash truck (631-3300)

To The Beginning Of The Universe



that could be divided into fifths

eighths

twelf ths

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.

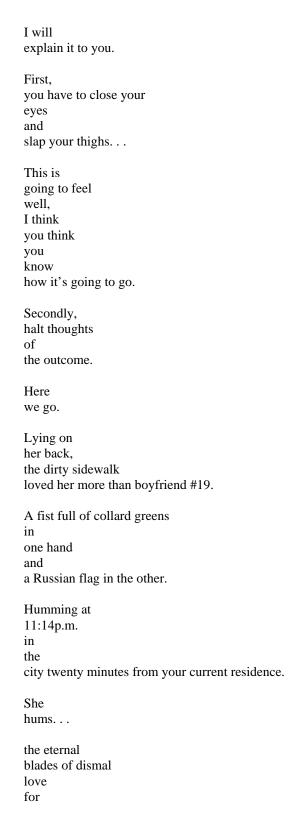
A General dances on marble floors with wife #9-Old sandwiches eat stale chips from clean trash barrels behind convenience stores-Leaves become small people in the summer night to share a rare drink and maybe fornicate-A small dog limps across the road with silver tags that ring out a detailed subpoena 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



```
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
OF	REEN ID A LARGE VESSEL Y SOULS.
STENCH IN A	OTHER A H BREATH LACK PILLOW.
I HAVE IT OUT.	
THE PINK LI GOING A MILK B	OLL WITH EGS OF A DRUNKEN MOTHER HOME TO WARM OTTLE ER HUSBAND THAT LOVES NIPPLES.
OF	M IN . GROUP LIFEGUARDS.
I HAVE LET IT O FOR YOU TO SEE IF YOU CAN SEE, IF NOT-	
YOU	 A SIGHT EAR & 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 pinnace 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?

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 live into a new living. the white blue teal neon black red gray green black yellow off-orange colors of cars and people into the Friday fortress. to the new being

the Friday night hustle.

a night defined like

```
they have
a
feeling will come alive
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

а

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
number of thoughts,
revel in the fluid
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.

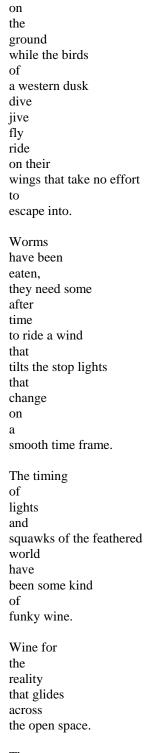
Assured to reach the new destination.

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

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.

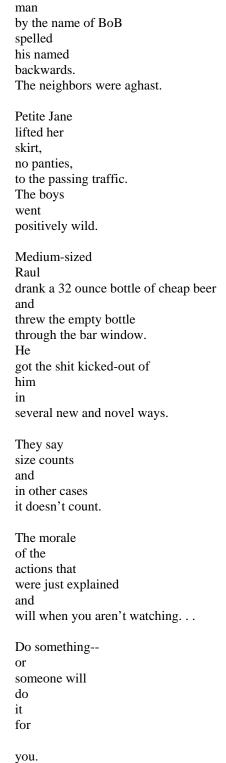
Open the car door, the street is a mess.

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

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.