

FOLDABLE POEMS

DANE DELUCCHI

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*Dedicated to my Momma for reading to me in her womb and
and as a small child*

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

He's a poet and American and his first gun was a Mossberg 500 that every time you cocked it it would discharge another shell. Mostly up.



DREAM FOLLOWER

Does the dream finish life
or does life finish the dream?
Either way is death
I used to think I was crazy
But now I can spot it in my own face
I see my own madness and whirlwinds
And dust-devils and wake
I'm confused by everything
But hardly ever surprised
By anything I do
Not shocked by how much I lack...
The potential that I had
Against what I actually am
A despairing soul that is worn and dry like a canyon
My middle and last names are "No" and "Contest"
I see now that the journey will end
Before the return trip home
So, I'm going all in
A failure
Or no
To hell with it and me
I'm a believer in pure disbelief
Forgive me father but
I'm beyond saving at this point
Folks used to want to shake my hand
That was back before, back when I was the man
But I dawned the beggars rags

I put on the fools cap n bells
And I sat in the dunces corner
Entranced and unwell
And sickly
Now when a man comes home from war, they don't put
him in a home with other shell-shocked shells of men
If I go back to halfway living
I'll take a life; my own
Dear family
Dear friends
For I was dishonorably discharged but never enlisted
I was also sentenced to death, but never convicted
So my good ole' dream and I
We lay side by side
We count to three
And then we pull the plug for each other
And then we go to sleep
And instead of me
And instead of dream
There's just blackness now
There's just nothing
Well...it looks like I have
Another dream

THE MASTER

He thinks, as he walks to Union Station,
Upon release from County Jail, that even coyotes and
wolves are loving when they play
After doing time, there's no longer any rush
He lets things flow like water that he's been four days
without the taste of
He doesn't check a single mirror and tips fifteen dollars on
a practical haircut because money from commissary had
long been building up
His ears no longer strain at a stranger's commentary
The word "hello" is a symphony after solitary confinement
He's protective of women
Because he's been the bitch before
Raincoats over puddles
Holding open doors
When a beggar asks for a cig, he shows comradery
Cuz he's walked in the same
Chucks Taylors on the very same street
He's got enough tattoos for anyone
So he's saving his skin for the scars to come
He's the master of sin because he knows what it is
He thinks about others needs when he considers his
He's rocked the boat
He's walked the plank

He's dangled from a handmade rope
From a false ceiling in room 11,
on the second floor of cell block A
Either everyone's dead, or he's dead to them
And to the few that are left standing
He bows lowly
And repents
He's the master of grace because
He's old and born again
He knows that he'll fuck something up soon
But he doesn't know or care about when
Easily, he forgives
Because he never can forget
That every man is loved by someone
And that every man shits
He's like a dog, because everything excites him
He knows ten minutes on a leash
Is better than one minute in the pigpen
He's romantic as hell because he's made his last wish
Now he's down from the gallows with a fatherly itch
He knows that there's a joke in every happening
And if it's on him, he won't blush or weep
Home's at the center of a merry go round
He's full steam ahead but thinks mostly about now
Thanks God for his watch and knowing the time
For what he needs he still has, and it all fits in a bag
"For the master" he thinks
"How easy is life?"

ESPECIALLY YOU

You asked me about my long-term
Goals for this before
Well...

I achieve my goal each time we meet
But what that exactly is
Is my secret to keep from you;
Especially you
So far so good
But I hope it's understood
That if it doesn't go the way
It could go ideally
Everything is still okay
I don't want to make anyone
Feel afraid;
Especially you
Especially you...
So if I suddenly smile and chuckle
And shake my head
I'm not going mad
Even though I talk to myself
You make me feel quite well
You do;
Especially you
No one needs to know

I never did care for a real good point
There's nothing anybody need to do or say
Girl, ain't it pretty today?
Well, you know you are too;
Especially you.
I was the only civilian
In the theater of war
We met as the curtains closed
Or just barely before
And life still does me such harm
I'm still untrained and unarmed
But some things
Make the sky look more blue
Make you feel like coming home
And the world looks brand-new
Somethings
They do...
Someone;
Especially you

HOW LONG UNTIL THERE'S LAUGHTER AGAIN?

How long until there's laughter again?
I can't recall
How long has it been?
This place is like
The vacuum of space
And all I can hear
Are my groans
I've raged and blamed
And you can blame every stain
On the shower curtain
On me
I kicked a crumpled
Note at your door
But I went too far last time
And I did wish you harm
And though we both avoid each others' eyes
And both loath and despise each other
When your laughter was heard
Whatever it was about
I hated it then
But I do miss it now
I wish I could say that I'm sorry
I wish that we were friends
Forgive me for my folly
How long until there is laughter again?

SOUTH TOGETHER

Well...you called them all faggots
With a hard "r"
People wondered how you slept at night
On a bench In a dewy park
And the stench came from all around
Not just from your socks
How'd you pull out so much hair?
Cuz' you're always in hand cuffs...
But you can still run you can still breathe
Cuz, I still see a child
You should be fed and put to sleep
Now you're learning to crawl
And your toys aren't any fun
In a corner
In a cell
With all the things you've done
I remember an occasion
When you were three
Your brother tried to climb the fence
Cuz, you lost the frisbee
You were too shy to knock
So, you waited by the tree
Now, you're brave and you're grinning
Bold
And your pissing at the street

But you can still run
You can still breathe
I still see a child
You should be fed and put to sleep
Now you're learning to crawl
And your toys aren't any fun
In a corner
In a cell
With all
The things...
You done
Ain't a compass
That can point you north
We're heading south together
South together
We're heading south together
We're headin' south...
But you can still run
You can still breathe
I still see a child
You should be fed and put to sleep
Now you're learning to crawl
And your toys aren't any fun
Alone
In a cell
With all...
All those things you've done
I still see a child...
You should be fed and...
You should be, babe
You're learnin' to crawl
And your toys aren't fun
Alone in this world

With...all the...
Things you've done
Not a compass
That'll point you north
We're heading south together
South together
Headin south...

I MIGHT GET LOST AGAIN

I'll follow you tomorrow
I'll be heading out your way
To the place I should be getting going to
Just one more day and I'll...
Follow you tomorrow
You can lead the way
Plus there's just no room for you here today
I'll take a rain check cuz it's dumping rain
I'll follow you tomorrow
I'm heading out
I'm gonna make you proud
I've made my bed
And I've laid me down in it
I'll sing a new tune
Just as soon as I
See the sun come up
And I feel the sunrise on my skin
Cuz the night is dark
And I might get lost again

Cuz the night is dark
And I might get lost again
I'll follow you tomorrow
I know it's the right path
Just a few things for me left to do here
And then that's a wrap, jack
I'll follow you tomorrow
It ain't just something I say
There's this girl out there, man
She don't love me yet
She will...tomorrow
I'm heading out
I'm gonna make you proud
I've made my bed
And I've laid me down in it
I'll sing a new tune
Just as soon as I
See the sun come up
And I feel the sun rising on my skin
Cuz the night is dark
And I might get lost again
The night is dark
And I might get lost again

CRYING FOR DAYS

Crying for days
Been crying for days...
I wake up in a state of fear
Tears flooding my eyes
I guess my eyes were blue
But now they're grey
And my mood...my mood
It's grey too
Like a great deluge down my disgraceful face
I've just been crying
Crying for days
I see happy people
Doggies and mummies and the sunrise
But it all just makes me cry
Makes me cry for days
I've been crying
And this time it was for
All of a sleepless night
And when I woke... when I wake
As of late
There's no pills or regiment for me
I'm broke and have nothing
Not a hope left to glean
Not a drop left to bleed
Just pain

So I cry
Cry for days
I wish all to be blessed
And I'm sorry to be the mess
You stepped on or in
I'm stupid and I've sinned
Yeah...yeah you're right and I'm wrong
I'm damned and you are all saints
I flunked
You made the grade
And I cry
And I just cry
Well you know the phrase...
Friends
Don't carry around a big heart
It only weighs you down
Because
If there's no one else around
No one to love...
The burden of a heavy heart
Makes you drown
And will pull you apart
And will pull you
Down
Down
Down
Where only nothing lays
Where only nothing can be
Where I cried today
And the last brave ones
Who actually loved you
They will recoil from the coils
That represent you

That burns them now
And that burned them then
Though they may have been fond of you once
How could they be blamed?
Because, really...what the hell is this thing?
That's not who they loved
That's not what
YOU were the promise of
To them...and really...
Who the hell are you?
You are Nothing and no one
And nobody else feels the same
And nobody else
Is such a case you are...
Out of your league
Playing with balls
In all the wrong games
On every wrong court
You've been a sore winner
And a wretched poor-sport
And there's nowhere
But by trash fires
For the insane to consort
And if the floor at your feet
Has incoming rain
That comes from your face
And somebody slips
They'll know just who to blame...
I want to stop crying for days
But I have only fears left
That's how I go to bed
Afraid and turned off
Life's such a feat

I've been crying and again
I can't sleep
But why?
Why do I still give this world my praise?
It's so beautiful but I am still so lame
And my best friends and family
I can't even look in the face anymore
Though I'm crying now
There is one thing left to say
Life can be hellish and cruel
But it's a magnificent wonderland
Bejeweled
And not seeing things for their gorgeocities
Is always on you, so please
Don't...
Don't start crying too

USED TO THE FLOOR

Say, what's a good condition?

Well...

I should hope there's oxygen to breathe

And everything is carbon-based

And that there's some sort of

Solar celestial body for warmth

For pace

And a twelve pack of PBR

and a few MegaBucks scratchers

And maybe I'll learn to dance on your feet

We may...

I'll lay in you and you on the sword

And my shield will keep us warm

As we hide away from God

And when you think to blink

Your life flashes before eyes that

Have seen battles and war and

When then life finally makes sparks

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Thunder will clap your ears loud
Then the rain won't, will not
Won't ever be
Be awaiting to pour
It just pours always
So you let your body drown
You want to paint the town
With the eggs of your yoke
We get used and used to
We get used to the floor
The only defense is bitter, blighted pretenses
And all around knowing it all
You'll never know nothing
But know that I stole the swear jar
And that I stole this towns lore
And I'm infamous like it's whores
Please children next and my next of kin
Don't get used to the floor where you sit
And when you're faced with something
Intangible like love
If you can't fathom
Something worth more than ketchup packets
You'll give up, then give it up again
That doesn't mean it's a bad thing
But I know what we've both seen
And hence this...
That we gave up on our ends
At the ends of our roads
That we began as
Clay men bent to someone else's gains and goals
Tuned to a pitchfork and as disappointing as
A suicide letter where typos remain

So
We'd better get used to lies because
We still flinch at truth
And my advice to you is to
Get used to the floor

THAT'S HOW I ATE TODAY

Well I bandaged another wound again
That might of required a tourniquet
Gave an old pat on the back
For a seizure fit to some fuck
That's how I ate today
I built up Someone's Down syndrome
I think I finally met the right manic
Mr. Perfect feeds me cigar ash on ice
I wash his balls with a whale-fat smile
To survive another while
That's how I ate today
How about you?
You and the wife?
That kid of yours...
I think it's mine
How'd you eat today?
Well I stabbed a man
Recycled cans
I'm pimpin' fags and dikes
The kid grew up
And sells his butt
Profitable ass

Top of his class
Sucks the long-reaching member of life
“Well that’s good I guess,”
He nods over a trash-fire
“Where’s the wife?”
“Not far away”
My stomachs growls as the fire howls
That’s how I ate today

BEEN, AM, WILL BE

I've been

I've been an angel
I've been a thief
I've been a hunter
I've been the meat
I've been starving
With pearls at my feet
I've picked the fruit
No one should ever eat
I've been all over
But I never left home
I've been in large crowds,
But still swore that I was alone
I was important
A lifetime ago
Now I'm not sure what matters
Or if I have a soul
I've been in jeopardy

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Been caught in checkmate
I've turned the tables
And I've picked up the pace
Been flanked by the past
Fight, flight or freeze
Then, now and tomorrow
Which one is me?
I've browsed every isle
And I've checked out my heart
I've never been one
To bring back
A grocery cart

I am

I am the shepherd
The wayward sheep
I am the strength
That makes people weak
I am the lion
In a gilded cage
I am the fire
The white burning rage
I am the shelter
From the four winds
That locks all the doors when
You finally get in
I am an ego
I am the meek
I am the joy in
A little Suffering
I am the bread and

I am the wine
But my temple
Is not Devine
I am the night that
Ends every day
I am the saint that
Caught the plague
I am the gift they
Took from you
I am the life you
Didn't choose
I am the years
Without the light
I am the fear
That holds on tight
I am a useless apology
I am a church that's
Lost its need
I am the want to
Do what's right
Being abandoned
By the need to fight

I will be

I will be quite certain
And not a class clown
I will be the black sheep
That won't let you down
I promise I'm worth it
Ask all around
I'll be back on my feet
And not the talk of the town

I want to get married
To the love of my life
Tuck in the children
Kiss them good night
Won't pour all my feelings
From a cheap jug of wine
I will try to see better
When we stand eye to eye
Nobody's perfect
But nobody's you
I hope you'll remember
God's still learning too
And I pray I have said something
That I hope will be heard
But one says more in silence
Than one says with their words
I can only speak for only myself
Seems you can't get to heaven
Without first going through hell
To live forever in heaven
You must first go through hell

NO MORE LIES

No more lies
Just this last one
How many more times
Can you come undone?
No more lies
I'm right where I should be
Just tell them the truth
Don't you want to be free?
No more lies
But for old times sake
I'll tell you one more
And say that I'm okay
Stealing a glance
Skating on through
Whenever you look back
You only see you
It's hard to measure
The things we all do
But it ain't a contest
I just hope I pull through
No more lies
There's more than seven sins
I've been in and out
Of each one of them
Broke but not broken
Crooked at the hip

I've never walked a straight line
Or even dreamt of it
In the very thick of it all
And piano wire thin
He who lies is he who tries
And amongst the best of them
So I set my things down
Take a spam risk call
I bend an ear again
And I tell them it all
Fifty-one50'd
Fifty-one times
I'm becoming my mother
People tell me left and right
It feels good to say the truth
That I should have said in my youth
I've settled scores
Got a big red door
Behind a picket fence
So no more lies
Here henceforth
You can put it all to rest
The merchandise
Ain't worth the price
Of a porous blowup bed
No more lies
I know it's all been all but said
The difference is
About this time
Something I forget...
Broke a champagne bottle
On the side of a boat
GPS says I'm here

But I still feel so remote
From the bottom of the deck
I called a spade a club
Then I went all in
And built the jackpot up
I was having your arm
But wound up with your fist
Relying on a charm
That's growing like a cyst
No more lies
Stopped spinning yarns
There's a catch to each misstep
And People are catching on
So, no more lies
The baton's been passed to you
Every decision matters
And there is the truth

SURE IS NICE TO SWIM

They'll give you just enough to stay afloat but never
enough to swim away

You've given it your all and then some more

Bill collector made his bed at your door

You thought the hoops and loops would end for you

But now it's happening to your grandkids to

You can be anything...

Go everywhere

But you'll smell like shit within a week out there

So you take your pen and write your congressman

But your return address changes once again

So you guess you'll pray and join the local church

But it's another dead-end in your search

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It's funny, it's the same thing we're all looking for
But by the time you ask for help
Your bloated body's washed ashore
Wouldn't it be nice
Just to swim?

ALIVE?

A repair shop in disrepair
There's a whole lot of folks In that tent right there
A country song about painted on jeans
Stuck in my head until bleeds
That flick we saw was a total joke
So turned off that I'm pushing rope
Got a rape whistle only dogs can hear
Useless as a middle name
But maybe when
The clock strikes 12
I'll be looking back on all the hell
Survival's lost its pearly shine
Can a body be alive?
The Bibibop on Sunset closed
And the looky-Lou's are stacked in rows
I'm the ripe old age of 32
I don't get what the kids are into
Mercury's been in retrograde
Since about when I was 8
I'm alone with a twelve-pack
Of sorghum beer stuck in the land
Of hurry up and wait
Maybe when the clock strikes 12
I'll be looking back on all the hell

Survival's lost its pearly shine
Can a body be alive?
The Queen of England died, I guess

Another lizard-person dead
Not allowed to stop giving a shit...
Got some friends who won't put up with it
A guy called "Coach" is selling smokes
While hobos sit and startle folks
Man, they look just like soiled props
From a Halloween that came so long ago
Maybe when the clock strikes 12
I'll be looking back on all the hell
Survival's lost its pearly shine
Can a body be alive?

NO FORGET ME NOT

Too unclean to hire a maid
Keep coming home to my bed unmade
Another whores bath in Babylon
It's all my fault the gas got turned off
And no one sits to wait for the train
It smells like sulfur though it's pouring rain
They say hind sight is twenty-twenty
But I don't even remember a day of my twenties
The primal lizard part of my brain
Calls the shots day to day to day to day
It could be better, it could get worse
But I still haven't rode in the back of a Hurst
I ask politely to be excused
But it still comes off as very rude
Count your blessings when you drink
Until you're so strung out,
Until you're so strung out it makes you weep
Up and down and in between
I'm Just a note oscillating

Free
Fly
Fly
Free
I
Never could meditate
Always present
The holy grail appeared to me
But the round table gave away my seat
The chances are absolute -zero low
That all who exist will go with the flow andnot against
That they wont resit whatever the fuck is all this
Gave a buck to a Santa ringing a bell
Like that would save my skin from hell
If I could go back in time I'd lrefuse a longer life
Regan closed the funny farms
It did less good than it did harm
So many with so little or less
But many of us believe we're blessed
I only bought a rosary because she was muddy
And mothering three
Now it hangs above my head
Depicting such a horrific death
These are all just idle thoughts
Nothing special
No forget me not

MISPLACED BIBLE

I left my Bible somewhere
I can't find it anywhere
Sure as I thought I surely knew
That the Good Lord is good
That the Good Lord is true
I thought it was in my dresser...
I've learned that piety and self-preservation
Are mutually exclusive things
I don't ask the lord for an answer
For why children die of cancer or starve
There is no answer to such things and
Any possible reason for them
Could never be a suitable explanation
There is no Bible under this roof
But it's pages turn in my heart
For even books that are leather-bound
Can burn and rot
Can be lost and never found
Can turn brittle and fall apart
But a holy word
A sacred parable
Can sound from a pit
And resound beyond stars
Beyond the celestial
Last night we celebrated a holiday that we thought
Commemorated a rare moment in history where

Being passed over was actually a good thing
Then one of us realized that Passover is around Easter
And it is September
We had a laugh over celery and unleavened bread
Closed our eyes
Bowed our heads
Then took nibbles
Heads turned to the left
Next, the three of us; two gentiles, one Jew
Each confessed
I considered my transgressions
And how my life is a mess
When it was my turn to get things off my chest
I drew a blank but had some requests
“Lord. Give me the fortitude to pursue gains
That are not solely of and for this world.”
“Whatever you may bless me with to accomplish,
Let the bounty be shared with others,
And not simply my reward alone.
For I have stumbled along the bent path
Of achieving things for myself alone
And I know
I could have King Solomon’s wealth
But if what I have is mine alone
I’d be poorer than a pauper
Strung-out on Skid Row
Poorer than a wretch
Still-borne in hell
If there is any legacy that I leave behind
Let it simply be a legacy of being kind”
And then I humbly asked.
“And where the hell is my damn Bible?”

FINAL STREET

You're sitting on a stoop you rent
Beneath eyes that make pretend
Of you and of them
Your journey's been a little spark
But you're just a board for catching dart
Just a reach around tool for reaching for tarts
And the passed-on casualties
They're charmed like cobras
And there's a hole in the green screen
Dollars spit at fractured men
They launder thoughts
That spit again
A cameo smile may then appear
The smell of rain within each tear
There's a final street where crossroads end
And it's good to know
You'll never come back
Again

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GIFT

Everyone has a gift
But the gifts don't come from us alone
We are blessed to have them, when we do
But it's not a gift
If the tag doesn't read:
"A gift from me to you."

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YOU BETTER NOT LOVE ME

You'd better not love me
I'm a dispenser for pez
Adult situations a cell of a cartoon show
Close with the neighbors because the elevator is small
Small talk conversations
You better not fall in love
You'd better not love me
Learn from other's mistakes
To the condition of love I'm penicillin
You'd better not love me
Unless you're good in a fight
It goes straight to my head
Having anyone in my life
I once caught a rainbow
It was sepia-toned
I think I have children
I dunno
Closest I got to love was some word that rhymes with it
Mistletoe in July

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Evergreen kiss
But love...
That tramp that knows the rails
Can name graffiti artists
I'm so up and down
You're so east and west
That makes less sense than falling in love...
You'd better not love me love just gets in my way
If I keep on to myself I bet I'll eat today
Turn my head and cough doc says I'm healthy
Doctor's knows she's wrong
We tried holding hands but rather
I tugged at your sleeve
"Head over heels"
Sounds like a crime scene
Another Chinese finger trap over American cheese
So enough about you
Let's talk about me
I may seem kinda selfless but it's always me, me, me
I'd better not love you
I'm no young upstart
And you better not love me,
I've only room for one heart

HYPOTHERMIA

Eat when you can
I mean though...no
Not just when you have food
But when you actually want to sustain
Muscles ripped and grown through pain
Now atrophied and waste away
Run like 99 cent store stockings that run like you do
You run like there's a hell, like...
Like there's or somewhere to go
Some frozen inverse trench of the ocean
Erecting upon emasculated land
Snow blind
Coldest frosty eyes
Eat when you can
Breath when you need
Fuck me!
We always need to eat and breath
Affluent or poor
And that dammed call to drink water
Although we drown in an old-timey flood events' history
In painted glass waters
Stained
In stained glass lingerie
Then slow to a jog
It was balmy and then, there was no fog in the air
But the mile that you ran to prove to God

Or something, or to women
Or something else
The miles you ran
I can't keep up
I'm just some dude
With a handsome-ass mirror
I'm face to face with it
When little droplets appear
Cascading down
From crisp blackened skies
Unclear
They are there when
They are why then, friend
Cops are called...
That the cops get called in again
They Report to dispatch:
"Here's a man that meets the match"
Enough space on a yellow toe-tag
To state the cause of death:
"Hypothermia"
Eat when you can
I mean though...no
Not just just when you have the food
But when you have the mood to continue and
When you actually want to sustain
And your muscles are eaten By a stomach
Pained
You want to run, like 99 cent store stockings
Run like there's
Like... there's somewhere to go to
You run towards
Some frozen inverse trench of the ocean
That's unnavigable and insurmountable;

Erecting upon emasculated lands;
Spying Pastel birds, simple as a “W” drawn in
Technicolor
But by kids with Polio
And the adults are snow-blind
With coldest frozen eyes
Their brumal eyes defrost when they understand
When they crack a window and switch on the fan
They understand
They are exactly what they’re not
Caught between prenuptial demands
Between being a boy in LatchKey
To being considered for a man
But kids only consider how to grow
How to get bigger as fast as they can
Like a puppy-dog that bows to a tough cat
Or the tough cat, that drags ass on carpet
Like an old dog what was I saying?
I’m not unique
All’s been said under bedsheets
Tumble and dry
Wave bye-Bye
There’s a bump in her stomach and oh, dear Lord why?
Thus...
Another man dies of
Hypothermia

THE LADY'S GLOVE

At work
She was the best
At home
She was a mess
She tried her best
But her best
Was best kept
For work
She had no time
To find love
Either
And in the winter
Every year
She's searching
For her second glove
She sees one here
And sees one there
But there's something
She's unsure of

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Is it the same glove
She seems to keep finding
Over and over again
Had she found them both
Separately, a dozen times by then?
What do you say?
Should she pick
The glove up to see?
If not...well
What do you think?

QUICK FIX DAGGERS

Hate is the quick fix dagger that's easy to wield and
Quicker to draw, but love is an unwieldy bastard sword
Although, if you are strong enough and skilled enough to
Make use of it, you'll beat any dagger every time
Mankind's true bane is that we see all of
These awful things
Around us as something
External and removed from us.
The reason things can get awful
Is because we don't realize
That everything starts with the internal and that you
Can't change a damn thing about the external world
Without first addressing what's inside
Doesn't matter which side you choose
What matters is to not choose a side and please
Remember...
Everyone is a daughter, a son, a mother, father, a
Grandparent, sister or brother
Not a single person that you've ever met was grown in a
Petri dish
And know...

There's nothing you've ever served that
You haven't once been dished
If they hurt. they are hurt
If they love, they are love
If they become confused
And you have answers...

Not revealing these to them, is the source of the abuse
Just as if a hapless and parched wandered of the desert
Comes into your establishment where you have water and
You own the faucets

There's no law that says...
There is no statute or anything on paper that mandates
That you give him a drink
But, it is not his wandering
That kills him when you don't provide
It is because you did not provide
That's what ends a life

You are either brave in this world or a coward
How many things in life have you responded to where
Theres was the right thing to do, the wrong thing, and a
Third option
Another choice?

Bravery is steeped in fear
Cowardice is as much a part of bravery as bravery itself
and without this dichotomy there's neither
What people do for one another cannot be discounted,
however,
It is what we do no do for each other that has the greater
impact

THE FUN'S HAVIN' ME

It was fun while it lasted
We had such a crisp view from the moon
Strawberry preserves in the baskets
And now the fun's having you
Bella showed me the new high
Just one night on the town
Now I'm strung out and their laughing
And they...
Echoes all around
Fun's having you
Fun's having you
You stayed too long at the party
Now the fun's havin' you
I'd have to do a handstand
To turn this frown into a smile
But I always looked good wearing blue
And now..
The fun's havin' you
My mind's bent like a penny

Some little kid placed
On the railroad track
...and there's never no turnin' back
Fun's havin' you
Fun's havin' you
You stay too long at the party
And now the fun's havin' you...
Crooked like the subfloor
Of Great Grandma Goldeins' house
You had your way with the truth
But now the fun...
Is havin' you
Well, even golden teeth can surely fall out
Sunken eyes
Crooked smile
Now you're the
Ta...
T...
Talk of the town
Johnny Pockets taught me "Midnight"
How to shoot dice
But I never won once
I never won twice
I'll never win at a poker
With a pinocle deck
I got no nation got no suburb
To no flag I pledge
Mama prayed for a miracle
Instead she had me
I failed the bubble test
But I learned the streets
Now the fun's havin' me

Fun's havin' me
I stayed too long
On this ferris wheel...
Now, now
I stayed too long on this
Beautiful Earth
And now...
Now, the fun's having me

YOU'RE STILL THE GIRL OF MY DREAMS

You're still the girl of my dreams
Our cheesy laughter...
We're just breaking apart at the seams
...seems that
You're still girl of my dreams
Angels fall and angels fly
I could look around
But you're stuck in my eye
You're still the girl of my dreams
Her name
I forget
But it was shorter if you knew her
I wish I knew her better
I held her hand so many yesterdays ago
I don't know a thing but if I do
If there's a single truth
It's that
You're still the girl of my dreams

Cuz, babe I got an itch
Her smile bewitches and
We laugh until stitches
Cry over rye and sweet red vermouth
I'd have kissed her in my youth
And I know we've grown old
But my dead man's grip holds onto you, gal
You're the girl of my dreams
She's tough for a little thing
And goofy
And sways with an air
That only jungles produce
And a stare that only comas induce
She's so tight that I'm on the loose
I can only ponder and drink
Carpano Antica
Bottoms up and
To my dead homies and the girl of my dreams
Don't you know that my heart always stops
At the beauty she flaunts?
She's my muse and you know that
They say: regret's a broken tool
Sure is true, that rule
You don't belong to me but I belong to you
Dream girl dammit
I say it from my roof, from the roof of my mouth
And proud; ungodly proud
How you're still the girl of my dreams
And how...
How it would have been...
But I'm glad that way back when
That you held your honor

You still hold out now
My friend
And you've never faltered, girl of my dreams
At night when I go to sleep
And each day when I wakey
My sleeping bag is empty
But I pray to Jehovah and to Yahweh
That Ole Chris Kringle brings
My way
The girl of my dreams someday
Someday she will lay with me
And I'll be complete
Hey
Did you know that
You're still the girl of my dreams?
It's true
But I think that somehow you
Already knew
So...
Go give them hell, angel of mine
And in due time, I'll be yours also
At last I've addressed
What I've needed to confess
And it's all real...real good news
Like blue cotton-candy in June
That you're still
The girl of my dreams...
If anyone deserves to smile.
It's you and if it becomes "us" well, that's all up to you
I'll stay in my lane until you wave me on through
I'll stay etched in the shadows
Cast by the new moon

Your smile is bright like the moon too; waxing and
waning and something poetic
I'm not complaining
After all...
But I can't help but fall in and out and and in
You can't bottle a sunset and
You can't brand the sunrise
But you can throttle your two-stroke
While you whack around the bush
I'll tell you why
There's something in my eye
Hold on...
Life's a blur that
Your swarthy lashes blink away
I think that's all I
had to say...
Oh yeah...
You're still the girl
Of my dreams

THE PROSPECTORS' TWO CHORD BLUES

Jaywalking in a surgeon's mask
There's really something that they don't grasp
Flock of pigeons swarm of flies
Not dead but even less alive
I heard the moon ringing like a bell
Cast my only nickel in a mossy well
Tv static on every screen
With subtitles in Japanese
Oldsmobiles flippin' a bitch
Gone prospecting
Gonna make me rich

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Cursed river
Made of gold
To the
Headless Valley
I'm gonna go
If I don't see these northern lights
Don't think I'll make it through another night
Nahanni girls prepare me a sled
I'll be the one to come home with my head
They'll say it's Never been done before
Put me on the front page buy my memoir
Hardtack
Camel-back
Long day
Fellas,
Go on
Hit the sack
Oldsmobiles flippin' a bitch
Gone prospecting
Gonna make me rich
Cursed river
Made of gold
To the
Headless Valley
I'm gonna go
Plan my Getaway from alphabetical streets
Crossroads
Where balls And gumption meet
I learned my fortune on an Ouija board
Some things you gotta keep away From our Lord
Now the Donner party

Well, they ate themselves
But this posse o' mine been Straight from hell
We got tin flasks of blue dry gin
Brewed by old One'd-eye Jim
Oldsmobiles flippin' a bitch
Gone Prospecting
Gonna make me rich
Cursed river
Made of gold
To the
Headless Valley
I'm gonna go
I Never thought it'd be this hard
Didn't see this coming on no Tarot card
Handsome Pete is turnin' blue
Cool Steve lost his blue suede shoes
Last entry this isn't real
Now, I can't stay my shaking quill
The natives said spirits are on the prowl
But It's just the wind I'm hearing howl
It's just the wind I'm hearing howl
Oldsmobiles flippin' a bitch
Gone prospecting
Gonna make me rich
Cursed river
Made of gold
To the
Headless Valley
I'm gonna go
To the Headless Valley I go...

TAKE A HARD LOOK

Growing up, I had growing pains
I'd imagine by now
They aren't going away
I'm held for ransom
It happened at random
My freedoms are lost
Or they never happened
I don't want to whine
But I can't keep a friend
I don't know where to go
With all these problems
An impractical joke I
Cannot help but make a scene
So...
Go on then and
Take a hard look at me
Take a hard look
And then please look away
Startled approachers
Go white in the face
When they take a hard look and
They say it's a shame
Good-looking face

Bad-thinking brain
So they
Take a hard look
Then look away from me
I'm down on my luck and
I don't want to have needs
I can't see the problems
That everyone sees
One moment I'm fine and
The next
I'm behind bars...
Again
Go on then...
Take a hard look at me
In my last episode
I swallowed my tongue
And It's made of gold
So that was no fun
The chair's on the desk and
The brooms in my bed
Just give me a straight jacket
Or it's opposite
I had a pal once
But as of last may
He's been pressing charges
And he's cursing my name and
They spit in the dirt
But I'm just looking for work
I want to be normal
I don't want to hurt
Anyone

Go on...
Take a hard look at me
Take a hard look
And then please look away
Startled approachers
Go white in the face
When they take a hard look and
They say it's a shame
Good-looking face
Bad-thinking brain
So they
Take a hard look
Then look away from me
I'm down on my luck and
I don't want to have needs
I can't see the problems
That everyone sees
One moment I'm fine and
The next
I'm behind bars...
Again
Go on then...
Take a hard look at me
I've run out of chances
Dogs get only one life
Don't trust me with money
Or with your pretty wife
Bring me out back and
Won't you please put me down?
Don't cremate or freeze me
Just leave me there on the ground
Everyone's sick of me
And they're healthy as shit

I churn stomachs like butter
But I'm not contagious
I'm a bad influence
I'm like second-hand smoke
An irradiated mess
And the butt of the joke
Don't tell me what you see
But go right on ahead and...
Take a hard look at me

TOO TALLA TALE

Two modest puffs of the good stuff
I suppose that's earth
Now please been me up
Life down here is a strange affair
They like to play chicken
And truth or dare
This guy is dancing for himself
In front of a subway mirror
He spit-shined the surface
But that don't make nothing clear
When I grew up, teacher said:
"Always look both ways.
Don't ever talk to strangers"
I miss them good ole' days
Cold and all alone
With only an Obama phone
In the snow, he sees his breath
But the crystals will be his death

Now it's for certain
Bigfoot is real
We all know the government
And the devil been making deals
I want sleep without dreams
To fly without wings
To board up the windows
With driftwood and zinc
I want Casual dining
And a New York fling
While on my tippy toes
The water ain't that deep
Not abandoned
Just ran far away
Not born again or saved
Doc, it all began
Around 6th or the latest
8th grade
I don't make eye contact with strangers
I know better than that
No curtsy, bow or fist-bump
No tipping of a hat
So much of this world's unknown
But I can tell you this
When you think you're all grownup
You're still a little kid
Blasphemously fortunate
Piously under paid
No way they built the pyramids
With just tens of thousands of slaves
Multiple personalities
Who will we be today?

We're all Missing something
Only found within a grave
Cold cut like a hoagie
Got a new electric stogie
It's far too tall a tale
That this life has unveiled
Too tall a tale...

BURDEN OF TRUTH AND LOVE

My face is still numb from the last fight I won

I keep on keeping to myself

My 8 inch stilettos traverse the ghettos

Not asking for it

Your cute

Acute mind

Is a full on hate crime

And your tattoos are all cover ups

You don't hate the Jews

But that chicks a dude

And your bent out of shape about it

"Do you fuck it or fight it?

I blame fucking Biden"

His compatriot says out-loud

On the E-Line Expo

A Dude that works at BevMo

Politely tells the two off

As quick as a life

A butterfly knife

Like a back-pocket ballerina appears

From zero to ten

The Good Samaritan

Never made it to the B-Line Red
The thought doesn't count
When your thoughts all amount
To your entrails spilling out on the floor
Don't be a trail blazer
I bought a pink taser
And I'm used to all the tough love
What doesn't kill you eventually will
The real battle
Is getting a handle
On the burden of
truth and love

ANOTHER LIFE

Spare change?
How about a slice...or one of those
7-11 boneless chicken wings?
God bless
Everyone on Santa Monica
I missed or...I'm late for
My Alanon meeting
Don't mess with me
I'll cut your throat
Get out of my country
Don't sink my boat
Don't mess with me
I'm a bad, bad man
Can't feel my feet
Got the dead man's hands
But in another life
I was supreme
In another life
people listened to me

Time for another life
Time for another life
My kidneys hurt
Can't take another aspirin or beer
The universe says things
I listen to her
She looks me in the eyes
She took my motorcycle
But I've got a bass guitar
You know what she's doing?
Shes figuring me out
See what I'm about in this life
Don't mess with me
I'll kill you dead
Get out of my country
Get out of my head
Don't mess with me
I got the devils goat
I can't care less
I choose to beg
But in another
In another
In another, in another, in another life
I was supreme
In another life
People listened to me
Time for another life
Time for another life
I used to be Martin Luther King, baby
I remember when I was Pocahontas
They built the pyramids for me, baby!
They called me "Old Blood And Guts"

In another
In another
In another, in another, in another life
I was supreme
In another life, people listened to me
Time for another lif

JUST HIDING THEIR TEARS

When you see someone
Shaking their fist
Making threats,
Rampaging and pissed
Someone who stumbles
Out the doors of a bar
At a quarter to six and
Then hops in their car
Maybe you know
Someone exactly like this
And I truly hope that
They get through it
But don't be afraid
There's nothing to fear
Behind the scenes
They're just hiding their tears
Speaking of fear
If you let it in
Then you will become
Exactly like them
There's no need to brawl
You can avoid any strife
Don't let the darkness

Extinguish your light
An arm bar
And a swift uppercut
Compare it to love and
They are just peanuts
So, don't be afraid
There's is nothing to fear
Behind the scenes
They're just hiding their tears
Then, you have some choices
When some people flip
But the only right choice
And the way to deal with it...
I don't want to be preachy
Cuz it's harder than shit
But I think that you know
What the answer is
Don't be afraid
There's nothing to fear
Behind the scenes
They're just hiding their tears

BAD ROOMMATE

I finally found the courage to cut off someone who used to be my closest friend but has become a cancer in my world.

I thumb-tacked the eviction notice on her door, along with the following letter that I was too chickenshit to say to her face.

“I can’t remember life before you, and am not sure what life after you will look like, but I’m so tired of this toxic exchange.

I pardoned you all those times you helped yourself to my wallet and blasted through funds that took me weeks to earn.

I was patient all those times that you hoarded all of the dishes in your room and you lied about having them until the fruit flies had become so rampant that you brought them all out in a trash liner.

You didn’t even bother to wash the black mold from the dishes and left them in the dishwasher and now we have roaches.

You said you would put the gas in your name in August but never did and the week of Christmas until February, none of us could shower or had heat.

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The house party we went to last night, you were the life of the party and saved the backyard concert by running the sound for the bands as the engineer they had was too wasted..

You were the hero of the night but you stayed too long after, got obnoxiously drunk. I was so embarrassed to be associated with you and I'm sure those friends will never want to see me again.

I basically had to wrestle you into a cab and then put your ass to bed on your side because I was worried if you lay on your back, you would choke on your vomit and die.

I don't want to harp on the things I don't like about living with you, and I could and have overlooked all of these transgressions.

However, the one thing that I literally cannot see past is your face that I hardly even recognize anymore, in every goddamn mirror."

THE CHAMELEON OF THE SUNSET

Here is a story about a desperate green bird named
Senior Verde

And his attempt to win the heart of the woman he has

Adored since he was just a babe

Rosita, is her name

The source of love and pain

For a pushy, young Verde

He's done all he's can

But now he needs to hatch a new plan

Every mating season since adulthood,

Senior Verdes' attempts at

Dancing and at decorating his Nest

Went...not so good

Not so good at best

Senior Verde has danced for Rosita in front his bright
Green nest that he decorated just for her many times now

But no matter how bright the colors of his nest

And no matter how hard he danced for his crush

She was always Unaffected by his Efforts

He tried so hard each time, that it invariably would just

Make her head hurt but

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One day a chameleon came into their village and
Wandered past senior Verde's nest.
Senior Verde saw the chameleon so he jumped out of his
Nest and quickly said:

“Hey lizard! Hey you with the eyes.
That's right.”

My name is Senior Verde, and I could use your help
With something especially important to me tonight”
The chameleon paused and gave
His attention to the lost cause, Verde
“Why, you are the most brilliant green thing that I have
Ever beheld.

That I have ever seen
And well...it is nearly the end of
Our one day a year to find a mate
And Rosita is still Unimpressed by all that I can do
The day I fell for Rosita
Is still a day I rue
I've done all I can and have tried my best
It's hard to imagine a much greener nest
But you!

You, lizard.
You are the key
So help me, please!”
Will you stand next to my nest and
Make it even greener for my approaching goddess?”

The chameleon said:
“I am the chameleon of the sunset.”

“That's great,” said Verde
Just a little to the left and...wait...
Don't move an inch, lizard
She comes now

Hither

Rosita examined the nest and like the years before
Found Verde's love for green to be such a dreadful bore

Once more

“What about my favorite color, pink?”

Out loud, sometimes, little Rosita would think
She started to move to the next nest when just then the
Sun began to set

And the sky changed to all the colors of the rainbow.

The colors of the sky met

The chameleon on the jungle floor below
And began to change the color of its skin and

All the birds nearby paid close attention

As did Rosita

The chameleon changed from blue to green, then red

From red to orange and then purple

A purple that transcended into a hue of gold that you

Only glimpse in the roaring clouds

Of the desert skies at dusk

And you can almost swear that you are witnessing the

Shimmering gates of heaven

and that heaven has opened up

The chameleon eventually settled on being pink

To Rosita's delight

But Senior Verde was angry and terrified

He was unaware that

Sparks were flying from left and from right

He almost wept and felt as though

He could have died just then

So...

He rebuked the chameleon

And told him to stop changing Colors

And to immediately return to
The most vivid shade of Green
That a lizard could produce
But instead, there was surprisingly good news
To Senior Verde's shock,
Rosita fell
like a rock;
In love
For putting on such
A wonderful show
Just for her delight
Verde was so happy
That Verde began to cry
"Lizard! My friend. I am so sorry that I tried to make you
Into something you are not
And that it was
For my own selfish cause
It was your ability to change colors
That won my loves' heart and
Though you were the brightest color of green that I
Think I may have ever seen
You were also the most beautiful shade
Of every color of the rainbow
Please let us know what your name is
So that we can give it to our first chick
"I am the Chameleon of the Sunset"

PERIOD

If someone asks where I can be found
I'll tell them to go to hell
It's free
I'm cranky because I'm home-sick
But I can't remember home
I got caught on fire
And they told me that they would help
As soon as I calmed down
Now I'm calmer than moss
On a sloth's ass
But I'm so goddamn mad
I could sock a squirrel
Fear me
Everyone
Fear me
I'll never take the fight to another
If I don't care to do things I like
Why would I care to do things I don't
And I don't like to hurt anyone
But the next prick to fuck with me
Is really going to miss wiping their ass
And walking down the street
You say that we all go through this?
Well when you hit your rock bottom

At least you had family and friends

And the dignity of work
I have not a single resource
When I die, it'll be like I was never born
I'm too broke to even draft a will
But if I could I'd forbid a funeral
Cuz I know you will all come together for me
Finally
Over a closed-casket
Someone says "dang"
Someone else yawns
The one crying is on their period

FREEDOM'S DONE

Another hyperanthropos
killed in action; as if the nation could afford to lose yet
another household name

Set the scene to about Act Four or Act Three

We see an American flag dinner-napkin-set that the very
last nuclear-family used to set their Betty Boop TV-dinner
trays

All dusty

Shadows all burned into wallpaper behind

Peals of thunder; answered only by odoriferous scars of
lightening

Unforcasted volleys of darts unmanned and

Overhead, stars empurpled hang and dangle

Below, a trail of tears illumine

Your say counts

Your count says some people say and because of this, the
national anthem is now: "Oops I Did It Again" and this is also
the default ringtone on the new iPhone

A sleeker freedom, now in brown bourbon red
You got your Night Train in a brown paper bag

You got your cigarettes

Slippery coppery scales; encumbered by moss and the
loss of a tipsy justice

The fate of the known-free-world comes in frenzied and
rattled seasons; so says the press and I'm tuned-in to my
neck over here but I say: "Here is my voice"

A tree in the forest or no...

We were all lead a-knocking

We were lead on with veins unleaded

Under standard oily blue skies and with Rockefeller's
hemophilic plasma in the veins

Uncle Phil led us from George Orwell, who was English
and to be a Thomas Paine - who was also English - I think the
key is to cast our kite into a tornado if and/or when high on
crack/cocaine/dope

The daring war on drugs came home with the cows and
the milkman is out of man-milk now but has learned to just
say no regardless of his load

Plus you got all these shell-fronts that sell bonds to those
who sell us to our own laws but this is America

The birthplace of FuBu

The land of the "Mommy and Daddy paid for my sleeve"

So bugger the English

For to score what we want; we want you, and women can
do it too, and Coke can make Fanta
but certainly not for Jewish people, not at first not at least

So you and your famous friend Spam can ham it up in bed
and In league, in the Pacific theatre near you

Parasailing

Our game's to shoot down the clowns teeth

To roll the ball up to the hole and you get a beefy funnel
cake prize, Sir

Tags for to chew gamey fat to

It's a hoot to shoot Bg League Chew-spit-wads at each
other's curtains of great-again iron

Felled faces, veiled at the polls;
Survived only by taxes

Alphabet epitaph R.I.P, here lays he

Here he lay

Here in red ink

On St Peters desk by Wednesday

Below the living wage, now with it's percolated rage, it
upchucks, rears-up, heaves and wretches
To jaunty and well-placed orchestrations of blame as debt
trickles down- thus, confounding an out-of-tune sensuous of
folks to shame

A new mountain range has been discovered

It's called "boots on the backs of others"

I got a job at a GamesStop there

I was whistling to waiting music and then I was trying to
picture what sandalwood looks like

Trying not trying when...

Ronnie McDonald had a fever dream after smoking
gypsum weed and now he's checkers all over mate

Checkers all over

Stamps, Ballads, red top hats and budget-balancing acts;
lousy with hope;

Vetting itself asunder

Fly-fishing rope

Smores

Bug-spray

A tent

a "something blue" wedding dress

Now I'm ready to live in California

I got my EDD on a forgiveness loan; divided by
DNC, plus GDP equals equality (yeah, you know me) with
an interest rate of WW3, carry the one percent, move the
decibel to the Philippines and...ding!

Freedom's done

CHOICES

Poem - "Choices"

reader discretion always advised with my poems

I used to slap my money on getting off again - a bet that was
safe and ribbed for her pleasure then

But alas, my bills turned blue and rank and eventually, even
a hooker would have told me to get to work and the fruit
flies would reiterate it but I was too busy doing pink
cocaine with a swarthy-looking and mustachioed dude - a
dude whom was full of it and of face tattoos - that carried
around a wrecking ball just in case, that he limply swung at
my closet door mirror one time, and he wore shades
indoors and raved on about how love is God and that he
was chosen

Another guy with a cyanide molar said he'd fix my bike, but
last time he came by, he slipped in like the wind that blows
guilefully behind your standard cat-burgler or K.G.B spy

Invariably, lies were all he ever brought - lies and
sometimes a grape-flavored Backwoods-brand blunt, and a
pack of Montego reds

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Ever discreet, his gimble words would remotely encrypt
to the point where he had to use the vocoder microphone
on my Korg MicroSynth to articulate anything at all

Messages all in invisible ink that only pawnbrokers can read

Messages that - like I then - would self-destruct

He had Google Glass eyes that looked down and around a
lot, anywhere but my eyes - a shadow-man that not even
the Neighborhood Watch could make, spot or define

We would communicate in Cesar-cypher or Morse code
that we would blink to each other

It was either that or we might, with 5-inch voices, whisper
into paper Dixie cups that were attached to sneaker strings
but then he let go of my libido and something snapped and
from the high and windy precipice of a vined brick-
building, girders swung back and I would attribute this to
his bumper-lane vocabulary and his sense of humor that
was like a weak chin...It's there but that's about all

The only thing to do was to click heels and saddle a Greco-
Roman candle, then let the bottle kick rockets quick, up to
the firmament, and let it do its mooning thither in the
Chinese side of space

Now is as good a moment as any to say...

No

I don't want that

Any of it

But I do want to state:

“Pitch of morning's tumbling high-hell, my greetings are
now goodbyes to thee

My welcomes to thou farewell”

I beheld and felt so many things, and shopped around for
the right mirror with the right feel to it - one where I would
approve of what I might see therein

One with a kickstand and holographic grip-tape

I know what I want and I know what I don't want, but in
regards to what I am...

So far I've only chosen what I am not

WHAT ELSE?

Knock, knock, neighbor

Can you spare me some love?

I'm bound in a salted pinch until a clump of money comes
in

It's that green dot atop the horizon yonder that you can
spot if you hold your breath and squint

You see?

I just need a cup

She put on a good wig for walking around in, aimless,
unshaded, down the road to Benson, she went, from Fort
Huachuca

Overhead, the cayenne sun was beating a scorched
polyrhythmic mirage, she didn't bother with her Dollar
Tree makeup or the storied-facade that for the world and
under duress, (gun-point even) she made up, and she put a
whole bag of the stuff on her EBT card

And I teeter now on my years spent but I have shed them
all, like thinned-out whisks of hair that, to the tune of my
days, time plucked out and that I kicked about for who
cares how long? Point is, I am now ready to long-last sweep
them out the door and then move away from this bent,
seafoam-teal duplex that I now condemn myself, and for
much more than it's chipping leaded paint and it's asbestos-
laden haze and it's staircase to nowhere

I spent long enough contorting at the cusp of a border that,
to appease all but myself, I - with accomplices plenty -
simply made up

Years that I would talk myself back from the lofty ledge of
taking action, in a cycle of getting high and then shrinking
at my bed-wetting fear of heights

Years drowned by saliva

The only solution is action, but action is a lousy hypothesis

I've finally outsmarted my addictions at least

What else?

Wishes and Curses and their embroidery on a letterman
jacket of gold; heavy, expensive and sentimentally valuable
can warm a body but not a soul and therefore just makes
you heavy and even a fucking sneeze, is something you
ought pardon, (and please pardon me also) so for us to
interface with the world and each other with anything but
love and grace for each other is...

Hmm. What else?

I have a moat and you have no castle

And I'm as intimately inside my city as her homeless are
but in a less sexy way

I'm not what I sound like - like the word "rampart"

The way to spell "hi" now, is an eggplant emoji and a
drooling smiley emoji and if you add a peach emoji and it
spells "wya" and I just found out that people say "emoji"
instead of "emojis" because it's like deer or geese and the
guy who I overheard say it on TV said it like we all should
know that

This is why education is so important

I keep missing out on shit

If he had said the word "Celeb" I would have... done
nothing

You don't say

You don't ask

You don't write

You don't call

What else you don't?

No, you don't do that either

Earth's maiden name is "purgatory" And there's a spell you can recite and with arms up high like on a roller-coaster ride, you say it three times and then you get gaked by something bloody that watermelon-bursts, like from a squib busting on the set of a George a Romero flick with what's his name... I'm not going to look it up

Fuck! Tom Savini

I fuckin' googled it

That reminds me of the time that I couldn't remember Gary Numan's name and it it really bothered me but even now, recalling this, I forgot his name again and had to look it up

I am less concerned this time though because I remember now, that last time, it dawned on me that who gives a shit about Gary Numan?

What else?

My friends won't believe this because I don't have any friends but I swear the thing works wonders; you just press this button and then you wonder how it works

It's my birthday year and I'm a sunless-kind of phase of middle age; paled in Navy-blue Ben Sherman slacks that I cannot overstate are undersized and thus high waters, I escape, but you, you're like me at your age and You've tailored your clothes to your crookedness and

A Persian lady who is all Dance, In her sparkly Hollywood vacation boots, I pass and two little black kids have their shirts off and dance while a hobo busks with a nylon string guitar and seeing all this, when I made it to my doctors appointment, I was very chipper but after ten minutes with my doctor, she paused and got serious and said “Are you feeling okay?”

It’s already a bummer when someone asks you that when you’re in a great mood, but having your doctor ask it is super weak

What else?

Guess that's it unless you got anything?

FEELING LIGHTER

This morning, before my walk around town, again my flint ejected itself from the shitty lighter that I got for free from the smoke shop. I found another one and had a smoke and coffee.

I got to Vine and there was an orange torch on the ground that I swooped that works great. Every time I end up with one of these things I wonder why I don't buy them instead but then I remember that I don't smoke meth.

The album I was listening to finished but I still had my earbuds in as I walked around town.

Some homeless guy in a lot nearby yelled something like: "Fuck you! I fucking hate you."

I usually just pretend I can't hear hecklers and ignore them because my nature is to tell people to fuck off but I no longer wrestle with that. I simply don't put any merit into people's agitations and attacks, but not in an apathetic way. I see them lashing out at the world and for a moment I am a thing in that world to hate but the hate could not be any more impersonal, aimless and objective.

This time I faced the man and he could tell that I had heard him and he looked afraid.

The poor guy was in his fifties, a little man with a candy-apple red face from years spent clamoring at the walls of a bottle.

He mumbled something intemperate but I think he said "I love you."

I looked at him in a kindly way because I saw my older brother in him and also I saw myself in him.

I don't understand all of the party-lines and divisive factioning for or against this or that cause. I see only fellow soldiers in a bloody unloving battle that is life. I can't imagine not wanting to go back for someone who can't go on or wanting to say something or do something to boost the moral of your comrades.

"You got a dollar or a lighter or anything?"

I found one of the shitty lighters in my pocket and walked back over to him and gave him the lighter and again he said: "I love you, man."

How polarizing of a thing to initially tell someone you hate them and to truly mean it, and the next moment tell them you love them and to genuinely mean it also. And for something so small as a thing that I did for him.

This is how close all of us are to despairing into hate or being overjoyed with love and grace and the difference is you and how you represent the world to others.

Like ambassadors of mankind itself; we each are.

Also, it sucks balls to not have a lighter when you're down like that.

I get up to the top of the next hill and there is a totally full shitty smoke-shop lighter in the gravel.

I don't care to bring it up as some superstitious anecdote about karma or something, rather this was a checkpoint of reflection.

If I hadn't have given the guy a lighter and came upon a shiny new one a few paces after or worse, if I had argued with him and then came upon it, it would represent a failure to love and having three lighters then would feel like a lead weight.

Since I did give him the lighter, coming upon another one along the way just reminds me that things come and go and that's fine but that you can't go back and do over human interactions.

BORN AT EASE

Born at ease

Of duties relieved

All privilege revoked

They crowd round the mesa

Like their cities are not nature also

My

And I know I said I love you

But I was just trying not to swear

And you count back the years in your long brown hair

And of the two,

There's just one that can share

And of the two,

There's just one who's in want

Of the two; one in need

I don't know where the thoughts came from to mind
which placed pickled disgrace on my tongue that last time

I once thought of thoughts as residing amongst some far-
out solar-system in the deep unespied where they - when
loosed of their orbits - crash-land in our heads like the
cobalt plasma fogs of St. Elmo's fire

I once tuned-in to a short-hand musing on how people are
just long-winded stardust
And thus: the stars themselves both laugh and cry

The dial turned and after some static I heard my own
adolescent mouth say to my little brother:
"Hurry up, it's cherried"

Dial moves again

In the nineties now, where if something was even remotely
a bad or undesired thing, it was hella gay or harsh

And you had everyone's phone number
memorized and at night, The Simpsons on UPN at 6pm and
then Bill Clinton's saxophone that he didn't inhale but blew
a load in rather

In this town, every cherry's been popped

HOW LONG CAN I NOT HAVE MONEY FOR?

Man It's like every smokable cigarette butt got raptured
off the streets of Hollywood last night.

Bummer.

I saw a guy passing sort-of behind me as I sat on the bus
stop bench.

He was probably homeless, his clothes were shabby and he
even had this survivor of a zombie apocalypse look to him,
like he was ready for anything. Knife on his right hip in a
leather sheath. Still he looked to be not unkempt, in a
double negative sort of way, and a man who was not strung-
out. Seemed like he had a good daily routine, I'd say. Salt
and pepper wavy hair. Dressed like a mothball-bitten
Seinfeld character but still even more mystically untimely.

How long can I not have money for?

How long can I not have money for?

He was playing a flute like a boss, presumably to whatever
tune was playing on the old cassette player headphones he
wore.

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He was like a minstrel but not an actor at a Renfair.
The real deal, for sure.

Whatever he was, he was the refined, pure version.

A final draft.

How long can I not have money for?

How long can I not have money for?

He looked at me and gave me a friendly but disinterested
nod when we made eye-contact and I couldn't help but
smile.

I was charmed and in awe of the magical spirit before my
eyes.

There was nothing about his demeanor that was attention-
seeking or wanting to stand out and make a scene or
anything.

How long can I not have money for?

How long can I not have money for?

He absolutely does this every day. No doubt. What's more is
that, I could tell he taught himself how to play the flute. It
was entirely his own way to play that thing.

He was one with the instrument as well as with the music in
his head and ears and soul.

I couldn't help but feel like i had witnessed a most precious
iteration of humankind.

What emancipation.

What bravery.

What freedom.

What victory.

How long can I not have money for?

How long can I not have money for?

I imagine him sort of dancing as he passed-bye, but I think
his legs were normal-walking and his face and spirit were a
ballroom floor with scattered golden balloons bouncing
while he waltzed autonomous; he with his jaunty toon.

There goes bye freedom.

It's a freedom you don't vacation too.

It's a freedom you don't vacation from.

How long can I not have money for?

How long can I not have money for?

THE LIFEBOAT PARABLE

You're a passenger on something like the Titanic or, you were, but now you're alone on a lifeboat near the wreckage.

You begrudgingly but fervently fend off drowning people that almost capsize you with their desperate clamoring. Sure, you could fit a few people on the boat but certainly not all of them and letting even one on will lure the rest toward you with redoubled efforts.

A mile out, you are assuredly alone now and what luck! You drift near an identical boat that has many rations on it. You, of course porter the goods to your own vessel and continue onward.

Again, you come across an abandoned vessel that has yet even more supplies for your journey.

You load its' bounty onto your boat, but not all of it for the boat seems to be unable to carry more weight.

Shortly after finding the supplies, your boat begins to sink.

You frantically make haste of tossing items overboard but alas, water has made it onboard and its weight is enough to seal your demise.

It's a bummer because land was only another mile.

Do not be like this person and fill your boats as if you were going to always be in it, and realize that your situation is transitional, and that if you hoard the things you either need, or don't need in this world, you will not make it to safety, if safety is indeed before you.

THANK BLANK

Thank God

Thank the goddess

Thank the gods

Thank the Universe

Thank your kids

Thank their teacher

Thank your wife

Thank your buddies wife...

Thank you job

Thank your* job

Thank you, doctor

Thank etcetera, etc...

Thank anything for the day

Just don't thank yourself

STARS YOU ARE

You thought you would never know how many stars
there are, but you know how they number now

It's the same amount of blessings it took to create you

You, that is made of stars

You, that gaze at the stars in wonder and awe

And my...

What wonder it is; all of this -

That every one of us truly is

Stars you are

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INSIDE APOLOGY

When All in this life that matters has gone

And if not for this; all that matters would not have matter at
all

This is my folly; this nut-job in a nutshell

Predicament explained

Why I am now quartered and lame

It's no down-feathered-quilted shoulder to rely on

To cry on

To exegesize a life upon

And it is right that one can only confide in the floor

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Where I lay sometimes

Who's made a muddy, brown mess like I have?

And who has done it on the easel that is all that remains of
companionship for them?

And what is my masterpiece?

I decorated feverishly what I thought was a gallery but was
actually a mausoleum that is now drippy and haunted

Surely, when I write a friend and say even: "Hey" -

I'm sure there's this dread and a resounding; "awe, fuck
me. What now?

And the lizard-brain takes control again I bet;

For only a moment that is more than I'm worth

Such a dread I am

And a shame, of course

Because that word rhymed

And to this misanthrope

Art has meant more

Pride has meant all

To hear my name

echo again and again:

"Fore!"

"Fire in the hole!"

"Timber!"

"Cattle warning ahead"

Its just me now,

On the road we paved as friends

I'm sorry I didn't know that

You are treasure

I don't know what's ahead for me

But that persons dead

Dictated, not read; and posthumously said I:

I said:

I'm not that kid anymore

I'm not a prince anymore

I was your brother and then

Machiavellian stranger was I

And then nobody

Because you aren't what you eat and we are ill-defined by
money earned and Riches spent

We are nothing without each-other and along with all
beloved to myself; there my fortune went and happiness for
me, beneath horizons dwells

And how many stitches in your back are my fault?

I don't know but even in my nose you reside still

The scent of loved-ones lost -

Dear friends revered -

You can never get them out of your clothes

But you were as a cape to me

And I was the same to you and we flew

And danced through

Often drunk and promiscuous

And bickered like lovers that cops book often and finger
print

But I would I wouldn't trade the times we shared for all the
poonany in the world

So...

Sorry again and we've all changed but this sorry is coming
from a very old friend

For companions now, I have only my errors and we are
legion

It is as Heraclitus said: "You can only jerk the same river
twice"

I couldn't revisit the last time that I surmised my demise to
you - dictated not read,(once again) for the bottle spoke for
myself then

My demise aside, it's no surprise to anyone but me that I
was to be loved by anyone but me

Perpetually

And self-love even ran out and the whisky couldn't kill me
but left me In a drought for a while, and hung like a sheet,
presently, I flail in the breeze

For a while, relations were mostly titties on a pancake and
fun and good and for the record, before the record skips,

this brand-new trip sucks and here's a virtual pinky
promise, that I've grown up

So, maybe we'll shoot the shit ahead, unless you're against
guns, I don't remember; thus the catching up

I know...

Woulda, coulda, shoulda

That's just purple squirrel for yah

CRY ME A SARAH

When we think of sentient beings, we feel a little alone perhaps; being the only ones we know who are sentient. Maybe we are misguided in thinking this.

In fact. I know most certainly that this is not true.

I'm not going to make a case for dolphins or elephants or aliens from somewhere in the inky unknown.

This is a story about a river.

When we see rivers, we generally perceive them as a singular, ever-flowing and unaware masses but, not that this is a revelation, they are made of different currents, traveling together endlessly.

What if I told you that each one of these currents have their own identity, names as well as ambitions and feelings?

This is a story of Sarah, the current.

She travelled on and on with other currents that she knew or came to know along side her. Some of these currents she

had known since she first came to be in this world. Others she had met in her travels and they replaced some of the childhood friend currents that at one time, Sarah would never have Imagined parting with.

The banks of the river were lush and green and the trees bore fruit and the fauna ate and played and mated along these banks and many currents were happy to know that they were giving life to an ecosystem.

Beyond these banks, the land was arid and dry and the soil was dead and hard as stones.

Sarah was tired of being lost in a mix of currents that made up the river because she had always wanted to be recognized as an individual and not just a part of a group.

This was a rare sentiment among the currents, however she had met and had known several currents who also felt like they wanted their own identity and to make their own special mark in the world.

These currents inspired her and were the catalyst for her longing to be something more and to divert to another path that was truly her own.

Carry, was Sarah's best friend growing up and Carry had very wild and almost taboo ideas and was the most individualistic individual she had ever met.

One day, Carry couldn't take being part of the crowd any longer and she told Sarah that she would be leaving the river soon.

Part of Sarah was deeply afraid for her friend but another part really wished that she would do it and succeed, so that Sarah may have hope to someday do the same.

The day had come and it was a particularly hot day with very low humidity.

The river banked hard to the east near some rapids and without another thought, Carry used all of her strength to bank to the West.

Carry flowed over hard clay without the shade of any trees.

Carry had finally become her very own stream.

Sure a river is mightier than a stream but this stream was entirely her own effort and ambitions.

Carry made it as far as half a mile before the sun vaporized her into nothingness and after, there was nothing that would ever signify that she had been a stream of her own.

Sarah mourned her dear friend and almost abandoned the idea of trying to become her own stream, or dare she say, river, someday.

As the years passed, Sarah met many others like Carry who wanted to do and even tried to do the same thing Carry had attempted.

They all failed and burnt up in the sun.

The other complacent currents would “tisk-tisk” about these foolish currents and felt little to no remorse or empathy for their loss.

It had been pouring rain for several days at one time and they had not seen the sun in a while.

The river flooded here and there and some of even the most conforming currents were lost to the banks of the river due to the storm, never to rejoin the pack.

Sarah decided that this was her chance.

There was a hard western bend up ahead and with all her might, she went to the east instead.

She heard some of her friends calling after her to come back but she just kept going.

The storm lasted long enough for Sarah to survive solo, and by the time the weather had returned to normal, green grass and large bushes had grown around Sarah’s stream.

Years passed, and now Sarahs stream dwarfed her home river in size by almost double.

Her banks were green and the trees bore fruit and the fauna ate their fill and played joyfully.

TELL ME THE STORY AGAIN

You can't fly

Find your bifocals

And you never found a word

As good as sorry

To never be able to say to someone

I'm coming into money now

It's just another thing

And I'm glad it isn't torture, the thing

I guess some of my shit

I can keep now

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I can't even say how many times
I've had chlamydia more times than
I can say "chlamydia" ten times fast

But she was cute, not sexy

Chinless and big glasses

Another love of my life

Abridged

I'm an alien and this is my spacecraft (pronouns thee/thou)

If you don't pipe down

With all this driving from aback and all the ruckus

You know what...

Here you go

Fly

If you had invented your own evil way

What power you would have

And how without hope I should be then

It's lucky for me and for all of us living indeed

That you aren't the root

You are like me

And we will blow away both

Like pink crabgrass seeds

In the peddling air

of a yesteryear spring

We never blinked in fact for

It was too fast

We couldn't even blink

Futures, enemies, friends, the past

I recognize you all from class

It wasn't class

A soccer match rather

No?

Then tell me the story again

I remember it's good

I think we were friends

But the rest I forget

Tell me the story again

DOG VALLEY ROAD

“It wasn’t the same as all that

We’re good inside

But life was bad

A mercy kill, if you will

But only as a manner

Of speech

Look at me!”

“Spit on your palm and shake

That we take this to the grave

Let’s get the story straight

Don’t tell a soul you know

You’ve been down

Dog valley road”

“Farmers have to cull livestock

A scythe means well enough

It begets the harvests’ chaff

And there’s wood enough

for two winters fires

Because of a murder-red axe”

“Spit on your palm and shake

That we take this to the grave

Let’s get the story straight

Don’t tell a soul you know

You’ve been down

Dog valley road”

“I think even some birds can lie

Like a crow or something like that

We are not unnatural

And even Jesus got our backs”

“I don’t think that’s deep enough

Give me the fucking thing”

“Freeze! LAPD!

Nobody move!

Hands behind the head,

Walk back towards me.”

DANCING JANET

Bro

Why....Does this lady dance?

It was funny at first... but something's not right here

I saw... Chuck Zito

Waving back at her at the Rainbow last night

Whats up with that?

They say...she was a Go Go girl

At the Whisky

Away back In the 1980s and at the time

She quit pushing-off and had

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Met a kindly, handsome pastor;

Erecting her heart

You know;

“Pump-pump”

Goes the pallet-jack, right

Janet

What happened

When, why?

You’ve got skin like

A Spaulding basketball and

I heard another take on your tale

And is it really Sears-Tower-tall and known?

Are the murmuring legends -

What the Dixie cup hath told me -

About your lot

Do tell me yourself

Do they be true?

I've heard that

You're like The Sunset Strips'

Paul Bunyan

Without a Blue Babe

Here she comes!

Clack, tap, clap, duh, duh

Dancing Janet

Is dancing up Sunset

Is dancing down Sunset

Dancing Janet

Is dancing due West

She's dancing due West

She's in her Saturday best

I can't stand this anymore

Let's all place bets on

What in the hell even is this

“Dancing Janet” that’s

Dancing down Sunset tonight

It was a warm night, in 85’

The valet - Vaje - says he saw this all -

With even the eyes he owns -

A Roma Gypsie

Lost control of a Bentley

That he got for trafficking kids

The pastor dude

Had just a second

To push Janet out the way...

At least through Christ

He’s saved

Here she comes!

Don’t forget to hit record this time

I’m dead, bruh-bruh...

Dancing

Janet

Is dancing up

Sunset

Is dancing down

Sunset

Dancing

Janet

Is dancing up

Sunset

Is dancing down

Sunset

THERE'S A JOKE AT THE END

I was the one, it was/is me

Remember me?

Remember...

I spoke Pig Latin in bed with your mom in edbay
... remember that?

Remember, I was the one that wished for all the grass he
spent, to have it all back up front?

But then poof!

And “poof” begat proof that was all alpine-clear-lake-like
and also was burping-brew-moonshine blind and a
draw-a-line-in-the-sand-divine-type-thing-kind-of-thing-of-
kind-in-mind-that-I-had-had-at-the-time-type-variety-kind
sort of thing if you can recall it if not it's fine

That was still not that then - not near nuff

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Enough for me,

Not for ye, you see my dear

I was the one in that

On the thing

One thing that was

On super VHS

Or VHS

With Kathy Smith

You know. I was the

Best biggest man best one is the one I am and it's best to
look that up man friend I'd say my man

I was the one that got his you-know-how stuck in his eulogy

-

In bed

Playing "Devil Inside" by INXS on: XoXo accessories of the
head neck and knees and thus proceeding the geese timer
is set to 30 minutes

Shut the fuck up Siri

CHADS

Careful With Yourself

I can spot you

Someone invented laughing without cracking a smile and
I'm jealous

One someone else totally died for every one thing that
works

At least one

Know what else?

You gotta be careful with yourself
Chad

Oh....why didn't you just say you were retarded from the
start?

I wish people would let me leave them alone already, you
know?

And without one single any of a second...

PAGE 135

Both became redder than a nearly boiled-to-death lobster,
and then the world was turned on its head, like as if on the
bus and you're on your phone and when you look up...

The bus turns around a sudden in a wrong way And it's
hard to get back ones' bearings of iron
When they scatter about like rusted marbles there

Be careful with all that and keep to be careful with yourself,
man

You know...

There's not one threatening thing to be seen in this life that
your homie YoursTruly can't one-up

Chad agreed with Brett and they both went home and had
sex

AND WHERE WILL THE SUN BE THEN?

“Off the same damn cliff?

Not once, twice but thrice?!

Have your wits gone off with the other cars also then?

Why all the same type?

You even have none at all of any control of all that for
heaven sake... is that right?

I'll be damned”

“Maybe you should figure out why you keep going off the
road and off a cliff - the same cliff - every time rather than
proceed a fourth time, for you know what's ahead”

“It's just how German cars are man.”

PAGE 137

NOTHING BUT EYES

When good things happen for us,
it's actually The Lord happening for The Lord

And what you call “you” is simply your sight

Eyes that are born, airborne from His breathe and abound,
off they are swept like spider eggs

Eyes that, with His Grace, for a number of days, may
behold the swirling wonders about that He alone
orchestrates and we these things that perceive, we are
blessed to flit through this way or that

Whatever He Wills

That all is Gods' glory alone, is as assured as the brevity of
our wispy lives

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Therefore, the path to hell, is to attribute any of what you see - good or bad - as originating from you

In order to take the credit for a blessing as something you made, rather than giving it to The Lord, you also have to take on your due yoke of your transgressions, nay, transgression itself along with it

You don't have to give any glory to The Lord at all because you are unable to take glory from Him and have nothing to give

You cannot have anything apart from The Lord and to say that you do is to be apart from The Lord

You have nothing..

Nothing but eyes

THE BEST

If you can't find the best in someone, find yourself in their mistakes

PAGE 140

BASURA BASURA

Basura, Basura

I'm changing my name to "Basura"

It slides like a ride at a waterpark to say

And it sounds better still when you sing it

I'm changing my name to "Basura" -

"Basura Basura"

It flips from off the tongue like a diver from a diving-board
and from a lofty height

It pierces the water below, in Olympic form and it doesn't
make splash, it's a word that's like all that above.

I'm changing my name to "Basura" -

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"Basura Basura"

I should have taken a Spanish class but

I know that it means trash

Though it means anything but that to me

It's so pretty pretty pretty pretty pretty pretty pretty a
thing

It's so pretty pretty pretty pretty pretty pretty pretty a
thing

It's so pretty pretty pretty pretty pretty pretty pretty a
thing, that I'm changing to my name to "La" - O, "El Basura"

Or simply: "Basura Basura"

Un hombres' basura is this trannys' treasure and It's such a
damn pleasure to say: "basura"

...and for your ears it's a cure for pain ...at least to mine it is

There's beauty in all things

And I'm at the courthouse now

And there's a few forms that I'm filling out

I'm changing my God-given name to "Basura" -

"Basura Basura"

I should have taken a Spanish class but

I know that it means trash

Though it means anything but that to me

It's so pretty pretty pretty pretty pretty pretty pretty a
thing

It's so pretty pretty pretty pretty pretty pretty pretty a
thing

It's so pretty pretty pretty pretty pretty pretty pretty a
thing, that I'm changing to my name to "La" - O, "El Basura"

Or simply: "Basura Basura"

Introducing: Basura Basura

Mucho gusto

Igualmente

Orale pues

I want to hear you sing or say my new moniker:

Basura Basura

That's my name and you shan't wear it out

Basura Basura

Put me out on the curb

Basura Basura

And then turn me upside down

Basura Basura

Then pour out my inners

Basura Basura

And we'll do it again next Tuesday

And you can do me the same on Tuesday

But don't use my dead-name Tuesday

Because the person you see on Tuesdays -

With a their lid flipped and alone on the street -

Their name is Basura Basura

I should have taken a Spanish class but

I know that it means trash

Though it means anything but that to me

It's so pretty pretty pretty pretty pretty pretty pretty a
thing

It's so pretty pretty pretty pretty pretty pretty pretty a
thing

It's so pretty pretty pretty pretty pretty pretty pretty a
thing, that I'm changing to my name to "La" - O, "El Basura"

Or simply: "Basura...Ba...

su...

...ra!

SUPER MARIO WORLD AND THE MEANING OF LIFE

My favorite Mario game is Super Mario World for NES.
That's the one where Yoshi is first introduced.

A few years ago, I revisited it and it's still the shit.

I was inclined to finally beat the game with full completion by means of collecting all the stars, even after you pwn face in the last Bowser/Baby Bowser battle.

Anyway, upon full completion, the game simply resets itself and you are once again at the first level and with no stars.

There's a difference though this time.

Instead of Koopas, they become these weird jack-o'-lantern things and the colors of the maps and islands all are a sepia-toned. I think the enemies are more difficult but I'm not sure.

Before me was more or less the same game that I had just mastered, but with different skins and the prospect of a new higher, potentially more difficult goal motivated me to play about ten levels. When I realized it was just cosmetically different from my previous effort, I marked the game itself as beat and moved on to the next game.

I forced myself to play Super Mario 2, which is trash and was actually turned into a Mario game haphazardly to fulfill a demand and was some other unrelated franchise before.

Game still sucks balls, but not a chore to play plus, as a big Mario geek, I felt compelled to beat the game.

Shortly after beating Birdo (she's the cute, pink transgender Yoshi-looking prototype whom I adore) I busted-out the old Game Genie and applied whatever cheat-codes it had for Mario 2 and not ten minutes later, I resolved to stop my campaign to beat all the old Mario games and never played the game again.

Even though I dislike the game, the fact that there was still a new pedigree to achieve that I desired to have, motivated me to beat it nonetheless but in the moment I could fly and was invincible and could skip to the end of the game, it became worthless.

In this we can see the nature of existence.

I valued beating Super Mario World. I achieved this and immediately there was no desire to beat it because I already had and therefore the value placed on beating the game has depreciated to nothing for me, that is until the prospect of a new and difficult adventure was yet left without venture.

This shows that value is self-depreciating.

You might say that, then I must be positing, that it is the striving to accomplish our goals that one can finally know a value that is not self-negating.

Suppose that you stopped what you were doing and valued the work itself rather than the thing it affords you, then you would never achieve the goal.

Therefore when you have the goal, value lies in more work.

When you are doing the work, value lies in the goal.

The parallel with using cheat-codes in the game shows us that when one has nothing to be challenged with in an endeavor, no work and no goal, there is then no game and certainly no value.

So let us then deduce what value is.

Ideas alone hold value.

The idea of a new goal lying dormant that we might endeavor to accomplish being beyond the horizon ahead is of value. The idea of the amount of work it will require of us to reach the finish line is of value, even if we dread to do the work.

Beyond the individual, the ideas that are created in our striving, are the father-mother of culture and civilization. We remember great figures in history for the idea of their lives and works.

When we die, our ideas do not also perish and the idea of who we were to the world, is the only thing of us that yet lives on.

Lastly - as I seem to for whatever reason use dogs as substrates for metaphors a bunch - another dog metaphor.

Value is like the tail of a dog.

The dogs' tail is always behind them and they can maybe bite onto it for a moment but will never accomplish having it in its mouth for more than a second.

Our pup buddy is not without the tail, it is on her body and belongs to her, but in the sense that she wants to treat it like a plushie or toy or maybe even check it out for what it is, she does not have it and eventually she will become exhausted from the effort and will resolve to let her tail remain something that is her own but it will still always elude her and remain out of her sight.

BE YOU, DON'T STAY YOU

Be willing and happy to share everything with everyone but
never share identity with anything or anyone.

Protect your creative spirit more than your flesh and have
autonomy over what you have to say, how you see life, and
how you express the evolution that is you

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PRISONS AND SCHOOLS ARE THE SAME INSTITUTION

The moral decisions we make throughout the course of each day, whether you are of savory character or are of an atrophied morality, like a chess match, one plays out in their mind, the myriad different ways to respond to something, and they consider what decisions they might face thereafter as a result of what they decide.

One who decides to respond prudently is one who is equipped with information and knowledge enough to perceive the consequence of a bad decision and behaving unwisely and resolve to not make such choices.

This is not entirely a matter of intelligence.

Schools in modernity, as I think everyone plainly understands these days, teach only assimilation, rhetoric and dogmas.

In the most formative years of our lives, as soon as we can read and write and spell, we are thrust into a six-to-eight period school day so that we master nothing and simply wet our whistles on the subjects allowed for to be learned.

One walks away generally knowing about important things and people and events, but only that they happened and when.

There used to be trade-schools where folks who were not book-smart or business savvy, could learn how to support themselves and nurture their more hands on engineer-type dispositions.

Nowadays, these types of people are at the mercy of sterile and soulless corporations to learn a craft that serves anyone else but them and by the time you finally do master whatever vocation that your straw-drawn fate chucked at you, you are then forced to climb the corporate ladder - that you clearly can see goes directly into the ceiling, at a wage that will damn you to give up all the best years of your life and only so that you may finally master at something you don't give a damn about, and at a pay rate that will damn you to struggle for the rest of your days, that only gets less as you die more.

Thus to become a master of anything in modern times, one must be first and foremost a slave.

There are two kinds of criminals now.

The majority are folks who do not have a foresight that is developed sufficiently and are sorely-lacking of enough real information to act in their best interest.

In desperation thus, they respond to life, and good comes naught from decisions made under such duress.

With stakes as high as your life.

The manner in which they respond is short-sighted, both by their being uneducated but also by way of being poor, hungry, afraid, mentally sick from their lot even, and it's the perfect mixture to gently nudge the incorrect man into the appropriate correctional facility for his cast of incorrectness.

The other type of criminal is one who refuses to act prudently, even though they can see what the consequences might be clearly, still they decide to act according to their own will as humans must, and in doing so, one is regarded as not a part of society.

A society should only aim to produce the second kind of criminal, or at least not produce the first type by design.

The first type of criminal is a result of the Slave Morality that is the morality of western culture and is a product of Christs': "Resist not evil." And Socrates': "Know thy self" gone awry for over two millenniums.

The second type of incorrect man is the rarified exception in civilization, or at least should be if a culture is healthy. Here we include those who simply refuse to do any of the things necessary to function in this system; the abstaining individual or neurologically diverse and also this includes even murderers for committing murder is something that society says you are forbidden to do and thus the individual has in that way also become an incorrect man.

Schools and prisons are connected and are in fact, the same system.

Kindergarten through High School prepares the individual appropriately for either a life in prison or becoming a debt slave to ascend or to toil in the bland mediocrity that is in between.

The system hedges its' bets on all of us on whether we will be correct or incorrect and civilization is simply not designed for her most of her populations to make the grade, in fact, the system counts on a certain amount of the population to fail.

Being shuffled around in a correctional facility is exactly like a more hellish version of school.

If you are either too stupid or too brilliant to take do the only path that society decides for you to take, in consequence, you are systematically separated from the chaff and must then live either outside of society, or will be dragged into one of its' privatized prisons.

Especially if you're black

But fret not, there is still hope.

You just have to pay tens to hundreds of thousands of dollars to become someone that society says is allowed and worth becoming within society.

YOUR GOODNESS

If all you want in life is goodness
You will get all that you want in life
The only thing you can do after is give

Begin by giving

B

The saying “You can’t love others until you learn to love
yourself” probably outdoes Stalin in bodies amassed at its
alter

You must love others first

If the only thoughts you have are about yourself, you will go
mad

Thinking of others is how to escape your own mind and the
only way to be present

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THANK BLANK

Thank God

Thank the goddess

Thank the gods

Thank the Universe

Thank your kids

Thank their teacher

Thank your wife

Thank your buddies wife...

Thank you job

Thank your* job

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Thank you, doctor

Thank etcetera, etc...

Thank anything for the day

Just don't thank yourself

BAKED PHILOSOPHER

Don't be afraid of hurting people.

Harboring fear is what hurts people.

When addictions pipe-up internally and bark that they be satiated, it should be a feeling that is not unlike when your dog is begging to go for a walk.

If not so, then that addiction is making you unhappy.

Everyone has addictions, dawg.

The most useful aspect about humans dreaming is that dreams are a moment where we completely understand our experience and are experiencing a world that makes unexplained perfect sense without question - a blessed pause and most important reprieve where situations, laws, abilities and limitations are cast off like the days sweaty sock

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That means that half of our lives we are living without the need of explanations or answers.

Sleep well knowing beforehand that you are soon to resume your sabbatical and liberation of an existence wherein certainty of anything is proveably unprovable.

So dream a lot

Love your dreaming

Listen to your dreams and also this:

Don't question a dream unless you want to stop dreaming

Take all the ingredients required to bake a loaf of bread and cook them on a skillet. It's going to be a shitty mess.

In order to make it into bread, it must be baked rather than cooked and this requires the right ingredients added at the right time within the right appliance and knowing how to make all these moving parts produce bread.

The philosopher is like one who has never heard of bread, doesn't know what an oven is, has no clue where all the eggs and yeast packets came from, ends up in a kitchen, and the many different variables required to bake bread all come together by dumb luck at the perfect times.

In the life of the philosopher, even if they took all of the things they have learned through life, if we were to altered

the order of these lessons in their lives, it would not have
lead to them becoming a philosopher.

Does that all make sense?

Sorry I'm baked

MERELY MIRRORS (A PRAYER)

Lord, let us merely be mirrors that thine light
resplendent, may shine on and to brighten even the
darkest corners of this tempestuous mortal plane so that
others may - by Your Grace and by the Holy Spirit - be
pardoned of their marching up p

and down the dead-ending crossroads of perdition

Let us be mirrors of thine image, but only reflections of
you, Sovran Lord; that the devils pride may lead us not to
transgress thine Hallowed commandments

And should we - by the four winds find ourselves turned
away from the path of thine ebullient rays -if we are
nudged or knocked by the absent-minded or the

malicious alike even; to find that we are facing the devil's darkness once again; Dear God may we turn back immediately towards your life-giving and unremitting beam

And please Lord, let times like these be no more than passing glimpses of evil and hell

Let thine will be done through your faithful servants and please give us - thine elect as well as those whom are otherwise to thee - the fortitude to move away from satanic things as briskly as one is able to cross themselves and to be terribly afraid - afraid of the Lord my God and not of the devil, that thine image illumine - thine all way shine, be on our heads that bow to thee perpetually

May we be spotless and continue on the righteous path without spot, upright and blameless in thine eyes that we may share your light as quickly as it comes to us

Let us never forget that darkness is merely the absence you, My God and we beseech thee to grant us the fortitude to lead our with a single-minded purposes at heart and at hand that our legacies be of kindness and all our days be testimonies of you truth, Oh God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob

Let our ways plainly display your truth and this truth; that darkness cannot transport from mirror to mirror and if in a mirror, displayed is darkness, there the darkness will stay

for only light can travel beyond its origins; thus in Jesus
name we pray remain...

Merely Mirrors, Amen

THE TALK

Leaky right eye and hands off like a theremin and

hands up you're busted and this is a sting

Put down your to-do list and take up smoking
And sit down

Check

Son...

You're old enough now to have the talk

What do you know about hookers?

Tell me which when has got it?

And tell me where I can get the same

Worldly like our only child-world

And skies ahead clear as cups of coffee and a skimpy last
meal around the bend

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I realized I was so stoned
I didn't realize I was stoned and he continued

The first lady was as dutiful as a 7/11 cashier
And the other like a Sailor

Both equally ineffective at their jobs

Your mother, that is

Whichever one she was of the two is anyone's guess

Welp

Hurry up and grow up or get out kid

THOUGHTS ASUNDER

Been down so long that it's like
Fuck the up now

Feeling as auxiliary as the random words between rhymes
in a poem about crying

This time the thing you think you've lost isn't just in your
hand

Soak the moment in

You feel as confused and mistaken as one that checks for
mail on Sunday

Off for five days straight so you could really use a day off

You axed around for trees but instead...

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Oh dear dear dear moneys tight because
My power of attorney I had to sell for a 5th it's price
for a 5th of McCormicks vodka last night

And the Dow has ceased to ch-ching

So back with I to the cabbage patch by way stork of course

It was all just a novel idea fancied but I simply could not
afford it and I asked to be a girl anyway

So out with the bathwater to the yard again
shame of the neighborhood

Oh towns' Martyred goat

You were a sinew and blood pulp already
before a soul had a moment to cast the first stone

Thoughts asunder
Thoughts asunder

TUNNEL OF LOVE

“It’s good to be good for when you lose your place in reality” - you think at a theme park for adults called “Fun Etc” and as you lose your place in reality

“I’m good” you say

Pretty much right off the bat (whatever that means) you and a few others get stuck in the Tunnel of Love and have gone around so many times now

You’re the only one in the swan who begins freaking out at like the 50th revelation

Eventually you calm down and commence to wonder about the logistics of how the things around you worked and if there’s a way out

Some graffiti you spot reads:

“The phrase: “I would say” - no king has ever said

I have not today yet until tomorrow it becomes”

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I've embraced my own weird way to fail that is very
successful and fun and totally my own thing

It's a long sandy lot of a lot of work that's no fun for anyone
but me

And you know

Sometimes you get athletes foot and you can't even touch
your toes but...

She's a beaut

She's of a generation that never wrote a check or bothered
with cursive and she doesn't know a thing about romance

The girl with the favorite laugh

The girl with the Swiss Army Knife

The girl that no one knows smokes cloves

The girl of licking Greek fire

And you can forget the word "no" in a moment with her
and all you can say is: "yes" in every language

Yes in an echo chamber

Yes in a tunnel of love

Yes but only in theory

I should have said yes dear

I should have said:

“Whatever the lady wants”

For now I can't carry this face that

wasn't wronged by the world

but that did wrong by it to you

I want off this ride and me and a few others

Are busting or do you say “breaking” out?

I dispersed all the soil through a hole in my pocket
already yesterday

I gently placed my thoughts in a blue bandana and went for
it

But alas!

There was no purchase on the ravine wall to be had

Thus I stayed low as the water

Was as the ferns high on whatever they put in my body

Was drunk like a red-ass monkey that gorged on fermented
red pears

Some folks buy a car and hope to pass 300,000 miles

But instead when I get one, I think:

“How soon can I get out of this thing?”

By about the 124th revelation I came around and resolved
to no longer count

And we went around again and again more

And I laughed knee-slappin’ hard with the others at the
same one joke each time around and the jump-scare near
the end

Golly-gosh gets me like literally
E’ry time

WHAT AREN'T YOU?

“Hmmm

Alright

Not quite a lie

Not quite a truth

A god-affronting homunculus?

No that won't do

Not made wrong

Not Brought up wrong

Did not become wrong and there's still bad there but still...

Hmm... and there's nothing like any kinda consensus about
this so far but also I'd say...

Not really a de facto defective
Blip undetected but close

Actually!
I know what you are

You're not a cat burglar

You're not Anton's friend are you?

What are you... 6 - 1, 6 - 2?

You're not that nodding-off gnostic beneath the
flamingo tree are you? That's what I thought. Yeah I know
Jim too - Jimmy to you apparently

You're not from Canada but you probably spent a lot of
time out that way?

Or do they say sorry like that elsewhere?

Ok, ok...

Ohh!

You're not a guy/girl with a Geiger counter/meter pumpkin
pie high in the sky heretical unbeliever, of course...

Goes without saying that

Alright. You win. I surrender and I get it that I'll never get it
and I give in, my loss and it's your bird-flippin' win...

What are you then, why and who?"

"Hey. I'm Frank."

SO MUCH FOR NOTHING

I have no patience left

But I am without impatience as well

The cost is so much for nothing

But nothing's the only thing one can get

You had exactly what was needed direly for me to decide to
swim or sink, or rather, for life to do so

But each time you rang, I picked it up and put it right back
down and it's unhooked now

"So Much For Nothing - that would be a catchy name for
a..."

"I already wrote it"

"Something about what you said earlier was funny. You
should write that down"

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“Respectfully, anything that you tell to me that -
I have either already written it down or will I soon,
-Always before ten minutes pass through

“That’s pretty arrogant.”

“I apologize.”

“No worries.”

And I was all:

“You know, I think you ought to plow the field already,
wouldn’t you say? You’re cutting it close is all that I say”

“What do you know about farming? If the plants are still
growing, trust that it is not harvest yet, for my father and
his father on to Abraham are all farmers of all promised
lands

“You’re right. Sorry about all that. Ok, so this thing is a hoe,
right? and it’s used to prune the vines I suppose?”

“No, no, no. You can’t make such a tool - that is made for
only one thing - do anything else and that’s just how it is”

“Then call me tool or a hoe but that sounds just like how, to
me at the least, writing my thoughts is like”

“You’re still pretty self-absorbed though dude and it’s not
just me who says that.”

I JUST NEED FIVE MORE MINUTES

Coming, hold on

I just need five more minutes

I hear you

I know it's important

I know it can't wait

But five more minutes long

For this thing I'm makings' sake

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Pray will it to stay

Pray will it to wait

For the love of... no. I can't quit now here

Five minutes more (now four) is nothing for one to...

Let the moment abide

Let the moment abate

Grant me a pretty-please per diam and an "Admit One"
ticket to be not disturbed - that this awful-awful and
Important worky-thing work I do...

So that it may live

That it's sanctity remains in a chastity cage

And maybe someday soon its' importance might be
widened to far and out

360 more seconds more...

Imagine if you were wearing VR goggles
But the opacity was set to around half so you can
Still see the world but also the VR stuff

Imagine that as you went about tasks incomplete and the
daily problems that only ones' will can create, that every
situation you observe in reality, is like a metaphor or
something analogous or a parabolic simile, but you aren't
conjuring up these fairytale glimpses and constantly
whipping up the stories.

Point is that you see those things on the screen and
everything's happening
And everything is bleeding through the all even too
And for you
Life would be as a dream to explain

You are to bare witness
And the yoke is yours to live underneath

It's not like I'm hallucinating dragons and shit flying around

It's nothing that cool

Just five more minutes please...

What? How long was that?

I WANT MY MOMMY

I didn't get my way

I folded my arms and lay by the "You Are Here"
map thingy

And mommy thought it's because I didn't get a toy
in the toy shop that I threw a fit

But I don't want a toy, I don't want to walk, I don't want to
go to kindergarten anymore

"Fine. We'll leave you here" mommy said and smiled like
our puppy, Brock

She left and the lights got turned off

And the next morning I was full grown and hungry
And everyone was using smooth stones, like ones you
would skip on a still lake, to buy things

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I was born yesterday, so I don't know very much but I
wondered the real value of the skipping-stone rocks and
said out loud that they are all worthless

Immediately a guy in Kevlar with an MP5
Repelled from the rafters and landed just behind me

He kicked the backs of my knees and I dropped onto them
and the he put his oily piece to the back of my head and
said:

“These stones are worth such and such amount”

And he was right because
Anything can be and is precious when to say otherwise is
certain death

“You Are Here...great. Where's everyone else though?”

I want my mommy

I DON'T MEAN TO GLOAT BUT ALL MY PROBLEMS ARE SOLVED

You've all been the shit

And I'll give you a call

See you around and such

And if you're swimming up a river

Just think of me

And just do what I did

It's easy as this:

Look at this kid

Are you looking?

I remember those hazy+phased dazes
That phase far out when one - long last - has stepped to the
plate, as you ought to do young lad

And the trick to swinging is what it is and

What it is is simply don't miss

No need to shoulder-tap for favors anymore

So go ahead and wipe off your shiny chin

And put away your knee pads

I was thrown out of a bar and a moment after that

I was being sat at the bar by the same guys and

my drinks were on the house tab

You can't drink away confusion

Unless you do what I do

I have all sorts of stuff

I promise this is not some Third-Reich bit and

It ain't a shtick that I alone coined

For I'm an open-source of goodly-good

Good advice

And they say to do this

And to do that

But I say: do that, AND THEN to do this

And that's a big difference

APHORISMS OF THE LIMINALIST PHILOSOPHY

Value is self-depreciating.

Be the means.

Be not the end.

In the good life, the world is a liminal space.

In the bad life, the world is a purgatory.

To defend your honor is to lose your honor.

Working is not fulfilling. Doing good works is fulfilling.

Before you go out into the world, always look in the mirror and don't check one again until you set out once more.

Keep the demeanor of a well-trained dog so people approach you as such.

Keep your eyes to yourself until the next thing that you must or would like to interact with comes.

If one doesn't grasp the utility of these sayings, it's no use in explaining them. That individual has not suffered enough yet.

We all have an extraordinary amount of suffering due to pay before the end.

Don't stave-off suffering until the end.

Having not suffered is to not have lived, for there's no appreciation in having; having not know what it is to not have.

Suffer well while young.

That was a lot about suffering, but if you have understood these sayings to be true; then make this the last time that you think of suffering this deeply.

Realize that you will never have anything except for the chasing to have.

If you find utility in these sayings, then it will be no effort to forgive others because you realize that they are passing through a liminal space also, and that it is governed by the same principles that limit your liminal existence to always be an unending work in progress that will not always be.

MANTRA

I have no will

I have no plan

I have no will

I have no plan

I have no plan

I have no plan

I have no sadness

No anger even

No happiness

No fear

I'm just eyeballs looking around

I should have never asked for anyone's name

Because it's just another word for another problem

Assured

I'm not in pain I just have it and I have no will and I have no
plan and I have no will

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\$25,080

Dang

I'm short one-third a dang to give

I'd say I don't care

But I don't care to say it

Here's my wish

My make a wish-wish

I've never been in a room

Where I wasn't there

I wish for that

I wish to be...

Alone without myself

I know your disappointed

Is dust-free on a shelf

PAGE 189

And pulling out your hair that's left and also

Expanding the range of your shout is

My fault

Your problem, yes

It was, but I...

I simply wasn't there

When it happened

I simply wasn't there

"Go on without me" I heard that I said that

And your response was something like: "K. Just need your
boots and your gun"

Fine. Go and win the whole damn war

I may be finished

But it is you has their reward already

SUNNY-SIDE DOWN

None of these things are me

And I am none of these things

Forgive me my larp but

It's me

I'm the one in your life that was

a waste-of-time detour

Remember,

I ruined my vowed ten-years silence

By running my mouth for five minutes

I know the news is still sinking in but

PAGE 191

I'm not the one to think out loud to here

It's like asking me the motivations of a villain in a
film I don't give a fuck about

All as it should be it is and

I'm the only being punished here

So take these things because

It was all a curse

Promise me you'll burn it

I don't know the answer

And nothing is relevant now for

I look at the ground everywhere I go

And I'm not missing anything

I don't look directly at anyone/thing and the sun will this
time stay down

HEIDI-CLINE SUE

I decline

said Heidi Kline

Then she never did bother

To be bothered again,

Then Heidi Kline-Sue

Sure didn't ever

Get bothered again

She had 400 problems; her neighbors problems,
times two

She lay in bed one night

With Thursdays' things to do

She would imagine things

Vividly

But can't see a "the future"

In night or day dreams

Anymore

And she usually does

She goes way back in time in mind

To the time she asked to have needs and wants

But this time

No such thing

No peripheral glimpse

No lofting whiff

It didn't exist

And it never

Was

She didn't ask for any of the all of this and she can recall
that

She wasn't even unhappy or scared about things
And had felt this way long enough
To be assured of the permanence of that feeling

Life looked kind of like a PayPerView WWF match, in
retrospection

And she had become disenchanted

And had slithered out of the husk

Of all fads and trends Entertained

With everyone else still filling stands every
Wednesday or whatever it was back then

For a while she grasped about the dissipating nebula of the
long-beloved trance

That glittered up and a way from her head - away for good
she guessed -

And she was correct for her arms are now as butter

And even the sidewalk is fine and it's all good

Theres enough in the tank to shrug, in fact,
Enough is the amount she's had of everything

And it was enough

Not only for now

Not only for Thursday

Enough for who,
who cares?

“I decline” Heidi Kline said

And there wasn’t a sequel

-The End

MY LITTLE BABY'S ALL GROWN UP

You're done but done your good part

I know it and I'm glowing and

I'll show it and I'll say it now;

That I'm beamish

And I'm proud of you

Of how all the

Young dudes these days

PAGE 198

Spray dicrylan enamel

On every veteran face

And you just walk by like a refrigerator

Oh little baby

My Little baby's all grown up

This best thing

I did for you;

For my pony princess is

I got you ready for life

I got you ready for death

And please

Ooh little baby

My pillar of salt

Don't blame daddy

It's the United Kingdom's fault

Us black Irish

We're just bred wrong
Like a polka-dotted brindle lab
Made in a lab in Burma
All wrong
But do you remember when
In Santa Cruz
When you were about ten
You got lost at the boardwalk
I swear I barely turned my head
For a second at the most
My little one
You looked so calm and strong
When I saw you once again
On the 10 o'clock news last night
I'm glad it's over for you've suffered so much
For the record

I didn't actually wish that you would go

Like I said

All the squirming road up

That you would just disappear like you did

And the reason I didn't look for you

I hope by now is clear

You turned an uncertain age and you just had this

...

Anger

That bore bandaid-tearing-off fear

Out of the blue nowhere

And we had two new little ones then

But you had life figured out of course by then also

And your step-mother and I

Our hands were loosely tied albeit

But I swear on my little baby's grave

We tried

You ran away with my heart

Don't give me this: "This just in...murderer still at

large" hoopla

Fruit of my loom

Chip of my block

Let's let the past lie

I forgive you now because

My little baby's all grown up

REMINDER TO SELF-SMILE

Let dej vu come over you

And trip out, I swear that

You've never been here before

But everything's a childhood friend to you

The wonder that all children have;

That you pawned in eighth grade for Camel Cash

For coke-smokes on smokers row

You remind yourself of and smile about

Whatever you've been so damn long without;

Again, you're beginning to know

Your churlish souls' shaking old hands - for a moment -

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They do grasp again and their muscle-memory

knows

Of everything, it must let go of

You're of a mind, at least today,

that resolves to address the unspoken hordes of shit in the
attic

Wholly unloved

Where cluttered totes of knowledge are now

Substrates that grow bacterium

And even on the account of seeking wisdom uncut Sweet,
gentile wisdom

Of its account, even that is far less important

Than building sandcastles

To knock them down and rebuild them

Until whichever poor soul is in charge

Says: "Time to turn in...

Time to turn in"

Be infantile

Remind yourself

Of the good things you've done

The good times you've had

The good that's to come

Remind yourself

Of the people you love

Of your childhood pet

The first time your feet

Were uncovered in bed

And let yourself blush

When your head intercepts a broadcasting of the following
words that you once said to your girlfriend:

"I'm not a virgin. I've done it a lot before."

Don't pay mind to

What's behind or ahead

Wear your hair down or

adjust the cow-licks

In your horse-shoe

And shine like the scalp it surrounds

Be aware when you're sporting a frown

Everything's useful and that means everything

On deciding what's good and what's bad

Your gut and your heart can do that

It's all worth the flat tires and corn-holes

Here's a pen

Write this on the top of your hand

“Remind yourself to smile”

ADVENTURE OF DEATH

You could say I won't get to eat for 3 days

And I won't have any emotional reaction at all

I will accept it because I already have before and

I'll probably just walk around Hollywood towards

Harvard, looking for roaches and butts, as I do

And I can't keep up with what hurts like big words

all over, and why for me so oft it hurts

Its not like some dude who's lit on fire would

Be aware that you were sawing off his leg and for me

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Pain is like that

It all feels the same

And I don't care enough about a thing

To ever be afraid

If I was the author of my life

I'd opt to end the story here

But I'm not in charge of anything so

It could make it to some later page or year

I dunno

I'm either enlightened or going to hell, in perpetual

shock, broken, going to hell, etc...

but I truly know that I do not judge anyone

because I so badly want forgiveness from

Everyone and I selfishly rejoice to know,

that I'm not the only one who has worn out every

single welcome Matt and who's serviced every

John

Everyone knows how to get better for me

And I took notes and wrote a lot of it down, seriously

I tried my very best to do it and when I asked for help

No one was around

My mother forgot to pick my brother and I up from school
every single day as kids

I was the one who always was tasked to use the phone at
the office and I remember seeing and getting used to eyes
that look down with pity

How I dearly miss that look now

This one time my parents told me that I was going to get a
Halloween costume with a friend and his mom drove us to
the shop

At the checkout she asked where my money was

I pretended to look around in their car for some money I
said I lost

And that feeling felt like anything

Like sunshine

It felt just fine to me

But I'm not the only one who gets told while being on fire

“We can't put you out until you stop screaming like a
maniac!”

I guess I'm just getting old because getting curb-stomped
didn't use to phase me like it does these days

But I've accepted my lot and when so many things...

Any single one of these issues can be a legitimate Cause for
me to despair and for me to resolve that I should finally
change the local weather report to “It's brainy out today”

But it is so odd how this world plays things out because

I am absolutely happy and my heart is full of love for all

I see more mountains and dragons again ahead

I see the adventure, death

And I accept the challenge

THINGS MAY SEEM MUNDANE, BUT TODAY YOUR LIFE WILL CHANGE

You've lost too many keepers

So now the sword you stay

And from the gnarled woods you've parted and

You're past a weird cross-dressing phase

You saw her at the farmers market

Buying dried reishi caps and stems

And with a worn paperback

There's someone for everyone

Except for you of course

But it looks like you aren't so special

Because standing there before you

You finally witness yours

PAGE 210

The dinner and movie plan

Had not a hitch

Hand in hand

With your future

Already picking out names for kids

She's on your mind

The entire time

Through a routine checkup

It's never taken this long before

You fan away

A tranquil thought bubble

That dot, dot, dots from your head

You ask the man in the mask

Say, what's s all the trouble, friend?"

He hands a folded paper to you that reads:

"HIV-Antibody | result: positive"

IN OTHER NEWS

I've been an Investigative journalist

On the front lines of madness

My whole life

And my reward for this is that now...

I can stand in front of insanity itself

Wave my arms wildly in the air

And conduct symphonies with it.

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THE LITTLE SEED

The Little Seed

Betty June loved all her flowers with all her heart and that love did not stop at the seeds.

Betty June knew that each one of the seeds had a special gift stored inside and she was overjoyed to see the gifts they gave each time one would grow.

In Betty's flower shop, it was considered cruel to keep seeds within pouches to sell to the customers.

Instead, they were contained within clear jars, so they may gaze in wonder about the flower shop at all the plants that used to be little seeds just like they were.

Jeb was especially eager to grow as soon as possible.

As far back as he could remember, he had always desired to become a rose.

He was not like most other seeds in the jar who had not figured out what they wanted to become yet.

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Jeb wondered how the other seeds could have any doubt about what they should become in adulthood.

Roses were beautiful and cherished as gifts of affection from lover to lover.

Roses also had thorns which could prick those who we're not delicate enough to revere their beauty.

The goal for Jeb was to be chosen as a flower that would certainly be gifted to someone to show affection.

Jeb considered that life would be easy for him, seeing as he already had the answers to his future, or at least an idea of what he will become.

One day a man came to Debbie's shop and purchased a handful of seeds from Jeb's jar.

Jeb was one of the lucky ones to get picked.

He squealed with joy the entire ride to his new home where he would turn into a beautiful Rose.

Jeb was given his own pot with rich soil.

The other seeds from Jeb's jar were in the garden too - each having their own pot to grow in.

Jeb joined the conversation his neighbors were having around him and soon found himself bragging about how quickly he would turn into the most wonderful shade of red they had ever seen.

One neighbor expressed that he could not understand why
Jeb wanted to be a rose so bad.

Another seed told Jeb that he doubted that anyone of them
would turn into a rose at all, nor did they want to.

They went on to say that it would be embarrassing having
to deal with all the attention that roses generate.

A few weeks passed and one morning Jeb noticed that
nearly all the other pots in the garden had budded.

Little green leaves could be seen on the tops of all the pots
surrounding Jeb.

This worried Jeb deeply.

Why had he not started to grow yet?

He was exhausted from trying so
hard to grow each day.

He would stay up at night later than the others and stare at
the moon, hoping it would help him grow.

A few months passed and now it was clear to Jeb that the
other seeds were turning into blackberry bushes.

Every one of them had begun to produce their first berries.

Jeb was not a berry bush. He knew that. How could he
possibly become something that did not even have a

flower? Sure, they had thorns like roses, and that was sort-of appealing to Jeb, but it was simply not what he wanted to be all in all.

A year passed and Jeb had not grown into anything.

Jen hadn't given up on becoming a rose and knew he never would.

This thought scared him.

If all he wanted to become was something that he could not be, then would he turn out to be nothing at all?

He would even settle for becoming a blackberry bush - Sure, they were not adored such as roses and no lover would ever give one as a gift, but they sort of looked like Roses and at this point it was about survival for Jeb.

Jeb pictured all the other flowers besides Rose's that he used to see at the flower shop.

He tried with all his will to grow into a morning glory for a few days and then after that decided that he was to flower into a daffodil and the phase lasted for a few weeks.

He even tried to talk to the bushes about his new identities as various flowers and pretended to have as much enthusiasm about being a lilac as he had shared about becoming a rose.

The bushes ignored the tiny sound coming from their former peer and around that time, most of the bushes had resolved to flat out ignore Jeb when he spoke.

The man who's garden they lived in came out one day and picked the season's wealth of berries from the bushes around Jeb and the bushes were all very pleased that their fruits were being so thoroughly enjoyed.

Finally, the man came out to the garden again one day and looked down into Jeb's pot.

He grabbed Jeb and placed him in a tiny jar and put the jar in his car.

Jeb was nervous at first but soon ecstatic to be in Betty June's flower shop once again.

The man complained to Betty that this seed had not grown into a bush.

Debbie exchanged Jeb for another seed.

Jeb could not return to the jar with the other seeds, he knew that.

He was too old and didn't grow.

Jeb was certain that he was to be thrown into the trash.

Jeb look about at the Roses that he grew up admiring within the flower shop and he wept.

Betty June loved her seeds far too much to just throw Jeb in the trash.

She tried a few different mixtures of soil and exposed Jeb to different amounts of lights each day.

Jeb sat in his new pot and thought to himself that Debbie was sure to give up trying to make him grow, but sure enough, suddenly Jeb began to sprout little green leaves.

Within a month, Jeb was a full-grown Marigold.

Betty said to herself that he was the most beautiful Marigold she had ever grown.

A young man came into the shop shortly after Jeb had grown and asked for the most beautiful flower he could buy for his wife.

Betty didn't need any time to decide which one to send the man home with.

The man agreed with Betty that Jeb was certainly the most beautiful flower he had ever seen.

ASKING FOR A FRIEND

How do the months feel as though they were only days

And how do they - when still in them -

How do I, rather

In each minute;

Feel trapped within

Each minute?

And where does that voice come from

That speaks before you do?

Before you think or feel anything

And where does something go

PAGE 219

That you were certain is everywhere?

...

Hello?

SENSELESS SURVEY

Okay everyone. It's Friday so you know what that means.

If you were sitting in a room with someone and you knew without out a sliver of doubt that the other person would randomly drop dead in the next ten seconds or so and you were also holding in an massive but dodgy fart, would you be embarrassed?

So again. It's just you and them. Ten seconds. You fart at, lets say eight seconds, they croke...

Are you embarrassed. Yes or no?

MORE SOLVED PROBLEMS

If the problem is how you address problems itself, then to some degree, your situation is your fault and who wants to address something like that?

Of course, not all of your problems are your fault but a problem of any size ignored by means of applying justifications, will thus remain unsolved.

Problem solved.

BRUTALLY SANE

I was walking forward and back

On the earth

Saying a prayer

Internal

For Bob Sagget

And it dawned on me that

I'm brutally sane

Forget what they say

As they swerve in my lane

Though I'm one to toss out a coupon

And to gesticulate odd thoughts

I just get excited

When "Bingo" gets called

PAGE 223

And all worked up
When a close friend dies
I know which dumpsters
Aren't safe to dive
And that when I was Hitler
I had seven gold teeth
And a watery third eye
And a lucky toothbrush of vermiculite
I'm brutally sane
In fact
It's only me
With madness as a front
Everyone and their aunts
I have hoodwinked
Frued was right
We all secretly want to fuck him
and you think I'm crazy?

I'm brutally sane

NOTHING HURTS LIKE HOPE

“Things will get better”

Is an epitaph

Hope is like

A cobra

That undulates to flutes

And nothing hurts like it

If you had written all off

As failed

Causes all lost

If you're building a skyscraper

It's best it crumbles

Before it's occupied

Before girders

Get built high

Nip it

And the buck stops

Get to it

Before aspirations

Gather logs

For a pyre

And let it go and know that some are meant

To land on the moon

To get common sense

Oh, but not you

And you know it

You know

Nothing hurts like hope

You can't count on it

But you can count on one or two hands

The times you ate last month

It's a clever, scheming place

You fat-ass in a foot race

But what's that up ahead?

Sure

Go to the light

I bet it's a train

To do you right

"Do not resuscitate"

Among other face tattoos

It's like someone held you down

And carved out a you

But hope

You cleaved onto

Fast

Knock it off with that crap already

WANT

I want to solve my problem
But my problem is want

In order to gain things that we want,
There are things we must seek to control
But anything acquired under
The false flag of control
Will then be without value
Because the fear of losing it
or the control it represents
Outweighs the good

If you think you're an authority on anything
You will control nothing
The only thing you control
Is whether to fight the river overtaking you
Or to be calm instead; letting it bare you to the sea

Negative thoughts about other people, though a natural
inclination of ours, is the root of all woes.

Loving yourself begins with loving others.

Instead of thinking someone is stupid, replace "stupid"
with "immature" because there was a time when you were
little and probably long after, where you yourself were
ignorant.

You are here today because people were patient while you
learned and forgave the growing pains.

But if you truly are superior to another and they are old
enough to know better, feel pity instead of frustration but
also gratitude for whatever knowledge and wisdom you've
gained.

CARS

Some people get a car and think to themselves:

“I wonder how many miles I can get out of this?”

Other people get a car and think to themselves:

“I wonder how long until I can get out of this thing?”

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YOU'RE JUST BAD

Empty cat tower and the

Sky's light blue this hour

And the most insignificant cunt

Is on my mind

In the shower

I know your every flaw

I've bared witness to them all...

You're just a bad mother-fucker

And it's you

There's no other

You're a bad mother-fucker

And your struttin

Under ladders

And-you-taped a

Mirror to your kicks

Yeah, you're the thing that matters

Someone should tell you the truth

You're just bad

You're just bad

Holy, holy holy!

Cherubs chant and sing your praise

Oatmeal, bananas and

Trigger-trauma tea

Steeping in

The cup we share

And I'll smile and nod

And blink with love

But then, of course

I'll go fuck off

I know your every flaw

I've bared witness to them all...

You're just a bad mother-fucker

And it's you

There's no other

You're a bad mother-fucker

And your struttin

Under ladders

And you taped a mirror to your kicks

Yeah,

You're the thing

That matters

I gotta tell you the truth...

You're just bad

You're just bad

I can't tell you the truth

With only certain words that flatter

You...

You're just bad

You're just bad...

I could tell you these things

But you'd be giddy as a youth

For whether they be bad or good

Still, they are about you

It's like punching in a dream

Where the air is marmalade

I swear that I'll be better

And I'll swear it on your grave

As for me

I'm just the same

And I'll take

My share of the blame

You know all my flaws

You've bared witness to them all

But I've begged you, prostrate

For forgiveness and grace

But you were frigid and still livid

But soon you were all smiles

And hugs and reconciled

Because you needed

Something

You're just a bad mother-fucker

And it's you

There's no other

You're a bad mother-fucker

And your struttin

Under ladders

And you taped a mirror to your kicks

Yeah,

You're the thing

That matters

I can't tell you the truth

With only certain words that flatter

You...

You're just bad

You're just bad...

I could tell you these things

But you'd be giddy as a youth

For whether they be bad or good

Still, they are about you

It's like punching in a dream

Where the air is marmalade

I swear that I'll be better

And I'll swear it on your grave

Though I really do hate to say it...

You're just bad