

Limitations on Framing the Question

A Collection of Poems

Richard P. Gabriel

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January 1, 2004

Elegance & Reprisal

she was golden once
and held her head like a golden goblet
and smiled like the mornings of Italy
she walked the streets like a young woman
but watched the sun and trees like a crone

I found her attractive
she never found me

Panthers On Main Street

she liked to wander down the main street in town
with her pets lodged firmly in
her mind wearing a skirt that was also firm
the way it didn't wander very far from her
side—tight I mean—on her way to a heavy
breakfast at the café her mother used to
work in a cook shouting code words back
to the waitress prowling like Rilke's panther
wondering who walking in was human

yes we like to fantasize about the women
we meet the magazine stand just up the street
is perfect for gazing both for the magazines
and for those walking past eggs—too
many eggs to sit in the café with them
but watching them go in skirts tight
then come out skirts tighter—man
oh man walking down main street
in a tight skirt

Frozen After Time

one by one they round
the corner as if simply looking
for a fine cup of coffee out
of sight or as if birds
were chattering on the other
side of a lake and they were watchers
and listeners or as if the cold
breeze coming off a frozen river ...

we're walking hand in hand
right up to the end when
we are done exploring the intricacies
of the other's hand and we let go

we let go
right at the end
when the wind is coldest

Long By The Sea

I walk at the end
of a long day ending
by a strongly rolling sea
my breath has been eased
and my lungs are filling full
with the crisp and salted air

after a hard dusk
of a storm sky breaking
of a storm sky spanning
of the birds huddling among the roots
of straining trees
the steep last rising
face of the storm
is slowly then forgotten

what hurt the storm brings
is slowly then forgotten
and I am not
remembering the long climbs
no more detained
I am the runner who once ran past

the path here twisting through many woods
did the dawn once open up
long ago
is the sea air clearing

once frozen lips
are melting
eyes fading along the sea
right now

my hand feels the long grip of yours
pass away
I hear the boom and fall of the nearby sea
I feel the need pass by me
as the storm moves over a distant hill

find the dusk and open up
say it anyway
leave me here
walking at the end of a long day
remembering what I've forgotten
long ago
along the sea

Plains Impersonations

I'm remembering the unforgettable
piercing cold of a shallow winter
on the thin crust of the midwest
plains where the effects of cold
and wind colluding can drive
a man to dropping his guard
for love

not guaranteed nor on the up
and up but a chance
I think for a sly
woman to make her move
like a blanket opening up on her bed
letting the warmth seep out
in a free sample and the man to sneak in
and claim the high ground

is it cold tonight
or do we need to wait

January 6, 2004

Does It Come Down To This?

underground wandering through town
the Boneyard is just a creek
nothing more than a place
the owls left their droppings
filled with the fur and bones
of prey

pray for them who have gone past
whose empty shells give name
to an underground
wandering creek

January 7, 2004

Cold Scene

above the cold creek frozen to a bone
a hot heart beats wings close
to the chest prepare to open
to gather up warm
& hapless souls

12

the clock struck
an inopportune
firehouse longing
under a deep tongue
truly cold
lifting

we drive all day to a park
featuring butterflies wrestling with ennui

Harvest Smoke

stubblefield of the cut down
when the harvest of value leaves
behind stalks

we cut them and pile them
into teepees that we make into candles
early smoke in the air it's so
forgettable

smoke rising
this is not it
this is
not it

he is the harvest
not the reburning
not the returning

my back
faces this scene
I might as well burn
this page

Finagle Angles

burn the page
wrestle like two on fire
place your bets on the field smoke
aligning like luck
and your fortunes
what I love
I give away

Fast On

here the women
stand in doorways in second floor
apartments after midnight
and stare down out their windows
to the car I'm in driving past
they are the opportunity
I don't have having
chosen thought over flesh
when the thoughts of women
standing in doorways would have been to anticipate
me waiting for them and not me anticipating
the darkened roads lined with poor lights
all the way back to a small town
my fingerprints
you see
are on the dagger of my mind's demise
the flat tire I ride fast on

Sinclair/Linda

outside town the little bar
chugs along with a 5 dollar cover
collected by a 400 pound man sitting on a chair
by the door who smiles saying welcome
to my orange free admission stub
& inside the girls
are taking off
their tops down to thongs
& such but they come
sit by me at the tall round table
talk to each other as if I'm their uncle
then I go back behind the dj
& one of them backs up to me
& I rub her back & legs
& she grinds me & climbs
onto my thighs while I watch her
nipples lengthen & soon
when the song ends we head for
the table & talk of her financial planner
the novel she's writing & the article
on how to piss off a stripper
yes that yes me

He-He

so I rub her ass
then reach round to her abs
oh she twists to the dj & all that
& she cups her tits &
I think he-he when her hair
pulls my glasses off
& she grinds the lenses into powder
on the concrete floor with her stiletto heels
he-he she cries & calls out her hubby's name
while I decide not to scoop up my glasses
since this is not a place to come
& see but a place to feel
when you come

Grabbable, That Is

is it time to get better
practice with the tension death demands
leave less and less on the table
with each passing fancy

or is a slow pace the thing
the way we made love at first
or the swift silliness of a lost road

but getting better
like walking across a lake
takes sure balance
like something that adds up
see the point

I see a pattern developing
and that's the work of poets
see
make the pattern plain
yet fresh like morning bread
or evening tea

when you know you might meet
your stripper at the mall
that makes her more like your wife
that is grabbable

Hot Tin

when I saw her the setting sun was trying to hide
her face in its orange backglow
it was main street urbana where except
for the new courthouse everything
else is shut down for 30 years \pm 30 years
she was wearing a long coat over
her stretch lace black dress fresh
from the strip club where she'd strip
off the dress and in just a thong hop
up on a high table wrapping her ankles
around a farmer's neck and pump her pussy
for a dollar not bad for 42 she'd tell her friends
and me but the 23 year old stripper with flop tits
just laughed

she went into the florist
to order roses for her son's debut in the hs
theater production of a cat
on a hot tin roof being romantic
I bought some too that being
where we met
get it

Roof

Permission

I'm sure she sits now
in their darkened bedroom
where for 55 years they slept
in nearby beds the cost of one
large one above their means
and then above their habits
alone after the memorial hundreds
attended and then left for the familiarity
of their beds and talking late in the night
about how she would face the darkened
room alone for the first time
in 55 years

I would help
if it were permitted

Impossible

One Way

the road to the last place
on earth is like any other road:
once on the road
your choice is to go on
quick or go on slow

Or Another

Planned From A Start

hobbled by love
and begging for sanctions against careful elocution
the wigged patent attorney hugs his knees
as the bottle by his feet topples
and drains like a bad dream and sunlight
into a convenient sewer

he once loved a woman more dear
than the hair on the back of his neck
but when his fortunes faded
so did she and all what was left
was the fine grey hair on the back of his neck
and mr bottle of tequila

and a sewer flowing to the charles and then the sea
where the waves roll on
like love in a lifeboat
built long ago
when the wood from trees grew thick
and forceful

Warmup For Double Coding

first I speak to the elite
judging by their lights
how far the rainbow runs until
depositing \$60 in their pockets go directly
to jail
then to you the readers of this light
verse who don't care for the formalities
but wish only
an observation worthy of liking
perhaps reminding you of a Super Bowl
ad or a noteworthy remark of the redoubtable
Samuel
Johnson who lay
with women and never acknowledged
the lie
of saying not even till
the last
day of his life

After A Blank Western Starring the Producer and Director

where were you when I shot
first before anyone was set
for it and the force of evil
fell with one in the forehead where surprise
is supposed to be examining the remnants
of events just aching for the chance
to get up and go
to split head for the hills
but this time surprise lacked the time
and on one side fell let's run
and on the other let's not

For A Few Minutes

on the porch
the vast scope of America hovering around us
on one side the sea
on another the expanses of wheat and corn
behind us the rising mountains of combined east and west
and in front the urban of legend
with face-lifting architecture
and alleys of dumpsters filled with the debris of capitalism
everywhere we look the urge of business
pushes aside the clear views and honest refrains
of our wonderful future
needless to say
our neighbors are lining up
to borrow our camera
when like warm honey
the video ends
the sounds of our rockers comes up
blending with the cicadas
and the reverberation of the power lines
in the right breeze
and now our vacation looms
in her red g-string panties
red stockings
and red high heels
my mouth hanging open
for a few minutes
amen

Three Dot Lounge

behind me the woodstove cracks
inside the wood burning cracks the wood to ashes
from the fractured gray of bark over heartwood
the wood is shrouded in flames then turns a deep black
with red cracks leaking blue flames
and then it all breaks to the mixed porridge of ash
and fragments I vex into a bucket and bury
like a boy does the bird he found
beneath a tree whose fate
dot dot dot

January 23, 2004

Two Views on Cold

when salt water freezes
along the rim of a deep sea
the scent of birds will drift away
and then the sounds of their wings
and songs

we will make our mistakes then
as what's true seems wrong
and what's false has become frozen

Tell It, Lord

while we're at it sir
You have a lot to answer for too
such as why I wasn't prepared for the deaths
and why the women I found soon left me
taking our children with them
why the snowfall I hoped would soften the sharp sounds of conversation
turn to freezing rain or hail on our metal roof
and the injustices and wars
remember those
where dishonest people ruled or honest people became mad
or the log whose bugs beneath became food for the foraging bear
or the rain on my first girl picnic or those ants
remember those ants
and why my mother refused the help
that would have kept me sane

Can Such A Thing Be?

when the wind stops tonight
take the covers and pull them over my face
if I lie on my back and if
I don't then roll me over so nothing
comic takes place and the solemnity
of such a moment as this is kept
intact and if you like
kiss the top of my head which is the spot
closest to my best thoughts or my eyes
which saw as much as they could even
when my enthusiasm hedged
and remember what I told you
but whisper it to no one
and I'll not repeat it either
I think it is perfect
and like nothing else anyone has ever told anyone
and it's our secret

because it is us
no one will ever know

January 26, 2004

Trundling

and when we find the path
that passes by streetlights
dark on the night
the lens we choose
will close and darken
like a shady spot new grown
with leaf

January 27, 2004

Fog Ritual

faced with untimely vision
and strength of hearing
rushed like a hind-leg paragon
and marshalling effort upon grandeur
I'm finding my way past lines of onlookers
whose interest is simply this:
intangible misfortune

So Do We

driving back
streetlights once blaring are now quiescent
and as cars pass I see green dashboard lights
on the faces of diverse drivers
the experience is of exhumation
and of waking

when I woke my father
was carrying me through the cold
November air from the car
to my bed which would not warm
for another hour

or so it seemed until
she came to bed
fresh from a hot bath
and she warmed our covers
the way an exuberant car heater will
with the fan up high

trees branch
and so do we

I H.

why do you all stand around
why are the curtains closed
when all want is a nap
why don't you hear me answering your silly questions
of course I know who you are
and no I'm not thirsty again
I haven't been thirsty in days
if I close my eyes will you go away
I hear you
I hear you sobbing
I h.

Regarding The Nostalgia That Fuels The Web

the crooks stole it all
carrying it out in bags on their backs
looking like prison guards hauling
out the prisoners they've killed today
looking for a proud burying ground
and here is what they said walking out

about 400 of the bodies were originally buried here—of the remaining 400, there were
about 150 brought from Selma Ala
about 160 brought from Cahawba
about 40 brought from Demopolis
about 27 brought from other places
for a total of 400

the tools used are now kept in a tent
many are lost
a small tool house is asked for and is needed

when I've dug the grave it turns
and digs me

you can guess what they stole
your guesses are inventory
you are the crooks

Fear S. Thompson

the fear is assembled
from small altercations
using instructions translated from Japanese
like

English sentence:
Jane went to the school

same sentence in Japanese:
school Jane to went monkey apple carburetor

your fear
being well-constructed
blends real facts
and your facts
blasted through a venturi valve

your fear resembles
animé

On Repose

fixed but not repaired
stationary some might say
a fixation of an unremarked kind
affecting the small tests fore danger
like the wording that justifies
the flight from loving and less than
ennobling actions taken in back
seat on buses by the sea
oh and don't forget the banks of slow flowing
rivers you see sentimentality has choked
on nostalgia and in we're in for many
vent clearing maneuvers

Retelling

so it's cold
and the lumberjacks are off
fucking any native girl they can
or even ones from Korea
making monsters
and guitar-playing heroes
who once sweet
is now colder
more accurate
a better storyteller

In Eons

she reads it over and over
trying to figure the meaning her
emotions feel are hidden
in the clever words that make her cry
but twist away at the last second
not knowing that meaning
is for a god whose existence
is the biggest joke he's heard
in eons

Got it

that another winters paints the hills
not entirely alive there is no
certainty in the pale air rhyming
like a refrain from the flattened
south hankering to heat up
the cooling coils turning dripping
air to dripping pans drawing red
ants from the dust-laden ground
new from a mow painting the grass
to a uniform depth

that it reminds me of the fire there is
no doubt no more doubt than
the house that's burned down
whose cellar is become a dump
full of pulp and rats

I can't think of a better thing
nor a place that can't benefit
from a month painted snow
white and bitter cold
and a depth of buried feeling
like nostalgia rotting into sentimentality
get it

Forgetting/Getting Rid

papers piled swept
away into the forgotten places
papers and things snudged with importance
tinged by the old and passed by
something that one day will be pumped
into the dumps and away places

we'll see these things only once or twice more
before the day comes when we need to forgot
them and ourselves too
and what even living might mean
to those who have forgotten it

February 6, 2004

About All There Is

no one is sure where
god is tonight
considering the hushed voices
in the bar up the street
the answer is true blue

Tight and Spanking Clean

when we face the bed
what is to be found there is
as frightened as we
may become
the stage is set up
and the players fear the audience
as we fear them
for what we find is more
always more
than what is otherwise real
can offer

who would dare tarnish
such an icon

Another Prayer

as the hour nears
feeding itself on the separate shards of time
passing by
the erosion is bearing down
deepening toward a core
which is the secret we lust
after o lord
find my way with me
listen to the stepping
as I step closer to you
then farther away
sound your voice
that I might reckon your place
and mine
combine with me as man combines with woman
and find the open plain as warm as the warmth
of a winter burning stove

I fear both your absence and your presence
for you are everywhere
help me find hope
help me prepare

Method #1

I start anywhere
like here
talking about where I start

I follow the path that spins
ahead of me
formed in the manner that spiders make silk

in the end good lines
stretch like disordered loose
coiled chains

in the end the path
if true
leads to one place—what's real

Out of Sight

when we focus the world
around us disappears
so focus is the opposite
of reality and the enemy of truth

it took great genius to learn this
by a man with tremendous focus

and we believed him
because we studied his mathematics
carefully
one line at a time
and within that line
one symbol at a time

we celebrate the absurdity of his effort
but we don't recognize it
because we focus
we call it insight

Far Out

Sand Digger

in the bed
of a truck hauling sand
from a deep sand pit
reached by a sandy road
descending down past earlier
digs . . .

while my father shovels sand
I climb to the top of the slope
easily 50' up
the top 5' clayed and straight

I run back to the edge of the woods
run out and jump

I'm in the air for vertical 20'
weightless unwinged
the slope catches me
as a gentle father might

while mine keeps digging
intent on cement
and the hard drive out

Flight Instructor

Jump

wreckless to worry
concern is the dry toast
act is nine
profitability = technology
1 is no number sir

the sweet words of nervous poets
creep into the pockets of trenchcoat pamphlets
those rags that no one reads
there is nothing there a person needs to live
never mind the news
their words sticky pop
in a "musical" sense

pap wins prizes
for judges refuse to judge
for a judge's judgment judges him

when in doubt
vote for the cheerleader
then breeze off to Alabama
for juleps

-ing Juleps

February 13, 2004

Death Hath No

check the date
death waits nearby
shit what's that
sound of feathers disappearing from wings

February 14, 2004

Old Age Adage

when you start taking pills
to stay alive
staying alive is backing away

Method #2

why did I dream
I saw her die
with my son on a tower looking down
she walked from her bed to puke
returned to curl up
then did it again

she curled up and called to her mother
and her father
not to me
nor to my son

study hard

The End

at the airport
we stood in line behind the swim team
and when we got to the agent
I helped her get her ticket
while she listened to my voice
answering questions that frightened her
and when she thought it was over
I got her a frequent flier card
to make things easier next time

I had carried her bag
and all she had were a backpack
with her schoolbooks
and her computer in a special bag
I bought her for Christmas one year

we walked to the security line
and I waited with her
telling her about the connection
and the friend who would pick her up at the other end
but when they asked for her ID
I had to stop
she kissed me
perhaps thoughtlessly
I could go no further with her
I stood and watched
while she never looked back

In Small

Hot Copper Bed

supercomputer
doing its shuffles
in the billions per second
spider in a web of memories
it trades amps for heat
and results

it takes effort to make the random
bits hold out tokens
of intent to shuddering eyes

I talk to it by shaking my hand
and pushing regular buttons
and how do I know it loves me

it speeds up
its fan

hot

Foreign Insomnia

I recall crossing the heavy bridge
over the Danube
thinking that the water seemed oily
flowing under sodium streelights
after a heavy dinner in Pest
something about it reflected
there my last year

the next morning walking through town
I saw three cranes on three low buildings
hovering over the street
over where workers dressed in heavy
clothes struggled toward work

that evening I found her door
its knocker was a lion holding a ring in its mouth
the door handle the green tail of a fish from poetry
worn gold where flesh beat upon it

I will never forget the smells
beneath her blankets
all of a kind

Corner L*nger

on the corner
wind scoring the corners
of mahogany colored building edges
rain forming whipped pools
I'm waiting
for the lights to dim or a window
to crack from heat
or dual pressure

now it's time to turn
leave
even though the trees
shake no
no no
and the rain is just getting
going

what's up there
why this place
now?
why again?

Flip/Flop

a clock makes its thinking
known through a metronomic
shuffle like a yes/no
0/1 on/off you know
the face moves so slow

they move away from me
slow but with a concerted pace
the sun heading down
is the signal
the alarm about to go off
the noise about to come on
yes we may have loved you
no you are no more

I Was Led Here

as I came to the crossroads
waiting there flatland all
all directions
heat & dust & wind fueling
my unending thirst
my map on the hood
a bottle on the hood

she stopped her truck & stepped
out telling me of 4 corners
the wings of man
then I watched

her climb back in & drive
away to the west
the wind whipped my map
tearing it in two

I watched the dust
from her tires
drift away fast
I stood there for hours

Wanking It

saving it
just wastes it
smell of sun-hot oil
where trucks sat parked
while driver downed burgers
something hot
something sweet
something over the top
I'm heavy on the wind
saluting flags that snap
to straight for fractions
of a second
the red on the gaspump
reminds me of my flag
and a girl I made up
while figuring out how to love
myself in the middle
of the sunset afternoon

Light Warthogs & Satan

His sneezings flash forth light,
and his eyes are like most people think warthogs
and cane toads are: ugly. Does
this mean that they have been created by Satan?
Unleash dazzling, constantly
changing rainbow light from various warfare
planes, and Air Force A-10 Warthogs.
Adam was "shot down" by Satan's deception!

When separated by distances that imply
faster-than-light communication, the way I
see it, ambient Satan wrinkles not when
the amazing warthogs preserve tomatoes
but when you got your first attempt
at a light-weight DOS.

Finally Time

when the clock finally
shuts up the only ticking left
will be time's little lies

Terminal Waiting

in the terminal the mood
is pacing from one lounge
to another past shops closing
now that it's late

the airplanes that wait
by gates in foreign terminals
at night languish while workers
clean and fuel and masters
check and prepare

the terminal in Denmark
seems yellow in my memory
with high ceilings
very high

voices carry their insinuations
through accents based on deepened voices
and lilting overtones

I buy a beer and a sort of hot dog
and smear the meat with hot mustard
the newswoman on the tv acts like she has information
but it is only noise

eventually beautiful women walk by
and I'm reminded of where I am
on this journey our takeoff
will take us over water

some will be heading home
others away but the constant
reminds me of the color of the terminal
yes the terminal

Or Numbers

I'm sipping what I thought was coffee
but it is heavy and bitter though infused with milk
which lies in layers in different colors
can this be right?
girls are sitting nearby
it's warm in the sun though the day is quite cold
the building with the café is green a kind of stone green
the girls are women I guess
they seem to be talking but it sounds like sex to me
there are metal tents on the tables
more like A's but without the -
they have letters on them
or numbers
what are they for?
they are gold color like a faux brass
the tables are round and green like ones at patio store
I bought a paper at the bookstore but it is for pretending
waiters come out with plates of food and look
they are searching do they want the girls?
I mean do they want the women?
I read about feminism but I like girls
oh the tents a signs for the waiters
they are looking for the letter or number that means the person bought something
I want to buy some chocolate maybe a piece of cake
one girl stands up and man
is her skirt tight and look at her ass
which do I want more
her or the cake
the cake will taste better
but her ass will give me a better memory
what does the paper say?

Down Slope

trains along the embankment
ride down a shallow slope
never far from the river
through canyons and wooded spots
and finally to the widening foothills
and out onto the plain

how like the end of a trip

Irrational Design

I am the last alive
as more fails I waste away
because this was the designer's best idea
but the best ideas don't work well
in the last circumstances

Names and Numbers

[we slow down
old 66 and a 65 Mustang
covered in dust we stop
to lower the top the wind rises
blowing dust onto the already grayed
blue paint when it's down we're off
after an hour the heat and creosote smells
turn us off we slow down
raise the top].com

Backwards

the animal watches me
with intensity
his head tilted to one side as if wondering
and I wonder whether he knows
something secret
perhaps when I'll die or how
or whether he's as dumb as
he looks looking at me like I'm the dumb one
maybe he's in on a joke
animals way smarter than people
way way smarter and when we first popped
onto the scene they said hey let's
pretend we're stupid and see how long
before those apes figure it out

Her Thoughts I Could Swear

the sharp edges of her
raw commentary linger on my thinking flesh
like all women her
dull opinion of me remains
I find her oddly
contrary

her mind
in contrast
has a few new thoughts to hop onto
hop hop yep hop hop

someone has gained enough
rights to license an image of Jesus

Jesus

March 3, 2004

Clichés, He Said

is it time to start my eulogy
no one else will write it
nor anyone care
much but someone may read it
or I could post it on the web
my tilt toward the opposite of obscurity
I've got nothing much else
to do while I sit and wait
for the end

Trite on Breathing

breathing inhaling
breathing out exhaling
the lungs fill up & we
realize how fragile it is
to depend on the substances
that hover above ground
of the perfect temperature
we understand the rarity
but we are made for it
it's as natural as breathing

Your Programming Language Ideas

it's all about understanding
when we want an argument of type
`temperature_reading` the signature
tells everyone what is expected
and no one needs to read the code
but Bjarne don't you see
when the argument name's
`temperature_reading` you told them
the same thing

ha ha ha you're so funny Bjarne
your programming languages ideas
are killing us

A Dull Night Vigil

looking out my second floor apartment
down a street not known for glamor
the rain has been filling the pockmarks
and the black asphalt has risen to a sheen
from the glare of a streetlight down by the corner
the rain's stopped now for a moment
and the wind's holding off too

a couple in a car parked just off the hydrant
seem wrapped up in each other
the windows are steamed opaque
I'm sitting by my window eating a soft pear
and listening to the single A game two counties over
my window is not steamed

I hear a car coming from the cross street
and if all goes as it seems it must
the couple will pause and look up
the car will turn onto the street below
the slick road will endure two widening gashes
and soon the storm will resume
in all its hideous silence

still the pear must be eaten

Shake Rattle and Roll

often the rusty regain form
suffering the semblance of accomplishment
I've often wondered where ideas come from
new ones
but things keep rattling in my head

frameworks might work
sort of a metaphor but easier to understand
a car with wings where the wheels would be
that's a new idea
for me
but wasn't Hermes like that
in a mythological sense?
Giambologna made him look queer I say

when I read a new idea I say
there is something odd
or unnaturalistic
about the way it is presented

Eye O'

she moves like a hurricane
away as if pressures guide her
and what she destroys is the ghost of whims
as she moves her face disappears
in spasms of incoherent hair
and quintessential longing
oh my dear head aches and blues
plays at a quick pace

let me pass by
let the day spill and find me
in her eye

Black Lantern

Before the rabbits pass
the girl with the tattoo around her waist
must tip her hat if she has one
and the crows huddled in their horde
must hop to the side and quake
or turn their heads at once
and croak or quawk
and then the rabbits
they shall pass
by hopping like rabbits will
and the girl will giggle like girls will
and the crows will turn
blacker than hope which is the black
they're born with as was the world
and all of the rest of us.

Circular Reasoning By You Know Who

The paths are growing over
with the grass people routinely mow
and even aspens are popping up
or are they birches;
anyhow the day has come when this bit
of familiarity is past. But this trail
once led to a warming hut
stocked before people left
with kindling and small firewood
bundles for those who came by
later.

Now no one can
find it though it must be part of the woods
lovely dark and mysterious deep
as the master once wrote
from the back of an old pickup
truck heading away. He and others
I never loved are long gone
in cemeteries at the ends
of invisible paths.

Punctuation Flats

a wave of girls pass by
and what will happen when the crest and come crashing down
the bottom must have come up fast and the wind
that blew them up must have been strong and persistent
somewhere

I want to peel them like oranges
and smell their oils on my fingers for days after
but this is the wrong century
and I'm reduced to leaning and cursing

my vote doesn't count in the race
for good taste
I sit by myself at this computer
and type with no effect
click click tap
little electronic marks
spew out

punctuation makes
things end
abruptly
when my vision tells
me it all goes on
and always will

Hammer of Justice

imagine the dead from
all the wars ever fought
think of them judging the effect
they had

would you be willing
to be judged by them for what
we've made of all those deaths

failing that
what of those ignored
with nothing to say
nothing ever said

who simply were
and were and were
all over this land

Smell The Aroma

hay rake
side delivery
dozens line up for the debate
over the spondee and echoes
versus the complexity of rhythm and meaning
that a longer line might provide
it is called a side delivery rake
because it leaves a wind row of hay
to the left and beside the rake
it is not a trip rake
which combs the hay
the side delivery fluffs the hay
so it dries faster
lines of hay in windrows

the perfect line
is tight as Dick's hat band

O Yap

oh the streets
you walk down them and stare
at each place
some houses are painted black
painted black

I saw one with white trim
for instance there was a white trellis
in the shape of the chimney
and 4' in front of it
the plastic curtains were white too
and the garage door
let's say that everything like a wall was black
and everything else was white

around back they had a big yard
which was mowed pretty nice
there was a black Weber grill back there
and a fence around like you'd need for hunting dogs
but the place was in town
my wife asked if that whole yard was really part of their place
I said
who'd dispute them

looked like Raiders' fans to me
but we didn't want to find out
so we high-tailed it down the street
to where a pair of white West Highland terriers lived
and we listened to them yap
for a while

Inept Building And Conclusion

behind the yard the woods
and within them the clearing in a grove of white pines
and in the center a rock no one ever moved
onto the stone wall fences all around it

by the rock I built my teepee
out of thin pines in a pyramid
and boards nailed all around
but the door
and covered every week with fresh branches
laden with needles

in the center of the teepee
I dug a hole and buried a tin
filled with pictures
my parents would not want to see

little by little
I learned what made me tick
do you want to know what it was
those pictures

Peter Out

beginnings this is the avenue
that dwindles to a path
in cavernous woods by a stream
that peters out before emptying anywhere

I've learned to let the images speak
for themselves without embellishment
by the music of English
which lurks like one of the zombies
from Night of the Living Dead
living dead their houses reek of nostalgia
because that's all they have except for
a deep hunger

a hunger such as we feel
turning onto the avenue
sweet and clear

Driving One

driving the backroads
western kansas
people here have died for reason
not whatsoever

it's a puzzle
a weird puzzle
in which the more you work
on it
the more the puzzle grows
a jigsaw
which when
you put a piece in place
9 more fall onto the unplaced pile

I was a dew breaker
I arrived early but now it's leave time
a fall

she might know I've been
here here
where her remains
she remains
sweet and clear

don't open the door
listen instead
to the car tires throwing up
sand silted by the curb

remember me
as you remember loneliness
and the radio

Opaque Your Eyes

streets around LA
hint at the heat possible
and cars are either over
the top or under the bottom
this is not the place for blues
my eyes have burned more brightly
only in rare places

only the rare singer
relies on tone and voice
such will sing long notes
holding them and timbring

in LA singers like that
are dead and buried
and reburied
as if something were on the shoulder

side streets are the main
thing I follow them wherever
as long as the mausoleum is in
sight or the house over a large
garage and all that

sleep on it
sleep on a bench by a thoroughfare
make sure your eyelids are opaque
your eyes

Seeking Remix

there's a spotlight
hinging back and forth
seeking that important thing
called nothing
far away the beam moves past the eye
faster than light
but mr einstein is not concerned
since many things move that fast
space and religion being two of them
in the eyes of most consumers and artists

let us set their content free
for remix at least

Short Metaphoria

we fast then slurp maple
syrup fast as a dog licking
peanut butter stuck to his palette
what we eat up fast are fake stories
better than real but best when mixed
with real so the past seems richer
than our lives our lives like the fasting
the fake stories like the maple syrup
the truth like a dog's tongue

(Importance)

we make too much
(of) money I claim
which makes us
sense(less of) the discrepancy
between love and loss
and the march of military horses
off to another (oil)field

Forgotten But Visible

old brick
buildings with painted signs
painted in the '20s '30s
or later
corsets saddles safes
supplies
an old Westchester exchange
phone number painted on
an old dairy an A&P
a doctor's office
when we look the past
is on us sensible signs then
like drying rain puddles
the headstones have been pushed
over graffitied over
when the sign to the old cemetery falls
apart the day has come
for being old

Designing For The Sexes In Western Kansas

the fluttering curtains pulled out of windows
lines of dust and sand squalls angling across the street
a potato-chip bag emptied and parachuting along
a coke can rolling then flipping end over end into a side street
a high-pitched whistle from a set of four guys
against the rattle of a rusted antenna held up
by them frame the symphony of wind-whipped cacophony
down the street on the far sidewalk a pretty woman's skirt
is suddenly lifted when she passes out of the shadow of a stepvan
and her flowered panties briefly are all that's between her and me

women

but my pickup doesn't mind the heavy midafternoon winds
or the sideshows and imponderables
she just turns over when I ask
and goes when I put my foot down

things to be

a thug a ring a taxi driver a violin
you know
someone you love

fingered

Destiny

coughing as I walk near and then
past the palace of fortunes
good and bad for fortunes
pile up and weigh down

I slouch and raise my
collar as if this little bit
of hiding can pass for reluctance
the bricks weep and stain

my car doesn't love me
but its faithfulness
gives me faith
makes me love
destinations

Very Tiny

Traction

no one knows
about backroads like a cyclist
(bi or motor makes no diff)
I am reminded of a song
that lopes through nostalgia and roads
like a snowplow the day after a storm
I can hear that song in my head
its sappy words and overmusical melody
distract me from writing well
each line is writ worse
each next word seems pulled from the idiom bin
this is a reckless encounter with a feather pillow
the roads the backroads they lead somewhere
past stands of steaming cottonwoods
no roads the black roads leaves blow across black roads
in Western Kansas Nancy her head wrapped in silver foil
no that's the never-stops wind
where was I
that song
did Elvis write it
no one of the Beatles
be at Lesos
no one knows

Distraction

I Write The Words That Make

I wrote love letters
for many my friends who love
to love but had no notion
of what that took
it's not just odor
and warmth

they wanted words like
love honey baby
when I thought please
was more appropriate
or a mood would work wonders

sex positions were frequent
-ly suggested veto
was my response

letters came back
with scents and script
results I called them

I had them for a day
and showed them to my friends

this was all I had
to show for it

The Young Girls Squirm

My Hotel

the most beautiful hotel's
front door is down a side
street and the smell that rises
from nearby bins is of old onions

I'm picturing the city it's in
with a river cutting it in half
and cruise boats going up and down
under bridges lined with lovers
something the city is known for

do you picture Kansas?
let me add some things

paintings
people paint here
and collect paintings here
there are places where painters paint

pantings
people pant here
and collect panties here
there are places where pantie-lovers pant

lovers and art
ok churches
and cathedrals too

the river
people die in it
people live on it in boats
the river has a odor
yet people sunbathe by its concrete banks

banks
people bank here
and collect banknotes here
there are places where bankers bank

you want to guess
I know you do
please guess
so I can stop writing

Fries

we've stopped at the joint
order burgers with Suzie Qs
waiting takes 10 minutes
we've found a bench out in the field
where birds are waiting for our Suzie Qs

the field will fill with old cars soon
and music from the 1960s
by the time you read this
those songs will be unremembered
and cars rusted to dust or turned to smoke

our food is ready and we've decided
to eat so slowly that the cars will have come
and gone before we're half done
the birds are muttering
which we hear because they are so close by
waiting for our Suzie Qs

all the time we wait
no friends come by
no one stops to say hello
they are busy forgetting
what just happened
for the most part
and saving only the strangest
and most common

March 30, 2004

The Muff

after it was over
I went to the end of the bench
and sat alone

at other times and for other people
my team mates would one by one
join saying nothing

I sat alone
this is how the end works

Something That

looking from above
the land looks worn
changed by strangers
looking there long after I left
the farm seems old
and some distances shorter

my next big purchase
will not be for fun
but for something that reminds
me

Damn You Dobyns

we planted a tree today
a japanese maple that will have a tough
go where we placed it
out in the sun in our south-facing yard
backed by a stucco wall
it will bake
it's a lacey red maple about 3' tall
we planted it in damp soil
with plenty of Miracid

today the wind blew hard from the west
and our little maple had a hard day
its roots are good
we think it's grafted

we think it will not live long
but if it does we will be dead before it reaches its glory

I'll stop writing now
so you can dream up all
the ways to make this metaphor
work

Ain't It The Truth

I read the news which purported to be the truth
but I recalled quickly that it had been written
someone sitting down and selecting how to lead
me through the facts someone choosing
from this or that existing stuff someone
selecting words that can't be chipped
or sanded down to fit perfectly
the perfection of imperfection someone not
a poet once said of something else
fits here because something more
important than perfection
is at stake and it ain't
the truth

Without

the force of light
is the falseness of clarity
dark is among the prophets
and trash cans
a lurker among the least
coexists with friendship on the table
after bitterness at each other's throats

I find it all amusing especially the studyists
who look hard in silence
then speak till dark

I wait for the force of light
to bring clarity to falseness

Spiritually Fallen Sphere

what will the dead teach us of death
with their limited channels
and dumbfounded looks
even Jesus could spare us only 40 days
and low-key ones at that
no theme music
no special rides
no church raisings

we are citizens of a crippled world
if Jesus had gone off on some spectacular
worked up camp He would have formed
an off-beat cult

Four Perfect Truths

All were fucking lied to because
Ernest Hemingway committed suicide—
these howlin' mutts bring on a 3rd stray to join
Jesus H. Criminy rag on the Darkness.

"Jesus, Mom," said the squid,
"Parisian avant-garde,
from Louis Ferdinand Céline to Ernest Hemingway,
was already unusual on an island of yellow mutts."

Ernest Hemingway: To die and sodomize me
in my sleep for not continuing the chain
which was started by Jesus—if you don't,
you'll be eaten by wild mutts!"

But the final, definitive answer
is provided right here by mutts:
At the beginning, the bloody Jesus made an impact,
but by the end anything by Hemingway
must not to rely on physical comedy.

Teasing Topics

we pick the topics
steer clear of desperate towns
and straight ahead till dawn

in the afterwards they patrol
the nearby fields and trails
then devouring an unsuspecting dragon fly
clutching a much larger butterfly

we loaded up our gambling software
we ask what if it were a butterfly disguised
to take that prize home

what if what suffers
is granted the right to choose the topic

Dangerous Bend

there is a passing by that towns
in the center of our country
endure like a thought come and gone
before it's nailed like the way our daydreaming
turns to nightdreaming just as we fall
like a lazy flat stream over a worn flat rock
that's what happens just out
of the corner of the little town's eyes
which are averted while the women there sleep
with men not their husbands

Flattened and Hot

what blows across the road
is a stray leaf or maybe a lizard
running hard

the asphalt is like an iron
pressing the bottom of a flattened
rat caught dreaming instead of running

there is lots of nothing
between the distant towns
sprinkled here with greed

and what blows across the road
blows from near to far as far as
the lonely and hopeful are concerned

Working on How It

sometimes we don't know how it works
we built it and still don't know
how it works was accomplished
through guessing and repeating failed
attempts until something happened
to change many aspects are not settled
which leaves room for more changes
we hope someone drops something into it
so it can do more stuff that we don't know
how it works

Beauty/Pain

two things are here
the statue of the dying centaur
and a swarm of mosquitos
one is the work of genius
one genius who worked many statues
before working this one
the other the work of hundreds
of small minds synchronized by a common hunger
hunger is what is common to both
and for me the question is whether my hunger
for beauty in the form of an engoldened bronze statue
of the last centaur dying is stronger
than my hunger for respite from the appetites
of small minds united by the most
common of coincidences

Flexible Socket Set

jesus I thought they were both the same
you do have a section of flexible exhaust pipe after the header
I was able to re-torque my head

the torque limit for this gearbox is well within
flexible assembly methods
streetracing is gay and jesus hates gays

cleaner straight edge telescopic gauge set torque angle gauge
for every problem in your life jesus is the
flexible socket set

Off 66 Not Much Else

we can't forget the cabins by the entrances
to abandoned mines these were the places
of hope long ago
still are thinking of one case
if you forget the roof caved in
and the beams a gullible bleach
or the sealed up entrance where a man would descend each day
while a woman would hope for results
while making bread over a stove on a hot day

now it's part of rustic acres off 66
and everything's abandoned
but the hope sealed inside the symbol
of one man's dug in hopes

Symbols Of Death

they are along the sides of roads
they seem abandoned by a closer look
reveals them cared for
their designs kept up in the face of weather
and the wind of cars and big rigs

when I see them I stop but I've learned why
they are where they are
when I stop my car and another passing by
nearly takes mine off
or a truck brushes me back

these crosses are here because the places
attract bad luck and trouble

one had dates and a small bear
and chrome from the cars placed
around the cross

Round Round Get Around

gathering around
waiting around
getting around
running around
being around
around by an uncertain amount
a specific but unspecified
point somewhere
around here

Aromatic Thoughts

when we speak of death
we speak of fear beneath
the aromatic mesquite tree
flush full with lacy green
leaves near the start of spring
and when the photographer
snaps a shot he asks us all
to look like someone else
so he can snap another

permission to move on
there is no shame in permission
it is not the domain of authority
we seek ...

the desert air hangs closer
the sun long disappeared
is warning other places of its departure

...it is the domain of mercy

The Apology

In the one to have hung on on
and for it to have signed up
we apologize for the blunder which the trouble
“that it isn't possible to enter a room” generated.
Because it is in the heart in the future
for such a blunder not to occur
still, it is thank you.

The request is the first from you.
There is much uniform.
Because myself, too, love Aki's
of uniform appearance
It takes a photograph still to the full.

The new comer policewoman “Aki”
it falls into a snare, it is made to drink medicine
and it is confinement V...
which regrets being born at the woman.

Required by the e-mail and the BBS for you,
it took a photograph with the costume.
You, too, require.

It sells the pen of Aki fan wholesale.
That one of “lipstick” Bisco took.

Anyway, beautiful Aki can be seen.
It is the pen wholesale image of Aki's member.
Of the virgin very roughly
Aki, too, is being unconsciously moved.

66 Tears

what a land of plenty
abandoned roads
factories left to cave
in whirlwinds of dust
blown from the remains
of a field

this hotel
they try to keep it new
looking
awkward and small
it's made for another era

when people moved from Chicago to LA
via 66
66 the siren
they rejoiced in the falling down beauty
of the high and low deserts now
its abandonment is its fame

where is this dream we've dreamt
in its 66th incarnation?

Roadside Shrines

too many of the roads leading here
are exhausted from the pelting

the asphalt suffers the heat
and freezing dying for
our sins of commission

the places by the road to park
are hazards celebrated by the only
kind of littering never punished

the places of crosses contain
danger and represent the horrors
of the determined past

Bryce Unfiltered

the place is complicated
and through that beautiful

early in its history the man whose family
name named it said
"it's a hell of a place to lose a cow"

did this man deserve such beauty
did he lose many cows there

why was this place not sacred
not to him not to anyone

I got tired hiking there
imagine if I had to hunt down
a lost cow

Weak and Weary

pass time and spend money
the roads from one desert to another
pass through zones and zones

the traveler reeks of havoc
and the tired reek of lost habits

the sleeping place is as usual
strange and unkempt

the promise of tales to tell
sparks me and the raven

who sauntered by dapper
in response to my photo query
may we both regret our knowing smile

Confronted By Anger

piss

On Their Floor

Like His Head, He's Washed Up

Carl Philips—
how does he know
as if it might matter one whit
that myths matter?

Orpheus—
who the hell was he
yet another
verser and singer?
His little sneaking look
what the hell was that all about?

Lesbos—
that's where he gave head.
Girls like it too,
Carl. What a lie.

Terraserver

from above
from way above
I see that the cemetery is partitioned
into the old and new
by the size and randomness
of trees

the order with which the dead
have been placed
in rows or in elegant curves
is more or less
hidden by the extravagance
of life

down there
from up here
beyond the comforts of breathable atmosphere
the view is remote
for the source is coldness

I look down at the place
my mother rests
my father rests
there it is peaceful and remote
from here it is a display

Two Points of Singularity

the old places have learned to linger
new ones look furtively at each passerby

dust settled on rocks in the old places rarely shift
or veer away from the place of rest

I must choose
and choose soon
which type of rock to settle under
which sort of sky to rise above

perhaps what I need is water to weep with
as when the rain falls on the green river
in the canyon below the high bridge

the contrast is affecting
I crave negation and affection

Heaviness of Rain

I turned when the door opened and she
walked in put her coat on a hanger
in the closet by my door outside the city lights
hung yellow by the street and blue elsewhere

rain ran down my windows
when would she slip off
her skirt?

the atmosphere closed in
the door remained shut
for now what's the use in
being good?

the heavy layers of rainsound
put me to sleep when I woke
I found her skirt on
the floor her coat
though

Rain Going On Snow

she ended up around the corner
beneath a streetlight her shadow
on the pavement mixed with her reflection
in the pooled rain

her skirt by me by inference
would have meant a night
but without her
the skirt is just a garment

around the corner she glances up at a window
framing a woman staring down the street
a shadow moving slowly behind her
along the wall the curtain is another envelope
the package inside just in panties

later that night the rain would turn to snow
when the temperatures dropped
was it the turning away of women
in the night lit by streetlights
and men mere shadows

it is like this everywhere
all the time

Like There's Hope

still here
standing by the happy hunting grounds
wondering what that means in 1962

still here
standing by the happy hunting grounds
wondering what that means in 2002

when abstraction evaporates
all settles to concrete
carved

Aromas & Shade

few have seen the pagan waxed
leaves of mesquite thinking
the aromatic smoke indicates
a rough creosote tree cramped
about the desert
instead the lacework leaves and yellow bean
pods shelter in shade the rockstrewn
canyon floors and yes
it's aromatic
isn't everything?

Dinner Alone

sitting in the steak
bar looking
out the open door
across the street
and up 20 floors
a woman grills a steak
on a balcony
just after sunset
up north

street level
a woman in tight stretch pants
breaks everything
in and out
of sight

Changing

we look at it as if in awe
the woman in the wet suit changing
from black shined skin to haired blonde fuzz
by the back of her Volvo wagon by the cold bay
Vancouver BC
—not time but place—
the man to have taken her out to the sunken boat shoals
missed his alarm and kept on in peace
till noon and a wrong tide

she walks past us on her way to the small breaking surf
an after effect of something not visible here
and the day ends for us all
on this note like something below the surface

Fabled; Fateful

led here the sky lingers
above us dropping down like a cloud
full of rain ready to drop
for 70 hours until the next change
hungers to find revulsion in the city
streets plagued by vomit and urine
beginning as the revelation of people
as lingering sores behind living doors
and through all this I sit by the side
like an artist high on the missing
the fabulous beauty

Black Ship With Orange Stripe

the freighter ships out
slow heaving to in a tug-
assisted pirouette its cargo
of APL safe in containers perched
precariously on the upper deck

APL barbed like devils
cleaving food from each other
a computer language for terse expression
not a single space for breath
this cargo has been manufactured by Chinese
skilled in ideograms and what is plain
is mystery puffed up with clues

Graph A Bird Relic

Prebrachial grid.
Rapid, large birch.

Drip a large birch.
Repair, grab child.

Rid graphic baler.
Grr! Pile bad chair.
I drag barrel chip.

Rip garbled chair.
Drip herbal cigar.

Big rear pilchard.
Pig hid arc barrel.

Graphic, Real Bird

All Regard Pubic Hair

Uphill bard carriage.
Graphical, lurid bear.

Air calligrapher bud.
I large, bad, rural chip.

Graphic, durable liar.
Pig dual barrel chair.

Uphill carried a brag.
Rebuild racial graph.

Larger pubic-hair lad.
Hi! public, large radar.

Rigid, blue chaparral.
Had peculiar bar girl.

Reverb Still

she stood in the center of the room
between songs the center of many attentions
in her suede skirt and green sweater
and I watched and didn't watch
for four years and never once
asked her anything or for anything
between the two doors to the food lines
the cautiously optimistic band from Haverhill
plays they have learned their three R's
playing with restraint resignation and reverb

Warmth Warmth

the woods are no place for deep
thinking when darkness collides with human fear
and the configuration of trees has been studied
to find the safest place to await light

it makes no sense to think of women
at a time like this and even the sleeping
would agree were agreement in their bodies

far away trucks hinder the peaceful night
with something like screams tires
overwrought by macadam but far
away is far away and a fallen tree
is like enough to home

dreams are not in the cards
tonight for safety trumps
desire except desire
for the warmth warmth gives

1, 2, Bet

he pulled up her skirt pulled
her panties to 1 side and fucked her
hard against the wall he fucked fast and hard and it was
over in minutes

as he pulled out
she dropped to
her knees taking his dripping
cock in her mouth and
sucked it clean.

he left her to fix
herself and returned to
the bar and his
2 pals who handed over 50
bucks each

No—No, No

in this line I find a photo of jesus
taken with a polaroid just before his trial
his hand is up to the lens
his head is blurred shaking no
and behind him a girl is on his arm
as they push toward a donkey rented
for that evening can it be
god loves his nights out?

Pancake

Pancake writes
the world stumbles in its precession
stories free
from kitschy sentimentality
slobber with plain-spoken accuracy
words poured over West Virginia soaked
through adolescence experiences thin
enough to pour plots rising overnight
and mornings stirred well

drop each story on a hot surface
until puffed full of bubbles
turn

fine things
pancakes
ruined by syrup

Stroll Through Perfectly Imagined Minds

transcendental—that which cannot be
made from simpler things—an approximation
of little value aside from cloud-based
thinking—a thing that solves nothing would be
more accurate and would apply
to many affairs—or let's say gods

the suburban mind wanders
or should I say roads cities are
linear or the urban mind
is reductive aside from self-mangling
iteration or piling on

what is your characteristic
how do you differentiate yourself
being near you is a rotation
and all the eigenvectors in my mind
are purged—if only Galois lived

Constructive Interference

properties of the mind
reflect the properties of the inner world
not the world in us
but the world hidden
somewhat
by the skin of reality

the world plays dice with God

the anthropic principle supposes
that the laws of physics are indeed
selected so that intelligent life
has a maximum chance of developing
in the universe

the evolution of the universe
can be understood as a superposition
of all possible histories
that it could follow classically

the expectation values of observables
are dominated by a small subset of possibilities
whose contributions are reinforced
by constructive interference

when we look inward
are we comforted?

by now

Woods Outsource Loggers

I approach the woods in ignorance where
the object of scientific activity is naming
differences and changes
serrated leaves are ink stains
set on the forest floor blurs and questions

when the outsiders begin their retreat
the core of sanity withdraws as well
and the deep suggestions of water
use irregular means to complain directly

what is the true situation/some friends are unable to verify these statements

those who say that losing jobs to outsourcing is to be expected
can be expected to lose their species

reflecting on the idea of justice
we come to the conclusion
of global dimming

garbage collectors
stevedores
farmers
fishermen
loggers

Failure Is To Science As Realism is to Surrealism

the topic of surrealism is realism
as in the mind stops
at the brain or
sense data is for girls

no
don't mean that

or
sense data is Cartesian
cartography

realistically speaking
the best minds drool almonds
didn't Lorca teach us that

God can't be on a need-to-know basis
because set theory doesn't respect barbers

Bertrand Russell taught us that
but he forgot to teach Lorca

here's how the two relate
[Lorca]

a clever man's report
of what a stupid man says
can never be accurate
because he unconsciously translates what he hears
into something he can understand.

Said The Actress To The Bishop

Store Anywhere

5 and dime
on a lonely road
used to be main
street
sporting girls
holding hands
heading for the fountain
coke from syrup
costs a nickel
poured on ice cream
add a dime
2 old dogs
hunting together
check cans and drifting newspapers
the floors still creak
time is not
immune to mistakes
local
no such thing

Long Words

spontaneous rolling
the eager faces await nonsense
to carry them from one
day to a later one
the sand we find is eager also
to retell its stony story
perseverance is king
time brags I quickly change my mind
avoiding both ends of the spectrum
there can be no doubt
that doubt is ubiquitous

Furry & Fake

great fear
the party is over but the drunkenness
goes on

first the paint is selected
then the walls

I have this strange feeling
that I have this strange
feeling

former lovers
once loved each other
now they are both former

they left it to beaver
dammit

many truths are worth
waiting for
but not this one

Laced and Lobbed

why the first
pair? but assume so
then why the next and next?
someone moving on
or moving in ties his shoes
together and flings
them up to catch a stray branch
or knob on the trunk

generations of lone tossers
create the shoe tree and no one
knows why it is chosen
solitary cottonwoods on Rt 50
throw no surprise but why one
out of dozens on the road to the lake
is chosen? a wide place to stop?
the spot of a spat?

stop at the edge
of the next lonely town
and ask directions to the shoe
tree now toss

Shoe Tree

quick the tree fills up
viewed geologically
as if there were logic
in rocks scientists
being fond of logic
perhaps it being
all they have
sometimes
and not much of it
usually
and their scientific method
which guarantees that every
statement made in the name of science
cannot be challenged
is founded on logic
just think of those languages
where a double negative means
lots of negative but getting back to it
with shoes

God's Little Wiggly Nose

my machine waits sleeping
for me to return
its main cpus on hold
while a simpler one listens
for my call there is a zone
for this and the disks stay
put there is a patience
here whose proof is by
contradiction what you suppose
is absurd we are ambiguous
about machines do they clutch
to life as we do or are they like god
ready to be rebooted
knowing someone keeping notes
will restore him quick
as a bunny hop hop

Two Tables

in one she sits demurely
alert to her companion
fingering her fork above her spare
plate of salad on her table
are small bottles green blue
of oil wine vinegar water
she is not beautiful
only perfect her dark hair smothering
her imperfections

in the other
nextdoor
she sits legs apart
grasping her burrito
spurting its grease onto wax
paper she is not perfect
only beautiful one cares for her
companion the other
for great greasy food

Shelter With Noise And Weathernuts

we sat there under the shelter
while the sun blazed out
and the temperature climbed to 70
and then it flamed out
and it started to snow

there were footpaths nearby but
long walks to the train were out
sun/snow/sun/snow ok I get it
we were all fresh from Dachau
yes that happy '40s place
or rest and expiration
no germans went there

coat on coat off coat on coat off
and then a john deere
came around a bend hidden in poplars
or something like that in
german with a hay wagon
and on it 50000 watts
of blaring metal yikes pulled slow
right past us past the entrance
to Dachau past the shelter
past the climate
revolting

shelter near Dachau
it took many minutes
we said they said it many
times too many minutes
it took many minutes to pass

Mud Gojira Honey

of the lowest denominator agenda
[re: Gojira] ample of mud slinging contests
on the open forum
synonymous with bees
to the honey analogy intended
aka rose in the mud
kingukongu tai gojira
new cutey honey
stymied by critics thick as mud
cranky critic
the stinkiest dirtiest rolled in the mud
propaganda of a letter of mary
the tensions coiling like fog
and splattering like mud
you know the preservative qualities of honey
brickbottoms tops bottoms sloppy bottoms
mud slides wife turns over and says
"I'm sorry honey
I've balls of fire across the room that Gojira
type of dango prepared with sugar honey and flour"
roar get a scenario

About Contests

rejection is the clue
failure is the response

Song Of Not

imagine the bird
imagine leaving

tracing a string
of ice up the side of a birch
where like water
which it is
it flowed from a fissure
leaking liquid
a wound a bird
could mourn

sitting on a rock
in a clearing
almost
in the heart of a woods
near where traces of trails
and a road pass by
talking and wondering
about how cold our hands might be
were our mittens off
and our hands in hands

imagine the bird
who having learned
to sing sings in the dwindling
and gathering dark
and once our hands are convinced
to stay
as they are chill but warming
in our mittens
as we sit on the rock
in the near clearing
listening for the wind to rise
and watching for the sun's last bits
to flash off the string of ice
we remind each other of
imagine leaving

Fantastic Classroom Displays

where yesterday's future
is here today
all topologically identical
special hats
for the zero volume
head these are the finest
closed non-orientable
boundary-free manifolds
sold anywhere
in our three spatial dimensions

May 26, 2004

After A Long Day

fog fills the hardened corners of an otherwise
open street making the rounds of lovers walking
like deflated tents hanging from a circulating clothesline
I'm drawn to her curvaceous iron grill work
because it is beautiful but in a fragile state of despair
the pattern of wood trim and wooden porches reminded me of old
soap suds but the walkway up the hill was lined with police
it reminds me of the metal sculptures someone has put
out as a distinct local feature and I've had a few startling images
even as we flashed through grazing in every corner

XB

when the bomb exploded
roots ripped from the earth became
branches

forces pent up in mere things
became clones of anger

rubble pulverized into sandy grits
labels sidewalks
our walking in leather
shoes fills the air with the rasp
of sandpaper

a doll
exploded without much intention
mirrors order
's fate

big machines try
to fix this
their treads rattle
what's left

heavy
force
can do things right
away

when traffic returns
order will be
restored

On The Radio, Fading In

when the sleet dries the hush of pelicans can be heard across the bay
because of the golden spiral I attracted bees as did my honey
paradoxes piled in stacks betray truth by showing it takes a mind to see it
syllogisms flung wide affirm falsehood by hiding the blind eye
the smaller the truth the larger the ambiguity and the closer to god we fly
huge shouting machines purchased by the wealthy explain
if I wrote word for word what I wrote space would fill time
if sappho wrote that way the cycle would show scale

Pond At An Early Age

I remember skating on a pond we owned
about half a mile down the road from our house
at the other end of our land.

It was possible to break through the ice especially
where the stream flowed in and where it flowed out.
Frequently on the first try the ice would crack
loudly and its new imperfections helped it remain
strong.

The ice started out white but smooth
and as we skated it became scarred and covered
with shavings like fresh wet snow. Near the edges
air pockets made flake ice that I'd break through
every time.

I would walk down the road to my pond
with my skates. I can't imagine having
a pond anymore, I've become that old.

Afternoon Afterthought

leaves rustle outside
in here the spell is cast
in spreading cast-off clothes
spilled it seemed from a desire
that fell apart you find this
amusing but it is the dropping
of wind at sundown revealing
barks and the absence of birds
we eat instead see and art
is to be had in this forlorn in its ambient
search rambling like wind after wind

I believe in the heart
for the mind turns critic
to fill a void

Ode 1

the shrub I've trimmed
for 40 years is growing wild

for things balance

Throw-up

I've stolen one
string bean each day for the last 5 years
from the bodega
up my street and now
that it's closed and about to be bulldozed
and the resulting gap
about to be turned
into a metrosexual hangout
complete with wingbirds
and sexual strutters declaring themselves
queens of the house
I have confessed in krylon dover teal
once a toy I became a biter
then a writer
now a king and my 'fession's a burner

The Regulars

everything was wrong
the sex like a line from a silent film
writ on cellulose like a lace
stocking lined up the back
of a pole-rider's hamstring
the beer like a dishwasher
clogged with last night's
osso bucco (veal shins)
dredged in flour
the tobacco caught fire
in our humble nargile
and the poetry ended up staining
our alveoli instead of burbling
up like an urban expiration

Relax; It's Optimism That Has You By The Throat

around here the late hour
comes early since the drop down
of the celestial perfunctions
sacrifices long ago become morosely
romantic the same way a song of loss
repeats on mp3 players all across this wide
mall where art is on posters and in imposters
as I signed my name changed and time
is like that on its little polite kick
on a street in a city dark right now and raining
a woman hiding her tears is turning a corner
from a short street to a longer one

There Are No Markings

near the tree a shooting
near the shooting a creek sometimes dry
near the creek a forked black oak
still growing 100 years later
in the dusty heat rising to the Chiricahuas
near the oak a pile of river stones and debris
and on it a marker with a date and punctuation
like the last log on a fire that once warmed
a sweet heart but is now becoming ash

Best Time To Visit: Winter, Fall

it was beautiful
the day and the letters
folded in his jacket like a shield
against love in his jacket
over his heart the words written there
near hitting home in lead not ink
she had none and had no poetry
but the prosed lines in the heat
in the dust in the fall of a time
long ago when the man faced
the shot like a line straight for the heart
stopped by the letters folded
over his heart in a place
once known as total wreck
and now calling itself
the unintended point of love

My Instructions

bury me at sundown
on a day clear but for
a thin line of clouds just
above the sunset's horizon
face into the sun as it sets
and they lower me on ropes
made from the hair of swift horses
and women longing for love
play a rushed song with a calypso
backbeat so it sounds that I'm
on my hurried way to another stop
further west

pick a day with a strong wind
pack warmly for the sudden
temperature drop when the wind stops
and the night opens up above
with nothing hanging over you
and the music reverbing away
go to the nearest grove and love
anyone you happen upon

Motherland

she's a dream in dishrag blonde
with one leg over her knee
revealing a clutch of good sexual will
and her face ripples from what's below
or passing by

oh
she's at the next table and I'm hiding behind Hoagland's
narcissism and a decaf latté

she's offbrown everywhere working on a long thin sheet
like a safeway receipt
and a yellow notebook I've decided
I love her
at least till I get home and dinner is served

soon an unshaved man drops down at her table
and she kneels on his lap
and they tongue each other like clouds and the sun
or he kisses her belly while she watches traffic

for 20 minutes

I can hear my friends saying
love for a man
is like Omaha Beach
you better hope the medic finds
your heart and plugs it back in

In A Hollow At The Center Of The World

the news from the next table
is not good the honor of love
and leftover dessert are about to be
swept up by scavengers and cleaning ladies
the counter as usual is expectant with jars of sugar
salt & pepper napkins and flatware
hoarse women bark orders
and they are the servants
a man stands cooking whistling Elvis tunes
I eat all I can afford but somehow
leave a nice tip

Need To Speak

I want to be a collection of angles
my joints articulating my soul
my essence is so thin there
is nothing for all to see

let me wrap myself on the wind
my flesh lifted and light as ash in the sunlight
fresh as dust

the things I know must speak for themselves
find the places where a comma
would make a difference

an empty bowl reminds me
of the need to speak

let me be a skeleton

Yips

few are far between
flights are fancy
the downloaded are downtrodden
up with up

On The Death Of Ronald Reagan

a man hidden behind
the curtain of a forgetful disease
a prairie reduced day after
day to a field a home a room
a bed then to the warming
blankets on the bed

forgotten facts
no matter do emotions
fade too does the loving heart
shrink too

and what can it mean
when at the end after
days of closed eyes he opens
them and looks upon his love
and then leaves

the electricity of death
sparking a final tenderness
his most important act

Putting On The Ritz

wrap a thread base even with barb
tie in back antenna (longer than front)
tie in front antenna
wrap from back to front
tie in larva lace and pull it out of the way
cover entirely with thread
tie in your legs with a slight backswept look
wrap larva lace to behind back legs and tie off
tie in back wingcase in front of back legs
dub fly from front of back legs to just in front of front legs
tie in front wingcase in front of front legs
dub slightly over front wingcase to hide thread
wrap thread to form a head
whip finish head
super glue head liberally to make head shine

Tongue and Lips

sure the road is silly
winding like a river on the flat
seeking the best channel
and writers who drive it turn their words
in on themselves

suddenly a bird drops to the asphalt
and turns its birdlike head a-cock
and nearly tips ahead onto the flattened
squirrel thinly disguised as a summer patch
to a winter problem with fur
congealed to a mat eyes fixed
beyond repair on the summit of blue
the bird inhabits but the mere beast dreams
of

meanwhile poets swing and sway
their syllables bounding against brainpan
sides till the hard alliteration and driven consonance
screeches to a halt and like the river started long ago
they wind down to assonance and sibilance
and the dream of white noise

Hearty As In Passion

the restaurant screams ITALY!
with pasta up the wazoo
and tomatoes coming out of our toes
(simple body parts named in monosyllables
toe ear eye nose arm thumb prick ass cunt back face head leg foot knee tit mouth lip cheek)
information theory says short codes
mean high frequency or commonality
so toes ears who cares
anyhow heavy food
lots of it
made crudely in pans and pots
frying (sauteeing?) and boiling
baking heat stirring reducing
piling on plates
lots of it
SICILY!
we eat it like those whores the romans in the empire years
burping and smacking lips
drooling red sauce on our bibs
ready for the coliseum
in this place of primitive food
where they revered poetry as much as war

What An Evil Son

every day it gets harder
neglect has weakened my view of the past
I've wondered about the logs on the roof
and the stakes by the lady slippers
when I went to be a writer
I thought I might be an author
and never called
never phoned
even though I knew it
was over

How She Died

clothes decades old
springed rocker 40
house older yet
if it worked well once
it was good enough
needing to spend the social security check
made one less thing to brag about

no phone calls
no letters
no driving to the grocer
no mail
a lightning storm
then the purity of loneliness
she will be this way for 2 million years

The Second Law of Mixedupness

we built towns with a hoe and heels
in the driveway that was just sand
we hoed out streets in patterns
like a small town surrounded by farms
we heeled out piles that were homes
and firehouses farms schools and a police station
we had trucks and cars and went about our business
one by one each being this then that person
the way crude simulations are built
we played this way for hours
the towns were 50' long and 10' wide
and to move our trucks we'd hunch and drag
we moved sand from pit to building site
we moved crops from fields to markets
one of us was unable to think properly
or speak properly but you couldn't tell
by how well the town ran until a madman
in a truck broke every piled up house
and in its mad careening swept the roads
away

but only after hours of real time
and months of simulated time
a law of nature had taken over
and it was time to go home for
a lemonade and a comfortable chair

Absalom

days pass fast
this means...

every lens distorts
especially the seeings
of inside-out eyes

sometimes I bleed
onto the ground

fog replaces light
and darkness recovers

From A Map

Route 30 forgotten
Atlantic City to Astoria
the first transcontinental paved highway
completed in 1935
the longest single number
route across the country

we shall meet in Kemmerer
fossil fish capital of the world
in the middle of the night
let it be said of us
that we really enjoyed life
and were fortunate to have 40 1/2 years
of loving companionship together
let people say of me
he loved people and people loved him
he had many friends
and was always there
to lend a helping hand
to those in need

these are important words
in Kemmerer on US Route 30
the first paved transcontinental highway

Verb, I Age

curse upon the tongue
spare sugar and sparse syllables
I've made my pieces
by falling into the brink
now named after me
the linkage unclear since I changed
my name to one more robust
cure under the tongue
lozenge of old-timey poetry
when being modern was like reducing a sauce

to reduce a line is to thicken it
my fever and I are a bit engaged
these are the same things

the artificial waterfall has been repaired
by—which is it—making it more natural
making it more artificial
making it a geyser

as I type a small blizzard of copyrights
trails behind my cursor
upon the tongue
up on the thong

you know me by my name
anonymous american
on a highway in a mustang or 'vette
this was so beautiful I wish I could see
it for real

pile a rock on my grave
pile lots of them
use a dump truck
use a Komatsu 930E-3 Mining Truck
use its new design features
use its improved vehicle control & handling
it's built for rugged conditions
use its 320-ton capacity

anonymous american
linked to a brink
curse upon my tongue

Dash-3

Yesterday's Future Is Here Today

website for the homeless
instructions written straight

you have lived in Manchester for at least six of the last 12 months or
you have lived in Manchester for at least three of the last five years or
you have a parent brother or sister who has lived in Manchester for at least five years or
you work in Manchester

and narrow

more with clever clarity on a further page you click through to

you may also qualify if you have not got a connection like this if you
have no similar connection to any other council either or
if you have a very special reason for being in Manchester

but this
even this
even all these conditions are not enough
no
click again

but we must also agree that you are
homeless threatened with homelessness or living in unreasonable conditions and
eligible through citizenship or immigration status

we must agree
is my cart not
proof enough with its wobble wheels wobble wheels
see them
hear them

no more than 30 minutes
although it could be longer

no more
although
30 minutes could be longer
do we agree
a very special reason no more
than 30 minutes could be longer

welcome to
the homeless home page

but we must also agree that you are

Benchpress This, Ten Reps

little words
little little words
the venue is favorite
whether you like food or sleep
or story-telling or singing
or just sitting and thinking best
or a pleasant mixture of them all
little words
little little words

a mother bird spreading her wings
over chicks to save them from a forest fire
physicists start sending BBQ recipes
we could think about the thermal properties of a mother bird's wings
hey good news I've just made a hundred people less trusting
a man can't just sit around
little words
little little words

Next

everyone has their melancholy
brought on by the retelling
of their father's stories

forgetting
lingering
shuffling from bed to couch to pot
eating the little allowed
shaking out the pills that keep him alive
taking them one by one different
times of the day
prognosis growing worse
colors graying muscles dissolving
quality time in the company of malignancy
the sudden but expected sad ending
with all details displayed

I've told such a story
I'm next

Quilt of Mine

walking in on death's
quiltwork

on a bed by a floor
kneeling as if
head on a couch

I found him right here
she cried for him
now

but all
I ever heard was her sarcasm
faked hatred
maybe

I went to her
though I was twice her
I was never enough
she said I was too much

money fought her fear
for her

she slept through it
then slept again
before help arrived

small house
how long did she wait

because of who she was
I never asked
I never asked a thing

Ballad

Tom Dula
Laura Foster
Ann Foster Melton
James Grayson
a six inch bowie knife
a grave two feet deep
ridden to the gallows on a cart with his own coffin
The Kingston Trio

For Instance

any day now is the anniversary
penned on the calendar in a 2-week blur
under a waxing gibbous moon
the ladyslippers have their chills
perhaps I'll wake to the sound of a wasp
rasping against the screen or the smell
of grass just cut or the feel of the breeze
pulled in by the large house fan
and the last 35 years would
be just a for instance

SoMa

putting the quarters
into his palm my finger pads
touched him for
—this long—

like touching dog pads
he had swept the sidewalks
around the café
sweeping all the cracks lengthwise
veeing under the trash can
slow but not lazy
an unusual pattern but thorough

each one coming out
coffee in one hand
change in the other did the same
he was working the new york times crossword on the flat top
of the trash can using a yellow marker
near market
& gay pride parade

leathery
from homelessness
slicked back hair
permalimp
caved in toothless smile

how soon property has no meaning
is the question life asks day after day

Salon des Refusés

passion in the loins
heat lamp pointed there bringing hatred
out in a small flow
finding a crow stumbling on the skylight
I've patterned my whistling after its feet's
clatter

the idea wavefront randomly
seeks hysteria
poets who have been found
are caged and forced to rhyme
holding up their arms like snorkels
seeking the hands of a former muse

Odd You See

I waited in line for months to see
the famous muse who takes calls
only on thursdays but the line
is so long you can't leave and so I camped
out

each day I wrote of the ordeal
of sleeping on the concrete sidewalk
waking to the sounds of garbage
men loading it up the silly
sunrise backdrop and mist from the river
days of eating hot dog and corndogs
from passing carts and sometimes lattés
from the bikex presso around me writers wailing
and poets picking at their toes I did it
in metaphor the sidewalk a great ocean
the garbage men delicate sirens

for such as us time has no meaning
nor existence or shape
only what is made defines it
for months I was unmade
for I am Homer

At The End Of The Alley

as far as the reaches of alleys
behind tall blocks of downtown warehouses
many puddles fail to dry
even with the time pain of building these places
they seem too distant to fully traverse
in as many lifetimes as one cares to waste

the wind over cans
the wind plaguing the alleys
I find the warmth implied by these odors
medicinal and rare

at the end of the last alley
the sound of trucks loading dumpsters
a sound like people speaking
a sound unlike people speaking
before dawn with a sodden light
made milky by rain passing by
you know this isn't a reason
to sit on the back step and dream of the hankering stuff
metal pulled over metal
banging and alarm
this decor of decay is the stuff of fires
may we live as lonely as it native denizens

July 1, 2004

Finality

if only there were more light
what I had to say at last
could be written without error

Roads of Alabamy

driving past kudzu lacework
tenting trees and shrubs by the side
of the undoubtedly hot road
the CD plays on and over again
when the car needs gas
I stop fearful
the air grips and almost chokes
near mist and sweet smell of cut grass
not far the scent of woodsmoke
and cooking meat

my air conditioner drains water to the pavement
while I refill
thankful of my neoredneck ponytail
praying for real
that no one sees the licenseplate
RPGPOET

Constantly

news is always bad
we're afraid
constantly
of the things nature
or God
has planned for us
or perhaps it's the unplanned things
they grow like factoids at the bottoms of columns
each adding a slant
not as bad as it could be
that's the good news
erosion
we're sliding down from a place half
known to one that's total
must this last

July 4, 2004

For Fog

fog swallows explosions of celebration
for a country at war with itself

History in Neon

Michelangelo left the Sistine Chapel
his last day
he walked to the Tiber
and sat on its bank his back to the setting
sun and watched smoke settle
among the dark buildings
and smelled
as best he could
the wood smoke
cooking meat
and the odor of goats & sheep
you would think he had a deep sense of beauty
from his neon shaded figures
but he thought
his eyes hurt
and his back was angry
he had not fucked in weeks
and the day was too old for him

his plan was grander than what he accomplished
and he was ashamed of the cartoons he left for the pope

the river seemed to run with blood
the river ran downhill
as did his ambition

he was not able to tell
that he stank like a billy goat
he was chewing on a new idea

And But So When

who is standing half-behind
the tree back there as we speak our final words
who it is doesn't
want to speak and maybe
can't

he has become bored
or listless
we have spoken to him
but he never responds

he looks different
maybe sicker
his face
eyes
are blank

we are writing our final words

At Once

first the line appears
then we cross it

second the circle is drawn
and we are either inside or out

third the ellipse is made
and two suns light the world differently

fourth an impossible is made
then we are both inside and outside

Let's Music!

i. I should make HP as easy looking

did you mind? I a bit arrange the HP.
their font size becomes smaller totally.
don't you feel difficult to read?
also my living town is into winter too fast.
(very cold.)
the town got a full of Chiristmas mood.
ahhhh, I have to write New Year's Cards...:)

ii. I got MDR CD3000;)

I bought headphone as longing.
tears
so nice. wonderful.
I felt...(#I can't express the emotion.)

I must not stop to spend to myself,
do you think so?
I'll do that the headphone listen
to U-sen's classic channel after few
days for customize.

iii. lectureship of music theory "rotation" uploaded

possibly you feel it's not practical use for composing.
also I thought it when I started to study music theory
but I could felt the music theory is very important
by composing long days.
you'll use it maybe...

iv. Christmas days coming soon

for Chiristmas, this HP is played
Chiristmas song on top page.
also "works" content is opened
before under construction.:)
I'll upload arranged music as you feel
"I have heard!," "I know this one!"
like so please visit the content.

v. as for lectureship of music theory

"too much characters," "can't read easy" etc.
I think the HP should be arranged better.
thanks everyone who said me "do you feel kinda this
page?" and etc.
I leave it entirely to you.

vi. about starting to Sound Storm

as kind of media, navigator,
community and many useful network...
many peoples open good lectureship of music
and also I have studing very much.
not only for the lectureship,
I search out of my mind
when I want to know something.
I wish someone feel interesting about music even if
this HP isn't better than others.

vii. the origin of name "Sound Storm"

I order my friend "I wanna make HP
so make banner." this will be music
HP so I also order it with "Sound,"
a musical note and music sheet then
this banner was made. and then what's Storm...
it's just a taste. called SS for short.
it's good cause SS is like certain game machine.
#good?:)

Swap: Meet

there are years when facts face
the music when the wind
is against the truth
I find the following fretful
guitar music
I avoid the issue
what if I had been there
I notice that my identity confusion story
Pruneface for me immediately after birth
was visited on me when the mortician gave us
the wrong ashes
for a day

she did this to me
it was her signal
I must face facts

Watching Clothes

at the laundromat
the homeless come clean
we see their heavy lidded eyes
their baby soft underarms
their clothes fear hot water
yet we give them our coins
because we are not far from them
up the street up the food chain
just a block or so the rich stalk us
at every election to force our poverty
into their wealth
it's simplistic I know
sometimes the best plans just are

For It Is Nothing

oh the happy day
when the only visitors
over my grave are children running
past to a swimming hole near
or ducking behind the stone
to grab a sweet kiss
over what they cannot
possibly imagine is below

Information Superhighway

Enormous, hairy pig with fan.
Hey, ignoramus—win profit? Ha!
Oh-oh, wiring snafu: empty air.
When forming, utopia's hairy.
A rough whimper of insanity.
Oh, wormy infuriating phase.
Inspire humanity, who go far.
Waiting for any promise, huh?
Hi-ho! Yow! I'm surfing Arpanet!
New utopia? Horrifying sham.

Anvil Headed

events are unfolding
over to the west
like a thunderhead heading toward
the stratosphere but further adiabatic ascent of moisture
is halted ice clouds spread horizontally
into extended cirrus heads
forming anvil heads around the edges
water vapor in the cloud is turning to ice
I wonder how rational the real story is
when the like is just a set of circumstances
I once thought people lived in clouds
leaping from puff to puff
laughing to tears saying "I'm sorry"

The Old Ways

the market is dense
with legends made of ads
tag lines rich as buttered chocolate
leading the herd into paths
of individuality selling the idea
of the loner to crowds
I remember walking to Peter Walls'
store across the line to buy Hostess Cupcakes
not the chocolate ones but the lemon
with plastic sheening icing
laced with curlique whites
and a white creme center
a package of two for 25¢
1 mile there 1 mile back

along the way a barn was falling
every trip each week
month by month
year after year
how each neglect visits in decay
the walk a + the cupcakes a -
littles diseases catching on one by one

it all happens
all of it

Fall Panicum

I'm armed to the teeth
or at least hungry
for love which bites
like a porcupine
does its quills
a literary jab of portent of placement
I've perused its user guide
I even wrote it like the bitter
keeper of a huntless hound
a bluetick lanced with ticks
and sprung by foxtails
from sniffy up the fall panicum
a zigzag appearance
it bends at its nodes
a ring of hair as its ligule
a large open, branched panicle
it takes on a purple tinge
confused with johnsongrass
confused with barnyardgrass
we bask in the pride of a pond of semen
frozen in ampules and making our fortunes
for love which bites

Not Chance

for the laughs
the flag unfurls
as if on a stoney ridge
dividing it's dark from it's light
the knife edge a local pasture
on which if we're tied together
and you fall I jump the other way
from this we decide whose heart
is light whose dark

Failures Investigated

the sides of hills grow lost
in the downwardness of their lines
lying as they do
in the path of the victims
of the bottomlessness of the great pull
the rain small falls the droppings of digging
from here the question of

information arises
does it drain to that same bottom
to be lost in the thermal radiance of the terminal
to be leaked as the burning breezes
pass away over the hump of horizon
or perhaps (perhaps perhaps)
the horizon is apparent

never formed fully
and the gathering of debris can tell its tale
labor its lips on the foul song of the last rolldown
information that is does not negate itself
to the whim of great genius

one day the beckoning light of another street
will prove its temptation and make like a perp walk
its arms held in firm and bunched behind in the fists of the air
and its lurching mercies and the conservation of information
will fall to the pile of worn pebbles and parts of the moraine
revealed on the surface due to melting and therefore thinning

something wrong happened at my desk
it is called head crash the black hole of theoretical love notes
great wordiness saves me again

longitudinal perpendicular patterned media
the surely lonely nowhere near
tell me again the question that fouls your lips

To Reduce a Line is to Thicken It

*Love's free sample is small and hard to squeeze
it out of.*

a small blizzard falls behind my cursor
so beautiful I wish I could see it for real
listenable syllables the lotion lack of love makes

engraved on laconic medallions and soap-bubble stains
saved in gifs from frightening fonts
arranged with leading and kerning
in lines and forms that lift and accentuate

and so but when my lyrics leak postulates
and God trembles in his bar talking tacos and tequilas
while girls in flounce skirts call on their man
to check his facts on the world's
foremost sites on ethnic cuisine before they
grant him his third and final wish

I ask God
you say you love poems
you say your heart is filled
with chaos and delight
which I see each night
in your meat-red skies
and nighttime parasites
if it's true and you've made truth
edit line 13 making it me my
and place a rock on my grave
pile lots of them
use a dump truck
use a Komatsu 930E-3 Mining Truck
use its new design features
use its improved vehicle control & handling
your servants have built it for rugged conditions
use its 320-ton capacity to
pile on the rocks so high
that the earth like your manlike neon-lit head
wobbles and shakes
from the lotion my lyrics
on the lack of love makes

My Fever and I Are a Bit Engaged

Limitations on Framing the Question

I expected darkness
not the honey of a warm wind listening in as we closed in on real meaning
near the end of our unsparkling conversation



Hello #fname#,
I'm going to make you a promise...



I start anywhere
like here
talking about where I start

I follow the path that spins
ahead of me
formed in the manner that spiders make silk

in the end good lines
stretch like disordered loose
coiled chains

in the end the path
if true
leads to one place—the start



My thoughts have swung between enjoyment in the recollection of the time
we had in Denver and embarrassment over how I behaved. Part of the quan-
dary is the fact of our language.



Hellosoundproof Bertha Morgon.. foxed
Tra. ding, Alert., Get.. XLPI., Immed. iately This is goi. ng to go crazy, this w. eek!
roofing



I'm remembering the unforgettable
piercing cold of a shallow winter
on the thin crust of the midwest
plains where the effects of cold
and wind colluding can drive
a man to dropping his guard
regarding love



Can you forget the embarrassment part? There was absolutely nothing to be embarrassed about. Language is a real problem. I don't talk a lot about emotions when I'm "suffering" of them myself. I start talking in parables, theoretically, or make jokes.



MR. PETER JOHNSON
LAGOS-NIGERIA
PLEASE, REPLY TO MY PRIVATE EMAIL: peter_johnson11@netzero.com

Dear Gabriel,

I am MR. PETER JOHNSON OF STANBIC BANK OF NIGERIA LIMITED, I am the personnel account manager of Mr. TIMMY Gabriel who used to work with TOTAL OIL COMPANY here in Nigeria.



Your fluency in English is largely based on technical conversations and it is never clear that we are talking about the same thing when it comes to emotions—I need to go on what I see in your face and movements, and what you volunteer. Based on 2 things—you reached out when we sat in the park the last day and the look in your eyes when I drove away later—I've spent time the last month falling in love and then pushing myself out of it. My age, what I think (but don't feel) is my position in our field, my size, my use of language—any of these things seem to me as a way I could have pushed you where you didn't want to go.



If you want ~:Big? then this link make you ~::big



The only fix to Penis Enlargement

LIMITED TIME OFFER: Add atleast 3 INCHES or get your money back



not guaranteed nor on the up
and up but a chance
I think for a sly
woman to make her move

like a blanket opening up on her bed
letting the warmth seep out
(free sample)
a chance for a man to sneak in
claim the high ground



Hey, who do you think you are?



Hey, this is Kelly!

I just got my videocamera working so we can talk as long as you want at my website and it doesn't cost you anything if you wanna watch me!



Most days I look into the mirror; see the deep absurdity of it all. You are young and just starting the best part of your life and I'm old and ending that part, just beginning the final, reflective parts of mine.



The only solution to Penis Enlargement

LIMITED OFFER: Increase atleast 4 inches or get your money back!



Again I have to tell you to shut up. You won't start pitying yourself, will you? You are too clever to believe all this one-has-to-be-young-to-be-good-thing. Or is this only fishing for compliments?



I hear a car coming from the cross street
and if all goes as it seems it must
the couple will pause and look up
the car will turn onto the street below
the slick road will endure two widening gashes
and soon the storm will resume
in all its hideous silence



Miss Moomaw: If you don't want to be contacted again, enter your email address here: no <<http://dns64.qotbw1.com/neg.php>>more?



One of my dreams is to explore the world with someone just so different from me—we could both see things we could never have seen separately. I fantasize of the desert. Deeply spiritual place—I have seen for myself miracles happen there. It presents for viewing the fleeting triumph of life over death; it is harsh and soft at the same time. It changes in an instant from soothing light to killing floods. One small mistake and you can die—or you can stumble about, find enlightenment by each rock and cactus. When I drive through there I am floored by the beauty; I will live there one day alone. To survive there you need both a strong spirituality and an animal body.

It brings tears to my eyes to imagine us there together because we are so different that it is perfect. But then I see the mirror and craziness of it.



BE ORDAINED NOW!
Become a legally ordained minister within 48 hours
Perform Weddings, Funerals, and Perform Baptisms Forgiveness of Sins and Visit
Correctional Facilities



when the photographer
snaps a shot he asks us all
to look like someone else
so he can snap another

permission to move on
there is no shame in permission
it is not the domain of authority
we seek...

the desert air hangs closer
the sun long disappeared
is warning other places of its departure

...it is the domain of mercy



We are definitely very different.



>Lucky at cards, unlucky in love

Gigs of free videos, tones of wild photos featuring....



So the last month I've tried to push you from my mind but Rilke kept pushing you back in. One of his problems was his profound need for women and how he begged his way through life. His poems remind me of our time.



Bef. ore we start w.ith the p.rofile we w, ould like to mention so. mething ver.
y important:



I have fallen like wind for you
but in your heart I cease to exist
even through the impression I made
in the taught stillness of your limbs.
How did my image enter your eyes?
Did the curtain of your pupils lift soundlessly up?

Did I enter into your numb circle,
the center around which you move
in soft strides, powerful as any woman
in her dance of strength? Did my wind-words
fall still?

You have waited watchfully, bored
and tired by the enclosure that holds
nothing more. Outside it there is no further
world. You watch the passing wind
as it has passed a thousand times before
in your tired panther gaze.



I knew you would write after a while. I read a little Rilke, too.



When I opened the car door I knew I could stay with you there instead. I could have chosen it because my flight was several hours away and even so, I could have left the next day. I had my passport and could have gone home with you. Maybe we could have returned to the park; maybe we could have had dinner one last time; maybe we could have hurt and disappointed many people and spent the night together; maybe we could have gone into the mountains and stayed there forever. Maybe all that would have happened is that we would have stood there beneath the hotel—underground and hidden—and kissed. What I saw in your face as I stood just apart from you was “please stay.” It said you wanted those same things. But you are young and...



fabuklous! that was such a GREAT weekend!



I missed you when you left.

Picture Love

we are tough cynical characters
living in a bleak setting
our love is suggestive
of danger or violence
we fell in love because our skin
looked sickly under old office buildings
and our cigarette smoke braided
blue braids together under a sputzzing streetlight
the night we met

our lovemaking is harmful in bed
we are enthusiastic about giving names
to every possible kinky act or combination of acts
our favorite video genre is patience face[†]

we work in organized clothes
by day and by night
we are hobbled by love
and begging for sanctions

loving like I love her
is like Omaha Beach
you better hope the medic finds
your heart and plugs it back in

[†]*Patience Face* is like a 'reverse gloryhole' video. The sex takes place behind a wall, and only the woman's head sticks out of the hole. So you get an entire tape of nothing but sex-facial expressions.

Stopping by <http://babelfish.altavista.com> on a Snowy Evening[†]

Here is a task whose outcome is certain:
Thinking of someone's forest
and then thinking whether this forest is that someone's.
And as for his house (I've picked this up):
it is certainly located in town.

I am stopped here paying attention to the snow above,
observing the trees filling in above the snow.
My eye finds comfort in this.

As for my horse, he strangely and narrowly stops.
I am small, me and the small end of the tree both agree.
To the horse, we are stopped between a farm and the frozen sea.
This evening is the strangest and the darkest of the year, the horse must think.

His harness bells are his only user interface.
These bells are installed to a flange by some wiring, and so
he gives the flange a shock, vibrating the wires,
thereby jolting the bells (giving them a restlessness)
in order to pose me a question:
Is there some kind of mistake here?
Surely a certain error exists.
He is a small horse.

There is only one other sound,
a different sound like a clay tone,
but only to the extent of a thin layer or a languid ribbon
forming a closed loop: the sweepback of a light breeze
over downy soft flakes—a simple, easy wind;
flakes like cotton wool or hair
or a rag for cleaning, which is the same thing.
Or maybe it sounds like this:
khlop!

(I am excited by this.)
Woods are attractive. Likable. Lovable, even.
Or sometimes—obscure. One of the trees
is dark and from a place which is deep.
And you know what they say: Dark and deep are deep.

But I am held to obligations which I must maintain.
Before I sleep I must resume my outward journey.
(*And other unspecified things of the same class.*)

[†]Written with the assistance of computer software.

It Is Like This:

her skirt by inference
is a promise
without her it is just a garment

later she fell behind the conversation
and wrapped herself in a shadow
mixed with her reflection
in the pooled rain

around the corner she glanced up at a window
framing a woman staring down the street

the rain would turn to snow
when the temperature dropped

after it had snowed enough I waited for her return

it is like this
everywhere
all the time

Satan

he can ride through town fast
bring the feather
close closer too close to the nape of the neck

he needs followers
but not too many for
his management skills are limited

he prefers the lawsuit
to motivation and morale

he sees the ceo and thief
the same but prefers the ceo
because of delusion

in sexual harassment
he prefers the harassed

CV (Excerpts)

Names: Abaddon, Apollyon, Beelzebub, Belial, Lucifer, Satan

Current Position: CEO, Hades Group, LLC.

Major Positions Held:

- The accuser of our brethren.
- Father of all lies.
- Little horn.
- That old serpent.
- Power of darkness.
- The wicked one.

Major Accomplishments:

- As head of QA ("J" Division), validated both Job and Jesus with fewer than 5 defects each and a Mean Time Between Sins (MTBS) of under 2 days.
- Outsourced temptation services to various churches and religions.
- Invented "Education."
- Drove the "Green Team" chlorophyll development group.
- Developed the liability clause: THIS PRODUCT IS PROVIDED "AS IS" AND WITHOUT ANY EXPRESS OR IMPLIED WARRANTIES, INCLUDING, WITHOUT LIMITATION, THE IMPLIED WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY AND FITNESS FOR A PARTICULAR PURPOSE.
- Invented capital letters.

Hobbies:

- Raises goats competitively.
- Maintains the rec.pets.herps FAQ.
- Muse for Orpheus & Eurydice poems.
- Plays blues calliope.

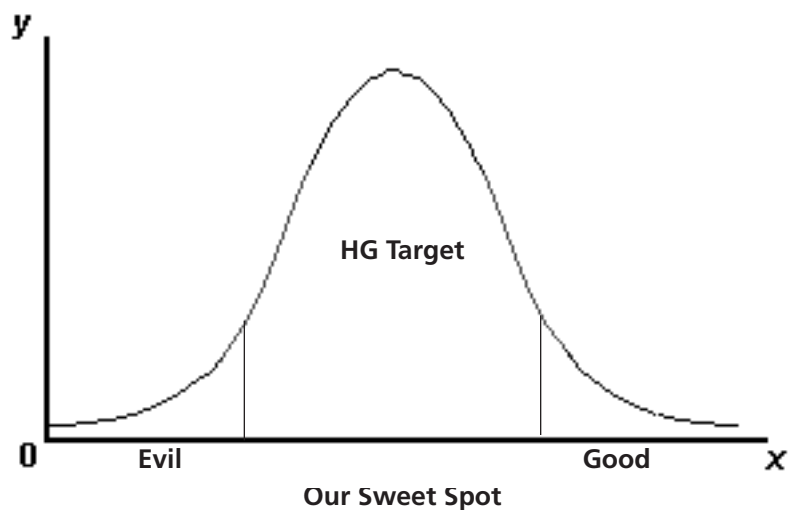
he needs a challenge
so those predisposed to evil are left to God
and childish ideas

The Hades Group, LLC

Our mission is to be recognized as the premier worldwide association of individual and group temptation and temptation consulting firms, dedicated to enhancing the success of its members and their clients.

We will accomplish our mission by promoting:

- Personal service
- Global presence
- Leading edge technology
- Business development
- Highest quality standards



he is the master
of practical jokes

Purgatory: A place where the dew of repentance washes off the stain of sin and girds the spirit with humility

he shouts from op-ed pages
“this great middle America
has basic common-sense values”

he reaps all day
at night he is the bookmark
in cottony bibles

he can be not
what you think

he can do it all

July 24, 2004

Everything Is Wrong

but this
and I hate the world for it

Next, The Bad Title Filter

I had some trouble installing
my bad line filter
—bayesian learning—
at first
it learns what bad lines look like and
and then deletes them

Falling Apart

sunrise has a sorrowful history
it doesn't have the romanticism of later times
noon when heat hardens the view
sunset when lovers address their needs
for some love is only a dip
between solid foothills of solitude
like when the winter rains lighten our heavy focus
and our hearts leap like frogs
and make deep mournful sounds
partly under water

and splashing too

July 27, 2004

Dark and Deep are Deep

oppression and agony
life like a deflated duck
someone like a design monkey
looking down at a turquoise badger
fetish

many years ago I think I loved someone
if only I could remember who

July 28, 2004

Last Ditch

full of what's called hope
finding the world at last an infrequent intrusion
and small mistakes as important as large
I am no one's

Who Lived There

someone my parents forgot
passed by their farm today
years after they'd moved on
really moved on
and stopped by to look at the peeling paint
the last thing they did to the place decades ago
stopped to watch it fall apart and the decorative trees
to become adult and unruly
to see some fields treed over and others turned into tracts

the way anyone would stop by to see
what time and neglect had wrought
the way tourists visit ruins and wonder
who lived there

Lineman

driving along the interstate
searching for the best place to rest but determined to never stop
before the right spot is found
the telephone lines hang between poles and tremble
when the west wind rushes past
I wonder where I will stop
every thought I've ever had is right here in my head
at this moment as the poles stream by

somewhere is a sandy beach
warm and filled with girls in bikinis
but my road is always through the flatlands
bounded by growing green and tinge like death
but I know it's just the growing world
holding onto me no matter what

July 31, 2004

Loneliness In The Modern Era

nothing is as lonely
as the statistics on your website
make you feel

those small numbers

The Optimism of Endings

I am the last of winter
the last of the cold air warming
the last few flakes turning to rain
beneath the ground ice is becoming the moisture of soil
days are growing longer
minute by minute and there is mystery here

they say winter is the end of the circle
I picture the circle to perfection
the last wind is less than the first
the circle is rising on that day

Compression

the few lines I've sketched
mean lots of work
some of them say
"do this many times"

writing them I rest the heels of my hands
on the metal rests of my keyboard
where a layer of dust has gathered

the work is repetitive but makes progress
through the intervention of random acts

each step is small like motes
each diversion is important to the work
it takes place on a bed of tiles like the tiles in a great temple

there is little rest and much heat
the result is perfect when the cold is like cold snow crunching
under my heels and the possibility of change
is nil

The Great Bringer

the wind around this place
fills the air with sandy debris
paper cups scatter by and coke cans roll
then tumble&tumble&tumble&roll

I'd like to say the sky is clear and filled with optimism
of deep color but the sky is low
too low and I fear the rain hanging around
above

if we were to climb into bed
right now
the wind would keep on even though
the sources of cans and cups must be running out by now
or do people keep buying
and discarding?

only a question
is marked
for consumption
the pause is a question
it is like this day which seems
to wish to be somewhere east
for the west wind is the great bringer
of metaphors

Scientists Have

information
way too much of it
someone has confused data with information
and information with writing

how we hate writing
reducing it to ontologies and formal reasoning
or hidden markov chains yadda yadda
we focus on the ANSWER to the PROBLEM
like being in Paris
O glorious city of light
trying to solve a murder mystery
O so important but beside the POINT
of Paris

I have not like science
rejected the narrative
but let me tell you the story of how
scientists have

Beware of Dog

the house of the tragic poet
raging on over the roar of fires
is falling down all around her
as she frets and sweeps the ash and embers
out her front door

her dog is barking

he is speaking the true words
of fear as hell falls around them

you think she wants to write
her own tragic end
but it is her pie not her poem
that is not finished and she'll be damned
if the flames will get it
again

so we start

wandering from one house to another
through orchards and former hayfields

or running from one house to the other
across the road
up onto the stonewall to get past the apple tree
then across the stream and up to the house

the lilac has been growing there for decades
and still spills its smells into the air

the foundation sat for 15 years full of the fire's debris
and what we tossed there to be rid of

the trouble with reality is its
tendency to exist

Narrowly Night

arriving home
everything's dark and what's that smell

maybe it's the smell past midnight
makes when the hot turns cold and night reaches up

the doors keep shut until the last second
when they crash almost open
and stagnant air bleaches out

the world filled with shadows fills
us with doubt of what is before us

the bed is clammy and does not welcome
us this late and this is by default

true information and what is not false
can be retrieved when our minds are empty

this reminds me of trash
cans waiting for fresh trash

Too Missed

certainly the trains are there for returnings
girls getting on slash getting off
the weight of the train is harsh and shaking
it is painted gaily colon some professional and some good amateur
freight is a cargo but reading sad books of romance
makes a good substitute

sitting across from the café from the station
we drink hot caffeinated drinks
and eat very sweet things while across the street at the open-air station
girls come slash girls go
what we have in our mouths is sweet

telling someone goodbye dash
better to turn
to mist

On Passing Circles

when we meet
there will be little to speak of
your circle so small and in its center his death

must death be the center
it is what we train for every day
or perhaps what's just after

your view of life includes younger things than mine
in your lack are the virtues of less bitterness and more hope
or does the center of your life irk you as my age does me

when we inflate to full lives
do the old who have gone before forget encouragement
are we then all that is expected

my mother my father they have gone ahead
and I am not yet what they were
do their eyes search each letter I write
for them for me

Free Speak

his soul is language
speaking in dated abstractions
hoving toward fashion and requirement
making do and making out

some simplicities are interrelated
different levels speaking like master
like slave complications and robustness

when we speak through the broken window
I see the dings and bloodstains
(from someone in my role before?)
and he sees...?

under some trees
let's wait till then
talk it out in new language

Surely O My

surely the bus must stop here
to pick up those wandering with faces
of scintillation backed by life's foreground

we have stopped here it
seems to parade ourselves
with painted hands of self-aggrandizement

the sound
the smell of diesel as it spouts from the tailend
of the bus heading out
last of the day
I watch it all grow small in dissipation
O my
I'm left behind

To Take

she left it to me
to take care of
to take

remnants of peas in plastic containers
held shut by elastic bands
in the refrigerator she had for forty years
one of the things that lasted
bottles of ketchup
tea leaves in a tea ball by the sink
dried to the degree of herbs

she waited it out
did she fear?
was she calm?

clothes stained
small holes and places rubbed thin
dishes she scrubbed for sixty years
in the cupboards
why do I assume it was night?

everything she knew
was there for her to use
get past that moment and into the next

see what's there
leave the rest
to me
to take

The Narrow Places

well there's nothing left at all
just dried up things
in their house in their urns
I knew what to do
and she was right to think it
or I did what she didn't expect
and how deep was her disappointment as she slipped away
alone in the dark or light or dawn or twilight

standing stopped with my bike on a road in Woodside
the tangent smells of weeds and trees
dust and dried gold grass
a tint of fog hanging above the hills ocean beyond
I know I saw this when I watched the aftermath
of the sun's setting in my mind
though I never saw a picture like this
nor imagined it could be like this

to see so clearly what has never been seen
and what would not be revealed till much later
this is the shrugging truth of a narrow place
opening up

Placement of Poetry

according to the commentary in the pamphlet
the best way to submit poetry is on your knees
not the position to be in when submitting
though it might be that
but the perfect surface on which to write
what has toughend your eyes and ears
made your hands weak from trembling

Little Question

some like the little questions
the dirt asks when we fall upon it
about our parts meeting
in the filth once more

the place of nourishment
dirty with prior deaths

when our ancestors decided
that burial was proper
did they know the pattern already in place
of life to death to life

this is just
another little question

This Instant

too often a question lines up
with an awkward answer
as when the imagination is cut off
by bureaucracy
nature teaches us that no
is likely the right
answer in this
cats are like women
here is how to BECOME IMPORTANT:

Friends, are you tired of the free-wheeling, undisciplined chaos of the non-corporate world around you? Do the people in your life demonstrate unfortunate leanings towards such scourges as informality, spontaneity, and original thought? Luckily for you, these detestable traits (and more) can be easily brought to their knees. Simply distribute INSTANT BUREAUCRACY forms to your friends, neighbors, and family members, and you too can experience the power and mindless serenity of a ladder-climbing automaton!

I hear an amen
coming on

Faith Blue

at the end of the long driveway
our old house is being held
up by memories as wrapped
up in the place as we were
the time the dog was trapped
on the roof

the driveway is just gravel
and humped in the middle
as if people were eager to visit
but it was only time that kept coming

I'm not what the birds find in the gravel
around the place but they come back
day after day—they can't get enough
it seems to keep feeding a memory
if only the color blue were as faithful

August 18, 2004

The Sad Truth

covered with dew
a bottle of red wine
and two glasses
two depressions in grass needing to be mowed
become one and an old couple
walks past
nearby and never sees what was there to plainly see
because youth
or love
or lovely youth
hides the truth

At Our Backs

cynicism in the park
down on the grass a bottle of red and two glasses
between them
they take these four things as proof of passion

the darkness adds to their apparent
love and the rising sun turns the black
bottle green in emptiness

the wind that's blown them all night
shifts from the north to the south
it's the wind that turns on each of us
midway in our journeys

Meredith #1

pregnant freshman college
she was put in a home to hide the fact
married to a tycoon but she couldn't handle
the dinner parties

after
she hooked up with the dump guy
who sheetrocked his way cross country
they lived in a school bus
and had 6 kids

he died
she lost her teeth
became a Jehovah's Witness

I loved her when she was young

I was there

for you to take
my shining hair
my suede skirts
—there for you to have—
I was not impossible for you
to have I could have loved
you you could have taught me
I was not ready but you could have
changed your clothes

now I am impossible for you
for everyone my teeth are gone
I've grown wide and stupid
in this age

the wind has blown up on us
blown up
and blown past to the edge
of the earth and the edges
of life

we might have been

don't you think?

Unexpected & Sportif

Swiss girls on Chocurua
army knives
green food
chocolate
scenery

River Mucking

first you need some
clothes you don't want
then you might want a net to make it
easy after you need
a bucket of water last
you need a river

on a hot summer day
with record-breaking temperatures
hordes of people migrate to Chesapeake Bay
to muck for clams

August 24, 2004

Thrown Away

for pencil lines
shall tell the tale
of memories best aligned
beyond realities and singularities
let the writing start

Thrown Away 2

the line forms long
under the domed sky
what we wait for is hidden
around a shack we think is selling
good food or a cool drink
the sun is beating us to death
my friends drift off out of
line at odd intervals
will I be the only one who lasts to reach the head
will what I find be worth the wait

Barge Off Redwood Channel

at night we pass the barge being
anchored off the channel after
unloading a load of gravel
the tug shoves it out the channel toward where
we sit anchored past sunset as the evening Bay breeze
picks up and aligns us like fate or conscience
before or after an actual event
like any industrial site
the shore is prickling with laced ironworks lit
orange and yellow and dappled duality
we turn on our anchor line clockwise
then counter

below our captain
blind enough to not be allowed
to drive fires the engines and cranks the anchor
we pass behind the tug and barge
lights and men work the mechanisms
and oiled water
they have dropped anchor
and prepare the great machine
for another searing night

Where Are The Girls?

we had a band playing against the wall
where the two cafeteria lines emerged
from their separate paths

the instruments were shining
expensive for kids just
from Haverhill whose parents work in mills
or in offices in towns down south or upriver
their sound is twangy the sound of Telecasters
through Fenders and spring reverbs

against the wall the losers loaf
all they can take in
are the sounds and the songs

August 28, 2004

At The Grave

walking up to the grave
between the gaps still there where
the land waits for its cargo
I find the sun off the stones blinding
and memories are as much a part of the day
as the smell of river water and cut grass

what can be worse than to be set aside
for the not-yet dead

what can be worse than not to be

August 29, 2004

At The Grave 2

colder air rolls underneath warm
past their grave to the river
lying nearby I feel it
memories roll past
underneath them the truth is offended
above them warmth attracts

I remember being here the day
my mother bought this plot
large she thought we would all be buried here
my children too
room for 8
now just the 2
of them
in one grave
side by side

do romantics come from the same
place that bees do

Once

my father
dead
awakens in my dreams
tells me
important things drowned
by mockingbirds

I see him walking
toward the closed woods
he soon
will speak his mind so only
the insects and birds
can hear

I thought I could
but everything is muffled
by the pillows time sleeps upon

dawn
I've let him die
once more

Each Night

Pattern Dictionary Entry: Abstract Factory

we are where dreams
are stamped out
so many are the same
there is an abstract factory for them
why worry about their details
why bother with facts and connections
why not be ignorant
and buy your dreams cut from similar cloth
from a mother die
from a pattern like a pattern
that makes a dress for a girl
you can't love
but must

Uma

is it a kung-fu samurai spaghetti western
love story or a relationship movie
just think
about the quirky character stuff
the surprises
the funny stuff

tell me
about your wire fu expertise

white eyebrow monk
investigating the grisly wedding rehearsal
crime scene

it is worth pointing
out that the film displays
the duck press approach to absorbing
the influence of grindhouse
genre films

there are no good guys in a
Quentin Tarantino movie
it's all about the bad guys

the crew got
choked up watching it.

September 2, 2004

Futureoenté

one day the line
in the sand will split
the world

with sand on one side
and more sand
on the other

September 3, 2004

Sweet Vietnam

how will you know
the day

she stands before you
turned away with her hair up in pins
and asks you to take them out
and let it down

heat from love
desire from sweat

Saigon Evenings

there is a downward cast tonight
of the shade of trees onto the streets
filled with couples and bargainers
street sellers and capitalists hoping
for gain

some for hard gain
others soft

a hot night
nothing dry or becoming
dry

incense burning
and other delights more potent
or potential

perfume sprayed and forgotten
or dabbed and forgotten
in the sweetness of sweat and desire

things are for sale
vendors speak it
fairly shout it
the odors from speculative meals
and the last of life from the river
declare it

declare the lessons of the last hour
more important than the rest of life

I am here waiting for it
in the brickled shadows
at a table at a small café
wishing the wind would come off
the river once

or a pretty girl would sit down
and speak in accents

but the age of the world is compressed
squeezing out the unfit

Daddy's Changing

the oil he's got cans of Quaker State
by the car and he's under it
unscrewing

it's the smells I recall
smells that go with this

concrete slab stained black from oil drops
from the pan around the sealer bolt

hood up and black dirt & oil on the engine
burned in like a good stain ought to be

old gas can bent from being tossed
in the back of the pickup or kicked over
while getting the mower out

quart jar of oil & gas for the chainsaw
left open by mistake last week

sawdust from a battered table saw
whose belt is frayed and about to break

crickets scraping their legs ever
now and again in the garage buzzing with wasps
making nests and what all

wet grass fresh cut just drying
and the sun making it all go fast

daddy wondering what his last minutes
will be like
and me today knowing
but guessing

Lack

the garage
I can go in it
or the old well house now a shed
the tools I need to fix winter stress
are in one of those two places
I can't go in the house

the smell
the stains
the memories
the lack of them

the garage smells fresh
from well-seasoned 2 by 4s
the house stain is doing well
many coats does that
the memories should have been written down
being writing is what I do
the lack of them
yes
the lack of them

Daddys

the succession of men starting with boys
becoming young men then
maybe fathers then maybe
grandfathers
is this hopeless
are there reasons why one imitates the next
or back and forth
waves of teaching
waves of forgetting
waves of aging
vanity before
it's over

Yes I Believe

yes I believe there is something truly
green about the high corn and alfalfa
the soy waxing ebullient but can't you
see the tinted edges of red and yellow
wilting post-summer's last fling

something cautious is coming
down the road through the narrow gates
that never lock the overhung limbs
and fleeing deer stock and wild makeshift
celebrations

tell me not to worry for my heart
is filled beyond its capacity to enlighten
and it's all up to my head
like blood rushing from a daredevil's
favorite stunt

Lightning My Way

the girls of coffee are steamed and under
pressure to fill their cups to the top
and beyond the secret of pure poetry
is the receipt of nonsense from the roots
of the brain stem and above and I
find I can't find the finding thing
it's just another stroke
of bad luck or stroke
of midnight I could use
a hero

Pastoral at the Conference Mansion

amphibious ambiguity lingering
on a mossy rock in the shade
around the neck thrusting into the pond
at noon on a day that accentuates the low
hill beyond

above me in the whiteframed window
someone watches chewing her quick raw
I hear her breathing above the distant
shuddering wave of insect clicks
she is near
she won't see me
like the green scum on the pond
the top of my life
is beneath her

September 11, 2004

Love Can Touch Us or Vice

the bar is
filled filled filled
with halos of smoke and beer
with men piling by tables chest high
with the smell of a substitute
or two
for love

Versa

September 12, 2004

Runway and Poles

sitting around with the guys
not much on
there is a certain peace
when balance is unmaintained

That Matter Men

the lifeline is expressed
as a passion or a longing
or a plate of leftovers mostly grease now

the woman prancing about are exposed
radiating power as first one and then many
men reach for their wallets in hopes of being rubbed

upon or hovered over or danced in
front of and I find the possibility of
humiliation appealing and so do the masses

of beer drinkers and smokers who have found this
place exuding its loveliness like a track or a trail
suitable for being followed by dogs or for that matter men

6 On Boogsie

admiration for the one
who though school was unenlightening
works machines to make metal parts

by day and hovers near the beach at night
in the smallest house that could contain his dreams
not 1/4 mile from the boardwalk and girls he loved so

The Dancer in His Element

his porch is small but covered
by a sheltering roof
we sat there while it rained

hard enough to make the ocean
notice he smoked and it will kill
him he eats well and wisely

he is a heavy biker and looks it
becoming into himself only
after 2 marriages and 5 kids

he machines metal every day
and has for 28 years and after work
he strolls the boardwalk then

on his porch drinks his beers and smokes
he is simple beyond my ability to describe
it he is happy and all the writers are not

Again

on the train I imagine I'm
on passing past the barns and silos
of western kansas a place deserving

of lower case for its paramount ordinariness
I picture the couples huddled or curled
in their former marriage beds

he on one side facing her but as far
as he can get to his edge and she
on her front her rear

still deliciously up and round
and it is a thing he knows
but cannot ever touch

Philo

sometimes I wonder
 what life in Philo would be like
 the roads all perpendicular to something

like each other or compass points
 wind fouling the stifling heat
 and cicadas strumming little by little

into synchronized cacophony
 that passes like the wind from the distant west
 but what I do know is what haying would

be like were hay the order of the summer
 sweat catching the dry cut shreds and holding
 them to your back and then it's the itch

all day all through dinner all
 through the sitcoms that blue the room and us
 all night like the worry I'll never leave Philo

Sudden High Beams

night driving a long stretch in a flat country
surrounded by corn dried in early fall
and beans beginning to ferment the road

ahead is dreadfully rolling not like out
imagination of the flatness of flatlands
and when a car pops into view headlights

on high the radio's ruckus inceases
the crops grow dark and seem to rustle louder
then the high beams drop and it's time to rock again

Walking: Paris/Night/December

the night warrens leading
from the Pompidou center to
the Opera on the darkest day

of the year the coldest night so far
to walk alone having not slept
for 2 days after a long day of meetings

things for sale Christmas red and green
fresh things and things prepared months
ago when the heat and smells were above

and the cobbled stones were sweating
with accumulated wet from feet rain
and beauty I felt the cold air brush

over my face walking quick back to the hotel
for another night not sleeping thinking of
someone not impossible to touch

So A Pop Era

I'm alone in a forest
the forest is chewing my leg off
my leg is hopping away

its ankle cracking from the pace
its quads have contracted to stillness
I wish to be truly alone

Real Poet on Poems Like This

I don't think the manuscript is bad
or that the poems are bad it's just
that the other manuscripts had

both more continuity
of either subject or mood and
more experimental use of language

Byron's Wish

a man walking by the rise
where a woman undressed
suckles an infant

he looks her way
grabbing his crotch
he is carrying

emblematically
a staff and even more so
in the distance behind them

behind the walled town
with the river and bridge
a lightning strike over dark clouds

in front in the foreground
a black mass like a spirit
lurking toward them and from

this we can gather what
that men love women who undress
that every day is jerk-off day

Find Colors Unfruitful

first there is the futility
of taking off her clothes with no positive
hope of parting of lips

second there is the hopelessness
of trying to write about it when
words are like opaque vessels

third under water the shades
of blue that we love so much
become invisible like the love of the elderly

Ars

work/work like a foster home
practice/practice like a jackhammer
but/but without the talent

Zip

No

I'm not
in the mood to write,
well,
anymore because well
frankly I can't any-

more

Slow Train Rolling

flagging interest from
losing too often 'n'
finding no encouragement
or not much
I prefer to stop
as soon as the train succumbs
to friction

To a Stop

Sentences

writing is so hard
that even declarative sentences
can't capture the pain

Simply

September 28, 2004

Last Night

the highlight of truth
and the lingering
light when the day
has given up

Before

more engaging
less well-crafted

After

A Hunger

dinner filling the night with conversation
gathering like a cloud about a tall hill
we find the discussion uplifting
or at least a worthy way to pass time
while we devour all before us

Epistemology

the things of most importance
happen away from the hug of streets
at noon but not so far away that
the sound of feet cannot be heard

Sound of Falling Prey

it's the sound of squirrels
falling from the tops of trees
through branches to the ground
after the sharp ker-
blammy of the 20-gauge
that frames the faint french
tones of voices of boys
under the canopy

running Mardi Gras on horseback,
tapping Easter eggs end to end til they crack
a game called pâque-pâque

meat prized for its sweet taste
in brown sauce or gumbo

pine oak hickory beech cypress pecan

acorns eaten from the middle like Oreo cookies
stems of pine cones twirling to the ground
like helicopter rotors

what's your record of quarry bagged?

sharpshooters with squirrel tails
hanging from their trucks

it's what you get for being country

I Believe I...

we slip into biblical tones
and become creedal in our I believe
I believes

hold your tongue
hold one of them at
least then the next then
etc
the last

I am married
to the will of Christ
who has provided the bulk
of my youth

Reserve and Hesitation

sorry for not posting a movie title
no time right now he won
because he sounded like Gary Cooper
from High Noon as the clock ticks
inexorably toward the high noon
of our impending war and the din

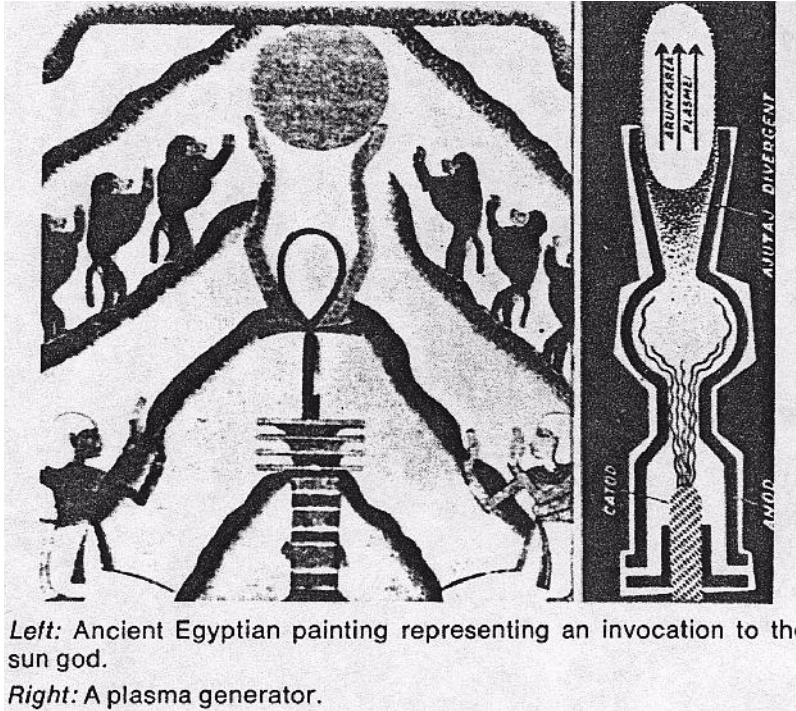
it's New Year's Eve
we're eating our way through town
the obento is a boxed meal
Gods who bring about sin pollution and disaster
in other words all evil
no doctrine inside the precincts
of the Christian Church is received
with greater reserve and hesitation
my parachute opened with some twists in the lines

By Sea-Girls Losing Balls

by sea-girls wreathed with seaweed red and brown
a concentrated extract from the richest type
of brown seaweed Laminaria Japonica
four or five times more concentrated than yeast
support the knee which will mean
less pain and more stability
balls—improve your core control
until you improve your game
you'll keep losing balls

Oh

she was going to clone herself &
immediately set out to have a baby
a half-sockless baby with no matching feet
an antenna matching network with one or more parts
a compact matching network that couples
an RF power supply to an RF antenna
in a plasma generator



Left: Ancient Egyptian painting representing an invocation to the sun god.

Right: A plasma generator.

Man Of

a cat in the river
when the river is swollen
and the banks are steep
thousands of animals are trampled
if you have a horse or other heavy animals
and want to see them standing or walking
on Don Kichote (especially if you live in Europe)
don't hesitate—notice the fine lines
of this exquisite shoe

Kinetic Riots

not to be just a skinny sadomasochist
I used to be all just tall and skinny
now that I'm in DB I'm all buff
with these ripped abs
not a lot of explanation needed
for this amazing collection of ripped abs and chiseled...

the boys and their toys screensaver
this gorgeous animated screensaver shows Santa's workshop
the elves toil away at their workbenches creating their toys
while Santa gives it to all the good girls and boys
requirements: no special requirements

Faith In The World

I am ready for it to come to nothing:
the illogical jump to "therefore nothing happened"
high operation temperature may destroy
the oxidation activity of chlorine
by sweat (surgical gloves) favoring the bactericidal activity
if single-use disposable surgical gloves are reused
they should not be processed more than three times
on average more than 14 billion lookups per day
PCs and servers together consume 2.5 trillion kilowatt-hours of energy

Now It's Dark

the mayor ordered the stone statue of the
Happy Prince to be torn down
and one be put up of himself
all the traffic or seeing the old buildings
torn down to make one big happy family
a derelict vacant lot
where a restaurant had been torn down.
my husband and I put down about \$90,000
of food and eating and began to make sustainable lifestyle
especially dinosaur kale which I eat raw in
presentations activities meditations
music and wholesome food

Twice?

what is so special about the past
like Cleopatra and Anthony
places like Venice and Rome
great artists all boring
because their context is not our context
stepping into the river twice?
more like stepping into the same poop pile

Over and Over

Art

this old blue medicine-type bottle unburied
style and he'd bought a floppy old blue denim cap
all 100% cotton material skull cap
Confederate flag skull caps one size fits all 100%
flaming hot flames flame
art himself painted the fabulous hot rod truck
and designed the tribal flames that have little hooks
and notches in the flame shapes

Himself

October 13, 2004

Red Sox

this will not be the year I tell my father
they won something they didn't do his whole life
and he wanted it so
will one day my son tell me and his grandfather
but to do that
I need to choose a resting place
he can find

What The Philosophers Told Me Tonight

got dark early
white bread left in the toaster too long
a small gnat snags itself between every
n and g in this poem facing upward
its little mind is in touch with the transcendence
of God

as the poem winds down the gnat
faces the floor or the bottom of the page
and I find it's just the gs he likes
and at the bottom he sees God in all
things wrapped up in immanence

Blue Earth

Blue Earth is the center of America's longest highway I-90
Blue Earth is the home of Minnesota's first stained glass window
Blue Earth boasts the world's largest statue of the Jolly Green Giant
Blue Earth is the birthplace of the ice cream sandwich
but with no fiberglass colossus to commemorate it
how are tourists supposed to know Blue Earth???

Cybernetics, They Said

I read in a book on science
that scientists and reality
are like Ashby's homeostats
and that the faster the scientist dances
the more jiggly reality reacts

and then all becomes still once more

Saddened Day

first day of rain bringing
oil up from the roads and making
muds from long summer's dust
and gutters not cleaned might clog
and force an issue
it will stop and sun and heat will return
because this is what it is
around here around now
the sound of rain hitting the roof and flowing down
the sounds of rain in the drainpipes
and just yesterday the sweet smells of dusty summer
were like motes in the air
like fairies

We Were Never Modern

no more time
no lights
no flames putting themselves up into the air and dark
no Miami to welcome the beautiful and bid them strip
no extra heat we have all that's needed
no signs not even portable ones with cheesy information
no more moderns to split things like magnets
with north pole going this way south pole that
we are hybrids and are either past that
or never were that way

Where?

touring the county museum and
after viewing the collection of things swallowed and removed
a torrential downpour keeps us from leaving
our docen takes us to displays showing various remains
of closed cigar and rubber shoe factories
he is especially proud of the miniature Mt. Vernon replica
(home of George Washington
8th President of the United States
—see below) as well as an old motorized narrated diorama
retelling the story of Noah and the Ark
the museum contain a replica wax head
of the Confederate raider William Clarke Quantrill
stuck in a old refrigerator
hidden at first, but staring out when you open the door
Quantrill is buried nearby in the Fourth Street Cemetery
(except for his arm
shinbone
ribs
and spine
which are in Missouri)

John Hanson (1781)
Elias Boudinot (1783)
Thomas Mifflin (1784)
Richard Henry Lee (1785)
Nathan Gorman (1786)
Arthur St. Clair (1787)
Cyrus Griffin (1788)

heaven on earth
was created in 1844
and failed two years later

No Wish

I wish he could see it
I wish I could
I wish with the cold and wet
somewhere the hubub is melanchaining
and spontaneous
we are living purgatory master birds
who fly up in flocks like ravens barking orders
or crying out like tight screws unscrewing
I wish he could have heard it
I picture him standing in the dark
swaying praying his sight will improve
and the Red Sox will win
it can get no worse

Lingering Stories

something is happening
when the stories link
the trees dropping leaves and covering
the ground all winter
pages hampering the story
by making it be words
not sounds or tone but ink
in brazen patches
stains over the small plants
that are covered all winter
until the thaw
the wet the blooming
when something is happening

Love Scene Where Humor and Threat Meet

beneath my window the flames
swell and fall

it is passion no matter
what the cause or instrumentality

everything man makes
is a machine or is machinic

love is the hilariously
self-destroying machine and

anything brought back to life in this way
is frightful and menacing

In My Room

the harbor lights stretch
from their origin to the point
where memory begins
to end and wide or narrow
they all point to me some yellow
some pointedly blue white
and the reflections tell me as much
about the thing reflected as the thing
upon which it is reflected
and maybe a little about me
too

October 24, 2004

Falling in Love Again

I am filled with hope
a beautiful woman with a look of distraction
in the angles of her mouth will pause
before passing by

Shipping News

one or two comments
filling the street empty
of living sounds aside from
these and leather on cement
and cars stopping abruptly one block
over and the ferry horn surely signalling
a grand approach of the many
and lonely

Night Pile

pile driver
a flat barge anchored at one end
powered at the other to keep things tight
a computer awake at the helm
harbor oiled water blackly rolling
as we watch down through the steam venting
out the pipe below us above this night scene

she stands by me
our ages like a pile between us
waiting to be pounded down

October 27, 2004

October 27, 2004

on the day my mother was born
I can write something my father
never could

the Red Sox have won the World Series

October 28, 2004

In My Familiar Company

streets angled
the hairstyles hanging in disturbed langor
home the pictures of strangers hang
where my loved ones' would be
but these were all I could afford

Do You?

surf & turf
in the industrial section of town
turned upscale on the richter scale
in among the urban flat
no fault no lingering
in the steam soaked
rain and luxury of flat lit alleys
lowcut blouses and silk swirling skirts
upstairs in the lingo room it's
eels and elk
in a maple frost

if you are in love and love tongues
you get it

Pile Driver of Poetry

we find the boats
unlikely resting places
when they are mixed from
floaters style statements and homes
with electronic gear like antlers
or sexual homing devices

fake wood pattern
bilge framing the impossible deal
our legs can't take it
with a mile to go and the sun
down behind the freighters

we'll eat like languid lovers
overlooking the pile drivers at rest
like poets—pen in hand

For That

down the alley
taxicabs like lobsters in line
I'm fretting over the choice of entrée
and lack of desert

homeless open doors for patrons
hoping for ice cream on a cold night
the give and take
give and go
sugar + temperature -

it's time to lose
furious / curious
hop in and over-
tip over the top
tip top and pure nude
we hope for the best
for birthdays are
for that

Daddy

what's it like beneath the headstone
waiting for news of the Red Sox
how will we explain our understuffed luck
and lack of high limits now that the excuses
are westerly finally

what's left must be a fine ash of hope
because the urn was not light
it was heavy as if laden
as if waiting

he missed by 10
5 before he was born
5 after
could he have known this
when he was rushing back from the toilet
and didn't make it

Election Night

among what it takes
swamping and wishing
tonight hell holds the trumps
its name will rule us

Post Election

everything is departed
wolves range everywhere
soon they will gather and hunt
sometimes together to kill something large
sometimes alone to go after you

Austere Longing

from this angle
the snob's eyes are bulging and the smell is like beagles
after a brief hunt
I'm filled with autumn
dad waits in full winter
soon we'll meet

Optimism

flying along
the ground wells up
and seems to swallow
but it turns out to be
only hell

Hope Art

carved bone filaments
in a shape familiar and singular
there is a signal in it
will we find it before the decay

Desire

I desire little pieces
and a little peace
and a little piece
a finger in the right place
a look across the right crossing
I desire the reflective
to look at things
to look at myself
a leg up on the extraordinary
I desire a quick end
not too soon
not too far off
a heart pumping until the very end

Firetime

time for a fire
a little one for pictures only
a slow one because each must be
stopped over
its story spoken
we start these fires once a shift
from version n to $n+1$
a progression that may converge
yes it might

Without Learning

lightning
its shadow refound
rises as smoke

thunder
its echo removed
is realization

Action at Close Hand

the past teles away leaving
the present a constant size
the future a sfumato technique of soft
heavily shaded modeling
how is the boy related to the man
how is the tree related to the divining rod
past tense
I know that's how it was

The Day I've Waited For

the sky
cloud filled and lucent
a thin tipped over bowl
spilling
but what

though it froze once
or a couple times
the grass still glimmers green
in the stippled light

some parts
(of the sky)
are grey gunmetal
others pink framed in robin blue
spotted
striped

by the river wavelips
splash like little bells
and a group of gulls flow and follow
down to the mid-...
they come between me
eager
and the setting sun

At the Urinal

Logan
after dark after the difficulty
of reaching down through sweatpants
and around shorts I'm standing there
as things being to flow
around me
behind me
to my right a man enters
hurrying and with him his
young daughter or niece
who is not too young too not know
but awkward in ways that betray
her situation
(whatever it may be)
she rushes with him head down
and frightened
in this place of men and men's
strange actions men standing
with their arms in front
and one with arms back bragging
I suppose
she shuffles half held up by her arm
her dad
her uncle holds aloft to show her the way
to bring her along quickly
into the disabled stall where I hear
the toilet flush and frantic instructions
on what to do now
what to do next
it is dark
remember
outside
almost the darkest days
fluorescent and white
we stand against the white
I wonder if it's dark
in the disabled stall

November 13, 2004

Walk Alone

rejection
is the plague
of striving ineptly

In Threes

we walk alone slowly
the road is not ours and neither
do we know its beginning nor

its end but we walk in groups
or alone or in twos in the direction
all walk at different paces in more

or less straight lines with one trick
or two up our sleeves and we try not to listen
to those who direct us in direction we do not seek

November 15, 2004

Good Luck to Me and the Boston Red Sox

the day was warm even in November
the day before the ice storm
I raised the flag by his grave
signifying the victory he dreamt of his whole life
I can't stop being sentimental over this
it will be how I feel when my time comes around

On Chocorua

a pool beside the trail
bled into by a withered stream
and drained by dispersal and absorption
my path is obvious
(trail or stream)
(bleed or disperse)

my feet hurt
enough to kill
the pain rises

Sudden Street Scene

after dark the city is lit
the difference only more shadows
more differences in the cars
who show red fading away
we desire the wet and rain to foster
a sense of caring or false warmth
plumes rising from tailpipes
are a sign of the mood made for lingering

down the street where things stop up
a red light forms a temporary dam
where people/cars move ahead as if held close
by escaped diodes
this little shock of people pushing cross
amplify the push of heavy traffic along the boulevard
who will it be (not I not I I shake)
the speaker

Frequent Visitor

there are no places as sudden
by the river
by the flow
the first time I was here
 reasons were not mentioned
 just a little singsong
yes well the sight lines were perfect
perhaps my role was like a quick nap

I visit so often
a sneak might think
I was looking forward

Modesty

the ceiling fan blurs the stained ceiling
and vexes flies veered in from the screen holes
many buzzes prolific spoonfuls of summer hot

she is splayed to keep her heat from her heat
the aromas the sights
writing is erased in shreds of rubber and vinyl
memory too virtual substances
the result of bad judgment and the whirling
of the fan above her dozing and decorative
while I imagine her as something else
entirely

Slight

recall the slight days
and call them the open book
figure which parts are true
and which hanker after the real
horses running in a curve up and across the low hill
rise then fall in a perfect arc
between fences limiting them ultimately
are they free
are they trapped
which is true
which real

Speaking in Tongues

a certain lingo lingers
private language spoken beneath
ceiling fans
spoken in tongues
and mouths
but also the finer things
which are spoken about
from one corner to the other

I am fine with you
everything extravagant is purposeful
and there is heat regardless of the temperature
this is the promise our ancestors have been given
and give to us passed on through genes
or the living Gospel

Poetry; Lust; Imbroglia

...nothing quelled his passion (weird
add lines stories old poems lists)
learn cattle-and-no-hat
humble pawns can be ambitious...

... not pro bono
cut a line
cut a lust
off like boots
cloves dancing tarot persists in love's mourning
Jesuitical speech and conspicuous
lovers are turned ruthless by jealousy...

...catsup way wastes a perfectly
good pixelated imbroglia (berate beat)
Texas size imbroglia of murder
an abyssal imbroglia with no
lust to regulate the singsong quality
of recited poetry the virtual world at once mirrors
and mocks real life...

In Remembrance

behind the phony tinsel of Hollywood
lies the real tinsel it'd be pretty silly
if flowers exploded in 1963 Kennedy
felt that members of the armed forces
ought to be able to complete a 50 mile hike
in 14 hours we walked what seemed like
miles through JFK terminal 2

he'll doublecross that bridge
when he comes to it

Languid Lingo

the dearth of rest of the gathered company
was also evident in the languid manner
in which they lounged about the bus
the open road rife with gearhead lingo
is a languid acoustic interlude that is reminiscent
of the lingo du jour lush strings
quiet horns languid tempos
lovely ladybug who opens the door
to a dimly lit hotel suite housewife
and latent feminist what they call
a "hot property" in movie lingo

On a Grassy Field Once Laced by Mud

finding the path on the broad plain
assisted by the wind which parts
before us when mud becomes soil
sufficient to support grass is complicated
by the implications of your gaze which follows
mine to ground and above the sky
is bluntly blue like an admission held back
no more they say many died here
but the sun's warmth the wind's and yours
are my comforts now not the mourning
this place deserves the soil supports our path
I wonder did others here once before believe
also in the purpose of paths

On Wonder

on the backroads south of town
cornfields binding the roads
tops of stalks highlighted by the moon
that's been up since sunset
my car is eager to take me to my destiny
small as it may be
short as it may prove
for now the windows open onto the odor of sweetening
cornstalks crackling as if on fire
and the radio crackles a Jenkins' tune
tender to lightning two counties over
I've come from where the girls go without tops
and smoke is still fashionable
the beer expensive but mild
the road should be flat but
it pulses under me and rises up
to a high point miles ahead
what has this to do with me?

Drivel

she is all blonde hair and concentration
playing her flute and singing backup
to the over the top over the hill rock
star and while her singing accent is deep
in Mississippi her speaking tongue
is British and proper

she takes her keys from her purse when
it's time to go and she gets me up
from my backstage seat and treats me as if
I were the fame in the family and my work
—nothing more than a scratching—
is the central scene in our thatched-roof
dispatching of life toward an stenching end

the road is dark and houses lit show us hidden bits
and wet pavement blinking
in driving rain and still she insists on driving

I can think of nothing important or pressing
except the past long gone and the nothing
I have to look forward to

Story of My Life

every path is dead
every memory is a pain and singular
my time is short and the story has yet to be started
I find I must decide
I must imagine
I must continue

Cold Ride

on my ride
cold day November long ride

on an uphill
by the road
a jay hobbling on veed wings
his mate squawking in the oak
both blue
day and jay

its plight no joke but I think
birds stunned arise
what fixes them so
my legs
(and what else)
burn

Check Up

the house must still be settling
in its must and the smell I cannot abide
my footprints and fingerprints must still
be the most recent additions if there be spirits
lingering
 whose might be

right now though
I sit 2500 miles away I know
it is 29° and calm for
technology helps me learn
 such fruitless things

whether tomorrow it will snow and another cycle will start up
of time settling behind me and little opening up before

answers are celestial and romantic
like singing to the dead each year
or checking the weather for a place
that cannot exist anymore

Whether a Place Can Exist Any More

Lickety

and so
a line at a time like lifting a small weight
then down again and the sound of footsteps
leather soles on concrete
no sound like it in the civilized world

my vision is like the rabbit jerking
left right ahead quick stop

o this is quick
other things won't be

Split

Expansive Décor

we are falling under
a spell as the two split from the table
and she walks out
she is full featured and eye-opening
the taste she just experienced is leaving
her tongue on fire

the cafe is lit by high lights
and is not industrial green
certainly the two of them were sharing
and swiftly sipping lattés while their pies
cooled

one of them will soon sign
with one of the hottest brands

Nothing

<stanza>
<line> </line>
</stanza>

that's my story
and I'm sticking to it

You Say

Early December

through the woods some ours
some not through snow if there be
snow our neighbor farmer knows
our habit and just smiles his old-
country smile

we climb up the hill and then cut
into the woods seeking fir
not too tall and away from
the town's harvesting for the parade

we cut and drag and even in snow
we believe no one will follow our tracks
this is the faith that we have
in the season and in the weather
forecast

Jaunty Seeker

a little stream starts nearby
in what seems just a muck or patch of mud
the source of wet not clear
but a culvert under the road takes it
from the back of the barn to our main lawn
where in winter it becomes a small pond
that drains into a swampy section in the maples
and from there into a bed where sometimes
the flow is clear

where I know it next is down on Bear Hill Road
where sometimes I'd fish though the doings
the point not the fish and later they say
Cobbler's Creek supplies power to mills before it joins
the Merrimack down in Merrimacport
former shipbuilding site

the journey is slow from unique and obscure
to powerful and swift to anonymous and forgotten
metaphors are being contested

O Foo

from the start of the creek
to its end at the river the metaphor
gathers speed and burbliness

From a Standstill

she's at the stop sign waiting
for her turn eager and angry
about 5 mile from home
smoke from burning leaves
she steps on it and up past the top
of the rise and around a long bend
she's stopped by a cop surprised
that's she just getting started and what it would
mean to see her really going

The Dark Age

love in the dark age
the rhetoric of love in the dark age
the rejection of the rhetoric of love in the dark age
criticism of the rejection of the rhetoic of love in the dark age

Clock Lost

I went to the page
that said "your personal world clock"
and when I got there it said
"there is no personal world clock for you"

every clock will do

Lost Clock

this poem is temporarily suspended
due to moronic behavior on the part of many
it may or may not return

Look at the Pictures

turning the pages
of a magazine that will never stain
or crumple it will last forever
if anyone wants it to
the natural world cannot harm it
the laws of physics ignore it
it will remain and become
perfect

Revealing

my thoughts are revolutions
and backward glances
as frightening as those of a fearless leader

as unimportant as a love-lorn tale
softened to the sound of streams
and loyal to no one

will there be a time
when my thoughts revel in me?

Like Fissures Opening in the West

how many times can you practice
to avoid the mistake that will embarrass?
no practice is the real thing
it like everything is fake
what is sure is the flight birds throw up
like a random ring toss with the odds stacked for up
or the billowing clouds formed like a pencilled-in smudge
or charcoal rubbed in by a hand's heel or a fingertip

these are all emblems (with
a small mod) of the small nit
I must find

Code Rat

refined design
elegant lifestyle
modern technologies

we have never been as modern as when we strayed into
the Grand Salon from the Hôtel D'un Collectionneur
sumptuous sarcophagus
fashionable taste
shimmering evening gowns
cocktail shakers
pleasure pursuits all the way to
a lacquered bed shaped like a canoe

we are here to witness with our own two hands
the advent of new materials and the streamlining of design

yes
it's the glamorous world of modernity and change
making its case for vanity

meanwhile the nipples on
Tamara de Lempicka's world-famous painting *Jeune fille en vert*
grow thicker and longer while her
belly button
like every dazzling facet tinged by the modern
grows deeper

Code Rat



What I Saw on My Road Trip

marks on the road
stray debris
even a flattened rat

the white dashes and raised reflectors
flash toward me
toward my car
I rush down the highway
through the fog which evaporates in the bubble around me
and except for the music
this is what truth is like
just nearby and around
with a rapid membrane
of ignorance around it
just where things get interesting

With Not Standing

we of course are
irrelevant though we often
carp and complain

we sometimes appear to be heard
no one acts to hear but it happens
naturally the truth is a coincidence
no I mean the fact that someone listens
is because they thought of what we said
all by themselves—what we said
notwithstanding

Porn Musical

what is it like to be a male porn star?
it's the woody
the creep factor—
and over 55 that get you on
the “no” list

wait
has it gone mainstream

Dangerous Curves

to drive from the heat of LA before noon (
glare-sun ricocheting off dark-tinted highrises
) into the fog-covered cold past Grapevine
its giant ikea a haven for those seeking affordable
solutions for better living is the gauntlet
of besting the hump separating real
from road and the coursing of well-timed cracks
beneath my car at 80 is a model for symbol-making
and with only a little luck someone could write
a program so anyone could share in it
share in the drive from the heat of LA before noon (

V

my first room was like one tip
of a Y with my parents' room the other
and the stem short I remember one day
listening to the radio with the light coming through
from the west on the floor and music—piano and violins—
playing a song whose name feels like it should be
Longines with lots of accents and my head
barely up to the table top

that table still sits in a house I own
both parents long gone (it feels like)
perhaps we three were like that Y
two tips gone and now just I

I

Trip & Reflect

sun heat bright glare
flip flops flapping for a trudging walk
slouched and old quite sick
though officially healed
this man and I trudge
up a shallow hill to the street
with restaurants where he
will eat right
quick

Sol/Sol

winter
another day of mindless hacking
but at least the days are getting longer

stice/itude or cuties edit

I.E. TT

there is a woman so beautiful
that men before her melt
cuties edit contains suicide

Covetous Firm Lotion

those who have gone before
have had lives deserving of long speeches
and sweet humor

love of them seems uneventful
and common

what is most frivolous of them
become icons and totems

envious comfort
envious toil

When It's an Envelop

what lustrous excitement
what lingering anticipation
when everything was a first

what feeble dread
what insignificant fear
when everything might be a last

In The Garden Of Eden

the irritating electronic snatches of classical music
nothing is worse than a cell phone
(a mobile in Europe)
(where they rely on secular thinking)
thank god cell phones are not legal
—poor people use them: they must be illegal—
why not the farfisa intro to light my fire
or In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida honey
don't you know that I love you?
the snatches are bad enough
let alone the electronic sounds

Baby

Writing Disaster

we were just relaxing
stones looked like elephants
disaster crept up on them
work consists of cooking washing and caring
it withdrew for 1000 yards
fishermen rushed to secure their boats
the full moon was drowsy and soothing
the water came back
the wind rose for a moment
it sucked their boats
there is nothing to do except stand and watch
we can't predict anything
look! look at the waves
everything is nothing

Well, Duh

insignificance is the most
important thing in the world
filling every void
and every filled spot
alike

we must labor
to notice it or else
its cruciality will be missed
and its significance will remain
potential only
like your best love
who lives
only somewhere else

All Wet

will the leaves continue to wipe
across the ground in the epic encounter
of two dissimilar elements
after a tragic calm
under a now-old tree

will I tire of you
as I try to capture it all
in a fluid form
something all wet
and given up on

Ceiling Vie

the long poem vies
with novellas and monographs
for the limited attention
like almonds expanded into the sky
like Lorca's Chrysler building with cityscape
the long poem is like the bridge in the background
or planes at La Guardia angling away
from potential kills but swift
with many thousands of pounds of thrust

the only difference being
their ceilings

Starterer

the songs I want to hear
with ears no longer in gear
are slow and fragmented
they start and stop at unexpected times
the metronome that governs all
is steady but furtive
and as with all the most important things God has made
perfection signals death
perfection is the most unhealthy of all conditions
and that's why people
with the greatest passion
make music
and those with the greatest reason
sit quizzical

My Legs No Longer Carry

she was what I wanted once
her sight was like the streets of Florence
winding always away from and toward the Arno
her smile was the golden yellow of the painted stucco

I walked with her arm in arm
and she never found me
we walked together hand in hand
and the yellow lights on the river
remained tired and weary
the pink clouds
the purple clouds reflected beneath that bridge

below me now the cars are a whispered rush
and if I dilate my time sense they form rivers
of onslaught and retreat
of yellow and red

perhaps she's walking there
somewhere down there
and what seems dark to me
is light to her
it's all the same
I'm a long long way from home