

Shared Fraud

A Collection of Poems from 2008

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Delete the A's

the year starts
it seems to start each year
about the same time
outside is a tree a tree a tree a tree...
I (one) could go on
in the background a sad song plays
through the expensive DAC and a small tube amp
some old almost audiophile speakers
almost is a word of distance
meaning not much of it
in the room upstairs
the curved in part of her back
is a field of light short hairs
insubstantial aside from their meaning
she consults her crossword page
before wondering whether a new year
represents something new
or just the repetition she repeatedly regrets
for me I hope this is a year of writing
that the past will finally be wrapped around
and now become
that ago ago ago will just in time
go go go

Roading

below my stopping point
gulls storm the reservoir
today a sheen and reflection
paired hawks knot the air
one plunges and one wonders
whether a life has ended
up here I sip from my camelbak
stretch and watch
this is my halfway point
harder low hills
but the initial climbout
is a cooling descent
the stopping point though
combines highways
roads dirt paths
the longthin water
birds the rising hills
fog and rest
it would make a good last stop

Throat Surgery

she is jerky
when she sings before audiences
her left arm signals the pitch grossly
she bends
her voice growls along the stage
her voice smears its way through the songs
she is a bundle of ogres
always a piano
at least once she was seductive
in profile her eyebrows raising
at the seductive moments
while she sang a song
from sound memory
in another language
barefoot though Japanese

Replacements

writing by candlelight
makes me think of infrastructure
how it needs to age quick
to be always fresh
from replacement

Fear Reenvisioned

sometimes it hurts to write
night is really the culprit here
it takes hold of the day
points it away
night greets you with that rictus
you've always read about
I dread the reminder
looking back ever grows
but then a smart song comes on
the volume up because the DAC
likes it like that
now on to writing that's fun
(in another file
I'm afraid)

Stared Down

storm crossing overhead
thunder overheard
shouting surprise après lightning
downpour so thick
no downspout can stand it
through this I sat
staring first outside toward the hiding bay
then toward the dead tv
nothing passing through
but a highwind regret
a longing for a cold dark fog
early v.early in the morning
in a northeastern city
it felt like sadness
only sadder

Short of It

sometimes I think I have ideas
when I look back though
the few have been small
the impact less
I inspire though
and dream in a newfashioned way

Woody

previously unreleased snow
dropped from the tops
of the stubborn pines out back behind
in the woods but beyond
the small maples and the swampy part
the ground is a needley bed
most literally with a small granite boulder
in its middle near where I would lie
summers like a pioneer or explorer
camping in a congenial convenient place
will anyone ever know that beneath the floor
of the teepee-like hut I built buried in a tin
and in there wrapped in plastic are some pictures
only a teenage boy would covet
because how decayed must it be now
and I know you won't tell

Why Do the Houses I Dream of have Unused Rooms

suppose
I suppose I
could try harder to remember
the details of the look out people story
or the floorplan of the barn
whether I ever went upstairs in that one house
but truth is bricks
and the fiction of the stories I'll tell
are the mortar holding them up
making them clear

Solitary Driver

grasslands and low very low hills
rolling west into the sun
into the teeth of the mountains
but not yet
little song playing over buzzing speakers
dust from roadside oiled sand
and wheat dust after harvest
kicks up a seethrough rug of pinkred
blown through by the foregone sun
I'll stop at the first motel next to a steakhouse
pull a book from my bag
read through it all
sometimes a girl will notice my book
see me writing sometimes
see my car and its faroff plates
sometimes I'm not alone all night
when you think of the words
never

Windsor Hotel

in Garden City the streets
are wide because they can be
everything here being wide
nothing is tall
the wind
why bother
even a lot of cars is not many cars
no one walks the sidewalks
built wide to accommodate multitudes
the old hotel where the Writer stayed
is just a historical spittoon now
there is a steakhouse next to the Wheat Lands
why not there

Wind Voices

standing next to me
cottonwoods the only thing
between us and the sun
in the high western plains of Kansas
her long honey brown hair down to the small
of her back facing into the green shadows
if only the light let us see them
everyone we ever knew wondered
where we were and we washed each other
every day in a love that was like the wells
of water beneath our feet
this is how I dreamt it
in 1977 and instead
places like that
places exactly like that
I've only passed through

Two On One

mindless hacking
no purpose at all
I guess that's what the mindless
part means
maybe the hacking
part too

Parent Thinking

dirty farm
no place for privacy aside from the woods
or maybe the barn
down by the river might be
the beach
movie theaters
small places on back roads
cemeteries are good
funny to know all those places
the same way they did
maybe it was to gain privacy
he built the house as quick
and haphazardly as he did

Singularities One by One

we have it from authorities
the cold wind is here to save us
the rain is just a sideman
the hard ground is advance fieldwork
this means those buried are locked down
there is no real reason for this
it's a mirror of old writings
when everything is ready
the singing will start
or if already underway
grow loud then quit
this I know from a recent telegram
from the upper atmosphere
written in the form of a foreign poem

Neighbors Till the End

across the street
something alive is disagreeing
with something else alive
one might think
with such articulation to the screams
it would be people
but the ferocity
is beyond everything

City Throughout

we walked toward dinner
past dark in a northern city
late winter but still cold
we walked past the block of flats
where I knew she lives
as we went past
she looked up from her laptop
and out her window where the wind
was making a statement on my behalf
and she saw the back of my coat
and lackluster gait and knew
(the elements believe)
we had reached the restaurant
and ordered heavy meals
when I noticed our path there
rehearsing the cold wind before beer
and remembered I knew her once

Bad Visit

the drive back to Rochester
from Ithaca
in a borrowed car
the night cold as usual
before Christmas
the snow dried from the cold
blowing across the road like desert dust
after each good song on the radio
I punch seek to find another
ball games come in
static and phasings
stations from Canada more accustomed to the cold
the visit the air the wind the memories
all bitter
when I got back I read about the bomb

Cold Night

the why of it intrudes
on the why not
she gets up out of bed
the warmth
the smell
the regret

Loop

walk my bike back through the rain
a small shack with a woodstove waits
take off my slicker
hang it and my gloves on a rack by the stove
feed the stove the last book read
enliven the coals to catch a wet piece
a green piece
slice warm bread and smear cold butter
watch boots steam off
dark never gives up
without a bloody fight at dawn
always losing
getting even later
go loop

One From One

out of the shed into the snowdrifting evening
no one to watch to see to notice
they expect me elsewhere
they will wait
watch the roads up and down
they will wait
only a while
until the need rises
I will walk to a place with tables
get one order read eat
many that night will be sure
we talked
and for a long time

Order In

Because it fouls the order in which people normally read.

Why is top-posting such a bad thing?

Top-posting.

What is the most annoying thing in blogs and e-mail?

The Rope Knot As Indecision

the knot at first simple
reveals complexity as it tightens
what I thought was a careless twist
grabs the strand I thought over-constrained and fixed
but diffidently slipping until mr careless twist
steps up to the plate
what role do the loose whiskers
from the fabric of the rope play
bunched in like the unlucky
in straitjackets
making this machine so neat
sprayed to mess

Losing

failure is where we all end
shutting down
nothing to be shown for it
every day we contend with it
the little pains that grow sharper and deeper each year
each year something else is lost
and little gained in return
when will it be time to give up

poor health because of overcrowding

after a rough mix into song
while waiting for the magazine
by reading a coma for a brief recess
two lie on a lounge sofa inconvenience
of a central body and mind just to loosen up
then we will confabulate
or try to stretch the light or eating rice

Meaning in Sync

many times the clock has ticked
sometimes words forget their meanings
in the cold winter air
every time the clock ticks
the words regain themselves
when it all comes together
the words all pulse
warm to cold
meaning no meaning

Middle then Late

bugs and things on the pond
heat adds to the bubbles and disturbances
reed and pads
frogs at the edges waiting
dragonflies hovering and waiting
midday is not a time to do
it's a time to wait
it's a time to read
everything is still at midday
except pages
except words
the surface
the waiting
later the sun will give in
drop away and the bugs
and frogs will move
in search of their nourishment

Giants Whichever

the greatest minds are tested
against their need to be right
with it the temptation to skim
to lightly touch the facts
before remixing
shallow thought
without the mood of depth
like giants they secretly
pine for trampling and tumbling
they are ready to go whichever way

Comparings

ahead the tangles and unwilling comments
hard descriptions and predictions
growing like brambles like nettles
the pretty stuff is pretty
much over / kaput
so much chum
like a moss / a fog / a hanging flag
a cloud bank coming down the ridge
chimney smoke rising to a low level
forming a paper like thin coverlet
over the valley / a ghost watermark
nothing above it
cloud folding down over it / through it / into it
like a thicket the wall impending
is like a death to strong behavior
or only like a death
or like death

Liquid Exposé

indigo . nice color for a sky
auburn . color for sweepstakes
turquoise . fiddle color
goldenrod . in a bursty sunset colors shade to dramatic
wheat . what the last whisperers saw but they heard more

once the tale's tattled
whisky's sipped
or bottomed up
the ooos and ahhs pour in

mix and stir for color effects

Finally a Thought

synopsis opens thoughts
simplified observations
make the overall reappear
like standing on top of a wave
in a jungle of emptiness
which each open space crowds
the next or two others
perhaps the biggest difference
is difference

Beach and Others

they were lost
flummoxed and intertwined
too of several things each
scratched starcrossed messed up
wrongly pointed everywhere
landed in a land that forces polarization
some become more
they will be they
some will settle
the rest will rest

Seen Unnoticed

her hair writes her face
black ink mixed blacker
her innocence is her
shroud of thought
she thinks when she must
be / all around her stutter

Loss

it can happen only once
it doesn't
like health

I Could Use a Hero

a hero now that's appealing
better a clear cut genius than a complicated
story with lots of parts coming together
better to say
ooh look
how smart
because then maybe you could be smart too
or could have been
or lucky and then one man can turn
that into riches
just one shot
in the bull's eye
ask why are you rich
and the answer is always a life story

A Hero Could Save Us

a name and story are less abstract
you can learn
you can do biography
make it come alive
inform give people
something to copy
it gives hope
invention is like luck
luck onto something
grab market share
be wealthy famous whatever
we crave heroes
maybe we can become one
or because then we don't have to
it's not our fault
a hero should have
a heroic excuse

Choosing to Walk Back

sun on basalt
obsidian chunk on it too
in the sunken light
a sound repeats
the sky's dome is pricked
white sand stands out
footsteps and shooshing underneath
I should have asked the way

Light Travels

exhausted the whole trip
constant strumming of the wheels
the road
however it is made up
is not a friend
it leads away pretending
to lead to
in a before after setup
after is more like a potion
before is like a first date

Suffer Then Suffer More

dulled by bad news and weary
from a tough ride
not absolutely but
being ill

bad news is like a panacea
in reverse in a gear higher than low
weary from bad news and then more
the same news with different names
all bad

ride till you stop

When Everyone's Left

why shake in fever
why sweat when cold
remembering yourself young
when you're ill
a chillout song playing
over the overs
now all's old
all's left are stories
the chillout songs help
with them

Storm Front

barely a year
into running the farm
without warning the big blow
hits winds up to 120 trees blown down
barns blown down
animals killed
started as the most beautiful day of the summer
the radio saved the farm
news spreading north faster than the storm
the Long Island Express
one more bitter log
on a badly smouldering fire

Walking Back

certain to succumb
to winter be it
snow rain wind sleet mournfulness
once I felt a cold wind
so cold
so strong
I could feel every abrasion of bone on bone
walking uphill into it
trying to find my way back to the hotel
with wrong advice emerging
from the fog of the voice next to me
would someone ever look out their window
down at us

Lies and Their Falsehoods

mirrors and cameras
satisfy the lucky
when I see myself
the site is more than anyone can take
at more than I can
frame full of ugliness
camera expensive but must be broke
but pix of the family farm
the cemetery
the river and its bridge
all accurate and beautiful
too much smarts in those digital cameras
eh?

Un Comma

the bay below
the lights outlining
water roads rivers streams woods
all porcelain layered
I suppose the air we breath
contributes beauty
haze and smoke add
on this hillside
I'm walking down
this carpet is jewelled almost
beneath my feet
people in their homes
are cooking by their tvs
what might have been seen
has long ago passed into lost memories
like love only the new awakens the eyes

Iconoclastic

sometimes some places
rise up / become iconic
like when the back sweats
becomes caked with hay dust and pollen
like when the sun stares a hole in the sky
and sunburns were more rare
working this way / then / the horses
knew the routine / would look back
stop start move on to the next bales
without intervention / without
I mean with
only themselves and the task to guide them
how unlikely one of them would kick to kill
how young of me to believe one would

On the Day I Must Imagine Only

the line of cars and carriages
came in from the west
hooked around the entrance hill
and came to rest by the part least filled
the family not large and friends
knew only a good man had died young
that the modest funeral was all that could be afforded
only five knew the truth including
the one
after / they returned to Auntie's to eat
watch the priest and cantor
place incense in the censer
censer those present and begin as usual
to sing

Back Home Cold Time

the sky all gunmetal and grey
pink porcelain shading gradientlike up from the horizon
one splotch of cloud backlit
looking like the remains of a recent explosion
tree branches backlit form tracery and measure
all these highlight how cold it really is
how winter is more than the name of a season
more than a season / more like the main course
day passing to day
imagine the rivers and sea / how cold they
how strong the dark can be
in the face of light

Bad Writing Night

misting up cooling off
soon the snow
a light wind growing confident
doglikehowling past my window
looking down to the street
I search for a companion
someone walking by who might look up
me writing looking down
such and only such a connection
might be possible tonight

Hard in the End

nothing is like the rain in the dark
nothing to highlight the drops
just the wet in hard spots
now add the cold
each drop like a pin
like a small knife
now the weariness
late after hard work with no breaks
too filling a meal eaten quickly and alone
the road not lit not marked
curves under trees
in the end
going to no one
more words in containers that look like sentences

Glass Cold

something to suppose
long road to negotiate
old fashioned ways of communicating
I once wrote beautifully
but now the fear and sloth takes over
over the air tastes of cold glass
like the cold air that falls from the top
of the winter window
to the floor
let's praise this cold
this taste unlike the pulse
the warmth
let's praise what we shall all
become

Change Prone

the air never cooperates
too warm too cold
change grates
predictions of changes
bear the same
the thinking of
the wondering of
lights pinpointing off cars
in the lot sparkle just a little
in the air tonight
the cold air tonight
the air aiming for colder
predicted they predicted
my eyes feel the looming dryness
and weep

Marketing Sir

the poor
hunger
civil liberties curbed by our government
war
fear
torture at the hands of those running the land of the free
serious research
hard work on our failing infrastructure

the woman
a wife and mother
well dressed opens the door
for her friends over for a chat and cucumber sandwiches
she feels proud of her choice
to purchase the scented candles that make her house odor of baking apple pies
she watched the commercials and decided
this small bit this small touch would enlarge her life and her family's

people in jails while innocent
passion for executing the guilty (even when they might not be)
genocide
epidemics of death
planet death

the smell of apples blushed
by cinnamon

Work Word Work

cold wind cold rain
then snow then rain
freezing in the meantime
the roads not slippery at all
but people packed with caution
I used my suave use of words
to shortcircuit the meeting
and spent the day planning
how to eliminate writing about a poem
nothing like the thrill of revision
applied to not just the words

Universal Appeal

moon
light and alighting the sky
the possibility of other worlds
with moons of their own
the question of poets arises
if such worlds are
are poets along with them
what loves abound
what's univesal
where do the words go
when the moon sets

Writing Dizzy

no one in town this morning
but nothing is there
the roads are clear
but snow is piled at the edge of the curb
and caught snow in branches falls onto cars
I'm the only one in the deli
expecting good pastrami but hoping
it's not piled too high
all day it never warmed though the sun
whispered it's trying
to me
looking through the screenlike window shade
there are two red and two blue dots
as if produced by selected parts of a prism
I'm moving my head side to side
to see where they're from
and this makes me too
dizzy to

Quick Back

all the world is thinking
of coming to the end
in a paradox of time or death
great geniuses plot their own ascension
to greatness based on derision and tough angles
when we drive too fast we must trust
our sense of good place for traps
and funny cars
tie the ends off on lust
with the plus of light off snow
the cool is not reflected in the brightness
we are ready to slip
into a higher gear

Word Dance

they danced
without grace or timing
the music meant nothing
just the execution of the calls
properly but not musically
this is what happens
when words are just information

Dear

here for days
but no time to visit them
snow on the ground but drenched by rain
miss them is not quite right
nostalgia for place perhaps
habit probably the real answer
the river I suppose is still flowing
one way or another
the bridge is still green but rusting away
the leaves are all gone I suppose
the stone still remains
perhaps stained by winter
wishing to visit
I write instead

Wasted Time

I planned the thing and it went well
though I dropped my life and things went poorly
recovering is taking a while
and the pace is picking up again
of things that can invade time
naturally my fear rises
the cruellest month is coming up

Cranking Out Reality

the beauty of it
the contrast
the colors just as they should be
making beauty requires a sharp
critical skill and fast convergences
or else slow reflection
and many nights of contemplation
I wish these all were available
when there were things I wished to remember
so that my memories now would
be like this

After a Long Climb

gathered on a porch
infused with incense
standing before a table
covered with food and photos
looking ahead then down at their feet
while saffroned monks chanted
the group was not just prepared
but fully engaged in the beginnings
of mourning which will persist despite
the teachings that say don't
look back but turn your back
and while this small group
fell into its ritual my friend
and I stooped nearby in front of them
to pet the temple dog
who drooled its happiness
onto our hands

Sad Girl Never Off My Mind

why do my poems of Montréal
speak so often of rain when most of my time there
it was dry and warm
there were no girls walking past
or typing at computers in their windows at night
as I walked by
the painting / graffiti though
was real / she was sad beyond human sadness
many evenings I would stand across the street
and look at her with love in my thinking
nothing changes her mind
not like me
nothing changes her at all
but the wrecking ball
and a spray can of paint

Yes Finally

the difficulty of weather
phones not working
ceilings too low
the other things that go with it all
flying into that famous large city after dusk
the lights doing their heat rising thing
and after a long effort to be thoughtful
to be thought thoughtless
makes me want to go to sleep
finally

After a Party (after O'Hara)

I do not always know what I feel
last night when the air was warm as spring
my people were not opposed to intense tirade
interested?

I? it is your love for me that sets
lighting

and is it odd for the entire room?
my most tender feelings for a stranger:

torture and
scream bear fruit let me hand it to you
there

an ashtray all of a sudden there? next
in bed? and somebody who loves you enter a room
says not as follows:

would you like a little bit of egg on his mind
today is different?

and when they
scrambled eggs just plain warm weather
the landowners

No Wonder

every picture of a foreign city
has a lamp post and light
demarcating the quaintness of the place
its strange nature
its deceptively other
women / many remark
on their selective charms
the hold they have on their hairlines
and the oldlooking but newly fashionable
dresses made seemingly to melt away
at the right glance
should I muster one
all the above + the hefty price
of a fat-laced meal will buy
me a night cut short just short of second base
especially after an hour of explaining it
with the wrong tongue
or with babelfish where it will come out
cherish or seek
particularly centres
sometimes recapitulated as "hands in the shirt maker"
and probably the stimulation
of the genitals of the outside clothing

Supper Of the Family

scene of hunting painted in wild boars
and the plate dogs with a castle
on the back
the cut pear does not bleed
nor not white
its pulp moans under the knife
we are these that
on the plate
on the pear
on the blades
smile ferociously
our teeth snarl in the old hunting
of the family at the table

Once More

outside the sky falls
snow and the like
long trip ahead
and eyes full of tired

Rainy Snowy Afternoon

some of the places
are received by purpose
we sit with our hands cupping cups
of coffee while what we say
makes not one bit
of difference though we plan and plot
each word as the other
speaks / and this is how
I mean why
we make it mean
nothing

Do It To You

they spy on us
because they can
but we have the Net on our side
let's pick one of them
not them directly
but one of their relatives
a cherished son let's say
find out everything
post it
oh what fun
oh what fun
make them cry
over the horror of exposure

Thinking of Digging

beneath us the ages of past
await the crush that will make them
mere geology
history has nothing to do with these bones
the skulls and shinbones or maybe fibulas
and metatarsals and not to mention the utensils
and bowls carefully made and lovingly used
filled with warm food prepared tenderly
by women for whom they hold dearly
but you see this latter stuff is history
and the rest just matter becoming geology
with few remaining whiffs of biology
where's the soundtrack?

Facts Found

lefthanded?

his handwriting on display

perhaps or maybe

an official though

his signature looks the same

as the rest

tall / slender

a piper (makes pipes?)

Teremcy

Kamenec-Podol'skij

Panevėžys on the other side

with a scar in the centre of his forehead

he changed his name

Grinkewicz Grinkevicius Grinkaitis

finally Gabriel

Wedding Flush

the fascination of the toilet
seat / no worry one would fail
to find one in time
and with a lover to bring food and drink
every need is right there
the toilet door keeps away
the curious / curiously
her lover doesn't stop
to think why she's in there
perched with her sweat
pants down around her ankles
for years / though the unswerving
sameness of the situation
eventually burrows down
sufficiently for him to phone
the police who arrange for the toilet
seat to be removed / though
she cries it's the ring
she's wanted all these years

Who is Who

finding clues
data and information
nothing is more important than the photos
some I've lost because
well because
the tall grass being cut
by the tall slender man
I wonder though about the man
with nearly the same name
from roughly the same place
living originally nearby
who ended up in the home
for the insane
makes you wonder about more
of the story

Destiny in Old Town

water
cold water flowing rapidly
past the concrete retaining wall
eddies here and there filled
with debris
plastic bottles and chunks of wood
swirl
the sky wants to snow
it's that cold
that warm
back a couple of streets from the river
a girl with dark hair under a wool cap
stares through the fogged window
of a French restaurant as two lovers
put the first forkfuls of their first meal together
into their destined to kiss mouths
the crotch of her meeting legs warms
she and I are separated by night

Long at Riverside

her hands in her pockets
her hands in her gloves
the eating lovers on the other side of fogged glass
raise glasses to honor their first meal
together after a long online flirtation
she turns into the wind
heads uphill to her unheated room
the piles of blankets and sleeping bags
there she'll poke just her eyes and nose
out from the coverlets and her sweatshirted arm
read three chapters
not knowing I wait by the river
the dark flowing its long flow out to the far ocean
where she's waited before
cold in her blue coat
the coincidences that fail
define us

Cold Night Seat

after reading and dropping
into a deep dream she woke
covered in blankets and sleeping
bags the windows open and snow
accumulating on her floor
and threw the covers off
to pee her panties sticking
by sweat to her rear
by the time she reaches the seat
she is shivering again
by the time she's back to the bed
she unable to remember that dream
by the river he thinks of heading
to his flat but the darkness
reminds him of warmth even though
the river shouts cold

At the End

eventually the sun begins to reveal
the cold is breaking too
the river is unaffected
she will rise soon
out of her heat & sweat soaked bed
it's time I'm thinking
my hands lift from their pockets
my legs start lifting their feet
I can repeat this story
for every player within a hundred miles
and the conclusion will be the same
time to go home
no one will be there
ever

River Ended

walking home
behind him the sun eeked
above the low distant hills
creating a light tunnel
in front of him
the wind eased down different
streets from his
and up the hill but
on a small alley no
one can see she
is pouring hot water
into a cup of crystallized
coffee and the radio
is stating the morning's case
the hill's before him
the wealth of streets
meetings are off the table

Hot Night in Globe Arizona

those kids riding up and down
the sidewalk near the corner
dark tees down to their knees
on bmxtype bikes
they tell me
nothing
when I ask what's exciting about the town
and nothing
when I ask what's exciting about them
but they buy Bergin's my dad and 95
doesn't he look good for that
sure does
they photo like good old boys
but neither is about 14
with the theater burned down
they answer what's to do in town
nothing

Long Day

the dust is nothing for us
people who lived here hundreds
of years ago might be part of what coats
my shoes and other artifacts
this is the nature of things
not dust to dust but life to dust to shoes
and stuff

End the Ride Soon

fade out
slow down
let the pack move ahead
up the next hill and over it
they might make it to the next stop quick
but you're the one who'll see the sun drop
below the hills
maybe you'll stop to rest
take a long pull from the water can
watch the riders on the road
pass by
you shouldn't care
you can't care
sit down
take off your riding shoes and close your eyes
you've earned it

Turn Off

gazing into the crystal ball
lying cracked and cracking more
on the concrete sidewalk
above which sits the languorous texting woman
and the news is bad
everything is passé
the music is too out of fashion
legacy language turns them off
so hip in its day
not it's a turn off

In a Small County

town running to mush
people around town
nothing to do but wander
watch wait succumb
nice bikes are about it
the only theater burned down
now the lot's cleared and awaiting developers
don't they know
capitalism doesn't really care
about those who need it
only those who don't

The Last of the Laughters

the poet has gained
a real job
president no less
of a great foundation
that rewards creativity
but they choose the winners
without creativity
the tears of sadness over this
would rust the irony
so better skip them both

Hauling Away

carload after carload
we packed her clothes
appliances new enough to run
dishes and cutlery
took it to the town nurses
serving all as nurses do
and served it up to them
day after day
until it was all gone
we watched each thing be not
there the next time or time
after that we drove to the lake
where behind an arm of her favorite
mountain the sun vomited orange
pulp up to the brittle blue sky
as we sat there in the car
not speaking many
passed by many did

Told To Me Before a Joke

big fat
big old fat cat
what do you think
she's named what name
was she given in a fit
of misdirection it's
mistwiggy

None of Them Along the Line

in a strange town
just back from walking to the store for drinks
hot wet air / dried hay dust trying to stick to my neck
locals in cars ready to drive me over
in the room the air conditioner likes to drool on my rug
the toilet craves its handle held down or else it won't flush
that rug has stains like fossils of love affairs sprouting of it
my computer has a place to plug in and a table that can face the tv
I can watch and write multitaskingly
the silver bridge perhaps or the mud beneath
the drugstore that certain of its demise worships decay
Taosian skinny dogs hugging cornered shade
the last fab babe unable to catch out / not marriageable
like breathing the words must eventually exude
music / I can be completely satisfied for weeks
by the simplest four-bar phrase repeating over and over again
strange but typically so let's see what I wrote

Of It All

stale walls stale floors stale air
the toilet is a conspirator
its water a grey that highlights itself in the bowl
the coffeemaker pot is cracked though it's designed
to resist heat to the death
the tv gets 9 stations but I get only 3 of them
the others biblical propa g
three doors down my tormenter
is unwrapping a shrimp sandwich
and popping a pepsi poptop
watching Bergeron host Hollywood Squares
each time she'd tell me he's from Haverhill
this reminds me of Skip's where he eats each year
back in my room the antenna cable falls off and
the toilet won't stop flowing
time to sleep and a long drive tomorrow north
toward the cold and end

Safer More Reliable

writers make up
friends again
or a new plot
when character fails
try killing them
safer and more reliable than sex
which always sells
but not on tv where the uptight rule
writer make up
and the world revolves
when there's too much to do
push the carriage return bar
start a line afresh

Too-ish

too much
too fast
too internal
too infernal
too last
too such
too too

This is Taking Me Under

maps and the strange
finding a way
to find a way
there is no reason now
to find your way to the top
of the nearest big hill
walk across town
the map knows the way
in its quiet née silent way
apartments of crowded stairs
laundry hanging to dry
but there is no reason to dry
I'm alone on this road
that makes no directional sense

Artistic Naturally

go to nature
in a perturbed state
see how fabrications
of it can be made
and into labs
to investigate making
extrasensory colors
the movie is the thing
the music that the video
is a music video of
is the thing
the diva holds at bay the businessmen
the diva holds at bay the nature defenders
the mystery is
what's the song
when will it be written

Stopping By With Help from the Lisp Function Poem1

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village—ask, though.
Though he watches he will not see me
stopping here to see his woods.
Fill up with little snow, my horse.
My horse must think it queer
to stop between the woods and frozen lake
without a farmhouse near.
If the darkest evening of the year
gives his harness bells a shake
there is some mistake.
The only sound's the sweep
of easy wind, miles, and flakes.
Downy, the woods are lovely, dark, and deep
but I have promises to keep,
and places to sleep before I go,
and miles of go before me.

Love Song of Lisp

and would it have been tea
been worth it after all
after the cups the marmalade
among the porcelain
talk among some of you and me and the dead
would it have been worthwhile
to have bitten off the matter with smile
to have squeezed the universe into a come ball
to roll it towards some overwhelming question
say to me I am Lazarus come from the back
to tell you not all I shall tell you all
if one setting a pillow by her head should say
that is not what I meant at all
that it would be all and it would have been worth it after it
after all it would have been worthwhile after the sunsets
and the streets the dooryards and sprinkled after the novels
teacups after patterns
the skirts that trail along more of the floor
and this so much is impossible to say just what i mean
but as if I threw a magic lantern
it would be the nerves on not a screen setting
it would have been worthwhile if one pillow
thrown off or throwing a shawl
would turn toward the window and should say
that this all and that is not what I meant at all

Out the Window

driving to South Boston from Merrimac
Thanksgiving 1958
the road's not finished all the way
so we take Lynn Street to 99
all the way to downtown
Haymarket then over to Seaport
to D to Broadway to N
off 1 where it's about to go elevated one day
to Mystic River Bridge
the start of Lynn Street is into Holy Cross
Cemetery and maybe my mother asks him
where is he buried
your father my grandfather
and he says I don't know
but in the middle of the cemetery
we never watch him close
and he turns his head to the window
a clue for me to decode

Fly In

heavy weather
forces us down
the wrong airport
the screaming babies warm up
fueled up and cleared
we take off head back
to where we should have been
lightning's still licking
but we land no problemo
then everything that happens
when you're late happened

Plot Synopsis

today doing what she did
the shopping at different stores
the banks the gas stations
the camp the oppressive humidity
even on such a cool day
but the plot synopsis is empty
people living on the very spot
my father died
not the same land
but the same floor
the same room
it takes a stranger to ignore death

Cat Metaphor

how is the cat like a fridge
both of course make ice
if you stroke a cat it meows
and if you freeze a cat in the fridge
for a month it will when sawed
by a band saw go MEEEEEOOOOOOOWWWWWW
four feet whiskers
(in the ice cube maker for measuring)
both pretend to be your friend
but it's the sinuous up and down
encircling greeting that marks them
most the same
that and the defrost cycles

Down Roads

it's the nowhere of it
that hits me
every place in fact
was a no place
you would not stumble
on any of them without
a God's bucket of luck
this isolation is them and me
bad roads and many turns
in the right weather
great gifts or great fears
two are sandy dirt
I wander down them
wrapped in the air they breathed

Metaphoria

unlike the parallels
the real thing is not an unwavering rule
or line or sympathetic ditty
the parallels are pretenders
or the laggards rushing up on coattails
but off to one side by errancy
or maybe two
nothing beats the crowd of sycophants
the first thing to think about then
is the fact of nonconvergence
is the essence of parallelish metaphoricis

Big Pretend

the philosopher
retired to his cabin far in the woods
with only exactly his needs' worth of stuff
and no way and no inclination to talk
enjoys an early death and all its rewards
he is able
to pop back to life and see those around him
weep and wonder
all he needs is his tombstone
and a blind nearby
to watch those who miss him
walk up and place their stones
on his

Craftsmanship

we are the product
of the skills we develop
transforming observed criticism
into embedded practices
we don't know what we will face
so we load up on these skills
when the world explodes its imperfections on us
we pull them out and get to work
until we've fully exercised our craft

You Are Everything

Rapid City
1972 / drove there
she transported me
from my childhood home
to my home today
3000 miles
36 years
at that time Rapid City
had partly washed away
yet we visited like tourists
the Black Hills
the Badlands
all that
driving past all that
looking at pix on the Web
I remember the places
looking out a car window
love at that time
was avoidable

Crazy Horse

we slept on the floor
ate late breakfasts
drove out into the Black Hills
to see sculpture and black hills
the best were the busts
with broken off noses
a witness saw the perp
dump a bag with hammer and noses in the lake
they recovered the bag with hammer and noses in the lake
but not enough for a conviction it was
through the hills
past bison
twisted railroad rails
motels on cars
homes on roads
wandered from home
I'd never wander back
like a busted off nose
at the bottom of a lake
fails to be evidence
of mischief

Dakota

nothing like the diversity of South Dakota
the western part I mean
Crazy Horse
the prez
the surprise love gave me
the wrong trip
the little hikes
big flood and the search
Badlands
Wall Drug
all packed in a part of the world
of obvious poor taste
and light interest
some say
it's spiritual there

One I Imagine

starting to write
one image always comes up
the cemetery
and the camera facing west
with the sun over there
sometimes I hope a jet will fly by
break up the image
into the shards that feel like
the inside of my chest breaking out
then it's night
lights out and the record scratches more each play
the amp glows each back beat
I'm on the couch watching the music glow
when the song's over I get up
and move the needle back
one image always comes up

Coincidence

who was John Gabriel
my father's name
but he changed it
he said
the last name was his confirmation name
but living a block away when he was 8
was John Gabriel age 34
and his son John Gabriel age 8
my father at that time age 8

ph ez ysi me cal la fla rf ws

VUnlike pumps, wei zud ghts and surgery, V cbl P de X jc L
delivers res xkr ults that are safe and per xzc man lz ent!
when you reach the growth si vc ze that you want t o achieve
you no lon ck ger need to take V hw P cd X fe L
GRA wgs DU lp AL p ngx en edu is en idg larg pil
eme rz nt is the key to ef vcg fect gzx ive, permanent
res how ults other forms of p ywj en hy is en puq larg
dm eme zbz nt can't deliver permanent res wf ults
SAFELY because they go against the ph ez ysi me
cal laws of the bo yj dy the bo ax dy grows and develops
GRA fo DUA qx LLY, not over night! this is why V mko
P ijz X dd L is the greatest breakthrough pro nz duct in
the history of male enhancement! P xcd en oq is en jkm
larg cm eme zyb nt, as we know it
will never be the same

A Mighty Prison

the wall between generations
stories leak across as across
a tall thick wall sandbagged together
by a change in language
by a change too far from feeding and diaps
intellectual exchanges beyond the simplest
of stories too extreme too close
if only I knew what to ask
there would be no clues now
only facts and opinions
stories of speculation and guesses
coincidences and the eye openers
the generations walled in like prisoners

Project Forever

in Montréal I began
my great photo series
of beautiful women
walking away
it would continue for decades
and beyond that my children
would continue it by advising
the subjects of my project
and they would willingly
walk away as if it were I
right there before them

Stand Off

nothing is bigger right now
than the wake
behind the boat about to dock
running upriver in a strong current
standing by the riverwall
snow coming down like reasons for leaving
in a bedroom not far lies a warm woman
under piles of blankets and more
her head on feather pillows
and heat from a woodstove
invading her repeating dreams
of her riding upstream in a boat
about to dock as it snows
her reasons for leaving
and all that's there to stop her
is me on the quay

Ground Pearl

the pearl not on the ground
where no one really looked
but you / she asked
and where is she
same place as the pearl
did you look at her
did you look under your shoes
like Simic did
she was made valuable
by a quick lie
same as the black pearl
but she never said
black nor white

Time Walk

long walk
the river to the art museum
snow made its appearance
the sidewalks aren't shoveled
down on the streets urgency plays a role
in the warm apartments there is time
songs on impressive but cheap stereos
this is a place where old words catch
hold burring onto the words of the night
long time
between warmths and reading lights
attracted back to that place
how long till the cold catches on in me

Phantom of the Night

alone I play like God
playing along with records
I sound like the guitar players of old
the screaming sound
the indeterminate bends
I picture the dancers
the undulations
the stamping and swaying
then anyone shows up
and I sound like the stooges

Oh She Is

she doesn't realize what's ahead
at stake it all about
with adaptive seeing
stuff looks always normal
so her future is looking after her
for now she walks
from quay to alleyways
to her trojan bed
she is like a film
not yet edited

Time Lapses

first to fall
frightens watchers
first a few but
the more we walk
the more the fallen bunch around

Light Lesson

cold water requires
short exposure
unless it's black
or the sort of green
that frightens the sky to clouds
the forces of clarity
and restraint must battle
the result always open to revision
and edition

No Poem But an Idea

too long a trip
to be able to think
but I have a good idea
for a poetry of matrixes

In Kobe

the light here
is funny
always sullen
off angle
back hurts
feet hurt
all is not well

The Bring Back

instinct to live in the city field
provide a thing in the back of the heart to the table
it is supposed to be able to live neatly

Kobe Laced

endless haze
and 0-taste or all/only fat
food and falldown stores
you'd think the fish would fly
into mouths with sweet
relish or young taste
but Kobe is old or forgotten
miffed or muffled
spited or spit upon
the Feel Kobe sign
shows allure through innocent stares
but nothing here feels back
it is a town displaced
by 7.3 on the disdain scale

Kyoto Developing

though the rest of the countryside
is barren the temple grounds are a green
rarely seen in nature
so green
incense perhaps is the answer
or the ringing of bells
by the penitent
sweat on my back
proves the challenge of capturing it
both in the mind and the camera

Flower Road Side

this work is Esky of "the sea in a cloud"
which Sannomiya center street installed
in this place as an environmental
monument to think about garbage
dispersion of a cigarette butt
an abandoned mouth of garbage
was established in the lower part
and an abandoned mouth of a cigarette butt
was made with intention that we closed the mouth
when improvement of morals was seen
and it was completed by the upper part
to be seen in the Esky at first
those mouths are closed two years later
with understanding and cooperation of many people
it is installed in center street the first order
east entrance as a completion work now

Dear Park

the girl snores
her tee shirt says
while eating a dog
on a stick in the park
with the largest wood
building a temple
housing a big Buddha
along with lesser ones
and two generals stomping
demons / I pass her
and her beret
she is bereft of good teeth
and speaks in a squeak
like everything else
in this tin foil land

Now?

never good enough
think of the bike ride
with fire in the legs
you can keep up for a while
fall behind by just a little each mile
you believe you could sprint to catch up
but at some point you give up
is this that some point

Program for Life

simple calculation
figure the ratio of win to tries
when below .3 quit
no exceptions

something story

memory: mine about Daniel raising
his brother's illustrated charcoal reader
the-colored angel her fingers brought to a lion's lip
about and-clouds: something
forgetfulness pouring coffee over the mountain's leaves
flashing their pale undersides on and on
the covered porch he spells
out-words lips twisting
with this new problem of closed letters
with my book I'm watching him
a story of brothers

spreadlet

we go then you and I
when the evening is against us
follow the sky like an etherized patient
upon a certain table
let us go through half deserted-streets
the muttering retreats of restless nights
in night-cheap-hotels sawdust
restaurants with oyster street shells
that like a tedious insidious argument
to lead you: overwhelming
oh do not visit
ask: what is?
let us go and make our room come in the women
Michelangelo: go talk

Proofs Rock

and: indeed
do it there / will it turn
time to say “wonder and do
how I dare?” his and mine?
dare and time to tie the necktie back
descend the hair / the stair / with a bald lie
is this spot in the middle of my—
[hair they will be growing modest
thin
my morning coat!]
—collar mounting firmly
to the chin / my rich butt
by assertion is a simple pin
how will I say—
[but his arms: “legs are thin
do I dare disturb the universe in a minute
there are decision times]
for revisions which minute will a reverse do

I have known them all
actually already have known them all:—
voices have afternoons / have known evenings
mornings I have measured life out by coffee with my spoons
I know the dying with a dying beneath-fall
the music from a farther room
how should I so presume?

Proof Rocks

and it all would have been: "worth it / after it / after
all the cups have marmalade / have thé / have tea / have me"
among the sayers / the talkers
porcelain is among some of you and would it have...
would it have been worth while to have bitten
off the matter with a smile
to move toward the squeezed / have the
universe crimp into an overwhelming ball
to roll some question to the skirts...
if I am Lazarus come / I've been back from the dead
come to tell you all I shall
tell all if by one
tell you are a settling worth / a by-pillow
her head should say: "That is / is not / is that what I meant
at all / that is not it"

all that?
and would it after a while
have been worth dooryards
after novels the sunsets are after
and the after-sprinkled streets
are after the teacups / after the trail floor
along the...and this is so?
much!

more is impossible to mean / say just what I
would as a magic lantern throws the nerves
in patterns on a screen while it was worth one "if"
settling a pillow or throwing off a shawl
and turning toward the window say
that: "is it? / not it / all that?
that's not what I meant / all that"

Goth Max

black skirt
vinyl of course
natural blinding in the not so low but low
sun streaming down the former gray street
fishnets capturing but not trapping
held by garters
studs in her mouth / ears / over her eyes
blue hair enough to shame vegas
shoes to the stars / height
tonight her eyes will close
his shoulder beneath her ear
as if this poem never happened

Lobby Spirit in Red and Gold Dress

you never see her
fully / your mind protects itself
comprehension blocked out
by a shutter / lid blinders
your brain cannot walk
at the same time
she walks past
regardless the distance
between you
it is too far a gap

Replaced Memories

we can suppose it
replace it
put an arm around it
punt it down the narrow short river
filled to the tops of its banks
with motes and mosquitoes
by the fellows residence hall
she lies prone watching him
everything we see is a sun blur
if you can't imagine
suppose it

Not In College

hard debate
hard to seem smart
finally a good choice at dinner
followed by spilled wine all around

Potsdam and Me

does she ever open
her mouth / not to talk
not to eat / no not that
but the other things
here in the former east
former stain of soot
a place where the only
thing to do was linger
where the sweet things in life
were really just soot
she will never open her mouth
that way because the lines through town
never fork

Magic and Light Holes

here in the dark of a formerly dark land
the depthroated don't despair though the sights
are not murky
not aligned against common will
tonight the deep fragmented greens of tree leaves
await the sootless dawn and untimid day
her smile lurks shadowed under the wan curl of her mouthlips
only the crook of her brow
reveals her opening
just for a second
between games

Out

screw it all
why try more
when will rest arrive

Hating

trains every few minutes
seems like the oppressive regime
will return any minute
the roads are unwilling to adapt
neither am I

Sleepy In Potsdam

the taxi might not have been the one ordered
but it did the job for less
the usually unaccommodating airline
chipped in a couple of berliners
the kind Kennedy was thought to be by the openmouthed
the banks of the lake added to the mustiness
of Potsdam and the threat of mist in the mornings
soon enough my mind fogged with feinted sleep
and I was home and hoping for more

Dreams and Not

dreaming of the river
stressed by statement after statement
the green smell of justcut grass
later the smell of burning leaves
just raked from the frontyard to the street
or burnings from the field across the street
to create food for the next crop
burnings of the corn stalks
what's left of them
dreaming of these things
cut and burned into the past
instead of now-attention

Admissions

marked and maintained
roads with important destinations
along them / what used to be despair
is now a form of joy spawned by eclectic
tastes and greed / like the big houses
on the lakes where once simple pleasures
(only) romped / imagine lovers blatantly
loving / now it's the cruises that name
our desires / pleasures for only a few
slips of paper money / and a beer when
it's over / your bottom tingles when the engine stops
and the interview is over / we'll call
you sir

On Street

a bowl of latté
a not sweet apple pie
remind me of Potsdam '89
when the soviets watched us
disbelieving we would order
hot chocolate and apple pie
I think I had a second slice
from that same pie
nothing in the streets prepares
me for the singing / signing / sighing
the subtle play of cloth on muscle
mediated by skin
that organ of protection and pleasure
the involved hair color mixing with clothes
an old-fashioned perfection
maybe coldwar vintage
an old pie masquerading as new
humor me

Fingering Past

unaccustomed to cars
with their resilient traffic
lights running over cobbled roads
the last of the haze and smoke washed
into the lakes and women plunging
forward toward
oncoming dark and lastminute
rendezvous / was it one or two
more on the terrace overlooking
the lake across which
West Berlin ends not
that it makes a diff now
there being no West
in Berlin anymore / now
it's West only so none
but the haze
the charcoal smoke
they don't give up
we need to take them
house by house

Illinois 1970s

we moved in
brick house on a nice lane
master bedroom locked and offlimits
industrial fridge
grand living room
grand dining room
our first home
the things we did there
she worked
I studied
our dog escaped once
captured within 30 minutes
next year we took the cottage
800 sq ft
but it seemed smaller
it would fit in the grand living room
the things we did there
our bedroom the size of a double bed
mattress on the floor
when it rained the bottom of the bed
got wet / how did we live
no such thing as a computer at home
the things that were done
to us

Grad

her day
I suppose
graduating and all that
though she still has 5 weeks + 1.2 units to go
small ceremony
with all the trimmings
decorum informal
sounds too loud
lighting stark
tricky
quiet and awkward

Clods of Ants

orange death: study better
taut just misses you
its cones well defined
eye of rotation and
land on someone's uncertainty

no else needs the sky for signs—
or watch the cows not with
satellite loops nor with infrared imagery flights

reconnaissance shrinking
if it makes you steer
feel ahead and push pins and roots
through a chart brittle

your wind
clear square of coordinates
shear neatly east
the worst lightning strikes
and bursts air

all convection from your splattered doorframe
the Red Cross mobilizes elsewhere
good takes calm

look at those oak doorsteps and wait
the sadness is a surge carrying all its

debris back to the flood
that shoves clods of ants through
snakes then walls and sits in

your house for days and days this
is the dirty side of the Would
storm that Death has blown
straight through

Skull Feast

from afar
there is a road
with no shoulders
no place to walk
motorists aim for you
lifelike

Splleing

stuff that doesn't work well
makes great art
broken pens
leaking felttips
bad splleing
pomo tells us broken syntax reveals the nonexistent world
which means revealing means lying
I suppose
like under the canopy /trees/
near sundown when lightbeams are like laserbeams
or knifeedgestrokes on canvas
which means means means great art
has bumped its rump
all together now

Tilt

always the tilt
what does it mean
think think think
get it right

I Wanna Hold Your Hand

waiting for the news
the ending exciting
how will the authors
deterred by fate
handle the loose ends
who holds the authors' hands
scribbling away for weeks
and who holds the hands
of the hand holders
scribbling away for months
and who holds the hands
of the hand holders' hand holders
scribbling away for years
you know the rest
it's been written into you
by authors
deterred by fate

All in Photos

dusty earth air
rising above the horsepulled harrow
or this
a scene of my mother through a window
hauling buckets of apples in a homemade wheelbarrow
later
years later
I found that wheelbarrow in the pear orchard
broken and rotted
we sold the farm piecemeal
but one of the first parts to go
was the part where her father lay
for a long time
beginning to die
this before the scene
and my father moved in with his piano
driving by now
there is no dusty earth air
just the rising & blowing off fog of my constructed memories

To Recall

in the old pictures
the barn looks old
the shininess of the neck locks
made for cows spending winter indoors
every piece of wood subject to human
or animal touch worn to a polish
harnesses in a part we never used
a sort of wood toilet that merely dropped
what you dropped into the muck below
some of it whitewashed inside
no nails I ever found
a built-in small coop
if only I had a picture

Design

why heroes
can't figure randomness
like stories too much
you and Brooks

Road Trip Interrupted

grab the highway
get in it
step on it
find the smallest town with a fullsize
café with a fountain
serving thick shakes
with malt and eggs
find one where waitresses
wear tight skirts in offwhite
and face away a lot
find one with red vinyl stools
(curb service would be nice)
with burgers served with mayo
fries the shape of pigs' tails
buy a bungalow at the edge of town
mow the lawn and fix up a hammock
wait for horse to swarm by
then bask in sunseting late summer light
for the rest of your life
because what else can matter

Road Killed

more than enough places to park
on mainstreet in the smallest town
with a fountain restaurant
a place not far from grain elevators
with 50 thousand pound load
trucks making ditches in the state roads
but no one's making money
burger wrappers are free
beer cans roll under cars
horses / no where near

Road Widened Too

streets wide enough
to turn an 6-ox wagon and team
around without backing up
used to be trucks jackbraked through town
or would were jakebrakes invented
when the state road moved out of town
and then the interstate took that away
taking away got fat
everything's gone

Which One

one day one of us will
add the other to the Laswell page
and do the whole talk alone
ending with the picture
where to go where to go
from here I
don't know
what a day to visit Seattle
what a day for San Francisco
what a day to say goodbye

Paste Itch

copycats and collage makers
all agree that the other guys
stuff belongs on the canvas
paintlike or stuckon
glued stapled
here as long as it is
agree guys

Yet

Hot Madonna cleavage
yet super scary arms
Nice Madonna tits
yet stringy muscular limbs
Classic Madonna boobs
yet petrifying appendages
what to do

Reading Advice

never tell the one you admire
what her eyes do to your ears
when she puts them on you
yes read it as funny as you like
but circle back to the reading
you know is right
or the one after that

tags: words verbal

soundtrack to my life

when i'm hearing music, and walking around the house...example:

I must arrive to the kitchen before the chorus, or touch the couch before the solo...

3:21pm [Permalink](#) ∞ 1 Comment [Heart this!](#) ×1 [Me too!](#) ×3

tags: sound touching

floss sniffer

i have the need to smell the dental floss each time i pull it out from between my teeth. sometimes when other people are around, i have to turn my back in case they catch me sniffing the floss, because i can't just floss without sniffing.

3:23pm [Permalink](#) ∞ 0 Comments [Heart this!](#) ×1 [Me too!](#) ×2

tags: hygiene smells

747 Boeing

Everyday, at 7:47 am or pm, I always say Boeing, after the Airplane,

and I don't know why. I've gotten into a lot of trouble, and I even say it in my sleep.

3:26pm [Permalink](#) ∞ 2 Comments [Heart this!](#) ×0 [Me too!](#) ×0

tags: words verbal

poop protocol

I cannot poop if my shirt is all the way on.

I have to put one arm out of my sleeve, and put that side of my shirt on my shoulder.

I also find it hard to poop with my shoes on, and will take them off if I'm at home.

If I'm out and about I will suffer through the shoe thing, but not the shirt.

3:32pm [Permalink](#) ∞ 5 Comments [Heart this!](#) ×0 [Me too!](#) ×2

tags: bathroom

sorry to make you more neurotic!

My post still isn't up and I've submitted it twice and have been checking...countless times.

I think this site made me develop another neurosis...

3:33pm [Permalink](#) ∞ 0 Comments [Heart this!](#) ×0 [Me too!](#) ×0

tags: words verbal

And You?

in traffic
horns as echolocation
men on scooters
+ wife + child
+ infant
a small fire beside a tree
in a median strip
cluttered in rubble
sidestreets / no / alleys
filled with severe portions of nothing
but dogs roaming in search
of edible garbage
a man on a motorcycle too fast over a bridge
doesn't notice the speed bump that sends his bike to the pavement
and him into the river
we speed off hoping death isn't back there
otherwise this city beckons

After Too Nights

the night made for sleep
permits the sudden heart reprieve
from release to store up tension
her idea is external passion
and termination
I spend the night staring
through my share of wrong turn memories
tonight upon return I found her
gone / her gone away note
I am reminded
I remind myself
of the shady nature
of short links

Light Lounging After Near Death

not far from the streets
honked up and weaving
sweet mango drinks and betel digestifs
after a meal spiced
with apologies
let's recall the aborted caresses
the sensual womanwoman touching
in the cafeteria
the dogs lounge

Bangalore Dogs

dogs
skinny ones
lying in the dirt
pawing out garbage filled bags
longeared and mutty
seems to be only one kind
some different colors
outsized ears from starvation
small for ducking cars
hard to say who lives more in the ruts

On Writing Finally

what if the rain won't stop
the lights turn off
and maybe on again later but perhaps not
what if there is no time to write it all down
no time for memories to be made up
the way the best rider
makes up time on the lagging front riders
what if I can't do it

Once a Chance

she sat on my bed
once / a chance
thing / she wished me to take her
but / now time is past
she has run away
instead of toward

Interlude

sick
tired
thunderstorms all around
which direction to go
up and away
or into bed

Another Sick Day

sweating with cramps
tired though having slept for 24 hours
time should take care of it
but nothing so far has

Nearing

not feversih today
but sore and weak
points to weakness
inherent in the system
in this case
mine

Supported Vision

cold light by the Hudson
exposed under a storm reminded sky and
with all that and the tankers pushing upriver
the waterskier going up then down
the salted river
a sight near dark

Fishing Down by the Dead River

no one seemed to understand me
fog down by the river
was clear to me but my camera
never spotted it
clarity and fog getting it on
fog reverses clarity
what should this mean

A Trip to Skip's

at the drivein
eating burgers and taking pictures
the Skip's sign's neon's glare needs
a longer exposure
long day driving
mowing eating burgers
taking pictures
tomorrow the same
for a lingering day
then home

Blunt Terms

what I meant to say was
the idea of foreign love
is the attraction of finding minimal
points of contact and determining
how far they can spread
over the course of a night

Passion Invents A Way

certainly the night has a way
to bring clingers into the fold
the emanations the little phrasings
somehow I'll remember your smell
long into the day / along the nightsheets
we find edges / hold them on our separate sides
imagining the tearing
maybe there is a way to find
this great divide

Linger by the Cut

the air is different there
it feels part of me
the air is full of mist
and the smell of cut green
it's not dust-driven land
outside in the air it feels like inside
how much of this is senses
how much memory

Unlisted

what list of people informs best
who can find themselves among the least
I am facing the possibility
I actually have no value
that I am nothing but
a high quality fake

Roadless

road is the only thing
sitting here working
staring at the screen
clicking click click
scrolling and reading fast
road is the goal
road is the journey without the thinking part
let's ride

Finishing Down

music repeats
within itself and by mechanism
like the first of many repeats
the chorus is oversweet and tenuous
but then the improvised melody arrives
makes its way along notes not in scale
its tremors punctuate its surprise
then the big chords
heavy with deepened bottoms
finally the fadeaway
the closing leaves
the road up the hill and down to the river
this repeats

After Watching a Sad Tale

below the bridge
black water cold from snowmelt
fizzles up to white peaks
bridgelights made for safety
highlight the swift current
the current looking for endings
concrete banks with green rails
after saying this I wish
it were the last thing I needed to say

Tappan Zee at Dusk

the pictures
after adjustment
reflect the evening as more dramatic
than it really was
the work on imagining on top
of the little bits of beauty
make up a lot of ground
best part is the big bend at the waist
of the man on the blanket with his friends
that make it a painting
not a picture

Urge for Later

long ways away
the end beyond a darkened sky
rain is pelleted with yellow pollen
later the roads are black
the sky tries to be blue
the grass renews

Ass Foremost

she walks by
on the phone
her ass is her best part
her hair not far behind
her ass balances her
she knows it
in the restaurant
at the table
my girl in front of me
in front of the window
I watch her
walk by and know all her dreams
are in that ass
her beauty
her trap
her future
her legacy

Fear of All

doesn't feel right
but the alternative is to give up quick
balanced is the need to survive
the river waits
the highlights wait
how can I seem to be so good at some things
but fail overall

Write On

what would it be like
to simply give up
cave in
move on
become lost until it's not possible to live anymore
maybe become a leech
in a welcoming household
and write myself to death

Telescoped

fireworks from 5 miles away
ker-flash!!!

...

ka-boom!

Wasted

lots of work with poor tools
the result is a poor work
tools being tools
they insist on being in the way
hey hey hey

Get Right

how long to get perfection
perhaps as long as there is
perhaps a lucky shot knocks it off
perhaps a right tool drops on it
perhaps staring for days and weeks
whatever it takes / you must

Building

tracks not far away
once there must have been
noise and smoke over there
noise they heard and smoke that bothered them
though they too burned coal and oil
winter the smoke would blend
with other farmers'
but the sound would travel far
through leafless woods
summer the smoke would be smothered
by the oppressive heat and wet
the noise captured by trees
and shushed
but there it was
passing many times each day
signalling great prosperity
they thought could never fade
the same way they thought
a tough life couldn't be brought down
by a small woman

Know or Not

is it better to know less than more
is this the way to greater creativity
can practice making things up
work better than taking bits from all over
and jamming them together
is it better not to know their stories
from childhood but be left to find them
in the cold light of old age
so they be more true and less a part of me

Picture of Heaven

steep slopes dusty from high
altitude sun / long time dry heat
a road leads up to lift stops
eventually to the top ridge
dropping down to the next valley
a walk up is not a trivial thing
they say the soul rises at its best
to the ridge / you think
to the cool ridge above valley heat
valley dry / valley dust

Bob the Poet

he writes long lines
makes old ladies water up
young ones too
he's studied the old ones
mimics their lines
modern though
though not more
he is pure raw
seething refinement

Coincidence at the End of the Day

dusk and after
sky a porcelain pink
later but soon a thin lip
above the serrated horizon
insects tangle their paths
fireflies haven't yet synchronized
one rises and disappears
in a foreign blue
then emerges and merges
with the twinkling reflection
of an artificial specter
the satellite launched
the day I was born

Replaced Upon Request

she's been replaced
one day the way she walked in changed
the way she prepared my breakfast
of buttery french toast
while we watched tv in the early summer evenings
the game shows and then the sitcoms
I could also catch her looking at me
instead of the jumping contestants
winning big money
studying me to make her simulation all
the better
she continued this way
a strange replacement mother
until one day she was replaced again
by thin air

When Silence Isn't Enough

back porch on the 3 floor tenement
in the neighborhoods of Boston
not reserved for the rich
early spring / not warm
but the sunset seems warm
sunset behind the Mystic River Bridge
we sat there talking about the Sox
talking about the summer ahead
the winter behind / the tomatoes we'd plant
the frappes we'd get up in Concord
Ipswich clams / lobster rolls
burgers with mayo and suzie qs
and after we sat in silence
I thought of those who are silent
now in their distance
I thought what it would take
to allow them to speak one more time

Holy Toledo

one day the song will play
for one of us
we wrote our presentation together
to honor the ideas that came before
and those who thought them up
we honored those who passed away
the talk was tag team
but at this point we stood and watched
the photos go by with pictures and dates
one more slide will be needed
the ideas he had or I did
and one more picture
then the one left will give the talk
both sides of it and will stand or sit
as the pictures go by
as the one picture goes by
that day the song will play
for the last time

Universal Suffering

and / and / and
the missing miss us
who we sleep with is determined
one night at a time
I hate to sleep alone
but fear the touch of someone new
but crave to touch anew that one some
the hungry heart
disturbs the mind drowsing at sunset
demands all night of the new
everyone has one
but some can forget

He Passed by Earlier

death just missed her
she was asked by some being
to move to a different vehicle
before entering the salt flats
she was in the first car to arrive
at the point of several deaths
instead of being among those found
lying about in a white and red scene

Some High Coos

candle pines
tall as beauty
reach so high
their toes
barely touch the earth

eraser headed
pines so tall
they rub the sky blue

sorry we
cannot release more
information at
this time

I am the first
robot written hai-
BOINGGGG

unlike all of the ridiculous
“make \$1,000 a day” ads
you see all over the net
high coo is the real deal

on 3
plush velvet haik-
red 69 on blue haik-
backseat snapcount haik-
oooooooo

pigeons
perched high
coo

honey your
tongue is it
tired

Today is Avoidance Day

read the mascara ads
maybe she's born with it
read the rescues
 washed-out complexion
 uneven complexion
 dark under-eye circles
 blemishes
 oily skin
 fine lines and wrinkles
 redness
 no time for touch-ups
 dry lips
 chapped lips
 bleeding lipstick
 uneven lips
 eyelashes thin, short, too straight?
 tired eyes
 red eyes
 nail biting
 stained nails
 old nail polish
 nail polish wear-off
 nail polish on cuticles
when the world intrudes
lashes to the fore
oven mitts with kittys
smell of fresh flowers in the stale living room
the turn
maybe it's maybelline

Deformity

attention / here's to disfigurement
 |—pay it
 stare to learn / deformity the relaxation
 an insubmission to regulation
 nose bridge spread out beneath the eyes
 baffling / the eeriness of deformed existence
 |—to doctors
 I wonder how the great theoreticians / would approach
 |—of beauty
 its dis/covering / breed of invisibility
 vendible at the tops of trainstation stairs
 badly healed wounds / sweat over rain drenched shrouds
 such things can be returned / by the balm of excess
 |—to flawlessness
 cash / why we bury the dead
 but a vendible commodity / disfigurement
 more entrepreneurial than leprosy
 think of the last one / you passed by
 |—cup in her teeth
 afraid of armlessness / the intimacy
 of putting your fingertips
 by her lips at breath turn
 no less than Adam Smith
 would declare such / among the rich
 |—beings / interruptions
 able to appear in public without shame

the walk was short
 cool night / narrow
 streets / in front of a brick home
 on the stoop right here as we walked by it
 a woman sat behind her clay face / her everted appearance
 talking to someone on the other side of the world
 cup by her side / the smell of urine soaked
 into cotton

a woman well dressed opens the door
 her friends over for a chatty interruption
 she feels proud of her choice
 to purchase the scented candles that make her home's odor baking apple pies
 she watched ads and figured
 this small bit this small touch would enlarge
 her life and her family's / the smell of apples blushed
 by cinnamon

Notation:

Lines like this:

ABC / GHI
 |—DEF

have the syntactic sense as if written like this:

ABC DEF GHI

but the reader is instructed to imagine an unusual oral presentation, perhaps a second voice speaking DEF at the same time GHI is spoken.

Pain

the particular pain poverty affords is named hunger not pain by those who reckon pain as accident

down sloping sidewalks
between housecrates two chicken widths apart
a shack of planks crisscrossed and nailed gaping
provide their courtesy to mosquitoes and rain
a vinyl tarp / blue
harvested from discards where boats unload / for a seat
this is home to a broken toothed woman
she recalls men passing through her
like illnesses leaving pregnancies behind
she serves tea batched
from makings never strong never sweet
from a river fish save her from hunger
but healing costs excess
without it her bandaged knees and toes remain flawed
her crooked hands
her unearned sexlessness

after tea she sits
legs folded under / her
feet pointed out the back
she searches her unplanned borders
for a hunger to sell / something exceeding
mishap / her's is the dirty side of the world
her role is to live at the wrong end
of the bell shaped curve
at the other end the funny men
take pills for their pain

Accident Prone

when the rain hits
the streets become a different sort of black
an inviting black that welcomes
rapists and murderers
along the wall that forms the street
the blue paint that glows in the streetlight
becomes part of the yellow world even in the fundamentally blue rain
fidgeting headlights single out her lips / her green eyes
lamps through tenement windows shine
small pockets of safety down the street
tottering fences / busted bricks / plastic bags / styro boxes with torn-open tabbed slots
grey night sky over dark roofs bleak as streetlights on a grey puddle
this is the yellow time
the prostitute exhaling the breath of poverty
walks away with the wrong man
the runaway wrapped in a newspaper
starts to shiver and never stops
the sister who bags her day meal in the oily alley
where garbage is mixed with rubble and sand
is never identified / never makes it out of the bag
that keeps the bullets from tumbling away
if any accident of wealth had intervened
small bright pools of safety would grow
risk would pass by / recovery would replace decay

she has read
when the rain hits
the streets will become a different sort of black
an inviting black that welcomes the lovers
who have just put the first forkfuls of their first meal together
into their destined to kiss mouths

Numbness

*drudgery can be improved by diminishing consciousness;
knowledge is the heaviest stone*

he came up the street
to the spot where a man was loading
his brother onto a wagon bound for the ER
to be patched up

to the west the sun was setting
after a series of cool breezes
and purls of gunfire

he needed to earn 20 dollars a day
to live on the outskirts of wealth
but earned that only once or twice each month
he figured one day he'd return
to his home / his fault
is no one's fault

mountains to the east faced the possibility
of echoing stoically and vagrants pushing
their carts down the wrong street
could not be blamed for pausing and looking back

he said the night rain froze his coat
and wind tipped the fire can onto his legs
was ok

I drove past apartments that night
one seemed dark when I stopped
but through a gap in the blinds I saw
a dim light over a bed
and a picture of lovers
the frame corner only perfectly
visible and sharp

Estrangement

DONATE HERE
help keep me out of your neighborhood

Mary is kind of a loner

*who knows what your friend's done
maybe she'll start shooting / maybe she'll draw gunfire
you never never know*

Mary sleeps two places
the lapsed church
where an aleatoric event
determines who gets a bed
and in a hole under a graveyard wall
not near the center of the city

one night returning to her hole she got raped
there in his stalking ground he (in the usual way)
grabbed / choked / threatened
in the end he agreed to protection

Mary's face is toneless / her flesh smells / she has wide brown eyes
when she fell asleep later / her head in my lap
I could see lice like lace in her smoky brown hair

she took her raper's dropped cap
to her social worker who gave it to the police
(—fingerprints)

I wanted to snap Mary for this poem
but she feared to let you see her

tonight Mary was playing it safe
she didn't come downstairs
because she would lose her won bed
I talked to her on the house phone
two grim police came in
I asked how she would sleep tonight

*I'm thinking of you
be good*

I wish this were all / I mean isn't it enough? / turn the page
for the final scene which is about estrangement and war eyes
set where the overstimulated overeat

walking back to my hotel two streets up from the blueblack river streaked streetlight yellow
I stopped to stare through the fogged window of a French restaurant (was it attractive? / full?)
before I could move on a close cropped man (ex-soldier?) looked away
from the woman with serious eyes across the table from him
who was about to photograph herself
and in much less than a second
studied me / decided I was no threat / turned back to her
just as her hair fell aside
revealing her pierced ear / the flash
explored everyone

Invisibility

*culture like poems
shapes by constricting*

by the river a hot drink
is passed around against the clutching night
and hampering mist that rises
up in the rain from the river rushing past
behind a row of breakwind trees
one who is poor fellates one who is not

what you and I may take as institutionalized dependence
another may see as cherishing and respect

suddenly he finishes his meal
rises from the table
takes 20 steps and resumes his invisibility
his blue cap pulled down tight
over his sweaty black hair
when I left he was gazing everywhere
but not at anyone
with his reddened eyes

he shopped for his wife's underpants menstrual pads and burqas
how could a woman haggle with a man for such things

where the emblem of beauty is the impossibly slender
who can't be seen
the thickwaisted / the sweaty / the drunk
in short a forgettable thing
muttering to itself at dusk
between a paintpeeling cart and the roaring freeway

low tattered tents together in a herd
dust and smoke rising up into the dusky sky
a refugee woman speaks from the other side
of a veil / her lips distorting its hanging otherwise perfect opaqueness
she says she is not like American girls
who are used like tissues and thrown away

imagine the humiliation
of being inexplicably forced
to serve food to the being
you have resolutely refused to see

at the club outside town a 400 pound man
sitting on a chair by the door collects a 25 dollar cover
inside they're shaved and showing pink

on a subway crowded by strangers
I moved to sit between two women pretending I wasn't there
they furred their skirts as I approached and halted their eyes again once I sat down
they seemed to be asleep but got off when their stop was called
I can respect shame

the train yard smells of piss and shit so why go there

how can you respect a woman by not seeing her
the same way you respect her by not seeing her vulva

she seemed unremarkable
she stood shaking in an icy doorway / nothing in her cup
she wasn't there was she

Unwantedness and Dependence

the master foresees / the slave works
households are formed by men
using women and slaves

affection may be an advantage
interdependence with benefits

self-reliance is a luxury

a street vendor told me
the police took his goods
left a receipt
he declined to die
he put on a good show
by not falling off yet

Adam Smith said
*all are often supplied
and a workman even of the lowest and poorest order
if he is frugal and industrious
may enjoy a greater share of the necessities and conveniences of life
than is possible for any savage
to acquire*

unless you're used up
*a carpenter in London
is not supposed to last in his utmost vigour
above eight years*

the tightrope wins by default
in the ninth

my father lived in a community
that suddenly had no use for him
he picked apples
we ate our livestock / sold land

two men cooking
outside their crates / discussing hope
I'm waiting for my death the old one said
the young one laughed a brassy laugh
what if they force you away
I'll make another / pointing to his boxhouse

unwantedness may be too much word

All Closed

when my poem comes up
comments are hushed
unenthusiastic / as if it were
made of black words
written carefully with a face pen
but no matter how hard I try
nothing I write is a face opener
they sit there all closed

Whiter Higher Neither Other

I warned her hair about her dreams
she hung them on the existence tree

Ian Sez

I'm weighing in tonight at the peddlers' bush
where the orange stands tall and weeps
what happens when life meets orange
when palms meet concrete
Hades waits by the well for wolves

Up High

no one tells you how to write better
only what's wrong with what you wrote
but looking close but not thinking hard
you can find things wrong with their stuff too
a crooked tree about to fall over

Up Yes Up

the shore doesn't fit
sitting by it is sitting on shifting sand
Dean says don't practice
we know what he practices

Schnitzelization

Berlin's no stranger to strange
with more wars lost than won
(when did they ever win)
it's full of walls and broken equipment
but art's won
maybe it's the pants
too many pants
a wall of pants

Filling Up

you live in a trench
your ears are onions
the shape of the town you live in
is the shape of voluptuousness
people who believe in words
don't believe you when you use them
big rocks by the ocean
with a history dragging behind them
fail as metaphors individually and in a group
with the world filled with beauty
why not me

Laughing Purpose

down low I hear low laughing
in it I discern street purpose
up in the window she types her blog entry
never looking down / she never sees what's up
I marvel at the silliness of people
who don't write a poem each day

Squaw Recalls

Blue Ray humped it to the workshop
well she sauntered in late
she didn't like a thing
except what the earnest women wrote
even still she liked her own work best
I was surprised when 3 days later
she remembered my name
I could tell because she called me by it
without apparent reminder
she didn't get to my poem
but Dean looked at it
I told on her
and Bob took care of it

In The Strong Wind Before It Calms For Evening

over the prairie a strong field wind
reverses the corn's tilt
the corn's leave sound like overly dried paper
with dirt black as the blackest dirt
everything around here is primal
nothing sounds like whispering
or people interested in strange or hidden thoughts
it sounds like overeager old man hair
pushing up through hell

Not So Many Laws

in texas they love death
by gun by hanging by lethal injection
nothing stops them
not even sometimes the courts
they love the fear
they love the agony
they love it
they love it
they love it

I Yi Yi

everyone loses
(they tell us)
when the innocent go free

Two Drifters

many streets lead to the basilica
centuries were needed to make it
who could who built it
it was the work of a mass of god
some things are not automatic

Problems Again

always a bug to fix
a problem unresolved
and always when I have no time
to resolve it

Twirl

beauty of wording
like slime tiles
or licorice wrenches
on a satin decoration
we harpoon what we like
resist the rest

Ugh Bletch

White Plains is so wrong
10pm Sunday and nothing to eat
save a greasy diner on Westchester
yeesh
next time bring a sandwich or fly somewhere else

In the Market for Drain Inhibitors

blue uncluttered lovers on their top sofa
replicate nausea in highpitched tongues
then retire to water despair
in sorrow drain inhibitors pack tears
a spent covered sorrow
but saxophone objects replicate nausea
just as effectively as epigrams water away despair
wastefully I spent my covered sorrow on a nausea mower

Ian Wilson and Backward Drifting Smog

how poor the poem
when its line ending
words read backwards
aren't interesting
regardless of skips and an
undeviating willingness to like
almost anything say I

Dithering on Last Position

the tree would like to walk
it thinks while couples walk
by or stop to sit under its changeable branches
it envies you you
know your movements quick enough
to seem determined
but the one you're with doesn't see it
that way to her the movements
are random and undirected
like the breeze that now is hot
now cool and rain wet
nearby a white dog believes
he's about to understand
something but then he thinks
it's just a smell or a tick
and besides now it's time to shit
the tree will believe one day
it's about to understand
but it will be just it's roots
spreading out beyond the dripline
anticipating a good year next year
green with envy as they say

Bends and Slides

today women occurred to me
but since all I did was drive
it must have been the music
I did see some
ugly and full of the promise of bad times
nothing worse the plumber pants
on a big belly big nose woman

With a Drip

listen to what the comma says
its pause deceives
its information commands existence
the breeze is starting to blow
and soon the water will rise
and the , will be a !

More on Grandfather

facts learned today
grandfather was cantakerous / had a bad temper
he pushed Nana before she kicked him
it was a marital argument
Ann Scherbon learned the story from Nana
Nana kicked him from behind but caught him in the plumbing
Nana and grandfather did not speak the same language (Ukrainian and Russian I suppose)
if grandfather stayed outside all night it was because Nana went to bed angry
my mother likely stayed away when the argument started
Butch said my mother was friendly
all the farmer neighbors in the area hung together because their livelihoods were intertwined
Nana had explicit instructions for butchered cows:
save all the blood (Butch had to stir it continually so it wouldn't clot)
head was "quartered" which included ears one place / snout another
intestines but not the paunch (stomach)
Nana made hot / spicy sausages
she also made cheeses which she stored in a well in the far north field
the barn partly burned and was rebuilt but only part of it
the raised ground to the south was the main cow part (where they were milked) / no floor there
the "creamery" was to the East on the raised part or possibly where the empty cellar was (burned in fire?) / no floor there either
they raised and slaughtered 1 pig a year (my mother and father)
the well in the field was also called the "creamery"
my mother worked 8-5 everyday to pay the taxes / the farm paid the bills
she worked the farm mornings and evenings / she did 75% of the work
Butch heard the story 17,000 times
as you entered the door to the barn on the right was a grain room and maybe a box/cabinet for other foods /
to keep the animals away
Jimmy was merely deaf / but people learned that when he was 4 so he was simply 4 years behind everyone
Butch nearly accidentally killed him when he backed the mower blade up into Jimmy's gut / no injuries
had grandfather gone to the doctor immediately he would have lived
I visited a chiropractor 1 day a week for a long time (Neil D. Batchelder or Neil D. Butchelder or Neil D. Buchwald) for my eye problem (it's a weak muscle in the back of the head / treat that and the eye will move back into place)
Sam broke the "span" on the 1-horse mower (the arm that transferred power from the wheels to the reciprocating blade is how I understood it) / grandfather threatened to sue / Ann Scherbon for \$1.75 in her jar / clothes / purse and that paid for the repairs or the part / Sam returned it & the Hoyts mowed his fields for him and that's how they became fast friends
Butch = Charles Hoyt / who remembers me getting shyly on the bus everyday / he remembers me as timid / he would never recognize me he said
the first house my father built was maybe an add-on to a 2-room shack
my father told Butch that he was building the second house on a site of his choosing and to be nicer since he and my mother wanted another child
my father was the first person in the area to use a fake / metal chimney painted and sculpted to look like bricks

the slaughter house was cut off from its foundation so it had no floor / they pulled it to the wide part of the road beyond the Lay sand pit and left it there overnight
Roy Star was Lithuanian / his wife's name was Edy
Edy died early
he lived on his Bell stock as a "gentleman" farmer / he had 2 houses one in town and the farm
he liked the fruit of the grape
he was walking to church and had walked into 2 trees and was all bloody when Sam picked him up and took him the rest of the way
he lived only in his kitchen and the rest of the house was just junk
he tipped over an electric heater and it started his house on fire and he died right away / he was drunk
Scotty found the bones the next or a while later and reported them to the police
used to get 300-400 bales from our property but it dwindled to 200-250
George Hoyt would frequently deliver grain and other stuff (beet mash???) to my mother
Butch was surprised I had an uncle
his memory seemed to bump along so maybe not all this is right
my mother worked in a shoe factory in Haverhill maybe as a stitcher or she ran a machine
there were two Wykysac houses and one of them sold the cheese Nana made
Butch helped fight the Roy Star fire
Roy Star had a dent in his head where a horse kicked him with his 2 rear hooves after Roy snapped a towell on its rump / he said bone would come out through his skin for years
he could juggle / he had a trick where you put your hands between your legs and Roy would grab them from behind and pull / flipping you over and you'd land on your feet
Roy had a glove with sandpaper attached and would sit cleaning eggs and would talk nonstop
he knew John Carver was a realtor
Priscilla Carver went up to the Bath Maine summer camp and starved herself thin

Day of Drink

day of anger heat drink
a day drunk with wet
they fought / their daughter drove off
she kicked him from behind
but landed her foot in front
refusing treatment / laying drunk
he died / all the women cried
for 20 years they cried
nothing was fixed

Judge Reluctance

should he graduate
seems yes but the case is not easy for me
the explanations not so thorough
he seems evasive but not from fear or lack of knowledge
I tell them all I'm disappointed but satisfied
he passes easily
we are all happy and drink together that evening
with his family who all love each other
and me for passing him
he will not embarrass

Airport Rest

with hours to kill
it's a meal of Montréal smoked meat
aka pastrami of a sort
dijon mustard on light rye
made famous by
an enterprise
that makes things famous

Attacks

the wind nearly blew me over
the wind by the river
the sky was purple with distress
cloud bits broke off and swirled to oblivion
when I couldn't stand anymore
I got in the car and tried to sleep
when the trees seemed like they'd fall over
I moved the car
later I drove to where the weather was bad

Flecked Door

funny little thoughts
scribbled like backwards rainfall
on a brokenglassed door
my hand's on the handle
not the knob
behind the door lies a secret so final
that even learning it doesn't
make any difference

Go

in the next room
my computer works hard on a problem
optimization of workshop schedules
for a poetry conference
work with all leaders in the first 5 days
work with 2 repeated but not same leaders the last 2 days
work with as many other participants as possible
no 2 people with the same schedule
no workshop days 1–6 with more than 13 participants
last day no workshop with more than 15
go

Night Break

behind them the lights are reflected as frizzle
reproductions beading up in the drops on the window
they've abandoned their blankets and if it were light
you might see mist rising from them
soon they'll be done and first one then the other will cover up
behind them the lights keep on

Today in Spam

Very,
Incapable
Anyone
Gravity
Replied;
Anyone
<<http://www.ltodnenm.cn/>>
very,
suffering,
<<http://www.ltodnenm.cn/>>
Crossly
Incapable
Anyone
Learning,
Incapable
Suffering

Simple but for Technology

ICs in the the D/A burn and think
tubes glow
music appears
through the air

Foo on Sun

how can installing emacs
be so hard on a machine
that claims to be for hackers

Overnight Revelation

the building
cut off at the foundation
because it needed next
a dirt floor
was placed on a sledge
to be dragged by a made-up tractor
well they couldn't make it the whole
way that day
so they parked down by Lay's sandpit
the one guy who saw it that night
always asked Hoyt who lived in the house
down by Lay's pit

Green Pathways

hail shredded leaves
green coat on the small roads
layers of half/inch hail in the gullies
mist roiling up from the leaf bed under the pines
and from the road curving up the hill
following this path I found another witness
whose views contradicted everything

Black Watching

dead crow labeled
do not touch
every dead crow has the danger of west nile
animal control will pick it up and test
do not touch
days pass
the crow remains
remains composed
its black eye eying me
eying its note
and it after all

Planning Style

in Denmark
cold air will push away the leaves
the oddly tasty hot dogs will be served from carts by the train station
it's only 10 minutes to the grocery for juice
and 20 to the preserved town
canals / water scenes
down past the church
there's the old cemetery
spread out large not far
from the center of town
many are respected here

Now or Soon

watching the storm show its black face
above the brick faces
of old buildings
people turn away

in the streets lights like headlights and neon lights
smudge the streets orange and white and purple and green

the storm is everywhere
that is near here

a black storm warns
a green one threatens

to some a storm is a danger
to others a story

men with yellow eyes
and hungering mouths
drive to the edges of swamps
beyond the rim of the city's fragile order

someone far away awaits
coronation / near
someone awaits death

fingertips hover near
key caps

which way is stage left

did I mention
the streets have already
been wettened

Two-Horse Hay Mower Story

to cut his field
Sam borrowed Powell's mower
about a 6' blade on a horse-drawn rig
metal wheels with teeth to dig in to transfer
forward motion to a back and forth of the blade
it needed a tractor or two horses
Sam broke the drive shaft
Powell threatened to sue
but Sam's wife Anne found
\$1.65 in her pin jar and Sam
bought a new shaft and replaced it
Butch Hoyt said they never spoke again

My Stories

the way words fall
into place or off the page
makes the hair stand up
and sing / nothing navigates
through the mind
like a mindless
story playing out
with half-random words belittling
the halfwit author
but through it a thread of indecency
plows up the subtext
of plainwrapped characters
fixated on a tour of the bar
that first served
undrinkable martinis

What a Waste

not a line of poetry
in the first 54 lines
what was TS thinking
I guess he wrote them in April
the cruellest month

Books Wait

not far from the paths
I cross though habit
every year
lies a person who might
have been important
who might have known
things I want to know
but it's so tiring to think of it
when there's more reading left

That Season of 60 More Days

ditch the bridge
keep the cash
this is what I saw
as the most important
news of the day

Waiting More

one day a woman
will bend down to kiss me one
last time
one day soon

Politics Today

when we can't count on the elites
all that's left are the mediocres

Short Pic

windmill in the red dust
of late afternoon
being blown in circles while
cars drive by
everything you can see
is relentless
this time of day is cruel
this time of month passes quickly
like the wind passing over the blades
making spinning

Confessions

like living
in the past
like believing
in the past
like losing
like the past

Hoboing Down

when the shouting is over
the hoboes move out of
the back of the graveyard
and into the railyard
to fire up their barrels
and cookfires
the evening clams down
spark add to the constellations
smoke smell invigorates the cooled air
and even throwaways smell good cooked
behind a row of headstones
a teenage couple settles down
the paths of choice fan out

River Dreaming

if Florence means anything at all
it means look here at what men can do
(yes sexist but that's the truth of the renaissance)
now it's the old buildings and cathedrals
and the leather markets
the repeated stalls and muted bargaining
and the funny old cuisine not like Italian
at all
no not at all

Quiet Street without Streetlamps

lost in thought
in the city
in foreign chaos
who we meet is just hot noise
who I am is a leaking balloon
living I adjust
otherwise I'm like rock

Spurious Trip

the drive up through the north woods
alone / the drive through cold north air
I'm listening to songs repeating
and the same song played many ways
to learn of its integrity and what makes it it
the city I'm driving too is not inviting
it's know for its cold dark wet nights
for snow and unfamous meetings after the cafés close
what would it mean to meet then there
after the cafés close / after the long drive

DFW Up Up and Away

never sure
but always writing
fragmenting reality
finding fragments of literal truth
among the potted absurdities
always about the self
foot and end notes
interruptions of continuous literalness
where the interruptions are themselves
continuous or serenely attached to one another
fragmented reality
writing / sure
never / sure

Why Go

why chicken out
put the weeds between you and the country road
why bail
sneak beneath the bridge where the sound
of the water passing the pier and rocks
sounds like silk on silk
why end
the pulses and throbs in your head
that makes the world and everything in it
a colorful bright red

Dream Weaver

too much to do
time dropping into the bottom bowl
makes me want to sleep

Joint

one day the drive-in will close
and though I never found it til I was 40
that will the day my connection to the past
is gone / the mayo-y burgers
the suzie Qs / the picnic tables
where the west sky is purely visible
no one will ever know what about it
was the best / maybe the stolen frostie sign

Ars Star Trek

a poem of sewing
threading a needle through the squint
of eye (of person) and eye (of needle)
this is why poets are forced
to scrub warp plasma conduits

Nature of Order

wholeness / life / personal
egoless / subdued brilliance
gift for God / unity
structure / the architect
says it all / yes says
it
all

Listening

years of fiddling
and I found the album
listening
Michael Tschudin
the Hammond B-2
Leslie 147
finally on its way

Endings

summer about to quit
quitting / such a lovely idea
to just stop to relax
to permit life and the world in
summer has the luxury of simply stopping

Wasps Under the Pillows

because the night comes up earlier
because what poses as work grows darker
at the same rate and in the same place
we celebrate the increasing pauses
and flowers sent increasingly by accident
pile up in the trash pile out back just inside
the ring of woods and swamp
still I recall the warm room cooling
as night was pulled in by the fan
the cricket sounds / the frogs
my dreams of accomplishment
more / different / less
more confused
less defined
less valuable
less like those nights

Why Here?

clouds and light rain
mixed with heavy and heavy winds
hot / typhoon blown into HK
flights delayed / ferries on hold
maybe to be shut in with someone
to look out over the bay
the shitcrazy buildings
instead it's here with the cool air
from the screen door up to my knees
just writing as if I were able to do it
worth anyone reading

Bits Broken

what else can go wrong
everything she said

Ill Wonder

the song is heavy on the wavering
deep piped organ that can and does
well upward to a silver shimmer like high thin
clouds underlit by the set sun
but even with this image in my mind
the song tells me it's about a rainy
early winter evening in a bright northern city
surround by ocean water
and I am at the curtained window
watching a girl who once loved me
walk with her collar up
and her hair kerchiefed

Live on the Street

on that street
puddles are whipped
into reluctance
into streams into the gutter
her kerchief wags on the down
of her back / maybe
she is reciting to herself
one of the poems I wrote
for her / for her
I live here

To Me

the sulphur lights across the harbor
contribute squiggles to everything
that points to me
at least the pathfinders can't straight arrow
themselves through my eyes and into
the night that has my back
better to lean on forearms on the rail
pretend the tears are for the girl
who just hours ago unsheathed her hair
after the sharp glacier wind
rushed her back
but it's the cold wind
off the water
off the far glacier
off the world

Aubade to Who?

(she eating a cucumber)
the train like a bullet
6' into a pond
(she with sculpted and shaped lips)
the cobblestones like a former street
down to the river a former septic drain
(she walking her bike with a man / a future lover)
the romanesque church
closed on Sundays
(she walking away)
(down the cobblestone street)
(toward the romanesque church)
(me never a lover / not past / not future / not)
but dawn just waking
the clouds not folding

Out of Sight

river uncovered
now plain in the sight
of the low sun all day
short days
but still all day
all those days
seems the victims are lined up on the banks
waiting their turns
for the lowering sun
to wink them out of light

Among Fields

she told me
she would take me to her
for the rest of the days I have
knowing my days were few
hers many
she would follow me
as far as I could go
then make me comfortable
wherever that might be
however many those days could be
would be enough she said
her eyes / her cheeks / the pillow wet
the train then took her
around the bend
out of the city
back to her north
her warmth now hours later
is just the shape of her blanket
her pillow / her not here

The Four Questions

what gift
which woman
why her toothy smile
how much will it cost

Why Who Would

why would anyone care
why would they find their way
to my side / the small player
the one not expected to arrive
let alone thrive
why someone would love to be near
why the dark would be a treasure chest
and the promises / fields that find themselves
flooded and uncasual

Facility of Love

nowhere familiar and certainly sounding
flabbergasted by the dark sun behind grayed clouds
we walked down to the formerly covered river
in search of artmaking gear and a new view of the oldfashioned
in her skirt she made herself into an innocent
we worked hard on the art / felt safe from artifice
later she talked of the days still left and her plan
to ease my head down softly when the time came
when she was ready to make her contribution

Price Sensitive

among the hats
hat pins dress sharp
skirts hang to cover
no one wanders more
than the fleeting stare
nothing more fun than typing
a row of 0s like this
000000000000000000000000
even of them
it adds up
doesn't it?

Recollection and the End of Love

does remembering the nights
mean the nights were about love
does remembering the walks
mean the walks went somewhere
her skirt (not pretty) made her walking young
what happens when it rains on her street
here it means I'll walk

Me

on her street footfalls
have pumiced dailydirt
into a fine black dust
but the snow will grab
and rain it away
near her street
trains probably turn snow to steam
with the force of heavy attractions
she of course has made a place for me
has shaded the window and streaked it
in dust and caking to make my disappearance
whole and sparkling
she has planned meals
and sleeping arrangements
and a story for every ear attached
to a doubting mind
all that's needed now
is the one thing too hard to deliver

Electronic Pan Pipes

does the heavy breathing
coincidental with your name appearing
on the presentation slide represent
a coincidence or a desire
now think about the snow falling
from gray/black clouds on a day
the sun never rises and the importance
of warmth through the night
rises to the level of desperation
she of course has it planned out
the down above and below
the little caresses
something like a fire but buried
and its smouldering like hot asphalt
under a desert sun
she welcomes the snow and commands it to pile
so there is nothing but the bed for it
now the slide
hunh hunh hunh hunnh

Mortal

when life was young
death could only wink

Localities

and the rain that fell last night
persisted to become the strength
in a unfurling fern

Along a Worn Out Street

cracked glass
still waterproof
might hold under a load of snow
could use some ice this winter
be careful when you rest beneath it
so rare to find a glass roof

Temples Out Here

she doesn't know about the roadside crosses
the plastic flowers the desert turns white
broken red lights and cracked mirrors
from the car that kills
day after day the cars go by
no one admires the carefully made but makeshift
arrangements by the unofficially saddened

Reality Really

lens flare made her miss
the best photo of the most fleeting thing
that has ever happened
so fleeting she didn't even see it
her only hope was the camera
and its fast shutter and quick lens
its very receptive sensor (film for you old guys)
she knew it was there
she almost saw it
sensed it sort of
like an orgasm pulling up like the Rambler in second gear
but never quite getting there
(it felt good though honey)
but the sun flared
the lens flared
such a beautiful geometric pattern
like in all the best magazines
but not that most fleeting thing
like a pinprick of perfection

One Fine Day

how many will come visit
what'll happen if they meet
which of them will own me
what if it's raining and the only
place is under the copper beech
what if one of them points and says
I designed that
what if it's not raining
and they spread out nude trying to guess
which spot I'm in
only one will know
which one

Fashion Train

everyone around me is dying
they are doing it younger each year
some say I'll grow frail
I believe they are wrong
I like to follow the crowd

Creepiness

the deep dark and the red face
within it / he holds a small silver
camera and frames his shot
as if overseeing a tremendous
evil being committed on the floor
in the dark / he holds a small gift
for you / one you don't want

Story Lights

certainly the illumination
the eyes that watch
the clipped memory machines
that capture it / frame it / make
it a story or worse
in words of one punch each
but if not the illumination
another story about what we saw
and with each retelling
the story clears

Twang Kong

Nashville noise from the bars
a staggering drunk punched from bar to bar
by fatty bouncers
some play as if it mattered
but it's just a strip
just a place to walk / be seen on a Friday night
no one can face the truth that even
yes even the talented suck

Near Musicians

nothing
dinner / no comment
music and a float
nothing

Also Too

and where are they
where do they sit
when the world needs to dance
who is able to refrain
from singing the refrain
when everyone else has forgotten
my life is the drain
everyone else's pours through
but like thin water or thinner
where are they
the voices quiet
the wind too

True Truth

her hand small and
still dimpled with young fat
rests in the cracked palm
of a man none would mistake
for someone related to her
by love alone

Qualifications

the beauty of the night
is the blueness of light on the rivers
the yellowness of light on the streets
meet in the middle

Do Good

she speaks an Irish slag
and drinks men under tables
this man / this table
he is hunchshouldered
and done drinking
for good

Certain Chunking

hair parts
the upper class
into withs and withnots
I assume the mantle
I assume is false

Parthenon

the fake greek statues
the absurd costumes
the hard to obtain difficult food
nothing to drink without drink tix
and drink tix as hard to find as lasting love
even though with the target in site
the grassy slope though
is lit well

Up North

what if what
we are is nowhere noted
and little appreciated
simply put
what if the constant sunset
is all there is
if the black dark clouds hovering
above but not near the horizon
are the peak of clarity
what if a bit of freshly fallen snow
is all that could remain

Books

books piled around the recliner
lamp bookshelves a nice stereo
(to use the old terminology)
too much to read
and I'm not inclined
to start something that cannot be finished
so the task accumulates
piles pile up

Birthdays Are Happy

the past is stamped
by a darkness and a wetness
for example
to imagine a girl's birth 92 years ago
requires picturing a cloudy day
a birth at night
a raining day or a drizzling day
a cold day
the mother
of course
deeply involved
and the father pacing outside
under an elm or more likely an oak
if the mother is 17 as some records indicate
she wishes she were and he is
drinking from a widemouthed jar
stern family is just outside the door
to the birth room
soon everyone
even the youngest
is crying
is screaming

Across the Waters

her promise is to walk me to the end
to take care of it all until there is no more
she knows it's not a long journey
and when it ends she will not be well
she's already made the place for me
she will not scream there

One Discussion Too Many

too curious
about her she
becomes furious
with me
unlike with Blessing
I've lucked into this blessing

Because Work

she began her work
a day early
a while back
a long while
we await
the gone time

Open Close

the day was like this
cold and drizzling
clouds and some fog
dark hung around all day
before midnight it was over
one bracket in place
the other under construction

Requiem for Methuselah

she is likely not sleeping well
pissed / I hope so
the better to forget with
remember Kirk and Spock
and Rayna with Flint as once immortal
make her forget

On Our Way Home

many trips / much talk
no one really there
the future is fear
always running away
time is no friend
I say to time
“hold it right there”
time moving
fast laughs

Greatest Good

of the places cars park
nothing is more special than
next to the water
river / ocean / lake / tank
it spells romance of the most
intimate sort as orchestrated
by men with fumbling hands
and smelly intentions
life is so strange
it had to have evolved
no?

Question for You

picture a place by a river
picture the water flowing
from maybe a far off mountain range
into maybe a nearby ocean
picture a bridge
make it a peculiar green
make it a swing bridge
operated still
by hand
picture sitting by the river
and you feel it's time to move on
not time to leave
time to move on
what does the river do?

Voids and Nulls

suddenly emptiness
fills the back room
insulated from the world
by walls of thick books
all I have is 1 plain window
looking out on an abandoned lot
broken bricks / wire in concrete
plastic bags & ampersands
it's what I watch as I type
the repeating stories
the stabs at making love
with imagined lives
like someone I once
walked strange streets with
with her missing too
the emptiness needs
another room

For the Fourth Time

the expanse
the cut corn
the sheared wheat
the light fails early
and under a smudged sky
facing an indefinite west
covered by smothering level smooth bank of clouds
all these things irrelevant compared
to who's missing
who's passed on
passed away
the sentiment of untested writing

Looking

once we looked for words
we looked in alleys
on main street
down the largest boulevards
we looked in busted houses
in warehouses
in cardboard tents by the tracks outside town
we searched the woods
the fields
the oceans
mountains seemed promising
highways / back roads
we went fishing
and hunting
we made love a couple of times
but it wasn't memorable
we didn't speak
and it was weeks before I realized
it was because we couldn't
because we had no words

Song of the Ancients

many days the ancients cried out
filling themselves with great self
they tried learning to sing
but the concept of melody
wouldn't play in their heads
after hearing this
I moved to a flat by the tracks
in a country that neither would be
expected nor un
in a room on the second floor
I'd sit each day writing
watching the trains go by
the heads sometimes looking up at my window
people would pass on the street below
and look up
but because the place is neither likely nor not
I'd be who I wanted to be
ancient / no one

Against the Top

the dream of moving
into the past is a symptom of depression
/ over failure or fear of more
of it / anticipates a remainder
of life dedicated to uncelebrated
effort / unlike days before
where performance sat atop the goals
the depression of
leave me alone
has the effect of isolation
and sleepiness

Oh?

she pushed her stroller into me
at the corner called
the Bermuda Triangle
in Manhattan
flustered she didn't
but I did
apologize to her
I said
I'm sorry for pushing my stroller into you
I didn't see you
down the street in a small park
with benches enough for old men
to sit and remember young men
a yellowed maple leaf
just missed an ant
after detaching
she said
I'll think about it

Stride Right

who doesn't love chaos
and the unexpected lives
that go with it
who needs a foreseen life
flying over me in a pan-Atlantic pattern
overhead fields size rooms
for computer counters
passing breathings
are alone in their thick skins

Airplane Health

above the city fading away
my plane banking showing the city's
raked streets in lights like thick
pinpricks is just aiming to get away
and me with it / not every headlight
and backyard light is foreign
underneath / perhaps some are recalling
something we said together
ahead a another city is lighting up
its tonight heaving into view
someone who might one day wish
to say something with me
is watching something like
a computer turn on his backporchlight
and I suspect that light will be the first light
I see when I decide to arrive

Once Upon Her Bed

foreign
she is strange
her preferences depend
on pasts and presence
in the night
after the great darkness began
I watched her
I was half/asleep
my memory of it weakens every night
she eventually cried out in the quiet
in her version of the night
I did what I could
for the rest of the night

Hard to Sleep Sometimes

if only
time would
make room
if only
the far places lasted longer
if only
I could make
myself over
the past will catch you too

Bookfall

books responded
to those who walked past
by falling to the floor
the store clerks took turns
rushing in good-natured horror
to piles of books in splits
and getting them back in their ranks
all they wanted was for their
words to be licked off their opened hearts

Shot

all that's wrong
is summed up by
an out of focus
snap

Duty Avoided

someone's life was at risk
I was in a position to judge
but a vacation intervened
my hardship was granted
but was that all

Friends of the Night City

we love the shots
of cities from above
colors are blue and exaggerated
steam rises from manhole covers
headlights bite through streets
what must the lovers be doing
as the helicopters chop

Re Alignment

of course we can discuss
this all later / when we meet
but for now just assume
you're wrong
the woman will welcome you
cry while forgetting me

The Club

she likes what she
has / her
music declaims it
we like what she
has / our
eyes are on her swelling
parts but she believes
herself worth too much
and asks it
we look
don't pay
walk out and back down
the concrete canyon

Alley 1

the crazed night
the stared-at streetlight
the steam waist high
the man beneath an old comforter
uncomfortable by the backdoor
of a reliable restaurant

November 22

day of important deaths
one for everyone
the other for just one
or the handful who have chosen
to stand by the one

Traipsing

dogs enjoy
flight of birds entertain
they all act
on the basis of silliness
the true purpose
of the order behind
our worlds

Our Depression

wouldn't it be funny
if the fear of the worst
my mother taught me
because of her childhood brush with the collapse
were to come to pass and it was I
who experienced it at the worst
possible moment
and not her

Future Looking

looking back down the street
curving down away and out of sight
I see the green light taking on a variety of shades
of green in the titanically polished
finishes of the newer cars parked
along the outside of the curve
soon the light will turn red

Falling Through

on the bridge
one of the times when everything
it seems stops
the sound I heard was the water wiping
past the piers not even a wind
or a far-off bird / no bugs no flies no breathing

then off somewhere
up stream I suppose
in a house lit by one flickering light
I heard the guitar strummed
making a sad set of chords

I pulled her bobby pin from my pocket
placed it above my lip and under
my nose / it still had some of her
on it / then the guitar stopped
a bird sang of its night ahead
a car seized the road with its hot tires
the bobby pin slipped off my fingertips
and bounced into a drain hole
down into the streaming river flow

a weeping came from the house
I listened

Thanksgiving

were it then
we would have walked
the fort and watched
American Press
head out to sea
as it happened
I cried

Blam-o

I dreamt I kissed her
chastely in her bad hour
but on the lips because
that's all I know
when I did her mouth
turned into a muzzle
and her tongue into a thin tongue like a rat's tail
she pushed her serpent's tongue into my mouth
but cute
very cute
she stays on the list
of people I could love

Live a Lie

if you had any doubt
the alleys will pave the way
to a vein of daylight losing
understanding as we dip
our way to philosophical twilight
this all in a town
once inhabited by those
with more ways to lie
than a henhouse of chickens

Mistake Now Failure

the only house I have left
of my tiny past
is a place beginning to leak
(both ways I suppose)
a place I cannot walk into alone
every year I went to turn on the water
the pipes under the sink would burst
years after the last time
after it was no longer required
I realized it was because
I opened the valve as fast as I could
I did that for years
my friend who could plumb would come with me
in anticipation of the failure
why was it only just now
I figured out my mistake
when the house is ready to seriously
start falling apart
like says Zachary Schomburg
I should choose no scary

Bills See

planning a future
that keeps me well
but nourishes me
not at all

Yes Yet

from a cornfield
in a heavy rain
don't ask
I watched them run
from the porch to the car
switching sides so she
could drive
and laughing
they will be in lover
one day but
they can't know it
yet

Purpose of Correlation

americans grew fat
at the same time and rate
that widescreen tvs became popular
and were set by default to stretch wide

those lovely female stars
with their wide midlastcentury
hips and asses

Behind It Today

when the thoughts get happy
the discouragement and mistakes
pile up again
think and pay attention
don't blow out the sky
get more depth of field
when you're not sure of the focus

Crab Spider Approaching Dusk

the light that lights
the dark parts of the jungle
is strained of every color
but green and an earthly orange
this casts a pale view toward horror
on the humble spider merely
repairing its web

Nobody But

nēnē nē nē nē nē nēnēnēnē
nē nē nē nē nē nēnē nēnē nē
nē nēnē nē nē nēnē nē
nēnē nē

nobody can do the
shing-a-ling
like a goose

nobody can do the
skate
like a goose

nobody can do
boogaloo
like a goose

nobody can do
filly
like a goose

well let me tell you nobody
nobody nobody nobody
nobody nobody nobody
nobody nobody nobody
nobody nobody nobody
nobody

Several Outbursts

outside the restaurant
where the older elfin woman
eats her fettuccine with her
twotablesfull of friends
the motorcycles designed
to pretend they went mufflerless
banged their pistons to applaud
her wrinkled though girlish laugh

History Marks This Spot

today I asked
third one
third time
she agreed
no one else will follow her
Kilauea lighthouse
overlooking the island at the end of the hook
2pm today

Honolulu Airport

where the warm wet air
carried by the trades
from the far south seas
and the fertile lava islands
found out there masquerades
as it blows over my back
while I write these words
as a cool breeze

Her Day

in a bar
on the ground floor
of a pale pink building
with bright yellow awnings
on each small window
a woman with dark
very dark hair
sips a blue drink
while wishing her husband
whoever he may turn out to be
walks up to her

The Science of Not Much

when all the years
are piled like a careful
pyramid and archeologist
type people stare at it
and stare some more
the question I would want to ask
is one that the pile can answer
but the science in their heads
is not ready for
the pile is starting
to top off

Where No One Goes

so many roads
some are selected
for the curves they make
through forests
or the lines they cut
vertical and horizontal
through deserts
the ones I select
are selected
for the way they've
broken apart
become unpassable

The Lost Lovers

after Bolaño

I dreamt of her lovers
standing behind the mercado
staring at their hands
the wounds puffing up
the tiny unbeloved
spatters of blood
beginning to cook on the hot asphalt
just beyond the edge of the ragged
midafternoon shadow
I dreamt of her
lying back on her bed of pillows
reading soft poems
written by her hard lovers
all the contrasts hidden
in the dark inner circles
in the middles of her eyes

Im Possi Ble

I speak to those whose ears
desire human sound
I play my guitar for those whose hips
and feet desire movement
both languid and ulcerated
I write for those who wish
they were better / wish
they could do the to-them impossible
I try to tell them that it's the same
for all of us but to them
that's impossible

Prophecies

clouds eat away at the sky barrier
allegiance falters eat bite
inside the ward his eyes
are covered by bandages over bandages
because of this he is unable to eat
and therefore to shit
how long has he been here
the other children are shouting
snow / snow / it's snowing
this means months
out the back door of this place
is a cemetery
and years after he gets out his mother
will buy a plot not 100 yards from his bed
decades after that he'll bury her there
from the ridge that leads up the hill he can't see
I'll watch every one of these shows
wonder what's next
maybe you

The More We Know

the madness of where
we must be
just think
the dreams stuff
is made of

Don't Ever Call Me Sweetchromodynamics

the light tires
but never slows
though we've believed it for years
and never understood anything about it
 $e=mc^2$ has just been proven
protons and neutrons comprise quarks
bound by gluons
the mass of gluons is zero
(that's what makes them stick)
& the mass of quarks is only 5%
where therefore
is the 95%
quarks and gluons screwing around
for those keen to know more
the computations involve
"envisioning space and time
as part of a four-dimensional crystal lattice
with discrete points spaced
along columns and rows"

Who Makes It Out?

what makes her tick
only in a place across water
who will buy it
that her tricks aren't tricks
her love a forgotten token
on her dresser next to
invisible lipstick

Bad Gig

too far off the road
through a deep field
into the woods
down a woodland road
to the stonewall
that's where it's buried
what a dope

Look Look Here

as she approaches
I watch her eyes and her hair
as she passes I glance down
and back
sometimes after she has passed
I need to stop
and get my bearings

Rant O Rama

naturally the edge of discussion is slender
the wide flat mallet of declaratives encroaches
only a few atoms thick the cut part of the argument
can be seen / perhaps just from one angle / in its splendor
meanwhile I dream up explanations
for how your scope can be thus limited
and every dread flat and unflattering

Why Big Boats Sink and Logs Don't

no one doubts nor borrows the future
the ship that famously sank
carried even the haughty to the depths
the most trustworthy things
are the most lowtech

What Was Learned

35 years ago I married for the first time
looking at the young today to compare
I was nothing but stupid
though it was love
I'm sure of it
she is probably
crying tonight
we lasted only 7 years
perhaps it's better to forget
yes learn to forget

Coldity

perhaps tonight she
lies in her bed weeping
her children wondering
how someone so remote
and so remote
could cause their great sturdy
mother to spend all day alone
in her bed

In the Strange Dark

nowhere is it like here
the voice she wants to use
can't pronounce all the sounds
in our shared language
in the night I hear her
practicing I see the outline
of her body balanced and tense
later her sheet rises
pauses and falls and she
makes little sounds
in the morning she prepares
a song for me

Linger Just a Little

just beyond the last road
a long oily beach reaches
out to the receding oceanline
and though it looks dirty and abused
it has looked like this
for thousands of years
above the beach a whitehot sun
behind wet white clouds
is just a blowout above the scene
of reminiscent love and something
tried just once

Escaping is Always the Last Part of the Game

when no one else would
she believed she could
and the end of it came
after the train pulled out
after the waving goodbye
after the curve where the station
track aimed its way
to the other end the line

Hard Search

so hard to parse the records
and check the memory
to guess who's who
and who I might be

I5

speeding 75 past
an orchard
of thin small young fresh trees
in early Winter
I'm trying to count the ways
I can look down open lanes
at angles related to the 2-d symmetries
of the planting plan
 $22.5^\circ / 45^\circ / 67.5^\circ / 90^\circ$
maybe more
some showing deeper lanes than others
at their ends gray mist
then we're past and it's rusted
farm equipment
the beauty of such work

Tortures

no one fights like the fighters
the purpose of cleaning is response
we never take what is our own
the sleep you sleep is never regained

Hiding a Year

written the wrong year
this is a comment on endings
a cardinal on a snowy branch
liking the seasons in the wrong order
a year to forget bad nighttimes
strange beds / strange people
too many performances
time to retire or at least return
to the way of hiding