

DISPERSION MODEL
(246 per.mutations.)

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(1)

Interstate-5. Cesium-137. Xenon-133. Ghost cars
either way. the highway (somewhere) the high-way (somewhere)
dispersion model predicts radioactive plume (somewhere)
the highway. Officially, radioactive plumes can't hurt
a fly. Uncle-fly. Mercy-fly. I'm not a fly, not flying,
yes bus riding- "uncle!" "uncle!" just part of the high-way speck
a speck on the highway "uncle!" "uncle!" hurtling for cover "uncle!"
hurtling for wonder for-ever falling out. Official statement: "Rocks
give off more cancer than a meltdown." I cross myself. "This meltdown
won't make teeth or hair fall out." I cross myself. Interstate-5. Fall-out
Iodine-131. north south. I cross myself.

(2)

eyes- fuel station in fluorescent-
fuel station filled with trucks filled
with diesel. eyes- bloodshot, bloodshot
I, exhausted, inhale exhaust, trucks
filled with diesel trucking tons of (diesel)
to fluorescent cathedrals

(3)

Every 3 a.m. shit stall toilet clogged up
one stall occupied (doors locked trousers
around swollen truck clutch crunching
ankles, feet pigeon-toes farts. grunt-o.)
"Ah Christ!"
Shitting in a stall- Eric Clapton "Layla"

(acoustic version) through
somewhere-speakers like hidden
transistor radio 20 years ago

(4)

Pilot Travel Center
diesel, gasoline, convenience store (lottery
ticket, breakfast, bic lighter, 7-up, brake
fluid, breakfast, corn dog corn chips corn
syrup, breakfast...) Asphalt parking lot
glazed with oil slick. spectral rainwater
reflects
the convenience store
CAT SCALE
glows
black and tabby
yellow

(5)

Terror film screen nightmare wracked
near wrecks Metal too thin for so much
asphalt Skin too thin for so much doom
Radioactive rain on big bus big windshield
Soul shuddering predictions of mother's
inevitable death.

(6)

Blond apocalyptic shepherd sunburned hands
twenty years old, wears an orange vest
(insurance requirement) herds shopping
carts littered in parking lot pasture dawn
Beach Cruiser (rattle-rattle-squeak)
Fog blanket horseman (bum with seahag hair
coasts across west coast horizon nowhere)
Smash! California bum armed to the teeth,
grins with arsenals of empty cans, olympic
caliber expert can crusher. Smell of fire-

work gunpowder smoke, coffee, saltwater

(7)

7 a.m. Ralph's grocery- bums, me, bum
Bathroom in back- nice bum demonstrates
expert sink-wash and hygienic paper towel
dry, "automate it!" (sensor activated paper
towel dispenser) Pockets of tums, robitussin
cough syrup, hersheys chocolate syrup, aunt
jamima maple syrup, planter's peanuts. Waist-
band shopping bag of aqua net, of nestles choc-
late chips. I wash my face, automate it, dry my
face. Pockets of Vitamin C (generic) Trojan Rub-
bers (ultra thin) Waistband of band-aids, colgate
toothpaste, Gatorade. I helped me-self, too.

(8)

Shopping cart of busted wheels
tipped over like a dead seal
Cheap stucco glaze on tall
concrete wall crusty frosting
of shelf stale store cake

I leaned in close to the loading
dock- discreet, polite, gracious
I took a leak. Woman in SUV
red Ford grimaced; secretly
desirous, inevitably cancerous

(9)

Great genius behind the wheel
captain's the bus (radiation submarine)
"I like sappy movies! Syrup-sap
boiled and poured over pancakes
cooked from homemade batter
thicker the better"

Gurl says, "We all come from
the same Stardust"

"Yes! Stardust!

THAT

is

completely

RIGHT!"

*(come together
on the road rolling
rollicking radio)

(10)

Mexican samurai 2 swords strapped to
his back copper shield welded to Harley
Davidson handlebars- Hog Steel horse he-
haw no muffler he-haw he rides
Bumper to bumper ass crack to
ass crack flash flood of vans, veins, bicycles,
automobiles exhaust pipe to mouth
to mouth to invincible samurai mouth
resurrection. Mexican Thor mythic sword
and shield. What about Daredevil? (just a
stick for a blind man) Parking lot packed
ass crack to ass crack with yellow tax-
is beneath a billboard for discount
plastic surgery.

(11)

Cesium-137
deadly
but not to
humans
in low levels

Twin brothers
one twin with floppy
hair
one twin with shaved
head
exchange punches

2 for flinching
I'll use my left
arm
*POW!**POW!*

(12)

The wind:
sometimes a sail, sometimes a scythe.
heat cries alone- a mirage-
a cruel farmer, heat pulls nutrients
from cells like buckets to wells. The wind,
insistent. The wind: sometimes a sail,
sometimes a knife-
The wind

(13)

Auschwitz clouds in desert sky
vertebrae (no skull) float like a row
of sun bleached helium bone balloons

Ocean wind, saturated in
Fukushima perfumes,
scrapes a wire brush over
impartial earth

Mariachi on car radio
joyous and high pitched
"ha-ha-ha!" loud enough to hear
a mile away the plants
and birds take no notice
of any raucous horn filled
cymbal crash requiem.

(14)

Pothole Mexican road skeleton thin dogs

Vietnam land mines thirty five years later...
CO canyon- smog porridge smorgasbord
lunch steak dinner. cinderblock home
on highway gutted out where a woman
holds brown bawling baby and plastic bags
humid with tamales for sale-
scorpion crawling in desert dust
an eyeball for flies cadavers strapped
to mechanical frames punching, smiling,
fondling, feeding alone

(15)

Head: rattle snake crushed on hot tar highway

Torso: fish guts scavenged by crying gulls

Left arm: puss bandage in gutter

Left leg: turpentine on rag huffed for hours

Cock and balls: odd child to parents too old

Right leg: milk spoiled behind the counter

Right foot: chicken fucked in coop and neg wrung

Left foot toes: chicken dinner

(16)

Radioactivity spreads faster than clouds
microwave dinner still cold in the middle
of no concern to genius behind steering wheel
old mad Ahab hunting horizon whales (boat battered to
bits) (sails ripped)- (waves crash) -(lightning)
“Arg! Wealthy on experience that money can never buy!”
(Har-Har dripping irony like pooh-bear money comb)
“We don’t buy into society’s box of narrowly defined
success!” (Irony sets like rubber cement)
Blue sky no indication of apocalypse
Carly Simon on radio “You’re so vane”

(guitar solo)

“I love this song!!!”

Genius boy emphatically slams fist against
dashboard.

(17)

trembling scientists report last ditch effort
shaky voice variations of slow motion nightmare
seawater hoisted by helicopter while first plume of
radiation crosses half way around globe (aspiring
halo). Seawater blows into wind mist- helicopter pilot
treated for radiation sickness.

“You know you’re fucked when you’re pouring
seawater on it-“ “My sister is pouring seawater on
her divorce”

Arid baja to the left. nothing but
a mobile home and generator

(18)

Chernobyl Chernobyl
you sound like a rare and prized bird
mating plumage feathers sprout like
stalks of cotton candy: turquoise, pink

Ornithologists listen to bird
and thelonious pays no mind to the science
of flying creatures

cavities don’t mind sugar
breeze don’t mind particles
death don’t mind nature

(19)

Trash littered all over drastic slope
man they must have launched that
garbage with a

HEAVE!

“This is the cliff where every Hollywood wreck scene was ever filmed- Ahhhhhh!”

(stock scream that same scream been used used and re-used for 50 years- the randolph scream or something like that)

“Nah! the Wilhelm!” “Huh?”

“The Wilhelm scream!”

He He hoo hoo Ha (canned laugh from Brady Bunch) HOO HOO HA HA

Three Mexican boys
with nicely combed hair
politely play on concrete
bunkers

(20)

Bobbing red and white buoys like big versions of the ones I used on my thin fishing line fishing for trout (Sequoia 1986) them plumb dumb plastic wide rings float on midday glare ocean surface (dutiful tugboat-strong fishin’ boats bob nearby)

“They’re harvesting nuclear fish”

“Well sure enough yr’ sushi will glow sink your mercury teeth into that”

4 wide rings almost like Olympic rings logo (Los Angeles 1984) but it’s a new design Apocalypse Olympics- none of the rings link, signifying international disunity, dissent, inability to communicate, nothing in common- empty rings murderous armies everywhere (official press release)

(21)

‘nuff to make ya’ cry blue sky 5pm
yellow and white dandelions? (some

perfect and simple flower)

Prom queen Daisy Mae daisies carpet
the banks of dirt rock sewage canal (mostly
dry in the sun hot dust) used tires
stuck in the sand like melted life
savers (saviors) candies on tongue

I walk on a dusk cement guardrail
and get dizzy from the height
Well if the bomb don't kill me then surely
a numb-skull fall will

Ah heck, what a timid tight rope walker
I would be what a wonderful
child I would be (second time)

(22)

Sitting on cinderblock stairs
Breeze blowing in from Japan
Sunset- hazy orange peach
No one talks about invisible
dive bombers
Smell of burning plastic
tentative attempts at solace
painting by numbers:
1. The yard behind me
2. Marlboro cigarette pack smashed flat in gravel
3. Modelo beer bottle (broken)
4. plastic water bottle (torn)
5. old tire (shredded)
6. plastic grocery bag (tattered)
7. styrofoam cup
8. pvc pipe (crushed)
9. a long-spine mickey mouse cactus leaf head.

(23)

Nothing but a tin shed with a
tarnished mirror nailed to the wall,
tool box for scissors and comb,

a picture of a woman in bikini
torn out from a magazine and
tacked to the door, locks of hair
on cement floor. His chair solid
as a tank, so many haircuts, straight
razor shaves, the footstep worn smooth
I got a haircut- damn those scissors
dull- He lived in downtown L.A. but gave
up, like me. Gave up on what? Nothing
but the sound of dull clippers and wind
on a dusty Mexican street

(24)

“Zona Rosa” (Red Light district) some-
one told me about Anthony’s Lady’s bar
“Ah hell, I haven’t been laid in a year-
no sex, can you imagine?”
No bread for sex though sex is as
essential as bread. more nutritious, too
a dingy flop “Gris Motel” my skin itched
at the sight of its red doors with
broad shoulder eyeshadow transvestites
winking a friendly smile at the corner
spiteful street hookers, horribly
angry, aging, hookers with bull dog
faces covered in lipstick sneers
no-tuna-today-fishermen linger with
beers, a pimp smokes cigarette
in doorway, man with leather keychain
for sale cusses at me.

(25)

Did anyone see the cartoon about the line?
I just read flatland- fell in love with a triangle
Hush, Josh’ll tell you- he remember “Yes!”
the line, and the curly-Q!”
I wanna’ play a game of pool
Billiards? (nobody calls it billiards)
Ya’ do if you’re a gentleman
What are you trying say (gulp)

VCR Tape “Donald Duck in Mathematics Land!”

Surly wise guy quacks, hustling, running
the table. Quick, I need some tips... Ah forget
it, We ain't got a TV, VCR, or Pool table.
Billiards. Well, bank shot is all I got

(26)

Old Vincent Van Gogh if he painted a door
he'd paint this one on a warm Sunday night
he'd paint red paint chipping off stone door-
frame, sweet smells of gardenia and gasoline
Date trees everywhere, sound of slow cars...
Children play in plaza beneath shadow heavy
drooping trees- laughter. Not sure what it feels
like although we die and live all at once. Just
shadow church (built by calloused and bloody
slave hands) courtyard. Pin prick stars, diamond
stars, billions of iguana stars; wooden cross visible
in the invisible night (no blood) I sit on sincere
wooden bench welcome for worry weary hides
like mine.

(27)

No sense of time like “Good God!” marijuana
high- cocaine blankness cosmic communion
Staring at a tree (don't know what kind it
is but it kind of has steely smooth skin)
perhaps I'm kind of one of its leathery
green leaves. incomprehensible
The sky- incomprehensibly
dark
tar, dark ink, void

(28)

Steamroom no room for oxygen
Ah boy wouldya' get me a beer?
Hotter than hell in here

Who's holding? The sumo masseuse?
The limping lame one-eyed towel attendant?
Hush! Into the Dante room!
Say yr' prayers!
Never seen so much junk
goo mildew gunk then between
the cracks of these aqua green
tiles toe jam funk

Steamroom Fallout Shelter Blues:
The steam it burns like gasoline
on my fresh ink tattoo
The steam it burns like gasoline
on my fresh ink tattoo
If I ever live to see another day
I'll have nothing to do...
('cuz it's nothing- cymbal crash)

(29)

Now take a look
ya see yr'
buddy and yr'
buddy sees
you then we know
we're all here
Buddy check!
I think I'm here
(Existential cruise missile)
Look again unless
you can see inside yr'
own eyes
If you weren't
here then
yr' own eyes
wouldn't be
any good
for yr' buddy
Ah shucks
somebody
is a jolly
good
fellow.

(30)

“I rather just die with everybody
as opposed to lose everything
I worked for-”
“Why we work for?”
California ain’t
nothing but a golden
shelf of rusty nails
over the angel abyss.

(31)

Wise cracks like crack of bat
“a stand up double, a triple!”
Genius boy is the best in the
league, all star starting everything
even manages
to crack a good one about Detroit
regarding article in
Mother Jones Magazine
describing horrible cop murder of a
kid in the projects
HAhhahahahhaa
a good one on a sad note but
delivered so innocently perfectly
no one even got sore about it
got to laugh to keep from
crying (otherwise I might be
crying about this flea of letters
on tip of my pen)
Hahahhahahahah!

(32)

Mucho trabajo poco dinero
slaving for peanuts or coconuts
Soldiers with modified
machine guns (technical info
provided by 15 year old whiz

kid witness) sweat in the sun
to kill someone for meager
Juan seis pack paycheck
what lunatic thought of all this
(me no different cussing through
starving scribbles) Who?
Some wet blanket impotent millionaire
it weren't god 'cause God said eat
apples, be happy, have sex orgies,
mi casa es tu casa. It must have
been a dog beaten and flogged. (Or
just rabid foam and snarl for inspiration)
kibbles and bits kibbles and bits
keep chasing your tail- yelp yelp
every dog has its day, yep

(33)

cookie cut out cactus towers,
dark flesh hercules flexed arms
awash in spectral mercury atop
cliffs, ridges, plateaus, stark
charcoal sky almost too obscenely
black except for starlight pinpricks
and moon silver disk blotch as though
a film set misplaced from Republic
Studios or was it just the pure desert
stillness that overcame me?

(34)

a silver pearl
in the oyster shell sky
the desert
the empty sunrise
(moonset) highway no
closer than the smell
of dust to come

(35)

News Flash:

Duct tape not for ducks

(Beer cans tink)

We're a hearty bunch- We're at the
top of the food chain- We're at the top
of our game- drinking intoxicants
is a sign of fortitude "drinking intoxicants
on this coach prohibited XXXX (crossed out)
mandatory! (ballpoint pen scribbled in)"
(just reporting)

"Want to see an american flag?

Roar! I've got one tattooed
on my back!"

Say goodbye to Captain Kangaroo

The space program is over- Say good-
bye to Howdie Doodie, Goodbye Felix
the cat, goodbye, goodbye Heathcliff the
cat, Marmaduke the dog- the space
program is over, the planets are gone...

(36)

If it ain't the mushroom cloud
it's a copper head or red-light-running
bus. No need to waste yr' time with
self preservation Liz Taylor died
and did you see her blue eyes?
Coca-Cola Sweet Mexican recipe
like Oklahoma soda fountain sugar
sweet sugar high not corn syrup crack
I ripped the can (and we all can)
like a madman and fixed my guitar
with a shred of red painted aluminum

(37)

"Did ya' know that you camped yr' tent
right on the path to the shithouse?"
(sneer smirk)
"Every path leads to a shithouse
eventually." (zen koan)

(so shut the fuck up)
shithouse or no shithouse
Hawks with mile wide wings-
feather kites in sacred shithouse sky
Regardless of shithouse, symphonic
contrapuntal bird choirs at dawn
like elegant slide whistle whimsical
genius songs. Nevermind shithouse
because weird chatterings of chirp-
chit-cher-yerp-chit-chit-ker-runi-
chit nighttime secret invisible chatter-
bugs. Heavy B-52 thrash of hawk,
wings low over my tent
with zero concern
for shithouse

(38)

Fair-skinned wild child of my irish mother
full of scrapes, cuts, scars, moles. Thinning
hair, growing gut, nerve cut numb leg, numb
skull. A golf ball to the 9 iron of time stalked
by UV rays (and now Xenon-133) can't even
escape hiding in my tent as I witness arm skin
pinked in 1pm full sun furnace. I wear a pair of
mittens with no fingers (Chinatown 2 dollar) on
a hike through Indiana- Jones desert canyon.
“Worried about frostbite? Searching for penguins?
Building an Igloo?”
I wear a Pierre Cardin dress shirt (Goodwill 4 dollar)
long sleeves and collar, a bank tellers shirt in
a former life, ideal SPF to protect arms and neck
from sun since not choking from necktie noose.
“Where you coming from? Desert hike or an
analyst's conference?”
I'll drink to that,
genius boy

(39)

Another slum job a few years back on Union St
San Francisco courtesy of a sketchy Viking of a

woman met at some wine and weed trainwreck
of an occasion-

Job description as follows:

“Serve champagne flutes to women shoppers in
dressing rooms.” And if only it had been remotely
true (suffice to say the porn rag possibilities). The
Viking boss popped more pills than Jacks have Jills,
a glassy eyed horse pulling prices from the sky;
divinations for her black market haute couture schwag-
took what I could while I could, anything good, stuffed it
in my backpack and was fired two days later for laziness.
But wore my favorite shirt for years (clipped off \$100 price
tag) Krishna Rags and what a fougou shirt it was everyone
adored it- the talk of the party- what style! what elegance!
And now in the sun hot desert dust, a mesquite thorn (with
no fashion sense whatsoever) an agnostic faux pas, a cheap
chipped nail ripped my claim to fame at the shoulder

(40)

animal hunter still pounding
war drum (distant inner soul
village)
Hay-ya-hay-ya-hay-ya
Hay-yay Hay-ya Hey ya', all
them automobiles, microchips
antibiotics nuclear energies
ain't changed all that (just yet)
skin is made of rice paper thin silk
flesh no matter if ya' walk on coals
or fly in jets, I still heard ya' sneeze!
Ah, schucks, Where's the calamine
lotion? Me leg welts and itch
something mean- No mystery, no
robot, just ol' fashioned bug pain!

(41)

Pitched my tent 200 yards away
(not like pitching tent at the back
of trigonometry class Heather Hutchins
front row, so purty!)

Dinnertime I joined the refugees communal
meal hippy cuisine "I didn't know the
bridge and tunnel crowd was a' comin'"
clowning and clowning the only gold standard
for copper pennies to eternity
thinking of clowns and the continental divide
between happy and ugly- no divide at
all, really painted faces caked
white as cumulus clouds with white pastry
flour- clown face is a face nonetheless
and a cloud, too, a map... Schucks, this is
no time for a circus with sad elephants
downcast eyes browbeaten lions well past
retirement age a mangy mane feeble
growl. Cubist painting is a painting of clowns
'cause look at them angles ugly and beautiful

(42)

RADIO ALERT: sharp knife under soapy water
equals man-eating shark of dishwashing tub.
RADIO PROGRAM: rebroadcast fifty years
later equals warm kitchen Sunday night mom
and I with slice of coconut cream pie- (Marie Calendars)
RADIO SIMULCAST: dodgers home game "a long
fly ball to center and Brett Butler... has it to
end the sixth" (Vin Scully) equals smell of hops
and beer on my old man's breath (screams for later)
RADIO NUCLEOTIDES: Xenon-133 Cesium-137
Iodine-131 equals nightmare terrors of invisible
DNA cell kamikaze

(43)

Mathematics Quantum mechanics
samsara
mythology numerals variables
samsara
algorithms the written tradition
samsara
holographic theory, holy-graphic theory, string theory
samsara

Buddha bingo J-45 sunburst Gibson John Lennon
samsara
You sunk my battle ship!
samsara
nuclear submarines
samsara
scientists tinkering with Buddha mysteries
samsara
counting neutrons like prayer beads (minus catastrophes)
samsara

(44)

“How annoying is not just a town in North Korea”
“I’m alright as long as I get my 3 square a day”
“We played 4 square in 5th grade”
“And?”
“Any pot chocolate left?”
“Nope”
(ganja chocolate sack= brown bag lunch
paper sack with black sharpee doodle drawing
of flying saucer beaming alien rays on Egyptian
pyramid- empty and already in trash)
“How do you eat your weed?”
“in public like my nudity”
“How does a surrealist screw in a lightbulb?”
“Whatdja’ say?”
“How does a surrealist screw in a lightbulb?”
“Carefully?”
“Fish.”
“Nice thing about naps is that I don’t know if
I’ve been out 2 minutes or 2 hours...
and it doesn’t matter...”

(45)

Campfire tiny satellites flair
disappear embers linger
a perfect vibrato reverberating
in eye-echo memory
shadow puppets in the shape
of mesquite branches

embers flicker like
fireflies whose bold bulb
glows momentarily naked
over black water

(46)

Norman Rockwell, whadda' ya' say?
self portrait sombrero?
pink panties? Hazmat?
Drawing naughty pictures
for the 21st century,
Doom Doodles?

Norman Rockwell whadda' ya' say?
Cowboy Indian cop guns
firecracker kid
spaghetti western
playboy?

electrocution shock therapy?

Ah, schucks "I'd rather have
a bottle in front of me
than a frontal
lobotomy"
Just sayin'
(crayon wax-a-melting.)

(47)

double feature if ya' believe
in heaven. Tell me about
that movie stuff....
ya' mean heaven?
Picture frames
Picture frames
Picture frames
(God smells of toasted-snapping-
popping butter soaked popcorn)

Starts at the beginning

then a chunk in between
'til finale, sometimes grand
Great western movie star
of this tear-jerker
Sometimes porn
Sometimes cartoon
Sometimes a drive-in
snuck in the summer. night.

(48)

A guy crashed his bike into
a blackberry bush; blackberry
syrup or blood lick it and hope
it's sweet- chain keeps a turning
a churnin' a bike wheel
slave shackles clearcut chainsaw
redwood holocaust best to study
survivalist texts if yr' gonna
live to study anything
(algorithm sudden shift)
big black ant with stone crush
jaws clench painflesh arm until
the bitter end fingernail execution
dead black ant flicked into the
infinity

(49)

Left two dresser drawers of opium growing
on the roof in San Francisco. Found the chest
of drawers on the street- someone folded up shop
and high-tailed it outta' SF where life ain't easy
but it's good provided you've got a reliable stream
of drugs and one dollar bills for two a.m. salvation
booth #3 at the Lusty Lady Kearny St. (ah Kitty
McMuffin, how I think of you now)
Filled up the drawers with dirt leftover from weed
operation (no surgery involved), mail-ordered
papaver somiferum seeds from someplace in Afghan
Arizona, them tender blue flowers growing like gang
busters but the radiation hit and I folded up shop and

high-tailed it outta' SF. Opium reveries, Kitty McMuffin,
I twitch

(50)

fish corpses fish spines as long
as my torso delicate Clorox bleach
fish skulls ruby red and pink
bits of fin fish heads eye-pecked-out
socket no brain one fish (small with
big piranha teeth almost a nice
smile dry boot-leather tough skin)
Seagull circles glides eyes my eyes
lap lap lap of waves lap lap lap

(51)

an evening walk and prayer
uncensored pure illuminated
cunt feelings
an innocent reason to cry
God blue
God violet
God peach
blessed sky
The final day of the season
with no hope of the play-offs
though the pay-off represented in
perfect evening God light

(52)

big desert old west boulder
looms on toothpicks perched on pebbles
perpetually jittery itching to leap
eventually

fly buzzzzzzzzzzes
in my ear can't lay a finger
on it but what should I expect

what should I get for sitting cross-
legged between piles of horseshit

(Nevertheless never detracts from
autonomous perfect sky blue of the sky
sky-archetype renaissance
painting cerulean blue)

(53)

Never mind blue Kool-Aid
sky Jim Jones sabotaged sky
Very sweet on the eyes no
hint of cyanide or deadly
devotions to oxygen
Seems fine like cold glass
pitcher condensation shimmers
on patio table August 1st 1pm
ice cube –clinks- purple drink
by sunhot marco polo cannonball
jackknife pool southern California
(age 7)

(54)

Antarctica neither top nor
bottom of the earth
(A life raft through the galaxy
as some people describe it)
Draw the earth as a circle
with a smile there you have it
The sun swings around the sky
in a summer halo path
no nighttime just a little twilight
it looks like an angel “Have a Nice
Day” or the “Good Sam Club” logo
on Winnebago mud flap right lane I-80.
An angel child An angel child A baby
stillborn-
draw a circle with a smile (return)
there you have it (reprise)

(55)

Morning chore solemn white knuckle
buckets of water monk walk
head down rocks, stumbles
six more buckets to go and already
huffing- It weren't so hard
to use the water up nor spend the money
Ah, I should know better

(56)

I said, "Spider, don't crawl in my tent."
Hell, I ain't gonna' get choked up about
it. A failure to communicate is all-
Now it communicates in wet metaphysical
splotch.... All greek to me I'll stick with
my pet rock, a hardy big bonafide pal,
rope tied around its torso 'come on!'
Tie 'er up please so he don't wander off
"Yes' m."

(57)

Crushing sound must be waves
blown to smithereens? blown to
star? blown too far?
Point in sky twinkles red and silver
walls of insect chirp hills blobs
of black shapes (vaguely familiar)
ant troops beneath moon shine
march up my leg, over hills, twilight
zone valleys- one Roswell alien...
insect machinations crawl in my ear
crawl out in bic moonshine ink

(58)

I am bio luminescence the size of man
which is the size of sand
a pebble, a particle, probably nothing
crash splash phosphorescent green
plutonium cannonball- jack-knife
front-flip in the wave machine
nameless in the universe womb
my heart is only animated meat
beating in the belly of a Geppetto
whale. A lantern a humble fire
a pot of porridge

(59)

Boy, yr' slow in the head yr' parents had ya' too late
yr' ma's supposed to be a pretty secretary not a blue haired
old biddy yr' pop's supposed to be climbin' the coporate ladder
not collectin' benefits for a war nobody remembers mumbling
about TV Guide Reader's Digest 60 minutes
Ah nevermind any of that, keep swingin' at that (yr' head up
elbow level) jigglin' bastard of a piñata still jewels left in there
somewhere
We're all blindfolded anyhow in the dark hoo hoo who? Owl
of the universe maybe the aliens in their flying saucers big lizard
tear drop heads autopsy-ing pretty tan bikini girls from New
Mexico and Arizona really
truly truly truly
know how many
hoo hoo hoo
lickety licks to the center of a tootsie pop
(lickety split big bang universe candy)
(flying saucer Woooooosh!)

(60)

A party in the front= the reverse of a mullet.
get your hairstyle right and you'll be fine.
remind me to nominate you for the nobel peace
pie (cherry with cool whip)

What flavor of ice cream
that? Brain Freeze? Neon?

A double scoop wanna' lick?
waffle cone oh hell no regular
ol' cone from the box
with the happy clown

A moment of silence.
Marcel Marceau.

(61)

Snorting pig hair coarse as wire that's
where the tasty bacon come from
swine!
snort snort
it make me feel strange all that blond
hair on that beast and look at them
testicles swollen softballs dangling
pomelos and its snout shoved in slop
you call that clean? Well it would be
if it weren't tied to a leash
snort snort
How would you feel chained to yr' own
shit? I wouldn't act like it were natural
snort snort
they say pigs are smart. Let's see!
What's 2+2?
snort snort
wrong!
dumb beast
no God essence no infinite energy
no expansive eternal one-ness
Just B of BLT.

(62)

Ranch of goat smell and leather,
handicapped angel and fertile doe-
eyed moist twat mother, Road runner
canyon of coyote dynamite blunders,
Cave paintings hieroglyphics of God
prayers and profanities, ancient cacti
with Hercules arms asunder, ancient

mesquite an ark of mysteries covered
in thorns, pits slithering with rattlers
flex tail-tip scorpions dew drops of
venom, no-sound of tree falling-
no ears to hear it, deadly cliff edge for
those thoughts of death or thoughts of
birth, an ecosystem no space
no time everywhere

(63)

Too many windows to count school bus
full size not short yellow bus for mis-
understood angels that flipped me
off, "Fuck you!" (so punk) when short
bus stopped at intersection- Huntington
Dr. and West Dr., 2nd grade. (Arabs say
they're in heaven already) Tires eaten
away no surprise considering parked
there sometime say 1965 sinking into
desert dust the same rate giant cacti
multiply. paint sun blanched to shimmering
shade of sun polished steel, windows blown
out and replaced with uneven squares of ply-
wood patches for window-eyes as if
pirate eyes, or visually impaired diesel fueled
fly eyes- a perfect candidate to resurrect with
joyful piñata pride-candy colors, a drivable
diesel steel party favor for everywhere

(64)

baby lambs with New Testament eyes, I wept
when one tipped over on feeble foreign new legs,
tender faced girl in wheelchair (no handicap
accessibility on bull leather property) wheels
herself to take a woodstick swing at a donkey
piñata and makes t-ball contact with hardly a
"Whap" but everyone claps cheers and whistles, a
few candies trickle from donkey neck. I learned her
paralysis was due to a vitamin deficiency in months
during pregnancy, I've got a backpack full of vitamins

they are like diamonds, I wish I could travel back in
time and give them all away, or was it simply luck of
the draw, natural cruelty true life piñata

(65)

Looked up from piñata fiesta
caramel skinned girl; her
flawless face like brown sea glass
a perfect Indian princess
wearing dusty Walmart sweat pants
An expression of curiosity, disdain,
and belt leather; no more than twenty
years old and already more blunt than a
stick used to beat
piñatas

(66)

red plastic water rocket half filled
with tap water (EPA allows just enough
fluoride and led) other half high pressure
compressed air from plastic pump (included!
Adult Supervision Recommended.)
like 500 ml pepsy bottle shaken in an epileptic
seizure and launched in suburban front lawn sky
(part blue mostly 1982 Los Angeles smog brown)
Woooooooosh
a miracle of science fun for the whole family or
just my brother and me (latch key kids) in
between atom bomb nightmares and nuclear
desk dives (atomic bombs don't kill you beneath
school books) my brother named Adam like the
birth of man counterpoint to total annihilation
Genius boy swings at piñata sugar candies scatter
also a red plastic propeller toy; Genius Boy assembles
it in three easy steps launches whizzing miracle of
science into crystal blue Xenon-133 hot particle sky

(67)

Took a close look for when America
comes asunder courtesy of dollars and
sense based on imagination, an inadequate
oversupply of state sponsored terrorism
televised, war against aversion to
pharmaceutical drugs, war against
anorexia courtesy of McDonald's, president's
state of emergency reality TV show
sponsored by TEPCO, a revolution
for your soul brought to you in yesterdays
Wall Street Journal
playa Escondido
(hidden beach) 56K from Loretto
mental note:
Bar with big "Pacifico" sign sprouts
from dust crack dirt Highway green
sign white letters "Insurgentes"
"Puerta Agua Verde" tall weather-
vane, a sky as expansive as Einstein's
mind mushroom cloud far behind

(68)

Ma thinks me lost me marbles hightailing it to
lawless mexico full of banditos itching to kill gringos
gueros drug cartels killing kittens and hoarding all
the beautiful whores to themselves Ma thinks me
on hard drugs turning homosexual tricks in Tijuana
alleys for a handful of pesos full of blisters blow jobs
gruntos donkey shows Ma thinks me best amigos
with el Diablo and we howl with Mescal Fuck it! I'll eat
the worm! cabrone! a smoke stack fiend for loco weed Ma
thinks me crazy for ignoring TV nightly news assuring
America all is well (Me pal Rusty say, "take the televisions
away and america's streets run with blood...")
All is well?
Me knows Ma is worried sick with tender Ma heart
concern nights lost to tossing and turning
Alright, Ma, no more torture, Tell me I'm still your son

(69)

riding along on baja highway 1, recollections
of hot springs that ox-strong women used for laundry,
they chattered and chirped like angel-birds as they
scrubbed out beer stains, a gentle din of heavenly human
contentment; steam hot earth water piped into cement
stalls into cement tubs I put my feet up (for 35 cents) and
thought of nothing at all, sulfur smell like rose water nothing
thoughts absent of description absent of concepts that make
this universe so senseless. recollections of Guadalajara in
middle of night jungle pitch black highway with a girl who
only recently abandoned the nunnery, she brooded behind
the wheel (I trembled at silhouettes of vines dangling like car
hungry anacondas) "Wish you were here" on the cassette deck
and even while on baja highway 1 I have recollections of baja
highway 1 and wish I were here

(70)

Newspaper column trickles out confessions
of fallout:

- cesium milk
- Strontium strawberries
- Iodine-131 tap water
- infant mortality

The japs sent bombs attached
to balloons in WWII
It took a week, but the jet
stream delivered them almost
as intended to. We delivered bombs
on jets, too- almost as intended to
(nobody talks about Kokura)

Hiroshima, Nagasaki, Fukushima
Helium balloon, Enola Gay- only words
only man, only hell

(71)

Quiet report from EPA: "Anaheim, home to
Disneyland, as radioactive as precincts surrounding

Fukushima”
Little Eskimo small world
small world poison salmon
Little Arab small world
small world radioactive kief
Little French small world
small world toxic Burgundy
Little Bavarian small world
small world hot particle strudel
Little Russian small world
small world Chernobyl
Little Japanese small world
small world Hiroshima
Little America small world
small world Manhattan project
Little Canada small world
small world invisible death

(72)

My stripper name is Sadie (name
of my first dog) Roanoke (street
I grew up on)
Sadie Roanoke
I dance all night and fuck
even longer. Shut yr’ filthy mouth
before I make ya’
Just a bit of smut
said nothing of modified
MP5 machine guns (full
of flesh shredding bullets)
at highway checkpoint
What’s the matter with you?
Home schooled? Sham-a-lam-a
ding-dong, I feel fine.

(73)

Harry’s spectral sallow creatures: 4am bus
boy 45 years old sweeps with vacant broom;
dead face pickled woman of one million
cigarettes ghost white hair bone brittle angular

elbows and cheekbones; Blond hair sweet
faced skinny tweaker kid with leather vest,
tattooed arms, runs finger beneath nose along
light white trash mustache, sniffles, goes into
men's room to a beat courtesy of hard heeled
shoes; and me- sweet payphone call with mom
(Glad that I've arrived) I look out window expectantly
"NAILS" shop in strip mall next door glistening
North San Fernando Blvd. full of rain water and
stoplight glow, a glow orb in the inky night- Union
76 gas station ball like a twenty foot matchstick
jammed in concrete corner- and I recall orange
styrofoam antenna balls (promotional souvenirs
to customers) in 1982 when I was a kid shortly
before suffocations and sorrows

(74)

No better feeling than the happy face of my mom
4am, 1pm, 11 until oblivion. Always glad to rescue
rotten me even bleary eyed at midnight, sleep deprived.
"You're beautiful, mom." "I always thought of myself as
plain or homely," she said. If by homely you mean maple
syrup and brown sugar, the smile of an angel humming at
evening, or Mark Twain laid open on breathing chest like
sacred-heart-bleeding, eyes closed from exhaustion- reading
glasses still on your soft American face. Even sipping scotch
taking pride in my boxcar adventures thinking I'm some born
again Huck Finn. The purity of our love as we listen to jazz in
the stillness of our home.

(75)

Got three five gallon glass
jugs at a yard sale
only paid a few bucks for them
find just about anything at
yard sales like a buffalo
nickel I bought age 13 and carried
around for good luck although
it would have been better as 5 cents
I filled the glass jugs with water

from the garden hose, a California
ritual (to say nothing of slip n' slide
huntington beach ocean pacific sparklers
on memorial day) preparations for the big
one which is supposed to annihilate
us all and now that rainwater has
spiked the tap water with iodine-131
I cracked open the emergency water
in the glass jug and drank a gardenhose
cup alone

(76)

Buckets of rainwater on the patio. Mom collected
them to feed her plants in the kitchen and by the sofa.
I put on rubber gloves, a homemade Hazmat for hands
and dumped the buckets of water in the gutter subsequent
sewer to join the rest of the hazardous waste in ponds
puddles oceans and drinking waters. I cringed as mom
mixed her Johnny Walker red (on the rocks) with a
splash of tap water- the faucet pouring a steady stream
of tiny skulls. We watched the nightly news together
and there was no mention of iodine-131 rainwater collected
and tested in Berkeley. I shivered to know rain's been coming
down in sheets for weeks. Rainwater ends up in tap water; a
boy scared of monsters and goblins. My mom sipped her
scotch. I thought of bedtime stories like Chicken Little or
The Legend of Sleepy Hollow

(77)

Central air-conditioner circulates poison air,
although cooled to comfortable temperature
sunburnt skin (human bark) inhabited by microbes
colonies of creatures flaking off in dead layers
skins peel away to reveal eventual nothing
Arm scraped by cruel bit of metal (its bark
stronger than mine) Bleak conversations about
doom earthquakes, economic collapse, cesium-137
with tender soft heart brown eyes mother who
unconditionally sees me as angel she has no notion
of the impending apocalypse she has no notion

of my perversions she has no notion of my prayers
from my shattered heart soul for her happiness

(78)

smell of rubber gardenhose
and smog, potporri wafts from
neighbor's window= the perfume
of home. Squeaks of trash bin
wheeled onto street for monster
machine crash! compactor
recollections of TV commercials for
"MONSTER TRUCK RALLY!"
Gravedigger! Bigfoot!
(Flames explode like volcano)
A flock of green parrots blotch
the sky, maybe alligators really
inhabit NYC sewers. Mountains glow
a sacred shade of sunset rose. I sit
down with book, police helicopter
circles overhead oblivious to the sunset
or oblivion

(79)

A Walgreens pharmacy replaced the bank on Colorado
blvd by the car wash. I walked there to shoplift some
jock itch cream (\$12) and pick up a L.A. Triple XXXPress
newspaper along the way (dingy street dispensers stacked
with free copies for the taking- great reading full of Holly-
wood hookers in stockings). I'm the only pedestrian on the
sidewalk, big cars with manic faced drivers screech corners
and flip me off. A halfway house on Altadena Drive across
from a library where I sat lonely and sad as a kid, now the
house chainlink fenced up, plywood boarded, but garsh a
lemon tree overwhelmed with yellow bushels. (figured I'd
sneak back after dark and ease its burden) All of Pasadena
full of trees: oranges, tangerines, grapefruit, kumquats...
Even though I'm all grown up, sweet tender anachronisms
like fruit on trees instead of supermarket bins, despite crazy
grids of concrete- even the model train shop of 1990-around-
the-block bicycle rides. The model train shop still open for

business although empty of customers

(80)

No smell better than cigarettes on 7pm hot
Pasadena sun still up sidewalk- antique store
door open fast food supper finished (Top's burger
in grease stained wrapper delicious) courtesy
of mom after 12 hour office cruel slaving no
energy to cook meat and potatoes sat down
exhausted. We listened to radio jazz 88.1
then me on bike to evening calm mystic Colorado
Blvd. 1993 and still Gold Miners Supply across
the street MIA but not forgotten prospectors
panning for salvation. I'd already quit football
because I was too thoughtful and was cut first week
from baseball for dropping flyballs so instead
perfected the art of hang-out and no better master,
reluctant mentor, than dropout older sister and
her gang of amazing lowlife losers at the Esquire
movie theater (across from Denny's)

(81)

Denny's 24 hour restaurant on Colorado Blvd.
across from the Colorado Bar (where my neighbor
Jason pulled a 9mm on some big suburban
white hillbillies who took issue with his blackness)
Always glowing plastic sunshine yellow
Always a few 3 AM booths filled with brain wracked
Edward Hopper 21st century zombies
Always smelling like syrup and delicious
white flour pancake and butter grease skillet
Always baggy eyed middle-aged waitress who
don't even grumble about 60 cent tip
Always club sandwich with too much
mayonnaise and not enough bacon
somehow still delicious
Always coffee and a toothpick subsequent cigarette
"grand slam breakfast" served
all day everyday

(82)

Albino white
bunny nibbles on uneven lawn
of Mohawk Drive bungalows
a chinese woman
an american man
both with poor posture, crumpled ears,
thick glasses, sickly lab technician
physique- the type to hover over rabbit
cages and test serums for the government-
stand in concrete driveway holding stalks
of broccoli
“He doesn’t want to eat it.”
“Can you pet it?”
“He doesn’t like it.”
“He’s wild?”
“Yep, if you call that wild”
a snow pure bunny on suburban street
I grew up three blocks away
I seen an apartment building burn
to the ground and a classmate
dead in the street but never such
a sight as that free-wheelin’ rabbit

(83)

Laboratory animals exposed to carcinogens
for the advancement of science, the advancement
of cosmetics for the future skincare of humanity
human is an animal, a mammal, so let’s gets feral
both guns blazing; who’s gonna make it?
The Rockefellers sitting purty in a bunker a mile
deep throwing a party for Mellons and Payne-Whitneys
Gin and tonics, champagne, fine sherry...
For all the rest: an asphalt wrestling match luchadores
with rubber masks, filling pockets with bullets, a
bagful of bottles- potassium iodide, lithium orotate,
calcium, ginko biloba, meager artillery against a blitzkrieg
I watched the L.A. riots on TV, age fifteen; Payless shoes
pillaged for knock-off Nikes, JC Penny’s plundered for bland
blouses, a whole tacky ensemble for the awards ceremony

Korean liquor storeowners unloading 9-millimeter clips
moving targets, humans like jack rabbits...
the earth is moving
a life raft
in space (nothing)
a smile on her face

(84)

Favorite basketball court demolished- only 5 months
since last game of H-O-R-S-E. Already a new urgent care
center open for business in its place.
Another basketball court a few blocks away in a municipal park.
about 15 city employees sit on picnic benches and talk no-
work topics. 90 dust hot smog degrees but I wear winter mit-
tens as protection from radioactive dust on b-ball court to drib-
bling b-ball hands. I play H-O-R-S-E with an old scruffy druggy
bearded pal. I have a scruffy druggy beard, too. His basketball
is even more scruffy than our beards, not even any Spalding outer
leather layer, just fuzzy gray hypodermis ball. Nevertheless, sinking
incredible ½ court granny backward no look bank behind backboard
swish sit down pop shot alley-oop left hand lay up. A city employee
(looks like LeBron James) gives me thumbs up after my breakdance
into sky-hook swish

(86)

Smog brown haze. green carpet hills. millions
of exhaust pipes. Pacific breeze distilled down to
heat and dry bare bones pollution. Eaton Blanche
Park, normally ruled by gang bangers, mean mexicans
with cigarettes/ 40 oz's, but today half the b-ball
court empty. The other half with lanky white guy in
white headband. His ghetto blaster pumps out electro
break dance music, he practices lay ups. Me and my
pal clown around with a game of H-O-R-S-E. A primer
painted hot rod car from the 40's, rumbles into the
parking lot. Driver has long beard, sunglasses, and
blue bandana around forehead. Man in passenger seat
wears identical glasses and headband. Car parked, they
cold pistol glare at the clowning basketball scene.

(86)

Never been to Carmines- a sports bar and restaurant
next to the freeway. It used to be an Italian joint owned
and named after the famous fat manager of the Dodgers
back in the glory days: Oral Hershiser- The breaking ball ace
Kirk Gibson- Bottom of the 9th homerun limping king...
Talked to my old pal, "What have you been up to?"
"Not much, spend a lot of time at Carmines"
"What kind of scene?" "A bunch of lowlifes."
Winchell's donuts nearby, also big hardware store
(easy to shoplift from), a studio apartment where I
once spent an evening stoned out of my gourd obsessed
and transfixed on a painting of a dayglow duck. Across
the overpass a little ways stands a red brick old california
building where my sister would get her head examined-
I picked her up from that red brick building every
Wednesday at 5:15 p.m. She slammed the car door, "Drive."

(87)

Rialto movie theater, red neon stapled to the red brick edifice
like a double feature picture show prophet on crucifix, a steeple
where I made popcorn vows, steady in the heartbreaking clarity
of 8pm evening resurrection... Church of Fair Oaks blvd (though
any tree is fair, if not pure, if not giving, ask Shel Silverstein)
illuminated st peter ticket booth passes for milk dud cherubs
pepsi-cola angels M&M seraphs Crown books across the street
crown of thorns books where I never shoplifted though now I would
SATURDAY NIGHT REVIVAL!
BORN AGAIN!
ABSOLVE YOUR SINS!
Sign me in!
The Rocky Horror Picture Show
my sister in the front row
midnight worships
anyday warships
and you never seen a scene as peaceful as
2 AM sleepy Fair Oaks blvd after a rain
a few Rocky Horror show freaks
linger on the sidewalk red cherry of cigarettes
and the red neon "Rialto" glows like heaven

on wet asphalt

(88)

Old South Pasadena soda fountain
remains on corner of Fair Oaks and Mission. Hossana!
Gus's B-B-Q still smokes with sizzle ribs. Hossana!
Rialto movie theater sign clings to old brick-side. Hossana!
(though the neon is dark and the doors all plywood
boarded Rocky Horror picture show gone black) Almost
20 years ago I waited in silver 4 door Chevy Corsica for
my sister to finish therapy. Hossana!
16 year old dream analysis dream life evaporates
imperceptibly... Hossana!
"I've become much more quiet these past few years-
in my 30's and 40's I thought I could do anything.
Now I don't..."
"You can still do anything," I encourage my mom.
"I hate it when people do that!" my sister screams, "You
ask her how she feels and you're trying to correct her!"
20 years later, only no Chevy Corsica.
Mom, 64 years old, weary-faced, sits in the backseat
dead quiet.

(89)

Wide open mind's eye, flashbacks: loose threads
of recollections, snapshots, ghosts tangled together
fraying at the ends, snagged on a rusty nail-
obscured dark objects, hearing impaired, pissing
in the wind on a two lane road, clusters of cars
speed past clusters of brain sparks, each appear
then fade- a dim radar screen, most recently:
visions of San Quintin cool beach breeze
not so far away from skin touch (only 15 shit-
caked years) crazy Mexican music with a polka
beat shakes out Thump Thump Thump from torn
speakers of a dust covered purple Monte Carlo, a
taco shack "SRHIMP" painted on cinderblock-side,
a picture of me at twenty- in pain but smiling

(90)

Three game series: dodgers verse
the giants (visiting). Dodgers just
beat giants in game two, two to one.
A crew of dodger fans clobbered a
giants fan in the back of the head.
Head thud on parking lot, foot-kicks
to the kidney. Son of a bitch
giants defending champions of the
world. Dodger stadium sits on peaceful
Indian hill surrounded by highway 110
and Interstate 5. not much is known
of the indians (not Cleveland at all)
but their name, yag'yan. A sports
columnist suggested calling the dodgers
the yag'yan. He was laughed out of a job.
son of a bitch of an idea

(91)

Ate kelp mixed with sparkling water
tasted like dead fish fizz (kelp iodine
fills the thumping thyroid so kill-iodine
can't play it's helter skelter games)
packed my faithful blue pills (only way
to chill) two to my sister before we hugged
goodbye with heart-break sad eyes (worse
than any sandbox cry) promised I'd be back
both knowing I lied

(92)

I read that jet fuel does something
to kill you (forgot exactly what)
North Korea Air Libya Air Al-Qaeda Air
Fukushima Air Hardly an ounce of
oxygen anywhere, just some facsimile
of air. I'm in seat 22D (aisle)
A college kid in seat 22F (window)
(no one in middle- 22E)

He took a picture of sunset
(nice shot, I thought)
41,000 ft; about 7 miles high
ten miles/ minute
outside minus 57 degrees
radioactive airstream sails this high
like a Frisbee, but according to cur-
-rent dispersion model, the fallout
is hanging out in San Francisco,
Portland, Seattle, Vancouver,
Juneau, Anchorage (like I wanna' be)
Coast is clear over here in no coast Texas
If the permutations right I get 'nother
day to write me radiation blues

(93)

Adios amigos, I'm going back to Meh-hee-coh
la cucaracha where the winds blow clean and
the coconuts are free; jumped on metal bird
since God clipped my wings, spent a
hallucinatory night high on valium on my back
on the floor of the Dallas airport filled with TV's,
plastic, zombies; watched a TV travel special on
San Francisco- reporter reporting on all the
streets I stumbled drunk on or cried to death
(3 AM airport cleaning crew vacuums like ear
crash Bay to Breakers street cleaners around
my head)

(94)

Empty stomach rumbles hollow
tummy canyon echoes thoughts of Harry's
24 hour restaurant full stack, thoughts of
maple syrup in sticky dispenser, of turquoise
vinyl booth soft cushion seat with tear-jerking
view of polished stainless steel display case
mini cereal boxes: Raisin Bran, Frosted
Flakes (Where are the Sugar Pops?) Another
display case filled with Vanilla pudding. Heat
lamp fired up with a plate of bacon and eggs glowing

red; each table with a rotating tray- sugar, salt,
pepper, nutrasweet, tobasco, tapatio sauce. Pepper-
mint red and white candies by the cash register ca-
ching pictures of rose floats on plaques behind plexi-
glass mechanical toothpick dispenser and the simple
rapturous joy of melted butter

(95)

Airport terminal, terminal disease
psychic malady, hub for international
disaster, first class, business class,
non business class the back of the
class drawing dirty pictures and flirting
with reveries of eternity
transportation authority corpse
employee in blue uniform daydreams
pornography, x-ray scans
of dirty laundry a busy hive
full of insect activity no honey
only money money and surely a
screw must be loose
hack hack hack
domestic to earth to international to
sanity puddle jumper to calamity
airplane untied shoelace
airplane empty ice cube tray in freezer
airplane belch from neighbors
airplane splinter in finger
airplane Amelia Earhart
I (heart) U

(96)

An oaf in pink polo shirt
hogged the armrest his forearm
slobber-licking it I read an article
about the ethics of sharing armrests
but forgot the PHD's bullshit conclusion-
Sat in the emergency row still high
on valium and soon high over the gulf of
mexico and the stewardess asked me if I felt

capable of performing emergency duties
“Sure,” I slurred. all of America
is high on drugs and for once I appreciated
that as I flew south of the farm belt
central valley and backbreak sweat of
illegal workers affording lazy dope
connoisseurs the luxury to pursue their
cockeyed, depraved, relentless angelic
anachronisms of America

(97)

Spunky stewardess (attractive once
you get a glimpse of her shimmering
f# eyes) crop haired blond Texan
(stocky build) strapped into her
stewardess seat prepared for takeoff
with beauty parlor make-up job
crisp American Airlines uniform and
can-do elbow grease rosy the riveter
go-getter attitude... chatted with
me about union negotiations for
health regulations (the pilots
been coming down with prostate
mutations interfering with their
layover indiscretions get laid Chicago
O’Hare Dallas Ft Worth pubic hair New
York JFK lingerie and the stewardesses
also getting gamma ray sick as the planes
get Alcoa Aluminum lighter and Boeing
altitudes higher) “you’d think that’d your
health would be top priority for them,” I said,
disingenuous, but trying to sound naïve-

(98)

Mexican immigration officials: drowsy
plant creatures bloodthirsty vacant
passport stamped with blotch ink
besides parasitic grotesque lizard
vampire tour group operators
or slither skinned ray-ban bug eyed

taxi drivers initial vision as refugee
in Mexico (formerly never live there
land of racist joke puns-) Although no
one knows I'm a refugee disguised as
backpack adventure traveler with A.T.
M. card on autopista in nice bus (defies
stereotypes- not rattle chicken squawk
radiator steam at all) I look out window
dead dog side of mexican road baby
horses nursing in corral just beyond

(99)

If I rather live anywhere I rather live in
a movie then I wouldn't worry about
living- just shooting good junk or shooting
bad Injuns' and winnin' a war. I'd say all the
right things at the right time and all the
wrong things at the right time and a dame
with hourglass figure would be mine or I'd
play a comic buffoon to say nothin' of
my spaceship flying prowess
Ah! but let me pitch a sequel to ya'
that starts with a man goofing with ants
on white sand beach beneath a palm tree with
a lucky coconut for a meal thinking about his
mom and sister angels trapped in a
world of flesh decay and doom disease,
freak accidents, furies and disasters,
culminates with focus on third
eye breath no intermission

(100)

I had ball meat and western spaghetti
I wore my net gallon dyslexic hat
"Don't mix yr' gun with yr' spoon, boy!"
A million trillion to one long shot that
I shout hoooo! hoooo!
on donkey dung dust trail in this sea
of cortez metaphysical photo finish
in human body and there's a cactus

looks like a catcher's mitt and dang I'd
hate to be a softball. Quit yr' complainin'!
Get on the field! Did you ever stitch
your own ball? Were you ever a cactus
flower? Did you ever graft yr' own arm
back onto yr' sap dripping torso?
Yr' alive, boy! you already won the
rodeo, Kentucky derby, and Baja 500
but gee they forgot me trophy coach
Crack!
(sound of wooden 2 by 4
on softball) Whap!
stand up double

(101)

Want me to rub some lotion on your back
(donkey dong drooping out) No thanks I'm
not a creep, you know. I know, but still no thanks
Are you sure? Really, no thanks. Suit yourself. Ok.
I've done it before

...

(all really happened)
everywhere dew drop diamonds of
dialogue like palm tree frond
and sunshine in a jam session
the music on the wind breeze
undulating sand projector screen
to say nothing of my spool
of fishing line on a cinder
block and the smell of two stroke
motor boat exhaust whilst I tinker
knee high in the surf without a nibble
except for a hipstomatic colored
moment in time perfect Polaroid

(102)

microns a million miles away but just close enough
to explode DNA the meticulous clockwork
unraveling springs and helixes (heaven)
and then no-time?

Or the place between here and
the movement of the second hand
what about the first hand
courtesy of Stephen Hawking
no furlough for the universe
even in death or absence of starlight
anonymous conscious life subsequent atomic
calliope a radiant radioactive
nucleotide multiplied a trillion
(1,000,000,000,000)
times once inside the heart pulse
flesh lump chunk of clay body
Adam's rib that somehow still
is devout for such hymns as
Lady Day sings black coffee

(103)

Old pal spills beer in my tent like
he spilled beer at my pad, in my
car spilled beer on my clothes
beer wherever we'd go
"Fucking shit!"
He said, "to hell with you; you
bastard- I kill you!" and drinks
his beer. What were we talking
about? Ah, roadtrip to Havisu,
Arizona- beer in my brother's trailer
beer in the Sunday Park (the cheapest
I've seen, "Olympia") beer at heroic
Dylan's beer with homos on Divisadero
beer with homos in potrero
money for beer bastard never paid
me back. What's a beer if not a memory
and what's a memory if it don't make
you weep

(104)

Map of crystal interior tender thought portraits
dewdrop American sunflower at sunrise
no first person no poem no last rites just

free of latitude longitude polar opposites
maps of satellite imagery graphing every children's story
in the mystery space before sleep geologic strata
of psyche, topography, tectonic plates shifting
personal eternity maps that detail loss of virginity
maps of scars like winding dirt roads DMT maps that
map the sound of universe breath the alarm maps
the circulatory system map of heartfelt words

(105)

Womb out womb in; jitterbug bouncing
in between walls in between two
splashes of same void deep ends
It depends... a pinball, a pinball machine
wouldn't be much pin without the ball
if we're talking entertainment might say it's
not much fun without chewing gum,
cigarettes, gurls
good time gurls
good time gurls
because fun is
better than wisdom, ain't many one liners in the
testaments although wise-guy rabbis I've met
always crack a good one and return to God topics
in the same breath no missing beats
a nasal brooklyn staccato hasidic beat instead
of legato baritone Baptist beat-
Marvin Gaye sermons
Marvin Gaye sermons
Marvin Gaye sermons
but even his dad killed him.
(no cross necessary)

(106)

Writing words on no paper with
no pen fearing for my no
life and abstract could have
a flea biting me with the constitution
to survive a hundred nuclear winters
while I would bleed through my eyes

after one nuclear cream tea
hardly a chance for any Brit wit
“careful yr’ indigestion
ol’ sport” So why not pray
to be flea at the next party, it’s a trillion
to trillion to one that I was ever me...
“Cheer up ol’ sport!
Drink yr’ tea!”
Happy, Happy, Happy
what’s the big idea pretending
yr’ here anyhow?
Force of habit, I suppose
so what if my body is nothing but
no-thing buzzing to the beat
of a carbon copycat party

(107)

If everything’s connected, I wanna’
connect complete- Fornicate with Picasso
nudes even if they look like monsters
(still kind of exciting) Fornicate
with a magnum of Cabernet1991
(great year, age 15, Nirvana hit big)
Fornicate with daydreams I had on
lonely walks home from school (3 p.m.
afternoon hot, quiet suburban street,
gardenias or citrus flower perfume)
Fornicate with every note Nina Simone
ever wrote Fornicate with every
sunray that ever licked a milky tit Fornicate
with every marijuana hit every dirty pun
Jessie James' gun every in the park home
run. If I’m gonna' connect I’m gonna’ cum,
cum, cum

(108)

Old hippy with mustache the size
of Montana mustache as white
as wonder bread mustache as thick
as squished banana mustache man had

a walrus on his face. he spent four months in Mexican jail 1967 for four ounces of Acapulco gold couldn't scrounge together enough friends to scrounge together forty bones bail out dinero. smoked a lot of dope in jail, he said, "kind of ironic, ain't it?" someone stole his purple towel he watched a pedophile get clubbed to death with a plastic baseball bat. Mexican jail is not a spa vacation or Ritz Carlton. 1967, an up and coming guru, (someone you've heard of) heard of his plight and wired the 40 bucks, "Did you ever thank him?" I asked. "No, man, I just moved on to other things- mushrooms"

(109)

Eugene Oregon milk skinned dove beneath coconut tree on white sand paradise beach complete with cerulean blue sea crooked tooth smile, doll yarn red hair, tattoos of stars on her arm in crayola 8 colors, white trash tattoo of winged pixie on her coconut meat sweet side skin and bones flank remarkably vivid colors of ink Technicolor tattoo parlor specializes in kitsch value (she brought her pinkie to her lips) Lolita heart shaped red plastic sunglasses and girl size bikini giving new meaning to teenie and my friend commented that she seemed the double headed dildo type. "Yep," I smacked my lips and didn't mind being a dirty minded innocent cunt of a filthy old man HMMMMMMMMMMMM....

(110)

Met a whiz kid hair stylist

from London another genius jew
claimed to be straight but looked
at boys omnivorously. "I want a
mullet," I said "You need a merkin,"
he said. "What's that?"
(a pubic hair wig)
Apparently people bleach their
assholes, according to him
looks better in pictures
"I seen them French postcards," I said
(rather asshole my beach)
And later I lie in gentle swaying
cradle of hammock wondering how
america is holding up and he come
up and ask, "Would you like me to
get a girl to pedicure your feet with
her pussy?"
A beautiful clown
'nuff said

(111)

Moth death on poem paper:
moth flies in and crushed by fingernail
to moth gut stain, a new world order
for moth, a zillion moths so what's
one less? given the chance the moth
would string you up gut you eat you
and shit out yr' bones and finger-
nails. Golden moth, precious moth,
moth gold dust can't save it from moth
destruction. I stare into the moth smear
as if it were a mirror, the world is a poem
paper with illimitable scribbles scratches
crushing fingernails lurking above like
soft white clouds or palm tree fronds in the
shape of enormous fingers

(112)

the jungle- a madhouse
schizophrenic choppy bird melodies

ear scratching insect chattering
wind shaking the heads of palm trees
like nappy hair against the moonbright
night the jungle vibrates; horse head
shadows Arabian torch lit feasts horse
heads bouncing as if on methamphetamine
prancing, deranged circus dancing horses
with black eyes and black teeth black
manes black feet, surf crashing in frantic beat
carpet bombs the vietcong jungle air narcotic
fume that soon become you with no correlation
to the you so familiar in your imagination the
jungle commands everything like shells to sand

(113)

Tan and white part hound part Jesus dog
never seen an animal curl up and conk out
so naturally with a sweet groggy stoned smile
a reassuring smile that says, "you're fine, it's
all fine, your gonna' be fine, man" the old hippy
observed, "this incarnation is its last as dog,
next life will be on the human plane" (he has
the mind of a dumb dog) And even though it's
a lot of horseshit, there's something true about
it. You would know this if you ever felt this dog's
floppy ears- smell of chocolate chip cookies- its
nametag collar jingles perfect wind chimes from
a distance and he twirls his tail like rattling a
stick along a fence on a fishing hole walk home

(114)

My dope fiend of a frienemy threw
an empty beer can in the sand and said
he'd destroy my tent unless I gave him
a valium and he's a worthless enough son
of a bitch to actually do it so I gave him
one and resented him though was relieved
to know that he wouldn't bother me anymore
that night; but then regretted that I didn't
give him the whole bottle, Jimi Hendrix style,

he was found on the kitchen floor sitting up but out stone cold, a box of crackers some meat and cheese on his lap, crumbs on his chin; the sight of him startled one of the residents who didn't bother him because he heard that it's dangerous to wake sleepwalkers. "Thanks," my frienemy said to him the next day, "it happens every so often, I have a tendency to sleep walk."

(115)

slowly clawing through stages of grief
Denial for miles nothing but blue sky
baby I'm not digging any alpha particles
in this sunshine Saturday
Frisbee at the park and beers
in the cooler afternoon
And I've already come to the bargain
basement polyester slacks from 1977
with a minor tear in them, three
dollar, a piece of tin that could be a belt
buckle, thirty cents throw in an extra
peacock feather and we've got a deal-
what's there in rush hour traffic
a lost winning lottery ticket short changed
at the corner market your woman playing
around with the gardener? Except that it's
supposedly just a dream so drink warm
milk and accept it

(116)

Bananas full of potassium and
radiation "Coconuts got the most-"
Old hippy smirks. Another miserable
affiliate comments, "Been checking out
some of the transient scum you've
been hanging out with- seems skin
cancer should be primary cause of
concern for those lizards-"
Lizard skin
Lizard brain

Lizard Synapping
Lizard mapping
following a lizard path all the
way no difference in
Lizard life or
Lizard death
except for some Lizard debt
earth rotating
Lizards procreating
My glands secrete impressions like
Lizard bile

(117)

Feeding frenzy enough to feed an army
of a few so why so hung up on hungry? It's
your fault to get born. Didn't want to say
nothing but you're taking more than yr' fair
share of oxygen. rooms have walls, atmosphere
has walls, no exit sign, filled to capacity, helpful
to lose a few look what they did to the jews
AIDS for Africa and fukushima for all the fags
in California, 5 percent is only 40,000 peasants,
hippies, and tech yuppies in San Francisco
really, that's what ya' get for being born. Why not
just go home, go on, go home to momma to deep
blank void rest of eternal cosmic womb

(118)

Japan full of zen Kyoto monks with crystal
blank thoughts sweeping porch with zen broom
whap! Wish we could all pray harder against death
reactors with steam streamers flapping across
pacific, radioactive fuel flea bomb for all
sentient creatures. One inspired by Basho:
Even while living
I still long
for life.
you get what I mean.
One more ice cream
Whap!

Why are fish bigger in the Pacific
Whap!
One more July picnic
Whap!
Playboy centerfold
Whap!
McCoy Tyner on piano
Whap!
New York City
Whap!
Tickle kitten

(119)

Evangelically speaking only the beautiful
should survive meaning supple brunette in
string bikini, adorable blond with blue
eyes shine-a-twinklin' shimmers a plenty
champagne eyes make ya' cry tear eyes summer
dress, complimentary entrance. I seen strippers
gorgeous silent movie stars milk powder
pale skin and wide eyes elongated figures
pursed lips to plunder treasures gliding
with rubber strides down Broadway and
Columbus, SF; Evangelically speaking the
beautiful are like butter
delicious forever
delicious in testaments
delicious like breath mints
delicious in mourning
delicious when
the fog horn
blows on
grey mist seal harbors

(120)

But them mayan women hippopotamus beach ball
you see one you see them all, you see a dozen and
the dark man smokin' a cigarette drinking his beers
and not minding at all or considering his prolific
situation breeding is living and drinks his beers like

fucks for his woman cans littered everywhere
drinking his wisdom drinking his beers like
aluminum scripture... dispersion model predicts
an invisible wall of protection for mexico and
land below, too hot for radiation to blow
la cucaracha la cucaracha smoke me some mary-
juan-a... (pungent Mexican low-grade brown dirt
brick weed shit- exact same schwag as in-highschool
age 14-17 and blew my mind; unique startling smell
like perverse musky mint) Ever hear that cockroaches are
best fit to survive a nuclear winter? Schucks, alls I got is a pipe.

(121)

Guy here used to operate radar on a
nuclear submarine the size of a football
field (all American sport) 90 days under-
water and there were only 17 suicide
attempts that he knew of- only 2 successful-
120 guys like springs and gears- the workings
of a cuckoo clock tick tock nuclear clock alarm
go off... Greetings in the morning: "Hello, only
1172 days left" "Howdy, 461 days left." America
watches non-reality TV, Monday night football, the
6 o'clock evening what? Tomahawk, Mohawk, bawk
bawk, Tekakwitha, Koyanisquatsi, where is the
Hope? Where are the Hopi? Launching munitions
to annihilate civilizations? Stripping malls on
wheat fields? Burning dinosaur bones for better
picker-uppers? Tomahawk missiles from 200 meters
under the sea (no Jules Verne fantasy) exploding on
tv (with play by play commentary) Crack open a
cold one.

(122)

Ah, that's nothing because clicking up and
down the west coast (of Frisco seals, fog light
mornings, lighthouse night winks, craggily
hobbit Oregon woods of fluteboys and nymphs
tickle giggling, Washington state rainforests
full of driftwood prophecies, Monterey with

Steinbeck canneries, even dirty San Pedro with its stinky weird steam plume refineries) a nuclear submarine with nuclear missile payload (credit cards accepted) ready to unload the apocalypse first chance it gets; 4 knots underwater crawling red phone calling (collect calls accepted) an option of last resort when all else fails plutonium oblivion like a million nails in your and my coffin like a million bucks in the state department's pocket-Guernica nuclear bottle rockets launched from ocean to space to the human race and you're tossing and turning about a little non-dairy creamer and iodine-131 in yr' coffee? Get out of my coffin.

(123)

Finishing a poem the hound dog yawns
licks its own dick and sleeps
Blah!
no words to describe
the indescribable
Blah!
is enough, the
indescribable needs no translation
Blah!
I left a mop
drying on my mom's porch
Blah!
The short tough as nails Mexican
caretaker of coconut tree property
Blah!
rakes leaves into a morning pile, lifts clumps
with his rawhide fingers
Blah!
Barely morning sun golden orb levitates
over ocean he shakes the sand from the
leaves which falls in a light-flair gossamer
golden sand waterfall
Blah!

(124)

smell of coconut, coppertone, beer, and camel cigarettes same
as santa monica memorial day 1981- blanket to blanket carpet
of bronze oiled aspiring soap opera stars a propeller plane gingerly
traces the sapphire pure sky with a giant black vinyl banner KLOS
95.5- but here Colombian snow fun propeller plane whirls a daring air
circus maneuver almost clipping the upper tips of coconut tops (I
watched to see if coconuts tumbled to the sand- would scramble to
collect them like monkeyman) santa monica pier shooting gallery- a
ring a ding ding saloon, milk jugs stacked to clobber with softball toss
"win a teddy bear try your luck boss;" carousel with acrobatic bejeweled
wood horses pump pump pumping (no wonder the girls squeal) on
golden spiral pumping poles in circles bumper cars bumping and knocking
bumping- sparks cracking careening from electric ozone-soaked screen
ceiling and always the forlorn fisherman with drink heavy eyes, life beaten
sun-cracked face- bits of squid dangle on hook from dead end of pole off the
side of dead end pier that smells like railroad ties or telephone poles
in the sweltering noon heat

(125)

a hippy chastised me for killing
an ant "I can't believe you did that! I
love you, but I don't like you right
now." "Just be glad that I didn't kill yr'
aunt" "Wouldn't mind if you did...
cantankerous ol' bag..." I sit in the sand
and write poems and ants bite me all day
long and I kill one for every bite, fair exchange
I figure. The hippy says it's okay to kill
mosquitoes because the Dalai Lama says so. "I
kill mosquitoes, too," I say, "same agreement."
Many mosquitoes get off scott free on
account of my right leg is numb courtesy
of a quack doctor's surgery (SF General)
couldn't feel a gunshot wound let alone a
mosquito prick on it- maybe that was the
biggest bite yet and I didn't lay a finger on
him. Ah, why don't ya' pick on someone
yr' own size

(126)

Killed a big red ant on my leg and flicked it
in the sand red ant corpse in the mini dunes
black ants riot from every direction and a tug
of war for the red ant ensues. Bigger black
ant tries to run with the ball but little black ant
linebacker resists and tears the red ant in bits
chases big black ant off with a mean ant stick and
heave ho lord-a-goin'-to-carry me home the little
black ants hoist the red ant corpse bits on backs
and slip and curse with ant sweat to get over a
phenomenal obstacle twig, "Ah, just go 'round
it," I told 'em; maybe the ants understood; maybe
I've got ant God perspective but to me it ain't nothing
but puny big ant torn to bits

(127)

Them ants itching to kill you first opportunity
staring you down with soul-less ant-eyes
saw a squadron transport dead grasshopper
first thing after a rain; them ants circle me
biding their time to devour me, flesh trophy
for anthill, ant of the year- cover of Ant Magazine
and I look at the outlaws and degenerate swine
around me and they have the same murderous
ant-eyes but in human-eye sockets; human insects
scavenging for a carcass except they don't have
that famous ant cooperation or ant camaraderie
just back stabbing cold-blooded Machiavelli
tendencies looking out for number one, you under-
stand; con artist uniforms of hippy rags and wooden
jewelry, tattoos to tribes they never belonged to
naked babies breast feeding smoke screen for a
band of blood thirsty gypsy banditos that make
them killer ants seem like Mother Theresa

(128)

caught a dozen sandcrabs- ghost crabs they
call 'em- pale white hateful things combing the
beach for bits of carrion- heard they make good
fishing bait and considering I bought a hook and

sinker- paid gringo double the price or maybe triple (then tied a plastic 7-Up bottle as a floater) thought I'd pull an Idaho trout fishing routine (but trembles they've got six foot piranha teeth barracuda here) and wake up at dawn like some well-groomed sport out of "Boys Life" magazine. I kept the crabs in an old pickle jar and now only the two biggest crabs remain; one with both claws cut off and trembling, the other staring at me with murderous crab eyes on a pile of crab corpses a crab killing fields a scene of crab hell. Snap! Snap! That crab lunged at me and bounced off the pickle jar glass; I make sure the lid is tight, put the jar down, and return to haunted hell on earth sleep (no fishing please). To my relief, at sunset, their wicked antenna eyeballs are glazed over dead brown

(129)

Flames in the sky, midnight beach flash of noon
I thought someone launched a bottle rocket from
the moon- the fiery streak came from the ocean,
it would have to be an Atlantis prankster; my heart
trembled I forgot to make a wish I'd never seen a
shooting star like this, so close- except possibly on
a pitch black highway in Utah when I thought the
trail of flames would end in a highway of smithereens;
wind rattling palm trees the ocean buzz like wave-
cicadas in heat; the great Copernicus shimmering
night tapestry, mayan pyramid, egyptian pyramid,
I coiled to leap into the void and melt in the ink and
diamond eternity another notch for orion's belt a
synapse for the unmanifestable Woooooosh! Another
spitball of flame-light; the atmosphere, grains of sand,
I'm still here

(130)

cautious if you climb the hill 'cuz it's Bear
country there, Oso in Spanish, and if ya' saw
his animal eyes then you'd know why
makes Boo Radley seem like cotton candy

Oso runs by my tent every dawn
“Best sunrise yet!”
(and he’s right)
He lives beneath a palm tree in winter (Yucatan)
and a pine tree in summer (BC)
looks like a middle aged boxing champ escaped
from the ring, feral as a ferret in Arkansas,
bloodstream of LSD, cracks open coconuts
like jelly beans, more tan than 10,000
gallons of tanning cream, he crouches thoughtfully
and we share a baby coconut corn cob pipe
made from debris filled with aforementioned
sentimental low-grade weed, gentle as a kitty
he hands me a black plastic bic lighter with claw
scratches to spark it- the mark of the Bear!

(131)

Homeboy lizard acting bad, acting like this
sand belongs to him, his hood; better look
out lizard, somebody going to drive by machete
your shit flashing gang signs lizard I fuck you up
ghetto lizard kicking back in the sun stretched
out on a log it ain’t yr’ street corner bitch you
best pack up yr’ iguana lizard shit; oaktown lizard
all in raider’s silver and black packing a gat
crossed my path on the way to the cenote took his
sweet ass lizard time; I take you down lizard slime
trying to look hard lizard stares me down from across
the yard, I pull yr’ tail and you see how that feels, slither
back to yr’ reptilian dinosaur welfare pad- blam blam
blam the lizard chills- cold hard stares me down
telepathically shuts me down, burrows in my lizard skull

(132)

lawless mexican puppy patiently sits, stares
while I eat crackers and avocado gives me
quizzical looks- I describe to him the partial
meltdown of reactors 1, 2, and 3 at Fukushima,
“Already 5 weeks of non-stop radioactive smoke,
steam, slop, and now primarily north of me and

you puppy in what used to be good n' plenty,
reese's peanut butter, and hershey's all rolled into
one just think of high school girls in jean shorts
summertime Idaho, Mississippi, Ohio if you have
any confusions think snausages. God is a hipster
obsessed with irony turning a white american me
into a refugee while my family whispers, 'crazy' and
not like a San Francisco orgy 'craziest, man' but the drag
bughouse crazy and I wish we could hold our collective
breath long enough to let the nuclear breeze end."
(puppy chews at own flank)

(133)

Quazimoto dog waddles to a stop
watches me write this pome
with his pink puffy eye, shriveled
balls that slap against mangy belly,
hairy penis in horrible condition
flops to the sand, he scratches flea
bitten ears; This dog is no pedigree
ribbon winner, no purina dog chow
cover model, but a dog of poor character
with stories of the streets, stories of
corrupt rumba docks, a mexican narco-
dog from Juarez made his way south
with the drug cartel and would you look
at the SIZE OF THAT TICK? Dog gets up
with "fuck you, who needs you?"
attitude. Seems he'd rather scratch his
flea bitten balls elsewhere

(134)

told my pal he'd make a great
sleazy Mexican soap opera star, a
real sleazeball with armpits so hairy
to make ya' duck for cover; I thought
the jungles of yucatan were bad
but that's some dense bush! He took
LSD and danced all night and managed
to break down the resistance of a hippy girl

from the north of Mexico with low self
esteem, he banged her against a beach
chair doggy style flying on acid as the sun
came up he came, too, in perfect unison
with the ocean mist, according to
him. She left to sleep in her own tent.
“I feel kind of weird about how things
ended.” “You let the animal out?”
“I howled, I needed the oxygen.”
He drank a beer for breakfast and
smoked a cigarette
Easter morning 2011.

(135)

Atomic cloud dinosaur cloud
cat with wings cloud big puffy
upside down cloud clown cloud
birthday cloud VW bug cloud
genius cloud jesus cloud
cloud cloud
somewhere cloud nowhere cloud
king of diamonds cloud midnight lamp cloud
cigarettes and coffee cloud hunter s. cloud
miss july cloud mescal cloud
sinister sand crab cloud why me cloud
love my mom cloud want to live cloud
pouring heart center cloud san Francisco
1956 cloud san Francisco 2006 cloud
Brooklyn 2007 cloud
grandma cloud dad rest in peace cloud
me rest in peace cloud milk cloud
elvis cloud future cloud tender cloud
kindness cloud start from scratch cloud
redemption cloud catharsis cloud
cloud infinity cloud lightning cloud-
count the seconds (thunder break)
Shhhhhh

(136)

Spiderman don't mind a bit of radioactivity

in fact, it's the secret to his success
radioactive spider bite didn't translate into
thyroid cancer, Peter Parker didn't gobble
no bottles of potassium iodide no problem
and soon enough swinging with style from
manhattan rooftops probably peaking
in SOHO lofts of Russian runway models
particle accelerators underground laboratories
General Electric fission Green Goblin
Dr. Doom, Spawn, Juggernaut
Nothing to lose any sleep about- you should
see the bodies on some of these superhero
women- Wowzers!!! KaPOW!!! And in comic
books nobody shits or eats and when a superhero
dies, he can come back to life simply travel back
in time, or mine some remedy from a meteorite
origin another galaxy- I wonder what them
workers at fukushima think about that

(137)

insect exoskeleton attached to my tent
courtesy of crunchy claws amber colored
in the morning sun, its fiberglass back split
open where its inside soul essence molted
into the eternity of the dark insect jungle. A
grim mold of a creature with insect pincers,
insect antennae, insect hairs on legs, insect
jaws, insect gruesome face- the kind of
creature make you scream bloody murder if
ya' found one in yr' sleeping bag. I flicked
it off my tent and the shell fell in the sand,
motionless, lifeless like an old plastic barbie
arm- bits of plastic that wash up in the night
tide and solar cook on the sand- no shame in an
exoskeleton, I suppose something left behind
for others to dispose of, a symbol of growth,
forward momentum, bigger things, new horizons,
success, an end... I've shed more exoskeletons than
I can count- my diplomas and shames belong in the
sand with other bits of plastic

(138)

whole department stores wash up on shore
flip flops, buckets, shirts, brooms, even a washing
machine; I saw a life vest hanging on a fence
not sure if it was spoken for- (by some jungle face-
paint junky behind a tree with machete ready to
ambush me) Had grand ideas of bobbing over the
reef with fishing hook, sand crab bait, and harvesting
the sea's bounty- a self sufficient survivalist, one of
Darwin's precious beauties; resolved to retrieve
the torn life vest (some of the styrofoam
guts showed) by cover of darkness like the baby
coconuts I've got in stacks, took a valium to relax
before my covert attack, visions of world war II
soldiers with cigarette and contemplations before
normandie beach hellfire invasion; fell asleep
courtesy of diazepam, woke in middle of new moon
sea mist no-light night delirious and walked into
a barbed wire fence sliced my forehead at least
didn't lose an eye

(139)

aisle seven: treasure maps, ghost clipper
ships; aisle four on special today:
black ant drags injured centipede
to devour in ant hole (to witness at ant
level outer space alien b-movie battle);
aisle six: Italian hippies sell chocolate
15 pesos rip-off (carry Marlon Brando
smirking baby) Also hippies on junk at
Camp Chavez; aisle one: cheap piss beer
"Superior" (ironic name) mescal with
gruesome worm pickled at hangover
bottom of bottle; aisle three: tent flap
slaps in storm heavy winds, murderous
palm fronds dive bombing for head;
aisle five: topless skinny girls frolic
in waves play guitar by campfire ignore
attempts at hello; aisle two: head rush
after meditation air thick as sap nothing
feels real dream life

(140)

sweat lodge made of bamboo sticks, various twigs, fishing line frayed nylon rope. The skin made of blue plastic tarp bits and torn rubber raft, just a few sections still naked bare. Smoked a joint in there on a windy day like age 6 clubhouse full of pill bugs and spiders. I learned the sweat lodge was meant for an LSD medicine ceremony on the full moon except that my frienemy plunked his tent on the fire pit that afternoon. The sweat lodge took two days to build, never a ceremony and now the medicine man has left but expressed only gratitude. The edges of the blue tarp flap in the wind, the rubber material of the raft blasted by noon sun decomposes
be-
fore
my
eyes

(141)

sacred cenotes supposedly created by a meteor shower or by the same aliens who abducted the mayans and will return in 2012 to kill all white people generally speaking cost about 20 pesos entrance fee; a dreadlocked hippy burned incense at one and chanted mumbo jumbo, later he offered to connect me with some frog skin powder to smoke and travel through interstellar space told me to meet him on the beach- another no-show; there's a secret cenote for free just beyond a cluster of coconut trees; the mayans worshipped the cenote but its all greek to me; alls I know is that frogs hopped in the water when I slid in naked, I wanted to smoke their skin

(142)

crescent moon swims in soup of stars, a
pearl glow crouton; on the hammock,
my frienemy who I suspect is slightly retarded
snores like an old bullfrog croaking
to death; I retrieved by cover of night
delicious baby coconuts full of sweet elixir and
sip them with bamboo straw; fished in the surf
with left over grizzle of carne asada, caught
nothing but itches on my legs courtesy of ocean
fleas; I spontaneously recall fondling a
nineteen year old american blond on a
paris street over fifteen years ago, I was
wonderfully trashed on red wine; the sun
set again quicker today, I feel old and
paris feels like yesterday

(143)

Profit! in illness, Profit! in death, Profit! in asset
reallocation; Prophets! of bottom line revenue
growth; Prophets! of cost cutting measures in
unemployment social security and benefit
obligations; Disciples! listen to the conference call;
Disciples! mothers fathers daughters brothers
equals dollars; Disciples! What are you waiting
for? Send your kids to war!

(144)

mosquitoes, horse flies, caterpillar attempts
to eat my leg at night, ants devour other ants,
sand crab killing fields, taste of canned
sardine scales stuck in my beard, fat mayan
girls, lunatic children-biting pitbull, bats,
dog with gooey gory pink-eye, black lizard
with hateful glare, asshole Frenchmen and
Dutchmen drunk at 3 pm, intolerable hippies

incessant yacking, insect burrows into my best
shirt and makes cocoon subsequent hole in
sleeve, breakfast lunch dinner turns up missing,
rumors of crocodiles eating babies, nightmare
slapping bugs that aren't there, promising myself
it's perfect I wouldn't change a thing

(145)

Beneath my flashlight metallic green
cicada with perfectly round black eyes
silver belly a gold benday dot between
the eyes opalescent wings wobbly legs cling
to molted shell like newborn horse
leg wobbles the molted shell clawed to
bark insect monster the majestic winged
prince of an insect born from ugly
just like we're all shit guts and
umbilical chord squeezed out of tormented
vagina squeezed into the world unconscious
wonders of biology possible angels of eternity
or simply just an organization of energy eating
animals that eat insects that would eat you
and someday will

(146)

(No) past what's that thought?
Just heard it fly through
window-ear of mind
(No) future
unless it's already
happened in which case
(see line 1)
(No) definitions
words making simple pure
world complicated/ stratified
(No) solidity
except for the human vapor
that's only there in theory
in practice is actually candle flame
(No) no

because everything is
yes in truth beyond language

(147)

In fish mind a prison underwater in galaxies
of coral yellowstone national parks of seaweed
Fish lips gill breath eyes that look stupid
inside a fish head saltwater thoughts with
non-words for crab meat dinner gossip
of hooks concept of calamari or white wine
paring Fish don't write books or watch television
so they have no mind which is empty which
'is a place of calm bliss/ beauty' according to
some prophets and maybe we should never
have left atlantis human mind can do penny
arcade tricks flea circus acrobatics but it don't
mean we ain't got feet like fish got fins

(148)

I measure everything in dicks
see that branch that's two dicks
that ice chest is a four dicker-
How big is heaven? Karma dicker times
the number of good deeds ya' done'
How tasty is Hershey's coco powder?
It's as good as five servings of
honey dicker but half as tasty as ice
cream cone cocker-
Is life really all war?
Yes, if you believe a bear dangles
his dong in the woods
Do you only think with your dick?
It's more accurate than arithmetic
Are you a grower or a show-er?
The great
dick knows all
(curtains close. sparse
applause)

(149)

latest report suggests that the pacific
rim will be unfit for human life, radioactive
debris scheduled to wash to shore
early next year; Shucks, never did make
that trip to seattle, maybe next time; the
old hippy describes world war II serials with
Lash LaRue (the great hero of the bullwhip and
western lasso) free movies projected on the side
of white painted liquor store wall cliffhangers
every week just as Lash LaRue was about-
Wide-eyed kids families on blankets with buckets
of fried chicken teenagers necking to newsreels
of destruction (mostly wholesale) in ensuing years
the clock ticked tock-tick-tock waiting for the
bomb to drop

(150)

I suppose radiation burn can't be much
worse than heat stroke, i.e. split-ting
headache like a brick building collapsed
on yr head like the agony of every slaughtered
animal concentrated itself into one howl
focused on yr' brain, this isn't an aspirin
commercial with smiling, relieved, photogenic
and likeable woman all fixed after swallowing
2 pills but the terror of reality no longer
at arms length or on TV but hits ya' right
in the kisser complete with boiler hot skull in
sweat soaked torture body bug crawling in yr'
ear and in mid sleep pinch with two fingers and
crush the exoskeleton to be flicked on the floor
ants crawling up your legs and migrating
towards yr' eyes with marching insect torture
tickles; how many sunrises left?

(151)

black bic pen ran out mid

pome. only had it fr' a few
days, only wrote a few pomes
can't even blame the mexicans
I'll blame the Japanese just for
convenience; a sad development
considering the kind of pomes that
pen could've writ- possessed gooey
black ink- probably haunted dark
pomes with esoteric allusions to the
seventies because it's a 1970's gas
station style bic pen, a time when
"flowers in the attic" was written, the
type of pen to sign your carbon copy
credit card receipt; a dark mustard
plastic cylinder with black cap and
glossy tan tip that sticks out like a
dick tip ready to write orgasm words
but only shooting blanks

(152)

colossal peach marshmallow clouds
sunset ocean in perfect paradise aqua
lapping at white sand shore (although
I hardly notice it on account of my
fixation to the sand littered with rainbow
confetti's of plastic and debris) I think
about grains of sand and their equally
unfathomable counterpart the stars and
suddenly realize I am placed somewhere
in time or in a dream which is the same as
time and an ordinary feeling of infinite
expanse; a man and woman embrace in the
beach dream light as though they're in love
(hush, never mind pathos or determination)
they let the surf run over their ankles, their
pants rolled up and looking like an ad for
heart medication; together with each other
in miracle eternity

(153)

my clothes stink like a pungent animal
All The Rage
mosquito bites me hungrier than a waify supermodel
The Latest Look
my nails look like they've been scraping black tar
That's How We Do It
a moth molests my lantern
What A Craze
my hair falls over my eyes in greasy clumps
Fabulous
my beard belongs on a deranged Russian philosopher or Unabomber
Love It
my feet are blistered with splotches of blood
Divine
my legs are welted with bug bites and spotted with ant parts
Wow
my left sleeve is shredded at the bicep
Daring
cannot comment on my face because
I can't see it
cannot comment on my mind because
I can't make sense of it
A Stunning Spring Line Up.

(154)

daughter of famous jazz guitarist
knew Diz as a child now teaches yoga
in the jungle and scuba dives to incredible
depths (in fact saw a human skeleton
in the darkness of a bottomless
cenote) she exhibits her father's
virtuosic traits with such reality
music as:
"hand me that bar by the tree-"
"-the rusty rebar?" "yeah"
"why?"
"so I can paddle my gondola"
she sits on hammock and pushes her
gondola into the canals of moonlit Venice
water lapping and salt smells like here,
although better because full of wine and
lasagna or calamari and here is only hints
of burning plastic and the fear of scentless

radiation

(155)

spooky shrine built of drift wood
frayed nylon rope (drift rope)
cracked shells tied to wood with rope
plastic arm of a baby doll topped off
with coconut hull- a strange
statue of magic close to where I retrieved
the orphaned life vest after talking to
the bear man, "I put it there, take it,"
he said and I felt the cut on my forehead-
and shrugged; a secret cenote
hidden just over the sand dunes there
where I saw a ghost crab the size of a
squirrel- it undressed me with its big crab
eyes and clawed out my guts...
"I know that shrine,"
my pal said "that's where I first saw bear man-
he sat meditating lotus position in noon sun
slicked solid with baby oil buck naked and
glistening like a wet diamond."

(156)

the smell of my own funk, in this case
from the baseball cap that my mom bought
me at least 3 years ago on an unrelated
trip to target- a spontaneous act of
generosity where normally I'd have tried
to shoplift it (and then who knows what would
have happened), a hat only a ten dollar
hat so much cheaper than the little league hat
and uniforms of childhood that led primarily
to tears and feelings of worthlessness,
missed games, late practices, benched for
four of six innings- the two innings only
begrudgingly in right field on account of a
sense of obligation by asshole coach who
thought my dad an asshole (correctly)
I tilt the hat over my face and I smell the

sweet and disgusting pungent smell like
the smell of my old highschool locker room; I
smile and sink into the soft hammock and sleep.

(157)

if you hunt then you are hunted by
bull sharks lurking somewhere beyond
the reef only occasionally spotted by
fishermen only occasionally fatal, attacks
by women posing as wives just beyond
reach only provisionally attained only
occasional fatal consequences, by money
disguised as riches thinner than water
scales of a fish only occasionally graspable
only indirectly fatal, by meaning in the cast
of sons and daughters designed by nature to
eat your blood in exchange for facsimiles
of love- rent as caretakers of half your DNA

(158)

Dog with eye half-falling out, ticks
chewing his back- one for every spot
if he were a dalmatian instead of a
suffering ambiguous stumpy mutt not
even fit to model for a painting of gritty
mutts playing pool in a cigar smoke basement;
somewhere in the cascade of jungle sounds
(wind whips tent flaps, ocean waves always
crash, bug violins in high frequency weird
pitch) I recognize that mutt's horrible howls
soaked in misery dead of night, that mutt is
at least 80 dog years old- neglected every day
of those years, a cancerous tumor presses
against its agony ribs, moans of despair in dog
timbre and I know that sometime near my own
howls will also fall empty into the utter black

(159)

past
future
same expanse
in other words
here
always here
even when thoughts
or the structure of past and future tense
offer theoretical alternatives to
here
although theoretical alternatives are also
here
and when starlight winks in the night after a million
years in light transit it is close enough to actually be
here
and since the inner starlight of ideas travels a million
years in idea light transit to someone wishing on stars
at night it is far enough
away
to be
here.

(160)

itching on my feet left side of gut
right side of rib back of neck;
stinging on thumb (right) left leg
armpit; throbbing on right foot: a
medical report of man in need of
psychiatric treatment
adding squee squee (insect)
woooosh (surf) thrrrrr (gas generator)
etc; another day has passed a curtain
quivering to open, another Rorschach
blotch of existence farther from birth
closer to death both already here yet
no diagnosis

(161)

the music of vw air-cooled engine

possibly one of the greatest songs
ever composed- the putter putt
putt engine like the beating of two
hearts, one of the American night
the other of a purring kitten; potpourri
of gasoline, rubber, oil as good as
gardenias, hatch marks of a.m. station
Patsy Cline or Texas Playboys; the
driver leaned back perfectly relaxed,
his laid back chick in the passenger
seat; I threw a thumbs up and my heart
sank like it always does when I encounter
a wonderful thing

(162)

two Japanese men in hawaiian print
shorts on dusty sidewalk of inhumanely
hot dead end Mexican town (already the
dreary off season when hotels sit empty
on account of cruel equator sun; the main
inhabitants- insatiable mosquitoes) The
men's legs: knobby twigs capped with sandals
(local fashion) like trying on their mother's
high heels for the first time, distracted,
dislocated, didn't seem to know where they
were going but simply marking time and looking
worried; I wanted to talk to them about radiation
but they scurried away like I was a hot particle or
going to rob them kind of like fish by the reef or
pigeons in the street when you splash or stomp
your feet; I didn't have a spear or breadcrumbs, no
gun only questions and a worried look on my
dislocated face.

(163)

I like to see with my eyes closed
and watch everything glow in a string
of lights each you and me and
cicada star connected by sparks a
cosmic MRI of the space in between

time in super colors like pictures in
Scientific America of big all knowing
brain glowing with thoughts that
hum in the frequency of the one everything
and shake out in fire trail shooting
idea stars from the source of infinite
surprises where everything energized
comes to life simply ask spiderman
if you know how to find him in the
crystal void

(164)

Probably die any day what am I so afraid
of? Flying to the yucatan ain't going
to save my skin from the ultimate unknown
Always trying to buy a few more beers, a few
more seconds, eek out another quarter inch
in spite of no measurements to finish big life
architectural plans that an earthquake or
meteorite can make galaxy dust of. It's already
done and begun in a simple pun of one 's suffering
with monkey chatters, parasite paranoia's, shark
shivers- Coltrane laid it all down already anyhooo
so what am I runnin' from when fireflies will be a'
comin' any day and trout fish a jumpin' and even if
the sky's a fallin' make it a blues song because the
blues golden ticking tickle of loving borrowed time.

(165)

HushI wanna'
waitbe back
Hushat
waitchampionship
Mushlittle
patienceleague
is such a game age 13
loooooo-where
-ooooooongI
placeslid
to into home

waitwinning
why run
not bottom of
enough extra
patienceinnings
to wait
in reverse
when
universe
contracts

(166)

spilled the coffee? what the fucks
a matter with you? what the fucks
a matter with me? (baby cries in you
in me) a few coffee beans in a world
of plenty, full as you believe; I blame
myself- an abusive parent to my
inner child that was raised by wolves
and foster childed to me to give treats
when sweet and hugs when mean; I
fill myself with love milk love food
listen to Edith Piaf and share
a thousand times more love with you

(167)

if ya' love this life then give it away
and love yr' burden free shoulders and
watch the blood return to yr' knuckles
cuz' yr' done grasping and from here
on out it's hugging the way with chuckles
and marshmallows cuz' it's all bubblin'
like fizz of a cold pop on a hot jungle day

(168)

Two psycho dogs lunge at me
on the beach someone castrate

them! (Bob Barker says, "Help control the pet population. Have your pets spayed or neutered-") Doesn't anyone listen to Bob? He hosted "The Price is Right" for decades like a living wax figure courtesy of a Beverly Hills taxidermist/ plastic surgeon (wrinkle-free face a helmet of white hair). Bats on Sunset Blvd, leaches, snakes, cesium-137!
"I bid one dollar"
"a bid of one dollar"
Chasing crabs smash them with rock they play dead but are not
"The Showcase Showdown!"

(169)

We passed a thick joint of bad tea and he inhaled with vacuum ability, brushed the sand from blue bic lighter with bottle opener plastic chips chipped out, flicked it and little whirring flame sprouts out
"These are the best lighters, man, mine fell in ocean, I let it dry and it still worked, I think it has to do with the stone,"
(Mexican accent)
and (I'm stoned) and by stone he means flint and even showed me in fine print that my bic was made in USA his in France
"They make them in Spain, too, what the fuck, man, same shit, different countries."

(170)

smash a mosquito still black

(except for Edward Gorey stocking
legs) but flat and with X's over
the eyes, blood sucking spear of a
straw dangles limp soon to be an ant
feast and almost innocent looking as
though unjustly executed, guilty by
association guilty by circumstantial
evidence guilty with greedy sights set on
ankle-blood and only moments earlier a
slap of one resulted in a red splotch splatter
on calf- bloated bloody mosquito mother
feeding to nourish her fiendish mosquito
eggs- future vampire creatures itch bump
scratch assassin signature; world-weary
blood thieves like anyone else trying to eat

(171)

face to face with the abyss
an eternally thick aqua blue
that extends out to the eternal
unknown just past the shores edge
where ocean floor suddenly drops
out like trap door the dark side of
the tracks that is continuous womb
enormity beyond infant conceptions
beyond mortal-mental perceptions
eternal blue in such opaque density
to be incomprehensible to me although
supportive to sharks with razor
sharp face eating teeth, poisonous lion
fish instantly fatal, or simply the under-
water echo that reverberates back in sonar
tones to the emptiness before being born

(172)

gets dark at 7:30 pm
12 months a year
the same dream 365 days
and then repeat with different
identical hallucinations of turtle

hatches crab infestation
hurricane warnings courtesy
of screaming birds fleeing
interchangeable scent of palm
leaves burning or diesel
burning 52 weeks of duplicate
cacophony of insect chirps or
ocean surf a dream 24
hours at a time that melts
into the next death
hardly different than this
facsimile place

(173)

all the valium in the bottle
don't tame the homesick blues
Kitty McMuffin wearing nothin'
'sept high heels Lusty Lady 1:30
a.m. Kearny St salvation
Big wheel speed racin' down
Vermont st. Potrero Hill Easter
Sunday church of freedom
City Lights 11pm the creak
wood attic and yodels from
the alley of drunk prophets
howling Woody Guthrie hymns
Doc's clock with a scotch
fog Sunday night meditation 8 p.m.
good smells of coffee in Monk
morning eggs a' fryin' on skillet
instead of Dante sweat shakes
and mosquito slaughterhouse night-
mares somehow it's decided
the big one
the small one
washes it all away

(174)

depends on the kind of slave
you wanna' to be: skinny white boy

slave madman beneath the moon
slave doomed to cancer slave
successful pillar of community
slave animal lover slave addicted to
blue pills slave poetry fiend slave
unemployed dead beat slave
emancipation proclamation slave
virtually enlightened spirit seeker
slave jazz jamming genius slave
swimsuit model slave six year old
tonka truck boy slave bit by fleas slave
daydreaming on cumulus clouds slave
lottery winner slave karma destiny fugitive
slave suicide abolitionist life forever light
underground railroad

(175)

virgin mary candle super charged
on steroids courtesy of tin foil and
notebook paper jammed in wax
a liquid graveyard for suicide moths
and executed ants courtesy of the
tribunal of me another microcosm of
hell complete with wicked fire dancing
gaseous voodoo a prayer in Spanish
printed on the glass candle holder which
is placed on top a newspaper photo of a
mexican blond in bikini with sex hungry
eyes while I'm starved for sex she's just
pretending to be and I'm hungry and light
headed and convinced light is the only
truth to everything

(176)

In the depths of the 3 p.m. pueblo, I opened
the sliding door of a pink painted cinderblock
papeleria. A family lives in barren cave-like
simplicity in the dark back of the store. Tied to
concrete-anchored bolts, a hammock swayed
gently in the dark of the cave room. A grandma

appeared with sleepy eyes to oversee my visit to the small store (a few pencil sharpeners, bic ball-point pens, some colored ribbon, five notebooks, an eraser). On another day, an eight-year-old girl performed the same duty. The grandma wore a flower patterned dress simply made but ruggedly strong. She didn't say anything except to tell me the history of her suffering through etches of agony lines on her life weary face. I bought two pocket notebooks (40 pages each) and a regular notebook (100 pages). I had exact change of 22 pesos and she accepted the payment with total indifference

(177)

The calamity dogs run wild
the big topics of conversation:
"They are not conscious like us so must be forgiven"
"Spit on their food because it shows them yr' dominance"
"They simply need more love"
"Do you think they want this fish head?"
"This one's been hit by a car twice"
"That one plays poker in oil paintings"
"It should be driving taxi in the worst part of queens"
"That one howled as I fucked a girl on the beach"
"Avoid eye contact"
"Don't show yr' teeth"
"That one has attacked three people"
"Dogs and horses are the last stop before being born human because they would give their life for you"
(even though nobody
there would
give their
life fr'
anybody)

(178)

around age 29 the human body
exits the summer of virility into
the woeful season of decay. I've

seen countless palm fronds shed
and also the corpse of a papaya tree
shells shattered in pieces
a woman's mother has cancer
I saw a snake smashed flat on
the asphalt snake guts smeared
on the road and it didn't matter
I'm already 34 and falling apart
a piece at a time hair fingernails
shed like palm fronds a skin
condition and white whiskers
on my face a jalopy in the making
although with a smile at times
a sense of peace at times
fukushima cancers will develop
in 5 to 20 years from now ever
see a jalopy last that long?

(179)

Catholic school girls in burgundy skirts
one thick one with boney legs a teenage
boy about five years older struts by in a
snazzy long sleeve cowboy shirt with silver
snap buttons despite the sweltering heat. Else-
where two girls about ten years old on side
street near minor sidewalk construction with
tender sprouting breasts beneath teddy bear
t-shirt (look like pre-teen versions of drunk sex
obsessed single mothers) a construction worker
stared at them from behind a shovel he resumed
digging when he noticed me noticing his perverted
gaze I resumed purposeful walking when I noticed
him noticing my perverted gaze and the girls
evaporated giggling into their teddy-bear world
somewhere beyond our forever backs

(180)

the best pome is no pome
but rather the sound of ants goofing
on sand or sand blowin' in still breeze

the best pome is no pome
written in no ink expressin' no idea
except a candle flame
the best pome is no pome
but for one crumpled in garbage can soggy
with pesto and onion by Brooklyn moonlight
the best pome is no pome
never humiliated by time
the best pome is no pome
floating in golden heart corona
third eye vision that would die for anybody
shhhhhh

(181)

think the mosquitoes are bad here?
try Alaska where they're
the size of moose, drinking yr' blood
with Bavarian beer drinkin' mugs
or Deer Valley Minnesota one of the
last American places left if you want a
slice of apple pie and neck with a girl
in the firefly night vanilla cream
thighs; them mosquitoes make a launching
hotrod pickup sound like a matchbox
hiccup, ever have an itch bite bump the
size of a cantaloupe? if you don't like
the mosquitoes here then maybe you'll
like the ones the size of steer 1000 miles
of mosquito herds from seattle to
anchorage dying to suck ya' dry like
famished queens in the 3 AM castro night

(182)

wake up sit like this pick up pen
notice spiral smoke feel wires of
beard get distracted by palm leaves
acknowledge stalk of leaves looks
like Matisse cutouts listen pitch black
bird call or disturbed howl or anguished
dog bury your head in cloud of surf foam

sound rustle against pink plastic grocery
bag now used for trash smell wax of
burning virgin mary candle see illustration
of two human eyes from the corner of yr'
eye invent kazoo buzz somewhere in the
illusion of yr' spiral lollipop ear invent
orders fr' yourself

(183)

dusk breeze pushes palm leaves
thick hair like wiry red clown hair
but green the wiry hair of enormous
scarecrow raised on a tall stick jerked
in the wind spastic in river of wind
lifting her arms to her mouth tilting her
neck from side to side jerked by the pony-
tail holds chest like a heart attack feeds
herself chocolate holds her neck as if choking
wiping vomit from her mouth chewing her
nails stroking her beard giving a thumbs up
flipping both fuck you fingers up in the air
fixing the back of her hair like she some kind
of ho from a black salon

(184)

twisting mustache hunched over
snapping fingers reaching hands
over shoulder and scratching eating
corn on the cob repelled drops corncob
on the grass dastardly villain from
a 1920's movie crow-man boyfriend
hand around crow-woman heroine
they're on their way to the movies
he's jerking her kind of hard
he's buried in her neck she flashes
her black leather punk rock vest to
pedestrians on 2nd ave with a sneer

(185)

orange juice on sugar cube,
gears on a bicycle, squid legs
the color of orange sheets of
ice, wedding dress in headlights
bright as a bicycle reflector,
graphite pencil sketch of fish,
splash stain of grape Kool-Aid on
white t-shirt, dark blue plastic
dust pan from the 99 cent store,
plastic jewels from a cheap bracelet
bought for a quarter from the
grocery store toy section, black
the wheel of a new big wheel

(186)

the past drifting in snapshots
a slideshow in my brain
3-D view-master landscapes
developed in consciousness milk
train-hopping from one dream
memory fourteen years ago (sleeping
by train tracks, barn a little ways
off the smell of dew in morning summer
grass) to another antique vision of two
years before actually hopping trains
rolling a cigarette on a flat car thinking
of Frisco and DIY zines self published by
hobo genius and squat pad mystic squatters
xeroxed pages of typewritten prophecies
and ball point pen michelangelo punk rock
doodles cha-chug cha-chug cha-chug
the train rattles
on forward tracks on forward tracks on forward tracks on forward tracks
on forward tracks on forward tracks on forward tracks on forward tracks

(187)

paranoia's of moonlit enormities
Washington state mountains only

shadows and crystal milk of pine
silhouette and granite doom dome
peaks; pure earth terror walls alone
on top of world highway in sincere
frail red-paint jalopy or shudder visions
of the infinite unfolding all the way
roads eyes alert in ten thousand head-
lights and mind ruminations of mind
conversations five years ago Arizona
trailer park vision quest terror thoughts
of forced meditation strip search cavity
search of soul body full of contraband
like guilt like regrets also a party of
love thoughts the angel memories
of Addison st, Chicago

(188)

mischievous swiss storybook Hansel
and Gretel girl tangled blond hair
jittery green eyes untamed clothes like
a wild child born in the river thickets of
Eugene Oregon rides bike with wide
handle bars a picnic basket clipped to
the front with checkered cloth covering
crusty mouth watering pastries like
croissants filled with chocolate or jelly
also magic beans that make the trees
dance in flurries like jim hensen wild
raggedy ann afro trees that make the
bats jagged flights something from a
cartoon she chuckles a tittering genius
chuckle toddler laugh covering a clean
white wall with insane crayola scribbles

(189)

Mayan whistles in perfect blasts
of melody shaman songs channeled
from the spirit plane extract black
energy snakes from tangle of snakes
gordian knot the solar plexus bird

music shrill calls throat wheezes that
go on for centuries and culminate in
channeled bird communication shriek
from dark beaked bird shriek from black
feather bird shriek from invisible bird
with a message from your ancestors
A.M. transistor radio frequency squelch
1930's thoughts of underwood typewriters
hand crafted wooden desk dim light bulb
the music of the mind accompanied by
distant and perfect whistles of mayan
man with ten children 24 nietos

(190)

Ladies and Gentlemen in spite of radioactive
pollution we'd like to make an announcement
buy now pay later any nuclear dust is harmless
to humans *until possibly death (fine print)
so please enjoy the smell of cut logs stacked and
chained to a big-rig flatbed parked at a coffee shop
full of eggs scramblin' and coffee brewing don't
be afraid to lean yr' back against a brick wall in
Portland and have ruminations of John Dillinger's
ghost smoking a cigarette in the shade make the
most of picnic bench june afternoon town park high
school girls in jean shorts drinking wine coolers
nearby with a lot of time on their hands plush
green grass thick as frosting beneath acorn tree

(191)

vw bus takes strange hints of hours
at every point of its late night 5 point turn
reverses up close to where I'm seated
with a pal we're both transfixed
on the taillights as it rolls closer to
us puttering its tailpipe thrud-thrud-
thrud brake lights shine red thrud-thrud-
thrud rubber tires crunching against
gravel rocks in the dirt driveway the
puttering and crunching sounds dissolve

and are replaced by the sound of the
jungle night hewet-hewet-hewet
pshwawwwwwwwwwwwwwwwww

(192)

moon makes a surprise reprise
after long sabbatical scaling the night
like an iguana climbing a palm tree
slowly steadily no kind of hurry
licking everything with rousseau
tongue giant banana leaves chattering
chimpanzees licking a boney plant slowly
licking a vagina construction paper
leaves scotch taped to a moonglow
areole of clippership night mist
the pixel vibrations of this 1 a.m. scene
perceptible only at this opportunity the
solemn nature of tonight's particular
moonlight procession

(193)

ranch in the real estate place
between one eyebrow and the
other dazzling steer exotic heifer
familiar bulls returning home
twilight recollections of dinner
with mom on Colorado boulevard
also car ride to horseback summer
camp felt real at the time to climb out
of upholstery passenger seat onto
leather saddle the mighty flank of
horse heaving in afternoon heat
between my legs a show off also in the
corral hanging on with one hand as
horse stands on its hind legs like a
western dime store novel cover
popsicles for 50 cents after
(brown bag lunch)

(194)

UFO spotted by a whiz kid in the
desert with coke bottles, wire,
and a 9 volt battery giant dewdrop
aliens stripping abductees with their
x-ray autopsy room ray-gun scalpels
flying saucers as seen from the
pyramids snakes Chinese writing
glazed ducks dangling in Chinatown
galleries galaxy sector 8 aliens live longer
than turtles and turtles live forever
mental telepathy intercepted by
marijuana antenna normally tuned
to frequencies of Coltrane or Ornette

(195)

delirious after years packed into
sixteen hours like sardines like spam
even more squished in a tin can and kid's
thoughts tickling my side i.e. just a few
days of class left before summer vacation
and I've got a taste for beer and my loins are
tingling with the mere thought of rope swing
swimming holes splashing mean girls giggling
to hell with radioiodine I've got ice cream and
pie on my mind and finally (a diamond flower
unfurls) All ya' need to know is the rattle of
stick against chicken-wire or chain-link fence

(196)

clown makes silent appearance
head bobs ironic smile beneath
painted on tears mime of jesus
who died for everybody which
includes anybody even clowns
mime description of a rusted
jar of nails include ironic editorial
on immunizations and mime

description of lock jaw clown with
rusted wire stitching silent clown
trapped in an invisible box bullet
proof kryptonite glass jack in the
invisible box is stuffed with peyote
buttons eat two hands and a foot
chew on neck the body of clown

(197)

the sunset machine gears cranking
widgets of insect colossal dimming
of lights sand becomes a grey cadaver
sky recedes to sardine silver orange
flowers full of van gogh ear blood
a pyre of palm fronds prepared for
morning sacrifice the sunset machine
like a zamboni machine shaving away the
film of today another matinee with
average reviews sparse crowd a few
suspenseful moments a pervert in the
back a few minor chuckles a handful
of buttered popcorn another directorial
debut of a sweet fellow who believes in
the sanctity of life film Holy holy holy
cliffhanger

(198)

EPA announced the end of radioactive
milk radioactive spinach radioactive
tap water they say, "Quit yr' fuckin'
whinin' we're all going to dies and I
wanna' go bowlin'." They'll test once
every 3 months "Just to shut ya' fuckin'
trap" starting august; try to concentrate
on the industrial chemicals that'll give you
terminal cancer give them some attention
fixate on the bus that'll run you down any
day now and squirt yr' guts out on the street
consider the deadly STD waitin' for ya'
from the next hooker or obsess on a deadly

abscess heroin overdose or the fact you
may as well be dead already and actually
already are

(199)

reactors at fukushima nuclear power plant
still blooming radioactive steam flowers
phosphorescent blackberries still smoking
toxic sage bouquets of death xenon-131 balloons
drifting across pacific and dropping like flies
or passenger pigeons with melted skulls deiverin'
grim reaper calling cards with yr' appointment
in red ink no new conspiracy theories the jungle
tried to eat me but hasn't yet except fir' my tent
(zipper broke- sand and human! sabotage) You
can run but you can't fly, radioactive particles will
win in the end looks near time to walk the plank
splash.

(200)

Chernobyl means wormwood in Russian
absinthe, the muse distilled from wormwood
absinthe, a mild hallucinogen in sufficient
quantities; Chernobyl, death distilled from
plutonium; Chernobyl, lethal cancer in sufficient
quantities; revelations 8:11- the wormwood star
one third of life on earth and sea dies, it's a slow
motion holocaust, when is your cancer, any day
now any second now, are you holdin' yr' breath?
Are you hallucinating yet? Clink clink clink
radioisotope ice cubes, a spoonful of sugar,
watch the flame dance

(201)

light a cherry bomb
light an atom bomb
sing a song

Auld Lang Syne

a little rector smog won't kill us all
maybe just one percent only 327,000
Californians; let's light a roman candle
each burning fireball a year lost of our
lives it's a testimony to the fortitude of
your character to carry on as a burn
victim or amputee think of the sympathy
you can reap one arm wonder let's light
a pinwheel and oooooh ahhhhhhhhhhh
at the spinning sparks like moments
of our lives flicker and dazzle and then
gone sometimes a dud with no fire at all

(202)

If I were pinocchio made from a fallen oak branch
on Geppetto's angel shelves watching his devoted
hands sculpt by candlelight; only wooden thoughts
no fear of fire no concern for tomorrow just innocent
yearnings for flesh boy bones some embodiment more
desirable though more fragile like when human me
has fallen and will as early as tomorrow diffuse into
energy space silent truth waves where no secrets of my
character can find sanctuary just pure synergetic
oneness with Jiminy Cricket, Stromboli, and a wishing star

(203)

All the kings soldiers all the kings men
couldn't put the planet back together
again; Humpty's head in a zillion shell
pieces blessed by high priestess then packaged
for convenience (available at the gift shop
on yr' way out); Humpty's head ain't broken
at all it's the wall that fall it's the shell that fall
Humpty is a million feet tall slam dunking
astral dunks jive talking and high fiving
tracing a chalk outline where Humpty lay

(204)

Whatever will happen has happened
like dreams of Houdini Huichol Indians
swimming in water deserts of peyote
squatting in prayer like frogs on Aladdin
dust lilies dreams of boxes of matchsticks
flaring all together in sulfur flame matrimony
seven dreams of tonight eyes closed in self
mystery corridors mountain tunnels heart-
shaped cloud dreams of this life sometimes
lucid sometimes puppet dreams from 200
years ago and 200 years from now dreams
two mirrors reflecting into each other

(205)

nearly burnt me lip on sun hot tea brewing in a glass
almond butter jar long ago licked clean ayurvedic tea
recommended to me to clean body of radioactive
poisoning which I'll be drinking as long as I'm breathing
since breathing is now poisoning bitter medicine tea so
far away from sugar sweet lipton ice tea sun brewed
clinking ice cubes tender country girls in swimming
pool ayurvedic tea brewed to the color of concentrated piss
and hopefully full of Indian secrets cuz' it tastes worse than
piss I'd guess and I wish I was in Oregon 1917 clean

(206)

dust hot street 3pm an engine grease faced guy
putters by in rattle sputter motorcycle rickshaw
contraption with a big box bolted to the back, hand
painted "electrocista" and I wouldn't have been
surprised if it had been painted in carnival colors and
golden letters el circo! a lean Indian woman with
wild cherry bark skin and the physique of a pouty
swimsuit model- no bra, tight jeans, t-shirt carries
a baby lamb with strong arms reluctantly turns the
sun assaulted corner just past a tienda with brooms,
concentrated milk, and cigarettes

(207)

splinter lodged inextricably deep
glass, ceramic, steel
a sliver wedged in soft tissue
coral, crab shell, cat claw
forceps dripping with bacteria
an operating table glazed with saliva
parasite babies suckling inner walls
a temper tantrum fit on a tender tit
flesh self-operating by its own initiative
sacrificing cells replicating others
a viscous casing with no pearl center
lodged inextricably deep between rows
of idea cells infection blister fluid build up
something that demands scratching
something that demands immediate attention

(208)

ear pornography:
bird squawk bits of human talk
car engine dog barks drone of ocean waves
fly buzz heart pump lung exhale
touch pornography:
sweat on back breeze on skin sand on hand
eyes blinking tension in right shoulder
ant tickle run on leg
smell pornography:
cigarette smoke from a distance
musk from armpits vinyl of plastic mat
flotsam recovered from ocean thick jungle decay
taste pornography:
metallic saliva bits of sardine bamboo straw
on end of homemade pipe aluminum beer can
thought pornography:
the insane mosaic of my jungle campsite surrounded
by jungle descriptions inadequate of immensity
truth pornography:
just a drop in the ocean
nothing more nothing less
everything more everything less

and so forth and no more

(209)

change the station from pied piper
easy listening to alan watts
blow yr' mind free jazz
w-luv coming straight to you
from heaven brooklyn
from heaven yucatan
from heaven san fran
from heaven evanston
from heaven graceland
from heaven heaven which is where you stand
a cause to die for is a cause to run from
joyful kicks the heart the everyone
sacrificial lamb free to graze the land
scarafice yr' sad thoughts of juggernauts
sacrafice yr' thinking and panicking for blank
child true panoramicking

(210)

interior inner workings of my chattering
mind caterwauling crawlin' chirpin' somersaultin'
vaultin' like mary lou retton 1984 but without
perfect tens just tens of thousands of thoughts
crowdin' each other out and I watch them likes
I got a seat at the circus full of berserk clowns
tumblin' down honkin' their clown nose horns
honk! And alls I can do is laugh from the empty
bleachers and witness the creatures kerplunk
kapow kabam minus the circus

(211)

saw a photo of a Japanese man in dark business
suit carrying a matching briefcase seemed to be in a hurry
to get somewhere crossing a street filled with total
destruction homes and buildings churned through a

garbage disposal the world on fire and collapsing to ash
but a way of life is at stake there's cubicles to be filled and
transactions to be filled even if all the world is killed
hell welcomes everyone in spite of noble life in spite of
noble plans in spite of time cards or diversified portfolios

(212)

my pal, strongest guy I know, at least as strong as three
paul bunyans bowed his head at 3 a.m. exhausted and said,
"I'm sick of this body, I can't take it anymore, I want to be
in the starglow galactic light"
"you already are," I said, "and besides you'll be out of yr' body
in a blink of an eye- one day 10 years 50 years all the same"
My pal, strongest guy I know, was hit by lightening as a kid
it blew off his fingernails; now he spins battery operated
psychedelic light all night twirls it 'til dawn thinking of stars
big 33 year old kid electric

(213)

marauding the playpen toys, dirty French postcards,
drugs, kicking the gong, listening for chopin koto music,
basho music wood creeks, edgar allan poe street,
marauding ancestral knowledge scrolled up in dead
sea scroll caves of my cells, Bedouin mitochondria,
waves of rosetta stone decode-ings, a kirtan a séance,
incense incantations witchcraft chicanery fuzzy shapes
smoke mirrors crystal ball ecstatic concussion "Nijinsky
is here with us-"

(214)

my sister and I sat cross legged in kindergarten
class 30 years ago our teacher has since become
a saintly figure in my mind and exists in Chagall
stained glass my sister exists in swimming pool
splashes and ice cream sandwiches her pool splash
caring eyes (at least back then) protective of me her
baby brother our green eyes and common strange ideas

provide sibling evidence today is her birthday and
I'm in the jungle hiding from nuclear death thinking of
her no cake no ribbons I implored her to come but 36
years of life the swimming pool is dry

(215)

I sat with my kindergarten teacher and struggled
to translate symbols into language
"There's that word again," (the) I said
"The," she said
"the," I said
and only all this time later learning
"kindergarten" is a german word- I thought it was an
american word and it is all so
obvious but I never noticed, like all obvious things
in life it's the hardest to notice or understand and
only all this time later learning that there is no "the"
no definite articles, nothing definite at all just obvious
crystal indefinite nameless nouns unnoticed not-to-be-
mistaken for incomprehensible void

(216)

my pal told me the only way I could be free
is to throw my pomes into a fire and until I'm
willing to destroy my pomes they ain't worth
a damn and I'm not worth a damn because I'm
a clinging narcissist. He's not the first to try and
persuade me to destroy my pomes, "Ah you're just
going to die, save someone the effort of throwin' yr'
shit out." I suppose my pomes could take on a different
quality if written on death row, a desirable aesthetic
to some nihilists in spite of any oxymoron considering
no one could actually read them in ash; I told my pal
I weren't worried about nirvana or nihilists or ashes or
the redemption of my pomes no more than enlightenment
which can wait for another lifetime; if I smile happy the
seconds left in my days just me and my pomes I call it a
win by unanimous decision in fact, 'er, I'll write a pome
about it. smiles, "fuck you."

(217)

gas burning generator fired up so we can watch tv
(mexican tabloid talk show with makeup thick-as-mud
caked on hostess's face) tonight's topic "He vivido inferno"
school bully caught on security tape- fat mexican girl
pushes fat guatemalan girl to the asphalt and dumps a
bottle of water on her face and throws the plastic bottle at
the cowering guatemalan girl's head the mexican girl sneers
on plush tv studio red couch stage left the guatemalan girl in
tears on identical red couch stage right garish hostess impassions
studio audience to her idea of platonic justice gasoline nuclear
power plant generators plastic bottles studio audience one
addiction feeds the next chemical atomic daisy chain

(218)

ambiguous Sunday
things less certain than usual
though things are always sometimes completely uncertain
beyond any sense of degrees
my hand soaks this page in sweat
sweat drop drips from brow
ideas of what will happen flutter like swarms
of butterflies, SF butterfly, NY butterfly, BC butterfly
Anchorage butterfly
my net swoops in the air, it's up for grabs
ever since America started growing mushroom clouds
been feasting on a subtle smorgasbord of isotopes
indigestion leukemia acid reflux lymphoma
hangover tombstones it's almost june
I'm swooping my butterfly net catch and release
catch a whole lifetime in an instant

(219)

The crabs on the beach called ghost crabs
white crabs like the white sand try to find the same
sand pebble twice or the same drop of milk
in a pail of milk

sometimes disappear the instant you see them
sometimes exist only as something in the corner of
the ocean of yr' eye
I've been catching ghosts and keeping them in a jar
when by the morning they've all killed each other
hell crabs I call them swinging their claw club arms
at the jar wall thrashing for me jugular and killing each
other in tasmanian devil dust clouds of diablo crab hell
until I realize I'm the architect of hell and like hitler
watch it play out, tell my devil self it's for the good
of humanity since I'll be fishing tomorrow (more death
and slimy fish full of poison mercury anyhoo)

(220)

roads
anxiety of wearing robes I toiled for tick tick tick
bicycle gears
queers
no concern for clocks anxieties of shoplifting what will emerge
from me pockets ah, schucks, cops officers who may
appreciate my devotion to silence
(silence) (silence) (silence)
the ancient violence of mind defiance defiling crystal
thought jewels coming straight to you from treasure chests
of collective unconsciousness
(pomes) (pomes) (pomes)
a way to be free a tree a creek a sea a happily Harper Lee

(221)

Sweet river milk music honey drool bedtime
stories to drown to Chicago July 3 a.m. niagra
falls Coltrane blues Trane track rat-a-tat-tat American
blues-prints in the smell of newsprints coffee cigarettes
the only remedy for tragedy whiskey love honey
sweaty bare bodice solace honey milk jazz radio
railroad ties sunsets that make you cry
sunsets that make you cry
sunsets that make you cry
sunrises stories no more lies no more hides just plane
old sneakers seeks sikhs buddhas and jesus's in ice cream sodas

(222)

the smell of ganja 1 p.m. breeze no ice
for long island ice tea simply talk of
peyote rumors of frog powder been
trying to find for hours supposed to take ya'
to the outer outer outer lizard lair palace
of reptilian stares, reptilian wisdom reptilian
wizards on rocks no use for talk no use for
city blocks for chevy 357 blocks for mental
blocks white powder chalk from Einstein
blackboards (actually green like frog skin)
when Einstein sketched Quantum da Vinci
sketch portraits of frog consciousness put
that in yr' Mona Lisa smile

(223)

occurred occurred occurred to me squatting here
dying every second second living every second my
pubic beard overgrown my facial beard overgrown my
hair overgrown my songs my moans all made of brittle
bones overgrown kid the only cure for a radioactive world
a chemical world the fresh go crazy crazy crazy man
and crazy like ooltrane gets like rimbaud went crazy
all bets are on the table everything crazy beautifully unstable
nijinsky en pointe self emancipation proclamation abolish
self subjugation abolish self contamination the only cure for
death (or slavery) is life

(224)

grizzly dreams sister in tears not a dream at all
nightmare crashes somewhere for real in the dark
bughouse itching all over my skin after mauling
by 10,000 mosquitoes butt raped as I typed poems
big paranoid eyes scratching the dead of night interior
of tent terrifying dengue fever mosquito stalking inside
jittery clenching of amphetamine teeth on cheap

plastic mouth-guard made in Peru by quack drill
happy dentist sickly sounds of black devil birds full
of satanic chatters and screams fiend training his
daughter to steal from me a pudgy poster child
for birth control agony yelps from pitbull puppies
totally cracked tied up and driven to ankle biting
pitbull hysteria

(225)

cigarette dangles from mouth of jungle hardened
small-framed mayan man, he catches a rat next to
the kitchen propane stove and tosses it to the dogs
(no pleasure derived), cigarette dangles from mouth
he pulls wheelbarrow full of leaves sharpens machete
against stone yanks diesel generator cable spreads
dark chemical wood treatment with paint brush over
giant logs, cigarette dangles from mouth he turns the
newspaper page to photos of drug dealers and motor-
cycle wrecks too hot for work, cigarette dangles from
mouth he watches nighttime Mexican variety show
an 8 year old boy genius clown playing circus music one
man band or 6 year old boy in sequined pants sings
Michael Jackson with Mexican accent, cigarette dangles
from mouth he slaps mosquito against arm laughs out
loud at clown, cigarette dangles from mouth he swings
machete against coconuts carries cinderblocks one to
each hand for wash basin table, cigarette dangles from
mouth he repairs water tank on rickety homemade ladder
and if no cigarette, a whistle so pure to make a songbird cry

(226)

suckling the nut of a young coconut probing my tongue
in viscous hole coconut uterus water tangy sweet vigor
tender coconut flesh membrane slimy on my lips
delicious out of my mind suckling this coconut hole sipping
the mystery liquid which could be the liquid of the universe
the big bang the place where everything comes from out
of my mind totally captivated suckling out the juice
human animal flashback of time before words or sounds
became slippery concepts total insect satisfaction

1976 suckling milk from my mother's tit

(227)

typing my poems in St Francis grocery store (open
on Sundays- like all great capitalists institutions) in
the corner of the cafeteria where they make pizza
greasy fast food tables strange families shopping for
tortillas and eating them on the sidewalk mind-blown
blond eastern European blue eyed hippies in pixie clothes
long hair no shoes baby with blue universe eyes cafeteria
employees dressed like fukushima workers: tall rubber
boots, facemask, rubber gloves, paranoid look, bio hazard
lines of junior high school kids in navy blue sweater uniforms
(also a wrinkled old woman and a bitter old man who steal
the kid's one peso tips) checking backpacks for spare change
(no wage) the security guard looks like he's thinking about
churros and television wanders through the cafeteria and
scrutinizes me but then remembers we're in mehico and
simply waits for his shift to end thinking of churros I slap
a mosquito against the white wall it splotches red with my
blood the splotch remains there indefinitely

(228)

I'm soaking powerless in a pool of sweat deliriously
examining my latest insect bite trying to predict
what will happen next in this black swan world
and food on the dust of stars another lap around the
sun hoping I don't get run down anytime too soon
hoping the same guy who wants to shred my pomes
(fr' my own good and spiritual liberation) doesn't get too
carried away with his new favorite quotation from the
Bhagavad Gita "A man in cosmic consciousness cannot,
in principle, be judged by what he does.' Just like Arunja
he has to 'attain a state of consciousness which will
justify any action of his and will him even to kill in love,
in support of the purpose of evolution.'" Charles Manson
had similar ideas. This guy says I'm in misery because
of my art I'm an abomination to god a walking blasphemy
"I feel smashing!" I say (uncomfortable smile). He's not
convinced; nothing like a religious text to justify the killing

of a hapless pome or poet

(229)

A holocaust so slow nobody notices like trees growing old
or mountains eroding early seeds of cancer like all great
genocides unspoken, unrealized by collective denial-eyes
until hindsight sighs, "Obviously..." an eye for an eye
Hiroshima, Nagasaki casualties simply figures in history
tallies for grim ledger books what comes around goes around
like global jet streams fallout special delivery to chattanooga
U.S.A. efficient like Fed Ex or passenger pigeons a small percentage
of the world affected, maybe 1% of 6 billion
you do the math

(230)

maybe death is like a game show each
contestant competing for a new Maytag a
trip to Mexico a new Pontiac; Can you afford
to buy a vowel? Are you ready for the Daily
Double? Is Alex Trebek God? Maybe it's a
guessing game or a showcase of genius grinder
monkeys with photographic memories, maybe
death is as far away as a game show so remote
in Hollywood so remote control operated so
unreal in the brain of your television, a place so
much nicer than your own brain maybe heaven
is a CBS Studio set and you can finally make the
walk of fame like your mom always knew you
would, maybe death is a chance to forget your
debts thank your agent and the Academy for
recognizing your agonizing and piddly
achievements, "You hate me you really,
really, hate me."

(231)

Paranoia is only paranoia unless it's not and
it may as well be the Witch of the West because

a special fukushima reprise reactors 1,2,3: melting,
melting... even short bus Time magazine is talking
China syndrome while everybody else says nothing-
thoroughbred Eloi brainwashed thoroughly; TV works
better than a lobotomy complete decapitation of will
and reasoning; a blank stare nation: if your eyes
are bleeding then you are the reason. Molten nuclear
fuel melting through steel and concrete next stop: the
water table exploding radioactive geysers like Old
Faithful meets Chernobyl

(232)

crack open birth egg head yolk spill out like
yellow moon moon-y side up or scrambled soft-
boiled yolk broken eggs fallen from plate no
explanation except that it happened like every-
thing happened already recorded in almanac
of the universe yr' birth death and yolk break
included under the same heading what came first
the chicken or the egg both. spitting feathers the
moon rising the egg incubating the moon falling
the joy of cooking a raw egg goes rotten. a yolk can
never be whole again once it's broken an omelet
gets devoured quickly but sometimes leads to chokin'

(233)

I'm sitting in the eye of a beholder storm- eerily
pleasant still, clear, sunny, no hint of the worse
yet to come (frogs dying) an opportunity to assess
damage and reflect upon the transience of life the
eye of the beholder storm I dream wild plans with
no concern for wind, lightning, hail, flying debris,
fires, flooding, rendering dreams unrecognizable
like a burn victim the eye of the beholder storm I
count casualties, open refugee camps, put crying
animals to sleep, my human spirit shines brightest
in the eye of the beholder storm where my will to
survive has paid off in spades, jackpot, I jack off,
celebrate alone in oblivious denial of real nightmare

(234)

I'm a choirboy-molesting priest with a furious belief that God hates homosexuals but not me because I've got a vow of celibacy my kink is not boys but death who I secretly molest behind the cloister doors of my black blood cathedral a dead religion mind counting the seconds despising time for dragging on and on and- I kill ants for practice and crabs like a priest rubs one off beneath his robe cums on the host the death penalty is cruel unusual and the thing of my fantasies forming my reactions from the negative space of death like a still life artist occupying the eerie relief of life a background actor to the star of the show

(235)

the occupant:

A soul made of led. My flesh feels like led but it's not- because led can't inhale radiation and led ain't dead. I'm in a microwave oven (set to XXX high) every morning cooking spam, my bug bites from the night juicing up like bacon grease. I think of my grandma, grandpa, BJR- all of them dead already to cancer- their body's version of the Donner party. I think of my aunt- either living with (or dying from) lymphoma. My mom has two eyes and a tumor. I'm cooking in my tent as if I were spam in a microwave oven, almost 35 years old, perfectly healthy except for a fatal case of life.

(236)

Age 15 South Dakota I went on a shoplifting spree with a friend of mine (he belonged to a famous rich American family) stole comic books from shops artifacts from an archeological site, a turtle shell from militia-type at a crafts fair. A wind torn sun-beaten farmhouse dating from the dustbowl rattled in dusty Dakota field by dusty Dakota road. My rich friend and

I went in there to see what we could steal only half the stairs still there, rusty nails pointed like spears upstairs was a pile of cork backed bottle caps from the 1930's: Squirt, Dr Pepper, Pepsi, Up & Up, Swing, Royal Crown-soda pop artifacts from golden age comic books we sneezed- too much dust- and filled our backpacks up at the bottom of the bottle cap pile a torn dusty bag labeled, "asbestos." After all these years still saying my prayers I want to be 15 forever

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some church predicted today is the end of the world parishioners with teeth gritting wearing sandwich boards marching in Times Square urged jaded NYC pedestrians to welcome Christ into their hearts fast- the pedestrians walked too fast to care. I spent the morning in jungle prayer 4 hours prayer-squatting on a plastic mat with clasped hands to my forehead wishing I was in the LES or Brooklyn or Portland or all of them not thinking the doom world would end but instead wondering what happened to my myopic world something ended and something began I made a list of things gone array the last five years a column of calamity I prayed gritted my teeth crumpled the paper and watched the world end and a fresh one begin

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fukushima rip off artist stole my peace and quiet swiped my summer road trip greedy son of a bitch stealing lives on credit forged a check for some already jacked my 4th of july picnic and easter tradition (big wheel race potrero SF hunky jesus contest dolores park) robbed me of tug off pleasures at the lusty lady lifted my summer strawberries stole my august pool party cannonballs and moonlight LSD wolf calls a cat burglar looting a Munch bankrolling counterfeit truth in exchange for leukemia pick-pocketing years of lives while america waits in line skulls in oven with gas cranked on high nightly serving of television

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my heart is black a Labrador tied to a fence yanking at its rope
crying after its master who is too far ahead to see a choke chain
wraps my heart my master named the open road an areole setting
on the horizon where the road vanishes into further unknowns
places so much more than here more portland more boise more
sedona more chicago more seattle more san francisco than here
my heart is a puppy yelping in despair for the road that is not here
but begins somewhere just out of sight that begins with the smell
of hamburgers in a diner near cornfields begins with jazz on the a.m.
radio begins with a girl that smells like lavender that begins with a
cigarette at twilight that lasts forever my heart is a puppy playing
fetch in boundless texas with pooh bear

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free of curses free of despair replete with sacrament
youth with eternal time a sunny afternoon nathin' to
do so splash in cosmic meteorite swimming hole worshipped
by ancient civilizations and now current civilization en
route to ancient civilization rituals of innocent wonder a
young princess skin like honey worships a red flower its
stamen dripping with sweet flower honey she plucks it for
her hair an act of lovely vanity an eager prince participant
photographs her capturing this moment of honey poetry for
eternity I voyeur from beneath a canopy of palm leaves
condemned to a mosquito net prison stained with my blood
stained with thirsty marauder corpses I admire the prince
princess poetry a jester angel hostage tree leaf insect

(241)

taking vitamin c after drinking gasoline
showering after a swim in ddt
sucking up oxygen after snorting zyklon b
putting a bulletproof vest over a .38 wound to the chest
earplugs you've already gone deaf
safety goggles neither eye is left
a helmet after a motorcycle wreck

starting over at your own funeral

reactors at fukushima sputtering only bits
of radioactive shit we've already seen the
worst of it while I was still in the thick of it
always a buck short a day late no life vest on
a sinking ship paralyzed me procrastinating
it was a good try nice effort but still tardy I'll
raise a glass with all the rest of the party got
my cheap invitation five years no need to RSVP

(242)

Last night phantom insect a shrill leg biting
hate filled insect an invisible wrist chewing insect
defied my sentence of solitary confinement to tent
and how cruel because I shoplifted this tent so maybe
its not my tent at all but a prison tent owned by nobody
owned by everybody the zipper broke I pinned it together
with pink and blue plastic clothespins a hideous Frankenstein tent
covered in plastic scars bird shit insect secretions of all kinds of death
and that's what you get the clothespins bought for a dollar a dozen
(wish I had stolen) gritting my teeth on account of a lifetime of
kicks to the balls and pies to the face a textbook example of
persona non grata swamps of mosquitoes bombarding the
mesh of the expensive (ironic) tent like rain without
end already 2 breaches of security hunted down and
bloodily executed my blood secreting from split
insect torso sand and corpses bits of hair for
a bed maintaining in my mind that life is a
pig with lipstick a pig in a state of
purgatory if not heaven a pig
in the morning broil heat
rolling in the mud and
digging its snout in
corn husk slop

(243)

swaying weightless in tepid fluid swaying weightless
in the impartial cradle gently swaying as though some-
one else were responsible- a subtle puppeteer- suspended

in naïve safety suspended in native sky suspended in
blank eternity waiting for something, something ineffable
no concept of birth no concept of light no concept of light-self
no concept of self-lite, no concept at all occupying the space
between moments swaying swaying no notion of waiting
swaying no notion of anticipation gentle movements of womb
ocean, flickers of memories like star shimmers simply a starglow
lightshow nourished by umbilical chords nourished by ancestors
nourished by victories of wars nourished by wheat alive by sword
alive by emptiness swaying swaying as natural as breathing as
natural as being swaying swaying utterly alone

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thoughts of my mom 3000 miles away still tending to me
after all my calamity I picture her awake 4 AM unable to
sleep reading james joyce, thomas wolfe, mark twain, a pile
of books and the glow of her bedside lamp the refrigerator
empty and she's overcome by guilt but by 7 AM there will be
milk and by the time I wake up, already she's exhausted at
her desk while I daydream bleary morning storybook ideas
about how I'll save her how I'll save my sister I hope they
were spared the radioactive visitors according to the news
the nuclear spew is long over- don't ask any questions about
hot particles- iodine-131 is a lamb after 10 half-lives (80
days) how many half lives for a poet the cesium and plutonium
serpents of toxic longevity with us for the duration we
leave the world in blood and pain similar to the way we came.
I think of my mother and I think of milk I think of her destruction
I think of help.

(245)

sitting on driftwood log a gift from mystery sea
watching (or being?) the star machine in 3-D
strangely a mangy dog accompanying me gnawing
fleas while laying in the sand midnight fishermen
swinging their haunted hooks of sardine skulls into
the sepulcher surf they make a wide arc and I expect
a hook to pluck out my eye dead green and bloody
eyeball once astounded by the world now blank manta
ray bait; the fishermen drag in a rubbery manta ray

the size of a NYC manhole cut off its tail with machete
and keep on fishing the manta ray pulses with residual
life lifts its rubber water wings on top of dry sand the
fishermen cut off its wings full of blood and meat the ray
quietly attempts to breathe its stomach slides out its open
body onto the beach (sickly brown and bulbous) the fisher-
men complete the surgery and toss the last living remains
of the ray back to the sea

(246)

Thoughts of sun hot Brooklyn in june the corner
market with arab proprietor one eye always on the
security monitors I wait in line and fill my pockets
with goat cheese and chocolate pay for the avocados
and crackers with food stamps courtesy of a kind
black woman at social services a bleak walk through
shifty-eyed-hoods-on-corners Brooklyn JMZ thunder
like dynamite demolition for the ears bring me that
wrecking ball any day and the pangs of hunger on
Broadway (BK) because there's thoughts of sun hot
Brooklyn in june goodbye blue monday with old musty
dust brittle mildew books hipster prophets illuminated
tea high lidded eyes jittery from waves and shivers of
Brooklyn clairvoyance reporting ineffable miracles: wine
cocaine gandhi bone thin nudes from last night's party

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