

plexiglass

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flapping chinese newspaper. flapping chinese newspaper scattered like bits of cabbage on the sidewalk. a breeze of a taxi- the wind of a taxi- the corner- pages flutter on the sidewalk.

the sidewalk: flammers, foghorns, music, mist. tonight, it's 65 degrees and clear. tonight it's 65 degrees and nothing's true. tonight, the sidewalk is a corpse. tonight, the air is dead. tonight, there is no sign of rain.

already january. it's a winter for the almanacs. it's a winter for the maniacs. it's a winter that all farmers want to forget. but the chinese newspapers flap. the chinese newspapers on the sidewalk tell the story. a story in hieroglyphics, a story in chinese picture words. a story read by thousand-year old ginseng men in an afternoon plaza. a story spread open in pages like a woman's thighs.

three blocks of city thick alleyway smells- rotten chinatown smells, soy sauce gutter smells, rotten cabbage smells, duck feather chicken blood smells. chickens in shop windows on hooks- hooked by claws- chicken claws that look like hooks. chickens scratching for grain- chickens scratching for nests- chickens dead.

11pm and windows glow. i look up from the street: narrow hallway- paint chipped, weird stains, vacant wall. i look up a rust flake fire escape: clothesline-tattered shirts dangle like dried squid.

the story is in chinatown apartments and silhouettes of a figure by a window. red paper lanterns droop over the street. it's almost chinese new years. there's talk of the chinese. the chinese are taking over the world. it's the year of the rabbit. it's almost the year of the dragon. on saturday there'll be a big parade. on saturday all the twinkle-eyed magic men tittering dancing in long dragon costumes- serpent snake costumes. on saturday- a big parade. twinkle-eyed soft skinned gunpowder kids- chicken feather firecracker red confetti kaboom kids-

the chinatown men- invisible- in shadows- small- ghostly- scurrying. the chinese men never look at me- a ghost- a shadow/ ghost. i'm lonely. the chinatown men know about ghosts. they know about dragons. they know about loneliness. the chinatown men scurry away.

she left a note. "i'm sorry to do this to you but i'm trying to work things out with (----). i don't want to do anything to jeopardize this so i can't continue having any sort of relationship with you-"

it was cold. i sweated. redwood rafters/ beams support a thin roof. old growth redwood beams creek above my head. how heavy are they? too heavy for guesses.

skull crushing heavy. how old are they? too old for guesses. wood corpses above my head.

sweated. cursed. paced. stared at dead redwood beams. typed. typed letters. prayed. pleaded. cursed. crumpled letters. recycled ideas. typed letters. conversations exhumed. clues. cursed.

recalled her eyes/ searched for clues in the memory of her eyes- eyes trapped in my mind like green flames of terror. clues when she said nothing- distant eyes of haunts and tempests and knowings- steely cold green eyes- eyes that never mist-assault rifle eyes- bone dry dust bowl eyes.

kept looking at the clock thinking , "got to get some sleep." 3am, 4am, 5am, 6am, the hours roll by like tumbleweeds/ like womb-time.

dawn light through grime- grime years- through dirty skylights (north part of attic) catching eastern light, first morning light. pigeons fling themselves against skylight glass- like every dawn- and their claws scratch against glass- and they slide against glass- i cover my ears- the old attic where i live and rot and plot escape and count pennies and aches of hunger.

those three blocks before columbus street. wet cardboard boxes, wet cabbage, gutter sludge mixed with chinatown garbage. soggy newspapers (drooling soy ink), mystery smells from interiors of chinatown shops- windows of ginseng, placentas, squid. i cut a quick right into an alley, a streetlamp alley- an alley painted thick orange light smears of street bulbs and sidestep into a doorway.

i step over a trickle of piss- a nearly dry creek bed of piss. the trickle- a little vein of piss- a poodle dick size trickle of piss- or maybe one of them blink and you miss 'em phantom chinatown men. although i've never seen any chinatown man piss in doorways or trashcans- just black bums and me- just black bums and me and a bunch of lowlife down and outs staining the street yellow.

i piss in the doorway and my piss makes a puddle- my piss feeds into the main trickle and then a yellow reservoir- i feel a part of nature- i feel a part of something greater- i feel empty and doomed. cut back onto broadway still zipping my fly- a motorcycle crash sometime before- a body like a speed bump on broadway- and people gathered to see- and people snapping pictures- and people passing on- pretty soon ambulance sirens but the body still not moving- a lump in the road- a speed bump of meat- and sparkles of broken mirror on black asphalt catch fractal sparks like streetlight fireflies.

my piss puddle joins the poodle dick trickle puddle and already enough ammonia in this doorway to kill every fish in the pacific. the doorway, the concrete,

the crust concentrate of incalculable crayola yellow dehydrated pisses. pisses of malt liquor and vicodin. pisses of dick sucks and coke snorts- all varieties of pisses- connoisseur pisses- a rare piss of mexican heroin addict with long beard and failing kidneys, etc. not a drop of rain to wash even a drip of piss away.

i look up- an apartment window. i look up at the window in the piss alley- i look above wet cardboard boxes and a door is open. tattered rags tremble in the window- the window open and chinatown alley perfumes spill in and spill out- incestuous smells- soy sauce, squid, cabbage, duck feathers, piss, cardboard, cum, newspaper, ink. who knows what tunnels are being dug? noodles dangle like worms on chopsticks-

wrote letters, crumpled letters, threw letters against the wall, buried my face into the floor, more letters, shouted her a cunt. shouted her a cunt to the dead redwood. i wrote letters. i shouted her a cunt to the dead redwood beams. i shouted her a cunt to the ragged carpet. shouted her a cunt to the silent shape of the attic- the eponymous attic- the triangle attic- the brooding impartial attic- hateful attic.

books along the wall. books stacked in piles. books in milkcrate shelves. stolen books. books from sidewalks. senseless books turning to dust.

me and the attic and nightmares and panics and paces and sweats and cusses and pleadings and cusses. me and the attic and fleeing- nauseas/ blueprints- fleeing panoramas of her- fleeing x-rays of her- broken bones- fragile splinters of her.

cusses- i promise myself, "wait and see."

"are you running a bath?"

"amphibious," i say.

and (-----) glances at the typewriter- love letters soaked in cusses- naked letters like zodiac letters full of hatches and scratches and ink stains/ stained with sweat, wet with cusses-

"i think i should take the gun," he says, "we won't be needing it here."

i shrug/ the gun belongs to him anyway. he takes the shoebox. he takes the cheap 9mm and rounds. he takes the shoebox like valentines chocolates. he takes the shoebox and the 9mm and leaves. "son of a bitch," i think. "bastard," i think.

"bastard," i tell myself. "get outside," i tell myself. "vitamin c," i tell myself. vitamin c, a queer told me, is good for your nut. "porn stars don't cum for a week and only eat vitamin c," the queer told me.

cruel women, lowlives, and queers. a city of lowlives. this city is full of queers. a city of lowlives, queers, and cruel women. a city of women that make pain possible. a city of women that make pain eternal. a city of cruel women that spread their thighs. the cruel women mount the lowlives/ the lowlives mount the women. the beautiful cruel women bring pain like winter. the beautiful cruel women paint murals of hate. war. the queers jack off where they jack off and so do i.

the girl left me the note. the girl dyed her hair green. i didn't know god was capable of such notes. i didn't know god was capable of such colors. i never believed colors meant anything. i never believed god meant anything. i never believed anything meant anything until i met her and now i know i was right.

green hair/ green eyes- cruel eyes- all the cruelty of the world crushed like green glass into those eyes. and when she laughed, it was the same pretty laugh before a car crash. it was the prettiest sound i ever heard. i never believed sound meant anything. but now i know sound means something. sound means everything.

child- a frail child- a feral child- a helpless child- a hungry child. waiting for the subway, on a roof, in between shifts, in the middle of a party. an evaporating child. the way a hula-hoop swings around boney hips/ the way a halo swings around lonely saints

she sped past 99 cent stores (plastic- chemical air- shelves of canned beans- generic detergent- generic cereal- generic bleach- generic plastic baby dolls hunched over- crack addict baby dolls hunched over on lower shelves). across the street- el faralito- "little lighthouse"- san francisco started as a port- san francisco burned to the ground- el faralito taqueria- open until 4 am- sometimes the scene of gang shootings.

the girl in gang shootings. the girl in crosswalks. the girl in concrete/ in sick cough. the girl in telephone wires. the girl in shadows. the girl in needles. the girl in ragged shoes/ shoplifts /nightmares/ rags. i shuddered. the girl in alley trash. the girl in prayer. the girl in arson. i shudder- she walks ahead of me/ embarrassed of me/ ashamed of me/ repulsed by me.

the lights of mission street, all the mexicans with engine soot clothes- all the mexicans with desolate hay-seuss cristo gaze down/ mexicans with sunken eyes-

grim electric wires/ grim cables- tattered shoes dangle from wires and cables by laces/ hurled up/ signify a dead gangster. cigarette butts and burrito wrappers... everything- pigeon feathers in gutter- pigeon shit on mailbox/ pigeon shit on car hood/ pigeon shit on concrete- everything- car exhaust- waft of cheap cigarette smoke; i follow her.

"she loves you," i tell myself. "her love manifests in hate," i tell myself. "her cruelty is love," i tell myself. "she's full of confusions, there's no sense to any of it. be quiet. relax. the beauty of her hate"

mission street toward 23rd street. her left bone-thin arm swung along her left bone-thin rib side. her right arm clutched a sparkle hula-hoop. her arms make the thin hoop look thick. tattoos on her tender tendon wrist, three stars in three colors. can't see the scars. i still haven't asked her where the scars are.

broadway st, san francisco. the part up by the tunnel. up because of the hill. down because of the hill. the three blocks where it's neither chinatown nor north beach. i'm rolling downhill. shit flows downhill.

broadway st, san francisco and thinking clearly again- the only place in the world where i can think clearly. the only place in the world where my mind pistons hum and fire. every other place is all jalopy mud. it's almost always mud, now.

cold cocked by hunger. delicious grease smell of sam's- weird painted plywood sign, "sam's best burger since 1966"- sam's burger joint and pizza joint all rolled into one. sam's- next to a dark shop with sign that says, "comfort shoes." never seen sam sell a slice of pizza but the hamburger smoke comes out in endless clouds. the hamburger smoke comes out and smells perfect. the hamburger smoke comes out and inflicts pain.

cows sizzle and the chinatown cooks have their basement kitchen/ mu-shu porks, the new sun hong kong restaurant bright in the late night- all sorts digging into noodles with no knowledge of basements- a wooden shelf bolted high on the wall/ a golden buddha, an electric candle, bamboo jade plants (to attract money)- incense burned down to the frayed red stick- ash in little piles- ghastly hipsters pale dark circles where there could be eyes- they attack scoops of white rice with dull forks.

deep night scavengers collect bits of wood and grunt and hurl junk into the back of a scavenging truck- a jalopy of a truck pockmarked with deep metal scars- jalopy frame scraping the road (suspension destroyed) mountains of bottles, televisions (dating to 70's/ prime time situation comedies), antennas, showrooms of couches and mattresses all abandoned on stomach drop san francisco streets- scavengers of trash- scavengers of decay- scavengers of bits of bodies- scavengers of oblivion. shrill (clang piercing clank) shatter(!) of empty bottles- bottles collide and tumble glass bodies or glass demolitions crashing- the truck bed ghetto rigged with

plywood and rope- graffiti on the plywood- a big graffiti spray paint gangster rat with bulging cartoon eyes and razor sharp pointed cartoon teeth...

the tunnel- fluorescent fallopian- headlights swimming through the tunnel the belly uterus innards russian hill or one of the hills (years in san francisco and still can't name the hills). and i'm a suicide sperm splaying into the fluorescent fallopian and flapping tired tail torpedo for warmth of womb. two guys walk together through the tunnel/ fear smeared face/ passing cars- two queers either looking for a ride or scared- no reason to fear- so many queers everywhere. a finger up the ass and who cares?

it's early- only midnight but things winding down- businessmen back to their hotels for quiet serene jack-offs- the regular tired working stiff/ a slice of pizza and disappear to shrouds of apartments. maybe somewhere a prophet lugging an abandoned couch up steep north beach hills- a messiah hipster (no cross unless ironic)- places the couch down for a comfortable lookout to the industrial black ink of bay, all ink black but the twinkle of lights on the iron bridge- the monolith wpa bridge- the monster bridge of iron and toil.

and across the icy bay- past the horrors of alcatraz- through bellows of fog and creaks- ghosts- sleepy berkeley of trees and oak streets and houses and college girls on telegraph- also, beautiful runaways- punk rock anarchist runaways- not the haight ashbury golden gate park hippie runaway- not the runaway with dog on rope leash (screams at dog, "what did i tell i tell you?! huh? i told you to shut the fuck up!!!")- not the entrepreneurial runaway selling yarn bracelets- the golden gate runaways sucker punch a face and fuck their girls- everything smells of hair and suffering.

eucalyptus- ocean- ink/ paper- a warm bookstore. still open and there's a kid with big wild hair- a literary kid- a beatnik kid and we all know about the great floors and walls of this bookstore- not necessary to describe the worn wood door and creaks, the legacy of howling poets-

sit in the bookstore attic and rest. i used to sit in the bookstore attic and read- at least try to- but mostly just scan pages for security tags- i thank them now (in those days- too angry, ignorant/ to know any better/ shame)- i owe them.

outside the bookstore attic window- a chinatown apartment fire escape with shirts and worker pants/ small sizes/ boney sizes/ thick tough material- threadbare towels draped over rusty balcony- pink sweaters and brown pants and socks and even underwear and nobody cares anymore and maybe never did.

drunks in the alley- drunks stumbling out of mephisto's crying- drunks stumbling/ senseless drunk howling- can't hear exactly what- just nonsense carpet bomb of "that's what i said!!! there..." "it was... by the time he even..." not worth repeating-

though impossible to repeat- repetitions mitigated by sieve mind- mind thinned

by pills- stringy, sinewy- like i said, the dark horizon looms- closer now- nightmares- but let's not worry about nightmares or ink bay alcatraz horrors- not yet/ for now-

sounds of accordion, angel accordion arrangements- a girl in striped stockings- just like the striped stockings of the girl- (the girl who left me the note- the girl with green hair-) accordion music and pretty girl voice sanctify the hollows of the night echoes of alleyway/ and she's stomping a clomp foot in perfect beat- i even hear her heartbeat or song of her soul through the sole of her shoe- shoe clomping concrete- shoe clomping clomps with cherub wings all the way up to attic-

another van gogh night in north beach- before midnight- the bookstore still open and all the sorrows/ joys/ madness all mixed together and somehow cancel each other out- the womb of one whole/ complete nightness- the all true together nightness- the nightness before sunlight madness again.

past the garden of eden- sad grainy footage on super 8 film from twelve years ago will go without mention- and there's a mexican stripper and a black stripper and an asian stripper, "hey white boy-" i've reached such sorrows of age and defeat and despair and understanding so complete that these girls are the greatest joy of my life- just the words, just the sound...

the strippers each carry small sparkly plastic boxes- like boxes instead of purses and girls will always be girls forever. "are those your lunchboxes?" "lunchboxes? nooooooo." "what are they?" the girls don't answer but look past me onto the street- look past me to torture me- look past me to see whatever they hope to see. and they won't tell me and i wish that i was in that great place of what they were hoping to see- i wish i was anywhere in their hopes of perfection-

stripper fingertips with hook acrylic nails claw onto their sparkly plastic boxes and they look past everything and they look into perfection. "i guess mine would be blue," i say. "your what?" "my lunchbox." "it's not a lunchbox."

suddenly my shoulder jerks to the side and a great hulk of a black hand grabs me- and drags me into the club- but no garden of eden for me- oh god i could never afford it- the big smile of the club wrangler- porcelain teeth against ink black face- slick cheap suit big guy paid to drag in suckers- pulling me into the club- sinister- but of course that's his job never mind me at all.

"i'm sorry," i say, "but i'm talking with these ladies and as handsome as you are-" (actually enough of a corny stupid ordinary easy going joke to disarm the situation/ he laughed and let me go to my own horrors and darkness- penniless- a lost cause- he lit a cigarette and eyes scour the sidewalk looking for other suckers- suckers with dollars- just smoking his cigarette and tolerant of my pathetic loitering- not even hung up that i won't make anyone a cent.

but these girls are bored right away- bored so fast- lightening fast- and they're looking past me- through me- past me even farther now- into some deep space too perfect- too far beyond imagination- too far beyond limits- these girls with god eyes- stripper hooker eyeliner eyes- eyes- and i want to be warm in their womb and food in their stomach. they look past me. ah life.

i open a newspaper kiosk- a rusty dispenser bin on the sidewalk- where did this metal come from? corroded chickenpox bin dredged up from the mud slime bottom of the bay- sharp metal bits of rust splintering off- splinter off like needles- i'm scared about cutting my finger- an open cut on my finger- which ruins everything- my head spins over what kind of horrible case of aids i'll get.

a horrible case of aids from a door handle- just my luck- or a dollar bill- i have that kind of improbable struck by lightening kind of fucked up luck- it's a terrible anxious way to live- but we all live somehow and then to the next day and maybe there really is no difference- but we get older. the foggy plastic window on the dispenser is foggy like enamel the color of thick yellow cum- there's a used burger wrapper on top of the pile of papers- i slide my hand beneath the top copy and reach underneath and grab two sterile copies- no evidence of defilement.

the sf advertiser is nothing but ads- mostly weed ads- marijuana dispensaries- marijuana doctors- marijuana porn all over- a picture of a slut nurse- a real porn star slut of a nurse with nerdy smart glasses and a stethoscope and who could resist? ads with giant magnificent pictures of the drooling buds- honey drop buds- hippie kids call them trees- amsterdam bud- wheelchair weed- bubonic chronic, etc.

i roll two sterile copies together (fly swatter style) and put them in my back pocket- they fit nicely, it makes sense somehow- and my pants are big and loose and i've worn them for years- good strong pants- dickies pants- an ugly maroon color- an ugly color that suits me just fine- and tonight i'm wearing my batman t-shirt which i stole from the salvation army, and also a blue hoodie that i stole from the same salvation army on the same visit-

across columbus street and no time to stop in the great bookstore tonight/ i see the beautiful windows of the store/ as a good kid know that i should be in the attic reading- oh mountains of failures- but i'll be back (maybe) and maybe the bookstore attic will still be there- and i'll feel clean- i'll feel summer/ i'll smell hints of ocean and eucalyptus/ smell the wood floor and the pages once noble wood, too-

a sprint across the street/ darting to dodge taxis/ they always fly around that bend and across the street and there's that restaurant (on the corner/ a tourist trap) and the waiters serve glasses of house red/ scowl like rats- and every night they play breakfast at tiffany's or the wild one on a tv suspended from the ceiling- flickering television centerpiece-

walk quickly past little darlings- awhile back i got conned near there and bought a broken vcr like a sucker- and there's the hungry-i where brandi wine traded in her peep show pennies for some kind of greater fortune on the stripclub big stage circuit. (lady purrr confided to me that the girls there let you diddle them for 20 bucks-and i shook my head in dismay, such a shame, but (secretly) wanted to diddle a young one myself).

nevertheless, i wonder what became of brandi wine- a great comedic mind like woody allen- an obsessive lover of bacon, "the candy of meat- goes with anything," she said. "you're a perfect fit for a girl in need of a tourniquet," she said. and she was, and i was, and she was pale skin and anemic, bloodlust for cruelty, a black heart of wax.

and then the inevitable right turn onto kearny. the book and video porn shop across the street empty- vacant- bare walls and has the look of a crime scene- instead of saying "xxx" on the marquee it simply says, "retail space for rent," and life is full of contingencies. and above that sign is another sign that says, "heaven"- an open door at street level shows a flight of stairs- heavenly star heaven stairs- but heaven only knows i've never seen anyone go in there- we all know there is no such thing-

i take the heart-stopping right onto kearny street and dance music thumps from a club at the corner- a club that in 1978 went by the name of, "off broadway club"- next to that "totally nude girls on stage" "exotic lady wrestlers"- and "tunnel of love" now the "garden of eden"- women against violence in pornography and media filled the street in protest-

ah who cares, because a group of mexican girls thunder out side doors chirping nonsense and drunk in tight jeans around thunder fat thighs and all made up horribly whorish smearing wet oil paint on their face- more whorish than any stripper i've ever seen-

a group of guys slap wrists after them and i keep my eyes down and hold my breath- a toxic cloud (too much cheap perfume and cologne to leave any room for oxygen)- and just walk steady with naked flesh in mind- telling myself, "i just got off my shift- what a life an electrician plumber or trucker or maybe sweating in a furnace-slinging pizzas in a joint full of flyers on the wall and staples with bits of flyer cadaver still attached, ancient flyers with a call to action to occupy- flies flying in formation over crusts left behind."

i'm scared these guys want to bust my face- but nobody notices me- i'm just a lowlife down n' out shadow ghost and i guess i still think of myself with some kind of dignity har har- still think of myself kindergarten har har- kindergarten only inches away, kindergarten just close enough to almost touch how far, kindergarten bright days- the color of flowers promised by the world, the smell of the earth promised by the world, the smile of my mother promised by the world- more flowers promised by the world.

ah, but instead i'm invisible on stripclub streets and my mom can't even bring herself to call and me neither- enough silence and the failure isn't complete- the flowers still possible. and i secretly hope, my delusions nearly audible, there's time for great possibilities- there's time for flowers- yes, there's time for flowers.

and so what about flowers or sorrows- blue pills solve that- but i save them for later- running low and anxieties about it anyhow- anxieties that i may not be able to get it up (if too high)- pathetic limp dick and my five dollars already spent. in fact, in the early days, took a viagra just to insure that i'd get a good and solid hard on- a viagra hard on for the peepshow- and still barely got it up- too terrified- but i did and blew my nut onto the plexiglass peepshow window and thanked the girl with a smile and left in despair.

no pills in my brain, i've got a good night ahead of me- jacking off- naked girls- a dark booth- a pool of nut on top of half dried sticky nut from the last customer- a stroll through chinatown cabbage streets and then home to swallow blue pill and the warm blue pill rush solves everything save me- i go unconscious and flower petals in the summer.

and past the corner club and those thunder thigh mexican girls and here is the video store with a weird palm beach scene fresco painted on the exterior cement fog horn wall on stag streets- a cartoon r crumb style blond with big round tits in a red bikini- and the place jittering with jittery fluorescent lights- shelves of porn rags magazines videos dildos but i've never gone inside- no interest- i'd get pricked with a dirty needle- some guy shows me his prick cum on his hand and then wipe it on my face- i don't know- it's probably a nice place.

called the hotline. 415-391-xxxx. i wanted to know if she was scheduled to dance. i listened for "cricket." her stripper name is cricket. named herself after jiminy cricket. she liked the way it sounds, cricket. also, "makes perfect sense," she says. she has green hair- she has a rose-cheeked pinocchio tattoo on her belly.

it doesn't make much difference what the hotline says. it's always wrong, anyways. the girls dance. the girls don't dance. the girls change shift. the girls quit. the girls forget it. the girls get high. the girls. the hotline is always wrong. it doesn't make much difference what the hotline says. who cares?

a sarcastic guy, a black coffee and cigarettes guy that knows every model of pontiac from '46 to '83- a guy somewhere between 46 and 83- he leans back on a cheap swivel chair- tilts back like he's got it all under control- he glances up at the four monitors mounted on the wall- fuzzy black and white surveillance of the hallways- characters moving in and out of frame like in true crime show surveillance- shifty- abrupt direction shift- hands in pockets-

the famous "lovely lady." the lovely lady theater. a peepshow. the renowned lovely lady. the one and only ll. there's a vending machine in there. there's strippers in there. there's a guy between 46 and 83 in there. there's salvation in there. there's puddles of cum in there. there's tissue boxes in there. there's a piss soaked

bathroom (door doesn't close) in there. there's fags with hard ons in there. there's me in there. the floor is covered in filth tattered carpet and there's a vending machine i stare.

i stare into the vending machine- just stare into the vending machine- the plastic glass- and then into the plastic wrappers of rubbers and snickers- nervous- waiting for booth 11 to open- waiting for the dancers to cycle out- they cycle out every fifteen minutes to go on break- and the girl somewhere inside the mystery of the theater- naked among phantoms- or she's in the middle (booths 4 through 10)-

but i can't nut standing up- only ever get my nut off sitting down- must be some kind of psychological hang up- booth 3 is a handicap booth- a dirty black paint plywood bench to sit on, smells like fart and cum- the window is bigger and lower, enough room for a wheelchair in there- a hunched down perspective- like watching clouds- watching statues, watching paintings- paintings behind glass- like being three foot tall again- like being at the bottom of a stiletto heel- like being a pile of shit.

strippers pole in the middle- booth 11 on the other side- booth 11 also handicap accessible- waiting for the booth to open, some mexican has locked the door- happens often- sometimes stared into the vending machine for 50 minutes- staring at rubbers and waiting- waiting for someone to get their nut off and leave- staring at little tubes of lube and bags of peanuts and waiting- staring at packets of (hard on) pills and waiting- or maybe not staring but just glaze eyed- waiting- grease glaze eyed lizard drool.

or glaze eyed staring at the covers of videos- videos in scratched plastic display case- next to a couple of video booths with blue doors- video booths open 24 hours- stage opens 9am everyday/ closes 3am, but the videos always on- always blue tv flicker- overflow sounds of fucking- staring at the plastic display case- covers of videos, "pit- pornstars in training" (lean topless brunette in college dorm)-

"teenage cock worshippers" "banging the babysitter 6"- gorgeous girls on the covers- high i.q. girls on the covers- bright illuminated eyes on the covers- in underwear on the covers- girls mouth fucked on the covers- trying to memorize their names so i can find them someday, fall in love someday-maybe i'll see them someday- at a gas station and my dick will get hard because i know their name- my dick will get hard because i know their heart- i know their name so i know their heart- 'as a man think in his heart so is he'- they are everywhere in true love- what do they dream about in afternoon reveries with a kitten purring- how they love their kittens- they all have kittens.

all these genius girls and nobody believes me, but i know- and finally the flowers are in bloom again- the dingy hallway dark drab like foggy dream elusive corridor. not even any queers cruising tonight- no man with 5 o'clock stubble and droop face big belly whispering with corpse breath, "blowjob?" just, "blowjob." not specified. just, "blowjob."

giving or receiving it doesn't matter- no difference-blowjob- and now that i'm a man maybe they expect me to return the favor? swap favors like sharing swamps. swap sides- swamp alley eyes- weird knife in pocket eyes- hairy cock suck drool eyes- and so i ignore them and move to the other side of the hallway- i move to the other end of the alleyway- i don't care about them- let them cry- let them die inside- let them die everywhere- inside.

more videos, "daddy's little girl likes black dick," "bi-sexual she-males 3." videos of black men in blond wigs with enormous anacondas for cocks choking some white guy- "dorm room buddies." asian women with giant erections and down by my feet sits a wastebasket like a bucket of milk- a bucket of sopping cum tissues- a bucket smells like gallons of jism. it's moist above the wastebasket almost jungle humidity- almost break sweat humidity- jism humidity- semen humidity- a billion sperm genocide wet white tissue humidity.

the queer comes from the other side- they never give up- they never die inside- they breathe down my neck and breath on my hair- they breathe with heavy toilet breath- haunted sickly no one in the world/ dripping faucet in mexico nightmares of regret breath- and i know it's me.

so staring at "teenage cock worshipper" video cover and who is this blond on the cover she must only be eighteen and already so skinny and what i wouldn't do to get high with her- who gets to get high with her? i consider placing a personal ad in the sf advertiser- next to "thank you st. jude and sacred heart of jesus for prayers answered.. cm"- i'll write, "nice man seeks bone thin anemic 18 year old to get high with- pills a plus- downers preferred." where are all these angels? except fucking on videotapes or fucking on videotape covers and i want to smell the girl's green apple hair again and disappear in her-

the booths: booths 1 and 2- sideview booths- awkward angle booths- the girls in profile booths- the odd man in the corner booths- booths that don't require rapt attention- so much attention required- rapt attention required in booths 3 through 11- normal attention required in booth 12- rapt attention required by these girls- they are fragile girls- delicate girls- orchid girls- blooming black flowers girls- starving girls.

bricks of pain fall from my chest- pulverized to dust in my stomach- and there's no end to the bricks- a million romes and mexico cities could be built with half so many bricks. there's no hope for life except inside blue pills and dark booths- ragged tatters from where life began- angel girls of cruelty- angel girls of tenderness- angel girls of soulful purity- angel girls of black wax and violent hearts- angel girls of shudders and tears- angel girls of white light and madness- angel girls what can i offer except my pathetic heart- angel girls where can you be- angel girls naked with cherished memories- angel girls sprinkler lawn july at noon- angel girl sprinkler

arching up in shimmering funnel- angel girls water sprinkler fireworks- angel girls fireworks crawl low to the ground- angel girls naked the great arc- angel girls naked thrust into the world dripping- angel girls of blood and swans- angel girls of shit and still naked and why does time time time- angel girls of flowers- i stop and say a prayer.

i wonder where the girl is- her green hair- i wonder where the kindergarten girls are- i smell the playground/ i was there, a dinosaur, too. but the smell of her hair- enough to redeem the deaf and lost- enough to redeem the agony of mind- i inhale i inhale i inhale inhaleinhaleinhale and disappear an eternity in the smell of her hair and i inhaleinhaleinhale and she takes it away and i squander myself for the nonsense of time- she crosses her arms- she scolds me for my worship of her- a warship- a saint- knows everything- knows what she says in ways that stars hover- knows blank spaces- or blank spaces- immaculate- no reason to even think about it and i'm already lost-

"fuck me," she whimpers, "please fuck me-" could it be? a child begs and pleads- a child cry truly supplicating whimper cry on her back with legs in glide expanse wide open like wings-i devour her with my tongue and fingers and face and surrenders- and she begs me to fuck her with child cries- with elementary school girl cries- i'm terrified but she is 23- such pure innocence- such cries like persephone cries- cries from her elegant frail face- 23 year old tender child cries- a woman with scars on her wrists- a woman with pinocchio on her skin- and the cry beggings- the cry pleadings- the cry heart wrenching trembling- the cry no explanation- flower.

when the flowers promised cries and moans of pure music- like the cries- the almost true agony sad cries- almost really crying the girl, with green hair- every thrust a little girl cry- the girl 23 and fucking with the purest sound- fucking as one in the wholeness of world- fucking in the perfection of time- fucking like white light- fucking in innocence- fucking in wolves teeth- fucking in the space between thought-

the girl, 23 years old- scars somewhere on her wrists- at age 16 cut her wrists in the highschool bathroom - blood on the tiles and rescued and expelled from school- forbidden to suicide- expelled from school for attempting to sleep forever- expelled from school for angel impulse- expelled from school for passion- the world squirms with monsters and devours saviors- they're expelled from school- a frail beautiful girl- an origami girl- "i'm only 90 pounds," she said- compact lean childlike heartbeats-

some black bum is crawling on his belly into stagi's liquors- dragging his belly like a round mop over the floor- a floor dirtier than any truck stop- a black green beret bum worming inch by inch into the liquor store, dragging himself forward by the elbows, inching in inch by inch hoping the pakistani behind the counter won't notice-

the entire counter enclosed behind a tall panel of thick plexiglass- bullet proof plexiglass- the pakistani with his arms folded- grim faced like a prisoner- plexiglass instead of bars- a pakistani prisoner with arms crossed in front of shelves of rotgut- and the black green beret bum inching towards a stack of red wine- a display of 2 buck chuck- horrible stuff- and a comical thing to watch- a whole crowd of bums and curious onlookers chuckling proscenium style from the outside and placing bets.

stagi liquors- "domestic & imported wines"- *stagi's liquors super discounts*- [large selection of imported & domestic **beer+ wine**]- 7up logo in white surrounded by red and 70's two tone of green at top of plastic sign- next to the eula hotel 3061- eula hotel cable tv's- eula hotel flophouse- what happened to the black green beret bum-

stagi's liquors not far from the roxie cinema- 16th street at valencia near the money mart payday loans checks cashed- the great roxie movie theater- big white neon spells, "roxie," white neon framed with art deco red neon accents. the same neon sign shining roxie for seventy years- a place for porn in '67- a beautiful place for porn- popcorn popping on rain chill fog nights for porn-

no longer porn but now strange flicks instead- empty theater flicks- arthouse flicks- snuck in there countless times- in fact, in the early days, took the girl to a dull documentary - a painfully dull documentary about a wonderful tragic girl who threw herself off a building age 22- a tragic and beautiful girl- a photographer girl- i have a book of her portraits- many tender self portraits (nudes startling nudes)

stagi's liquors- a dick tip away from 16th street and mission where my bike seat got stolen and i walked around 45 minutes commiserating with bums- introducing myself to bums- around the block with every bum, "anyone have a bike seat for sale?"

"come on man, get real- what happened? someone steal your bike seat?"

"yeah."

"well, someone probably stole their bike seat and they needed one and so they took yours."

and this perfect logical rational sense and how could i argue? of course we're incestuous criminals stealing forever- stealing from criminals- identical criminal logics and reasoning- replica criminals- reciprocal criminals- echo criminals- criminals stealing from ourselves forever.

"i'd like to buy a bicycle seat- do you know where i can buy one?"

and, "oh, no, that kind of thing is usually hot and i wouldn't touch a thing like that-" (has cardboard on sidewalk covered in lionel richie records, telephones, vacuum cleaner, jeans (folded neatly like a macy's display), skateboard for 8 dollars)

"yeah, i think i saw (so and so) had one- but i haven't seen (so and so) in a while- maybe he's back in 45 minutes-"

"no, someone stole your seat- it's probably already for sale at civic center by now-"

"huh, hell hacha hacah-"

and crack deals but still offering sincere encouraging advice, "keep on looking, maybe you'll find one-"

"ah, no matter," i tell myself/ no matter and always hungry but still alive- i think- my stomach hurts- i tell myself, "ah no matter,"

16th street and mission- a bart stop- a plaza on the sw corner- a plaza where all the pigeons roost at night- mangy street filth pigeons quietly meditating waiting until dawn pigeons- bloated diabetic pigeons- not even interested in a french fry or tortilla chip-perched above the door of a big hated bank- all seasons not just spring- the pigeons pluck each other and fuck- confused pigeons- nymphomaniac drug addict pigeons- bank full of bullet proof glass and security- a heavy iron gate dropped down at closing time 6pm and already new posters pasted on there say, "occupy downtown january 20th."

16th street and mission- near stagi's liquors super discounts- a plaza of pigeons, crack, stolen goods, hustlers- a distraught pale man (in suit/ tie) hands me a jesus pamphlet- nearby a serious mexican man with megaphone spreads the supreme word- in english with thick mexican accent- also en espanol- but people race by or buy drugs- not concerned about jesus or salvation- not concerned about hay-seuss-cristo- maybe thinking jesus wasn't the only son of god- not the only wholesale savior- but maybe the bus driver is jesus- maybe the guy with crayon drawings clothespinned to the chainlink fence is jesus- and the man with megaphone doesn't bother to utter that-

16th street and mission- sidewalk covered in cardboards- used cardboards covered in high-healed shoes sold by shifty black man along with telephone books- he's jittery bouncing hopping and where did he steal this shit? then a tall brother leans against the public bathroom- costs a quarter to get in "fuck that"- and he leans in close and whips out his big dick and piss dribbles down the outside wall of the bathroom and crisscrosses over the sidewalk into the street gutter. doesn't bother to

see that there's a silver button that says, "free access."

16th street and mission- bums in wheelchairs, the same bums everyday with the same routine and shuffling from one end of the plaza to the next, making laps, making rounds- collecting nickels- and people rushing an all out blitz from the darks of the subway tunnel- con artists alert at the top of the stairs- ready to execute their hustles on the fly- in the meantime, to the side, mexicans and dykes and sallow eyed white girls and skinny guys with beaten down face wait for the 22 bus-

'my car ran outta gas- only got a buck eighty five- can you help me, my man-

i hand over two quarters from the dust bottom of my pocket/ i don't know why- he scoffs at my fifty cents but takes it. eight seconds later- twenty feet behind me- he's rapping to a new sucker, "i only got a dollar eighty five, can you-

"nah, man- you got two dollar thirty five," (under my breath). dang. i'm hungry.

16th street and mission- black crackhead woman rummaging through a nice backpack in a dark doorway- creatures everywhere hiding dashing running dodging juking mission- darting in between the 14 bus sidestep a taxi- a red swan nissan runs the light- walgreens pillaged on the opposite corner- everyone's pockets full-insane pious mexican drivers with rosaries dangling from rearview mirror/ tinted windows/ gold hubcaps- terrible insane chinese drivers that stop for no one-

16th street and mission- meth head white dudes with sunglasses- already been dark for hours- and coming up behind you step back brother or the mexican selling blinking light toys- blinking light glowing bunny ears- almost bought a pair but then realized that i had no money- blinking light magic wands- blinking light yoyo's- and the pigeons maybe they know everything- the calm great quiet pigeon minds watching us and knowing all- the quiet truth of animals- and everybody high everywhere in every direction.

"ah, no matter," i tell myself.

16th street and mission by the victoria theater where a 1930's kiosk still stands inhabited by ghosts - and of course the ghost of john dillinger- but nevermind the lincoln theater- i'm in san francisco full of madness and occasional joy and the sidewalk here always reeking of human decay- humans like rotten cabbage/ but dead horse worse-

the victoria theater- dark, like most nights- but rotting bums with their shopping carts and shopping bags and hanging up torn sweater on hangers and fishing line and making a blanket of cardboard and unrolling a grime soaked sleeping bag- all kinds of wood scraps and milk crates for furniture- dead flesh smells- fester flesh smells- smell the decay from ½ a block away- nuzzled in cardboard- makeshift cardboard shelters like woodpulp caves- sometimes just feet (no shoes) dangling out of a long box like a coffin or some weird joke- a magic trick box- great humorous bums-

i may not have a full belly/ oh but i've got an attic- and i wish all the bums did, too- an attic of fog misty breath cold but bigger than any cardboard box and no one stealing my sneakers while i'm asleep and quiet at 3 am except for my screaming mind.

the black green beret bum crawls into stagi's- going to make off with a bottle of two buck chuck- sterno wine- huffing scotch guard wine- bets still being placed- and he's crawling on the street shit liquor store floor- the audience- the chuckling crackheads outside twitching- some cracked out to oblivion- not even noticing- just twitching- twitching with electric shocks- crack cocaine electric shocks-

and what can i say except that i'm high, too- wired on three cups of coffee- high octane caffeine buzz tempered by 10mgs of valium- nothing heavy, just something to make it through the next 2 hours- my ragged shoes not even on my feet- i don't bother to tie them anymore- no time- just step in and crush the heel down like slippers- beat worn out shoes- and water soaks my socks when i step in a puddle (even when shoes tied up tight) and rainy days i always bring an extra pair of socks-

the lovely lady, red velvet light, moans- heavenly womb light, red orchid light, closed eyes and face to sun blood pulsing in brain light- strawberry syrup delicious light- blood blister light- dancing red neon red dripping all over bums and windshield light.

shy smile and wave when on stage, i sit on sf advertiser booth 3- the girl's skin a canvas so all the red light neutralized a holy pink/ she waves at me- shy- a smile/ the world weeps/ an end to all wars forever- consumption face/ a frail child- she is a frail child never was a more beautiful woman- a poisoned child- an arsenic child all bones and nubs of breasts just nipples- a face/ a discreet ghostly saint or seraph in dark oil paintings in stained glass cathedrals.

twelve years old- already tugging off to thoughts of neighbor girls/ imagined girls- before she could even speak- i saw a picture of her- age seven or eight- maybe nine- hard to say/ always an ageless being and always frail- thinner than any skeleton bones should allow- giant crossed eyes lost behind fortress glasses- thick glasses- bullet proof glass- went cross-eyed when i tried them on- giant all seeing eyes- a faded photograph- her brother bouncing behind her also in love with her watching her with big reverent eyes-

her jeans pulled up high over her waist and knobby knees knocked together- a squinty eye smile- only probably first beginning to comprehend the cruelties of life- her dad behind her a strong handsome dad like joe montana- her mother full of fury and curves- and young like a heart breaking cocktail waitress you see drunk some night and think to yourself, "oh lord, you haven't entirely forsaken us."

and when i saw that picture i cried and knew that i could never be mad at her or ever blame her for a thing- "it's only a pinocchio life," i think. i resigned myself to her cruelties with gratitude. and now she doesn't talk to me and maybe never will- and everything about me is wrong- but she doesn't understand that i am her- the same kid in a faded photograph-

she won't look at me- and i still haven't seen the scar- oh the wrist scars and i never had the courage like her- but only inward cowardly thoughts about it in pathetic glooms- only vague notions of blank void free non existence- some kind of pure release from pain but not quite yet- too many excuses still why i shouldn't- things to get in order- must get rid of everything before even such contemplations can seriously begin- but the age is showing in my face- running out of time- time time time-

i'm her- i'm another photograph- a photograph on a plastic coffee mug- a souvenir from an amusement park- my brother just like her with bottle thick glasses and knob knocked knees- my sister fat and scared beneath the arm of my dad who looks glass eyed crooked past the camera- my dad with his big vodka belly bulging out like pregnancy-

and i'm wearing shorts and crazy t shirt far too big for me almost to my knees- and not too much later after that my dad died and i'm almost that age now- and my sister with her feeble attempts at suicide- although not with cleavers to the wrist- my brother- and my mom- well, who cares about any of this- except that the girl looks at me and sees none of this- she doesn't think it possible- she doesn't know we live together in the faded picture- but i can never get mad again-

booth 2- i feed a dollar and the shade rattles up- moment of anticipation like unwrapping a delicious chocolate bar- but it's a mistake- there's that tragic black woman again- a naked welfare case- a lean and street tough no nonsense pistol of a black woman. she leans into the plexiglass and says to me, "you've been here before." i nod yes- it's meant as a compliment, or some kind of irony- and i try to look at her with desire- i rub my dick through my pants and nothing- novocain numb-

i'm in a rotten mood- actually rare that i get in such moods- but a truly hateful mood- strange inner rages and my cusses to the attic walls- not like the generally very collected me and i start to fear, "and he was always quiet and well behaved-" oh the inner rages begin to take over and the years pass and the hopes that once fenced in the rages fall like old brick walls...

starting to panic- something splinters- something fractures comes apart- crumbles- not even the glue of blue pill can piece it together anymore. i came to see a tall elegant girl, a girl interested in orchids- an elegant lean beauty that belongs on

coco chanel catwalks- gorgeous faye dunaway gap tooth smile- belongs in great flapper dress dazzling times square 1925- and she is across the stage- booth 11 and the dripping thick smell of antiseptic and cum fill the booth like a gas chamber-

and the street tough black sassy sista' looks at me with pure kindness true kindness- too beaten up/ black/ black and blue/swollen face/ over the hill for any job even this job but probably been naked on that stage her whole life- boxer bleeding knuckles hard years- twenty years of aging for every five- she lugs her lumpy vagina up against the glass and i'm praying the shade will close- the shade stays open for eternities- and i'm sweating because she kicked up her leg- flipped up one of the secret switches- a tiny switch on the inside of the wall- a switch they flip with high heel while rocking on tailbone feet thrust into the air for full frontal anatomical view- they flip the switch sometimes- something for their own peculiar humors-

but finally/ eventually/ the shade drops slowly/ like slow motion drooping eyelids and i sigh with relief and follow the shade down as if i can't get enough- as if i want to squeeze ever last penny and second of ecstasy- like something i saw in a 1960's movie- the charade that says, "i'm flipping my top and can't get enough and man am i turned on by this fox!" like she's the most beautiful woman in the world and suddenly i realize that she is- possibly the most beautiful woman forever- maybe holy and if only i knew better- the soft source of all honey and milk- i rub my dick some more and it doesn't get hard i remind myself why i'm here- i know why i'm here- and i'm itching for that tall elegant milk skinned beauty....

she doesn't know my name- she hasn't cut me out- she hasn't ratted me out yet- maybe she won't- she doesn't hate me/ yet- at least not completely- she hasn't engineered any hatreds beyond the dark booth and dollars i feed the mouth of the machine- the brain of the eye that lifts up with a mechanical prayer- she doesn't see my frauds and my misery- she doesn't care about my failures- in the dark of the booth she can see all these things but grants them no power- it is still- it is quiet- all she sees is the shaft of light that falls on my face- the same light that illuminates her perfect body- the light falls on my glassy face and i supplicate- can she see a face?

the most wonderful place in the world/ that dirty cum booth- i'm safe/ take out my cock and nobody blames me for it- just the unzip of pants and the slow and steady stroke of shaft and she bends over and the holy flower folds of flesh- the holy rose of my dreams- and i'm in kindergarten again and the flowers are real- the flowers are amazing- the flowers bloom and there's kindness.

ambrosia- the red light of ambrosia- not the rapture nectar ambrosia- ambrosia
the name of a cave on valencia street- black coat of paint on the outside like a cloak-
a stage- a cave for bleak vampire hipsters-

san francisco- all ghosts- and finally big bass well hung jim has brought all the
children together- all the necessary alchemy- all the bleak disciples- dark angels in
their own right- jim the great shaman- the cave with flickering dim lights sparking
coughs of electricity- metal fixtures hand welded like long ivy leaves- other
chandeliers draped with costume pearls- a soft booth in the back with low table and
candle flames- heavy eyed sallow chicks with their serious dudes- almost can't see
any faces beneath the beards- a room full of replicas- droopy eyed replicas- heavy
lidded opium eyes with no hint of buddha- and the dark stage like an altar- a singer
wept one sunday night- a billy holiday apron wearing girl from north carolina (nurse
by day) who sings because the lord forsakes us- she wails/ she redeems/ she
ecstatic sorrows.

shadow faces- sweat wet air- damp blanket of air- musty- stale beer piss smell-
sticky floor- odd drinks sold- weird eastern block drinks- stern endless winter
drinks- potato and pigeon stew drinks like overberg- some kind of medicine from
slovakia or- a tiny shot of medicine- a weird east block remedy and dripping with
anise- three bucks a shot- comes in a tiny bottle that might choke someone- says on
bottle, "overberg is a herb bitters taken for digestion. it is not a beverage"- chars the
throat and tastes like death.

the smell of ambrosia- the dank smell of ambrosia the same smell as the lovely
lady- minus the scent of cum- but every other fragrance- every other aroma- the
primal smell of bodies packed in musty cave no ventilation- the feeble smell of the
same antiseptic... the dank of old ess efff san francisco embedded in the pain walls-
smell of rotten breath/ b.o./ pheromones musk armpits/ girls on rag/ dreadlock
hair/ hippie perfumes of natural flower oils-

but nevermind because on stage stands a messiah and clown- none- both- not
quite sure- no difference anyhow- a japanese man all cheekbones- cheekbones
pointed like elbows- cheekbones like daggers- freight hopping train face- emaciated
hobo cheekbone face- a cotton picker hail bailer cattle hand cheekbone face- an
unsheltered wind worn face of a man- a ten gallon cowboy hat tilted over his face- a
big wide prankster hat tilted over his prankster face. and before you know it, "i can
settle down and be doing just fine 'til i hear an old train rolling down the line..."

crowd falls into a hush- a quite serene barn storming reverence- "then i hurry
straight home and pack and if i didn't go i believe i'd blow my stack..." old dagger
cheekbone face man crooning a perfect ramblin' man and no more thoughts of
prophet or prankster- no more thoughts at all- just the soft comfort of voice- guitar-
never heard such a calm assured sound to a guitar- an old witness of time- a
wiseman of cherry tobacco- a prophet of time- a knower of dust and of roads-
scratching the soft tickle head of a dog- somewhere far out in the oklahoma abyss.

now everyone acknowledges approval via serene sips from glass of rotgut and even the tiny clown bottles of overberg- ironic- implacable- instructions ignored: "not to be sipped, but taken all at once and quickly because of its aromatic strong taste"- i.e. teeth clenched shot down with a scowl- but instead drawn out and savored somehow-

parishioners of the cave- all there in the cave- the cave the plato hipster vampire cave where candles flicker and the dagger cheekbone face man croons from the haunted pulpit- a baby faced kid on tall bass/ pure zombie zone dutifully plucks requisite perfect notes- the pulse of thick bass string like redwood tendon- somewhere rooted deep inside the fertile ground of the earthly groove- mulch and wet soil groove and only minor complaints without any pain...

t is for texas and now he's gone from hank williams to jimmy rogers and the yodels come on strong and honest- sincere yodels from some mirror image oklahoma- sincere heart wrench yodels and there's nothing out of place in the future- there's nothing out of place in anachronisms- there's nothing out of place in the mission night- nobody knowing any difference of the past or future- candle flames flicker and everyone finally free of arbitrary thoughts of time- and i feel conned- too much time in church too much time in christs- too much time in tv- too much time in america- too much time in atom bombs- too much death- too much annihilation- not enough plywood clubhouse all full of spider awk and me and the spiders- too much anticipation of every puppy in america vaporized to dust- returned to cosmic eternal dust- and isn't that all it is anyways- isn't it all we're headed for regardless-

but i don't want to think and too many thoughts already lodged in my aorta- stuck in my flesh like splinters already... but the dagger cheekbone face japanese man plays- he yodels- his honky tonk- full of zen discipline- zen precision- zen perfection- every embellishment simple and precise- every note drifting to its next logical spontaneous destination and almost always eventually to the doom doom dominant chord- and the little loose solos- precise rickety old pick up trucks motor rumbling sparkplugs gapped to perfection solos.

i watch alone and think of the girl, her green hair, and still know nothing. but this is another night already- a night when silence has already left- a new void vacuum- and before that insanity- charles manson insanity that we've all been waiting for- the fever night- frantic kool aid acid night- the night in dank vampire cave- heat moist hot breath- someone laid a fart and bodies slithering all over each other- not a spare inch anywhere- smells like eggs- sharon tate- demolition derbies of flesh- and everyone there- everyone come and drool out the door and already high-

and jim with the donkey dick and his thick thump of bass- his thick round tone- his thick cock of an electric bass in his hand- he's up there his scraggly beard/ barefoot/ and dark pools of eyes- tar pit eyes- and a scraggly hillbilly billy goat of a guy takes the stage - an acoustic guitar- ugly face- tolken face- the gorgeous girls

with feathers for earrings love him- he is the tribe chief and hero- the alpha of the cave-

on his left- a girl with wild electric socket blown hair on fiddle- a forceful creature- a deep woods covered in bramble goddess creature- strong arms sawing the violin- waving the violin like a hatchet to kill a chicken- no second thoughts just pure instinct- food for the child. but before the madness begins- and people bumping/slamming/pushing to the bar- or the stage-

i can't go more than twenty seconds without some bone thin anemic hipster in plaid flannel with mystery money- anemic hipster with his gal slicing in front of me and so i'm breathing their grease hair- beards and mustaches everywhere and these kids know everything that i'll never know- and they will write about it with crystal clarity- they will all writhe together with crystal clarity in clear focused orgasm-capp street apartments- they will all write effortlessly because life flows through them- it flows through them just as it has atrophied in me-

the girls drunk and high and intuitively understanding the form- highly educated girls with no hang ups so long as their sex is concerned- these girls sneer at me- now with drinks- sneer at me through the day- sneer at me from windows- smell the death in me- sneer at me from bikes- sneer at me from across valencia- sneer at me with coffee on their tongue- sneer at me high- sneer at me as they look gorgeous- sneer at me as they are invincible- sneer at me pigeons nearby- sneer at me from picnics- milky beauties with sneers- lilies of sneers- power in their milk- power in their cums- power in their cigarette breath- power in their armpit hair- power with no concerns- just present prominent power- now moments- and no calculations or hang ups about abstract calamities- no hang ups about abstract futures- and for that they are perfect.

and i'm more invisible than any shadow- just transparent to all of them no one interested in knowing me- especially the beautiful milk white girl raven hair raven eyes sallow face with hawk feathers for earrings- she leans against the old brick wall curiously all alone- not typical- and smokes her cigarette- inhales her cigarette investigates her cigarette- the smoke rolls around her tongue- then over her red lips into the black void of the valencia night.

jim, the tall mangy bearded bass man- reputed man of giant cock- the biggest cock on any white man in the city- hence greatly venerated/ pursued by the insatiable emaciated sex hungry mission waifs- a great serviceman to their bouquet of needs- and he has a new insane band and already everyone shaking and sparking in a frenzy- cutting in and out phantoms like shadows- bearded haunted shadows- phantom shadows briefly illuminated as they light a spliff- rapping and chattering on the sidewalk always knowing- always someone, "you got any whiskey?"

everyone on the sidewalk drinking whiskey now- the great beverage of fashion again- and someone holding acid- jim taking everyone to new heights already- "donkey dick," my friend calls him- "how can you compete with that?"

“ohhhhhhhmmmmmmmm,” jim chants with the tolken one- with the electric hair beauty- and the others- a huddle of hillbillies chanting hindu prayer, “ohhhhhhhmmmmmmmmmm.” jim and the others- a wild crazy manson family band- huddled on stage and channeling great mystics- channeling bygone gurus- channeling chakras- channeling kundalini- channeling shiva- chakra cleansing tones- reverence for the solemn task ahead- the sacred ritual- no money requested- it’s all free- people come to church and no basket passed-

the sacred chant opens the ceremony, “ohmmmmmmmm,” it reverberates like crystal echoes- shimmer vibration- “ohhhhhhhmmmmmmmm” frequency- the ceremony begins- and with the “ohhmmmm” the crowd settles and just the odd random clunk of a late beat glass on a table or an urgent final emphatic conclusion to a conversation to be resumed at a later time...

and then the music medicine- the heart center pulse of the mission- valencia street the great aorta- pumping aorta music- the blood music and cells inside the heart pulsing and thumping- the cave heart walls- the black and red and dark heart walls- and limbs of the city quietly asleep the heart works unconsciously- the heart works dutifully- the heart driven to pump and the songs- wait until the electric girl wails into her banshee violin shrieking- attacking the crafted instrument- attacking the violin and tearing the horse hair bow like afterbirth-

and punishment for drum skins- violent/ murderous lashes on skins- bonfires burn the girl screeches to a painful pitch a woman in labor- rips and birthing- birthing from the creation center of her mind womb- violin punished- fucking the violin and woman knowing the fractal world through the wisdom of fucking- and the sounds of a bus and the sounds of life and the sounds of a car radio and the sounds of a flute and all the color sounds of the world- all the mystery color smells- all the eternity fucks- all the hay-seuss cristo truths-

somewhere in the middle of the ocean- the miles deep abyss ocean- fishing boats bob and rock and creak and tilt in the black abyss of water- time falls and folds on itself and each second shed like lizard skin- boats rocking and now comes the net swaying and silver fish levitate/ squirm/ ocean water slides over scales and into the void again- fish flopping- unthinking no feeling fish and time and abyss of water and fish nets and a finger tied in the knot of rope tossed against the weight of flopping fish- tons of squirming silver body flopping fish.

i am in the mission- san francisco- named mission because of the adobe church on 16th and dolores- bums beneath its arches- bums on cardboard beds- bums chased off in the morning- san francisco named after saint francis- so much catholic murmuring/ tectonic plates. time folds on itself and i can hear fog horns- fog pours over the halos of twin peaks- a gray juggernaut- a dense wall of fog- there is talk of nuclear war- i spent last year in mexico- underneath a palm tree- it makes no sense-

palm trees along dolores street- workmen dig in brown dirt ground of dolores park- used to be a cemetery- rebar and cement and a truck full of verdant plants arrives (plants wrapped like babies in blankets)- and the workers plant babies in the ground- a huge undertaking- half of the park torn up- and some incalculable future ahead of us and incalculable futures behind us- oh and so far into space that everything must only be in our minds. time time time and i agonize and weep and curse and cry- the attic walls (anne frank was sent to die)- i won't go into the details of my sorrow- only 1303 kearny street. 1303 kearny street 9am to 11am on weekdays, 11am to 3am on weekends- the main stage the main stage...

newspaper clippings- the newspaper yellow now- already yellow from age- newspaper from 2010 and it's already 2012- newspaper from before i flipped out and made a run to mexico- newspaper clippings scissor clip scrapbook style- cut out ad- an ad in the san francisco guardian- in pink and black and white- a simple honest ad, "the lovely lady san francisco- the world's only unionized worker owned peep show co-op... open 24 hr... live nude girls... no cover... 18+...sf's best alternative adult entertainment, private booths, fetish shows, and more... 1303 kearny st. 415-391-xxxx."

oh, and i can see it now- a bottom corner ad- an ad from the personals- an ad offering massage- an ad with vietnamese girls- an ad into my eyes with schoolgirl eyes. the great sf bay guardian "springtime oriental massage" "thailand spa and massage- attractive asian masseuse hot tubs come for the best relaxation in sf," "double dragon massage gorgeous asian girls" and the next page full of haikus, "shiny boots of leather- hot chocolate beauty- domination and surrender." "mind blowing chat- free trial."

or queer pages: shirtless guy- kind face- another friendly guy- affectionate gentle hand on the bare shoulder of the first guy- "get him on the line--- free trial 415-402-xxxx." or the bright pink ad transsexual, "yara." all of this taped inside my cheap spiral notebook- scotch taped and burning yellow- the days before cricket, before eva, before borealis, before ruby- before these girls that represent the fruit of my time on earth- angel girls in lingerie- angel girls with razor burn- pimples- holy saint red light manger- illuminated girls- heart pulse girls- flower petal girls- trembling shuddering mother girls.

"this is the lovely lady performer hotline for thursday, january 18th." a clear voiced girl- eloquent girl just goes to show their unacknowledged genius... "the lovely lady is located at 1303 kearny street in north beach- our private party booth is open from 9 am to 3 am monday through friday and from 11 am to 3 am saturday and sunday." all this golden sound coming from a tinny telephone answering machine- i listen and nothing hurts anymore- everything hurts more- but i hope i hope who will be there... i hope... "the main stage is open everyday from 11 am to

3 am and the video booths are open 24 hours everyday. you can leave us a message after the beep. today in our one on one private party booth: start your day off at 11 am with busty japanese slut chopstixxx. um, at 1pm come see curvy sex pot feral- at 3 we have a hot 2 girl show with asian sluts tangerine and mao. at 5pm come see bubbly goth girl annabel lee. at 7pm, worship your tall goddess champagne. at 9pm come see barely legal lavender. at 11pm we have sensual beauty, mercedes. and at 1am stay up late with graceful seductress felony. on stage today in the morning we've got sugar, pacifica, tangerine, feral, and chopstixxx. in the afternoon we've got diamond, aries, feral, annabel lee, and champagne. in the evening come see lavender, dream, feral, missy, and mercedes. and for late night we have feral, borealis, masquerade, and veil. tomorrow in private parties don't miss masquerade, mercedes, raven, athena, candy, pacifica, cheetah, borealis, and missy. thanks for calling the hotline, have a wonderful day!" (chipper- sunny- upbeat) sometimes the girls sound soul empty- monotone- beat-down heavy on junk. normally the message ends by saying, "thanks for calling the hotline and have an erotic day."

initial visit to the lovely lady unbearably timid- full of strange and naïve notions- winter 2009- that old scoundrel nate was still around- before he finally split for mexico- and he didn't know a thing except to get high and steal from me- he didn't know a thing except to conjure strange tales- "what happened with that guitar?" i asked.

"sold it."

(and then later at his pad- sure enough, there's the guitar.) "i thought you sold it?"

"just told you that."

compulsive liar- a deceptive angel of destruction.

"hey asshole, where are my pills?"

"have no idea man- truly no idea- i think my mom has some pills- let me look in her cabinet and i'll call you back,"

and of course no call- 7 am/ can't think my insides tied up a rubber band twisted a thousand times ah that bastard i'll kill him- and never a call back and no pills- only illness- he took them/ only explanation- eventually admitted it weeks later- i threw my mattress over in rage, what a way to start a day...

but in the quiet formative days- oh my troubles had already begun- in fact not knowing my troubles already quietly fully established- latent troubles- only difference, i didn't quite know it yet- still had naïve sincere convictions that blessings of life were the secret thread of the universe- still had notions that great triumphs

were all sorted out and waiting for me- still great ambitions in my imagination- even as i scrounged for pennies and hustled and cursed to live- all the stealing- all the petty thefts- only dependable meal was one i could steal- great mysteries of san francisco really in the days before it became what is now-

first time, can't remember the specific circumstances- in north beach with nate as part of some generic calamity- a mistake of some kind- never very many affiliates in north beach- although segmented vague memories of 2am pizza- beer bottles in alley- a girl crying with so much eyeliner- an olive oil italian girl- also vague memory of a liquor store- nate begging the proprietor to open up the shop (2:02am) and sell us one last jug of wine, and the man agreeing- a persian man/ a hookah smoking sympathetic man...

and i wanted to go into the lovely lady- although back then very timid and nervous and never dreaming the extent to where things would eventually lead- but really just wanting to innocently see the beautiful girls dance- simply admire their beautiful natural flesh- a simple wish/ one of the only innocent pure gifts of life-

but nate reluctant and nervous/ conflicted about it... it wasn't until later that he confessed, "yeah man, had many nights there, horrible animal nights, a very dark time in my life- i went through a very dark time-" "talk about it" "no!" "you have to!" "ah god!"

and this is how we spoke in those days-

"talk about it!" "it's bad-" "say it!" "ah god," (resistance beaten down) "i'd work at paul's shop on the wharf... then go to lincoln's with my brother-you know lincoln's-" "of course, i learned all about komodo dragons there (courtesy of the nature channel/ television above the bar)- and played the best pool game of my life" "that's right, you told me that-"

"that's right, i told you that-" "it's coming back to me-" "spit it out, man! what would you do?" "i can't" "i'll kill you!" "what do you think i would do?! of course, ah god- i ripped off all my clothes-" "you what?!" "i was an animal- couldn't help it! jerked myself raw..."

a werewolf- a crazed werewolf insane side to him/ mr. hyde of shrieks and howls and unspeakable horrors- perversions like cucumbers jammed in a russian woman's pussy (true story?)

insane sad predilections- truly loses his mind although nothing in comparison to his hysterical prophetic brother (jittery dancing on tables- dancing everywhere- talking to everyone ordering drinks and never paying- getting knocked out- beat up- pushing aside a famous piano player to konk out crazy inspired thelonious chords- never played the piano in his life and it sounds better than any expert- truly amazing jazz dissonance chords like thunders until he's pushed off and no one knows what to think- confusions everywhere- he throws beer on his face and steals a jacket- runs his hand through his hair with lavender oil- beer dripping everywhere and high,

laughing with radiant eyes- shirt beer/ sweat soaked but no matter- can't last- no matter- beer steaming/ sweat steaming- a wild locomotive engine burning human machine....)

(his brother stole my jacket one night- no idea it was mine- a true kleptomaniac found it in his closet a week later... "that was your jacket?!")

(and to say nothing of true perversions locked in the mysteries of his shrouded wanderings- second hand accounts of blowjobs at the wharf- the docks- frisco seals barking/ he gets too excited- aroused beyond control- soils himself-unable to contain himself- his whole being committed to the glory of that moment- too raw for words, although the girl trying her best – always such dedicated angels out there- [though i never meet them and only find the cruel ones]- but that girl finally giving up, "oh god i can't take it!" "ah, the hell with you," he says and finds someplace to get wild...)

and nate with similar stories- although more subdued/ mild mannered-nevertheless punctuated by obtuse perversions- "was masturbating on the side of the road- presidio- couldn't help myself-" "outside?" "yes-" "in the fog?" "no" "well?" "perched my feet up on a rock- found a porn rag and thrust my feet up on a rock-" "then what?!" "ah, god!" (feverishly choked himself- a woman walking her dog comes by and startles him-)

"got out of there, fast, man... no need to wait for the cops..."

despite meager objections- we go into the lovely- (already years ago and i feel like i'm just waking up from a horrible dream- how did i get here? and who knows where we'll end up- i can only report truly...)

no money to throw away- hungry/ sex starved and desperate.... so we go into the same booth- a small booth- number five and we share the booth- why not? the window slides up/ oh the dancer spots us right away/ she knows we're just amateurs-

"start kissing each other if yr' gonna' share the same booth-" she yells- a kind chick/ a forgiving chick- these girls can be so loving... and i panic and we leave and that was that- the first night- and i contemplate it/ dark mental interiors- we get drunk-

"got to go back" "i don't want to go back"

ah hell, but we're drunk and (after all) he's up for it - and i've got a few bucks and he's got a few bucks, and i mean a few- four dollars at the most- and now more experienced- an old hat- stride in confidently- each to a separate booth (in accordance with etiquette/ rules) and what a view-

a beautiful strawberry blond with big furry bush- a beautiful wild bush that reminds me of oregon/ the mountains of oregon/ fresh smells of summer- a beautiful strawberry blond that reminds me of 1986- and how can i ever repay miss july?

light hearted/ fun loving/ a strawberry blond- clowning like an acrobat on the stripper pole- i'm drunk/ nervous/ laughing- i shout to the glass/ ask her name, "georgia!" she shouts back/ then springs onto the pole- spins corkscrew style (right leg- arrow straight/ back arched/ natural smile/ showing off like playground jungle gym trick)-

but my chump change doesn't last long- and nate already long gone/ made a run for it- (i may never understand the tortures/agonies he feels)- but later he claims, "ruskie." "ruskie? are you sure?" "yeah, i asked her..." and even though i was there- he never asked her, did he? a morbid sense of humor- i somehow believe him, "right, her name was georgia-" i reason, "not georgia peaches, not miss usa- but georgia- like the former soviet state-"

and that was how it started-

brandi wine- a rare wine of a girl/ pale skinny girl/ me always with books/ she liked this- and (in the beginning) i never jacked off- and she liked this- "i just like to watch you dance-" i said, and i did- i leaned against the wall and watched her dance- and held onto my books and showed them to her (when she asked)-

she inched closer/ naked milky breasts imperceptibly close to the plexiglass- i lift the book before the shade can drop: "death on the installment plan"

pale face dropped three shades of pale/ impossibly more pale- zombie pale- nervous- stammers- these girls always suspecting every man a zodiac slasher- everyone a stalker/ everyone drooling to dismember them and fuck their dead cold bodies...

i assure her/ not to worry/ it's just a strange title- (although after that always careful to have an innocent book with me- "the velveteen rabbit" or "oh, the places you'll go")

and incredibly (after many dutiful visits) she agrees to meet me- her shift ends in an hour- "meet me at mephisto's- 12am"- her stripper girlfriend/ chaperone insists on accompanying her ("but he may be a stripper slasher!")- but neither of us interested in talking to her, although we did- and this is the kind of soul to soul vastness that happens those rare unexpected moments- those tender timeless and fleeting moments- you can call it love if you want- the heart pure clarity of one life into another...

always mephisto's- where the great thing happens (prior to that- the bewildering antics of anton (the russian kid who tore up a dollar bill to everyone's delight and astonishment)- a true visionary of a kid- a wild vivid rimbaud of a kid who eventually dissolved into the lost angel pool of obscurity- where do they all go- ah life is like ink- the machine devouring us all...

on 16th street a frail 8 year old girl in red sweater clings to her dad's arm- pure trusting clinging- she's trembling with cold balmy shivers- it's cold out- and walks off balance- her eyeglasses too thick- her pants pulled up high and almost walking like seasick- lost, confused, utterly pure.

silver screen light glazes on the girl's bottle thick glasses- her mind elsewhere- her big cruel eyes as big as oceans beneath those lenses- black eyeliner eyes with egyptian cleopatra eyeliner gesture at the edge- cruel pools of eyes like secret dark ceynotes in the yucatan- jade emerald green eyes that are still somehow always black- black comic book eyes- great wide plastic doll eyes- japanese manga eyes- punk rock emo eyes brimming with rage- dark circle eyes like junky eyes but not a junky at all- not even a secret pill popper like me- her eyes junky circle eyes like blotches of squid ink against milk white face- pale skin like a silk japanese screen- pale skin like terrified in a scream.

the girl ran away from home age 16 to las vegas- squatted with some anarchists/ punks- maybe they were angels- maybe they were villains- she was in love with one- a tattoo on his face-

he fed her a tab of high octane lsd in golden gate park- her first time on acid- spontaneously- in some mob/ crowd/ bad vibe scene of a festival- maybe not bad vibes everywhere- but convoluted energy- too many competing vibrations to contend with- forced to walk down stairs- she describes the stairs,

"they were ten feet tall- it took me five minutes to make it down a single step."

and her friends ditch her- then somehow to the bart station where she steps on a train and then immediately steps off the train- dozens of times- in the esophagus of the train tunnel- tile belly of the whale- the belly whale walls shudder/ the train wails/ she shudders- oh jiminy cricket. but eventually getting the hang of it- getting the hang of acid brain- and stays on a train- to fremont station- an odyssey of a bart ride- and i can only imagine the great wondrous horrors of visions on that train beneath murky waters of the bay and then onto landscapes of decays of west oakland-

the unpredictable port of oakland- oakland warehouses- some full of illuminated artists- some full of broken glass and needles- giant dinosaur cranes/ metal lizard monsters/ the port of oakland- who knows when the extinction will

come- the port of oakland recently shut down by occupy- this time graffiti and windows busted- competing factions within the movement- black for anarchy- red for socialists- the anarchists smash windows- the socialists repair them- "emma" tattooed on fingers. "fun 1" tattooed on others- every idea branching out and evolving into a new idea branch- a great fruit tree of ideas- a fractal tree of ideas- new synapses everywhere- apples drop- seeds grow- juice drips down all our chin.

"you climb up there," (she describes a crumbling warehouse) "but the top part is scary because it leans backwards and feels like you're about to fall," (broken window shards/ condemned warehouse with rusty bent ladder on its side- according to the girl's description- the girl- an orchid huck finn of the east bay- an innocent violin playing wrist cutting martyr of her own mississippi rivers-)

the lovely lady theater: the carpet- tar brown cigarette soaked carpet- soiled underwear carpet- worn down punished to a pulp carpet- las vegas hooker motel carpet- hooker motel where tranny prostitutes drown in the pool carpet- meth amphetamine motel carpet thirty years old- dead body rolled in it carpet- no mind to the carpet- no hope for the carpet- not even a nuclear steam clean capable of salvaging that carpet- not even defibrillating shocks for carpets any help- and with a persian pattern- it doesn't matter-

dude with his dick hard bulge in pants already slips into a video booth, blue door ajar- peeking out and a slash of light falls across his face and he whips it out and quick but i'm already out of there and maybe should've brought my knife-

one time lady purrr stood in the lobby with me- and she looked so much like a hooker at 3 am in her fake fur jacket, the purple crescents beneath her eyes- and she lamented to me about her husband- well her boyfriend- and some other girl she was fucking- she claims to be lesbian- you know how these things work- we stood outside- outside on kearny st- in front of 1303 kearny street- "private booths"- "live nude girls"- a dancing neon stripper making audible clicks like gears- each click a new red neon flash- a tireless neon stripper in three blinking motions- click click click and on and on- dancing without shame on kearny street- a taller than life red neon stripper- only the outline of her body- so much like matisse- still so inviting and i could stare at her for hours-

lovely lady theater- live nudes and movies- salvations- booth number 7 covered

in cum- i stand in the dark and eavesdrop- save my dollars- just listen- chirping girl conversation gets my dick infinitely more hard than any vigorous hand stroke- although there is some of that later- and these disregarded scholar girls pontificate on matters beyond my understanding- sublime thoughts no man could ever manage- tossing illuminations like flowers- never a sense of war- never a sense of destruction- tender tosses- landscapes painted in contours of chirps and giggles-

the dude with his dick hard already changes course and steps inside the blue door of a video booth- one of the booths where you can hear the porno fucking sounds of some video- never been inside- no light- no kind girls to help me in- no kind girls of tattoos and secret nurturing hearts-

2:30am i feed a dollar in the machine after 30 minutes of lingering in the booth listening- like exquisite music- the way i saw a blind girl listen to music- eyes closed and deep inside the sound- eavesdropping in the confessional booth- eavesdropping on innocent private conversations- the girls naked on stage- often no customers there on cold sf weeknight late nights- and i stand in booth 7- vapors of jism and vapors of lysol disinfectant and vapors of grease from the dollar bill eating machine or somewhere, maybe the gears of the shade-

blotched black paint on the walls, hints of red paint bleeding through- a slum stripclub rothko- the booth very tall- tall enough for a carnie freak- a diane arbus freak- maybe even too tall- too tall for even houdini to escape- and the ceiling painted a blotchy blue like a bruise- everything about the lovely lady resembling a bruise-

and the girls talk without pause- seamless free lines/ marathon thoughts and dialogues- boyfriends/ shoes/ cat fur/ rashes/ pubic hair- i listen and can't believe their eloquence- i can't believe my luck, luck, luck, what luck to hear such musical relaxed whispers- kind of blue whispers- secret uncovered female whispers- uncensored spontaneous inner essence voice- unfiltered/ my dick gets hard even before the first glimpse of tender flesh-

can't hold back and finally feed my dollar- (sign outside each booth says, "vacant"- green- but then inside the coffin booth/ feed dollars to the window machine- then "vacant" sign switches/ clicks to orange "in use"- although other maniacs still yank on door handle clawing to get in)-

but also paranoia's about the front desk- i think they've got some system to alert them if someone is locked in a booth without paying- the door locks and the front desk gizmo goes off? maybe just paranoias/ maybe they wouldn't care anyhow- just another sicko- do they want to get cut? i'll cut you bitch- i have a switch blade- and so long as the girls don't complain then why bother? who gets paid enough for this shit? and the kind of perverts that roll through-

a dork- a loser- a quiet loser which actually seems to scare everyone the most- the quiet loser had his regulars and then the girls disappeared- sliced up in a ditch...

(ah you're fucking crazy he's going to slice one of these girls to shreds one day and it'll be on your watch- i don't trust that guy you trust that guy? hell no i don't trust that guy how could you trust someone like that i'm going to watch that guy and first move out of him i'm going to rip his eyes out/ you can't go slicing up our strippers...)

"cricket," like jiminy cricket- pinocchio tattooed on the girl's belly- the belly over womb- the belly button umbilical scar- rose cheeked pinocchio happily marching toward her womb belly center- tattoos of stars on her wrists-

old run down me- an old lowlife pinocchio long worn out and human- pinocchio with human aches and worries and hair everywhere and agonies-pinocchio robbed at gunpoint- pinocchio blank faced- geppetto gives blow jobs or fondles or fucks some boy or hooker in the warm woodchip sawdust frosty window workshop- pinocchio sprouting gray whiskers- pinocchio beating off and popping pills and thinking about death all day everyday- pinocchio with innocence- pinocchio with cocaine on a mirror- pinocchio but the world has already dug him a grave- pinocchio of lost youth- pinocchio a dick in his mouth- pinocchio junk heroin and dripping with std's- pinocchio gets his dick sucked as rent payment....

the girl's pinocchio- a rose cheeked puppet- the girl's pinocchio hops happily to her belly button- the belly button- baby evidence- the scar and mark of blood shit birth- the mark of vagina mothers- umbilical chord- the beginning/ the no warning beginning- at least death has warning- but the long sleep before birth and then to dream dream dream- some of us with pinocchio dreams- and he hops happily to the girl's belly button- beneath the girl's skin her womb and i want to be in her womb- i want to be in her sublime center- i want to be her- i want to nuzzle deep and forever safely in her- i want to nuzzle in the joy when she tilts her head and cinches her brow- a look of concern and adorable confusion- just acting that way- an honest look mastered in some heaven where she resides.

booth number 11- actually clean- at least no puddle of cum- it's 11:30 pm- it would've been better to be early- i ching says it bodes well to be early- i ching provides great predictions of the peep who show the future- fortune cookie say, "you are very near that place you dreamed of" "do not be covered in sadness or fooled in happiness they both must exist" "a new young dancer awaits you."

yuet lee seafood restaurant- stern chinese waiters deliver mu-shu pork to chopstick tables- brandi wine orders extra rice- orders pork like thinking she's a princess- a white lily princess from philly- a princess with g-string- a graduate from

temple- a daughter of a banker/ hates her father's guts-

"you're so old dad," i was younger then- feeling ancient and now i'm 35 and of course magnitudes worse and there's no hope left except typewriters and shoplifting and typewriter ribbon- and the quiet walls of the attic like a time bomb ticking for an earthquake- and on valencia street the immortal hipsters guzzle wine by the gallon and never get a hangover- they fuck their girls and sleep with ease-

brandi wine- jane stevens her real name- jane stevens, the most american name in all of america- her dad a prick for bank of the usa- brandi wine in her rat nest of a chinatown apartment- her roommate a fat drunk- a filthy alcoholic with whiskey bloated face- face beaten raw by booze- gin blossom eyes-

gray water with puke stagnant in the kitchen sink- same ol' scene- a cesspool- we're all animals- brandi's place is unidentified mold on the counter as a meal for roaches- and the particle board table all covered with greasy chinese take out sauces- greasy chinese take out menus- or simply dried noodles, soy sauce packets, burrito wrappers-

plexiglass- one half inch of plexiglass between me and woman and milk womb- pane of glass- pain of glass- pain of sex- pain of birth- birth of pain... i-ching says it bodes well to be early- i am already late- no time for dilly dally- no time for introspection- no time for second guesses... where is brandi wine jane stevens now? last i heard she changed her name to depravity- and i thought she had split for good- finally gone completely bananas after she freaked out- a horrible awful conclusion- a nightmare radical contrast conclusion to the initial tenderness- a freak out- out of nowhere and just before maybe even the first seedlings of love- then a flower i'll call it.

3am (brandi and i)- mephisto's closed- stripper chaperone gone- we relocate to washington square park- the park haunted by the ghost of brautigan- haunted by ghosts of suicide- the park of bums and requisite drunk kids out of nowhere- trashed and stumbling- they toss me a beer from their twelve pack but i don't even want it- brandi wine will drink it- she cracks it open- they linger and i want privacy and even she does too-

but then comes some sinister crackhead with a crack pipe- cracked out of his gentle baby human form- some kind of lizard- just a lizard feeding on crack- just a lizard grown from a gurgling baby- he comes up and gurgles death gurgles- burps and coughs and lizard spit sprays out his mouth-

it's cold anyways- we're both goosebumped and initial shivers- and can't cuddle close- even though my hand was on her thigh- too much confusion with the drunks and crackhead- brandi mounted me earlier on the bench- though fully clothed- but then the drunks spoiled it- "let's go,"- and we ditch the lizard and the creatures- we cut out of their habitat- we drift through fog mist mystery north beach streets- we drift into chinatown- drift to dark alleys that i only ever shuddered at from the street- she actually lives at the end of one- rickety door- loose lock- we drift up a

stale stairway of creaks and worn out steps-

and then upstairs to her roof- (meager apologies for the shit state of her apartment- and the roommate- crazy in love with brandi- with jane- with depravity- with all of her incarnations- so many incarnations like quan yin- and hence couldn't be any of them- is all of them- brandi became famous for her obsession with bacon- soon all the girls at the lovely enamored with bacon- even burlesque stripteases with skirts of real bacon- but the roommate not knowing any of this- passed out cold- fog horn snoring drunk on the couch-)

and our first night together among the most poetic of my life- up on her rooftop and the sun about to rise- all quiet in chinatown san francisco- quiet except for the echo sound of trash trucks with heavy ker clank- the echoes like koto music of ker clank pluck pluck- pluck-

and then atonal wall of noise- monstrous street sweepers- the scary hungry mouth machines of street sweepers with their steel industrial music- mechanical brush mouths spinning like scary pinwheels of death- no matter- they are down below on the hilly streets somewhere and me and jane up on her rooftop- and we drink little chocolates- all we to have to drink are little chocolate liquors- jack daniel's liquor candies- her roommate already pillaged every drop of booze and of course we need fuel to keep the machine alive- to keep the pulse alive- to animate the dead darkness- still just before dawn- we're biting off chocolate bottle tops and suckling the booze syrup inside- a desperate hummingbird move- and most of them all dried out anyways-

"i think they're from last christmas-" "last christmas?" "no, the christmas before that" "ah christ," but now the holy orange gumdrop glow of the hairline of the horizon- and that deep serious blue that fills up the sky like water- and i feel led eyed- and so does she- so then down to her room for a nap...

clothes everywhere- hills of clothes like rag dunes- cat hair everywhere- lipsticks and eyeliners- a disaster for a bed- the whole calamitous scene/ a flophouse- dildo and condoms on the side table and a can of raid- raid to drown the roaches and to spray the fleas and that filthy meowing cat- can't remember its name- funny name- it was all written down- curses-

a demented cat- too much hate at the end of it all- a sickly cat- a dying ill cry of a cat- we locked it out and it wailed- the room smelled like raid and soiled underwear- it smelled like stale perfume and lipstick- the cat wailed-

slept for a few hours- tossing and turning restless sex anticipation sleep- and finally the sun up full strength- sun blazing through her window- a rare hot morning in san francisco and jane in her underwear and i'm in mine- and she had a paperback of lolita on the bedside table next to her dildo- "read the first paragraph out loud-" and she does, "l-o-l-i-t-a... a tip of the tongue," etc.

this makes my dick turn to granite and i pull out my cock and rub it on her wet

twat soaked underwear- and slowly- butoh slow- i grab one of the rubbers from her bedside table- i open the plastic wrapper- unroll the rubber skin over the mushroom head of my cock and down the shaft- i slide her panties to the right- and of course it all looks so familiar now- although now it's on my side of the glass- the pane of glass- the pain of glass- finally the pain has come to make some kind of sense-

and i slip the granite tip in slowly- she perseveres- tilting up her pelvis but concentrating on nabokov, but more wet with every word- and pink slippery and my dick even harder now as i slowly nudge it in further and brandi gasps out the sky cry she moans- shocking cry of pleasure- the woman music sound that leads men to war, never a more beautiful sound- never a more pure holy sound- and she reads on- already on the third paragraph and the cat wails outside her door and me crying inside/ heart wrenching- and now thrusting harder/ she drops the book-

attic, sun through the skylight- pigeons fling themselves against the skylights- i stare at old redwood rafter 1870 something- the dead redwood beams with thick round grooves from old sawmills i never saw- old dead lumberjacks. agony stare, warm beneath my cover, grateful i don't have to clamor out of bed and cuss and curse and swear and sweat and suffer through some death of a job- even though my pockets are empty and my belly is empty at least i have some mind- but still i think, "oh, god, there's no way i'll make it through the day-"

so low on blue pills, daydreaming of an exit and cursing my roommate for taking the gun away- oh i'd leave a nice letter for the girl, brandi wine, and the others, as if they'd care- a kind loving note and please please please no funeral- please please please i love you and ugh- and now the gun is gone... a plastic bag will do- a thick polite plastic bag over face and a bottle of sleeping pills- cleaner than any splatter bullet to the brain routine- why insist on such violence?

tonight at the lovely lady theater, a new girl sits behind the desk- she doesn't scowl or sneer at me- she's buried in some thick textbook- physiology or statistics i think- i give her a 20 and she gives me two fives and ten ones and so it begins- i'm always careful not to bring too much money- even if i could- can't afford to come here anyway- skipping meals- no money for groceries- no money for rent- but i'd go insane if i didn't...

just a little affection- eye contact- my friends don't say a thing- they don't care outside of stealing my drugs/ money/ clothes/ bike/ or con me or curse me on the telephone calling me faggot or motherfucker and really meaning it from their true heart center...

even worse, a girl behind the plexiglass sneering at me- like that jet black lipstick pale milk/ gossamer skin/ goth girl- i saw her on the corner near mr. bing's- the great mr. bing's bar with the chinatown bartender- the chinatown man with nervous smile- self consciously pouring beers- pouring beers self conscious of his face- too concerned that he's not doing it right- not doing it like on tv- ah, he's a star-

it's chinese new years- the year of the dragon- fire cracker shreds in the gutter and the tired man hosing down the sidewalk at 2 am and the soapy water into the gutter and little pools with chinese firecracker red ribbon shred- and the pools turn a blood red and the light of mr. bing's sways in the puddle of water like a slave ship and the red light of the stop light the oppressive stoplight at columbus and pacific- in front of the restaurant with the copper plating outside- the copper tarnished to dark green-

and then the green light of the stop light soaks into the puddle and a strange drunk awful drunk chinese woman stumbles up pacific- she stops in the middle of the sidewalk- the tired man pays no notice- just sprays down tables and aquariums and mystery gear of his trade-

she wobbles and lights a cigarette- a lonely ragged chinese woman with wiry hair and cheap bar jockey drinking outfit lights a cigarette and stumbles lump tottering up the street to the big chinatown section 8 housing- all kinds of dark apartments- florescent light- the feeling of jail- projects- all the windows barred- the big red doors thick and bolted shut-

she stumbles in and i wonder if that mess has anyone waiting at home- a horrible mess walking in the door. a black cat calmly stalks up the sidewalk after her- a wandering panther of pacific st- crosses over all kinds of delicious chinatown bits of fish and squid- chicken parts- and boxes stacked like childhood playing blocks, wooden crates all lined along the street- the produce tables- simple green painted tables of plywood-

the streets empty of frenzies of penny pinching barking chinatown customers- the daytime sidewalk like squeezing 50 hong kong's into three city blocks- floods of wise old people- almost always old- always wrinkled three hundred year old railroad workers/ women/ and men with bony face...

mr. bing's- corner of pacific and columbus where i watch the giants clobber the rangers nine to zero game 2 world series 2010- great excitement everyone finding their own crushed dreams usurped by the success of the hometown giants- the noam chomsky giants- the millionaire shortstops and pitchers rather have their balls crushed than know any of us- why would they- they got endless hookers and drugs and millions- all i've got is a ragged sweater and suicidal thoughts as i sit on a concrete ledge and watch a color tv and watch them crank in the runs-

cant afford a baseball bat- can't afford a baseball hat- ah, who can? ten dollars for a beer at at&t park- but i watched them on color tv- i watched them belt homers and my crushed dreams my crushed hopes my squandered life... but the chinatown bartender don't mind- the drunks don't mind that i'm broke on potential- the chinatown bartender don't mind that i watch his tv from the street- and it's the nicest thing i've done all week- and maybe i've got a chance after all- that tv sure looks nice- that grass on that field sure looks nice, boy that pitcher sure has some stuff...

the great corner by mr. bing's where the angry goth in black waits at the corner for the light to change. i'm biding my time/ giants winning- and think, "must be a dancer for sure/ no question about that-"

she looks fierce/ indestructible because of her eyeliner and tattoos- a gorgeous angel inked and in black- it's only the 4th inning- she crosses the street onto kearny...

the seventh inning stretch- lift myself from the concrete ledge- thousands of fans "take me out to the ballgame..."- although i don't shuffle to concession stand or burp belch fart slurp john- but shuffle slow walk/ shuffle slow walk like after striking out in three pitches- "one two three strikes you're out"- shuffle slow walk/ hangdog to the dugout- shuffle slow walk to the lovely lady and i shuffle slow walk/ jack off and blow my nut on the floor and it sticks to my shoes.

tonight, the bookworm nice girl is working the front desk and she's playing a game of scrabble with some dude- don't recognize him- a nice development because i've got a box of chocolates for borealis- a nice compact box of expensive chocolates- 20 dollars a box- i shoplifted 6 of them- three trips to wholesome foods- a box in each pocket...

i've got blue pills and six boxes of chocolate- maybe i'll need them all- maybe the girl will suddenly call- maybe eva or ruby will be working- maybe some unexpected miracle and i...

sent one box to my mom and then another to a girl in michigan- finally tried a box myself- wonderful delicious chocolates- gourmet chocolates with sea salt- tiles of chocolate- the box says, "sea salt variety box, aztec chili, burnt caramel, etc" the perfect size for my pocket.

and i have the chocolate in a plain brown paper bag with borealis's name on it- nice cursive writing- took me three tries- i used a usps mailing label- very good stickers- and cut it into an oval shape- it almost looked nice.

and thankful that the short asshole with all the tattoos isn't working tonight-

he'd steal the chocolates for sure- or the bitter jizz mopper- the hateful white trash white latex gloves dirty white ragged mop and a white plastic bucket slopping from booth one to booth twelve- scowl faced mopping out all the puddles of sticky nut- not really trying, just smearing it around.

the nice bookworm girl counts out the fives and the ones- and i can't believe she is touching the bills with her bare hands- i can't believe that i touch the bills with my bare hands and then touch the skin of my dick- and of course the money comes from the booths- the metal boxes- the money cunts that i fuck with dollar bills- i feed the flashing slit with my money fucks- a wet slit for dollar bills- and sometimes it even spits the dollar out- too old too wrinkled too ugly- rather starve than eat a dollar like that- not welcome.

and she counts the money, probably cum on it probably shit on it- she counts out one two three four five six seven eight nine ten- and she doesn't care if i cum on it or not, if i rub my ass with it, no discussion of nebulas or cosmic star carpets- she doesn't care if i lick it- death by a million paper cuts- she doesn't care that i go to the plexiglass and fuck it- she doesn't care if i smear the plexiglass with my nut oil- the pane of glass the pain of glass- she's thinking the next word that she can play- double word score- i look at the scrabble tiles- nice brown wood- wooden scrabble tiles with letters- all abstract letters- source code- all abstract letters triple word score an arbitrary word signifying something- counting points- "anal," "death" "nape" "fuck" ... all freudian words- a game of scrabble on friday night- like so many families across america- where am i living?

maybe no families across america only television or fucking or drugs... it's all equal and not such a bad job to just make words and get paid- we all make words- we all make worlds- every second a new recycled word the meaning just a little different... and i look on the wall- the wall where they have the girls names on index cards- a box 3' by 3'- nine girls names- nine girls with mothers fathers lives and memories- nine girls names/ the private parties booths/ the personal booth- the place that i've come for tonight. and i glance to make sure borealis's name is up there- beautiful sinewy borealis- strange brilliant snake charming borealis with ayn rand musings- visions of fireball suns setting in the desert- white goddess dust sprinkled on her naked body.

and sure enough borealis working 11pm to 1am- it's midnight and a complete regular standard pathetic display of north beach friday or saturday night- always a miserable circus- always a miserable infestation- always full of bastards at bachelor parties- always full of rats- always full of mexican gangsters- always full of fights- and cops on the scene- blue blood red flash of sirens on exteriors-

onlookers- i weave around them and feel infected when i inhale their cigarette smoke- the smoke was in their lungs- like fluids from cocks- it was in their body- it

disgusts me- i want nothing to do with their insides- people full of insides- the street full of disgust...

but in the shining box- the red syrup box- the honey womb- the creatures box- the angels box- the heavenly place of soft eternity- a tempest of a place- a snapshot polaroid of a place- the heart pure flesh cage of a place- the lonely free at last jewel treasure of a place- the flesh the soul shine of a place- the tender vitality milk skin of a place- the innocent unknowing immaculate smile of a place- the honest green hair of a place- the abundant bare all truth be told of a place- the lipstick like flower strokes of van gogh of a place- perfect soft-

the earth blue from outer space- oxygen atmosphere- i'm floating out in space- fibers of dirty carpet- millions of fibers of dusts- colors the color beyond capacity flood of blood pulse- the clock hand ticking and no one knowing why- the sound of nervous system- the pulse of 5 worm hearts- beating beating beating- beating off- and no one knowing why- the pulse of our blood and no one knows- the spark lightening of our brain tissue and no one knows- lightening storms in dark clouds of gray scrambled brain fold-

wide eye shock- in flesh capture moment- no words or life at any point- only mystery- perhaps nothing/everything- paradox- silence.

and borealis- all milk skin and long legs- prize winning pedigree legs- gallant princess legs- extinct camelot legs- pearl polished heaven legs- honest oregon legs- legs of tall grass and bare feet and sand flecks- great columns of legs- infinite ranges of legs- what color are her eyes?

and thin flesh covered ribs ridges and lines of tendons catch the red light- red light on her cheek bones- emaciated red girl- red light on her strawberry hair- red light on the pearl of her fingernails- and can we play twenty questions? can we play truth or dare?

first time you bled? butterflies or the moon? favorite shampoo? favorite class in high school? what you stolen? how wet your fingers? who you killed? favorite color? taught you to fuck? what drugs? how high? first thought? sunset magazine from the sixties- sunset magazine with maytag ads- sunset magazine full of technicolor orange aprons? what innocence? what nubs tongues probed? who you want dead? atlas shrugged? desert sunrise or sunset? come back emma goldman...

borealis can do no wrong and in short skirt- borealis's plaid schoolgirl skirt and underwear- what a miracle- i go in the private parties booth- (first grab kleenex tissue- never touch the door handles without kleenex- aids fear- virus fear- germ fear- some guys lick the door handles- some guy demands orders- demands the command to lick his own cum off the floor- the floor makes a truckstop immaculate-

the filth of shoe scum cum floor and dirty mop and the sticky shoebottoms and the cum all tacky like fly paper glue)

place a sf advertiser on the bench- the latest issue- this time, "medical cannabis clinic 1/8th \$20 & up 1 oz. \$150 and up" and then beneath: "donate your car fast pick up- running or not." and then, "2010 cannabis club of the year, etc." and who actually reads such things except maybe the bums who make blankets with it- or me to get dick hard with it under my ass-

want to watch borealis like hovering ghost- like stationed above her always- and then i could be sure at every moment that there is such thing as beauty in life- always in a tree with fresh smell of eucalyptus and she turning playboy pages- the pages with wide eyes- the naked girls in her eyes- big curious eyes- eyes nipple erect- devouring the pages with delicate fingertips and there are bodies- there are vaginas- there are curious photographed eyes- and oh to see a picture of her soaking up the pictures of them- what would it mean? who is her favorite care bear?

"what is your favorite stuffed animal?" "favorite ice cream?" "koala or panda?" the most twisted perverted approach of all- the insistent head demented mind fetish with no explanation- gets my jollies off without knowing it until later- tender innocent questions innocent fifth grade questions- come in with licorice and chocolates and nightlights and pinocchio socks pinocchio nightlights- hello kitty- hello hello hello- never never neverland-

cricket, sweet cricket- cruel cricket/ spring flower- dances on sundays and i can no longer visit sundays- she dances and spreads her legs for all the lowlifes- all the dirtbags- and the pain- and the lowlifes nut on the plexiglass- the lowlife cum streak like seagull shit- white nut on the pain glass and cricket bends over- her little precious kitty cat asshole brown and clean- stained coffee brown- still clean- her tender flower flesh that eases open- flower flesh of droplets like the first hints in a chrysanthemum morning.

and no reason to ever forget that tender heaven slit- my finger there for the first time- fingertip electric melts inside warm fold- melts inside surrender- the schoolgirl childlike cry and moan- i fall one billion miles from a wicked place into the soft cradle of holy peace-

ah, and i won't bother to think about her note, "the people i slept with while we were apart-" 'we' not meaning me- but meaning her boyfriend- apart from her boyfriend- me just incidental- and who else- because there were more- her favorite fuck, she told me once, "on top of an elementary school,"- and all i offered was the meager back seat of a cheap car- all i offered was a meager fuck with all my heart in a dead redwood attic-

there were others- others more blessed by her holy girl cry- perhaps identical holy girl cry- the whimper of a holy radiant child- the tender musical cry- the tender chopin whimper- and as i licked- the source slit between her legs- the mysterious heaven slit- tender pink flower flesh petal slit- fairytale fleshes slit- nothing but playgrounds and school roofs and redemptions, "fuck me..." i could barely hear her, pleading "please fuck... me, fuck me please," she begged and whimpered and tears almost running down her face- tears almost running down my face- and crazy collusions of honesty- crazy collisions of body- a crying girl begging- supplicating and we fucked- sheet stain heaven.

everything in this girl- hair was blue now it's green- we can talk of haiku and mountains- the sound of water on leaves- sunlight on river water- it's all the same- it's all life- it's all her- a stained glass window of light- stained glass window of mephisto's- a choir and the words of god- the silent whimper music of god no bibles counterfeit of god- just pure direct hula hoop communion of god- communion of flowers- communion of blooms- communion of hop scotch- communion of playgrounds- communion of same feeling- communion of innocence- the same intersection of wide eyes to the world- the same communion of sunlight on face...

16th street- i look up from underneath the canopy of stagi's liquor store- nothing but a frame of plumbing pipes to secure weather beaten vinyl; and a net stretched in the interior plumbing of the frame- the net full of dredged up catches: an aerosol can- generic nameless- the paint on the can annihilated by weather and time; miscellaneous unidentifiable chunks of filth- artifacts of crime; a dried jerky christ pigeon crucified- wings stretched open like a gray feather christ on a plumbing pipe cross- the many wings of a pigeon-

16th street and mission. valencia and 15th. street. capp street and 17th. telephone lines crisscross- streets crisscross- people pass and cross- everything like nets. and in the thick soup fog- the 16th and mission plaza- bacon grease smell- 16th and mission street bart plaza- still the lunatics stomp around in shredded sneakers plaza- still stolen shit on blankets and cardboard plaza- still squeal of bus wheels and women chasing it waving emphatically for bus to wait- it slams door and slams the gas and she is left to wait in the rain feces plaza- faces dead and blank/ zombie plaza-

and the girl with green hair, 90 pounds with green hair, and the girl with striped stockings- the girl with hula hoop just in case- the girl green hair green as spring grass- green apple hair- the girl thick pointed horn rimmed librarian glasses- carries big bag full of mystery girl things- the immutable electric buzz of her- the same immutable spectral buzz that neon signs make- the palpable sense of impending storms- the palpable sense of an angel illuminated among mortals-

run up to her. we don't hug. we don't touch. there is no kiss. it has been five

weeks since the backseat of the cheap car- it has been an anxious heart wrenching five weeks and i have no idea what to expect- telling myself, "just be grateful for the chance to give everything to her,"- least of all presents- i bought and stole christmas presents for her- they haunted me- grew stale in my room- putrefied- mocked me- presents in my room i wrapped myself- wrapped with a bow- the bow wilted over the weeks- the presents snickered- the presents whisper screamed- absence-

presents of my loneliness and so i write lists and lists inside of lists subdivided and crazy lists like, "plan for c.:" -she feels scared/insecure -she still has one foot in with her boyfriend -she's keeping me at arm's length -board games, car, raw mushrooms -just wanted meaningless fling. 1. hung up on boyfriend or tech nerds -mean spirited, vengeful, destructive -she's angry and emotionally unstable and doesn't view me as a person with feelings- she wants to exclude me and punish me and fuck other people -my only chance is to play it stable, not react, it's all about her and always will be a) solidify positive reputation 1. other ll's 2. when she's vulnerable -consider that you may be better off like this/ liberated- don't contact unless she contacts you one month until forever a) parlay to other dancers? 2) maybe in a moment of weakness she'll return to you - avoid triggering cheating paranoia

and so on...

truly insane lists- but quiet silent lists- nobody knows- i just clench my teeth and the pain washes over me like boiling water- solitude agony lists- but didn't say a word to anyone- just insane lists which i read the next morning and know i have lost my mind- know that the intrinsic truth of the lists- the lists= perfect evidence why she would never be with me- any girl that required such extensive lists and plotting... ah of course it was all doomed- but life is doomed and we go on living- we live that much harder when we think about doom- and a piece of paper is innocent- i'm innocent, too- just tied up inside and wouldn't hurt a fly- just myself in interior violent monologues- silent internal violence...

valencia street between 16th and 17th- closer to 16th- where the hippie runaway kids have colonized- they lean against the wall of the corner liquor store that i've only been in once (tried to buy a small bottle of tequila- they don't sell- forgot the name of the place- you can see their atm machine from the street- it's just inside the door- right at the se corner-) the roxie theater neon glows to the west just up 16th-

and now the homeless kids- the haight ashbury runaway prophets, they hustle for change and see me as a mark or an undercover cop- not as a crying soul- not as a

runaway, too- they set up sidewalk galleries on the concrete- their artwork- frenetic insane ballpoint drawings on cardboard- horribly intense paint pen drawings ready to combust- i like the paintings but can't take the time to take them in deep-

it's too cluttered- too many lights- too many faces- a bustling narrow bottleneck of a spot- bike rack right there- crosswalk backed up- the pizza place next door customers dodging in and out- attractive waif girls/ drool perfect girls/ girls with thick thighs scurry with a slice of pizza and a guilty look on their face- maybe they'll just puke it up later anyways- makes no difference- a couple dollars a slice and everyone is starving for comfort- everyone is starving...

tenor sax player blows free jazz while a black man on jambe slaps out solid west african rhythm- and fixed gears handcuffed to perking meters or single speeds- just too much to get my head around so i dig the artwork as much as i can on the move- it's complex lsd adderall busy frenetic artwork- wobbly dense lines...

and across the street - the boarded up bombay bazaar- where they used to serve ice cream alongside indian curry take out- strange combination of a place- a place established before the mba's opened their own ice cream shops and the impeccable white girls began to arrive... the landlord jacked up the rent- a senselessly huge space just for ice cream and indian take out- but also more- another giant part of the place an indian market- bare inventory of a place with mostly dusty shelves except for a few tins of curry powder and burlap bags of jasmine rice...

but already a couple months it's been gutted and plywood boarded and now covered in graffiti pastiche- a skeleton in top hat- skeleton black and white spray paint- a masterpiece spray paint work of art- and next to that a weird fat faced graffiti rabbit smoking a fat blunt- a wonderful curly cue of smoke coming from his fat cigar... a few days later/ already another indiscernible tag on top of the skeleton face and soon after that beige house paint covers it all- a big patch of house paint/ new canvas- fresh and clean two hours- then tagged rat-a-tat-tat spray paint straight away again...

and papier mache fresco wheat paste layers of posters like whitney houston (found dead in a hotel room last night), "crack is whack"- then it's half ripped off the plywood by some distraught fan- consequently achieving the torn 1/2 shred layer look- the bottom layer of what eventually grows into a thick skin of wheat paste paper... and near there/ a wet folded piece of notebook paper orphaned at the base of a scraggily street tree-

i pick up the wet piece of paper by the filth of the dogshit street tree- too many germs for words- i have typhoid just thinking about it- and maybe no pigs and horses like harry houdini 1927 crowds, etc, but all the piss and shit- and maybe even worse the undetectable chemical trickles and spills- trace amounts of dupont formulas hijacking blood and cells/ frankenstein designs in mitochondria nucleus goodbye dna- or maybe it's all invisible radiation anyways from nuclear rains winter spring 2011...

and place the wet piece of folded notebook paper in my pocket- still aspiring flanneur- a dim trace of the flanneur i prided myself to be- all notebooks and meticulous journals of twenty years stolen and destroyed- the gloomy far deep blues still haunting me... dark dreary death thoughts- thoughts of infinite loss... but it always was- now looking through the sidewalk and trying to sing along-

wondering if the day will ever come- a hooker and a cigarette and an honest night's sleep- just a little rest- just a little tender human flesh to touch and depend on for half an hour- simple thoughts as i walk down the street and pick up wet pieces of folded notebook paper letters:

"mr aaron charles boyd i love and miss you lot's (heart). hello my love (heart-girl bubble heart in blue pen). how is life in bruno county? not too good i imagine but shit, o', missing you super badly a! i've been very angry at you because you refused to listen to me when i cried and begged you not to go and leave me but did and now look at you boo! i love you no less but so much more honey! i honestly truly do apologize for taking so long to stop being angry but here i am hating that i am not able to touch you, kiss you, and listen to you tell me how much you love me and that everything is going to be just fine! babe i'm not able to hear that anymore! i miss you so terribly extremely bad i'm starting to cry! i always cry at night before i go to sleep. i'm missing you and the way you held me every night before i went to sleep after each time you made love to me and we'd fall completely to sleep. fuck i miss you aaron boyd on all nothing but complete 100 serious shit no bullshit daddy!

now i have to wait a whole entire long ass 5 yrs. before i'm able to completely feel your tender touch and soft kisses + your sweet words? wow... this is 10,000 complete bullshit because of your damn temper! you must calm your fucking temper down hella much my love because look daddy you're locked up & gone for it seems like honestly a forever & i feel this forever but i of course know it isn't even close i hate not being with you aaron!

please don't ask why i am up so damn early this morning okay! i'm really stressed out like never before seriously a. i know you have probably heard my name floating around, huh?

aaron please baby don't think this is my first attempt to write you it's most certainly not try like maybe this the hundredth (100) letter i've wrote you but i've not yet been able to send any of those letters do to me not really too much what to say to you while you're there my love? it's honestly and actually not everyday i decide to write my better half and my best half in san bruno county jail. for reals feel me! i hate i wasn't with you to at least watch your back like i used to remember!

aaron-"

the crumpled wet piece of folded notebook paper cuts off there.

who knows what anyone thinks- secret girls crying on the street- and i understand that i'll never understand why- the great whys of wet folded notebook paper letters on sidewalks- or whys of star blankets and despair.

lost and i wonder what happened one hundred years ago- one hundred years ago on this street- at least the land beneath it- 1912 the year of my grandmother's birth. i think about the bleach of my skull bone- no top hat like the spray paint graffiti skeleton on plywood- just ordinary dust skull bone in earth and all this life goes just to end like that?

the girl, what does she see in the golden sunrise of her life- the enigmatic serenity of perfect girl thought- the perfect peaceful girl thought like flowers? why didn't i ever confess- why didn't i smell her hair forever and confess to waking in a vineyard- confess to wandering lost and homeless- confess the smell of warm earth and grapes- even younger than you- why didn't i ever confess the light i once thought was milk but now i know is always you-

the girl, everything makes sense- her soul/ thoughts- i deserve the cruelty- it's a gift- and scared in the sacred vastness of her bottle thick eyeglasses. ah, i have failed and in spite of my agonies and lists and theories, reasoning's, calculations- lists of hopes- lists to justify- lists to survive another hour- the morning i wake up and stare at the rafters ah good god another day is gone- another day has come- on its way out- and i'm running out of time. time running all over me- and the lists fill my notebook- most recently: *don't react *try to gain positive reputation. *i am voluntarily participating in destruction- i am not part of her war- minimum 2 hour delay in response, 24 hours is better - perhaps silence is best! - she can't handle a friendship a) all or nothing- transferring anger and hostility onto me. -patience -response to criticism that i visit the l lady a) why is everyone so suspicious that i find you beautiful and pure?

clumsy cross fingered beliefs that enough chocolate... a delicious romance- we'd laugh into summertime sprinklers... ah but i'm just a crusty lovely- maybe worse- a creep of the worst caliber- head game/ head case/ manipulations/ sinister temptations with gifts- maybe the worst dirtbag they've seen... oh the slanders they utter about me, if any- if only they did...

which comes down to the great paradox- the saintly girl irony- or simply evidence of it all- cricket, lady purrr, borealis, ruby, eva- all in girl consensus: i'm a creep. creep for paying. creep for seeing halos. creep for 2am's with chocolates. creep for surrendering soul. creep for jacking off booths 3 and 11. creep they undress to. creep they bend over- rapture- lady purrr fingered herself- but i do it truly- and so have they (maybe). creep for that- the worst kind of creep- dangerously wrong. creep they're perfect it makes no sense to them and i shudder to think- the mirror/ some kind of sadness beyond endurance...

all purged on lists- all worked out from guts- i pour over a picture of the girl- she must be 20 years old in the photo and her hair is green and her skin is rough- topography of pimples on her cheeks- fertile hormone acne- and i've got a hard on looking at her- full lips in her devious smile- thick pointed horn rim glasses tilted down past the bridge of her nose- light bangs like pistol shots from the emerald iris of her eyes-

and she does whatever she wants and always will- how can i ever compete with that? she punishes me and destroys me and says what she says- no remorse- it's amazing- i'm in awe-

and every time i get this suffocating vacuum feeling- 3 times- once in the bath (she called)- next time 12am another night (she called)- and now again finally- (no call). the agony vacuum- the empty point- the rock bottom point- the point when i understand- the girl does what she wants and there's nothing left- there's nothing i can do- like begging a flower not to grow red- red- it is red- it flowers as it will- and i pain as it will- that is what i do which is the worst of all places in the garden.

that vacuum feeling again- to hell with the lists- to hell with my lectures- to hell with my pathetic formulations, "now, if we're going to be friends we have to be honest and respectful of each other- i want to be your friend but please promise not to betray me again..." and thinking that maybe she'll be contrite, maybe we've reached an understanding, "see i don't want to be your older brother- i have my pains too and would like to be understood- i have feelings- i'd like us to be on equal footing-"

imaginary conversations/ sounding like an insane psychiatrist or mind controlling con artist- i almost see her now with scared look or a blank look or a look that says fuck you i do what i want i own you and you know it. or just fuck you i'm out... no shortages for me... or patronizing yes yes agreeing yes yes i agree and i made some bad decisions... all of life is empty.

and the crumpled wet piece of folded notebook paper and i am that letter. and who knows what i think about? who knows what the girl thinks about? who knows what time thinks about? who knows what boo in san bruno jail thinks about? and

the girl needs to be free and i must let her be free and if she comes back i'll just be quiet and compliant and obedient with my head hangdog and hope she wants to play for at least a little while again.

the lovely lady hotline.

the girl works late night shift: 11pm to 3am. not the morning shift: 11am-3pm. not the afternoon shift: 3pm- 7pm. not the late evening shift: 7pm to 11pm.

i feed a dollar into the dollar eating machine- the light blinks blinks blinks- a dead green blinking light in the slot where the dollar machine eats the money- a blinking light green light dead, kryptonite and cold-

i feed my dollar in the money slot- late night money slot- and the shade comes up and takes everyone by surprise- all the girls just sitting or leaning on their elbows or hunched over knees- normal tired girls at the end of a workday- all worn out and ready to go home to their home life concerns- thoughts of their cat and blankets of bed- lives/ strange that they do, too...

but they do, sincere hopes and lives and waiting on platforms to catch the bart and maybe even phone calls home- what's the matter with me? and one of the girls reclines/ lying down on her blanket- the old black warhorse of a woman- and cricket there also- like a sprite- her eyes brimming with green fire- striped stockings- a tight mini skirt/ no underwear- she's sitting down but dutifully gets up to dance- devout work ethic- never late for work- always punctual for work- a solid reliable quaker of an employee- no qualms- she insists to leave for work- mustn't be late for work-

that first halcyon morning- hardly any sleep at all- just a night of nerves- the two of us- an electric ball of nerves- at stevens arts and crafts- she says it's run by nazis in texas- christian fundamentalists in texas...

and it's sunday 7:30 a.m. the other girls are arriving in black slacks- and not black/ in khakis and a black polo shirt embroidered stevens in red... and the girl works in the floral arrangements- makes artificial flowers- silk flowers, bows if necessary- she makes silk flowers and arrangements, "mostly for funerals," she says....

stationed somewhere in that big store- in the strip mall- the most beautiful green eyes you've ever seen the most beautiful green hair or purple- frail gaunt girl 90 pounds assembling bouquets for funerals- the most alive girl in the world making fake flowers for wakes of the dead. "i want to work in a real flower shop," she said,

“my friend has an idea for a movie, it’s called, (-----) (-----) wants to be a florist.’ it’s about a girl who makes fake flower arrangements and only wants from life to work with real flowers... god, i would love that.”

but pretty soon she quits her job at stevens – the old bitch of a manager turned against her, “i saw her in a thrift store,” the girl explains, “and my manager says, ‘now you know my dirty little secret’ and ran out the door...” “like she was ashamed of being caught there?” “yeah, even though i was there, too...”

and i thought about the shame she sees in me- “started as a customer” even though these dancers are none without customers- and it seems like something is missing- something didn’t make enough sense... but these girls are full of censorship- comes so naturally- and i know that i can’t ask why a flower grows-

cricket sways side to side- a warming up tired dance- and the others languidly get up but they see i only want to see the girl and the old black warhorse stripper just sighs and sits back down. the other girl (a sassy big loud mouth girl) sighs and sits back down, too. just me and the girl and i feel bad- almost 3 a.m./ they want to rest and quit or go to sleep and i’m a selfish sex pervert paying one dollar wanting her to dance like a puppet- another dollar in my pocket- forget that i sweat and curse for my dollars, too- there’s nothing i can say- no one listens-

“i’m sorry,” i yell and the shade mechanical ticks down over the window- i yell, “thank you!” as the shade shuts- like waves to someone drifting away on a train- down and wave to her and the tender beautiful wave of her hand breaks my heart.

lonelylonelyloelylonelylonelylonelylonelylonelylonelylonelylonelylonelylonelylonelylonelylonelylonelylonelylonelyloelylonelylo... just one word and maybe we all feel the same? just one word.

hunger/ every solution there are so many more problems/ i chant that like a mantra the ice cold nights in the attic/ i feel weak with hunger/ i feel like deep sleep answer/ oh but the dreams keep me between sleep and weakness/ they frighten me and my arms go numb/ lurch to one side so i don’t lose all feeling and lose my limbs for good... time is running out and i always wake up thinking of the girl-

ah she doesn’t think a second of me i remind myself- ah she never did... such madness in woman. i want to tell her i miss her but am glad that i didn’t- ah maybe everything will work out in inevitable perfection- try and smile and let’s think of all the other green haired girls that will whimper like toddlers when you fuck. ah, i’m sorry i’m a sicko- but don’t think like that because you didn’t hear the sound of it... the gorgeous true music of it... then you would understand/ you’d wake at night staring into yourself and wishing you could smell her hair again.

for once it even worked, and maybe all our suffering in life is really for a reason- maybe all the breaths and all the animals that die and the rivers that die, maybe it all makes sense when the sun finally sets.

a sound so silent- a rock tossed into the void- waiting for the sound to echo back. no sense in it- just listening- listening to the feint whispers of her longing for me- there is no sound- there is only lonely me on the ledge convincing myself with tears and obtuse logic- weird freudian rationalities about why she is behaving this way- she hates me... because she secretly loves me is the only explanation...

and i never stood a chance and saw what a waste of time i was to her good times, and girls the cruelest thing in the universe- more cruel than poems of hate, war, or destruction- so much blood- blood of every mouth- blood of every month and the dying eggs- the blood in the wounds that i never inflicted but always punished for, "ah choo ah choo-"

borealis is not falling for my tricks- borealis is a self proclaimed snake charmer- she sees through my pathetic ploy and spreads her legs open so i can see her black underwear- the treasure so close to me- so open like a flower- orchids is her favorite flower- i try to talk of orchid habitats but she unstraps her bra and runs hers fingertips over her nipples-

ah god, i stutter- she is a snake tamer... i am a snake. she sees a snake- not a child the kindergarten playground... the timer is ticking, "an orchid only grows on wood-" and now her panties are off and she pushes her pelvis up against the plexiglass- never a more beautiful vagina, a wonderful trimmed vagina and little pimples and shaving razor burn- she reaches her long leg up, long like a flower stalk- lilies- a beautiful bolt of nature- it is like a dream- she is papaver somniferum-

i am her pet snake- helpless pathetic and tamed. the window goes dark- time is up= time for me to go- she knows nothing of my cape in kindergarten- she knows nothing of my great victories on the playground as the tyrannosaurus rex- she knows nothing of how i pulverized triceratops- she knows nothing of the unpronounceable word "the" and she doesn't care/ never will/ and only spites me for the oxygen i breathe.

the red light of roxie cinema- the neon red light of the roxie and i'm early- but i've got ticket stubs in my pocket- yellow, red, blue... and i'm trying to get a good look to see what color the ticket stub is- i can't see- hunched old gray troll looking men- strange crowd- roxie a porn theater in '67-

tonight, hollywood pre-code movies... thoughts of old smut... not much of a line- not much chance for confusion... i can't see what color the ticket stubs are... there's still time, show starts at 8 and it's only 7:30- not even sure what to do with myself... but just to wait for my moment to get in... double feature... eleven bucks- a shot in the arm- took a look at my wallet- can't be spending money on strippers, movies, or anything- just rent and food- can't even afford any pills-

stretched to the bare tug of war minimum... running out fast and i think of all the money i blew over the years- no chance to dig myself out of this empty wallet- empty wallet sinking brick/ all the oceans of loneliness... just shuffled into shadows and soon i'll die and won't waste anymore oxygen... it's all a lost cause and now the world looks at me and finally i'm starting to believe-

which means the great existential conclusion and i'm just begging myself to cheer up because there isn't much time left- just anticipation, happiness like the taste of honey- but the world wants more room... ah it's too late but it's too late for everybody and maybe the sun knows this the best of all.

and these haunted thoughts as the bar ahead of me vibrates with drinks and life clinking like bells across the stars and people crossing the room and a film projected on the far wall and everyone there with a purpose (at least for now) and pedestrian walking by- no notice of them- another black bum- some people i don't even recall- and a whole universe revolves around them and all is monochrome-

but oh god a skinny creature- a 90 pound creature with horn rimmed eyeglasses and how she hustles with a paper cup in her hand- a coffee- a petite tiny creature hoody up- it's cold out- and skinny jeans but hanging low and loose- a stern expression on her beautiful face...

"they're all replicas," i think. i feel better- "see, there's other green haired girls out there... other crickets.... you'll find yours someday if you're patient..." (misc. aphorisms)- i saw one smoking a cigarette/ 21st and valencia/ another green haired girl with intricate tattoos (no pinocchio the only way i knew it wasn't her-)

but too late/ dirtbag old age 35 which may as well be in a retirement home my knees killing/ aches/ my memory shot- a sad case of a 35 year old- i don't know a thing- no nothing- a few enemies and failures on my trophy shelf- a lost cause on my trophy shelf-

this girl wears plaid shirt with hood- a sweatshirt- it's cold- hands are numb- coffee must warm the hands- she's in a rush and where is she going? thank god that there are more crickets out there- i'll find a crazy girl some day- a mentally disturbed girl who plays board games and video games and disappears in depression for weeks at a time and tries to die- a head case- an emotionally disturbed girl who thinks i may be worth a shit for- a girl who may even cry about me and ask me not to leave instead of change her number or never call back-

maybe there is someone out there who knows of flowers and the eyes of a 5 year

old and will sit with me and watch the sun collide with the blue sky clouds.... "see how sick i am?" i think-

and this girl is already almost up to guererro... and i can't resist- i follow- i have to know where she goes- i have to know how to talk to her/ how to find her maybe there are more/ maybe they will smile with/ at me. and i start walking quickly- there are plenty of people on the street- 16th street humming/ people going to bars or restaurants even people walking their dogs- or just coming home from work...

a couple of queers in front of me- two young swish creampuff fags squealing and chattering- together hand in hand- sensitive caring boys- shoulder to cry on boys- still young still pretty hair combed nicely, a country boy with neatly cropped hair- careless free happy chattering with high voices about things i'd normally listen to- gossip about the other boys- troubles at work, plans for the night, etc-

but i'm somewhere in werewolf head- somewhere in lizard brain- someplace of silent chaos and void, someplace where the thump pump of my heart- ears explosions- someplace a cure for pain is only fifty feet before me- not bus on 16th st death- yes the codeine of her sparkle eyes-

and so close now- the pure cure of her- and maybe she'll shine for me as she shines for somebody, ah yes beneath skin girl smell reveries... thinking of the apple, thinking of her board games/ hula hoop/ cat- her desires and maybe not- it's too much to bare...

and the fags twinkle toe splinter south on dolores or maybe slipped into a shop- that's what i'm saying- a trance- but she takes a sharp right, a radical right- she couldn't have noticed me- how could she- impossible- i just noticed her out of the blue far back on a busy street...

and it still hasn't occurred to me that the girl is her- maybe it isn't a replica at all but the real angel- the true one and only... and so it's no longer west into the chills of wicked ocean death, now it's north and north to the great redwoods and mountains far past the most famous bridge... and even up to oregon and the verdant meadows and riverbanks of eugene where the earth devout girls bathe naked in a stream...

and further north to washington where craggily trees cling to cliffs like chicken claws- it forests- dripping forests of moss and towns- port townsend where poppies grow and there's a girl there who plays cello with terrifying grace-

and north to the caribou woods and then alaska and then who knows? all shrouded in mystery- so north- and now so old and tired and doubt i ever will- only imitations which fall flat- but scared anyhow as the worst of the radiation blew over there and no one will know for another ten years and then we'll all find out and shrug our shoulders- a great time delay cloud of death and the babies of tomorrow will be monsters-

but that's for some other day, for now i have a blue pill in my pocket- thinking it's a valium but realizing later it's klonopin courtesy of a fag i know/ only realizing later it probably was a generic valium... the klonopins i found- the fag gave me three... who knows what happened to him- but all wrapped like a little present in my pocket and anticipating the warm wash of peace it brings- my first chance at peace in weeks- everything without pills is only demolition/ only bus brake screams and-

but now i may not even make it to the movie in time- where am i going- it's only been four minutes- covering a lot of ground- the girl walks fast- she doesn't turn around once-

a black guy in front of me. it's the girl/ the black guy- he's walking his dog- his dog? how can i know? life is all guess work- and then me- i don't have a dog- just walking in shadows- a man in the dark shadows and who knows what kind of crazed glare in my eyes...

"you'd never do anything wrong," i tell myself, "you're a nice person" i tell myself. "there's nothing wrong with what you're doing- you'd never hurt anyone- just walk you have a right to walk so she happens to be walking the same place you are going- just walk and it's 8 pm and anyone is allowed to walk..."

but i feel my gut sinking- i feel a horrible nervous knot in my gut... something is wrong according to my gut- but my gut says something is always wrong and either my gut is a truth machine or my gut is a terrorist-

ah forget it because the black guy with dog has noticed me- his dog is black... it makes no difference except that he abruptly stops- he's noticed me and now he's stopped- he's let the dog sniff around the tree- oh the weird smell worlds of dogs only to be in their smell brain for a second what would we do but probably choke- so much to choke on radioactivity smokestacks car exhaust by the billow breath full...

but it seems he is getting into his car- his car? a car? life is all guess work- can't even report truly to myself though doing my best- he gets in the car- or at least the door opens and i've passed him and already the girl is crossing up 15th- i haven't seen her turn around once- she seems to be in a hurry- is she just cold- small girls are always cold- tiny girls are always shivering- an odd path- a truly odd unusual route- she must have come from mission street- she came from 16th street bart?-

cross dolores going west again now on 15th and she's already up ahead and an asshole of a taxi driver tries to run me down and i puff pout out my chest and stare at him and shout, "fuck you"- such a pathetic fool- and i get my way- he stops and i cross and then across the street and the tiny girl- she's up ahead fifty feet but not many people around- just me and her- but the apartments must be full? the apartments are empty?

it's quiet i can hear my footsteps- the trees block the streetlamps- shadows thick like shrouds she's walking fast- her hood is on- i haven't seen her turn around once-

look how tiny she is- a small thing less than 100 pounds- thin legs- schoolgirl legs- skinny jeans- skinny punk rock drooping jeans- maybe corduroys- i don't care- a flat ass- no chest just an anemic skinny savior girl with coffee breath- cigarette stained teeth and beautiful thick glasses- horn rimmed nerd glasses- unbearable cross-eyed coke bottle glasses...

and she's taken a right- a very unusual right- no one walks this route, what street... it has a name i don't recognize- but there are houses of course there are houses and how this street is a network of lives- a star constellation of memories- this street is the familiar come home place- someone lives in these houses and where is she going... the houses are empty- the houses are filled with rags- she darts to the other side of the street- "still hasn't looked back," i think-

so thin-i crossed dolores- did she see me in the headlights of that bastard taxi- that filthy taxi? she rushes, coffee still in hand- how do i know it's coffee?

i hear my footsteps/ they sound like hideous evil shuffle footsteps/ which must be a mistake because my footsteps are kind kindergarten flower footsteps how come no one knows that- how come i comply- i quietly comply- i silently obey so many rules/

i'm allowed to walk- i just want to see where beautiful girls go on tuesday night- maybe i'm just walking- how do you know- maybe i could say hello... and i know that it sounds depraved- no matter how my heart may beat- judgment - a life of its own- there's no jesus on 16th street and mission but only blank faced void- souls... zombie faces-

and i stumble on a sidewalk crack- the sound of my thin sole on the concrete- the worn out shoes- the beaten leather shoes- how old are these shoes- the tattered rain leaking shoes- can't see any hope of replacing them shoes... just don't think of it because it will all end soon, not much time left of this i'm sure and i see the sky- this and the dream world in my head- the time river world like a whirlpool... and everything too late- i clearly see the tomb the world- no more room for me- exhaustion- and i thought i would fall fall fall and if i fall and there'd be a great soft net- a meadow of softness and the smell flowers/ perfume-

this girl hates flowers, this girl hates perfume- she has her own wonderful sorrow and joys- incomprehensible skinny girl thoughts- incomprehensible cross-eyed thoughts- she has meadows waiting for her... or it's all blankness maybe it's all zombie feet on 16th street... and she turns up 15th toward market- i lay back- pull back- "not too close," i think- is that an apartment building? oh i wonder what i will say; maybe i should call out her name- just innocently whisper scream her name-

and then she could turn around, "oh i'm not-" "oh i guess you're not" and then shuffle away- no soft kindness from a girl like her just nervous traumatized flight, flight, angel flight, and fighting against... and the hatred of my sadness- my sadness provokes the urge to kill in women- it feeds their instinct for blood... blood feeds

mother mosquito- it feeds thirst the red thirst the red thirst that i cannot know and will never know... i am just meat... i am just red thirst- blood

and now i've turned up 15th and a man crosses the street- i think that's a woman- confusion- lights on market- a bus- the giant red sign market- crowd in front of dish clamor restaurant- where is she? where. is. she? where/ is/ she? i sprint to market st, both ways- and then both ways again- back, can't breathe

oh god, did she- could she have stopped somewhere- it's only been a few seconds- was she running down market in terror- what have i done- she's fucking someone- so fast- yes she walking fast- she was in a hurry before she ever saw me...

or did she see me- maybe she saw me- all the way back in the red neon roxie glow that is why she was in a hurry? keep walking keep walking if she's watching act natural- you are pursued- now she is pursuing you- you are just walking- you are just here to meet some friends- just a coincidence that we walk the same streets on a tuesday night- who would have guessed such coincidences in life were possible? they are truly the things of life- they are life- life is nothing but one coincidence after the next who could have ever guessed such things- life is probabilities- life is all guess work-

and i turn the corner at church street still telling myself that i'm just here to meet some friends "i'm just here to meet some friends/ some friends- i'm the type of person with lots of friends and if someone has friends then they are fine- they are sane - they must be liked- that's what it means to have friends- you are liked- friends are people who are liked- friends are defined by friends- yes friends are everything/ friends are the type of people to have friends- what kind of creep would have none?"

tell myself i tell myself i tell myself, "i have friends" and think, forget the scoundrels who call you faggot- forget the hateful bitches- forget me- the hateful looks/ the looks of valentines/ and just out of curiosity check out that clerk in the corner store....

what's the use...

and past howie's restaurant which is full of faces and tables of food roasted chicken pumpkin cake- had it before- a fag took me there- one of the best cakes i've ever tasted and the cream filled my stomach all day i thought i would be sick all the cream but felt full for the first time in months... that was already years ago but i remember clearly and for a minute forgot the girl forget the girl forget the girl....

quick cut back to 16th and back toward mission street- back toward stagis- back to the roxie- too late to sneak into the movie- everyone in- no diversion- no blend in

with the crowd- everyone watching- i step up to the ticket booth- girl with nerdy horn rimmed glasses/ bottle thick glasses behind plexiglass- pale pasty thin girl behind plexiglass- "one, please"- i should've snuck in- i should've forced my way in- i paid 11 dollars, ah god...

can't afford 11 dollars for a movie- i can't afford 11 dollars for anything- and nobody even checks my ticket- i just walk in- ah hell what was i thinking... but the smell of the popcorn- lonely ugly faces, sallow faces, leather jackets, thin hair, crooked teeth- shaky hands and suddenly i'm where i belong and i find a seat in the theater- the sticky floor- the disgusting chair...

and the lights go down and i take out the notebook paper folded with the blue pill and stick my tongue like a lizard onto the pill and that wonderful chemical taste on my tongue- my lizard tongue- i'm safe again- the lights are down no one can see me-

but my mind hurts- the warm blue pill rush hasn't kicked in yet- retracing retracing- retracing my steps- every step/ tried to memorize- but maybe i missed something- did she see me- it was her- oh god it was her/ she saw me- oh god there's no hope for me... now everything is truly over- all my lists are lost- my ears are ringing with demolition—it was her did she see me/ was it that filthy light of the taxi-

and there's an eyeliner brunette in a flower shop- a 1932 brunette and she is skinny and pale, too- and she is dust- and she has deep soulful beautiful eyes eighty years ago she's dead already... where could she have gone- where could the 1932 girl have gone... i can't stand it...

but the warm rush blue pill brings peace to my heart- my kindergarten heart- and the lovebirds in the black and white apartment- the black and white flowers- the black and white flower shop- "gee ain't it swell..." "ah if you want me to leave you alone i'll stay away from you like a cold monkeys nose..." and my grandma is 99 years old alone in chicago- blind- head hunched in darkness- head hunched in world- she was 20 years old in 1932- beautiful- and gee, ain't it swell... ah she is just a frail wisp in the wind... ain't it swell... ain't life swell...

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