

Rapture in the Mud

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A Bag from Portugal

When I was in Portugal
my love gave me a bag
filled with ancient arts--
sometimes heavy, sometimes light
A bag so ugly,
I just had to smile.

When I was in New York City
a dead man lay on the ground
everyone stepped over him,
with neither pause nor sound.

And it was then that I lost my sight.

I stumbled down dark, twisted alleyways
until I heard the tinkling of coins
falling through broken cups
disenfranchised angels
blowing out goddust
cracked vessels trying to hold on to
what they were blowing for.

And that's when I heard Coltrane play
and I felt the first crispness of fall--
and the light just behind the light in fall.

And for a moment I forgot all about the hole.

When I was in Spain
I saw the great cathedrals
and wept--
my tears flooded the streets,
mixing with the blood of fallen bulls.
I wept and tasted the wine.

When I was in Saudi
I deeply inhaled the betrayal
from the open bag--
and walked out onto the ledge,
ready to jump.

But our dog, Elmo, appeared--
a formation in the clouds,
jumping in an ecstasy
so ephemeral and yet profound.
And he stayed in that Fool's pose
just long enough to let me know--
that this is how it sometimes goes.

And now I squat in this shack long abandoned
and listen to the polluted river flow
with more floating [Wilson's](#) than even
Hanks Williams could know.

And I wait--
for the crispness
to come back around
I wait for the silence
just behind the sound.

And I know it's just an ugly bag, common and old--
but I carry it with me wherever I go.

I'm Not Seeing Her Anymore

Not in the trembling light
Not in the shaking hands
Not in the first hint of night
Not in the aching sands.
Not in the cruel promise known as Spring
Not in the wildflowers that bloom
Not in the absence in all things.

Not in the things that leave too soon.
Not in the sunlight too harsh to see
Not in the phases of the moon.
Not in the wild humidity.
Not in the shoes thrown across the room
Not in the wind that growls
Not in a hat slightly askew
Not in a child that howls
Not in the purr we once knew.
Not on the big screen
Not on this tiny stage.
Not in the melody
That won't fade away.
Not in the suspension of Time
Not in the emptiness of Space.
Not in the tease of some rhyme.
Not in the lines of a face.
Not in the lovers
Holding hands.

Not in the stolen kiss
We know as Romance.
Not on a night like this.

Not in Fall's sweet sting.
Not in the falling leaves.
Not in what blows behind all things.
Not in the spider.
Not in the web.
Not in the rider.
Trapped in the ebb.
Not in the pleasure
Not in the rain.
Not in the things we use to measure.
Not in the drops.
Not in the train.
That will not stop.
Not in the eye of poor Cyclops.
Not in the truth.
Not in the lies.
Not in the tooth.
Not in the eyes.
Not in the razor
Not in the thigh
Not in the gazer
Squinting at the sky.

Not in the cricket.
Not in the song.
Not in the thicket.
Not in the night that seems too long.
Not in the death
Not in the rise
Not in the breath
Of a dewy sunrise.
Not in the water
Not in the air
Not in the daughter
Not in strands of hair
Not in the chirp of a bird
Not in the hiss of a snake
Not in the unspoken word
Not in the mist coming off the lake.
Not in the aroma of rising dough
Not in the promise of a distant shore
Not in the things we could not know.
Not in the steam.
Not in the fog.
Not in my dream.
Not in the wag of a dog.
Not in the creak in the floor
That cries What for?

No, I'm not seeing her anymore, oh no.
We stopped seeing each other long ago.

Heart of the Ballad

They say [Chet](#) was pushed
we know he fell;
and though it was muted
his hushed tones
betray a rush of blood
and the rhythm of pain
pumping slowly in the veins.

Did we really dance that slow?
or was it not really a dance at all?
Just a drunken kiss on a fragile ledge
And a neverending fall.

Time and time again
he went away.
between the night and the sidewalk.
Time and time again.
he would rise from the cracks
and call her name.

But the light was too blaring
The air too unreal
The Methodone a poor cure
for what the heart feels.

We know he fell.
As i did too.
And he was a fool.
As I am too.
To want.
you.

And we were slain.
Somewhere a piano accompanies
like triumphant waves.
This fall.

And the night is always there.
And it can never be muted.
This blood in the veins.
Or flow too slow.
To the brain.

But now it's all over the sidewalk--
And on every shoe
The unprotected heart
Kicking the blues.

Just a drop

From the exile of some cold tile
so far away from a home
that never was.
that may never be.
all i can do is dream.
and yet in her absence
i dont even know what that's about.
and i can't remember if

the tears finally broke free
or if the neighbors heard.
or if the pillows stopped muffling.
and i can't remember if i called her
or she me.
Or if it was her blood or mine
on these sheets
in these wounds.
and i thought the healing
might come this time.
or at least begin.
but i can't begin a damn thing
and i need something to hold.
sometimes her ghost will do.
sometimes it won't.
and the barn is filled with echoes.
and the animals seem to wince.
and there on the carpet once
she called me out
and i down on my knees
called it love
and if not i said pretend
and she said she pretended not
and it was but a drop
and aint it all but a drop here?

and i gave her a mirror
and we called that love
and she broke it over my head
and i called her a friend
but i pounded on her door
in the freezing rain
I called her my nymph
she called me a prick and a cab
i said you can't go
you're my Anima
and she said you're an ass
and i don't know why
we continue to stab ourselves
over and over
and our best parts too
and why we keep replaying
the same old
reel to reel
busted 8 track reeling
is prozac the best we can do?

and clone this, motherfucker
where is the technology
inside ourselves?
market this, motherfucker
and still we call it love.
and still we long for more.
and it's just a drop
aint it all but a drop here?

Overheard at Self-Loathers Anonymous

And the man at the podium asked:
Does life seem brutish, nasty and short?
(Swift? Hobbes? Calvin? Calvin and Hobbes? I wondered from the last pew)
And somewhere out of the ether that infernal voice, that infernal music blew.
The ceremony was on.
And Waits fell off his piano stool on late night TV.
And Letterman said something about not being in Kansas.
And Waits clicked his heels. He clicked and he clicked.
Shaffer smiled. And they cut away mercifully.

And the sound of desperation grew louder and louder.
And 12 infernal midgits with green tongues started banging.
And Waits started singing.
And we all started banging, all of us, gathering round
for the music had started.
And Waits sang.
And we all beat out the rhythm on our very own tin garbage lids.
Bang. Bang. Bang.
And Waits sang.

*Well, the moon is broken
and the sky is cracked
Come on up to the house
the only things you can see
is all that you lack
all you're crying dont do no good.
Come down off the cross
We can use the wood
Come on up to the house
The world is not my home
I'm just a passing thru.*

And there on the front row.
Bukowski turned to Kafka and asked him if he had a roach.
Kafka said Fuck you.
Bukowski said Fuck me.
The cockroach smiled.
For he was not waiting.
What are we waiting for? Bukowski asked.
I dont know why we were there. I certainly don't know why we're here.
I told you. We have to wait. Kafka replied.
Well, at least i felt.
I felt, Kafka muttered.
Guilty, Bukowski snorted.
At least I wasn't false, Kafka retorted.

And still we banged on.
And Waits sang.

You got to Come on Up to the House.

And we banged.

Come on Up to the House.

And we banged and we banged.

*Does life seem nasty, brutish and short?
The seas are stormy and you can't find no port.
There's nothing in the world that you can do.
And you've been whipped by the forces that are inside of you.
And you're high on top of your mountain of woe.
And you know you should surrender
but you can't let it go.
You gotta come on up to the house.*

And then all the banging stopped.

And for a moment, i think i rose.

Bukowski said At least the music's good.
Kafka sighed, shrugged his shoulders,
and muttered something about
that infernal American music.
The cockroach smiled.
And I wondered about my own coffin.
And whether or not i might sleep tonight

B-Movie

you were but a lump of dough
full of infinite elasticity;
but that would not do;
they formed God as your head
Country as your midsection
and Family as your extremities;
which did just fine;
'til the ravenous belly
swallowed the head,
sucked the extremities
and became The Blob;
humanity a B-movie,
voice out of synch;
still the dough that was
remembers what is
and somehow knows
that beauty is in the mold;
and the head can only be found
by expanding the extremities
and puncturing the whale
for if Country is not the
lonesome cry of the whipporwhil
and God not infinite elasticity,
and Family not more than biology--
then pass the popcorn.

Assumption

Clattering light rises
with the sounds
of unreality;
Nina sings a happy song
Here Comes the Sun
but it's just a tease;
nothing rising in me;
i'm still in love with
the thunder that rolled
my yellow-eyed soul
seeking its distant glow;

despair is as common
as a child's rhapsody;
can it lead to clarity?
bottles of the fifth
hang from the boughs
where broken men
blossom like leaves;
memories of One
fall in the hollows;
where i follow
my shadow;
and premonisce
about what was
and what will be;
musicians at the brothel
try to arrest time;
but it's always Madame Bertha
who goes up on trial;
for providing a better diversion
than they;
yellow eyes circle yellowtails
flapping on the rocks
where assumptions glow.

At the End of the Day

What to kneel for at the end of the day?
For someone to erase the meaningless hours?
That tick, tick, tick away
Or someone to water your dying flowers?
Or is it for that which is missing
To be found in another?
Or is it just someone to listen?

Or is it a perfect body of art
And the slenderest of limbs
To be admired and pulled gently apart
Never detached and always tuned in
To the primal needs of your heart.
Or is it to find joy in repetition?
Or is it just for someone to listen?

Or is it for the fruition of a scheme
Or acceptance from the chosen few?

Or to find respect and simple dignity
On a beachfront property with a view.
Or for power to hold over others
Or just someone to bother?

Or is it for the return of health
Wasted on devaluing your true wealth
And pawning it for a broken mirror
And holding it so near and dear—
And a rope to lasso illusions
Only to wrangle more confusion.
Or is it to ease the pangs
Of being preoccupied with the wrong things
And all that the games of ego bring.
Or is it for someone to listen?

Or is it for the mingling of souls
To be greater than the sum of duality;
And that the tears of mutuality
Will cleanse narcissistic woes
And that grief's heavy gravity
Will hang like rubbery depravity
From the boughs of every tree
And fall like the heartlocks of Dali
And melt softly in the ground.
To beat in real time now.

Or is it for the dream of a soft angel's quilt
And the sweet taste of wafers without guilt
And the Beast within finally thwarted
And the red sea of wine never parted
In the veins of every falling leaf.
And in all living things.

Or is it to attain detachment's silly grin
And the fruits of all wisdom;
Or that attachment itself
Will prevail over creepy crawly ways
Or that the progress of the self
Will defeat the advance of decay;
And that the soul itself
Is not just a product on the shelf
With an expiration date.

Or is it for an answer to the things
That will cease the thoughts in your brain;

Or is it the promise of escape
With someone who can share your pain?

Or is it for the dream of dustmites
Dancin' in a sunlit swirl on the stairs
And the sound of footsteps on the right
When nobody is ever there--
Or is it just to sleep
With the light unseen
In every living thing.

Or perhaps it's just the nape of a neck
Or a few strands of hair;
Or the warmth of a body there;
And that you will find comfort in repetition;
And temporary relief from primal things;
And that tomorrow will be new.
And not just a variation
Of brilliant hues
Slowly fading.

Or is it for the sweetest sleep of all;
To wine and dine with angels
And never more to rise;
To watch the Monster as he flies
With the things under the bed
Said, done or left unsaid;
Ah, yes, to sleep, perchance,
To where there is no past.
Or no hope in tomorrow.
Just a return of what was borrowed.

And to dream of an angel's soft quilt
And wafers without guilt
And the Beast outsmarted.
And the red wine sea never parted
In the veins of every falling leaf.
And in all living things.

Quiver of the Bow

May the apperception of fragile beauty
Lead us to the things of eternity.
And help to bridge the gap

Between within and without.
And what we do for survival
With what is lost in the struggle.

May the sweet quiver of the bow
Lead us beyond what we can and cannot know
And deliver us from our reliance on beliefs
That strangle our capacity for experience.

And though the Meek
May inherit the earth
Why would they want it?
For would they not then
Become their opposite?

Perhaps it was a mistranslation
And someone was quite mistaken
Or is this but a first-draft earth
And we are waiting to be fully birthed?

Then again perhaps they're already here
Buried under the layers of instinct and fear
In the things we've forgotten how to hear
In the deepest recessions of the Mind
In the delicate whispers of a wind chime
Where distinctions of I and Time
Gently dissolve like snowflakes
Falling on a warm window pane

May we follow the quiver of the bow
And walk on the stringed soul
Balancing on a tightrope gap
Where within meets without--
Two old lovers made one by the dance
Two old lovers claiming their inheritance.

Ode to Mr. Keats

They say that dreamers
Dream to awaken
And wakers to dream
And we take what is to be taken
In the in between
But nothing is as it seems

Not Pleasure's fleet feet
Nor Munch's cosmic bleats
Nor the fancy facsimile
Masquerading as beauty
Nor the plastic wrapper
Heralded as truth
Nor the dump heap
where the two meet
But right before the baby's first cry
And the mother's last sigh
There's a warbling in the shadows
Keats singing from the boughs
Strumming on the lyre
Floating on the waters of fire
Heading toward Medea's glare
Dead sailors statued there
Bending the notes of Orpheus
Drifting toward the source
Where seeming is no more.

Drips

What shelter is this I think I own?
Whose is this bucket, these tiny holes?
Surely I know this moony rain
But not these drips that drip today.

I need a law I need the words
I want to call it by name
Surely that will protect me from
These drips that drip today.

Remember when we tried to repair this
And change our this-ness to that-ness
And tuck ourselves in dry and safe
From these drips that drip today.

Sometimes I think you are revealed
In every nameless drop that falls
Nakedly waiting to be filled
By drips that drip through walls.

Swim

Hostility oozes from
The tears of a tree;
Sapping us not of strength
But uprooting beauty
Bred in the rape of innocence
And the lap of cruel injustice
We carry it with us
Wherever we go;
Raging ripping ghosts
Tearing at unseen roots
Ready to explode
To protect and kill
What we love most;
Is this humanity
Begetting more humanity
Or all-too-humanness?
Oh I need you friend
To know the difference.

Now the last tree's bare
From all the digging there
The last shadows fall
The future dangles on the wall
Curling around the past
Just breath on the glass
Why is it so difficult to know
And master our own shadows?

Sometimes I come with a sword to you
To pierce your armor through and through
Only to pull it out of myself;
The river runs blood red and wild
Oh to swim and not to drown
Where so many have washed up before
Past the dead and dying to the shore--
Where children are always in bloom
Hanging from the treetops with real roots
Laughing at alchemists who
Dance on forgotten tombs

Leap

Stumbling with blind eyes
Bleeding into warm valleys
Feeding on lilies and poppies
I thought were yours
Til I was gouged and gorged
On misplaced love
Oh what this world does to us—
Have you eaten of these fields, too?
Oh love what has become of you?

Healing like humility
Drips from the nose
Of a turtle
Slow and imperceptible
Do I have the patience
Or nakedness of soul
To hold on and ride
This ride so slow
To me, to you?
O Lord, do you?

Oh what is Time to us?
How many times have we
Followed the streams
Past the borders
Of our secret being
In out of out the veils
Of this world
To die and be reborn
From mingled tears
And glowing limbs
When we needed
Oh how many times
Have we disappeared
In and out of each other.
When we needed.

Leaning over this overpass
How startling is this sudden darkness
That falls each day like a forsaking
Twinkling ants announce their importance

What is it I strain to see in the distance?
The moonlight or your flowing train
O'er the tops of cars glowing and a'drapping

Is it grief or joy
that you walk on?
Is it I that waits for you
Or you for me?

And if were to you to leap
would I you ourselves to meet
in a shared net of suspended light
or be just another madman taken by the night

Moan

I am that which howls
In your lonely corridors
Creepin' under locked doors
To deliver you in soft shivers
From the deepest recesses
Of time and mind caressin'
Down your spine and flesh
Where dead skin is shed
The glow within bred
Softly blown the veil
You to yourself revealed
And all traces of vanity
That pass for humanity
In buds of me in buds of you
Touched but never bloomed
Openin' to the possibility
Of me in you, you in me.

Call me the wind then
Cold but never indifferent
Cuttin' to the bone,
Wrappin' like a shawl
Warm and humid like a fever
A gentle ripple on the river;
Unseen and never known
So I don't feel all alone in this moan
Don't say we haven't met before
This familiar beggar rappin' at your door.

Your Red Robe

Walk with me to church, my love.
And I know you are suffering,
As I am, too.
And it seems so real.
The things we do.
In this church.
In these coils.
And it's not something that will pass.
Like a mood.
That spoils.
Or something to be reviewed.

Your red robe.
My black boots.

And let us not bow to false idols no no.
Nor put too much stock in this shadowy show.
But go where the immortals go.

And let it go--
Your red robe.
My big boots.
On this day.
In this light.

And fall with me love and in this fall
let us push back these church walls
And roll on the rolling light that falls.

Oh, look to your right.
Do you hear the sound
Of Eliot playing with his spoons
And Ecclesiastes thundering too?
Oh how could they've missed it?
Schumann, Chopin and the rest.
This day!
This grass!
This light!

Let it go!
Let it go!
Your red robe!

My black boots!
Here in the grass!
Nude we come
Nude we go!
On this day!
In this light!

Can you feel the surge?

Oh climb the tree with me, my love
Do you see him?
It's Wordsworth.
With your red robe.
And my boots, too.
Hanging from the limbs
Of the tree
That is he.
That is you.
That is me.

And let us climb.
And let us play.
Higher and higher.
All the way.
Til our hearts almost burst
As we nose our way
Into the earth.

And let us merge!

With this tree.
With this light.
With these roots.

Can you hear the light
That is no light?
Can you touch the sound
That is no sound.

And is that Whitman
There in the grass?
Do you feel him
in here with us?

And the seed that seeds
The seeds in all things.

Oh do you see?
Coleridge playing with
his watery figures.
And let us go down.
And wash ourselves.
In this lake.
In this light.
In this day.

And let us purge.

Oh look, it's Blake.
Dancing.
On the water.
That is today.
And there he is
There he goes
And now he is
Your red robe.

And it's one long cinematic fade
And a lasting silhouette.
Your dancing red robe--
The sunset.

In this merge.
In this dusk.
In this light.
On this day.

Surge

what celestial music is this
so heavenly constructed
that the hearer is
obliterated
in the hearing.
the desire of architecture
or something greater
than that which
craves an object
burrowing into

the warm earth
where golden apples
grow and gather
surging forth
in perfect polyphony
heads emptied
of all matter
sprouting horses
that gallop
up spiral staircases
of light imperceptible
hooves beating out
the rhythm
of hymns winged
to and for and with
the--
Silence—
that is
even louder
than before
when I once was I
totally composed
myself
a piece of music
and a cello
ginning and beginning
and rebeginning once again
the clatter of hooves
falling thru
exposed roofs
where we thought
we thought we thought
we were
a perfect polyphony
of falling rocks
gathering and layering
and falling back on
the jigsaw soloist
bye and bye and by
the—
once clinged to—
I— tickled
the tickling sky
that fell through
in glowing
hooves of light--

a simple prelude
of stones and silence.

The Spider and Me

The spider and me
We've got a thing
He put his web in
the doorway
And I walked right in--
giving me the beard
of Yahweh;

Startled and angry
at his willfulness,
I destroyed his handiwork;
For he was in my way.
He recoiled fetally
By the nightlamp;

Was it fear?
Did he pray for mercy
in some spider language
that I could not comprehend
How could he know that
I was a benevolent god?

I walked out to have a smoke
And there it was again
In the doorway
And on my chin;
His handiwork;
I had to laugh
At his persistence
And idiocy;
For I'm a humorous god;
Once again, I destroyed
and he recoiled.

What revelation was in his web?
Was it some great spider code
to all the spiders of the world
telling them to tremble at my sight?

Every day we do this thing
The spider and me.
Does he have dignity?
Does Sisyphus?
Does he recognize our
common fragility?

And I have to laugh
at our own feeble attempts
to rationalize the grief of this world.
For I am a detached god.

And I wonder what hierarchies of gods
wait to crush the webs we weave...

While the... while the...
lays me down to dream
My body a long beard flowing
A thousand spiders growing
As they crawl crawl up me
I recoil recoil fetally!

I want to scream!
I want to awaken!
I want to rise!

Ah, but the joke's on me
Now, the spider is god
His web the world.
And when it all comes undone
The Spider and I are One.

Seaweed

And I know not where I am going
Or who it is I am following
But I hear the roar of water flowing
Is there something I should be knowing
Once the morning jingle-jangled
The chimes of wonder dangled
Dappled in a drowsy haze
We were the dew of new days
Ecstasy on our tongues
Rapture in the mud

Burned by the sun
We find ourselves on the run
From the rising water in the streets
Trying to drown us in our sheets
Can we escape from
Our thoughts of escape?

Walk with me where it's still dry
Take a look at the lunatic's eye
Watch him as he steps on the little hands
Trying to alter the reality of man
Watch him dig the earth with his little spoons
Trying to halt the phases of the moon.
And what in the mirror does lie?
The 20 years that fled by
Or the fleeting thing called I.

And let us check our souls at the door
And do our bit for the Company store
A small price for a little shelter.
A small price for a little order.

Wouldn't it be nice if Enlightenment were true
And the truly Enlightened knew just what to do
Galloping through the night on white horses
Just in time to save the world from darkness.
Perhaps the soul has advanced in such tiny steps
That we are unable to see its progress.
Why is the world so opposed to us?

Definitely better to be a pair of claws
And not to be thinking at all.
For when it comes down to it
We're nothing but instinct
Clinging to illusions.

I've come to the waves
Or is it the waves to me?
Waiting to be swept away
By its swelling mystery
And to wash upon the sand
I am but seaweed
In a child's hand.

At the Pass

Crickets light up the prairie night
Twinkling like reindeer in the sky
The wind wraps about like a noose
From this freedom I can't get loose
I'm not one to wonder
I'm not one to roam
I'm not one to call this home.

The stars speak in tongues
Telling tales of those who run
Mumbling like a dead friend
Of things that never end
Reminding me there is no security
From the crickets' lonesome melody

The naked night gets in my lungs
Filling me 'til I want to burst
I hear the stream's insistent rush
Hitting me with an unquenchable thirst
My throat with failure parched

I can't make out any of it
My life an empty flask
No significant narrative
Just me and these horses
Navigating the darkness.
They may catch me at the pass
I can't think of why I should last

I miss you standing there
So insecure in the mirror
So strong with face on for them
I miss all those illusions
We clung too so much
What did we expect of love?

I hope it's you who pulls the trigger
For it's not Judas' kiss I fear
I never could conform to the law
Where everything is just a job
All roads lead to the noose
And you've got a job to do
Aim steady and true my old friend

Take this botched escape for freedom.

Crickets and horses count the time
To the wind that's on the rise
The naked night is endless
Like some kind of promise
I've only to make it to the pass
But I'm not one to wonder
I'm not one to roam
I'm not one to call this home.

Forty Winks

Forty comes like forty winks
What a joker is this silly thief
Fleet of foot but not so neat
Leaving prints all over my glass
Filling it half-full more or less
With ghosts that rattle and mock
All my illustrious thoughts

Ghosts of me, ghosts of you
Ghosts of all we thought was true;
And I know it's not you I really miss;
Rather it's myself I guess
And the little Prince within
Who once whispered in my ear
You know sir, I'm here.

Or maybe it was how the light on your face
Revealed us in a certain state of grace;
O failed relationships, failed love!
How can I blame the seeds of
Something so perfect.
I'm one poor horticulturalist!

And now the waters do flow
Telling me how little I really know
Except that only a fool would want more
But I would gladly wear the horns
The bells and tights and all the rest
To end this mourning for my self--
A seagull beating against a wall

Of an everchanging elusive now.

Emily Dickinson waits on the corner
Driving the buggy of mortality
Don't know if she will wait for me
Or if all really is vanity.
I've lost all sense of time and place
Tired of tracing these footsteps
That only lead back to myself
Tired of trying to hogtie grace
Tired of trying to escape.

Think I'll go down to the panty raid
Wrap a few around my head
Do cartwheels in the street
And scare the hell out of Emily!

Forty comes with forty winks
I laugh at you, you silly thief
You laugh at me, we laugh ourselves to sleep
And though the glass is half-filled with grief
I'll listen for the sound of the Little Prince
Who seems to be whispering in my ear—
Ah, sir, I've always been here.

Run Dog Run

Ain't it just our luck
to be charging full speed ahead
only to find ourselves
under the wheels of a truck?
And we are that dog.

Except we aren't.

For he follows his instinct
and stays out of the sun.
And we have to know
why it is we are running.

And how cruel is that--
to be aware of our Fate
and yet powerless to change it.

So we forget.
And carry on.
And play the games
that we are told.
And divert ourselves
with castles and sand.

Or we don't.
And go mad.
Or resort to Imagination.
And hope it's more powerful
than the oncoming truck.

So gather your children all around
and let them teach us
the secrets behind the veil;
and never forget to compliment
your neighbor on a job done well;
and weep if you must
for the lost dimension inside of us
and run Dog run, from town to town
and keep on running--
til it's finally found.

Glimpse

Still the greatest garden.
woman becoming
deer drinking
the horizon
a watery glimpse
receding
as steam rises.

Alignment

If you were to throw your humanity on the canvas
Would it be a Jackson Pollack
Or just spaghetti on the wall?
Could you make the connections
Or is hideous randomness all?

And what is beauty—

But leaves waiting to fall
Hanging in the wind
Where Time is suspended
Like a man dogpaddling
Against a tide of indifference
Or is it the shadows of
Our wasted humanity
Hidden from ourselves?

And if we were to meet
Somewhere in the depths below
Would we turn to stone in the struggle
Or emerge like fish walking on coals?

What is it that howls in
the fire, the rain, the wind
the fate of all living things
that we take as meaning?

Once I sought Faith
And then Detachment
And other games
Of ego entrapment
Now it's the leaf that's all
And the merge in the fall.

Eels

Consciousness starts real slow
just a ripple as you push play
and see yourself on the screen
flying by in fast motion
like keystone mice chasing
some farcical musical cheese
stuck in the tails of yourself
sun at its peak;
wind elusive as the day
fast forwarding
like so many trees
crashing into the banks

oh to pause—

and float...

and float

and float

in this singular freeze

where fish spread wings

and birds say grace

and...

the return starts slow;
just a ripple between
consciousness and un-
sliding away like eels
oozing up to the bar.

The Metaphor

The playful muse tugs
once, pulls and is on
the highwire extendin'
beyond the circus tents
fools madmen clowns
feeling the tug follow
cords stretched
to the limit, straining
to see, balancing
on the highwire beyond
the circus tents she flips
Michelangelo's finger
which hangs like some
anachronistic foot soldier
in somebody else's war.
People come and go
and praise the polish.
God says pull my finger.
Something is amiss
All fall down.
Nietzsche laughs
and proclaims it
from the hills.

He rests in eternal
footnotes in
academic valleys.
And yet flowers
still bloom
Leaves continue
to fall
People come and go
their necks noosed
in matter the muse
run off with
the lost metaphor.

Monkey High, Monkey Low

Has anyone ever seen
Or touched such well-formed clay?
And what is Self-Actualization anyway?
Have you ever held it in your hands?
Or is just the hot breath
Of a deluded madman?

Causing you to bruise your nose
on well-formed walls--
Thinking you're some damn seagull.
Like the lure of Romance
On a dangling limb.
We hang in the balance.

Oh, look there's Maslow himself
Grasping onto the highest branch
Waiting for the rest of us
monkeys to get in on the act:

And it's Monkey high,
and Monkey low
And 'round and 'round we go.
Jumping from limb to limb
And chasing our shadows.

And Freedom stands on one side
And Security the other
And take too much of either
and you're on the rocks, my brother.
And we know love could lead us through
For we've held it in our hands

And watched it slide too
Like grains of sand
And though it's perfect
We are not
So it hides
Under rocks
And broken vines.

And it's Monkey high
And Monkey low
and 'round and 'round we go.
Falling from limb to limb
and chasing our shadows.

And Plato's got half an egg all over his face
And we're still not at home in this place
And his is still the best pick-up line:
And if you listen closely
You can hear from each vine:
'You complete me.'

And I came as a frog to a blind date once
And she as the fairest princess intent on lust.
And who knows what that kiss
Would've done to each of us.

And ok you're a victim
In the wrong place
At the wrong time
And you become an accomplice
When you do that kind of time.

And it gets harder and harder
To keep starting over
Again and again
And yet aren't these little deaths
Just a rehearsal for the end?

But I could be wrong--
Maybe it's just a scream.
And a whisper.
And that really is all.

And it's Monkey High
and Monkey Low,
And 'round and 'round we go,

Falling from limbs,
And chasing our shadows.

Scratch

Our madness did nothing
But lead us to the cage
Where the head gorilla
Said told you so.
Our reason too
An inflated zeppelin
Sputterin' skytrails
See-through negligees
Draped subliminally o'er
The laws of the jungle.
Freedom the abyss
Where philosophers
Spin jizzwebs so flimsy
They can't even walk on
Where whiny Camus'
Take Hamlet's speech
Way too personally;
Forgettin' all about the play
That is; the curtain with
No beginning or end.
Imagination brings us to
The overman and the dream of
O'ercomin' our Darwinian selves
Where I am you and you are I
In various stages of development;
Under the rocks and stones
The truth too painful to behold
Better projected against the wall
Where the Other is handcuffed
Lynched, Bombed and Dominated
Where those nostalgic for
The Middle Ages
Sigh and bleat and moan
Prostrately for their Just Poppa.
Our bodies only know
The limits of
the soul cowerin'
In the corner, a dusty
Cobweb waitin' to be swept
Away by angels who dance

On pinheads and speak of
Necessary illusions;
Illimitable love hides
Inimitably on the ass
Of a gorilla,
Who scratches often.

Pinprick

I do not recall if it was me
Who smashed the guitars
Of Peter, Paul and Mary
But if I had a hammer
I'd hammer this face
That hides the face that I can't face
I'd take it off and put it on a stick
And dangle it there to do the two-step
For a few coins and a warm plate
And charge up the charm batteries
And let it go like the Energizer bunny
For the Three Sisters who wait for Moscow.
While I nakedly dodge falling bombs
Growling hirsutely at the growing hairy moon
To awaken in a zoo with blood dripping down
From my fresh new naked mouth.
And as the Living Dead toll rises
So will I into the neon skies
Where this blood will mix with rain
And fall on unsuspecting apes
Who'd teach me how to get in touch
With my essential Apeness
Where I'd give a thousand tongues
For some meaningful silent grunts
And take communion with the jungle.
Before returning fresh and new
Wearing a nice pink tutu
To do a lap dance on the banquet table
Where the most serious labels
Are given to the most prominent noses
Protruding from the smartest tuxedos.
And if anyone should feign shock
I'd go to the podium and give birth
Just to shut them up
And get in touch with my Womanness.
Like Madame Bertha whose ass I'd hit

While toppling all her latest bowling pins
Dangling it there to do the two-step
Where I could drop a few coins
Into warm plates and get
Something pumping in the veins
To show that I'm a man.
I'd wake Bukowski from the dead
And we'd kick Mickey Rourke's ass
For turning him into Snagglepuss
And exit stage left
Into the museum display
With our spraypaint cans
And spray the hell out of Raphael
And all his Madonnas floating there
And I'd bust Bukowski's cheeks
For using improper techniques
And send him flying by the seat of his pants
To chase 5 anorexic cats who'd eaten
About as much shit as he
Back to their happy dumpster retreat
Where they'd wax apoetically
About silly thorns and withered roses
Which I'd gather and stick in the holes
Where Raphael's Madonna once was
And I'd slip through the wall and meet Plato
And exclaim Oh ok yes Now I see oh
Lenny standing there with silly grin
Cradling all his rabbits softly in his hands
And not one of them dead. But somewhere we
Took an Aristotelian turn of straight
Lines of no return just last straws
And overblown noses with nothing
Pumping in the veins but a lust for more blood.
Cervantes laughed the first and perhaps
The last laugh of the clown
Who faced the face that he could not face;
The one I can't shake; the one I have to dangle
Every day; though it might explode any day
From these tears and the undertow that make
It harder and harder to breathe under the mask
That I must wear to survive. And every once
In a while someone comes along with a little
pinprick and the waters come rolling out
And in that moment One does walk on it;
Before being swept away by unknown currents

Silent Comedy

Harold Lloyd hangs from the big clock
Looking down into the abyss
Oh could there be a comedy
more divine than this?
Chaplin took a ride in the machinery
Up and down up and down heehee
Buster stuck his head in the cannon did he?
Looking for his lost balls
On a loco loco
motive out of control
How could they have known
of this mangled soul
scattered into various cubicles
To be used as Company vehicles
By a powermaddened John Deere,
A hopped up adolescent driver
Ripping through the plains
Slicing all in its wake
The Old Father murdered
And no one left to deter
As we cash in our checks
In the rabid pursuit of happiness;
the Big Nurse
Waits to see
that emasculation
Is complete
for the greater good
Of an ever-expanding society
Where more is less
Less is more
More or less—

A veritable Picasso buffet
of fragmented body parts

I got your nose. Hey!
I think that's my hand. A toe
A heart. A leg. A tongue.

Oh, is it too late to form?
Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall
Playing with his Play Doh

Waiting for Harold to fall
Into the divine
comic pantomime
Where Mother Mavis
waits to erupt
from the bowels
of the earth
Tiny transcendental
stragglers hang on
to her massive legs
searching the dregs
for the invisible cord
the umbilical rung
the spiraling staircase
where Raphael's cherubs
hang and wait
For Big Mavis
to shake, shake, shake!

The Last Marketable Thing

Well all right then
It is finally done.
And they partied in the streets.
From Dubai to Boston.
Of course, there's still gazpacho in Spain.
And the rain falls mainly on the plains, acidly.
And noodles in Japan.
And tea in England, placidly.
And eclairs in France.
And borscht in Russia, happily.
And falafels in Lebanon.
And so on and so on.

They've all been added to the Mcmenu.
And there are pieces of the Pyramids
Going to the highest bids.
On display at Ebay--
For me and you.

And still there's something missing--
For we all want it.
And surely it could set us free--
The Last Marketable Thing.

And without much coercion i suppose
They widened their eyes
And thinned their noses
And it was a great surprise
When they gave up their turbans
And thankfully kneeled and posed
For the one true religion.

And maybe you've got what we need--
The Last Marketable Thing.

Breasts were enlarged.
Penises, too.
All fat surgically removed.
And it's one fine melting stew--
A cauldron of pure joy.
All around.
And American football in every town.
And you know the Brazilians
Will definitely come around.
And it's one shiny diamond.
Leading us all home.

And everyone is in fashion.
Wearing the same things.
The whole world singing:
My name is.
My name is.
My name is.
The whole world shouting:
I'll be baaaaaaack.
And everyone is beautiful.
And toeing the line.
For their piece of the pie.

And still we seek--
The Last Marketable Thing.

Naturally, it wasn't easy.
And many brave souls fell.
And such harmony is never created
Without a little hell.
But everybody is cooperating.
To create the great global dome

To protect us from the fallout
And the dark cloud above.

Certainly, nothing is perfect.
The men are still fighting the women
For superiority.
And the children are losing their battle
Against conformity.
And, of course, there are pockets of gangs
All around.
But as long as they are killing each other;
There's no need to raise a sound
And of course those French that still remain
Keep us in stitches.
With their stand-up routines.
So cute and anachronistic.
But other than that.
We're exactly the same.
Inside and out.

And yet it's still missing--
The Last Marketable Thing.

And the Masters of Industry
Are getting worried about paranoid rumors
That there are unsatisfied consumers
And that there's nothing left to buy and sell.
So they send in the Men in Black
Or was it the two cats from Dragnet?
Who surely know very well
How to find The Last Marketable Thing.

And they look in the streets
And they look in the Ivory Towers
And they peek under sheets.
And they point their cameras
At those still too dumb to get rich.
In a frantic search
For The Last Marketable Thing.

And they take several in for questioning:
Workers, bums, gangsters, madmen
But all they can do is speak in tongues
And provide no clues at all-
To unlock the mystery of
The Last Marketable Thing.

And we all are subjected to body searches
And perhaps we have it concealed
And they probe high and low
But nothing is revealed.
Just hollow holes
Where once a bluebird perched.
And it's still missing--
The Last Marketable Thing.

For even though we have it all
There persist these nasty rumors
That neither the Marketers nor Consumers
Are satisfied
And whatever it was--
Has either flown or died--
And perhaps it's best not to think at all
About The Last Marketable Thing.

And be happy.
Everyone.
Be happy.

The Autopsy

Why this is no penis it's a skyscraper
In love with its very own nature
Blotting out the sky
And marking its territory
Hymen's but a thin ozone layer
On the run from this player
The building blocks of civilization
The destroyer of lesser nations.
Fuck or be fucked, kill or be killed
It's subjugated the other parts to its will.

This brain in its service did deliver
Working all day to raise the figures
Quite efficient and only using a fraction
The rest reserved for tit and ass distractions.

These eyes only saw what was on the screen
Images and ideas that passed for meaning.

These ears only heard what the Media
Told them over and over to fear.

And the radio plays the same old songs ad nauseum
Reminding us that youth has no calling.
While the mind dreams of racing up the charts
And disappearing to sunnier, less populated parts

This tongue has adapted so well
Voicing only what's necessary for survival.
These hands are molded to bottom-line precision
Pushing the buttons to destroy the opposition
These legs never stood for anything
Except perhaps the national anthem.

This heart did not beat as it should
It was o'er run by Hollywood.
With escapist tales of romance
True love never had a chance.

In these veins was not blood
But the murky oil of an automaton.
And in this anus lies more shit
Waiting to be recycled for profit.

And in this inflated torso is a black hole
Where the wild blooming things did go
And yet in this appendix something does move
Waiting to burst or forever be removed.

Starved for Love

Starved for love
I hold the egg in my hand
And love my neighbor as myself
I crack
It breaks
It runs
All over my plate.
Starved for love
I have to eat
The shell
that flickers on the screen
from a broken projector
where I find validation

and love me as if I were myself.
I hold you in my arms
I love you as if you were myself
You crack
I break
It runs
All over my plate.
We have to eat
And so devour each other.
Our shells flickerin' on the screen
From a broken projector
Where we love as if we were ourselves.
Starved for love
A million hens do lay
A million eggs
Take flight each day
on the run from
those cracked and broken
who starved for love
flicker from broken projectors
where we love others
as if they were ourselves.

A Farmer and his Plow

Still trying to be a Haiku
You work of Epic proportions?
5-7-5 never did fit you.
Nor the 60-hour mirage for dignity.

And your free verse remains untouched.

Still trying to hide behind
The mirrors and weights of this world?
As if these scales could do you justice?
What buds cry out to be bloomed?
Have you never heard them?

And your free verse remains untouched.

I, too, have been blinded
By your striking physicality.
And both have been duped
By the Insanity

Of our magazine laws
Taking us from ourselves.

Hiding us from our free verse.

I dreamed I was a Farmer
With seeds and plow
Tryin' to grow a barren land
When out of the aridity
I furrowed down
And your holy waters
Did spout
Like the oil whales of Texas
Flowin' out
Your free verse.

And you are all.
And all is you.
The beginning.
The end.
The light and shadows.
In between.
Oh, to kneel
And have these mysteries
On my tongue.

What gravity we give to mere feathers.
Your dream of perfection.
Mine of pure pleasure.
Only to further drift
Away from the source.
That is you.
That is I.
Flowin' untouched.
Our free verse.
Lost.

Still, I kneel
And if flesh really
Is the only thing real.
And mine but a dream
Of some other reality.
Then let us lose ourselves
With pride in this burn.
And wake the dead.
With burnin' flesh.

And think no more
of breaking free.
And with these seeds
I do wed.

I Still Miss Someone

Sometimes it hits me--
there in traffic
or when the light starts to fade
And what contortions
sleep often brings.
And I still miss someone.

And I think I see her face.
And the merging of souls.
And eternal connections broken
And the child we'll never know.
And I still miss someone.

And I remember that desperation ride.
When she played Marilyn to my Miller
And the pain of trying to recreate
The thrill of opening night.
And that we had nothing to say.
When the make up came off.
And I still miss someone.

And why is it a small dog
can lay himself out over the pedal
and ask you not to go?
While she sheds tears at the airport--
and you stoically march on
And I still miss someone.

And she came to my doorstep
abused, forsaken, emaciated--
And we shared quite a few tuna tins
And she repaid me in kind.
Til she could regain her claws.
And return to the shadows.
And I still miss someone.

And she says she could be anyone--
And perhaps that is true.
And there's charm in each possibility.
And the eyes wander.
And even when she's there--
I turn away.
And I still miss someone.

And how can you call it betrayal?
When you push her away
And show her the way to another
Instead of giving her what's left of you.
And I still miss someone.

And I'm not sure if we ever met.
So many lifetimes ago.
Or if we ever will again.
In the mists of what may become.
And what contortions
sleep often brings.
And I still miss someone.

And like Beethoven and Rilke
We worship from afar
And try to unlock our melodies
From behind their bars
And try to seduce the moonlight--
And still miss someone.

A Dream of Flowing Altars

From what primordial waters
Does this dream
Of forgiveness spring
And what might it alter
This underground stream.
Oh to kneel and drink
Of this pure water.
And to have you on my lips
But now what's become of this?

And what weird mist
Has taken its place?

What strange procession
Is taking shape?
What soft confession
Trying to be born.
What shapes
Trying to form--

A woman and her robe
Wrapped around the globe
Coming unfurled--
The drapery of the world.

O, Scarlett, you wear it well
And with this kiss
Let us unveil...

O what are these cries I do hear
Of one-eyed monsters coming near
Enlightened ones or so they thought
Forever searching for what they lost.

But now taking their place
Are three enormous doors
Bordered by light and space.
And now Scarlett is no more
I can't see her face at all
She's barking for me to choose
She's become Monty Hall.

Monty, Monty, I have no clue
Ok, Number 2--the doors fly away
With Monty like Aladdin hanging to
The light dissipating into space.

All alone in this sudden darkness
I hear the sound of rustling waters
Oh Scarlett why did you leave me?
Blindly, I try to catch this flowing altar
But only find a circus clown jury.

Darkness!
Forgive me for being afraid
Light!
Forgive me for wanting you to save
Hunger!
Forgive me for never being satisfied

Despair!
Forgive me for staying too long inside
Cynicism!
Forgive me for using you as a crutch
Heart!
Forgive me for protecting you too much
Vanity!
Forgive me for giving you too much
Love!
Forgive me for trying to hold
Soul!
Forgive me for letting you go
Self!
Forgive me for neglecting you so
Reason!
Forgive me for bowing to you.
Life!
Forgive me for not knowing what to do.

The twelve clowns disappear.
And the sound of the water seems nearer.
Scarlett's shadowy visage seems clearer.

Mother? Is that you?
Forgive me for not being
What you wanted me to
Father!
Forgive me for being
Too much like you.

The waters softly hum.
Somewhere I hear the beat of a drum.
Tap. Tap. Tap—the sound
And when I turn around:

Oh Lord
Forgive me
For being
Only as created;
And for using my will
Only to rebel
And not seeing you
In this world of violence;
And only hearing white noise in your silence;
And not knowing how to rise above—
And not understanding this love.

And I'll forgive you for this rigged trial;
And with this kiss let us smile
And together lift this veil--
And our warring factions shall meld.

The Watch (for Maria)

And now the watch you gave me
has stopped on the news of your
one-way ticket return to the
place you came from;
For once those little hands were
all aglow playing You Belong to Me
and you know for a moment we did;
you to me, me to you, through shared skin
and to the world we how ever so brief.

And I never could find the paint
to cover the scars you left on my
car when you were learning to drive;
Nor retrieve the debris
you left in storage for me;
Nor get over the plaintive cries
of our cats who knew that
separation and fate were nigh;
for I'll always hear you there
in the blackest of night
And me too, being taken away
in carrying cases
to parts unknown;
caught by the voyeur moon;
for love is just two people
opening at the right time to need;
It has no reason; but the absence of
the loss of and the avoidance of does.

And maybe someday I'll find the paint
to gloss over and move on;
and I hope you can shed
the snakeskin you had to grow
to ward those cruel blows
Of fate and violence against you;
And open once more to find home;

But for now the cats are wailing
the watch has stopped
And I haven't the heart
To look for batteries.

Blue Jazz Bubbles

Wild spring vibrations
Cry out for pollination
But it's not our will.

Hourglass laughs gaily:
Feel it giggle through your hands
This humorous pulse.

Bluesman blows his horn.
Strugglin' in the midday sun.
False notes fall away.

Sweet breeze in summer:
Wind flowing in the speakers
What a perfect mix!

Fire burns at the root:
Blind man hungrily swallows
Oversight has no cure.

Sudden summer storm!
Violinist falls to her knees.
Sacred sounds unleashed.

Leaves fall in autumn.
As does he when he awakes
Drifting from the roots.

Anxious shadows fall:
She shucks her corn on the porch
But not the feeling.

The Duke orchestrates
flickering fireflies at dusk
and other preludes.

Starry fugues in space
Wine glasses with no bottoms
O Bacchian tease!

Moonlight on water
Poseidon's lovely daughter
Glowing for no one.

Diver submerged deep
Trapped and drowning in the reeds
Jazz bubbles surface.

Ballads at midnight
Her eyes touch skeleton keys
Still unexorcised.

Wet nurse patters pane
But he's not patient enough
To get the healing.

Avalanche of snow
Half-buried soul fully now
What flowers in spring?

Veil lifted by wind
Marketer tries to market.
Nothing much to see

The Transcendental Blues

she was aborted
but through some
fiery will to escape
the void is born
from the mass
to other parents
at the exact moment
she was aborted;
at the first slap
she realizes her mistake;
just a bit too late—
spends the rest
of her life
trying to find

her true father
who shines
between nirvana
and nothingness
in the eyes
of an idiot;
crushed by
a couple of drunks
just for kicks
who envy the sponge
and curse the reflection
because they can;

lenny himself doesn't
know his own strength;
crushes every beautiful thing
that he covets out of instinct;
as if there were no difference
between eros and thanatos;
george has to take him down
and bury him in the ground
for some dogs do go mad
while dreaming of rabbits
that run in endless fields
neither to nor from
for there is nothing
to escape from

jack hopped it on the road
romeo followed juliet down,
alan walt into the ground;
jesus walked on the water
brian whistled on the cross
in a case of mistaken identity
elvis blew out the tv
his body and mind
all over the tree
that is Buddha
grass grew in spring
beards everywhere
from the alpha and the delta
where lenny c. dwelled
long enough to catch
a glimpse beyond
where wonder
treads softly

in the woman
like a breeze
Johanna never showed.
A disappearing threshold.
Why do we doubt
the gentle refrain
the top top topping
of the rain
that falls asleep
with the news
and the transcendental blues.

September and Beyond

Proud golden erections
steely sun reflections
totems to the gods
of modernity
forever thought we
only to turn
to dust urns
and fester
in the lungs
of things
to come
like some
civilizations
will.
Gaping holes
of emptiness
no longer concealed
only to be filled
with more blood
and stuffed tongues
as gasping
civilizations
will.
Oh do not hide
From the oncoming tide
Nor fiddle on
dead strings
Nor cater to
the growing beast

that flows
in an ever reddening sea.
And do not grasp for
the illusory moon,
that pulls pale servants
by the stroking hair
but rise rise anew
from the choking air
on notes that swell
from untapped
unknown wells
buried too long
in the desert
that some called
civilization.

Will.

And harmonize harmonize
on the wind
the wind
that blows
'haling saxophones
and 'ternal bows
bending forgotten notes--
Ex and In and
Out and In
and E
And E—tern
tern tern
And Re
Ternally
to the last breath—
For surely there is
one final thing
to be filled with.

Streams of Bloggishness (Tin Foil Hats on the Rio Grande)

Birthless is time when I am God
Breastfeeding making love
the cellular connection
of two bodies completing
a circle of notes so harmonious
the air rushes in, up her sleeves
they billow and she is bathed in wind, the wind

God I love a girl in a skirt and nylons
and CFM shoes who smiles at me
and makes me feel good to be a man, a man
I've been trying to do what I think other people
think I should be doing for so long
that I no longer know what I want.

It felt good when she
was giving me
the blowjob in the room
I liked her arms there
because they were nice and tan
But I kept thinking about the tiles
on the floor
and different word combinations
Even old ladies in wheelchairs
blow the family fortune at roulette.
The pictures. Were like Kandinsky
but even Kandinsky could not have
paynted Colonial Man and a naked
Raggedy Ann wearin' their tin foil hats
on the Rio Grande as they eat
their existential eggs and bacon.

Grandfather comes to her in a dream
And whispers the words of a child:

Little birdie come inside
Gently hold your hand

New light is what I want
New colors too:
Coffee browns and harvest gold
Thunder blue and lunar bone.
I think it's time to start eatin' dirt.
When you are in love,
you follow someone around,
you gnash your teeth,
you stay up all night
outside their window,
you throw yourself under a train.
If they decide they love you back
you reject them
and attempt suicide
with a borrowed pistol

and become a ghost
and haunt people under bridges

The locals slow as they cruise
by a madman dancing
in the limbs of the trees—
laughing behind the steering wheel,
I felt sure the universe has a sense of humor
My life is a fuckin' sitcom
You push it away.
It comes back.
There is no relief, really.

We will help you from the sky
And give you a hug when you cry.

And I keep dreamin' of [Bloody Sam](#)
And Slim Pickens, too
Who dies so well to Alias' tune
And the comin' sundown on the West
Where Stan and Sam laughed and wept.

King George says:
We have nothing to fear but ourselves.

Wherever there is a coherent signal,
those jerks have instrumentation
Peace does not need justification.
War does.

Every day we slaughter our finest impulses
and perpetuate a jargon-laden tyranny
of projected perception.
May Paynter's tin foil hats protect us.
Get 'em at the Cafe Press.

I think of her dying, alone, in her small apartment,
With only her cat to witness
The second most crucial moment of her life
I love my brother because he talks about the weather.
Those left to beat their wings on the still air
resort to words as empty as the sky
Perhaps we simply never know each other—

Make sure to hold your
mommy's hand

Be gentle to your
mother
Rock-a-bye.
Rock-a-bye.

Energy bounds—all beings together
Will ouns ouns go on forever
At the strike of midnight the stars shall fall
Down will come illumination
And all the walls.

This is not the first time that her deceased grandfather
has come to her with warnings.
She said to me, "you're not telling me anything
that my grandfather hasn't already told me".

I stand on the sand,
and I'm rocking grief to sleep in my arms
Where all are kings
all poets, all musicians;
and try to open up and discover
what is already there--
And give birth.

"L-I-G-R-O-I-N-E-S!!!" I exclaim
as the sun goes down
on my tin foil hat
on the Rio Grande.

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