



Sample pOeTrY #1

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NOT DESERVING *HIS* MILK

Winter.

Wander.

Wonder.

Gaze upon the glaze, eyes searching backwards for some kind of explanation. As buckshot claims another beautiful day and blood trickles down legs not thighs in another victory for death - the cold lover. The impersonal action of grasping at god to help pass through the revolting door.

To turn around and face the eclipse of the flash. To watch carefully as eyes dark like the barrel of a gun pick you out as their enemy and no justice, no god, no higher power appears on time to insert you out on your behalf; and at the end of the chase finally admit that deep down inside it and deep down behind all the pride:

The inherent beauty of facing the hunter with questioning eyes.

WONDERFUL TO NIGHT

“Nothing I’ve said has been done,” reminds the inner bore, “I want to get drunk in the grease that flows from hand to hand; like cellulose”.

He sits there pouting, waiting for something to come and suck his dick. The sweat piles up under his nose, on his forehead, and yet the hand only stops long enough to take in a smattering of body language telling him to go fuck himself. And after the sixth seventh empty glass bottle everything starts to swim together apart his cock mouth arms finally collect to form the perfect triad. Recollections of permanence; visions of memories of things never had, never had done, until the lord of poison came and lifted me up high way above the easy low maintenance lifestyle that means so much to those caught in it’s net. “Lower the damn crane,” calls the foreman from the half way line, “that just don’t belong here. Take it down from our fucked up lives”

The vibration comes on slowly, but faster than the hangover so I take the sensual edge of the glass between my lips and let go. “I don’t want to breed, need, leave, be besieged, see the greed, feed the glory, heed the warnings, please the boring gorged simple raised-eyebrows-followed-by-a-hint-of-a-smile look which symbolizes everything that’s happening here”: Everything that he left home to escape. The intensity from the release of personality. Gorge on the denial.

He feels the alcohol reeling in the energy channels and he dies and loves it.

It’s the smile to try on for the executioner.

ON PARTING

The urge to disappear has reappeared for a long time now. I've traveled very far, lost very much, learnt a little more than I was prepared for, changed the lives of few, ridden the wild pony of guilt, shame, self scrutiny, blame, growth, lothensness, nullness. I am void of canvas; having given all and gotten a lot more than I bargained for. I need another good long cry to dry my eyes. The pain that I've observed with academic stiffness needs to break free of me. I've been humbled by the humble.

To those back home it will seem like change is the measure of success; that the proof is valid only if proven; that time itself has to speak if it is to be heard; that belief cannot be lived if it is to be believed; that if the moon is worshipped it will be swallowed up by the sun.

On parting: It's all fear based;

...and the almost impossible task of opening up in public.

The challenge has always been to accept life for what it is; a parting of the soul from complacency. I've seen enough, time to let go of my eyelids.

The trappings tell me of tears and that part of me that loves me without recipocation. I'm no man, a knowmad in the spirit world. Touched by a powerful vision and the only one who can see it's merit. No matter how hard I look for clarity, I've got to accept that it can't fit into any bag, box, contract, or quaint summary. The distractions seem endless until one considers the final departure. Heaven is what you make of it. The illness sweeps salt deep into my belly. I can only compare it to the feeling of unpacking. Becoming unhinged like an old book.

FRESH FIRE

Beyond the last outpost; the fast outpost. Looking out at the wave of steep stone stopped half dead in its tracks. It's all flat from here to the ends of the earth. Break down the last barrier to change; and the run to the sun. You can catch it, if you're fast; and if you're patient enough to wait until just before it seals itself up to rest for the night.

The sun going down on the prairies, it's like being at sea. There's nothing flat around. The only thing large about it is the amount of hills. It's like playing her skin with a light bulb. Red clay, purple shadows, grey sand, green grass, yellow dry bushes, blue sky, white clouds: It's like diving thorough a fucking rainbow, I tell you. I am a bird as I survey the horizon.

When the sun goes down on the prairies it melts into the southern sky bleeding it's lifeblood all over the scenery in a last bridges attempt to give life, give heat, give up everything for the battle ahead. When the sun goes down and splatters itself hard against the prairies, pounding the rolling hills into a demarcation line as smooth as a blade; it takes days, hours are ours to sift through our fingers and weigh like the most critical jewelers. When the sun goes down on the prairies each moment is spent watching gods headlights spray his glorious design for us to interpret. When the sun goes down on the prairies the sounds of spirits rise out of the shadows to give voice to what escaped our grasp again.

When the sun goes down on the prairies tears of homesickness congeal at the bottom of dusk's clouds. Sometimes I wonder if they are only waiting for the worthy to spill their precious cargo.

ONE DAY THIS GREED WILL SHAKESPEARE

The attackers came swarming into the village; yielding clubs like puppets. I was only a child at the time, but the memory replays in my mind like garbage. I don't trust myself enough to escape back to the information. Unable to forget the laughter as I pulled their trigger on myself. The gun wasn't loaded, but that doesn't mean that some part of me didn't die; it's just taken years to realize the damage done.

They needed to break me, so I let them. I was so alone I cried. The tears fell like coins through my gritty fingers; now I can't seem to let go of anything.

I've been holding myself together for far too long. Those memories surface like the face of a clock, for me to touch like a blind person. Looking back I want so badly to fire the empty chambers after them. I've committed no crime except to look away from the face of evil.

I'm still digging my grave for them.

He slipped and instead of slapping me, he stuck me with a stacked deck.

Impossible to forget the losses.

I've found my religion, only to find out that it was too late to save myself.

A funeral for all the hypocrites.

NETHER

There she sat, a statue for inner glory. It's too bad that the cracks smile a light to bathe morose black dreams and masters and olympic wrestlers.

Something sucks; greedy hands pulling themselves out of pearl shells. All 41 and 14 all. "Stand on!" - as battalions surround the horizon. Simulated over pitchforks; lowered expectations of overburdened pressure junkies.

Whirling, wandering lost; like all of us through the looking glass. An open fist cartwheels through space grasping at clouds. A great big gulp of poisonous gasses and nervous laughter.

Grand decisions made from the other end of need. Bygone eras that refuse to die. Touch the most painful places with plastic coated applause. It's nothing to make the most out of. Just look at them wear their pain like a definition to layer in incomplete insecurity.

I could go on, but saying it only denies it its reality. Skip ahead and see how it's shining ellipses itself. Scratch to expose another incision with destiny; like a pirate ship storming its way through civil war. Wanting so badly to belong to something, willing to embrace anyone's defenses.

It makes me sick to my homage.

Pompous posturing and other vain attacks at inconsequential puck-up lines. Gone to ghost dance, guilty by some other association. Matching wits with the empty road that cuts it's judgement.

Praise for the fiddler, the easy lapses into letting go. Let's go down now, to the last door left to find our birth right.

They gather to accuse gently, to diffuse the longing. Growing older in some fuseless script. Reaching for each others achievements. It's too idle, too hard to ride.

My spirit was born cowering under a charade of ridicule.

They don't understand compensation,|

and because they don't

they fear it,

... and breed it.

FOR EVERY BIRD CAUGHT IN A NET, ANOTHER DIES IN ME

Sometimes I can't remember, sometimes I can't forget. Acting, behind sad eyes only more sadness. Imitating others, trying to please. Insecure, shy and beaten in the moonlight. Battered eyes broken by people needing love. Sold to touch sacred skin. Beaten black and blue by cocksure parasites. Shake loose all concrete; close eyes and see gods riding ponies. Smile shyly at strangers who know how to cope.

Roll over and fold arm over eyes. Sad eyes panicking in the face of love. Eyes that have seen too much pride. Eyes cry softly for a different past. Eyes open, looking for people to please; see hateful faces with smiles and cruel words. Evil eyes that know nothing but blame and sacrifice. Junky slaves that know only the joy of cooking. Eyes watching me like I'm a blanket to smooth out and admire lovingly. Accusing, lonely people watching me dance from empty windows.

Hearts exposed under the moonlight and banished to the city. Ancient eyes weeping. Given up on dreams, forgot how to live. Lost all love to broken souls. Sadness, broken and blue, forgotten under watchful eyes of indifferent gods.

Once, when I was young I reached out to touch, and felt her reaching back.

Now I cry - she punched me in the brain;
flattened my face,
my eyes.

BUSTED IN TRANSIT

Man oh man, they are so predictable in their refined christian movements; touching themselves so tenderly while allowing such sacrifice to smear the scenery. See how she ignores his cries, it brings her the power she never had as a child. Stroking his face to remind him how he must try to share the confusion in order to let it grow. "It's pleasure that's sin, not the act." How can we overcome this generational wrong?

Suddenly it's so painful to say these tragic negations. Metaphors, for lack of something bitter. I'll blast off into the ether. Either on, or either not. Not before, but after all. Best be forgotten; but for a princely sum, held onto. Always told to hold, held too long. Left to rot, rotten to the core. Sore at some past injustice, disgusted with myself.

It's the same old solutions, without understanding any of the problems. Burning our way through another life without any regard to the facts. Out of breath avoiding the eye of the hurricane. Everything in anything, and anything in everything. Understand? Blink twice and it's all over. A perfect script for a perfect movie for a perfect evening for a perfect moment. Lust as a substitute for divine retribution.

Gee, it sure is scary when the memories can no longer be trusted. I'll document my beliefs on etchings in a tattered notebook. Taking it all in through the ears, I twist it so it somehow makes sense.

The corporate giants lure us into wet dreams of utopia with no endings. Smack dab in the deep end, I'll fight against the current to the death. Can I help you find a better solution, or would you rather find something else to remind you of smiling gods supporting abusive messages?

Listen to yourself as the moment passes. It's not hard to do if the bow is already drawn. A creative genius dies with every word. Intimidated into beliefs of rebellion and immature self definition.

The frayed thread tugs valiantly at the old leaky bucket. A brand new attitude is about to be immersed into our age old arrogant approaches. The rumble can be felt for as long as the eye can see. Unhope, unbelief, unknown, understood. Destroy, distrust, disassemble, discuss. The calorie count rises like an off balance tower of the impoverished. The bulb beats a steady pulse to a forgotten formula; holds us still in our sharing of ancient arguments.

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Should I bother to scream into the silence? The reflected rush is no relief from the inevitable itch.

Pissing away time in cold surroundings; designed to make one feel important while encouraging a speedy withdrawal once the money is spent. A life lived in a foreign land. Writing myself into caverns of destitution, I'll smile inwards; for that's the only place it seems appreciated. The message is only appropriate if it provides relief from self serving Nazi nightmares of hidden labor and unchallenged sacrifice. A bougoise ironic dialogue, and flowers made of the purest white virgin hair and smiling deep blue eyes; only not for me. Fast asleep at the end of another anxious day.

A cabin rots away in the temperate jungle, once a community thrived here. A frown crossed brow; trying to see past the onion waves. One day he realized that he could speak the foreign language, but he was too old and sick to say anything. The tear briefly left it's mark on starched sheets. What other ending could there be? I'll let you decide.

What kind of garden have we planted? God, I need a drink, or something stronger. Zap all the zipperheads into submission while futilely pushing the questions into the background. Who can answer this call of nature? Brand names forever branded onto the subconscious. The great minds brought down to subordinary levels.

I don't understand the words, but I can guess the meaning. Something about not being content; demanding more than just another day of the same old struggle with shallow attitudes. Me, I'll float around in this cesspool until someone notices and flushes me finally to my fitting end. Walks with a limp, runs like hell. Granted the respect of a stalker, ignored until no more. Disappeared by all those engineered eyes. Uneasy, waiting for the music to start again.

Home, home on the razor. Roaming across cosmopolitan landscapes, they are all related to some function of repetition. Blasted goosebumps only remind me of downy feathered feet. The machinery favors inertia. Is it my imagination, or am I really insane? Venting like Goliath:

They taught me how not to learn.

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Really really trying hard to be heard. Seven days later and there's still no sign of another week gone by. Alone at the start line, I'll race myself to the starters pistol. That checkered flag only represents a two dimensional manifestation of heavy dyes and destructive bleaches; no silk trophy for my pointed emotions.

Sometimes I'll lie back and suck in the energy until I feel like exploding. Sometimes I hate the way people can go about their lives just for the sake of doing so. It's no longer just a philosophical debate; the cat is out of the bag, and it's very hot.

I saw a very interesting show this morning about how changes can really fuck us down the river. The only people who really knew what was happening were the victims. However harsh the reality, they insisted on singing; for the ultimate pleasure of the butchers. Change the world, not the channel.

Humor seems a very noble distraction, for it can drive home the point of all the pointless challenges. Helping out, without helping at all. Really smoking the butt down to the last wire. The sky is falling on deaf ears. Fuck it upside down.

I can count the lessons on outstretched fingers, or choose to avoid the issue entirely. Bring on the bubbles! Turn the controls so that they all, once again, point towards the equator. What use is staring at the storm? It must be some inner demon lurking in closets, like martial arts.

Sometimes the light shines so bright. That's all there is to that; except for all the surreal exceptions. Once was, always is, and always could be. Running around this little island; life waits for no one. No more easy escapes into the spotlight. The beads of sweat remind me of something else. Kept on too short a leash for too long, this freedom tastes like bitter tears. I'm heading away now, into the mirror.

The ammunition lays scattered upon my intellectual landscape. Be careful or you may end up wearing my hat. Sure it keeps the flies away, but also know that they simply make their nest in less windy places. Our pursuit of an attractive lifestyle; I could write a book about all the broken rules. Measuring myself up against all the great rebels. Shaping doubt into arrangements of toxic smoke.

Gone, reeling in the fantasy.

BEARING BRONZE IN THE OLYMPICS OF TRAGEDY

“It’s not about money” boast the rich while they incinerate angles in chemical factories. Proud in the freedom of everlasting recognition. Crack me again with that most impressive whip.

What came first, the snake or the ladder? Oh baby, I love you now that you’re gone. The rules are forever locked to expose vulgar principles of greed and self abasement. In love with hate, touched by death to discover the beauty of neglect. The dance of strangers brings tears to my clenched eyes.

Bracing myself against crumbling walls. Save the picket fences from atomic blasts. Trying to put a lid on this bottomless supply of rage. Heard only by the dead, they have nothing better to do but listen to my sails flap in the breeze. There’s no more room left for the fluid to move all the nuts and bolts into alignment. Injected into the middle of a free fall.

A double edged ice pick. Constantly in danger of having the pieces fit together before their purpose comes undone once again. A top down explosion of lies and scapegoating. The rescue comes with too many strings attached. The pendulum cuts a swath through all my truths. Centered in the emptiness; the fatigue sets in. The anchor has hooked itself to the continental shelf, and global drift is aligning my attempts for freedom with destruction; until it seems that change can only come through death.

The stress causes fractures to the most invisible of symmetries. The mask is inverted. Start over at one and take a giant step backward. Turn your back to the congregation. Pegged into a reaction of eternal dread. The tracks end just before the cliff begins. The bridge is still a couple of feet off in both directions. A lazy existence in a crossed over streetcar. The flames lick my lungs like a bee to the flower. The production comes to a point ontop of all my efforts. I feel the crosshairs massaging my shoulders.

My dictionary overflows with definitions of senile distractions. Rewrite the bible from a relevant perspective. The fragments are locked into a very jagged glass. Doctor Doolittle crossed with Nostradamus. Pulling yet another dragon out of the hat. Having no apprentice to share the blame. Wishing upon an exploding sun.

The prism has become a prison. My half tones have become half truths. The blood ties have become bloodshot eyes. The sewers have become see’ers. The trees have become leaves. The radio waves have become a slapstick daze. The heavenly bliss has become a forgotten kiss.

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Poisoning the earth to feed our dreams. Spewing pollution out to the edges of existence. Dredging the wetlands to build highrises so some insecure land speculator can hide in his air conditioned villa. Investing in the end of the world. Only a few small steps before the *boom*. Two rungs from the top of the ladder. In the name of the farmer, the seed, and the holey pail, we need to see past destruction for a solution. The end of the world battle replays forever in my mind. My calling sounds more like a cruel joke.

Some things are easier to push than pull. A bully, and a dirty fighter when it comes to beating myself up. The world's biggest dizzy spell. It's like I can do anything – just not successfully. There's no bottom, it's all bottom. Beauty, or not to be. Defeat at the feet of utter nonsense. An upsidedown revolving door. The past constantly creeping up with the presents. Untouched love hanging above a pool of flesh. A crackerjack victory over an exhausted diet. Rambling man, rumbling under the belt; like runaway headlights. An endless procession of distractions leading down a bottomless hole.

Looking over my shoulder at myself looking over my shoulder at someone else. There's such a subtle distinction between needing love, and loving need. The only way possible to keep my sanity without losing myself to the slide. Unable to handle the attention, I'll switch fears before the pain catches up. If I could only stop my mouth before I hear the echo.

It's the money which pulls us from our roots. It's the vices which form the disbelief of our security. An old teacher once helped me when he said: "Keep your eye on the ball." It's much harder than you think. He was wrong about one thing though; sometimes the ball surrounds you, and that's the most important time to hold on. Feeling as unreal as a fingerprint.

Born to hate: Is there anything worse than parents who love a good fight? They never liked me, but loved me. It felt like my life ran away. Clinically depressed by the age of four. Bouncing along under the surface; the parts invite abandonment. Praying for some conviction to stay. Breakdown another fortress of insecurity.

I'm not even aware of what I'm doing half of the time; or else I'm sitting stunned; alone in the masses. She told me that I was a good listener, something that I don't think I've ever heard before. My gracious inability to acknowledge any compliment as anything other than another well orchestrated setup intended to spring down and crush from above.

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Here's the scoop: As the money flowed, he'd get more and more abusive; until finally we'd give in to his pressure and crack. Unopposed, he'd continue to attack until we'd see the humor in our weakness. Now that their day was ruined, it could be used to blackmail us into admissions of guilt. I simply cannot tell you how many times I heard them confess how difficult we made their lives.

Why can't I cry? When tears do come it's only these little fiery balls of lead scarring my cheeks. Deformed on the inside, a shaman has created me to witness my undoing. For me to live through this exorcism, I may have to eat my own heart.

"Beauty is in the eyes of the beholder," mocks the dumb ape in the mirror, "you don't even know that you have it so good."

ODE TO SOCKS

The best stories have no endings; like life when it's made to be enjoyed. It's the heavy moments which sink deep into the psyche and cause the fuzzy sensations. I can't remember all the blows, but that doesn't stop me from feeling the bruises. Who the hell would want to confuse trauma for drama, pain for gain, strife for life, golden thrones for throwing stones? He bought me a pair of gold handcuffs.

I wish I was back on the water, but I am in my mind. Believe me, when I was there I had no desire to sing these songs about how my head aches from all it's scrutiny. Repressed depression. Ready, set, flow. Don't let go of that knot, it's the only thing left holding the boat to the dock. My atoms are locked in a red-shift. Theories of cosmic decline rattle my mind. A pin striped apology. The river's been backed up for years; the ice has sunk to the bottom and now spreads among the little people. I can't stand all this falling down. It's so much easier to charm when the pressure's on. Different; the opposite of indifferent.

Hitting the ground with a smile. Dropping out of the scene. I don't know where. The stones have crushed the fish; a contrast so ignored. Now I travel the world in search of a home. Underlying principles gone far too far. An all-round, larger-than-life broken promise. Rubbing up against the grain. Polishing the marble lens. Second place in a one legged dash. Normal as defined by how well the pay fits the pain inflicted. The conveyor has collected a lot of parody in it's constant circling of wagons. Putting the mirrors on the floor, my muddy footprints are once again beautiful. Hand over the rains to the next generation.

Once the caretaker was discovered crying in the closet the president decided to fine his ass. A remark became a memo became the end of one man's dreams. *BANG*, and the big drag. The first step lands directly on me. To learn how to fly we must stop running off at the first sign of change. Would someone please tell me what I've been.

Glass cages, monkey eyes; so alone. Pretending that we have another purpose. The clans are splattered far and wide; like musk. All night invading the dream world with wet cheeks. Pity sighs somewhere deep; in the past. High heels feeling inferior to flat photographs of fashion queens; themselves charting the top of our fucked up world.

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There's always someone looking over my shoulder at me, and his grin is my death mask. The positive and negative leads caress my fingertips. One way glass spans the distant attractions. Chaos come, and chase the sun. My mentor; the Houdini of abuse. I'll gladly go to hell if it means passing by his image on heavens walls. Hurting us for being unable to punish himself, so utterly unoriginal. I've spent the best years of my life looking for a safe place to leave his spears; but no matter how deep they're buried I always have a way to sink past the point of any release. One glorious day I'll dance all over his charred earth.

I didn't mean to do what I did when I did what I did to the little kid; hiding in my pain. It's no secret how my hammer needs no inspiration. I've gone and made a mess of all the forgotten places. All the great escapes mean nothing to me now that I've found myself crawling around under the darkest rock in this sick garden. Progress the destroyer. Hope swallowed whole by sorrow. Touch me one more time and I'll never come out.

I mean, you'd never shit in your kitchen; so why is it so expected of the rest of us? Ask any farmer about their policy of lusting after the crops. I once had a world, or should I say, it once had me. These skyscrapers feel so claustrophobic. Dreaming of the unknown, it would be much easier with smaller targets. Their life purpose; to spread their dirty truth.

It's so hard to deny his total denial. Backwards, and very rich. The misery is so complete. Any dignity stripped away for domination. Grinding the gears of human decency. Pushy like a virus. As funny as a sumo wrestler. Brandishing god like a shield. His achilles heel squashing any chance at personality. Eyes sown up by dollar signs. His glorious golden nightmare forced down all our dreams. The silence closes around him with a static clap.

I can see right through him, and it's all ugly. Soon the retort will come to his own reply and I'll be the loser for it. It's so obvious to him that all our good intentions are merely attacks upon his stupid traps; no more effective than feeding a bulimic ego. He knows nothing about so much that it turns my head upside down. Jesus, the fascist, helps him through any tough decision.

The calamity of the streets is more nourishing than a eight course meal sucking up to his giant vacuum. We play like rubber magnets while his tornado whips us into a very scattered start. The pieces remind me of something beautiful and untouched.

BAD POETRY

Not shit,
but bad poetry;
which brings a chuckle to the funny
bone, and
lingers for days with a feathers touch and a tuner's decay.

Not shit,
that wrestles boring stories, that involves names,
that uses the words like ...

“loins”.

Bad poetry is supposed to be bad, like a failed revolution.
Bad poetry makes good poetry look bad.

Bad poetry
cannot be spoken without a smirk. Bad poetry is about being
drunk, not hung-over.

Bad poetry grabs your attention like a ¹*sunrise whore*;
like a ²*concrete erection*.

Bad poetry
is not shit, bad poetry is

golden shit.

¹ *Stolen from someone else's poem.*

² *Also stolen from same poem.*

TANGABLY DRAB

Anyday to make a grab at the infinite possibilities. Chasing butterflies through a chaotic silhouette. Scrawling my deepest desires down, down, down; on top of all those indifferent opinions. I've lived my whole life alone, only to spend the little time I actually own away from prying eyes.

Spending my last nickel on a dollars worth of silence. Extraordinarily cast away like some single cell axiom. I pray with ever sluggish footsteps for someone to come and stop me from sleeping. Around and around until there's no more attraction to ground.

Purging myself of purity. It takes some kind of pride to create such a creature of shame; something sometimes only the dead can comprehend. Out of place in a fucked up space. As real as my eraser. As real as my fucking fucked up vision of what happened when I was dreaming of something else. If I could only just live or die; anything except this caviar wasteland to stitch my way through.

Groomed by a prickly Santa Clause. The themes are few and far between. Emershed in something that wanted no part of me. A disastrous equation resulting in a freak of nurture. Incoherent, once again. Awaiting it's flash around every corner. Scared stiff that nothing will ever change. Political in my disbeliefs.

An artist running from his dreams. Oscillating through the red zones. Only music has the power to catapult me into desensitivity. Attracted to my ghost, my spirit engulfed by the moon's corners. Hysterical during the introduction; hilariously after the fact.

Recycling all forms of bad behavior. $\frac{50.4949}{100}$ on the other side. Always looking out for the other guy. Feeling at home only when unwanted. Entirely new shit. Every insult an attempt at humor. Guilty of laughing at myself. The need to escape exceeds any desire to fit in. I have nothing nice to say about their defenses. Using myself as target practice, too backward to acknowledge the damage done to the part of me needing direction.

Let me see if I can make you understand: Adam went and ate the whole tree. Eve hangs her head in shame, having traded in the leaf for a miniskirt and heels. The snake was really a worm, so he's gone too. Millions of species have now sunk the ark; and the gods of the underworld are reeling from all the sonic echo. The apostles are busy pulling out the chairs from under each other, and the bush is still burning ontop of a barren mountain.

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Almost every doorway has been splattered with sacrificial blood. The idols are no more than icons. The seas have once again started to part; leaving us high and dry. Holy men romp through high voltage passageways where loose women wait at every corner. The prophet shrugs, the priest pretends to understand those things which defy description. It's the day of the virus, in the year of the germ. There are 10 commandments, but we stopped counting a long time ago: "Thou shall not take a name without aim." As the pagans wonder what went wrong, angels dance around the toxic campfire and feed us red marshmallows while chasing after forked tails.

Listen to the child. Listen to the beast beg. Listen to the volcano as it meets the ocean. Listen to the land's last dance. Listen to your heart as it tries to understand.

Got to go slow for a change. I'll split my super from my ego and unite the id and the idiot. My bedsprings need some oil, if you know what I mean. %1200 interest on a three dollar bill. Withdrawing again and again from the lone shark bank. Boinking my head hard on a stubborn rock.

My mantle is going to pieces. My fire is out of place. My candle is stuck. My fork is undecided. My hankie is chief. My messenger is flatfooted. My bee is stung. My horse is drawn. My buggy is buggy. My whip is cracked. My fruit has flown. My front is back. My bar is flat.

Owed two socks by two dirty clocks; washed away with the grease, the posture gives it all away. In a room full of blind elephants, real men don't hold onto anything but that which absorbs them. Not some petty hobby obsession, unobtainably close minded tangible victory bought and sought after: Hard on the chopping block.

A new place for some old soul. The similarities end right where the plate begins. Suffering in the endless need. The sandbags shiver at the sight of water. A real pain in the nut. Too close to the tragedy; no more glory for foreign shorelines. The five unnatural elements: Pollution, Aggression, Experimentation, Deprivation, Assimilation.

Trying to hide that big ugly egg of a brain. Instead of a lunchbox, I've brought a beartrap. Stuck on off; negated by nothing. The victory dance smacks of no return. It's always about something needing nothing. Tarzan's lost his voice, Jane's pierced herself knitting again, Cheetah's really a cheater; and the jungle's hung up on the vine.

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The toolbox is locked tight. A screw for my driver, please. Applier for a tough grip. A ruler for the ruler. A level for the self taping screw. A bit of concrete for my steel thread. There, there; now I've really lost my last stand.

Another flame is lodged in my rocket. Another clash in the crash; a force to be beckoned with. Larger than strife, smaller than a pin prick. Stuck on some bloody line that can't be said with a strait face. On the first time through I went right around the bend; looking too hard for an easy out. Translating actions into main attractions.

A vacuum to ease my impressions. Sometimes all it takes is an upward glance to discover how much is missing. Some crippled song to take me along; oh so good at not sounding bad. I really bore myself sometimes; finding more than I know. One fine flying misfortune.

Larger than life, smaller than anything I've ever known.

THE SOUND OF SOMEONE ELSE'S BREATH

As my ship sputters to a dead stop in the endless fog, any hopes of returning to solid ground are now dependent upon those willing to venture out into this sea of illusion.

The clarity of vision no longer serves my purpose, only heightens the tension.

Please bear with me as I battle my appetite for destruction; self determination. I am only sounding my foghorn in the dead of the evening.

Jealousy overpowers all other emotions as red curtains fall softly over my thoughts. I am not scared, I am scared. I am not lonely, I am desperate. Knowledge and vices drive me towards a tragic landscape.

How often have the animals gathered to mock my agony? Only they can feel honest in the face of destruction. Now my pride looks foolish, grinning from behind a face of anguish. I squint into the immediate future, waiting for lights, shadows, to pull me out. The ringing in my ears and the beating of my heart serve me company.

A warm chills smile fuels my search; for the love of friends opens my heart to the light of life, and the sounds of someone else's breath.

DREAD, DEAD, BREAD

Sex, money, power; old nemesis.

She came to me in the morning light.

“Listen, we have to talk about this. There’s something happening to you, us... dark.”

Tears rolling down her soft face, dancing their strange dance on her skin. All her pain on display for me to see.

My heart beat, then beat again. Then I felt it beat again. Wishing I was small, so that I could escape those eyes. All my past has found me.

“I ...”

I didn’t know what to say. My mind was numb. There’s no erasing the past; maybe the present.

Oh, how I wish I could get away.

She needs better, and I need my bottle. It was so simple. How many times does the candle burn, the rain fall, the wave crash. Yes, I can hear them laughing in hell as she lays it on me. Those tears burn for a long time.

Confusion about money, love’s gone out the back door. God damn fucking son of a bitch money. Guilt money, evil money, blood money, guts money, heart money, lung money. Every morning confusion. Make money, save money, spend money, give money, get money, love money, hate money.

“I... I don’t know.”

I stammer. We talk it out, we smile, we laugh about it, she leaves it alone for a while. I feel like shit. I go get a drink and a pen and write it down.

WATCH EACH SUNRISE WITH A DRUNKEN MIND

Carve truth into the hidden hallways. As I ponder the abstract of being, the poor reach out with dirty hands. It's all just a political smear; blood on the walls. I wash myself of history and look towards a nuclear future. As the seasons die, our children are taught to forget. Live to learn, learn to die.

A white limousine carrying rich famous powerful people turns towards a beautiful demise. Working too hard or not enough, my thoughts are in synch with the squealing of brakes. Pray to the mirror! Let it be known your misguided attempts to climb above nature. Sing praises for progress, as you slide into chaos.

Are there any believers in the cosmos? An emerald planet extinguishes itself silently. Greed is poverty, and the privileged spread confusion like a new religion. The women's movement; corrupted for eons by the sons of the ego of man, chastised into smiles and legs, giving birth to aliens.

A tree which sprouts fire. An iron heart beating inside lead chambers. A box full of compassion. A milky balloon trapped by the surf. A glass wheel falling through space. A frozen whale. A make believe story of truth and promise.

A heart crushed by rejection. A tear hidden behind years of pain. A voice unheard. A ticking bed. A bullshit gesture of love and pride. A licking dog, confined to chains, pain and confusion in our universal mind. A dead end species rejecting the truth that illuminates the future.

Hope is a gift that must be nurtured to survive; are all our thoughts so mischievous?

Taken to the edge of reality, I feel cold. Marked as a lamb, I cannot help but watch each sunrise with a drunken mind.

MAKING FRIENDS WITH FOG

What's my vice, my latest vice?

I'm trying to find myself in the land of the lost. I'm living a dream, and enjoying the unreality of it. All my hopes and desires, boiling down to a simple case of jealousy. I'm racing towards the end of the tunnel, but the light moves around too much. Life spins me like a top. I'm dammed for my indecisiveness. Thoughts cloud my purpose, making hope transparent to my desires.

Bleached bodies resting sickly on beds of money. Power cedes to corruption, corruption cedes to confusion. Grazing the bottom, the ends in sight. There's chalk, packed with glass. The whole thing is somehow inside out. Love buys money. Yesterday is tomorrow. Words speak truths far more eloquently than laws.

Like a stone lifted by the current, my heart skips beats. Making amends for selfish words.

Competition for suffering is fierce. Knowledge is useless, wisdom is worse. Too many options, no room for introspection. I'll die a lonely masterpiece. Hold onto a life of self rejection.

My mask never seems to match my costume, as the stage whirls. Actors and actresses come and go with ease, entangled in their own presence. Unexpected plot twists stretch my imagination past the breaking point. Make a play on solitude and you've got an affair to last a fucking lifetime.

A golden dream of chicks and booze. Castles made of drugs and fire. Addictions to self preservation. Research and development; without the development. Stop the world, before it's too late. Retreat into dreams of tomatoes and chicken shit.

The sun disappears into the city. Ears deciphering thoughts like rain falling on rivers. Speak out! Madness dug deep into the liver. The rantings of sickness echo eternally through the halls of time. The mantra of success; a poor diet. Dredge up murky memories of drunken driving.

Responsible to foolish ghosts. Money; it's like kissing the ass of god, or maybe the devil. As the rain drives me to take shelter, my legs are reckless and restless. Taken from a chessboard, the king serves no purpose. Madness to be reckoned with, for sure. Silence like an anvil. Pound my cake into submission. Exterminate the pain with abyss. Hold tight to nightmares, as greatness is wretched for pennies.

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I follow the lives of ordinary people. Abandon hope, see the truth of endless scavenging. Turn your back to the sun, look how our shadows do great damage. Weep for a faltering planet. God shrugs, ice builds on the old whiskers. Sad eyes show madness under duress. The season for rejection is soon at hand, followed by the satisfaction of good sex.

My mind is open to possibilities. Unknown to failure, the lazy dog drank with confidence. The money adds up, and then disappears. Judas the banker. It's not far to go, like comparing a good book to a good car. Being behind, tripping over notes, experience experiencing. Racing ahead, orchestrating the whole fiasco.

Risking our lives for a velvet ideal. Open the door to the ocean and breath life from sunny dust. Schools attract, schools repel. Stoned on stale air. Hammered round. Bored and boring, digesting nothing. Regurgitating tidbit's, and sometimes whole meals. Awesome situations. Inviting mainstream dreams shaking.

Sunshine beams through drawn curtains in this lousy theater. Lets stay up late and watch the stars come out. Hunger is only a couple of meals away.

Fashion drawn up to expose smooth thighs. I could swim in those rides, happy as any puppy. Cast me out into the clean night. As I bay at the glistening moon, my heart begs to be trampled on. Is pain any more significant than knowledge? Rejection? Or is there another door to perception?

Making my way to empty chambers, I follow the scent of money. Money calls us to dance, to smile, to gather in closed spaces. Make way for the past, decrepit words staring out of the mouth. Listen, I'll tell you the secret of eternal beauty. Respect what you see and you'll be wanting *NOTHING*. An empty bliss fills the chambers of souls; rows of light like droplets on a spiders web.

Wait until lovers uncouple for the new dawn. My past is a slap in the face. I loose myself to other inhibitions; like hate, rage, and pity. Growing like blood, my end beckons. Pardon my minds thoughts, there is acid in my hopes.

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Brutal and uncaring, racing to the apocalypse with your head on backwards. As I make friends with wisdom, I feel the ugly blade on understanding in my back. Suffering the onslaught of rejection, I am a warrior of the unknown. All your consumption, greedy eyes, and half hearted smiles are so reserved for those that serve your purpose; as no mistake is ever forgiven.

THROUGH DOLPHIN SKIN

existentialism

the religion of philosophy

energy bubbles

surfing the wave of thought across time

striving for a will to power

together

and watching it all

beautiful

WHAT IT WAS

Life in a tailspin; life in the spin cycle. Only my shoes holding me down to earth. I know in my heart that I was born to swim in clouds. My shoulders ache from the weight of their lost wings.

As cave dwellers learnt to control fire, laughter was heard around the world. With this, we have become rivers flowing from eden. God is us, and has forgotten.

Words flow like lost memories. Music, a creation of the masses, soothes the ache in my throat. I dance proudly in front of oncoming traffic, perhaps the last frontier. Surely a miracle would be enough to satisfy my lust. Behind my traitor eyes, hiding from the wonders and temptations of others, a snowflake floats around in my head.

Easy, easy, easy there. More scotch to soothe my balls fire, as my heart is torn apart by its beliefs. Environmental. Ethical. Essential. Existential. When did reduce, reuse, recycle become recycle, recycle, recycle?

Pity them; our suffering gives them a reason to exist.

It's hard to find the end of the trail when the guides hysterical. The confidence game; they wanted to buy my assurances; but what value is money to those denied imagination?

I can remember better days, but it seems like it was someone else pretending; some of my schizophrenic personalities are psychotic.

Let's all turn against ourselves; as humanity is a treasure held out of reach by evil mechanisms; hope buried under centuries of betrayal. The perfection of youth, the pride of knowledge; god knows all our secrets, just as I strive to know yours.

Oh how we've become resilient to the sudden downpours of degradation. All the meat in the world will not repair our deformities. Cement drawn up from the bones of our ancestors. Voices calling like a beacon, ringing like a siren.

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The victim syndrome plagued the societies of the late petroleum age.

What do you say to a bad example? All the indications are for a long winter. The scavengers will be rejoicing soon, but that too will be short lived. Faster than the imagination, icicles of crystallized thoughts projected outside the beyond. Music draws us further along, dancing; grasping at the familiar rhythm.

I find myself in words that have such diverse origins.

Advise for children; love yourself, believe nothing but what you think you see.

THE DAY I LOST MY JOB

Lets all run, as the spinning starts again. The purpose to be found somewhere else. There's no escape from another failure. Words that sting like acid, spoken with a smile. Suddenly unable to hold my head above traffic, I loose myself in thoughts of doing without. A confession spoken to myself; a demon on each shoulder.

Born to fight, I'll die trying. The money already spent. Why bother stopping these feet from their hopeless mission? Gravity has gone to find another victim. Noone loves the song sung out of key. A curse has occupied my rhythm.

Please let me repeat myself; these old shoes no longer make me smile. I'll stare in disbelief as the hours count away all possibilities of being normal. Perhaps I should preach, but god does not side with the believers. I know this as his truth. The drugs lure me into a silent expression. Why not throw away words if they serve no purpose other than to demonstrate yet another backwards dream? I'm so fucking bored I could shit.

My rational sabotaged by years of indifference. Blend my lies into blood. Steal my dreams. Sow daggers into the connective tissue. Banish me to all eight corners. Roll me into the forest. Sink me into the mountaintops.

Fresh, shallow, amusing remarks belittle the slaves. From car windows I count the damage. Trendy clothes hide the truth. Oh no, there I go again, recycling symbols like circus performers; ugly looks and familiar patterns.

How I have managed to survive alone in my skull is a mystery to contemplate like the leap year. Dig a trench through all these lonely nights. Creative talents unrewarded like sweat on a cold body.

Envy the last summers forests. Let your spirit do the soaring; look up for a change and see the challenge which awaits our children. Wrapped around our regressions, I'll cry fountains for empty buildings. Orphans, stinking of old age. Sportsmen and other candy coated lies, whacking dice off into the abyss.

"Money has everything to do with it" says the ghosts of nature. Sadness found wherever you care to look. Joy as a misunderstanding. Any challenge easily evaded by disgust without principles.

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The air smells of ignorance, and drives the birds to curl up under our shadows. Behold the dawn's bleeding tears; behold the ugly respect torn from our youthful stare; behold the vague attempts to liberate ourselves from responsibilities; behold invisible eyes casting judgment upon any transgression from parallel intentions. The sun warms my strings and melts my fear of loosing focus.

She spoke of eternal love, but that was many years ago. White lies blanket the dreams while I make sense of the injustice. The children talk of better days, while we scold them for being so bold. Bent under the weight of supporting their parents. Taken advantage of by our naively.

I've lost all connection to any purpose. Gun the engine before the pavement ends. Suck the ends out of the middle. How many ways to differentiate the subtle excuses for ego self destruction? Trick our senses into believing flat intentions.

Birds, insects, dogs, cats; I search for some meaning. Laughter heard round my head. Huge wings descend down on glass dreams; breaking off. Bouncing along the dotted line. Twisting my head to make the sights all the more real. Stopping to pick up a fleck of nourishment. Feeling the wind blow through the interior like a friendly visitor. The future rises suddenly on the horizon, as we drive into the twilight.

Easy, slow, distance brings tides of feathers to our gentle beaches. Reclining in the spotlight with puffy clouds whispering their goodbyes. The warm breeze rocks us to sleep. Sounds of the ocean breathing, the earth waking up, the spirits flying in their eternal pursuit of wisdom. A bellyful of easy pickings; lost and found on native shores.

A different person with the same passion. Driven to tumble by the skeletal bend. I may have lost my mind, but not my sense of humor.

All the pain, pointing accusingly away from our greed.

AS

as I close my eyes,
as the sounds of my breath carry me away,
as the voices in my head are heard,
as my hands unclench,
as my pecker softens
as the days events evaporate,
as the sun makes it's way around the night,
as the creatures come out from hiding,
as my thoughts become one,
as my pain breaks,
as my emptiness spills,
as my purpose eludes me,
as my liver dies,
as my mouth opens,
as my imagination slips into gravity,
as my pen slides off my mind,
as my toes dance on stars,

as my loneliness finally meets it's maker;

I understand.