

1. Warning

the surgeon general has determine that cigarette smoking is hazardous to your health...now we do not know how educated the surgeon general is ...we do not know if the surgeon general finished high school...we do not know if the ford foundation pull him through to be given the opportunity to determine that cigarette smoking is hazardous to your health...we do not know if it was a sex problem that made him come to that oonclusion... we do not know if the surgeon general fell asleep with a lit cigarette & when he woke up the following morning he calls up the nows media from the hereafter to inform them that cigarette smoking is hazardous to your hoalth ...we do not know if cigarette smoking gave the surgeon general lung cancer & his last words were CIGARETTE SMOKING IS HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH...what

we do know is that the surgeon geeneral has a terrible handwriting so he cannot be too educated...reliable souroes has informed us that the surgeon general has heart transplants 3 times a week before taking off on his private jet bomber to drop napalms wherever excellent grass grows because if grass was legal the liquor industry will have a nervous breakdown... so the surgeon general flies through the air destroying scenes that are a threat to cigarette machines...what we do know is that the surgeon general's breath is more hazardous to your health...we will not have a few moments of silence for the surgeon general...anyone who destroys grass instead of enjoying it is a monace to the international security of humanity...may the surgeon general rot in hell...que viva la yerba buena for now and forever

2. How Do Your Eggs Want You (?)

At the age of empty spaces
I removed my new and used furniture
Away from the planet earth
To learn how to walk through walls
The fire department was called
By concerned citizens
To make me stop hallucinating
And turn me over to the police
To be formally arrested
For breaking the law of gravity
Without carrying certified
Diplomatic immunity credentials
Innocent bystanders fall-out
The windows of catatonic elevator
Wondering if it was something
They forgot to light up and smoke
Responsible for the false illusions
The weather was reported vomiting
The fire engine arrived
At the scene of the crime in reverse
Blasting away 31 different sirens Trying to locate the whereabouts
Of my indefinitely missing head
After speeding around in circles
For 72 hours they used a telescope
To press charges against me
For possession of dangerous visions

Flying without an airplane
Impairing the morals of senior citizens
And resisting contact lenses
I was handcuffed in exile
To the rear view mirror
Of the patriotic fire engine
Whose firemen wore long black robes
And quoted the old testament
An unexplainable explosion
Returns everything back to normal
(99 minus 99 plus 99 equals 99 again)
I wake up rocking and rolling
On the ceiling of an emergency ward
A few weeks before this incident
The head doctor
Of the mental institution
Snorted un-cut cocaine
Under an opened beach umbrella
That was suspended in midair
When he noticed I was there
He told me to stick my tongue out
As far as it will stretch
I responded immediately
Thinking he was going to share
The medication with me
But instead the head doctor

Brings out a can of spray paint
From his medical bag
And sprays on my tongue "Doc 73"
I scream as loud as I could
Without making a sound
Until his head falls off
His shoulder on the ground above
The headless doctor
Is demoted to a patient
By forces beyond his control:
I steal the cocaine
He left behind and escape
From the insane asylum
By lighting up 13 candles
Invisible to everybody but me

3. To Get Drunk You Have to Drink

Unseen faces keep appearing
In the evening of the sky
No one saw what they were hearing
Unseen faces keep appearing
Those who were not born were fearing
That they too will someday dy
Unseen faces keep appearing
In the evening of the sky
There was never no tomorrow

It was all about today
When yourself and yourself quarrels
There was never never no tomorrow
Return all those dreams you borrowed
From remote control highways
There was never no tomorrow

It was all about today
This planet is still unknown
Though it may seem very clear
Mysteries are all we own

This planet is still unknown
Everyone alive stays stone
Until it is time to disappear
This planet is still unknown
Though it may seem very clear

Start driving without a car
All the lights are turning red
If you want to get real far
Start driving without a car
Move by staying where you are

The ticket is in your head
Start driving without a car
All the lights are turning red
Inside darkness there is light
Inside water there is fire
Black magic is out of sight

Inside darkness there is light
Turning left is turning right
Coming down is getting higher
Inside darkness there is light
Inside water there is fire
Blue was never really blue
Pink was never really pink
Some body was fooling you
Blue was never really blue
What is false is really true
To get drunk you have to drink
Blue was never really blue
Pink was never really pink

4. Telephone Booth Number 102

you and your bottle
and your smoke
and your coke
are cordially invited
to attenddaa party
if you cannot make it
send your bottle
and your smoke
and your coke
to keep the party going
until you are able
to party with us

5. Telephone booth Number 905 ½

woke up this morning
feeling excellent,
picked up the telephone
dialed the number of
my equal opportunity employer
to inform him I will not
be into work today
"Are you feeling sick?"
the boss asked me
"No Sir" I replied:
I am feeling too good
to report to work today,
if I feel sick tomorrow
I will come in early

6. Telephone Booth Number 580

I will not be over
for breakfast
like I promised you I would
but don't feel too bad
take the pancakes
glue them onto the ceiling
and when you get hungry
jump up a few times

7. Telephone Booth Number 722

I came over

to comfort you,
I just heard
about your husband,
kindly accept
my condolence,
I am very glad
that it happened,
now you and I
can get it together

8. Telephone Booth Number 190

this is a true story
it really happened:
I was talking with this friend
of mine on the stoop
of the building I live in
when all of a sudden
I forgot what I was going to say next

9. Puerto Rico Obituary

They worked
Fedro Juan Pietri
They were always on time
They were never late
They never spoke back
When they were insulted
They worked
They never took days off

That were not on the calendar

They never went on strike

Without permission

They worked

Ten days a week

And were only paid for five

They worked

They worked

They worked

And they died

They died broke

They died owing

They died never knowing

at the front entrance

Of the first national city bank

Juan

looks like

Miguel

Milagros

Olga

Manuel

All died yesterday today

And will die again tomorrow

Passing their bill collectors

On to the next of kin

All died

Waiting for the garden of eden
To open up again
Under a new management
All died
Dreaming about america
Waking them up in the middle of
the night
Screaming: Mira Mira
Your name is on the winning lottery
ticket
For one hundred thousand dollars
All died
Hating the grocery stores
That sold them make believe steak
And bullet proof rice and beans
All died waiting dreaming and hating
Dead Puerto Ricans
Who never knew they were were Puerto Ricans
Who never took a coffee break
From the ten commandments
TO KILL KILL KILL
The landlords of their cracked skulls
And communicate with their Latino Souls
Juan
Miguel
Milagroob

Olga Manuel

From the nervous breakdown streets

Where the mice live like millionaires

And the people do not live at all

Are dead and were never alive

Juan

Died waiting for his number to hit

Miguel

Died waiting for the welfare check

To come and go and come again

Milagros

Died waiting for her ten children

To grow up and work

So she could quit working

Olga

Died waiting for a five dollar raise

Manuel

Died waiting for his supervisor to

drop dead

So he could get a promotion

Is a long ride

From Spanish Harlem

To Long Island cemetery

Where they were buried

First the train

And then the bus

And the cold cuts for lunoh
And the flowers
That will be stolen
When visiting hours are over
Is very expensive
Is very expensive
But they understand
Their parent understood
Is a long non profit ride
From Spanish Harlem
To long island cemetery
Juan
Miguel
Milagrob
Olga
Manuel
All died yesterday today
And will die again tomorrow
Dreaming
Dreaming about queens
Clean cut lily white neighborhood
Puerto Ricanless scene
Thirty thousand dollar home
The first Spics on the block
Proud to belong to a community
Of gringoso who want them lynched

Proud to be a long distance away
From the sacred phrase: Que Pasa
These dreams
These empty dreams
From the make believe bedrooms
Their parent left them
Are the after effects
Of television programs
About the ideal
white american family
With Black maids
And Latino janitors
Who are well train
To make everyone
And their bill collectors
Laugh at them
And the people they represent
Juan
Died dreaming about a new car
Miguel
Died dreaming about new anti
poverty programs
Milagros
Died dreaming about a trip to
Puerto Rico
Olga

Died dreaming about real jewelry
Manuel
Died dreaming about the irish
sweepstakes
They all died
Like a hero sandwich dies
In the garment district
At twelve o'clock in the afternoon
Social security number to ashes
Union dues to dust
They knew
They were born to weep
And keep the morticians employed
As long as they pledge allegiance
To the flag that wants them destroyed
They saw their names listed
In the telephone directory of
destruction
They were train to turn
The other cheek by newspapers
That misspelled mispronounced
And misunderstood their names
And celebrated when death came
And stole their final laundry ticket
They were born dead
And they died dead

Is time
To visit sister lopez again
The number one healer
And fortune card dealer
In Spanish Harlem
She can communicate
With your late relatives
For a reasonable fee
Good news is guaranteed
Rise Table Rise Table
Death is not dumb and disable
Those who love you want to know
The correct number to play
Let them know this right away
Rise Table Rise Table
Death is not dumb and disable
Now that your problems are over
And the world is off your shoulders
Help those who you left behind
Find financial peace of mind
Rise Table Rise Table
Death is not dumb and disable
If the right number we hit
All our problems will split
And we will visit your grave
On every legal holiday

Those who love you want to know

The correct number to play

Let them know this right away

We know your spirit is able

Death is not dumb and disable

RISE TABLE RISE TABLE

Juan

Miguel

Milagros

Olga

Manuel

All died yesterday today

and will die again tomorrow

Hating fighting and stealing

broken windows from each other

Practicing a religion without a roof

The old testament

The new testament

according to the gospel

of the internal revenue

the judge and jury and executioner

protector and eternal ern bill collector

Secondhand shit for sale

Learn how to say Como Esta Usted

and you will make a fortune

They are dead

They are dead
and will not return from the dead
until they stop neglecting
the art of their dialogue
for broken english lessons
to impress the mister goldsteins
who keep them employed
as lavaplatos porters messenger boys
factory workers maids stock clerks
shipping clerks assistant mailroom
assistant, assistant assistant
to the assistant's assistant
assistant lavaplatos and automatic
artificial smiling doormen
for the lowest wages of the ages
and rages when you demand a raise
because it's against the company
policies to promote SPICS SPIČS ŠPICs

Juan

died hating Miguel because Miguel's
used car was in better running
condition than his used car

Miguel

died hating Milagros because Milagros
had a color television set
and he could not afford one yet

Milagros

died hating Olga because Olga

made five dollars more on the same job

Olga

Died hating Manuel because Manuel

Had hit the numbers more times

Than she had hit the numbers

Manuel

Died hating all of them

Juan

Miguel

Milagros

And Olga

Because they all spoke broken english

More fluently than he did

And now they are together

In the main lobby of the void

Addicted to silence

Off limits to the wind

Confine to worm supremacy

In long island cemetery

This is the groovy hereafter

The protestant collection box

Was talking so loud and proud about

Here lies Juan

Here lies Miguel

Here lies Milagros

Here lies Olga

Here lies Manuel

Who died yesterday today

And will die again tomorrow

Always broke

Always owing

Never knowing

They are beautiful people

Never knowing

The geography of their complexion

PUERTO RICO IS A BEAUTIFUL PLACE

PUERTORRIQUENOS ARE A BEAUTIFUL RACE

If only they

Had turned off the television

And tuned into their own imaginations

If only they

Had used the white supremacy bibles

For toilet paper purpose

And make their Latino Souls

The only religion of their race

If only they

Had return to the definition of the

sun

After the first mental snowstorm

On the summer of their senses

If only they

Had kept their eyes open

At the funeral of their fellow

employees

Who came to this country to make a

fortune

And were buried without underwears

Juan

Miguel

Milagros

Ola

Manue

Will right now be doing their own

thing

When beautiful people sing

And dance and work together

Where the wind is a stranger

To miserable weather conditions

Where you do not need a dictionary

To communicate with your people

Aqui Se Habla Espanol all the time

And you salute your flag first

Aqui there are no dial soap commercials

Aqui everybody smells good

Aqui tv dinners do not have a future

And the men and women admire desire

And never ret tired of each other

Aqui Que Pasa Power is that's happening

Aqui to be called Necrito

Means, too be called LOVE

10. Suicide Note from a Cockroach in a Low Income Housing Project

I hate the world

I am depress

I am deprive

I am deprave

I am ready to propose to the grave

Life is too complicated to proceed

Fate is the only medicine I need to

feel good

Seriously Speaking

I am seriously seeking

The exit to leave this eerie existence

My resistance is low and will not gro

Rent Control My Ghost Will Haunt You

I hate the world

I am dejected

I am rejected

I am neglected and disrespected

Ever since these damn liberals got

elected

And corrected nothing really importan

I am starving

I am no good at robbing

I have no ambitions

These damn housing projects

Are responsible for my nervous conditio

I hate you credit cards

Because of you there is a pain in my brain

Because of you all the minority grouppp

Own a television set and will not let

me sleep

At night watching the late late show

at full blast

I hate the world

I hate the world

I hate the world

I am disgusted

I am totally busted

The welfare department

Will not handle my case

I am homesick for the past

When radios use to be a luxury

For the minority groups

And there were no such thin

A.B the late late show

Oh how I hate those damn

Anti poverty programs

I am hungry

My folks are hungry
My friends are hungry
Every member embe of our generation
Is a victim of starvation
We are down ard out without a future
To look forward to WE APE THROUGH
I attend over ten funerals everyday
I don't have time to send my black
Me lancholy suit to the cleaners
anymore
That is how bad the situation is
And all because all of a sudden
Everybody wants to be somebody
This is ridiculous this is absurd
Why should our race be erased to make
america a beautiful place for everyone
but us
We are the real American
We was here before co lumbus
We was here before gener gal electric
We was here before the ed sullivan show
We are older than adam and eve
Noah also took Cockroaches into his ark
Why should we be denied co existence???
I use to come
From a very large family

And now I am down
To my last second cousin in-law
I have been married seven times
I Have never been divorced
All my wives and husbands
Are now resting in peace
None of them died from natural cause
They have all been fatal casualties
Of the games the great society plays
This so called civilization nation
Has made a lonely cockroach out of me
My insurance company
Has informed me that they will not
Insure another wife or husband I take
They think I am trying to make
A living out of this/HY ARE DEAD
WRONG
I come from a good Non catholic
Non protestant Non jewish Home
I have never read the holy bible
I will never read the holy bible
Cockroaches in their right minds
Will never go near the holy bible
Bible reading is a dangerous mission
Is like committing suicide to get to
heaven

I once had this uncle
Who was very religious
He read the good book all the time
One day he fell asleep reading
The twenty third psalm and woke up
In the hereafter the following morning,
The owner of the bible close the book
on him
If those are the kind of people
That go to heaven/You can send me to
hell lord

My first wife
Lived a very short life
Tragedy came
Separated our name
The first year
We started our atmosphere
She was ambushed
By this retarded boy
Who destroyed her pride
And swallow her body
After she died
My second wife
Lived a shorter life
When tragedy came
And separated our name

She was still a virgin
We married in the afternoon
And somebody stepped on her
On our way to the honeymoon
My third wife
Was taking a short cut home
Thru the kitchen sink
A homicidal maniac saw her
While taking a drink
And turned on the hot water
My first husband
lost his sacred life
in a DDT strike
coming home from
for insects only
I was in tears
the A&P
for one whole year
after he disappear
from the atmosphere
because the day before
his destiny came near
his insurance policy lapsed
I mailed a payment
a week before he died
but somebody stepped on the mailman

and the payment never arrived

My second husband

was suffocated

by this complicated

mentally constipated

fire engine impersonator

who got his kicks

kidnapping cockroaches

molesting them sexually

and throwing them

into empty coca cola bottles

and putting the cap back on

and keeping them without air

until their life was gone

My third husband

Lived a miserable life

He had lung cancer

Ten wooden legs

One glass eye

Fifty Fifty vision

On his good eye

A weak heart

A broken back

Respiratory ailment

Undernourished

Mentally discourage

unemployed eardrums
condem features
And bad breath galore
from a bottle of
Weight reducing pills
He shoplifted
At the drugstore,
I gave him a divorce
Not because his health
Was hazardous
To my health
I gave him a divorce
Because he wanted
Me to sell my body
To science
And give him the mone y
For plastic surgery,
One week before
Celebrating his last
Unhappy birthday
At the funeral parlor
He hit the numbers
For one thousand dollars
Went to the hospital
And paid cash for
A heart transplant

An eyes transplant
A face transplant
A legs transplant
A lungs transplant
A rear end transplant
A breath transplant
And he was all set
To live and let live
For one hundred years
But on his way home
From the hospital
Some body stept on him
And that was the end
Of his breathing career
So you see
You cannot really blame me
For wanting to seduced my destiny
I have nothing else to live for
In this corrupted world anymore
The employment situation is bad
The starvation situation is worst
It hurts to continue living like this
Cockroaches are starving to death
Ever since incinerators came
Into the life of the minority groups,
In the old buildings the people

Were very close to everything they had
Food was never thrown away,
But today everything is going
Into those incinerators
The last family that lived here
Took the incinerator
To get to the first floor
They do not live here anymore,
Damn these low income housing projects
was never spoken Years ago suicide
But today suicide is a luxury
For a heart broken Cockroach
Trying to make a decent living
In a low income housing project
Goodbye cruel world
I am thru being screwed
By your crossword puzzles,
When the bomb comes down
I will not be around,
Forward my mail to your conscious when
you get one
The last request the cockroach made was to
be cremated
So I lit it up and smoked it
Telephone Booth Number 23
the next time

you take a long walk
do your best to get lost
so you can see
what other places look like

11. Telephone Booth Number 535

When you receive this letter
Do not open the envelope
If you open the envelope
Do not take out the letter
If you take out the letter
Do not read what it says
If you do read what it says
Do not tell anybody
If you do tell somebody
You are not paying attention
To what I am talking about
And that is perfectly alright
It was nice not knowing you

12. Telephone Booth Number 801

no, of course not,
I will not look at a man
the same way I look
at a woman, there is a difference,
one makes me very horny
and the other one does not,
but I will not tell you

which one,, if you want that information you will
have to take off your clothes

13. The Last Game of the World Series

the baseball season
has cometh again,
where will you sit at
in the stadium of
your mind? watching
imaginary ballgames
eating imaginary hotdogs
with imaginary mustard,
only the napkin
you clean the mustard
off your lips with
is not imaginary,
think about something
else immediately, why should you die
for one or the other?
both sides are evil
both sides hate you
both sides are responsible
for the blown up skulls
coming at you from
inside the picture tube,
LOOK OUT! here comes
a realistic foul ball

in your direction

14. The Telephone has not rang
since the last time somebody
started jumping UP && DOWN
without moving a muscle in their body,
you bring the spoon out of the soup
this is your first meal in weeks,
at the stadium they had to talk about food
because the next of kin was broke
& there was nothing to eat
for the hungry mourners & pall bearers,
you bring the spoon up to your mouth
you see your reflection on the spoon,
maybe the next time somebody
moves their bowels backwards in public
they will leave cold cuts behind,
you do not want to eat yourself
but you are starving to death
so you have to be your own last supper
last night
& the night before
& the night before
& the night
after the night
we are talking about
entire families vanished

inside their apartments

after turning

all the lights on

my FELLOW americans

WE INTERRUPT THIS PROGRAM

to bring you a BLAST from the PAST the score is 99 to ZERO

the newyorkyankees are winning

it's the LAST of the FIRST inning

will everybody come to their feet

the national anthem will

be played again & again & everytime

the newyorkyankees score 99 runs

in one inning, anybody caught

not singing will be thrown out

of the ballgame even if you

do not play for any of the 2 teams

on the ballfield here today

we are flying

at an altitude of

30,000 feet

to your left

there are clouds

to your right

there are clouds

clouds above you

clouds below you

open your mouth
if you want
to see more
we have not
taken off yet
you did not
clouds
leave the ground
the ground
has left you
the newyorkyankees have scored
99 more runs in the 2nd inning
the national anthem was played
after every run they scored
in the 2nd inning, all the fans
have sore throats from singing
the same song so damn much &
so damn loud, because if you are
caught not singing you will
be thrown out of the ballgame
& then you will not be able
to find yourself a decent job
the other team will never
even the score (they think)
so you turn the dials to
another station where they

are playing oldies but goodies
to remind you of how broke
you was then & how broke
you still are today:
SHA LALALA SHA LALALALA
yes you remember that night
you wanted to take your
sweetheart to the movies
but you was broke, so you
had to mug her father
who you hit so hard
over the head with lead pipe
that he never recovered
to thank you for helping him
escape from the prison
of his financial problems,
on your way home you can taste
his blood in your saliva
you stole 13¢ from the corpse
you left on the streets
where scars are manufactured
yes those oldies but goodies
remind me of you on trial
for first degree murder:
you was hungry
you was unemployed

it was cold outside
you had no place to go
you had to stuff
old newspapers inside your shirt
to keep your body warm
your eyes were too weak to read
the help wanted ads
you was desperate
you was dying physically
you was dead mentally
you did not want to die
you have not been born yet
you had to do something
you had no other choice
you did what any normal person
in your situation will do
you did not commit a crime
you obeyed the first law
of the universe; & for wanting
to stay alive you got busted
RAMA LAMA RAMA DING DONG
RAMA LAMA RAMA DING DING
DONG
it's all you can put down
on the examinations they give you
everytime you apply for a job,

for character references

you put down: thunderbird hombre

twister swiss up arriba muscatel

apple wine & gallo port chilled

you try over & over again to impress

the bastards that are destroying you

ZOOM ZOOM ZOOM ZOOM ZOOM

ZIP ZIP

but nobody knows what you are talking

about, everybody tuned into something

else, while you blew a lifetime

listening to those oldies but goodies

from Spanish Harlem to times square

to the welfare department, following

memories of the first dispossession

you received in the land of the free

REMEMBER how cold it was outside?

the ice embraced your skin & distributed pneumonia to your entire family

who had to be fed intravenously

that winter at knickerbocker hospital

where you return many years later

out of your mind screaming that god

is your illegitimate son & you are

his oldest daughter! daughter's next abortion,

the doctor tells you to say AHHHHH

& you tell him: Go Fuck Your Self Sir

for the next 8 hours you scream
louder than the ambulance
they brought you to the hospital
in, you overhear the staff
at knickerbocker talking about
sending you to bellevue hospital
for psychiatric treatment,
visions of shock therapy
bring you back to your senses,
you jump from the stretcher
escape from the straight jacket
& start lying to the doctors.
today is monday tomorrow is
tuesday the day after is wednesday
then comes thursday, after
thursday comes friday, after
friday comes saturday, the doctors
were impressed, they were about
to release you from the hospital
yes those oldies but goodies
remind me of the last time
you jumped off the roof & fell
into sewers of broken wine bottles
your eyes rolled onto onto the street
& were run over by a garbage truck
from the sanitation department

with the american flag on the muffler
& the red white & blue crew on the truck
going beyond oldies but goodies
M-I-C K-E-Y M-O-U-S-Eeeeeeeee
REMEMBER how the traffic cop laughed
when he saw you dead on the street
laughed so hard that his false teeth
& contact lenses & hairpiece fell off
& he had to go on emergency leave
singing eeee ayyy eee ayyy oooooooh
the manager of the newyorkyankees
was jumping up & down
screaming: hip hip hip hooray
at last he will learn how to play baseball & we will be able
to use him as a pinch hitter
after we score 99 more runs
in the third inning (newspaper
reporters television cameras
& radio stations dropped everything
to hear what comes after saturday,
schools & banks & peep shows
were given the rest of the day off
the traffic stopped moving
city hall suspended breathing)
when the doctors said: well
come on boy tell america what

comes after saturday? you replied
in 13 different lanquaques
I DON'T HAVE THAT INFORMATION!
everybody at the stadium booed you
they buried you on a holiday
when all your friends were
walking backwards at orchard beach
CAUSE OF DEATH: Rock'N'Roll Revival
OCCUPATION: Fulltime Day Dreamer

15. 1 A.M. At All Times (For Nancy)

We went to where the mountains
stay real high indefinitely,
our feet touched the earth
and the sky every step we took,
the clouds outside our thoughts
gave a slow motion ovation
to the mystery of the vision
whose shadow is inspiration
for the climate of flowers
whose hours of daylight & darkness
are into the highest thousands,
We fell asleep sp on the grass
that illuminated our feelings
and introduced us to a world
where everybody owns a spaceship
and has been to many planets

to keep up with the latest dance,
when we woke up later on
it was the same exact time
we had fallen asleep earlier,
the wind started undressing
it looked very colorful naked,
We took a bath with smoke
from flames inside glass mirrors,
We laughed as loud as we could
as memories of the future
Convinced us to feel unreal
when it rained we got wet
and started a long conversation
about magic until the sun came out
at night to keep us daydreaming
compliments, to decorate the lyrics of the experience that allows you
to drown many times and live
to start an endless romance
with who turns you on the most