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avocado

*—and you, Garcia Lorca, what were you doing down by the watermelons? —After Ginsberg’s “A Supermarket in California”*

the avocado tastes like a

machete. I separate

the halves, tap the knife into the seed

ambushed by cartels—no one out

and no one in

but me

equivocating

with the angry peaches. I slice

out of the green-

gold ransom bagged in nets

the Hass I tried to grow in glass, pierced

with toothpicks

the ache inside the tree

dirty world

## *After Bono’s “Dirty Day”after Bukowski’s* “*The Days Run Away Like Wild Horses Over the Hills”*

this world stampedes like bulls into Khodynka Field

they said be careful of the sequels

stateless currencies

fugazi

‘cause money never sleeps

you hold on to it so tight

it fuels your dreams

you want to buy things

you sometimes forget you have

the invisible hand

society owes you

it’s a dirty world

buy cheap, sell dear

other people’s labor

work that’s never done

gigging in the gley

digging in the gumbo

hanging on to fossils

I don’t understand

winners and losers

stronger than dirt

*for Jim Morrison*

he stopped by the apartment when he knew you weren’t in

recording what’s American

That he was drunk at the age of 12

That he was arrested in Miami for alleged indecent exposure

That Colgate-Palmolive had sued—who laments?

*Gotta be spotless*, the ad said. I remember everything::

spahn ranch b-side of the beach boys brian wilson stringing hits

then withdrawing like a hypodermic—who mourns?

that horn and string were branded sell-outs to the jazz of something dangerous:

Pig in blood scrawled on the wall

crown of shit

jesus

in my bed, jesus

kissing my new boyfriend

he stopped by the apartment when he knew you weren’t in

Near the Trojan coast,

where bones as those of Ajax were identified

A “white tornado”

snorting LSD mescaline—cleansing agents

That from cocaine amphetamine, a flower sprang…*once upon a time*…

if I could start again*,* close the lid

of the piano.

Nail it!

*Touch me*, he said, carrying the dead