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| [2022](#y2022) | [2021](#y2021) | [fragments](#fragments) | [rhythmic](#rhythmic) |  |  |  |  |  |
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Ideas

* The old 99 as a postcard (get some postcards of it) “And the whole old world growing older still with little you making everything new.”

2022

06/07/2022

Might might bring night someday,

Till then I’ve got a standing date with Sunday.

Alone along country roads or in the midst of crowding squares.

A foreign face amongst enigmatic stares,

ducking out of the race to try and make repairs.

A Gemini caught up between

Silken first thoughts and sandpapery despair.

06/01/2022

Sailing with canvas slit by the wind

Most people are just a ragged sad collection of habits.

Glad or mad all depending on the success or mess of their very personal digestions.

Ideas are shite compared to appetites.

I know that’s not right, but it seems mostly true

So, yes, pour me a little more booze,

We’ll float these blues far, far out to sea,

Find some heady space where I can safely be

Still on the case, working my tail off

To solve this mystery.

Dreaming of cool, clear waters,

Waking up from the nightmare we call history.

3/24/2022

“I’m a furious tree!” said the furious tree.

While semantically absurd, his syntax was immaculate.

3/22/2022

We are the river.

Some use us for a mirror,

some come to us to bath.

Some fish, some swim,

some pan our shallow eddies

for glints of a motherlode.

Some come to us for baptism,

Some come to us us die.

We are the river

rolling ever on.

3/18/2022

Want but to pull the good from things and add.

Play a bit with the *Logos*.

Acquit myself amongst the rapids,

tranquil eddies, doughty flows.

Barrel over falls,

Asunder.

Or perhaps,

Just pan the shallows.

Glean a glint of fortune’s grin

Trace veins for patterns against the undertow.

The mirror of the water,

Ever full of everything--

up above and down below.

The thing had been done for its own sake.

And for the sake of having it done and for having

done it for her. This is exactly why he didn’t regret doing it

at all even though once it had been done it had immediately seemed pointless.

And now, somehow, she seemed even less happy than before.

Petite Lejoy Floyd was annoyed by the boys

whose toys kept whacking at his attic.

Not to mention all the static from old Witherham’s stack.

which slit to shreds Lejoy’s sound walls.

And also not to mention

the noisy beggar haunting the halls.

Who turned out to be but a man of straw--

wailing that his pale chainmail

had begun to spew vermillion.

Civilized, until the end,

the tramp shamelessly defended his delusions.

03/04/2022

Perhaps a sort of therapy or a kind of currency, or just an overcaffeinated romp up and down my family.

02/27/2022

On a grey overpass in Beijing

umbrellas blocked my eyes.

And I thought of tank man and the cigarettes

we’d smoked out on old Hou Hai.

And the party carton I brought to Hui in his low Hutong.

Bury me in a sheet, he’d said.

We Huizu aren’t the Han.

We don’t need nothing once we’re dead.

02/27/2022

Originally started Oct. 2020… appreciating that it has followed me to here.

Having listened to your twice-told tales,

Pray hear three times of mine.

Let’s anoint ourselves in rhyme,

Flesh away our mortal days.

Seek the company of sorcerers and whores.

Besmirch the name of Christ,

wear women’s lingerie,

Fornicate with strangers

Masturbate out in the hay.

Consume a sea of drugs,

And slash a score of throats,

Then raise a stout-walled castle,

Run round by a blood-filled moat.

But don’t worry,

we’ll stay connected,

all will be well.

Expect fragmented dispatches

from my solitary cell,

As I while away eternity

in my very own personal hell.

Bemused,

Not used to being so misconstrued

Beaten up and abused

We’ll send you over seas

Say farewell to the news.

02/12/2022

You cast your magic eye

across the winter calm

Reading lines from frost beds

To your canvas by the fire.

02/07/2022

Mounted systems of a bygone drumming

Keep meeting peoples

wandering round your halls.

Deep eyed sweet lady

hazy about the details of her lost love.

Annie's waiting by the turnstile

Smiling cause I'm getting there.

My hair slicked back,

mustache just coming in

Mission set, orbit up.

Creating days from fire

Cold passion to roast my toasted soul

Move me over your still waters

I'm feeling kind and coming home

Frozen promise in the eaves

I'll whisper to the February trees

Then take my marching orders over borders

See I'm seasoned and discovering

I'm stronger now and growing stronger still.

**Move the Needle**

1.

Bitter pill

Time to kill

Climb your way back up the hill.

Over the moat

Try not to get smote

Stick around become the Goat.

Gimme, Gotcha, Watch your eyes,

White Columbines, Sartre-style

Steak and knives and lies with lives

Cold conniving spies with wives.

2.

Better beat back the tree sap

Streets run red/ red run with redrum

Bleeding gums and wagging tongues

Whipping out at ash-heap bums

Officials on their asses wearing soiled sashes

Mesmerized by closeups of Kardashian eyelashes.

3.

Grammy logic, cold and clammy

Granny called and canceled Christmas.

Left her kin all lost and listless,

Despite our differences I beat we’ll miss this.

All those misspelled small potatoes

Quaint, grand old stiffness,

Wisdom traditions,

sense of mission,

Till Papa got shot through with suspicion.

4.

Stick the landing,

Mind your branding,

Pour me just a little more brandy

Mend your fences

Try not to get defensive

Take a pinch of this salt

Try to gain again your senses.

Never been a land this grand,

If you can believe the lore,

Pick yourself up off the ground.

Put your faith in days of yore.

5.

Call collect and catch a current,

Move ahead beyond the burning.

Animal instinct in the suburbs

As I slink past the fire depot.

Then my bare feet are suddenly frozen in a puddle,

Mind bent out of shape up, all in a muddle

Heading out of town, headed for trouble,

Pissed and rich

Scavenging through the rubble.

6.

Angry, angsty, sentimental

Won’t approach the couch,

Cause you think that’s mental

But of course you know it’s just not that simple.

Strike a course, try to apply a principle.

Shaking in my tatters

I feel my withers quivering

Withering in convalescent shivers,

Have never here-to-fore witnessed such a thing.

7.

Is it good?

Is it evil?

Better question--

Will it move the needle?

Sell it fully

Lawyers bully

Come on everybody

Let’s get things rolling.

Senile sighs of a culture overloading

Uncomfortable signs of a dream imploding

We live in freedom and die by our own means

Scraping, scrapping meaning from our beat and broken blue jeans.

8.

Use me, amuse me,

Run me up your justice tree.

I’m down on my knees to appease somebody

Fighting back a disease some say was unleased by the Kennedys.

Put your faith in strength and fictions

Mix up your religion with race and systems

Nothing comes straight out of the blue

Review your picture pages, your historical stews

9.

Hysterical errors uncorrected

Pundits heckling, so expected

Hectic metrics, KPIs,

Exhausted workers jazzercise

Baby’s about to come undone.

I’ve read the writing on the wall,

I see it all reflected about her eyes.

She’s thinking about the fall.

10.

Don’t want to come off sentimental

Lord I know it ain’t that simple.

All the words that were spoken

I know you said that you were just joking

But your sense of humor comes off as polecat spray

You cloister your wisdom

In a high desert cistern, a world away.

And the burn of your bad breath

Just won’t go away

11.

So I’m left to breath your wheezy offerings

And consume your salted thoughts

And try not to take too personally all your various and very pointy assaults,

Cause I know it’s not your fault,

the ego is a disease

And I don’t make that claim breezily

But you’re more than welcome to yours

for all eternity.

If that’s the way its got to be.

12.

As for me I’m breaking out.

I’m taking myself out of doors.

I’m headed to country.

Baby, you know, I am yours.

I’m all in, chasing your sweet lines.

The fleeting dreams you once described --

all those straight and beaming lights.

all those momentary suns.

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01/25/2022

Typed draft.

01/26/2022

Corrected paper draft.

**---------------------------------------------**

01/31/2022

Cane and Abel came and sat silent at a table

Echoing the silence of the horses in the stable

Mixed the medicine with effort to get the elephant unleaven

Call collect and catch a current in earnest right at seven

Anger in eyes like wine seen at banquets uninvited

Fighting blight in cultures conspiring to make a buck in the night.

We live in seasons

And we die in calm

We call to mothers

We call to arms

Intrepid season

Unreasoned result

We live but a seasons

And death is not our fault.

Death at eleven call Christ up with the hurricane

You spread your wings and unfurled your mane.

Anger won’t salve this wound, anger won’t help you begin.

Calling out to Christians, calling out to fallen men.

Only the churn endures,

ocean ships against the wind

A tumultuous quake of waves,

Training behind training

Living deep within your system,

Morning sighs make the grey subside

Make your bed on cobbled streets

What to make of this

Sadness that has sailed us from our safe harbors

Out into the open sea.

Upload your heavy burdens,

Out source your too taxed brain,

Study hard become a surgeon

And then you’ll never feel pain ever again.

Echoes down the hall

I see faces all along the wall

When a door opens,

You’d better shoot through

Gotta do what you’ve gotta do.

Sartorial wolves attired in the best sheep’s wool .

Softness among the rigid

Flexible among the rigid

Finally making a move against the past

I guess I’d let it last a bit too long.

Our assistance quickened its decline

But the fumes sickened all our minds.

Close to the metal,

Overwhelmed,

Overcome

There is peace in surrender and a danger

Becoming, how does one actively accept a role?

Moving through a vampire room.

The slant eyed looks sliced sideways.

Never stop battling for the survival of your unique stamp.

Fall into poetic floor-- the fear, the terror, the irrational numbness.

The process of drawing from the admired fabric

Weaver, weaver, weaver of dreams

Gold thread and silver seams

Morning horrors and midnight dreams

Weaver, weaver of unsilent seas.

Dreamer, dreamer of trauma born.

Dream your circus from the Lord.

Brandish the inchoate like a sword

Weaver, weaver of deep discord.

Pain spoken truth, plain spoken truth,

Mover and shaker, stonewashed blues.

Useless babal

Filabuster for the new

Mover, shaker, stonewashed blues.

1.

Take away your blues today

I’ll make my way the only way

For heaven is against the stray

Diamonds sparkle, spit and light the way.

2.

Cancer addict custom call

Wan and empty in the hall

Millepedes and Boston Balls

Manic cousins, canceled crawls

3.

Phlegmatic, catapult and ore.

Destroyed, untrust, shit upon, abhored

Managed standoffs and corpse unfloored.

4.

Picture pages, blank, untangled,

Static actions, stopped and strangled.

Magic acts bonuses dangled.

Me in the wings imitating Bojangles.

Catch a new angle.

Got you Spangles,

Static actions reacting at the scent of sentiment.

The hushed roar of the El train north. Cars through the six-point intersection

Like barefeet through saltwater

And sand on the edge

Where mercurial water and steadfast land arrange themselves

Into some semblance of a shore.

Gray of the day has got me feeling words away

Gonna light a candle from the dollar store

Send a prayer up for Maria

Who’s just recently gone missing outside of Cairo.

Spirited away into the heart of everything.

Tangled in a sense. Head gone all muse

Smushed as it were with plebian deals.

Mercurial water, steadfast sand

Lumbering savior, unsavory plan.

Unloved neighbor, motel harvested glands,

Mothership calling, next stop a far-off distant land.

We promise not to lose our tempers with one another.

And then we really try not to.

We can do as we do as we please as we do.

Please do as you please, please do as you do.

Mind your picture pages, your historical stews.

Nothing is new, nothing comes straight out of the blue.

Don’t worry about it, were Mexican, we can find an alternative.

Light from the sun through the skin of a leaf.

Burnt orange and auburn

Late autumn and still.

A green somewhere and a hill full of many dear loves ones and friends

Gathered round a great fire

Our voices lifted up in a sweet song of release.

Venus very bright tonight. Laser clear affixed beside the waxing moon. What’s left is waning? What’s right is how much more till full.

Trying to call to a season through an open window.

Lost to my Parisian summer,

My casual wine.

Seasons come and seasons go

Reason ebbs and reason flows

Eyes and minds ever churn the known and the unknown.

A body, a face, a sea, a mirror-- I think of you and you are here.

A form, a face, an obsidian stone-- I think of you and you are here.

He landed on the child’s shoreline with his unkind words.

Glowing sun, half-undone, mind snowed in with shit and puns.

Cancer call, we saw it all

Let the swamp fumes rise and stain the sky’s good show

A standard issue nitwit with a hitman’s resume

And hairplugs from a website and

A hula girl night light

Along canals on cobbled stones

A princess washed a demon’s feet.

Rolling tanks and stalwart clowns

Can you drown within yourself?

Sirens, cat calls, poison rain.

喷嚏

function \*name(n){

for(var i = 0 ; i <= 10; i++){

yield n

}

}

A nitwit brick parade

Kamasutra state brigade

Gone fishing, got played

Pterodactyl, hand grenade.

Yeah gone fishing, got played

Pterodactyl, hand grenade.

Polydactyl

Tarot, snack, stool.

12/08/2021

Dusty on the road--

a cactus beside the carcass of a car.

A rattler skin cast off like fishnets in the dirt.

Face the defunct facades of pumping stations

strewn along the low-ways of our spacious nation.

Face the purple flowering plants,

the brambling prairie lands,

the spiked lizard’s armored eyes.

Face the preacher starting to boil the crowd

From within his tent.

sweating through his shirt

a barometric elephant beginning to bear down,

a trinity of vultures, laconically aloft.

He knows he’s become the blue moldy corpse again--

suspended in himself at the crimson end of day.

Failing once again to fully fall into the fire.

In some far-flung armpit of the empire

Some impossibly hilly place,

Where all the rickshaw coolies die young.

10/12/2022

I know I’ve been a little manic,

But I just don’t have time for a mechanic

If I slow down I might panic

Gonna push all night,

Straight to neverland

Goddamn me for losting my faith

Money, greed and power have now taken its place

I wear a mask where once I had a face

All my bitches wear diamonds and lace

The Senator’s a winner, but he’s still a rank beginner.

He’s belly’s growing round, his hari is growing thin.

The gin has not been kind and you have remained straight top of mind

I must have been half blind to miss all of your crimes

But still got sick of all your grime

3/25/2021

To be a parent is to be

a whale corpse at the bottom of the sea.

a form to feed the swarm

within the ecosystem-home.

Clearly a greenly proceeding process.

This bloat being bound to resolve and disappear

nearly independently and almost on its own.

Flesh stripped to the bone.

But a sturdy mammalian spine

left to consummate its wake.

**2021**

***Amerikan Standard***

Gotta throat made of porcelain

Its my American Standard.

My American Standard don’t mean squat

Ducked down the alley, but still go caught.

Waxed and broken glass all over my American standard.

Warping reality to my convenience.

Cleaning shit from clothes in my American Standard.

2011年12月2日：The Nutcracker Came to Town

The Nutcracker came to town,

With a burlap cloak

And a foil crown.

Flourishing a silver spanner

In his well-hung grip:

Trumpets and a flurry of pigeons to seed.

The queen mother on her balcony

Sniffling and swaying a babe’s broken cribcage.

Near a plantation grave

While a noble man with slaves looks on,

A Georgia peach in each palm,

All courtly and calm.

All courtly and calm.

And here I lapse into song.

Wasting time, staying sober.

Clobbering the day in my wake.

Feeling nervous and earnest

I wing,I sway,

Mumbling my heat soliloquy,

a poet at play.

2021年01月03日

A nutcracker came to town,

in a burlap cloak and a foil crown—

gilded-spanner in his well-clung grip:

trumpets to blare,

pigeons to seed,

juris doctors to dispatch

to the queen: 4-2C.

And she way out on her balcony—

sniffling and swaying

a babe’s crib-cage,

bellowing below

to the hounds of late day,

who lull and lick thick grasses

grown over graves

dug deep down with the peanuts

in the blood-red clay.

While an eye in a mien

regards all with calm—

a Georgia peach in each palm,

a Georgia peach in each palm.

**07/07/2021**

Novel, not film.

Immediate mind

Pure language sound.

Not Dolby, but being.

Personal, created at reception, at reaction

In the mad alchemy of meanings intersecting.

The inevitable insurrections

Humanity’s palsy lurches towards perfection.

Ever only needing everything at once.

And where release?

Where service?

Where jester?

Where gesture?

Why all the wanton chest measuring?

At least let’s sing in loving keys to be believed, no?

All along we’ve sought long miles to live our lives upon.

**05/21/2021**

**You said I was angry and sad.**

**Was your Christ angry and sad?**

**Step into my apothecary of convenience.**

**05/09/2021**

**Cold-eyed goodbye from a blood-warmed heart**

**Not just a film-maker, an impresario— author of own myth.**

**We’re all impresario’s now.**

**Slow motion mania maintained by a slow-moving maniac**

**Cause its been fun.**

**Swamp fumes in the parlor**

**Shoes well shorn**

**The whole old world a text**

**And I a creeping myopic**

**Feeling up the situation just for the hell of it.**

**Maybe in Reno or in Atlantic City**

**Heaven in my heart,**

**bingo card splotched and splatted**

**Fate calling home with each stamp**

**from God himself and his own good blood.**

**The chariot race is brutal**

**The boys get out the big sticks**

**My wounds might be eternal.**

**Their dull spears pierce my heart**

**I fear these ones are mortal.**

**Lost in the dust and scrub and storms.**

**Everything is a symptom.**

**Everything is a symptom, no?**

**Everything is a symptom of something else.**

**Calm in the day, settled and calm,**

**Despite the persistence of the crows.**

**Slow rising yeast**

**Rambling priest**

**Tea and crumpets in the belly of the beast.**

**Language- the mad parade.**

**Driving a conversation.**

**Wedging the line.**

**Let’s try to divide and conquer this time,**

**Let’s change some hearts, let’s lay some mines.**

**I have suffered and then was delivered up to oblivion.**

**And now having inherited my dowery of nothingness**

**I am sullen and shifty-eyed and wild.**

**A broken child.**

**And this is the desert moment-**

**the moment to seek the source.**

**This nothing, cypher shadow is the cancer I carry as if it were my child.**

**Thinking is not math.**

**It’s aftermath.**

**We accept this world and beg it for some understanding.**

**04/09/2021**

**Things work out or they do not.**

**Some find success, some do not.**

**Sometimes success destroys.**

**As does failure or it does not.**

**4/4/2021**

**My love seeks me out for sex, I am sleeping.**

**My lover seeks out my body— I am asleep.**

**Weird and forward**

**Married to the mob**

**Criminally insane, abusively textual**

**Misanthropic extroverts**

**Converted perverts**

**On the hunt for a perfectly yolked companion.**

**Been through, got over, turned away, looked to, asked for, sought, carried with, finessed, serenaded, confessed, eeked out, flirted with, smirked at, worked at, gave up on, broke free from, took flight, weathered, made right, fought for, won, lost, stumbled, carried on, shuffled, convulsed, tried to make sense of, forgave, longed for, felt tried, slept.**

**4/3/2021**

**Light diffused through the damp, close air**

**4/2/2021**

**He had his booze and his very red nose.**

**I had my smoke and my curled toes.**

**My *standard-issue-sarcasms***

**Banal but still a bit biting.**

**Don’t know what you are talking about**

**So at least try to be funny, be angry, be unreal, be needy, be greedy, be seedy, be senile, be repulsive, be succulent, be stricken, be fictitious, be delicious, be bias, be pious, simply be!**

**Burning earnest candles.**

**Rattling dry bones.**

**Muttering bites collected,**

**Then from between my teeth**

**Intoned.**

**Framed for crimes**

**Flash flooded**

**Pockets-picked**

**Pick-axed**

**Loaded down with bricks**

**Interned. Intwined.**

**Behind the lines**

**With the hungry jackals**

**and sharp-antlered hinds**

**Lost to sea**

**Playing villains— footloose, free.**

**Bedding down in luxury.**

**Mean and manly, deep at war**

**In her sanctuary of trees.**

**Don’t forget the sacred door and the chamber plundered.**

**Expanding ever inward in the twilight of my life. What of fun? What of you and your wife? What of fires and suns. Beautiful, the body of Christ.**

**Blues and whites—**

**Slanting sunshine and heat and cool and the end of the season—**

**An end of an era,**

**A fragmented aftermath**

**4/1/2021**

**We are lost now—on the flow—**

**Still treading water in our morning pages and I would despair if this were all there was— if there was nothing more and only this I would despair— but I have seen the forks and turns and sudden eddies and rollicking rapids and sudden cataracts, frothy falls so sudden and then over. Wet eyes at angles with the sea— I heard you need something from me— heard you needed something from behind my closed door. I don’t know what I owe you, but I can scrouge up something I am sure.**

**3/27/2021**

Hear ye, hear ye,

From here upon my tealeaf ashheap

The Gravy seas below me.

Shark cut waters that churn

like the earth’s own intestines.

Already so buried in my bad ideas

that I no longer hear you at all.

Fullness empties.

Emptiness fills.

And what to say of my embarrassing

appetite for syllables?

My knack for biting off much more

than I can ever chew?

What of these passed decades

These choked years,

These half-digested songs.

I have listened and then answered

the economy’s clarion call.

But what of the sea in me?

We’ve mitigated risks

But now their ghosts float free.

remaining behind to haunt us

We’ve sublimated some

of danger’s worst excesses

Certain corrosive aspects of hard reality—

The T-Rex chase scenario of our ancient kin for example—

into our angst about

where to send the children off to school.

And what pair of footwear are we really after all?

Which is just to say

the fight or flight stakes are not to be escaped.

Nor our blue time

Nor the thick red dust of our ever-dying days.

We cultivate our fear response with care.

Our abhorrence of oblivion,

the goddamned never-to-be-resolvedness of it all.

But the more we talk knowingly

the more our unknowing

seems to parade as something known.

a sort of mind formed in abstentia

where atop our silver chairs

each side of our curling lips

has its say in time.

Roll on through the canyon of your crossroad streets.

Don’t you know the cities

were just put there by the gods

for people to endanger one another

with their proximity?

Where evolution accelerates

The wonderous cycle of flash and flare and fizzle,

The ever rolling churn of golden hope after holy golden hope.

Winter dreams and longings kept close and safe and sacred.

Rambling records of your earth-real-heart.

Your moldy blood pumping pain

Along pipes originally fashioned for passion.

An awkward pastiche of all the great things you have ever read.

All those yellow spines

lined up in stoic rows

in the basement near the pool table

beside the Budweiser Pin up girls

those stacked spines known to

conceal the brown boobies of foreign babes

and the distended bellies of their children,

eyes all search and socket.

In a valley depressed from the hills,

We roll down to the river

where we finally find our flow.

And did I just collapse?

Run out of power?

Relapse?

Smoke hashish

with a monkey and a priest?

The best of the best,

the least of the least.

Here within a ravenous beast of a universe

Never fully saintly sunk,

Never grace-bellied,

Let with nothing much to do

But yield to the wheeling,

grinding arcs of time.

The succor-fruit ripening on the vine.

Hands moving backwards

on the dial of a clock.

The Transylvanian ticks

The smoggy London tocks

Gothic eyes on a Gothic dais.

Dusk, death, a mind resigned.

A closing in upon itself.

A final freeing in good time.

White stones strewn behind all through the black forest

**3/25/2021**

**Words possess us more than we possess them**

**Feed us more than we feed them.**

**Strangers in my silent room of mirrors.**

**Strangers whispering incessantly into my ears.**

**02/25/2021**

**Freedom invoke is freedom circumscribed.**

**02/24/2021**

Ever new, protean, weather-like, amorphous,

hardened, then suddenly soft,

sunlight in cold, cool breeze in heat.

I can either despair at all of these expanding projects or I can celebrate the continued ambition and expansion of my soul.

Until in death we are large as the cosmos is large

And our questions at last have reached

Their fruited harvest

Away, away into the night.

In my lover’s bed,

Drunk and on a roof

Above a skylight

Stoned and recording

The significant patter

Of adolesant skat

Tapped out across the close buildings

And the coked out kid

Who skipped roof to roof

From the wood of the escape

To the black flat tar across the way.

They say death is a kind of sleep.

Death is a kind of sleep they say.

Ever new, protean, weather-like, amorphous, hardened, then suddenly soft, sunlight in cold, cool breeze in heat.

I can either despair at all of these expanding projects or I can celebrate the continued ambition and expansion of my soul.

How do you write well and compellingly without giving people the creepy sense that you are trying to foist your own very personal guiding metaphor onto their lives.

Playing with language. Shadow puppets—impressions carried forward—a red barn, a golden slant of sunshine, racing cloud shadows across a thriving field of grain.

The sensations are unyielding. Morning breath and evening death, middle-aged stiffness, zombie-headed cocktail reactions. Sodium chloride carpet bombing up and down the desiccated topography of my tongue. Feel the softness of your skull, the shakiness and smallness of your thoughts. Your mortal limitations. Your economic unease.

They say death is a kind of sleep.

Death is a kind of sleep they say.

**02/23/2021**

**Wandering the woods of the woebegone, the gonebefore**

**The walled gardens, the open moors**

**Mountain pass, deep breath, wind come down from the glacial ravine.**

**The churning sea, look up like fire.**

**02/21/2021**

Pete always said the priesthood wasn’t for everybody.

meth labs smell like cat piss apparantly

Piles of right wing rags with low journalistic standards

Reactionary tracks to fuel the fire with, to freestyle wildly to.

**Heart held, standing.**

**Not quite fully formed**

**Mostly honest, no longer compelled to perform.**

**Two and two at last together**

**each generation leads the last**

**in the end by the hand**

**releasing them to death.**

**The change that cannot be named, cannot be unnamed.**

**But the change that can be named is not the change.**

**Nor is the unnamed change the change.**

**02/19/2021**

**And then, yes, whatever—**

**Whatever, yes—**

**Keep it coming—rolling,**

**Humming—get clear,**

**But keep the dance advancing.**

**02/12/2021**

**Isn’t adolescence technically a disease;**

**It’s certainly a state**

**Fleeting success and defeat**

**Against a canvas of ill-conceived parameters.**

**It’s the iterations that are ultimately important**

**One’s ability to recognize and grab hold of inefficiencies,**

**Liabilities, weakness, seepage.**

**Was awoken**

**by a snarling visage—**

**Would be remiss**

**not to admit**

**that I don’t miss him.**

**But if you do**

**just happen to**

**run into**

**you know who…**

**Take a kiss for me,**

**or more explicitly—**

**my ass.**

**In fact,**

**don’t ask,**

**just grab hold of his genitals.**

**Then dive right in**

**all lecherous and gummy.**

**Thrust your Gene Simmons**

**straight down his gullet**

**just as far as it will bowl.**

**Savor the moment,**

**then let go.**

**Thank him for his service,**

**his, oh, so precious time—**

**for whipping up the miracles—**

**salad dressing from ancestral wine.**

**Utterly alone**

**Stepped on and dead**

**In a cage in a Nashville Zoo**

**Where the guy blew himself, up**

**And where we all forty plus drank absynth and Freneet**

**And Watched Die Antwoord videos until our host threw up**

**into the tankless *American Standard* on the other side of the drywall.**

**The way ahead**

**The way behind**

**Some lights lead**

**Some lights blind.**

**He had a journalistic tick for fact checking.**

**Don’t care what your politics are,**

**That’s just no way to act.**

**The mud folded around his buttocks.**

**02/10/2021**

Hit the road

Be it the high one

Or just the highway that you’re on.

We’ll do what we’re told

The blue night sings of old carnival

Let’s not break camp tonight

Don’t be so bold, babe.

Now’s still not quite your cue.

Haven’t we been over this?

You get paid when I do.

How did we come to this?

Haven’t I been real good to you?

Don’t over do it

But sure, put some real feeling into it.

I’m not blind, I know some times

The line between whole and no-hearted

Is razor thin.

Sometimes losing all night in the end

Is the only way to win.

Sometimes bathroom solace

Is better than bathroom gin.

Grinning while we wallow.

Holding close the grieving.

Emerging bigger hearted and more stout.

After trekking this rocky milieu.

We have walked an impossible path

Where none were meant

to carry the load of two.

**2/4/2021**

Towards the dark inland sea, the moon waltzes moodily.

Alive with a whirl for each passing white whisp.

As all heavenly bodies advance west to east

Away, away from the desiccated peach.

***And the Logos?***

***3/31/2012***

And the *Logos*?

In this process?

In this circling and syntaxing? Yes!

In this basking in meaning:

whether exact or blurred,

all graspingly truthy? Yes!

I bare my chest

to the neighborhood birds

like a hale old man—

skinny and free.

02/08/2021

Hot dogs and French fries,

stryafoam cups and discarded sachets

of non-dairy powdered creamer.

02/02/2021

Ate the blood core

To stave my pain

When I create

I am the snake

Ran into the future

Naked but for our

Audacious dreams

Letters written,

Stitches in the handspun

Fabric of the very epoch itself.

There lies that bind.

These deeply felt allegiances.

Preferences. Tastes.

Love loyalty is a powerful force,

But oh so hard to court.

Objectively speaking,

I think we’re fucked.

Subjectively though,

I think we’ve got a pretty good shot.

01/30/2021 (03/29/2022 -- added to accruing lyrics for Us Route 50)

Dusk swimming off the dock,

while blue day fades to blue night—

fire crackling on the fourth of July.

Sirens rent the deep woods peace—

enough to freeze mother’s blood in her waterbed.

A freight-train wind is coming—

huddle in the paneled hall.

Wait it out—

while the pines genuflect

against the walls.

01/29/2021

There was something in my blood that made me run.

01/28/2021

Vanishing anxieties, fear will not return your gaze.

01/22/2021

Alone, astride highway 41,

ahead into the haze.

Oh, my mercury mind

Oh, my mercury maze.

Christ speaks to me in this sulfurous space

His breath dank with rank irrationality and unreason.

Eyelids droop like forest, like sky.

My love admits few words

but dreams vividly of a son,

a hero to settle our forever feuds.

*Save your sweat and tears*, he says,

*the little Christ just wants your money*

*and your blood*.

The poet shot like a madman

into the impenetrable pitch.

Scattershot arrows nearly all hit hay—

All except, eventually, and after many, many misses,

a bullseye was snapped from the black

By luck and persistence,

Intention and tenacity,

By the faith act of entering a loop of wrong

To exit only when it has been made right.

Showing up. Staying. Sticking with.

Finding flow in process.

Processing. Flowing. Go. Go. Going.

And then when you have escaped—

yielded; were at last able to yield—

when you cease your frantic plucking,

and causally cause time to stop.

You approach the dark target

we look on asleep

you pull the arrows from the hay

only the lone bullseye is left behind.

back on your mark the lights come on and wake us.

You beam down the line

at the effortlessness of your accuracy, your precision.

The arrow so artfully placed,

Even shooting in the dark.

A Jericho trombone intoned:

I’m the great grandson of the Miller’s daughter.

Suppose that makes me royalty of sorts.

White sails unfurl for parts unknown.

How have you grown?

What seeds have you sewn?

I’ve been an idiot tailor

hacking at substandard bolts.

Wheezing gusts of silty air.

Sometimes despairing.

Flies buzzing in the air.

Pain only ceasing where pleasure rushes in.

Morning breaks, will run till noon.

Mother’s love has a tough crust, a sharp tongue.

Daddy’s mad and dumb.

Positions of the Papacy—

cure-alls for all that disease an idle mind.

Lemon piquant, artichoke sublime—

eyes react to the flower of a tongue.

Young no more, but still you run.

A body for the rack to break

Lashes to lick my corpse clean

Beat the sin from my heart

And the deeper more enigmatic

Sin shuffles in my ancient humors.

We are still.

Running through the year.

My approach to home.

I have to be strong to approach home.

Have to be brave.

If I am not strong and brave then I don’t get through. My strength becomes my weakness. My ability becomes my inability. My flow becomes a block.

You wake to realize that

You lead with love, but are led by lies

Wake the body, wake the mind

Connect that which has been disconnected

The automobile, the football, the atomic bomb,

the convenience of power,

the convenience of the convenience store.

Lost amidst a massing crowd

Is the vastness of space

still accessible within you?

**01/15/2021**

Ruled by riddles

I wind up playing second fiddle

in my own damn band.

Wolf fur and wood fire

The oblivion of dreamless sleep.

As we pass along this interminable road.

**01/14/2021**

Between Mommy Dear the radical

And Big Daddy’s bold brown shirt,

It figures sister sought sashes

with fake tits and false lashes.

Economically exiled, as she was,

to the outer urbane spheres.

Where manic moms and drunken dads

sought sanity in stashes.

In aggression rationalized as right.

Protection from the violence of the day,

the violence of the night.

Anarchy descending as we begin contending

with proper monarchists again.

Following or not following,

as one wishes,

the braindead broadcasts

of the latest Crusade for Christ,

whose endorsed dear leaders

deserves your vote so bigly.

01/12/2021

Lost in the room again.

Among the well-groomed men

Corpulently insured within

their finely-tailored realities.

Lording over principalities of ego

Driven by felatting flattery,

and accepted counter offers.

Sucking the tit proffered

Morosely coursing through

Another round of intercourse

Broken up with

Dumped

Then back on the horse

Back in the saddle

Regularly bum fucking whores.

Whoring for experience

Mincing words with mother

To prove their meddle

Being told “no”

Letting go.

Capitalist philosopher kings

Necrotic and cracked straight through

deeply poisoned and owned by their very personal politics,

their commitment to certainty among other dark arts.

01/07/2021

Trying to be a father

and hold a thought.

Trying to be a husband

and hold a thought.

And a brother

and hold a thought.

Trying to get loose

and hold a thought.

Walk a path

and hold a thought.

Acquire what can’t be bought

and hold a thought.

Is it more powerful after all

To move the mind

Or the spine?

1/5/2021

They had a horse race at my funeral once.

Vampires and snakes help shake my nerves out.

The intimacy of a breeze on an arm.

Late September sun and gull calls.

A leaf cathedral, and its hand bell choir.

The cough-hiss of hydraulic brakes

at the three-street intersection just there,

as big trucks pass and make the sidewalks shake.

Violence ahead, violence behind.

Somewhere far off on an island in a sea

Some refugees have at last ceased their fleeing

Smothered, all of sudden,

their tents consumed by fire.

An old man sits in his old man shit smell,

Vaguely chumming on

with a gummy, slack-jawed regard,

He’d hated the nigger hard

And the Lord had hated hard,

but the trigger had loved the nigger

Had leapt right straight back at the sight of the nigger

Thank ye Lord, fuck ye nigger—

Cussed the old man in his septic breath.

Hate to hate

Grave to grave

The world had been upended,

freeing me to be at last.

Less news, more literature.

A diet to make me split-nerved, thick-waisted

Molotov cocktail hour

before the very modern

funeral kicks off.

Molotov cocktail hour

before the fairly modern

ritual begins.

Magnetism passed between receptive substances.

Madness mixed, muddled all through

our fine cultures with their resplendent truths.

In awe of all-

I swim the infinite uncouth.

01/04/2020

Diving into verse

Mirth from the back of a hearse

Curse the brushfire of this existence thus far.

A mood awash in crematorium red.

Wanting to work as I would work.

Hating that it makes me feel like a jerk.

**Fragments**

**06/01/2022**

Studless walls, evil echos down the hall.

Released from the season.

There’s nothing but the work to hold me down now.

Somethings cease to be when they’re looked upon.

I was alone, heard the church bells tolling.

I hit the ground, like a road runner rolling.

Get back to your home, stay the hell in your lane,

Change is dangerous, you just might be deranged.

Things are getting strange, can’t remain on the same page

For oh, so very long.

Perhaps you are lost, or just finally found a way of letting go.

You seem anger, you seem afraid,

What do you do with that weight,

Where should it be laid.

You are vexed and sexless,

Hexed by curses your ancestors

Left upon the land

We call them grand by convention

But what the fuck did they ever do

Besides leave their scars in the sand.

So I write to get ahead,

Though I know I’m wrong, straight out of my head.

To get my body back, I had to lose my mind

But there was just no other way to find my roots among the pines.

High ambient wind, struck dumb literati.

On hand for peace, one fist for karate.

Take me back again

And I’ll pretend I’ve never heard this story

One too many times…

Most people are just a ragged sad collection of habits.

Glad or mad all depending on the success or mess of their very personal digestions.

Ideas are shite compared to appetites.

I know that’s not right, but it seems mostly true

So, yes, pour me a little more booze,

We’ll float these blues far, far out to sea,

Find some heady space where I can safely be

Still on the case, working my tail off

To solve this mystery.

Dreaming of cool, clear waters,

Waking up from the nightmare we call history.

**4/18/2022**

I feel abused by all your foregone conclusions.

We are living in the middle of the moon.

Caught in a family tree chockfull of cloisters

Nothing even half as boisterous as a sheep herder or anything.

A dangerous artist flashing her white teeth at the over attenuated mob.

While everybody who is anybody clamors like crazy to create a little context.

In the heat of your illusion. Your windbreaking breath.

**3/3/2022**

A mist to make your face swell up.

Take away your tongue.

**3/3/2022**

We are not all eyes

Nor are we all ears

Are we not?

Wanting to be consumed by something other than consumption.

He died of consumption.

Rebooting can be brutal. Makes a mess out of your memories, the continuity of your goods and services.

Finding ways to bring the water.

Remain on the path.

Stretch.

Ever aware of the power of metaphor.

Ever aware of the power of abstraction.

Schedule your li time -- meditation, stretching, rooting, quiet, still strength building.

9/19/2021

Writing at a table, drenched by sun.

Chasing the inchoate -- the ever just over there --

Bumbling through my humble becoming,

crumbling into being,

ground over the coarse course

winding with the changes

Tooth and nail

Bottle and screen

Floating feathers

Down a public stream

Water lilies, Ophelia’s lips

Grassy lawns and barefoot children

A mason jar of fireflies brightening as the day dims.

9/23/2021

Lost in the muddled race.

Place your bet on the line.

3/16/2022

A mouth that speaks from both sides, a wolf in poor disguise.

I’m heading southwest.

Have heard the desert deserves me.

Cauldron scum,

A sweaty cot

A broken puppet

With its eyes lulling in.

He’s as blind as can be

Mistakes his friends for his enemies

Believes a bit too easily

Everything he sees on TV.

Slit your throat then slip away.

Twixt eloquence and nonsense

Is where I make my hay

He turned out to be a tin-eared wreck

Pardon the self-righteous spittle

Gathered at the crock of my unshaven jaw

His was a sort of insanity,

But at least it was productive.

Which way are you going,

I’ll shove off in the opposite direction

Heading off away from your barbed affections

Like the beauty of the rose, approach with disgression.

Pagents of mediocrity assail me.

Habits jail and derail me

Cross me up and nail me

3/13/2022

My heart in slices

Splayed out upon a porcelain petry dish

What will you do with all your grave conclusions.

Merely attempting to find an attractive pattern to present.

An act to follow through on.

Merely the unprocessed bubble up of my grey and greying matters

The failngs of my bladder and various other lathery blatherings

My receding hairline and ever wobblier finesse with the facts.

She wanted a view of the cemetery, but didn’t get it.

The poet in her was disappointed.

Just gliding along, planning to retire on the proceeds I make from pawing my swan song.

Banging any angle that we have me

Jesus fierce amongst the money lenders

Spittle strewn beard from cussing out the payday predators

Big spenders paternalistically tipping uninsured but oh so deeply appreciated servers.

The executive function of sober servers.

Let’s booze our way back to that basics.

Foam from your rotten cur gums

Bleeding breath and your glum kingdom

Finally, fucking coming.

3/7/2022

It is what it is

If the end is upon us

After all, a rose is a rose is a rose

By any other eponymous.

What’s left then, but to roll our weight

Heaving like a hippopatums

Rake in, curate,

Intone prayers

Where the day’s tail-end air

Finds our ever longing lungs

Without mind.

You enter a mist that makes your face swell up.

Takes away your tongue.

You blow from your bellows

Twinning winds with a candle wick’s burnt out end

While out the window, down below, a gasoline slick shapes itself inchoate in the alley

An iridescent isle afloat upon on dust and dirt surfaced concrete sea.

Hinting at infinite possibilities, opportunities, prosperity, overcoming obstacles, getting bowled over, smouldering, being on fire seeking nothing other than a magic abstraction of the tragic, soul crushing, yet still vaguely satisfactory.

2/27/2022

Lively birds in the morning

Chirps accumulated over years

An old Havana hangover

Angry in your ears

A wife full of passion with lips near

We go forth making the most or not.

Ever standing at the outer edge of all.

Off Intuitively into uncharted seas

If lucky journeying towards a kind, but ultimately fatal disease.

The settling sun set the hay aflame.

He took all his novel ideas to the grave.

Your skeleton collection has skewed your expectations

Moved up 3/30/2022

On a grey overpass in Beijing

Umbrellas popped to block my eyes.

And I thought about the tank man and the cigarettes

we’d smoked on the banks of Hou Hai.

And the carton I’d brought to Hui in his low Hutong.

Bury me in a sheet he’d said.

We Huizu aren’t the Han.

We don’t need nothing once we’re dead.

2/15/2020

Roots and rooting

Roosts and roosting

Boosts and boosting

Systems that are as great below as above .

History drag and balance both.

Seed of flourish, seeds of demise.

Trying to make the most of my smoky roads.

Your winning smile violently assaults me

Stuck in jail with my never efficient lunch pail approach to everything.

Seeking enough scattered magic to make your soul chime

A harmonic line.

A tone to unblock chakras

I have a wandering third eye.

He has a lazy third eye.

A wide eyed hemisphere of goodness and enthusiasms

12/22/2021

Lost in celebration, lost in time

You eyes seem to say

Change is some sort of ever loving crime.

Do I require permission

To embark upon this mission

Create something stark and honest

Like a nocturnal emission

And accidental admission to a corrosive superstition.

Surreal estate tips from a pug at confession

Jesus and his penis leaning left

You know what I need to decorate my rectory

How about an effigy of a man’s ecstatic painful state of salvation making.

Staking your claims with stakes in your savior.

07/14/2021

One thousand wandering pages between the sea and me

07/12/2021

wellness and wherewithal

a life denying compression of work.

Compressed. Efficient. Value clocks.

Aural energy extracted from each incessant tick

Each dully smaked out tock

Despite the march of time I remain affixed where I am.

Adrift in time, but riveted in place.

The tides proceeding unceasingly.

Snickers crackle from just off stage. Jokers roasting the birthday boy already.

Telling him about the one that’s born each day.

6/2/2021

Night so black

Feels like the day

Is never coming back.

We have ideas

And try to see them through

Know their shades

Know their hues.

Earth and wood and air

Combust together before

The water keeps equilibrium.

Anchored to the earth beneath me.

I am a burning Bush.

I am Aaron’s beard.

Rolling language over language

Sea over stone

Words piling up in time

Like barnacles scattered on the shore

Golden morning in the river, singing, praying

He’s been pumped full of goodness,

Drained dry of good life.

Rhythmic

6/2/2022

Double dose of docent

Deceitful deceased quotient

Poetry in motion

Flowing in my overcoat

High on potions in the wind

Overcome smote like a goat

Smoked and spit

So spic and span

Teridactyl

Made in Japan

Climb the walls

Pray to the I am

Canyon calling

Side-eyed span

Separate the shades of man

Clay-footed fantasy,

Stalwart plan.

3/7/2022

Galvanized, forgetful, cantankerous, fitful.

Get a hip flask, take a fist full.

3/3/2022

Frame eyed dame

Surrendered over to authorities

For denying His name.

Lead with malice from your crystal palace

Ugly juggling your oblong plates of stone.

We all are just falling down the hall of our tunnel visions

Me in the green room ugly juggling

Ambition and awe shucks understatement

A heart full of trauma, deep dharma hippie, never did understand

My glum Parisian ways.

2/28/2022

All the holy rollers goose stepping

Lost to the voice of their infallible orders

Just me and my pen

All along the watchtower

My avatar grinning at the men.

Weeding through the battle trash,

the smoldering stink of death.

Glistening hero baubles incandescing on his barrel chest

Up the ramparts, the crumbling, flaking mortar-pointed walls

We might be muffled, but we won’t be scant.

Up against a sty-eyed seaman

Holding a moldy old eggplant

Beholden only to youth and money

Just as we all used to be

When all seemed a’ plenty

Our breath forever minty

Long before that stint up in the state of penitentiary

Sent him incrementally further and further out to sea

Where to be or not to be

ceased to suss a lick of sense from the evil season.

Missing-in-action caught up in the chaotic distraction of his mismanaged mise-en-scene

He was deceived and made an ill-conceived effort to develop an asinine personality punctuated by

the pig-headed, horses-ass disease he had unfortunately contracted along the way,

Which always left him helpless to do just exactly as he pleased.

Then one day I found him in the garden, changed, sort of sedate.

He was bearded and sainted eyed like James Harden

I begged his pardon

But immediately began to bargain.

He told me to quit it.

To just keep things au na-tur-al.

*Lucky voodoo, keychain rabbit,*

*Tranquil orbit, seashell, cabbage.*

The season releases me to the morning laboriously.

But I’m all salt and spine now.

I’m all grit and gleam.

Would say it’s high time for my gallant charge,

my audacious theft.

Release the monkey, son.

The one with the pallet cleft.

8/25/2021

I came to appreciate his voracious cantankerousness as an earthly consolation of sorts.

8/23/2021

Life returns, life never left.

Funeral dirge, baby’s breath.

8/21/2021

Widening chasm

Greening scene

Widening chasm

Widening sea

Call it down from high heaven

Call it out of the widening sea.

Death comes for you in time.

Take you time.

Bumbling humanity, wooden agility.

Blank before the passion of the sages

Dumbly aging in my yellowing back pages.

04/12/2021

Acts of infatuation

The consummation of an adolesant day dream

05/02/2020

Remember when the orange and red arms

Came for the child?

I picture the ways that I could call to her now.

Or call to you out in your narrow hall.

Cages and stages both made of wood.

In the tar black temple where the incense burns

Like smoldering hell gusts through the particulate air.

And the priest of the many, calls the haggard children close.

To gape at the crosses in flames cross the Thames.

Green grasses now thatch, against the ratchet of incessant clicking.

One for each memory, a tooth and a key,

Each held close enough to smell.

She looks long and longingly out the slip of her cell.

Back and back and through lives, riches, pageants

Back to the early herd’s settled certainties.

Where our relatives buried their accents and bones.

Where angels and demons process through confession.

Lies to the priest- squirming sores on her tongue.

The cup to her lips, the cup to her lips, the cup, her lips.

And then she in the sand. In the sand.

With blood in the sand.

A shark’s tooth in the sand.

A shrunken head.

White lightening that crashed and split that tree in two.

That great tree that dropped a limb.

Shattering the windshield of your daughter’s car.

The babysitter.

The night watchman.

The night.

Roads.

Hail Mary full of grace.

The Lord is with thee.

All around the parliament

the men of means shout excrement

I can take it.

But I can’t fake it in my bones.

Free of clouds, the sun shines down.

and shines golden rays on sand beach, hardpacked and brown

It’s later in the day now.

The sun is getting lower in the sky

We, sitting in the sand,

having eaten our dinner and dipped in the water.

And watched Esme run back and forth across the inland lake

That is shallow and warmed by the sun.

The darkening buildings of Edgewater.

The Pink Palace with its flag.

And a storm rolling in.

A young couple just arriving.

Not talking, just moving across the beach.

Mournful dusk boom box tunes.

Children laugh in the waters blue and black.

The moon has all but sailed away

Across the lake that would be sea.

And, yes, I do fear that I will be buried.

That I will be lost.

That I will throw myself in directions that do not matter,

when only the moment matters:

the completed arc, gesture, sweetness savored.

Morning arrives grey and weepy,

With wet continents pooled in alleyways.

And limp flags glum on their poles.

Abraham Lincoln on an old billboard,

Peaks over the garden wall.

And the garden tree, drunk with rainwater,

Is all mother gluttony and delight,