

# the words

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## Been to Bed with the Battery Boys

Cathe Boudreau

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## DEDICATION

This is dedicated to Michelle and Ann, as is all I write.....but  
this is also dedicated to anyone who feels they just don't fit in no matter how hard they try

This is also dedicated to every student at California Institute of the Arts

and

Massachusetts College of Art

the only two places I ever fit in.

Sometimes.

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## Selection

Exquisite surly strength

exhibit of tortured smile

the loss of excuse for living

in darkened kitchen with well read note

in hand of someone who was once trusted

with the task of protector, mentor, friend

in bitter loss...terror of truth

goodbye is said

with tears not shed

as coldness empties the room

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## Been to Bed With the Battery Boys

Who did I suppose this world would reach with

years of confusion of bad greater than good

of days that end at the squeeze of a pillow

that replaces love

with tears

streamlined from wells to shining roads

in make believe moments that at least here

there is safety

when there never

is this to be had anywhere

I have been

In recent months

blinded and in love

with man who I could not see

and made to feel wanted by

man who could never want me

left secure job, home, pacific coast

to be transformed into tragic ghost

of the woman

I respected

his beliefs more than my reality

gave in to him so that I could at long last

know what love was

and it was given to me by torture and lies

I was given a tunnel where my self worth was once home

the woman who so greatly needed love for first time

destroyed in the process

there is no instruction on ways to give love

if there has never been love

and never any ideas as to how to receive

had there been a magnet to attract tragedy

I was the sole person able to hold it

as if Dickens had written my life story

and I was nothing more than a role player

in this script

within months of destruction of spirit

my life had found ways to become

further sabotaged

I desperately tried to find some bond with mother

aside from that of blood

and instead found fear again

as I had as child

when every day became the question of

what would she beat me for this time

just as the question was as adult

why would she condemn me now?

I discovered that I was better trained than

therapist

who let me lapse into suicidal depression

by insisting that a religion would be my cure

and not listening to my crying soul

that an unconditional love is all

I have ever wanted and needed and still have

not found

except for the purr of pets

I discovered the pain of being parent to parent

when they had learned how not to listen

I learned that my sister is far more scarred

perhaps more afraid to live

and sought blame in my presence

she completed the building of the cement wall

between family and lone lamb

so thick a wall that a death will not call my return

I will not be a part of them at all

as it is clear that I never have been

New Mexico calls me to new paths of escape

and to a new understanding of

deep flowing blood soaked loneliness

the search for love now stalemate

in a land that does not accept me

the artists who are lost in new age babble

the musicians who have never heard of

Coltrane

poets who must have money to publish

band members who believe women have no music

to open minded people who believe you must be catholic

single women accepted as having a for sale sign tacked to their asses

Depression set in from post home, post isolation

yet isolation of living away from ocean

far greater than medication and therapy can heal

yet I only continue to breathe because of moments

of satisfaction of intelligent

students opening up once iron clad minds

Tragedy that has followed in mere 24 months

three house moves

house fire, loss of winter clothing

stolen songs,

a man who thought violent verbal abuse was proper in a relationship

another man not strong enough to be strong with me

two deaths in Los Angeles quake

and then the indignancy of not having enough funds in full time job of

teacher

to live in the third poorest state in the country

It makes me wonder why I continue

why I live in Lost Vegas

and continue to remain in complete isolation

makes me wonder why I continue to

believe things will turn out okay

somehow

if I just keep holding on

But I find that I am holding onto the loneliness

it is the only thing I feel

that I want to be with the one other human who

can listen to me and hear me as I am

when it comes time to discover this person

he is somewhere else with someone else

lonely hole is filled with ashes

and despite this I continue

things will turn out okay

if I just keep holding on

And as the daily events prove more emotionally taxing

than that of the prior day

I look to small things to keep me sane

curl of a cat sleeping as I write

smell of the warm wood stove at night

blood warmth of the waters in lithia pools

songs of master musicians to listen to

minor things that hold me onto living

as I understand the true character of Hamlet

and I ask myself if "to be" is indeed the question

Never to fall into suicide

as I would be likely to fail at this as well

the core of who I am chipped away at thirty years of no equal to share myself with

irony of it is that I have found strength

only from my own decisions

as all of the bad has been due to other people

and insensitivities

acts of nature

I am the only one I have relied on

for thirty years

exhausting me

into demanding someone else to share living with

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## **The Water Need**

I describe this as redundant pause

questions of why I am alone

remembering thousands of times I

begged to have friends

who all had other things to do

had made other plans

as a 12 year old with a Halloween party

to which only one child came to see me

yet my sister at 9 had filled the house

with company

back home by water

warm womb of mother earth

as no earthly woman could have filled this home

from the day I was born

there is nothing but alone

remembering my last high school birthday

to which I invited people to picnic

yet it rained and I was stranded

in Boston Common

when Bari Hari showed with a bread loaf

and I was left to watch the drops of rain

on skating pond as swan boats slept

reminding me that my youth had long since

gone

and I was again alone

the only friend who stood by me

throughout all of this was a stand-by mom

at a phone call here

nowhere to be found as daily comfort

that I existed in the human race

at night I would scream because no one

was around to complain of the noise

a lover I lived with worked from dawn till dawn

helping me to be less by absences so long

self worth decapitated

I would sit by JFK memorial in Cape Cod

consoled by constant oceanic ally

or by coastline in Hatteras,

Little Creek, Virginia Beach

waves lapping and lulling me into blessed calm

where every other object stabbed my solitude

snapping me into the utter solidness of the being

pacific shores stole me away from Atlantic

teaching me to sit for hours upon hours unmoved

while waves tasted my ankles and sprayed my eyes

to clear them from tears

I remember trying to connect with an equal

blindly abandoning Doug and Matt

the two closest to me

yet from two separate oceans

I never met another Matt

who has now since passed

although I glean the eyes of others I meet

hoping to shore body and soul away from

soleness

away from alone

only ally is ocean

since 8 months of sight unseen

I am drained

by desert sky and canyon

the beauty of the beast

scattered pools lined with imported trees

they are called lakes

the closest key to sanity

as I try to live despondent

not alone

alone

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**Sight Seers**

The day will come when  
predictions will finally end  
and no one will have to guess  
what the outcome will be  
the annoyance I feel is  
at sight seers  
the new age scribes  
prophesies of doom  
destruction and annihilation  
the over time  
the end  
apocalyptic screaming of  
fancy

the story of Winston Churchill  
building stone fence in English country home  
sits deep in thoughts  
if you would recall  
his grand-daughter  
young and eager  
full of life and time  
requested to assist grandfather in task  
of creation

weeks later at garden party

the guests commented only on

one length of wall

barely six feet long

merely tiny sections of crooked stones

misplaced rocks

confused geometry

and here the comment fell into place

The politician looked across and

saw the enormous length of fence

and noted that

It takes no thought to find the bad

but only a genius would look long

enough to find what was right with

it all.

So it is with prophets

psychics

sages

self proclaimed by fortune hunt

and self defaming by mis-tellings hung

The end is near. See the signs

and if you are not a Christian

you will meet divine disgrace and

pain

loss

hurtful death.

Surmising that death is bad

surprised that only a small part of the

planet

this Earth

holds beliefs

that the religion of choice

is not spiritual

but rather governmental

Zen

Buddhists

Muslim

Hebrew

Catholic

Protestant

Shiite

Native American

Follow certain rules to attain

certain rewards

follow certain beliefs to

live a good life

An old man described the Bible to me

as a manual for war.

We are a race of people

the human race

Homo Sapiens species

We seek answers when we don't understand

the questions.

We seek information as individuals

and forget we are a tribal animal.

We are ready to accept that disbelief

in a god

is reason for a divine punishment.

we attribute weather and disease

as some type of punishment for our ways

and at the same time

we forget to see the good

We believe Nostradamus knew

We believe the Bible knew

we believe some "outside deity"

knows

and what we believe they know is

the date and type of destruction

we are due

What this brings to my mind

is the sad state we must be in

to accept the demise

of human kind

as a directed event from

benevolent and malevolent

forces beyond our wisdom

yet discovered by our own

fears and wishes

that someone

is out there

watching us

Acceptance of death

and demise of man.

Horrific tortures that

befall us all by

an anti Christ

an anti Gandhi

an anti Buddha

an anti Mickey and Minnie

an anti Good

some Hitler

some Reagan

some war mongering third world leader

some disease

created by the introduction of

Swine Flu

some disease

appearing in a location on a

reservation

where building of missile silos

was protested

some earthquake

some nuclear holocaust

some times

I just wonder

if we are not already destroyed.

And the good that we are

the good that we do

the good that we live

the kind words

the working together

the love

the children

the joy in

escaping on long summer drives,

escaping in a finely crafted song

escaping on the back of a horse

on the side of a hill

on the fifth day of spring

in a warm quiet storm

in a boat in the sea

on a board on a wave

the flowers that distract us

from the soot in the streets

the clouds that form islands

of memories in the sky

the laughter of a small child

unbridled and untrained

strangers who work together to

prevent damage from floods

Been to Bed with the Battery Boys

street people who give naked

earthquake survivors clothes

poets who take the hands of

lonely sole creatures

and

teach

positive

responsive

techniques

blissful Walden

the bible I carry of

Henry David

and his musings of

disbelief

a walk that clears the mind of

anger and sorrow

and reveals answers

the dreams that tell meaning

in every day events

a touch of a lover in winter night

a purr of a cat and happy dancing puppy

as they greet you warmly from

an hour away

is this such a terrible life

that all must come to a misfortune

MGM ending as was predicted

and demanded

from scribes

from the beginning of written time

we must take our Walden and

walk with the air

and breathe

in

out

and each other

before we fail to see

the life we live

as positive

Media fortunes given over TV

state the war

the political lie

the poverty

and focuses on any lack of hope that exists

for our children to take in

the blatant mistrust

we have in government entities

yet our kind

decides the governmental entities of

Religion

are always

correct.

Spirituality needs no

map to the person who

experiences the wholeness of living.

Religion dictates laws and forgets

the spirit of the human within.

So I continue.

To be.

With you

in my own planet in peace.

and if war shall burn me and I am

left for dead

than all will be said.

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## When it's Good

man, oh,man

what can I say

when it's good there is no doubt

there is no guessing that it

is most definitely

a once and a lifetime

love, or lust, or connection.

To John, whose name is not hidden

in whispered pseudonyms and

secret texts

I tip my heart.

potions have been mixed

and wishes cast upon falling stars

and pennies thrown in stone wells

but never did this well wounded bird

feel that there would be a

release from the jail of aloneness.

To write a love song to so many done

would prove monotonous so why write one

I suppose if I wanted and I tried I could

since I found a man to write about perhaps

I would.

When first glance given to soft blue eyes

rounded shoulders and

child's grin, my thoughts were of the

cherubs placed

on church mantle

the perfection of innocence in

eyes filled with knowledge of sadness

and pain.

Just a glance.

Intrigue as heart was found at

raging speeds that reached no senses

that had existed before our meeting.

And the glee of the grin

and the scent of the skin

and the warmth of the tear ducts now

filled with a giggle

as all was so perfect.

as it is.

as it must be.

the shock of your interest

deepened by the reaction that

I could not see you for this evening

in that I had felt you were

the "boyfriend" that was always

my deepest brewing desire

In the perfected form of sweet purity

with lips round and full

and demanding my full attention as

you spoke a simple hello.

In the light of day

shimmers of light paling to your light

a spark and a taste

of who was this creature who

fascinated me so.

Always pulled into closeness by the

smile, soft hands and gently fuzzed wrists.

I watched you walk with the

energy of a teen and the stature of a man

and was immediately impressed

at the lust for life that is possessed

and the strength of mind in definitive mystery.

Weariness strikes me as the world expects

the humor and charm to be my only

purpose for another.

This man who claimed timidity was

now enticing me with wit and words and

addicting laughter.

He charmed me with his yawns and

apologetic sighs, yet perked up

at the not so subtle touch placed in well thought of location.

The aroma of this man now creating

a hunger deep within me.

My need to be with him

as friend and lover

my drive to touch him with tongue

and smile

all spurred on by the soft glances

gentle hands

thighs that carry the body of

the young godlike creature.

the back that erectly proposes a confidence

and roundly suggests a vulnerability

the soul of words that spilled from

heart to mouth to head to heart to mouth

in rambling disarray that we both understood so well

Twisting words and innuendo

nibbling neck to reach into this man

to hold his sadness and happiness

deep within me as my own

The drive to want to be aware of all that

made this prince of men

this magical sensual being who now

lies naked to the outside world to be

completely covered in all of my

wants and needs, hopes and sighs.

and I find that I have had a loss for words

because it has never felt so right to me

and it has never been so exciting for me

and it was not even the beginning for me

because he amazes me with every breath

gently left in my ear

or every syllable honey spilled from his tongue

or every micro inch of his skin that I am

able to place on mine.

making love to him would never be enough

as it would be more real to spend hours of

shared heart beats

completely immersed in each other

as if we were a new creature ready to

take on the Earth.

there is rest within his touch

there is excitable rhythm in his laugh

there is deeply jarring spasm in the thought

of his body even within three feet of mine.

there is the complete acceptance

of his

silently hidden nuances

of his

ungrounded insecurities

of his

muttering at memories

of his

reaction to a joke, laugh, or wetness

The destruction of all of my life this far

has been rewarded with the unmatched

pairing of

two.

the click

the response

the need

the unerring ways of

a Cupid arrow deeply sunk into

the deepest layers of

fear and disbelief

so that only hope and the idea

that suddenly life is far too short

to spend as much life with this one

man

this cherub

this always growing always challenging

always learning always tender

in all ways every thing a man should

ever hope to be

and he has given me the gift of

allowing me in.

and I will allow him so deep that he will swim

in my emotions, soul, and love for life

as I could not fathom any other

having the key to open me up

as this man has

this is what it is when it is good

and he is so amazingly good

that as I think his name, sweet John,

I find myself quivering in the thought

of his arms around me

and his screaming of primal good.

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## **A. M Motion**

Not old enough to be this old

not cold enough to be this dead

warm spots in lake

head submerged watching it all

darken

count each passing breath and

wait for the inner tide to stop ebbing

given into random thoughts of

laundry left cooking

and iron left open

and dog to be fed to the lions

Pound the skull with

disenfranchised backstabbing self

and the one thing McDonald's teaches

is to throw it all away.

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**Hey..you**

How much head could a head fuck

fuck

if a head fuck could fuck head?

How much head could a shit head

shit

if a shit head could shit head?

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**decision**

the decision called in to a night time of

confused dreaming

and between the sheets sweating if

nothing too particular

plotting the escape from Nuevo Mexico

sadness so deep inside me that I

have no source for it

in mind

just everything

just it all

just pain at failing yet another time

despite other's believing this to be

success

In my sleep speaking to Eddie, Henry, John

to determine where I am in life I

let their calls quiet me

Eddie is so ocean, neptunic tonic

cool soothing voice of pacifist ocean

with Henry all fire and life in eruption

Volcanic state, the mark of fate

John my unstable rock, earthbound

yet starbound all on the same breath

each to never be a part of me in him

yet only John dared to reach in

into the sadness

deaf tuned logic

dark brewed sadness

somewhat bordering on madness

for which I understand what

I fight

yet follow it.

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## **What**

What I want to do:

sing

pay off debt

feel

live happy

laugh

go boldly where no man has gone before

be warm

have a twelve hour talk session with Patti Smith, Rollins, Vedder, Jim Carroll, Tori Amos, kd Lang, Kennedy, and Mare Winningham

care write think

hope

perform at SXSW

relax

heat my house

enjoy

have great sex

meet the "one"

respond

learn how to really surf

learn my guitar and drum better

sing with Vedder

feel free

perform with Rollins

feel free

do the Letterman show (?)

be in shape

host Saturday night live

be famous

live by the ocean

publish

ski/skate

record

sleep well

perform

win a grammy

learn about love

be on Empty-v

find home

belong

cry at will

laugh at will.

What I want to be:

famous big time

rock star

writer

musician

respected

admired cared about

always performing

an example of non racism passive aggressive

needed

sought out

human

historical figure

confident

determined

prepared

hilarious

influential for the under privileged

pretty

financially secure

whole

over my past

on a Rolling Stone Cover

able to blow off bullshit

proud to be me.

What I need to have:

home

music and writing

fan club

season tickets to basketball games

a supportive man

real friendships

emotions

clout

shelves of dumb awards

a warm house

a horse

self respect

a fairy godmother

the one

bills paid off

more drums

a view of the rocky pacific shores

funds to live without panic

savings account

What I want to give:

courage and ennoblement

care and love

food and shelter

sense of purpose.

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**fast break**

My body shall never go buried

parts distributed

skin included

to all those in need

heart aches

but do take care of this shell

to all of those who care to need enough

to accept me

for me

it will be truth

accepting of this child

be heart be mind

be mine my heart

I never know when my last word will be

Matt don't do this again

don't be the one to leave

I swallow gulps of thrusts in mind

I swallow eating damn you

where the fuck are you

you left me

damn you

you fuck

I'm alone in this now

I want you

Now

inner my dialogues

where are you?

damn you where are you?

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## **Holiday**

Monday came in new mexico

low and quiet

while where I have lived loved

hurt hoped

felt lost

felt home

nothing to call home now

phone ring

injured body

no ID crushed in quake

can I identify?

not even knowing myself

pacific time christians would wonder

tv on

apartments burning

up in lights and miles high

personal disaster pulling me

from epicenter 12/91

unknown dead

calling me

crying from 800 miles away

where I completely lost

it

humor

saving grace

this birthday present for

Martin Luther King

a payback for

verdict of Rodney King

creation of "loot-aid"

a concert event that

will find housing and shelter

so thieves have a place to hide

the fence

previous homeless moved out

of shelter

for the

nouveau homeless

fifteen calls,

three friends missing

gentle soul comforts

exhaustion takes over

sleep and nightfall

join mated

contradictions

television glamorizes

pain

loss

death

current hometown

pooling funds to send me home

to take care of the dead

and living dead

with nothing to

call

own

paycheck for

those who overspent

straw that caused the mall to crack

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**So anyway**

she quit

standard line

"it's his loss"

standard line

"he'll be kicking himself soon"

standard line

"he wasn't good enough for you anyway"

the ones who stay are the ones

I believe this to be true for

she quit

crying over him a week before

he used that line

of "let's just be friends"

as the thorn to wear in her throat

settled snugly between emotions and

irrational behavior

a week after she mourned this death

of what she assumed to be love

she came face to face with this reaper

and

she quit

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**-30-**

halfway, perhaps if allowed to

live until 60

or a third if given to the family tradition

of 90's

Time Line

the spilled blood of confessions

unmasked in poetic jargonese

left to diffuse self

in romantic contemplation

of self destruction

allies lost to battle

total upwards of mid twenty range

couldn't cut it

their mid life mind crisis coming

at age of ten

and they missed it

she's always been part cat

because she clings to window panes

finding a bird to chase as she wait

in repose

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**yeah, uh huh**

jazz wears me like a

snugly caught glance

cassandra wilson

becoming her instrument

and McFerrinly we roll along

diatribe

diet tribe

die a tribe

of spontaneity wearing

a death mask

in counts of passing flow

a recording jarring the

improve - isations

to staid state

that does not ring

truth

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**twin text**

full reflection

springboards from eye to eye

to opposite

direction

prancing wind to roll in tangled

to find some

perfection

no matter where I am

I run away.

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### **Miss Direction**

so you actually thought he and you

were "meant to be"

and that all was love and roses

and all that other shit

on late saturday nights

so that's what you led

yourself into

well, swallow those words

right now

take a big breath and

repeat to yourself

what you said to your

so called friends

"this is the one"

you turd

stupid fool, as Christine Mc Carthy would have called you over and over

you know that he is completely wrong

and that when he figures out

that it was meant to be

you'll be getting burned by

some other thing.

we've all been there,

gabba gooba one of us.

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