

the words



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Letters to Henry

cathe boudreau

Welcome to my sick little world
one I think about
Saturday
hey
Dirge
Dank Room
2.13.61
CherryStone
COLD CHECQUE
Talkin' to Ghosts
Romantic notion
The alley

Welcome to my sick little world

This is a compilation of newer and older material performed in 1992 and 1993. Unlike the Andy book, this one doesn't focus so much on a lover who has died, but rather on the idea that there is someone out there that I feel a desperate connection with who is alive. It is based on the frustration of knowing so much about someone having never met him. Some of these have been sent out to that person, the one I want to know.

- Okay, here are some coincidences that have scared the shit out of me, and have given me cause to

ponder the ever pressing question since...

- We both lived in the same parts of the country at the exact same times.
- We both have Gibson Haynes stories.
- We both have endured having the closest people to us taken away because of something stupid like guns and needles.
- We both were raised by cruelty.
- He hates pigs, I was porky pig at magic mountain.
- We both become whole beings only when the catharsis is in full swing: music, performance, writing.
- We both fear the love we want so much, accepting pain and loneliness as the only truth.
- We both have loved a person who left scars deeper than should be humanly possible, so it affects our ability to relate to others.
- We both have trouble loving because that means trusting.
- He writes of this fantasy girl in a desert, I am stuck living in this fantasy world in a desert.
- Then again, he does like Madonna.....

one I think about

Dude babe love

What makes you believe that you are
so full of pain that no one has the
right to feel as much and believe you
wrong

With as much fear as you have hate
with as big of a scar as the sword makes
in your own heart.

I stand here
untouchable.

Untouched
wanting to understand why I understand you
wanting to understand why you write of me
touching your softest points
with a sigh.

1500 miles away.

Are you so lost in pain that
I cannot kiss your wounds?

Will you melt into me and cry with me
and be yourself and lie?

Will you scare me with your wall
or will I laugh it down with you??
Will you see the person behind this shell,
you call beauty?

And feel that all is as it should be or
will you explain to me in silence
that your fear controls you

"I know you"

as you know me

As we both know that the longing to
be loved is an inevitable part of
the cycle. We'll be gone much
longer than we'll be here.

We have plenty of time to be
separated and so precious little
to be here alone with our
selves. alone

I eat your concepts, you digest
my humor
You carry my soul in your eyes
and you ever never seen mine
I taste the sweat in your voice
you read the bonds in my lines
I hate nothing and fear all.
you fear nothing and taste and hate it

You make me apologize for being a part of you
you make me part of you

Odd, that we share a tie in the pain of death
of lovers and love.
A man once mesmerized
me to losing my sense of
self. The same day Joe was Assassinated.
I died for him a thousand times
And I was left homeless, jobless, and worthless
from home in L A to NYC and lost
And now Las Vegas, New Mexico

And my greatest friend, another poet
I never actually met. Who was
left to gurgle in his own vomit
who was left on life support
who decided a needle was better than
a caress when he escaped.
He checked
out. He's pushing up strange flowers
in a golf course.
And I sang songs about him every show.

And I sent you those words-- and the card read
"Not accepting submissions at this time"
It wasn't a submission, it was catharsis

Odd that I read my thoughts in
your words. My manner of speaking

in your words. You have ripped me
from my unique angst and presented
me your interpretation of who I am

I cannot hide from you.

SO dear sweet boy who lies in
this man's exterior. I hold you
closer than I can another being.
Although we have never touched.
Perhaps that will not always be true.
Some things are inevitable. You have as
many titles as I do, yet yours matter more
to the outside world, and help put you into
an impenetrable tower.

But you dare to reach out. You scream
GODDAMMIT-

UNDERSTAND ME!!!

HOLD ME

TO YOU-- MAKE IT REAL!!

And, I, who wishes to do so, know
that it may never be me who gets to
feel you strong and weak
feel you hate and hurt
feel you laugh and lose
feel you teach and hide
feel you cough and choke and realize that
the secret of life is that you never "grow up"
you have to obtain a wonder of a child-

Saturday

You were wondering why, and here it is

Suicide has no logic to anyone who
feels strong enough inside to take the
loneliness. It's selfish, and cold
and people who never were around when
you could have used a hand
to hold and a shoulder to cry on
suddenly appear and talk about the
tragedy and the pain
you must have felt.
liars all,

lonely people listen
to songs and hear that they are

not alone.

They sing the words
and feel that they are not alone.
They dim the lights at night, and
listen to the traffic and hear
their own heartbeats, and call
friends who aren't home, and masturbate
thinking of famous rock musicians
living or dead.
They discuss at length the
opinions held to the television.

Suicide is not an option when you are so
alone that the idea of no one seeing your
procession pass, hurts more than the loneliness.
People call you a friend.
People tell you
that you are such a great person.
People want things and need things,
and never offer in return anything,
except more requests.

Family farce.
Occasional call on the
required Hallmark holiday.
Occasional
gossip about a sibling.
Knowing full
well that you will be the next assaulted in
the very next moment when phone is hung up.

I begin to understand Monroe.
I begin to
know Janis.
They were so loved to the
exterior degree,
and Andy who died
unwillingly, all lonely like me
....despite those around constantly. Very alone.
No understanding. No attempt to break free
of selfish plunder to reach into another's pain.
Only a lonely person does that.
Only a
lonely person wants no one else to have
to go through the fear and pain that
a lonely person goes through daily.

Hobbies..great Ann Landers' advice..
but, gym, and theater, and classes

done. Too "unusual" for mainstreamers,
too single for married/single moms.
Too extroverted
for quiet time.
too quiet for party machines.
Sit alone and sing, solace at last.

When you are in a position where you
are supposed to be "in Power", you
have limited access to the people
under you, and that is what Kenny Dwight
understands very well. And that is
what the president of the company feels
and
that is what the teacher in the college

knows,
and the singer on the stage.

Momentary lapses create small sexual
encounters. False love. False truths, but
so deeply real for fleeting moments
...like
the purr of a cat.
Like the tail wag of
a puppy. Like the laugh at a joke. Hey,
existence has been acknowledged..
it mattered to another being for a
passing moment
But the moment has passed.
Eleanor Rigby was my hero.
At least
the Beatles knew her, and the nowhere
man, now a submarine man.
At least they made someone listen.

Self absorption is the only
thing that becomes reliable.
Self
understanding, art, music.
Pain is
transferred unto the words on a paper,
shared by another in twenty years, long
after the passing moments, when
you could have been a friend.
Held the sadness of another
into your arms and felt the desire to be loved.
In another.
Lonely people aren't good at

being very selfish, they want to love so much that they love too much and that leaves them out on their own, alone again.

Years now.
Child spent time wondering why she was so very different that

no one would spend time in her little world.
Child wondered why there were so many people trying to be like each other.
Child saw unique as a gift.

Teen. Spent years wondering why the nice boy didn't talk to her.
Fantasized her deep desire to be famous musician, yet wasn't taken seriously because of eccentric behavior or because of parental guilt.
Or because of self doubt because success is just what other people see, not what is ever really internally felt.

Parents? What is that that makes one feel the wish to have lived in an orphanage than in her home? What is that that makes a young woman believe that her self centered family could actually reach beyond the materialism and find a child they bore and give love, or at least try to?
A book and a stranger made a rich attempt.

Experiments performed in the 1950's on children deprived of physical contact and affection showed that they would die, literally, of loneliness.

Why does it take some of us so Long?
We reach into others, and are given false starts, a chance, and then are shaken by the force of another's fear.
This person has never been that lonely.
This person does not know that a small amount of rejection is a very large board on a camel's back.

And the lonely do
not attempt to seek the other lonely people.

They fear what the non lonely feel,
entrapment, and possibilities of
ending of relationships built on trust.

The lonely have no examples of trust.
The lonely have no understanding that
it is okay to not agree.

The lonely
do not understand that others do not see
that a little pain is deeper than a clean cut
free.

Blatant messages.. "LEAVE ME" now,
before you actually start caring, see then it
would hurt too much.

They come too late.

The man who reached in and touched the
soul, after fears and trepidation. The god
awful way he conned you into believing he was
really loving you in such a way that you
may let your guard down, and follow
instincts, and be as giving as you possibly
could.

The the uncommon nonsense of trying to
rush things because of excitement, and forgetting
that you are creating a wall between nature and
fear that would never have been built.

But you have
no idea how natural things occur, because so
few have risked entering this deeply into who you are.
And when they do, you want only the good things, and
you want to show that person how grateful
you are that he has broken into the fear of
people you battle on a daily level. And
you lose him because his interpretation of
your action is that he no longer has a say
in the situation.

And if you don't lose him, you have sufficiently
become afraid to ever feel for him anymore.
Your wall is rebuilding steadily.

His love sounds
like a lie.
He just feels sorry for

you.
He can't win.
You don't let yourself be
in the moment.
And that is what shakes him loose
from your affection.
He finds a much less
unique, much more shallow, and much less
intelligent woman.
Then you become disgusted at your inability
to let things happen, and you come to the
realization that you are simply meant to
be completely alone. And you wish you were
dead because the pain is so great.

And you feel stupid for feeling so selfish.
And that compounds that pain...it's a vicious circle.
You can't break out of a pattern when you
never were given the chance to discover
other possibilities.

Then it happens yet again. You have been broken
into. Your soul and solitude are violated.
You actually begin feeling that love thing.
Your fear grows, knowing that it is his
lust and infatuation leading you into it.
You want to have a NORMAL relationship.
Then it happens.
You are saying IT.
And you
become disgusted with yourself. You try
to hide, then you try to con yourself into
feeling by sending a card, or a rose. If he
feels good, then it won't be like the others.

You don't realize you are stepping back into
that pattern, until he starts feeling anxious
and trapped, and begins pulling away all
of the warmth. Then you scramble, and continue

into the stupid gift store, hoping that he
will be happy.

Then something else happens.
Lonely
people do not understand that it is ok
to attempt to break a pattern....You try
to cancel the flowers, yet are stuck because
it is Mother's day, and the florist is swamped

and forgot to cancel your order.

SO there you are

there again, in his way, smothering his distance, and hoping he doesn't call.

You are realizing that

you are attempting to break the pattern.

You turn the

ringer off of the phone, leave the machine on, with the volume off.

You are now inaccessible. You are

now allowing him time to breathe because you will not answer his call for a few days. Nor will you attempt to break into his silence, because he needs to feel safe.

You rethink things. He was the pursuer, and you went and turned the table on him, leaving him helpless in his pacing. You have decided to let him make all of the relationship decisions, but you have also decided to let the wall build up so that if he chooses to step away from it, it won't hurt so much.

Lonely people spend little time working on relationships in a healthy way, because if love is meant to happen it will be forced away from them. Lonely people don't understand that others don't get where you are, or that they have no idea how deep loneliness is, because it began with a mother who never listened to a baby's cry, or a father who was living with your first step mother when you were so very young.

Lonely people spend 90% of the time working on becoming a better person. They achieve and succeed and exceed other's expectations. But that just helps to make the wall higher. Kenny Dwight knows this.

Andy knew this.

Lonely people

become indispensable in their hierarchy, yet dismissable in any personal relationship because who is really caring about the person inside when the outside is so cool, and deep, and talented? Who gives a shit if you would love for someone to simply stroke your hair as you sleep, when they can get instant satisfaction from a drink and a fuck?

Who wants to just be silent in the darkness with

you as you sit on a cliff in the mountains, when they can watch you be funny in Hollywood? Or watch your videos and ooh and aah. Who wants to listen to you tell your favorite childhood camp story when they can borrow your last dime, car, and ex boyfriend? Lonely people are frustrated that they are the ones who are so ready to give, and yet are just a bookmark in the history of other's lives. They love all people, they love all of life, and have no one to explore any of it with.. And its our own fault.

Suicide:n: Intentional killing of oneself

No lonely person commits suicide. They succumb to the death of their spirit, and remain shells until their bodies die, in an optimistic daze that it will not always be this way, once the pattern is broken, and they can simply accept another's feelings without trying to overfill on them.

hey

I called you
but I'd forgotten what your voice
sounded like
Found the number in the back of
someone else's mind
or in the lines of that old story you'd
write or
maybe it was just a whisper of
that answering machine

yeah, that was me -- I told
you I had
the wrong number
my voice didn't feel soft
so you wouldn't understand

I found that notebook you left
amazed at first that it was not
my handwriting
in it
with the fact that it was

my lifeless form spread on
the morgue table of paper
it was everything you knew of me
laid out in ink and pulp
as I was.

Called the numbers
heard your voice
I didn't understand
why you didn't think to speak more
why you didn't hear the hollowness of my heart
why you didn't listen to see if
it was me
This number was wrong
the voice was right
it was you
after years
of distance
of distancing

I said I must have dialed wrong
apologized
you said, "that's alright, so long"
your words
so long
Dazingly, I hung the receiver
realizing my freudian faux pas
I need to hear you
the you without walls
the you that only a lost stranger
could hear
so I did
And now
I'm far more alone
I can't call back
my fantasy that you may now
be thinking of me is swelling
my synapses
and now
I'm far more alone
I can't call back.
The reality that it really was
a wrong dial direction
cracks at what
tiny hope I have
that I heard
your voice

how terribly lonely I must be

to obsess on this
simply put, phone call
then, goodbye
complexity adds the illusions
delusions
When I see you, you don't look at me
When I see you, you don't look for me
when I see you
you pat me on the head
Reducing my infatuation
to a chinchilla in a
lion's den.
I wish I could matter to you, only you.

Dirge

socked in
man's tears
silent sobs in the darkened corners of room
window curtains
grace the air reaching for him
in his corner
sniff once
gulping in apologies
exhausting lungs with the never resolved
"why?"
he rocks nude flesh
curled in fetal memory
echoing his breath
"why?"

No one can see him
please, not now, not like this
he looks up at the moonlight
through curtains, blue light
clothing him
wet arms crossed with scented snot
a cawling cat resumes his cry

his feet and face are cold and wet
one moment shivers
next moment
his pinkened flesh now blue with night
his corner when his

reality enters his pain
his pain overwhelms him
and hours pass between
gasping sob

A knock
"why?"
the voice calling in to him
"are you all right? it's me..."
heart pounds hard
head jerks up
breathing stops

"what do you want? I'm busy..."
eyes swollen, red skin
a knock
"just to talk.."

The pain is too great to open the gates
the dam chiseled down
waves and waves of years of pain
"go away"
he manages
thundering sound of air in trees
a tap tap of bats wing
that slap of the man's hand on
his face when he was small
the crackling of a twig
the sound of his head hitting the floor tile
why?
trash can filled with rubber history
and torn words in female hand
strangles his adams apple
belts his solarplexus
cracks his sternum with
mack truck thrust

she left him
lost
she left him
small
wasting away his misplaced love
his stomach filled with fresh pressed shit
abandoned by dad at four
abandoned by mother at birth
the bully in school
virginity abandoned him at eleven
to babysitter or stepbrother

tears rocked from duct
proceed to create a clear wall on eye
flood the lid and descended
swollen drop against nose
gliding and cooling cheek
tracing jawline until

puddle centers at chin
then the left follows
steady chinese water torture
drip onto exasperated
chest
rolling slowly until it meets
lake in naval
the places where she kissed him
the places where she traced with
single long mauve covered nail
he shakes, shuts eyes

the dog feels the calm and enters the room
he confesses his faults to fido confidante
he holds the four legged beast
now licking a salty beverage from
face and limbs of him
canine sleeps now with chin on legs
occasionally waking to see
this new master.

breathing now regular
eyes sealed with salt
gentle snore as jaw drops open
sunlight touching skin
twelve hours of release to last
another ten years.

Dank Room

back in the brain
deep within there is a wondering wandering
boy
girl reaching out to me
she asks me about my life
but that is not what she wants really
she came visiting me
she doesn't understand that compassion is
not always
bottomless nor is patience.

She needs so much but right now I am just a
small boy
hunting for my own reassurance
wanting for mother's eyes
regardless of time spent on location lived in
I come across the same girl
She has a different name
every time -- yet habits of begging for atten-
tion
to care for her
Begging from me my acceptance
Odd, each believes with her heart that
my approval is to be accepted by all
She doesn't understand how much this
hurts me.

Back in the brain
deep within there is a bleeding pulsing heart
boy reaching out to me
He stares at me behind wounded smiles
he follows me and implodes
He doesn't understand that I cannot love a
doggy
the same way I can love a man

But he follows at my heels unconditional
affection
No, there is a condition, never hurt his
feelings.
He doesn't understand how much this hurts
me.

back in the brain
oh where oh where has my love for life gone
oh where oh where can it be?
I attract people to me that I know need love
I attract people to me that I know need reinforcement
the people I need think the same of me
Don't reject me.
Don't abandon me.
Don't come near me.
don't be me.
don't expect from me
I won't disappoint
Don't you understand I won't let you hurt me
You don't want to be like me
Listen hard
listen to this mind

back in the brain
listen please for whatever reasons you have not heard
listen now
anatomy of the dank room is so not
like your perception
Listen -- look at me - not at the
thing I become to
please your senses
Listen it's a hollow shell with
spoken words with
substance shelled upon you

let me define the me that you have no idea about
let me define the person that you hold so high in regard
that you shatter your self esteem in comparison to
the me you see when I feel you to be more
real in that you are able to feel at all
I am not able to feel all.

A smile is a mask
a tear is make up I don for affectual effect
Only when it is spontaneous is it true
Yet I'll never be able to explain what I feel
You long to be like me
STOP.

you are brave. You are reaching for idols.
You are finding your source for inspiration.
I feed off of that need, but I don't claim your praise
It's not me you love.
It's the me that I'm still aspiring to
I'm in the place that you are.
We both want the same thing
We both want to be that shell
That woman of secure stature
That woman of sharp wit
That always giving, perpetually giving, love
we both want to be carefree
open true real
we both need this person, this peanut shell
crushed and cracked
Don't you understand that you have
all that I never have had?

You can react to positive response
and feel good.
Someone can break your heart.
You can feel aggravated by an annoyance

and relaxed at the end of the day.

You don't want to be me, you would be
forced to leave all of this.

You don't want to be me, you would love only in
fantasy.

You don't want to be me. You would only
cry alone.

You could only express inner energy while you are
driving and yelling and singing until you were bored enough
to stop and go home, to avoid human contact.

Home? If you were me you would feel out of place.

Always outside. No place for safe home.

You will know what love is.

I do not know if I will ever know what that feels like.

When I tried love, I discovered that I cannot.

back to the brain.

DO you get it now?

DO you idolize me less?

Do you see the fragile beast who cannot
hold all of your pain because I am of
a broken dam?

How can you see so much of this shell and
assume that the image is me?

I am not convinced

What can convince a tree that is hollowed out that
it is still a tree and not a canoe?

I am hollow.

I do not feel,

Do not wish to be me.

Sew your own tapestry enjoying colors,
sew your own heartstrings around veins and
in deep flesh

Become the product of confused longing
because that is the reality I will never know.

Stop riding me, and others like me, because we
are speed bumps on the road to your truth

The answer is as old as human existence.

it dwells deep within the unique self that you are.

Do not be like me, my rooms are small
dank and misted

You have your own mansion to dwell in

If I could feel anything, I would feel my own jealousy.

Perhaps I will find out that I was
sitting in a box with thousands of
your friends
that you were afraid
you might actually
enjoy having
who would break you
from pain
and make the whole
truth
null

Layers of you
echoes in
the geosphere of me

the stratosphere-- THEM

upper crust-- this whom you should
see in me

layer two-- this is where
I allow you - screaming
at you to dig deeper
then watch you burn in
lava

deeper--watching me harden around you or
drown you
in my well of weakness

dig down the layers -- if you've made it this
far
and you will find the corpses of
memories
of people who loved
us
that we just never felt as much for
sometimes we'll remember a name
or a fragment of a face
or a touch
but only when we dare to dream

One more layer-- glass diamonds
impenetrable scars from that
one
that managed to

bore through
and find

the completely naked
stripped down
totally exposed heart
emotions
the weak shuddering
infant bird

finally that core
the screaming emotional
wreck
begging for someone
to carve through those

layers
pleading for some other
being to scoop out
the muck and clean off
those precious jewels
a spoonful of self to be
savored by the rescuer
who made such a
deep love happen that
even the words
of....
a spoonful of this core
ingested and savored and
becoming a part of this other

the former love that had created
a fortress
in our being completely
erased from memory at
the uniting of the rescuer
and this body-less
emotional weak
love famined critter

Geosphere

I laughed uncontrollably at your
silhouette today
from the shoulders up
you are
shaped like a penis
Never noticed that before
because I am not used to
seeing you in the shadows

For someone who proclaims to love pain
you spend 90% of your time opening
up your scabs
forcing us to
drink your blood
like a catholic mass we kneel
at your feet
or like a vampire we become

dead with you
we laugh with you
we cry for you
You write to us
about us
at us

a wall or moat or what?

I felt uneasy of your fantasy
of the woman in the desert
because your dream happened
the first night I spent in
New Mexico

which you countered by
denying your ability to have
love
decrying your human side
replacing fine china
with stoneware
silk with leather

The skin that clothes you
was once infant pure
another shield from a
woman's fingers
is the daggers, shields, flags
you wear as a multi colored scar
the pain of the physical
self as a
needle grinds
sounds of dental drill
heat and sweat in shock
bubbling blood rising to surface
veins in neck rising erect
at times remembering to hear
the classic rock radio stuff
playing in the background
occasionally remembering

a wrestling match with a lost buddy
screwing a nameless face

puking up a late night binge
memories rolling like a B movie

The mop of hair that fit so
well around my knuckles
in my dreams
is now
shorn like a spring lamb
don't love me
don't want me
don't need me
don't understand me
but then

you beg for it like
a prostitute
you need it like
an aids baby

you hide from it like a pedophile in
a priests smock

You are so much of me
so much like those of us
who place the words
in that crate in
your room

The hundreds of other women
the millions of tortured teens
the famous, the infamous, jaded, ridiculous

you're a prince, a Hamlet
pining and suicidal
alive and maniacal
chance meetings

If I ever met you I would not
have the courage to tell you

that I only have feelings when
I read your words

I only feel when you show
me exactly what it is to do so
I'd be afraid of being a
postscript in a description of a

post show exit
I'd be afraid you wouldn't
look into these eyes

two cars opposite directions
101
traveling the exact same circle
at the exact same speed
180 degrees out of sync

I've had the honor of knowing
of you
You've wondered who the fuck I
think I am wanting to have you
as my life

Here's the tie
the fear of being alone
the fear of losing loneliness
the pain in losing a loved one to death
the pain of living in fear of love

that love affair that was so intense
and so one sided
that you died from soul transference
years later the fantasy of that
perfect relationship
kicking your ass
that nothing like that will ever happen again

the bind in that we both release in percussive vocals
cathartic lyrics
volumes of ink
escapes after escapes
road trips and hideaways
always finding

2.13.61 read dirge, it's

about you
all about all of you
you're so fucking cool because you have
the courage not
to be cool

5.1.64

Had a dream about your friend last night
Told me you were dreaming about
Someone who looked a lot like me
Told me you were wishing for
An easy way out of that
thing you settled into when
you were younger.

Had a dream about a friend you used to have

Told me that he set us both up
And that we would soon meet
Told me that he thinks I make
love to the dead well.
Told me that you wished
You knew who I was

Had a dream where your old friend touched me
To show me how it will feel to finally touch you
Told me that you knew it wouldn't last
And you'd be with me soon
And the dream continues

COLD CHECKQUE

You never know you're lonely until you
find someone you want to miss
Ride the limo til you figure it's the loser bus
for a life like this
Never remind yourself that half the bed is cold
Those nights you do, oh the nights that you do

We fall in love with the lover that's on TV
we fall in love with an image that we can't feel
We fall in love with a singer that we can't see
We fall in love so desperately

You never miss the sex until you accidentally
touch the skin
You never miss the warmth until the cartoons
on the TV kiss
Never gave a shit until I was reminded
Reality check is cashed and paid out cold

We fall in love with the picture in the magazine

We fall in love but we remain unseen
They never hold us except when we dream
We fall in love so desperately
Desperate me

Talkin' to Ghosts

s-send the day as I choose it
mourning arrives only upon
my open eyes
It's times like these that
I remember, lust loves
abandon, abandons and
take on the race
charge it charging right
in his face

Alone I am my favorite one
with you I decide to be alone
without you and
I do much better, -- but
still I miss you still
only at airports do I feel
close to home
everybody else gets to
go away while I'm left here
to stay or at least
to remain

Romantic notion

I never had a dream about you
not like you would think

There's no images in my brain of ripping off
your clothes
with my teeth
having you bite my neck,
right where the shoulder
meets it.
I never have speculated if you would like
my hair, because it is long
or because it is auburn.
I hadn't even wondered what you would
smell like after six or seven hours

of adult play.

I never thought about the type of condoms
you ask for at the 7-11

I never wondered if you kiss using your
lips or if you taste your way through
or how many mouths have pressed into your
skull, digging at your fillings
I never wondered if you have had fillings
I supposed you would.

I never wondered what part of your body
reacts to a slow scratch up your spine.

I never wondered if you snore.

I never thought a day about what you would like like as
you sleep.

Until today.
Last night I had a dream about you that had

nothing to do with lust.
But it was a hunting desire.

At first it had nothing to do with you.
In fact, I started the dream thinking about
a lover who had been slaughtered by
fear of life. He took me to these
hot springs, in Montezuma, New Mexico.
He left me there.

I sat in the waters, warmed by springs
I looked up and you had been leaning against
the
very same rocks. I saw your chest, your
adams apple,
your arms holding you a little above
the swirling pools
your head tilted back, with your eyes
closed.

Up until that moment, the only time I
had ever dreamed of you
was in coffee shops discussing
the bullshit we both were amused by.
or doing a reading with you on the same stage.
Never sensual.

The dream jump cut to my house.
I was wearing a sweater, boots, jeans
dried off completely.
The house was empty of light.
The wood stove roared with passionate heat.
There was a knock on the door,
and you stormed in
not even seeing me? I wonder
You went to the records, pulled out
Miles' Decoy.
You turned on the turntable, played the
sounds

You were wearing a black jacket, red shirt,
had a belt on..I hate belts by the way...

black jeans, boots..cowboy boots?
Your brows
furrowed together like you had
just been told that you were the sole
person responsible for the
budget deficit.

All you said was, "Right".
The same way I had heard it and
seen you say it at least a thousand times
in your spoken shows.
You stood facing me
In the dark kitchen by the stove
You stared at me
as if I was a mirror
I said, "I am not you
we just have the same reflection."
you said, "Right"

You reached out

Jump cut in the dream..why do dreams
do that shit?

You and I sit by the stove,
I just put a log into it and the warmth was
dazzling.

You were still wet from the springs
you were completely naked
and wet
and in my kitchen with me
staring at the fire in the stove
toes crossed, tattoos muddled by shadows

We sat there, then you spun around and
reached for me again
This time the dream did not cut
this time the arms were holding on to me
this time I felt your face buried in my
neck
The sweater becoming a kleenex

you
cried,
deep gut wrenching sobs
as if every tear you ever had in your
entire life was making a return appearance
You tried to say sorry, or something, and
instead just continued

I will write a dirge because of this dream

Jump cut in the dream, and you are in my
bed, although I had slept by the stove, to
be with your tears and to talk with them
I wore them as a tribal ritual
I soothed them

You slept for two nights and three days.
You had said you had never felt so
clean inside
you said that your body just
needed to trust someone
so you had an inspired moment to
come to the desert and sit in the
springs

You said it was a new feeling
you were ready to feel new things
you were empty enough to fill with
sadness
elation
expectation
hope
dreams
and even though you understood death
you decided it was something
that wasn't ready for you yet.

I woke up in the morning stunned.
I wondered if the Black Coffee Blues was
the catalyst for all of this.

I wondered what you looked like when

you were on top of someone you
wanted to care about

I wondered if you closed your eyes when
you came.

I wondered if you came with emotional
release, or just as a physical exercise.

I wondered what you cook for yourself at the
7-11.

I wondered if you ever saw me in the crowd
and
wondered what I would look like next
to you at 3am.

I wonder if you would think I was pretty,
like my horny
eighteen year old freshmen do...

I wondered if you were a little shit, like I am,
because you take over a stage when you
climb onto it.

I wondered if you ever fucked a v-jay
from empty V.

I wondered if you made sounds
when your body was in
sexual rhythm or if you were catholically silent.

I wondered if you would kill my
mother for me. Just
a thought.

I wonder if you get into laughing fits.

The dream happened, and suddenly I wake up
something that only the man I loved was able
to stir in me. (before he destroyed any
emotions

I could ever feel for anyone else...)

I wonder if you will ever find me, or try to.

I wonder if you will ever have my cat walk
on your face
at 4am asking to be let out...and send
him sailing across the room.

I wonder if you have all the same albums,
and if you enjoy
watching stupid ass movies in the
middle of the night.

I wonder if you would like to come to the
desert and sit
and be silent with someone.

I wonder what you taste like

It's just a romantic notion.

The alley

have you ever been so hungry that
when you finally get a piece
of bread
It's too much
you can't finish it?
you save the scraps for tomorrow's
meal?

Have you ever been so lonely to the
point where it is uncomfortable?
I never thought it would happen
It did
I was there
so were you
The last time you saw me you said
"pretty"
I said thanks, but I had seen the other band,
Lydia Lunch, and it was
time to go.
you said
"stay"
and I barked.
you laughed.
I said I was doing a reading
you said,
"oh, a gypsy"
you knew what I meant
You said
"my band plays next," then paused
"you look familiar"
I said, you must have seen me on tv
You looked pissed, "ACTOR?"
you asked

I said, no, murder witness.
That was at the Rat in Boston.
nine or ten years ago
I think of you still
that tattoo.

Today I bought from the four food groups
cat food, maxi pads, beer and chocolate
The clerk said
"Can't take your check ma'am.."
I was on a list!
Someone does pay attention to me
She looked again at my name.
"er, sorry, it was a mistake."

Have you ever laughed at how temporary
this all is?
That eighty years from now you will be
long gone?
Sometimes I want to, you know, just fuck
and I know it's just my biological clock
blaring to complete the cycle of life

you know what? I'm not interested.
Is it selfish to not want to pass on the genes
with which you were born?
Have you ever cried so completely at
no apparent
trigger, yet did so until you
hollowed yourself?
When the emptiness you had felt on the
outside
so completely took over that you were now
an ocean of empty.
Stripped away of all pain
eyes past burning
tears now enough to bathe you
a sigh, a gasp, and finally the
first sleep you could ever get
since the partner you knew so well left

I saw you once
I was walking to Ben Frank's
on a cold L A summer's night
you were with your buddy leaving the
Mondrian
He was drunk

and you walked towards the

tattoo parlor on Sunset
laughing.
"

You won't feel a thing" you told him
I miss you.

I ordered blueberry pancakes and
imagined you
waking up and joining me saying
"Why do you eat that shit?"

home