

# the words



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**Talkin' to the**

**folks**

**the compilation**

**VOLUMES TWO AND THREE**

**cathe boudreau**

**talkin' to the folks two**

**Other Books:**

**It's deep n dark n blue**

**lyrics**

**20/20 amour heindzeitd**

**diary of a ninth grader**

**letters to henry**

**damn, I stubbed my tongue**

Cathe Boudreau teaches video animation and special effects in Las Vegas, New Mexico, when she is not on tour with readings or music. Please check out the other books,

The stories and poetry

in this book are based experiences in the Navy..(she has recovered, really).. as a phone sex operator, as a stand up comic, as an aspiring actor, (recovered from that as well.), and from failure to understand love. (so who does?) Feel free to contact the author directly. She does performances for no charge. Art should be available to all, and she does have tapes available on a limited basis for a very nominal charge to cover duplication costs.

Donations are accepted in order to alleviate costs of publications and duplications.

### **Amtrak and the Leftover Eggs**

the most curious thing about train  
travel isn't  
the oddities one expects to see on  
the road  
it is instead the odd behaviors one  
displays in finding a proper seat  
First you must race towards the front  
of the gate  
in a fashion much resembling a  
pigeon race to bread crumbs  
The next step, upon entering said  
mode of transportation  
is to do the waddle to the good seats.

Discover where

everyone else is sitting and

avoid them at all costs.

As I find the pair of seats by which there

is no

southbound view

I find that I am one of the few

the lone

the unencumbered by neighbor chairsets

whhhheeeee.

"Amenities include specialty drinks

and complimentary chips and dips"

"Watch your children in the

toilets to save us all from problems"

Movies, super lounges, service downstairs

this is just oodles of fun.

"Marsha", our guide, but

an "indian"tour guide will be on board

tomorrow. whhhhhheeeeeee.

I think I like this.

Part of my function will be to observe  
the entire country  
putting up its Christmas displays.  
I also have to pee like a racehorse,  
but I can wait  
this time.

Part of what is amusing me is  
the sound of the city coming to  
a complete stop  
because of the jingling of a bell at an intersection

The train goes so very  
close to small homes I can barely keep from  
peering into the dining rooms.

I am beginning to discover the poem of the journey.

The morning and I arose at the same laborious moment.

Through valiant efforts, both dawn and I grew to full woken splendor.

The white sands of the Arizona desert gave way to the  
reality of the early snowfall from the night before.

the smaller of the trees are now mighty pines.

The more great and grand the trees, the more sparse  
the walls on the barren shacks.

I'm amazed that people live here-- yes the beauty is  
unnerving, but  
there is no indication of livelihood.

I cannot fathom how these people "make a living"  
yet it is clear that one can live off of the land.  
true survival is based on the  
concept of there being no such thing as  
can't

I find that I am watching for two distinct sights.  
I watch for the footprints of whichever animal lives here,  
I watch for indications of gravestones of pioneers.

What has proved to be a common sight is that of  
snowcovered roofless walls of towns and homes that may  
have been the most lively places.

The wind screams through these so that a sound much  
like a flute  
erupts.

We are stepping so far away from the desert, but  
the map still indicates we are in its midst  
No wonder that the pioneers were confused.

The Rockies are just north.

Strange snow filled craters are pleading to be found.

The snow sparkles like mother of pearl and the trees  
are frosted in their glow.

Yet, this is Arizona.

The white capped mountains simply a  
guide mark to prevent the loss of an explorer.

footprints in the snow are far more common upon entering Flagstaff.

trailer homes are surrounded by the little hooved and pawed highways

No one has made angels in the snow

The homes are amusing in that many are nothing more than  
campers

with the occasional pens for the livestock

A hunter has appeared I should get out and

tell him that his neighbor has a wild turkey in a pen  
by the roadside.

It's a breeding ground for trailer parks

aluminum generica

two hours later and the snow has all but disappeared

Generica has given way to barren lands which are  
spotted with sage and adobe structures

The air is whipping about, but the snowstorms in the distance  
are steadily staying their course

The rocks and mountains are growing larger, as the trees  
once again  
grow smaller

Out of flat lands,  
massive boulder of mountain sized  
mesas, the mesas the red  
rock sliding unmercilessly into the sky  
in true interruptions  
of the fallen desert

A Native American who calls himself an  
indian  
is giving a lecture on the Pueblos of the lands.

Anecdotes about the white Buffalo.  
tales of the calvary and the battles.

I ask if we see grave sights.

He said they are in the hills.

Yet I drive by all of this seeing shadows of pioneers and  
warriors lost in battles

Outlaws who were hidden.

Kansas City. and I see the cemetery

overlooking the train tracks.

One painfully new plot

This should never be my fortune

I would prefer to be mummified and placed in a time capsule

and launched into space.

The homeless in the desert and pueblos and the

homeless here in the city both share the most interesting

of talents....complete adaptability.

The differences are in the caves they use.

cement, natural rock, sheet metal or adobe.

Remnants of train tracks built by prisoners and slaves,

indentured servants,

run parallel and under this track.

The sound of clanking on these force the imagination

to see the men laboring.

There have been many horses and cows

But the animal that proves most interesting

hawk and dog

Every house seems to contain not one soul, but

dogs are chained

barking and howling at passing train.

Hawks circle the area where the houses are interrupted by

open air.

the blackness of the night has complete control.

last night, the darkness was so whole, during the

brief chances for escape of light...it is quickly gobbled up

by hungry blackness.

The air remained controlled by this car, but the night sky

cited what these readings should be. Nothing

proved colder than a slight

drift of air conditioning surrounded then devoured by

pitch of night.

the farther east we go, the paler the sky.

Masses of sand and stone are now transformed to a familiar

landscape of farm houses, trees, and creeks

How do these people live in these one ore

two room homes?

What do they do to survive?

At least I can comprehend the farmers' existence.

back in the plains, not an industry to be found,  
save an occasional Dairy Queen, Pizza Hut or old  
trading post  
Houses patched together.

I've had several deja vu experiences.  
Mostly from dreams I had forgotten to forget.  
I had built fascination for the varying types of shit  
people have strewn in the quiet rail paths.

The car burial grounds  
Each little town can be analyzed through the  
car burial grounds.

A farm back in New Mexico seemed to be the favorite  
site for abandonment of vehicles from the  
40's and 50's  
some of these were crushed, and more often  
than not  
they stood upside down.  
so many stories to be told.

junkyards are the time capsule, the indicators  
One town had nothing but the shells of family cars, and on the road

nothing but 4 wheel drive

smaller town

none around

old cars

In one auto yard there were no cars

During most of the ride there have been hours  
of silence.

From the children, the only conversations heard

Speaking from the past acquaintance, Kansas City

there is a law that requires all women to babble

on incessantly

to anyone who pretends to listen

The only voice resonating in this

whole train belongs to

a woman who just boarded and has yet to

come up for air

"Houses car accidents Christmas Plans

patience of a mother"

She has the long winded tales on all of these

Pass the dramamine.

We have reached a location where every home is  
granny's house.

Perfectly square, five windows, triangle rooves

All painted white, all with a large car in the garage

All within walking distance of local church slash town hall

slash bingo room

There are only twenty of these homes, yet nothing

else

exists

here

This is grandmother heaven.

I dreamt I was riding this train with John Cleese

His secretary was crying, and I was no where

During a stopover in Chicago I had the pleasure of

stepping into the history of a boy's life

Of course he'll never remember me, among all of the millions

faces in crowds

it was a moment that is still fresh in mind

This boy stood less than four feet tall.

His face was very fair and round.

Hands were slight, yet his belly full.

his dark clothes framed his hands and eyes.

Mother was a full sphere, stringy hair to chin.

No make up, yet if she had, it would have only  
softened the plain face.

Eyes were echoed in those of the child.

She was the conductor.

The boy, standing alone in union station  
her symphony.

Alcove now a stage.

His bow reached upward, ran quickly and firmly  
against secretly talented string.

Fingers lingered for split seconds on frets, and  
the mastery of this boy was revealed.

Mother dressed as unimpressively as her son,  
sat across the benches, surrounded by  
jackets, bags of food, and schoolbooks.

Dryly, unemotionally instructing Noah  
as to his next selection.

her approval shown in blank stare.

Her disapproval shown in complete stop

of motion.

A rarely misplaced string or note

would make his face react in wince.

revealing the master as small boy.

After each completed work, before

all of us in hustling moments rest,

eyes misting, throats swallowing gallons of pride,

hearts and ears all belonging to this wunderkind,

he bowed regally to all of our spellbound

bodies.

Mother would signal which piece to play

indicated by a hand signal of two or four

fingers, as the work had been assigned.

Sometimes the conductor would simply demand,

"Bach piece" or "Country dance"

boy obligingly pleasing Mother.

He never looked at any of us.

His eyes remained closed as he swayed to

the music.

Searching only to please Mother.

We all stood dumbfounded and dazed.

We all met Mozart.

There is more to this all than Chicago Sun Times

Headlines.

There were such few examples of deliberate

art on the road.

Everything seems so incidental.

Mural painted on bricks at Joliet.

Adobe roadside attractions dotting southwest.

Architecture appears to be the

product of practicality rather than aesthetics.

Each place is its own postcard.

passing Syracuse.

familiarity of tall elms, oaks, maple

relaxing.

I have noticed the selfish behavior I

had detested in California has found its way

to a young man and woman across the aisle.

Woman bold enough to place my riding roommate

out of her comfortable seat in order to

accommodate a large radio,

her stuffed big pig, rather non diminutive form.

Teen behind her has brought his drunken body  
back to this car in very loud and untamed manner.

His sneakers rest above the pig's chair.

The chairmate is doing all his old  
body can do to avoid the stench  
of his unkempt youth's post alcohol secretions.

In an hour, Albany.

New York countryside slammed by snow squawls.  
yet, evidence that warmth has prevailed,  
lack of snow on ground, lack of ice on water.

Since the exodus of New Mexico, now to be  
forever known as the state that never ends,  
water has been a constant.

Brown bubbling creeks to full living streams.

All of Woody Guthrie's legacy evident.

Since entering New York, the dumping of  
ancient cars has all ended.

houses seen up until now have been very modest  
examples but the larger families  
settled here have let a demand for space prevail.

I am looking forward to skating.

My last skating attempt was such a  
disaster.

It is soothing to be lulled to naps by the  
hypnotic churn of engine.

It is amazing to have gone on this long without  
full shower or bath.

My cologne scent is that of a soap.

My hair now unmovable.

I don't feel it yet.

During the wester journeying of sights  
of abandoned buildings..that is norm.

Ghost towns outnumbered thriving towns

Sight of unused or abandoned buildings awkward in  
this east.

stronger respect for the history of a structure.

Yankee pride rings out

it is as if the family makes an effort not to disturb the  
ghosts within.

sadly.

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## Now Let us Journey

Let us now journey to

Las Vegas.

So many people

so many

ideas

Green chiles

Bueno.

aiieeee.

Slotless, yet not slutless.

Plenty of churches

yet very few marriages

that last.

cross the wrong man's pride

and yours will be

sliced

off

Let us now journey

to Las Vegas

The brightest lights in the

night follow you until you reach

your destination

small

just stars

No Elvis No Elvis No Elvis

stars

No Wayne

No Rich

No nipples waving through the air

just the tall red haired smoking man

just mac, the bar stool warmer

just martha who needs a quarter for a cigarette

let us now journey

to Las Vegas

New Mexico

where you must be

chicano

hispanic

male

you are required to be

catholic

at least on Sunday.

Your name shall be

Sanchez, gonzales, apodaca, and

Lujan

Trujillo is optional.

Let us now journey

to Las Vegas

New Mexico

female

single

faith without a god.

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**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.

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## **ONE s**

mother fucker

the critic said my songs made no harmonic sense

I must be making progress

he asked me what I was doing, I was writing lyrics to thunder

I met a man who made me wish I could wear his face as underwear

When he thinks of me, I am only an idea

I think not, therefore I am not

I breathe in your lies

you breathe out my cry

I go to sleep

tomorrow gets here faster

life over now

the mash unit bugged out, he crawled to the site too late

The worst thing about investing emotions is

the phone call six months later asking..

hey babe, you wanna fuck?

## **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, 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 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?"

## 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.

### **An open letter to Blank**

dear blank,

I used to think you were blank

but now I know blank

It's blank to blank someone like you

when you said blank

I thought blank

wasn't it blank

last blank I went to the blank

and thought about blank

remember that time you blanked

you thought you were so blank

but you were really blank

you got that book, blank

by blank, and it said blank

I only wish blank for you

signed blank

**Damian,**

your mother called me today  
she asked me for that hat you let me wear  
after the game  
when we watched our team lose  
but were too drunk to care  
she asked me what that girl's number was  
remember the one with the big  
y'know

Damian,

your dad called a few minutes ago  
he's a little worried  
he thinks you should call him  
he thinks you should have said something  
nice to your mother before  
y'know  
I'm sure you don't want me to disturb you

Damian,

that girl stopped by, the one  
with the enormous

IQ

she didn't say much

she's sorry for not returning your calls

she sorry she didn't take you seriously

she and I had

a beer

shitty import

from Bermuda, I think

y'know, anyway

she left this teddy bear,

you sure she's your type?

y'know

Damian,

scouted through the album collection

we didn't play the RocknRoll High School

soundtrack 80 times a day, did we?

I'll never forget the look on your

dad's face when you told him

you're gay

It was almost as if he was coming out

of the closet with you

We should have taped it

especially when whatsername heard

y'know

I think she thinks I was just jealous

She's not that bright,

but she's amusing, you said

Damian,

last night we saw the best damned show

the Nixons played..open fired on us

kenmore square was a long ride,

green line

thanks for tucking me in

I guess I owed you one

good night

## **The Almost Emotions**

Drive the car drive it drive

pedal floored down feel ground

the radio can't turn up high enough

I scream it all out

Breathing til my stomach feels

like its about to bleed in the strain

thumping breast presses air to throat

opening with the flood of sound

Back of throat now cold with rage

screaming louder, turn the page

Can't remember the last time I prayed

Didn't see the point in talking to myself

under another pseudonym

House. Ceiling coming closer to my head

Air coming in shallow

Can't feel can't feel oh no why

can't think numb blood cold hands

naked in the blackened room

can't feel can't feel can't can't

will not feel it feel

naked in the darkened room

blistered heart burning deep

until the stomach is part of

back of throat

can't cry can't cry

won't feel, will not feel

tears so close to back of eyes  
tears hollowing sounds in ears  
cannot hear must not feel try so  
hard to never think  
hard to think about lost feelings  
I'm not human

Wake me up. I'm sweating  
I'm screaming in my sleep I yell  
at all of those who deserve it guilt free  
I wake screaming sweat cold  
heart beats bleed, pound in the  
beat of an army march  
I hurt I hurt I feel so echoed  
so closed so out so gone inside  
A fist sitting in my  
throat I choke I choke  
and I wait for PMS so I can

break at the sound of the phone company ad  
instead I sit with non emotion body  
feeling a 250lb man on my chest  
the dreams all confront the fear  
I glide on glass lake awaiting to

sink drown under drown

scream me, nnnnyaaaaaaahhhghhh

## **Behavioral Science**

licking wounds

tongue becomes pillow

heaven scented touch

danger in house

holding onto the breath the breath

holding the sights

they hold

they take

in the time where there is none

no way

no home

a breathing tree and a crying leaf

fall

both screaming in pain

drown me

I want to

I want to

I want to

licking wounds

Empassé

I want to

I want to

I want to

be what I am

again it is the It

It

I am It

who is It?

I am it

When I beg to myself

licking wounds

tongue not me

me no me

where is the woman behind this thought

the me whom I should dare be

Blindsided by afterthoughts

ideas and clichés

love to talk

Feel the taste of another kiss

feel the heart of another's love

wonder what it is to feel

beyond the thoughts

beyond the words

beyond the fear

where is the woman

licking wounds

what's happy

what's to love

all phrases all too foreign

licking wounds

a heart that has no way to feel

I am just a book

I am just an idea

I am just an it

I want to

I want to

I want to I uhm what want to

be the person

love and love and love

and fear those who take me in

and fear those who show me how

to feel at all

licking wounds

## 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 mowant 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 effectual 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.

### **The lover gone, or biplane dance**

Man, I feel you.

A crashing dive into a California sky.

Fire red blood pouring from what was left of you

Our last touch is all in my mind

Here I feel you.

Man, my last thoughts, your death a

physical thing.

Why do you hold my mouth so?

It's that exact feeling in my mouth

where the lines of our lips came together

where we parted into sipping air

I could taste the sweetness of your apples and cinnamon

which was your morning snack.....

and you were inhaling the ginseng tea from my throat

your bottom lip would rock left to right

so I could feel you cheeks and brow

resting from one side of my face to the other

Occasional tip of tongue behind my top lip

occasional tingly touch, signing your name in

the mouth that you loved so much.

Man, I feel you.

The last tears ripped from eye sockets

trying to discover what the very last thought of

yours was

when you knew what the difference between life and death was

and chose to say goodbye to me

and then took all that I was with you

into earth covered bed chamber

asleep for long ever

Man, I feel you.

I can feel you hair tickling against

the heart that beat so wildly when

you spoke.

Your voice now a mind held tape playing over and over

A mixture of a soft spoken prince

and gravelly turning laugh

With stupid sneezes.

Comical nose language.

We'd harmonize listening to, Where's the Shoorah

we wrote the next verse to Freddie's dear friends

"go to sleep and dream awhile,

soon I will be with you child,

and then we'll start our lives anew

I will always be with you"

Never new it would mean more five years later.

Wow, do I feel this

hands are pressed, your thumbs

in my palms fingers hugging knuckles

belly to belly button.

You like to laugh on top of me

stomachs creating internal earthquake

You said that this was how crunchy peanut butter was

invented

you called me "runaway" because I was on a

terminal tangent

Remember the bus ride, everything becoming

a private joke.

A stare a wink, and laughter until bladder became

grand pianos weighing down our guts.

man I feel you

when it's late at night, I'll hear you cough

or say that you need more pillows

or I'll feel you scratch my leg with toenails.

And the lights come on quickly

leaving you in the reality of your four walled oak home

and me in terminal echo chamber.

Mid night sobs that you will never hear

I fall back to cold bed sleep.

Dried lilacs still in that magazine from the coffee shop

I feel your breath on my stomach

where you rested each night arms

around my back

hands clasped together at my shoulders

our legs stacked log cabins

twistin hips

you hated that you had no hair on your chest

claiming that scientists proved that fuzzy men

had a bigger sex drive

you needed no improvement, believe me.

your smile brought me to the intimate secrets we shared

in windowsills

on the floor of whasis kitchen

in library by the Tom Robbins books

in the back of.....

man, I feel you

before anyone told me, I knew you weren't here

You told me that you didn't understand

that you were big like a nova and

lost in a black hole.

We listened to a monkees record as I drove

you to the airport

Aunty grizelda, theme song for the ticket lady

It was supposeed to be a weekend away

visiting the "dudes with the buffalo shoes"

small planes scared me

we shared a shot in the burbank bar

A wave a kiss an embrace

never saying goodbye

never saying so long

just smiling and saying

I'm right here with your hand over my heart

man, I feel you

I feel hate for the way you left

nobody knew it, but you looked calmer

than I ever had seen you

flying over bernadillo

shaft of air

then a mountain as part of flesh

I held closely

two bodies burned beyond recognition

two bodies thrown now smashed splinter soul

two bodies still missing found two years later

seven aboard

you were found serenely strapped in your chair

you were the only one left with perfect scar free skin

perfect fact

heart still beatin

air lifted to hospital. ironic, that .

heart still alive

machines beating rhythm african drum

wind blowing through you

nurse said you vomited twice, which was a good sign

she said you had good color.

but there was nothing else to do.

nothing

she said it was a miracle you survived at all

your mother told me

your mother

she waited until Saturday morning

while I was pissed that you didn't call

since whatserface lived with whasisname

something was wrong

I feel you

everytime I try to speak with another man

I listen for your smile in his voice

trapped in memory of you

you showed me how to check if a man is

right handed or left my the bulges

by his fly

I wished you took me with you

and you did.

**Lost**

There's always someone

a peer an unreachable

maybe you knew each other as kids

playing in the backyard tree

her hair long and in a single pony braid

maybe she taught you how to

count in French

maybe you and she shared secrets

friendships and became blood sisters

Maybe when you were ten you

stopped being friends

maybe you couldn't find another

friend for six more years because

no one could be as close as

you two were

maybe you knew each other as

slightly overweight emotionally abused teens

her hair as matted as yours

both "grunge" before that was "in"

maybe she was only person you

ever met who was just as battered as you

maybe while you were hiding at art films

she was hiding beyond in sunshine and ecstasy

Maybe the last time you saw her was

in the hospital where her stomach was

getting pumped, and to this day

you forget how she survived or  
how you got home  
or where she went to, with her incestuous dad

Maybe you knew each other in boot camp

through the alleged family holidays

she was once a long haired blond

in the ozark mountains

maybe she was the only one to reach out

when you were tearing up your lonely

stomach with longings to belong

somewhere

maybe the last time you saw her was

when you both were wearing

designer polyester, saluting cloth

maybe it was dozens and dozens of

people you had half talks with

and connected with

they knew what you meant, you

had a conversation

they got the big picture and wanted

to listen and be listened to

they fell in love with you in 30 second glances

you fell in love with them forever

It is so difficult to live a single

lifetime in companionship of an idol

the person who by statistics is your equal

average in every way

one parent, human, one in a bottle

self esteem built from street survivalism

the pedestal of this revered being

nothing but layers of escapes that you

have not yet succeeded at

this fragile human managed to

crawl over the corpses of all he

was, banished shadows of poisoned selves

the idol, the demigod, the contemporary

the peer, the person, the outcast

he's smart, he's talented, he's charming

he's scared, he's hurting, he's alone

His life existed before you knew of it

his girlfriend's head rests on his shoulders all nights

his best friend got his brains blown out

his mother committed emotional suicide

he once lived in a lean to, eating out of  
the dumpster at the Jacknthebox near  
Topanga canyon

His favorite dog died and he watched  
the garbage man throw it into the truck  
why the hell do you choose to stand in  
awe of this very human little man?

Why would you wait backstage thinking  
he'd kiss you in front of the woman  
he has held to him and cherished through  
the blood and the anger

You don't understand him at all  
but you wish with all your heart that  
he thinks you do.

But the catch lies in the fact that he  
does understand where you are

He is an equal, not a deity  
So, it happens in twenty years  
you've found that long lost companion  
he's hidden from his star quality

His once girlfriend is now the mother to his son  
And, he comes to your show, family in tow

You share a coffee and thank him

You tell him the first one was about how

his special talent helped you recover from

self hate, loneliness, self destruction

then you are granted a Real Conversation

So it happens, in thirty years

the corner of a library reading room

you are both rounder, grayer, and more alive

you spend the day catching up on events

that include people you've never shared

and histories of people you always

wondered about. You laugh.

you talk, you share bad coffee.

You realize that you will never do this again

then you admit that it is a closed circle.

The heart becomes quicksand taking

all that you had hoped into it

taking those traps of lonely

dreams of finding yourself in

the memories of these lost

unreachables.

**Revelation transition,**

(Monologue from animation,

© 1988 Cabco)

Ah, so it has come.

I can stop my thoughts now

I can stop the pain and the world can

sigh me out of its body

the shadows call me to where I began.

Did they really love me?

Mother... did you wish me to marry

that first one?

Father takes me on his knee and tells me that

when I grow, there will be no

wars.

Yet I miss you both now.

Who will miss me?

My wife? ha!... she's had so many lovers

since those many years from our first night

Sarah will miss me

her hair was soft.

Where are my car keys?

Can I drive to the last minute?

I'm drifting so much more quickly than I had hoped.

They do. Yes...I see that now,

the eyes of my son mirror my own

He looks like my younger brother.

He's grown to be the man I always wanted

to have the strength to be.

How old I am now...and my brother was so

young when...

the gun had given him no time to say goodbye

I have the time, but no wishes

to see them or bid farewell

Why must men grow old?

A living breathing man, fresh and full

of vibrancy

scarred through the years, by the years, ha!

the hardest of my wounds being nothing more

than abused victims of the war

Oh the war...the shadows are mine now

those disembodied faces that now haunt me

will be my allies in that whatever

that ....beyond

What has been lost?

All that is left for me is my memories

and where will they go?

Why must I be forgotten?

I lived, I am

important

Please don't let them forget me

When the last one of them dies what will happen to me?

I grow so tired

I am afraid

I am happy

I can now rest

God bless the children

goodnight, sarah

## Streets n Me

fuck you, I don't understand?

Like living in car -- you ass

that's a luxury

If you make five bucks

you have heat and music

Fuck you I don't understand

fuck the hell right out of you

Sure -- I'd be at those art openings

speaking the appropriate artspeak

smelling like a nature lover

snagging bowls of cheese and grapes

Fuck the hell right the fuck out of you

see, with a dollar, you do happy hour

One beer and all you can eat

Minimum wage is below poverty in L A

yet you can't qualify for subsidy as

a single college educated street chick

you can't afford the luxury of a car

how do families let this happen?

Right, like if you had a loving family

supportive of who you were, you

would ever be here

Right like when you have no family

you can get adopted by some dame

from the hills or roxbury

Right, Like when your old man's in

jail and your self worth is based on

how many men you sleep with you'll be

rich in minutes

Right, like a flood or a fire or a tornado

that wipes out 56,000 homes leaves

a lot of room for charity

Right, like having a job for 17 years doesn't

mean reorganization won't happen

tomorrow

Right, like the V A and social security really

give a shit once you start

dying-- tales of my brothers and sisters

all had parents and were once kids

Yeah, fuck you for showing up on

thanksgiving and christmas

fuck you very much for handing me

holiday food and then letting me

live in the alley, with

my 98 hour a week minimum wage job

fuck you very much for letting me shower in

Venice beach bath house, and then

having the police ticket me because I slept

in the daytime when I felt safer

Fuck you for bringing your cousins in from

Astoria to my quiet park home

whispering that I was just another

poor story of our hard luck times

When I finally had enough saved to

get a place to live where I shared

a bathroom with six people

where a 12 x 12 room was a studio

apartment in downtown L A

Fuck you very much for staring

at me

and my dirty nails on the bus

what the fuck

your kid asked me if I was hungry

he had given me his hershey bar

You slapped him after he was out of view

you fucking love-thy-neighbor-church-going

bullshit teacher

The kid loved instinctively and now

you train him to be apathetic

Here's a surprise for you

under unkempt matted whiskers

beneath the layers of piss covered jackets

somewhere below the crust encumbered pants

near the mucus of the mouth

buried under days of bath free street air

is a warm blooded emotionally abandoned

Human Being

Here's a surprise for you

The lady with the four inches of black  
roots, missing teeth and an omnipresent cigarette  
with five kids, can't afford birth control  
Her kids are dressed and sent to schools  
that won't let them enroll because she  
can't give the battered wives shelter address  
Human Being.

Here's your motherfucking reality check  
when cashed, it's my two cents worth  
Saying hello is contagious you'll get one back  
staring in cruelty is less efficient than  
a fresh coffee to get the story.  
A kiss on the hand may be quite continental  
but a kind heart is a struggle's best friend  
It doesn't cost anything to give a shit.  
Don't teach your children how to ignore a human heart.

Your laws put us here  
you know the fuck what?  
I'm proud that I am

not as cold as you.

These are still my people.

There should be a ritual, a rite of passage.

No given moment, no set age

Everyone should know what

it is to sleep on a floor too dirty

for cockroaches to exist

for dirt to stick to

If it was mandatory for each of us

to discover resources

so that the bastard in the

dyed blonde hair

with his b-mer could look me

straight in the eye, not at the

top of my

humiliation

and wonder how I managed to feast

for this day.

Fuck you fuck you fuck you

for letting us spend Christmas in the snow

on the beach and having the cops put out the

fire.

For letting my friends die in waiting rooms

of emergency clinics because we don't have the

ability to fill out forms, and have no insurance

Fuck you for letting aids be our chickenpox

fuck you for being big rock stars who don't

want to say hi to us on the sidewalks

by your recording studio.

Fuck you the most for forgetting that

I don't blame you for this happening to me

for thinking I planned this when I was in college

for thinking that I plan to always be this way

For thinking that I wish I had it like you

for thinking that you have got it better

when my bad times are obvious yet

yours show in the relationships to your kids

lovers, animals, self

the night I moved out of the roach motel

I went to Ben Frank's to have a snack with

Shell, my treat, 'coz she still was still in the shelter

we got her some new stuff at goodwill Santa Monica

she put them on while I ordered

we sang Mr Cellophane, from the show Chicago

in raspy pierside voices

watching people straining to ignore us

The the rockstar came in  
the one who knocks the limo riders and  
champagne drinkers  
he comes out of his chauffeured car  
he didn't talk to us as he yelled at the crowd goers  
about how each was a bastard for ignoring us  
as we shared a happy meal outside the club

He looked at us, told the waitress he'd  
buy our dinner, then sat with  
his groping blonds, and didn't look us  
in the eye or  
say hello  
thinking it was okay to cover our six dollar tab  
noble man.

Shell walked to his booth  
she sat next to his long haired girlfriend  
she said she wanted to thank him  
she said she would have gotten his records  
if she had a way to buy and play them  
she said she'd been a fan

she said she and I heard him outside

of the Hollywood bowl, and watched  
him leave in his four cars and noted  
that he had the highest grossing concert in years  
She thanked him for serving her in  
the kitchen last Christmas, and hoped  
he remembered her through the smile change  
of one less tooth  
from when the cop hit her.

While she was engaged in conversation

I handed the cashier a

ten

two fives

three ones

twenty two quarters

seven pennies

Once the bill for the five of us was settled

with tip, I nodded to Shell

We both gave the rockstar our autographs on

his lap napkin

we left, heads high

A minute later we

heard slamming boots

automatic alarm sounding, we ran

"Wait" it was the rockstar sans fame

tears down face

"please sit and talk"

Rockstar said he'd forgotten what it

was to have pride

He asked Shell why

She told him about Oakland

living with her daughter who was

in first grade..and her mother

About the fire, insurance

not paying up because there was

proof the landlord set it

About the red cross running out of funds

about the day her mother died, and the

state took her homeless school less child

who died because the foster family abused her

and about the state hospital

that had funds cut, and a she was

released with thirty dollars

a coat

and a bus ticket to last known

relatives in

L A

now she works in the shelter  
so she can have a place to live  
and is saving up to go to school  
to be a nurse to help  
the mentally ill, like the  
guys she met up north

Rockstar shut up,  
eyes red blood anger  
fists clenching in his teeth  
watching a nineteen year  
old lady

he looked at me..so?

In school finishing a degree  
put myself through grad school  
found a lump  
lost a job  
went through every dime for  
bills and school

maxing credit cards because  
no one would hire a chemo patient  
sold car to afford rent in hotel

not a job found

or social security

or medicaid

race education and family history

moved into parking garage

then pierside

then in the attic of a

warehouse in Venice, met Shell

and worked for minimum wage

for 14 months until enough saved

to move up to roach trap

Artist finally hired for assistant

room, board, tips and opening foods.

The cracks felled through were

fucking canyons.

rockstar handed us each a couple a hundred

for a bank account

there he lived his lies and lifed

his lives

Rockstar spends a couple of nights in

Shell's place each month

takes the kids to Magic Mountain

he looks us in the eye and

says a contagious hello

he has fancy docs find us in the streets

he doesn't want anyone to know who he is

fears of being where we are

no friends of his know, just us

which is how he gets away with leaving his shows

in limos now.

Fuck the hell out of those other guys

who bring the P R managers when they

toss us quarters.

Fuck the hell out of the L A streets

what the fuck, man?

what the F U C K fuck?

I'd like to thank the folks who have

encouraged me to have

courage to write

Ann

Henry

EV

Janet

Bari-Hari

Maryelliff

andy

Jules and Christine

Freddie and Kenneth

Jackie

my students

They take life by the balls, and aren't afraid to yank once or twice

moo

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### talkin' to the folks III

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**2.13.61**

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 is 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 priest's 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

pinning 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 the 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

**lost**

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you spend the day catching up on events

that include people you've never shared

and histories of people you always

wondered about

you laugh

you talk

you share bad coffee

you realize that you will never do this again

then you admit that it is a closed circle

The heart becomes quicksand taking

all that you had hoped into it

taking those traps of lonely

dreams of finding yourself in

the memories of these lost

unreachables.

The D flower

Take this tongue and bite my breath

Anne and I had a frank little talk

about the thoughts we shared back then

afraid to step when allowed to walk

Lamps of skin yellowed the room

deepened the minds of a lego world

no one lets go but they do forget

that here is a human being behind the story

virgin innocence corruptible fearless

taken and forced to hide what's lost

in years you are shadowed in plain sight

explaining to no one as what you are not

drills dig laughing into my life

wherever wherever wherever

I know you know it all

and it's all nothing

Sex

you get it?

me either

it shows huh?

what's the difference

between the act

and rescuing your nasal cavity

Check it

You take a long hard

part of the anatomy

you insert it into a wet

tunnel and

move it around and around

till you got to the point

when it feels good

real good

and I hear tell that

when you reach that

special point

and you pull it out

and that special morsel is left

you place it on your

tongue

to enjoy

Sex

What's to get?

two human beings face to face

making inaudible unintelligible

loud and soft screams

like the coach and the player

debating an impossible call

Like donahue and his guest

arguing birth control for nine year olds

both hearing only their sides if

the heat is up

I still haven't stopped to  
differentiate cooking dinner  
on Thanksgiving and  
foreplay  
The whole idea is to  
spend a long time  
getting things  
moist  
making sure the  
gravy is just right  
adding the correct little extras  
before the stuffing  
buttering the breasts  
the slow heat build up  
before you can place  
any morsels  
safely into your mouth

sex

I don't get it  
sweating and grunting  
rocking and panting  
it's aerobics

people only do aerobics when

they feel like they have to

right?

Misinformed

An English teacher in my freshman year

told me that I had

no talent for writing

He said that I spend too much time on

being creative and not enough time

on structure

Gerst

I think that's his name

I took a CLEP exam so that I wouldn't

have to sit and listen to his bullshit

I was 20 points away from acing it

so I guess I knew more than he thought

When I read the mailing list of people

who want to read my lack of talent

I think of Gerst

I wonder who is being discouraged by the

likes of him

I wonder whose self esteem is being smashed

Then I wonder if he ever bought a ticket

to the show

so he could

take credit

fuckface

I look at the clouds and I suppose

everyone must get a turn being one for awhile

I see Casey, the golden retriever

in the sky

it gives me a chance to stop thinking

I don't understand why I let the

unimportant things come out of

my mouth

I'm lying on a canyon rock overlooking

a southwestern desert

Above me fly two eagles playing tag

perhaps about to mate

cactus so sharp next to me

If I feel unreal I shall slap

the plant

so that the sting will awaken me

The tree that lies dead next to me

If all of the dead placed their bodies

on every inch of the planet

how many layers would there be?

Why do people bury instead of

using bodies as food

or firewood

burial seems fucking stupid

This morning I sat in the hot springs

the lithia soothes my mind

gives me a reason to stop thinking

when I do think it's about

him,

and his life

and where he might

be today

now

sometimes it's about work

ambitions

dreams

then inevitably lies the memory of

my dead friends

reminding myself that if they were

still alive

they would only be memories

when I'm not nearby

as is everyone not near me now

Last night Miles played on TV

postparted yet as alive as ever on video

Hancock playing with him in reverence

I realize that Davis was only alive when

his horn breathed his air

His voice was Death

His face appeared as a chipping Rembrandt

eyes recovering after every note

looking through his music

I think I know why I like Jazz

At CalArts, Charlie Haden would play

so many times the notes seemed to never

have a set place to be

I didn't understand how anyone could

play the same song more than once

improvisation seemed the way

yet every player knows the next rhythm

Amiri Baraka wrote a eulogy for Miles

he knew every note.

jazz must be the human spirit.

One minute all is low smooth calm

the next is crescendo after crescendo

the next is solo

like me

solo performer still part of

a big number

still playing notes everyone else does

but in a style no one matches

with a rhythm few understand

so I play solo.

sole, low

Ravi Coltrane, son if the god

explained that he was playing a sax

not a clarinet

it was soprano

black and silver

He stood under a photo of his dad

and I felt that John  
had left his soul to Ravi  
as a legacy

I admired Ravi for not letting his dad's  
legend blow him away  
(Rav, you got weird taste in women)

when the show ended I flipped  
my remote thumb with the dexterity  
of a world class master  
and saw Shawnette  
dancing with janet  
on Empty-V

This tiny woman was on the inside of  
it

whatever the fuck "it" is  
flipping once more I see my best  
childhood friend

kissing her boyfriend on that 90210  
thing

(like it was an act?)

and I think about where we both came from  
and how she is now on the inside of

it

whatever the fuck "it" is

and I wonder if Ravi, Christine, or Shawnette

ever think of me

as I do them

and if "it" is even important

Then I'm back thinking of him

and where he has been

and whom he loves

and if we'll ever

be friends

or I think about the other one I've

never got to meet

who is part of my daily existence

and I wonder how he and his girlfriend

have weathered this new planet they've

discovered, "It"

and if he ever buys my books

does he see that I get where he's at

and if someday we would ever be

friends

Or I think about the late great him

and how he talks to me in my dreams

and helps me go to sleep

remembering that when he found it

whatever the fuck "it" is

he monroed

Dan was interesting

three weeks

violent sex ---with condoms

took a part of me with him

when he went back to Seattle

but if he had stayed, I would be hating

him

hating

life

hating his love for me

There is a time bomb that would have

exploded emotional release

that I still don't understand

I'm not sleeping with anyone now

lonely but safe

I can't hurt anyone this way

the ego being realistic here

they seem to want to love me

before I understand love or them

The guy before Dan hated

his

violent temper

but never saw it

child in a toy store mentality

I'm not ready for that bullshit

I don't lie

so I'm alone

I don't headfuck

so I'm alone

I don't dress a certain way

walk a certain way

laugh a certain way

so I'm alone

Ten years ago I would I would have hated this

now I understand this as not a bad thing

I love men

I love the smell

the touch

erections

I just hate being lonely when I'm with them

when they don't get it

when the patterns emerge

when they expect me to be

the same

trees change colors but they are still trees

expect that of me

yet sometimes I wish there was someone to cry with

to yell at and fight with

to hold onto on cold nights

who understands that I am a complex simple person

But I spend christmas

with the only reliable thing

the ocean

every year

with a note book

and time

with a performance

and

a grin

SomeTime

This is not a true story

for a change

I'm not this shallow

but if I was.....

I was in bed with this guy

closed my eyes so I could

try to remember his face

I didn't want to peek before I peaked

I couldn't think of his name

so I called him, "babeee"

I told him I had a cramp

and he should go

he had a lint ball right

below his tail bone

A kid was at the pier this morning

he was doing the sam kinison routine

I tripped him

He asked me out

a sixteen year old in a ponytail

If I wanted to breast-feed, I'd have a kid

called whasisname and pretended

that I was dialing someone else

had a 15 minute one sided

no waiting conversation

just so

I could be with him for

15 minutes

he finally sighed and asked me

who I was

live with someone for two years and

who I am

is a

big

fat

question mark

Three pm soundcheck

bug flew up my nose

it ate the lyrics

out of my brain

coconut teaser

see the opening act

middling for the mediocre

some barbie doll fuckface

and her vixens

who wouldn't know an emotion

if it spit on them

the two drummers in my band

drunk from lunch

the bass player chafed from

groupie lust

I was left defenseless in a

low self esteem set

in hollywood

Left for the comedy store to

hang with kravitz and asparagus

wanted jackson perdue

but he had a 17 year old

blowing him in the men's room

I wanted anyone

I didn't care

I just wanted to scream

I wanted to sweat

I wanted to rip flesh

from the spine of

someone

some

guy

Dangerous Religion

Guessed wrong, just thought it could help

for a second

See, the crutches that I am used to carrying

are holding up someone else right now

and that is what was supposed to happen

Now I thought that you would go one of two

ways

when on the crutches

If you choose to, you can either learn to  
get your stance and walk  
or you could be stuck in a wheelchair and  
roll along with eyes avoiding contact  
and with children calling out your truth  
with blindness only secondary to  
ignorance  
and ignorance only secondary to your bliss

Shadows become your hallways  
instances become your light  
darkness becomes your leader  
you become something not real  
something fallen in the fear of fear  
and you call this thing

GOD

to be worshipped is not to be loved  
to be worshipped is to only reveal  
that you are blind to the object you bow to  
and learn that wheelchair  
and learn that wheelchair  
and learn that wheelchair  
and become that wheelchair  
choosing not to see a choice

seeing not a choice but a command

not seeing that being right is one

step away from being alone

Sometimes I listen to you

and laugh at what I can only assume is a joke

You and I sat one night with our cappucinos

in Chinatown

and you tried to convince me that accepting

jesus is the only way to salvation

I asked you three questions

What is salvation?

Does it matter when you are gone?

Acceptance and understanding of gandhi

makes

sense, or thoreau, or steinem,

or every person

you meet who agrees or

disagrees with you.....

shouldn't that be salvation?

You said I was blasphemous and wanted

to "rebuke"

claiming that my judgement will come one

day

When I said you have already given it to me,

you said that was not your job

so

I asked whose job was it?

GOD

oh, and what if all you need to do is care for

everyone as an extended family and not

have to

visit a building and pay money to a cause?

BLASPHEMY

and what if you took care of the elderly,

fed the poor

and believed that the earth was heaven?

IMPIETY

and what if you accepted the faults of

another

as part of the person, and not as a target?

RIDICULOUS

I guess I just don't understand your religion

The other day I walked into a Planned

Parenthood Office

I wore a t-shirt that read

"Not Now, I'm getting a pap smear"

I worked at a homeless shelter in LA  
We'd get volunteers on Christmas and  
Thanksgiving  
who would bring in news photographers  
and forget the 362 days that occurred  
when they  
weren't there

I got arrested in San Francisco for giving out  
peanut butter and jelly sandwiches  
from the back of my car

I didn't have a vendors' permit, but since  
I wasn't selling  
I was set free

and fined the next day for doing it again

There's no reason to pledge allegiance  
to a flag

one nation under god

It sounds like a winery thing

The crutches I carried as a kid have

been tossed

I stand solid

real

true

alive

my own salvation

as you may do

someday

A Parent

Watched her in Walmart

Christmas shopping

I was hunting for cat food

as part of a new diet

The kid was two, three tops

Christmas music and bright lights

pulling his eyes to

every place

he began clapping

smiling at all of us smiling with him

he glee screamed

he ghee-gooed

he did what an

excited little kid

checking out new things

does

The reward for the enthusiasm

for life?

SMACK

followed by stunned baby look

"what the heck was that for?"

that face that only a child can make

right before

wwwWWWWAAAAAAH!

scream

that only a child in utter pain

can make

the reward

a non stop barrage

of face slaps

body shakes

That's when I stopped watching

people in store

avoiding our aisle

I took the baby from

his carriage and

held him close to me

he stopped crying

we both stared at his mother

shrinking her

to her true size

smaller

she began screaming at me

The store manager

took the boy

and found burn marks on his back

legs bruised in shape of spoon

he called the police

I took the mother's hand

slammed it into a

cash register

hardware clerk handed me

a hammer

Miss Mom began calling me every name

she could in every language

every vowel spurred on a hammer shaped

mark for her legs

suddenly a smattering of applause

grandmother hands me baseball glove

grandfather pitches the woman

into my glove

one other kid

15 year old

says to lady

"hi ma"

to this the reply is SMACK

circle of people

looking at her hit

first born

like she was tenderizing a steak

eyes all snap to my direction

There in Walmart

by the customer service desk

twenty customers

thirty staff

two security

me

the kids

and mom

Within five minutes

she is screaming for a holy mercy

begging for her life

from the ground

where she face

no

lay

Then came in the raging pigs

who stopped in shock

and handed me the gun

Nothing

The song I begin singing

now comes from the base of my uterus

a screaming release

like the roar of the river after

snow melts mountain side

I feel as if my insides

have showered

and it opens me up

to feeling

anything

This is the first day in many

months possibly years

that the outside self is as alive as the

inside

due to the reality of

nothing

breathing in without effort

breathing out without effort

tasting air as it hits

rock bottom of stomach

eyes freshened by morning tears

ears cleaned by wind of window

heart awakened by

affectionate kitten

reminding me that if it

weren't for warmth

there'd be nothing

no one

needs to break into me now

No one needs to taste this now

No one else exists right now

just sounds like that echo

in pitch in tambour

just vowels that call out in rhythm

of leaves in tree

just nothing in me

nothing

Day becomes lost to darkness of room

room becomes lost to warm glow of fire

fire becomes lost to shadows on skin

skin becomes lost to clean smell of wood

scent becomes lost to echo of heart

heart becomes lost to acceptance of

nothing

nothing becomes

all

The Purpose of the Author

Part of the reason I want to write is

anonymity

Originally, I thought I'd be Bob Dylan

but Bob can't shop at K-Mart.

Mouthestra

Music

kah

of

ah

conver

sa-shun

sliding spit as esses progress

the slick slime of white on

corner bite

Click of tee and dee and kee

wearing out the inner mouth

the wide eyed sounds of

of, found, mound

the tap of teeth in

rampant

spree

la la la la ma mamouth

growl sound foul

of vehemouth

nod sigh then

hair is the women's' tool

in convah

sa-shun

grab of lock thrown side to ear

smushed up curls

brow breaks in

Pursuit Ritual

what the hell did I do to deserve the

hormones I was born with?

Attract a male

specific type

weaving webs excite me

spinning wheels thinning silk to soften your

blow

scent of the day will change

any given time will change

elixir will fix you some beau for a show

here we go

stupid freaking rhyme that is the

result of hormone

my wish is that all humans become

by genetic infusion

completely bisexual

we'd have twice the amount of folks to

choose from

but we'd still complete the pursuit

ritual

STEP 1--Immerse body into water either

by placing said body in

designated bathing instrument tub or

shower

or by splashing sporadically and

spontaneously over sink

STEP 2-- further the de-scenting process by

powder soap deodorant

cologne after-shave breath spray douche,

topping it all off with musk

and a pheromone you can buy at \$80.00

a half ounce at your local mall

STEP 3-- Brush. Hair teeth clothes pets

FEMALES: Commence colorization process

MALES: Pose for a half hour in mirror until

all muscles have been

accounted for

Then there is the hunt for the best

and most figure flattering

hard to imagine anyone not noticing

look at me, the one mom warned you about

outfit

It's tight and snug

or it enhances curves

or it hides curves or it

is just so darned chic

it is, to, gulp, die for

Then you check all of the steps in any order

five to twenty six point three times

before you start your

walk to the 7-11

in search of that one true love

that must be looking for you

thanks for checking this stuff out

as usual, the writings are dedicated to

Ann...the best mom I wish I had

henry rollins..because he gets the idea

whats-his-name..there has to be one

michelle, cj, joey, pamela, peter, matt, robert, christine, rebecca and polly.

and most of all, this is dedicated to anyone cool enough to read any of my stuff and still want to talk to me..in public.

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