

Implosions¹

At The Festival of Self

A Collection of Poems and Musings

By Ernest Morrell

¹ Implosion *n.* 1. A violent collapse inward.

implosives

proem

*when you summon up the courage to peer into the deep
and remember. when the truth has more value than
comfort or stature. when you are ready to rebuild the
architecture of the spirit. when the primordial fires burn in
your soul for a return to a fonder place. and that voyage;
the only source of happiness and contentment. when
reason becomes the artist and friendship the currency of
life. only then can you hear my tale and understand
embracing the power of change to become whole again*

I

what can i say of these times and days? the works and
ways? what can be told of the potters at the spinning
wheel who shape the mold? what can the eulogist preach
of a generation out of touch and out of reach yet very
much taken ahold? what can be done to exorcise the
ghouls who blot the sun and heal our souls of their
transgressions?

we traded in our sanity for security. our happiness for false purity. and serenity elusive like the holy water which seeps through the cracks of the hands.

i walk midst the fog and slumber in wonder. a haze clouds the vision. an incision; a neurologist cuts and sucks. alters the emission from the television scream now even my dreams must halt for commercial breaks from the sponsors. and, what i saw in the static left me frantic for answers.

i chose a california institution for my intellectual masturbation. forsaking knowledge for education. and my ejaculation upon matriculation left a sensation of elation. and i had no qualms though my palms cramped from the friction where my GREAT GREAT grandmother blackbitch hold still 'fore I get my switch and she, unable as his weight is pressed against the table. while he pushing, she screaming he jabbing, she dreaming of another time and place. and now, his kin for their sins own chrysler- plymoth and mercedes benz. i think i see him grin as i watch unwilling to jump from the box.

.

but, must i love him. won't kiss him, won't hug him as he presses his weight against the police car his nightstick leaves a scar. must i love him in sheets of white and suburbs of picket fences out of storybook romances. should i trust him? why bother? because that motherfucker may be my GREAT GREAT grandfather, these molesters also my ancestors i think i have his eyes. graduated with honor from their universities. watch the sun set on the same evenings. feel cold and heat in the same seasons. laugh and cry for mostly the same reasons.

and i unwilling to enjoy the taste of shit must embrace these hypocrites and their destitute reality. loan them an ounce of humanity. counsel them through insanity. drop bombs and psalms of poetry. and we, children of rape and hate debate our state. bound in a world of insecurities dichotomies and multimedia libraries yearning for a cause. and a long pregnant pause halts the journey with worry; in contemplative fury a mired generation stands poised on

the threshold of the new millennium perched atop the
cliffs of history the end of misery and enemy and laws.

i sit at her counter and order shot after shot. i am still
hounded though not wounded i swoon. and the room falls
into my head. i am dead, but yet i remember.

II

trapped with notions and motions i sip the potion. and the
taste, bitter unlike the jagermeister that i desire but much
fitter. the effects of the intoxication are the revelation and
inspiration of my future. i conquer no more the quitter.
and all my senses feel like lenses and my palettes like
princes. invincible, although highly irrational i soliloquize
to all in the principle vicinity. and my words are all verbs.
and all the herd heard and could comprehend the simple
complexity of the dilemma at hand.

bottles for everyone i demanded. and we enjoyed libations
of fruity and barley-laden concoctions long after last call
had been mentioned. and, stumbling into one another
sister, brother, lover, "other" we danced, romanced said
things like damn and fuck. pressed our luck and no one

was afraid. no bar tabs were paid, no plans were made and even when the police came and said go home its late (the hour of closure being at hand and him full of hate). and we said fuck you (making use of our new freedom in our new kingdom). we said fuck you because we vote fuck you because we have hope.

we all felt inclined to remove prominent articles of clothing to commemorate the occasion. (i gave my timberlands to a smiling fellow and, in return, received a bra).

we danced all night into the dawning screaming, humming and hugging. loving and hoping to have the ambition to remember our emotions in the morning after the potion.

there was so much work to be done. so much work to be fun. and, left alone i was hung and my eyes were numb. with bra and vomit on my arm i had no qualms. and bounded into the noontime sun. ready.

III

i am ready now to tie my feelings into a bow. i am ready now to detonate the crevices in my brow. i am ready now to cross my heart and make a vow. i am ready now. ready to ascend the altar and take a bow. i am ready now. the detonates in place i am ready to swallow and digest the contours of the terrain. i am ready now to eliminate the retrospect and embrace the pain. i am ready now to relegate my essence to the blackest black holes of nothingness.

i am ready now for my leading role in the deconstruction of the edifices of order and stability. i am ready now for the tranquility that comes with knowing and still being able to believe. i am ready now to join the yin and yang of my destiny. i am ready now to be deleted in order to be completed. i am ready now to meet myself on no specific terms. i am ready now. I am ready now. I AM READY NOW. with open arms. and i have no qualms.

poems

poems on the ground poems on four wheels at eighty
poems on the open road. poems on café couches poems in
pubs on napkins. poems of people poems of places poems
of possibilities. poems written with real words, with ink
that smudges the fingers already sticky from buffalo
chicken wings. poems in the heat of passion. poems in
drunken stupors and divine caffeinations. poems that tear
poems that bleed red on the page. poems that dare
themselves to be written, or even worse, read. poems that
leave scars on the soul. poems with wings that allow us to
soar far above ourselves over the mountains and into the
clouds.

some of these poems

warning! some of these poems you are about to read contain foul, vulgar language unfit for good, god-fearing folk some explicitly lewd references to intercourse and sundry forms of sexual contact—men’s and women’s private body parts, illicit acts, and unabashed sinning some questioning the hegemony of god and religion and capital, simple words written by an ungrateful, unpatriotic, nympho, pagan, commie red bastard poet headed straight to hell in a handbasket, seeking disciples—a circle of friends. these same judging these lines as offensive, adulterated and lacking in form, substance, intellect, or serious forethought. yet, it is possible that some of these poems may contain real words—unfettered and uncompromised, words born in the gut, built upon the listening of the sharing of people’s authentic heartfelt words. short, easy words, tales from the soul causing some readers to spontaneously implode into themselves—symptoms including frequent sensations of fearlessness and audacity, strong inclinations to living and free thinking or even...in extreme cases... joy.

many stories

so many stories to tell, but you know that the most difficult ones to tell are all true, but then those are the best ones to tell, so therein lies the paradox. "tell the tough ones," i frequently hear, but they don't want to hear the truth at least not the ones closest to it; the truth a lighted mirror held up to one's face in the midst of their blackest hour and not a mirror that shows the contours of the face, but one that pierces the soul to reveal the muck, the ugliness and deceit and heart of darkness that is humanity. and then there is a way that the truth is not really dark if we are willing to wear the night goggles of demystification and have the courage to perceive of an alternate reality that allows us to be ourselves and still be happy. isn't that much better than who we are now, shells of ourselves who act as actors in a drama within which we do not believe? and yet, with oscar-like quality we play the roles wear the smiles and kiss the young lover and ride off into the sunset. only we do not die or cease to exist when the credits roll, we only live through the trash that is lost on an editor's floor and so we continue even when the script says cut and wonder how our lives got so bad fifteen

years later hidden under a mortgage, thirty extra pounds, and subpar sex once each other week. and this is when we appreciate how our parents endured with such style and yet we curse them for not telling us the truth which would have been much better. but, lest we have a crisis or breakdown we pour more and more into our jobs, our mutual funds and our tumblers and settle in for the long haul. and they curse me for telling the truth. the truth a way out from under the load of obligation the truth a get out of jail free pass a challenge to, when the boxcar slows, jump from the train and frolic in the lily fields picking dandelions as the engine steams forward into the abyss of eternal winter and ordinariness.

so, then, i had best tell the whole story and those brave enough to endure the pain that comes with true recognition of one's hypocrisy will survive to become better souls and those who are too close will either deny, tell lies, sever ties, or despise. and i will no doubt lose friends, lovers and party invitations. but i will not lose sleep and no matter the anguish i will rejoice in the pain or even death that will, in the end, prove i was truly alive.

modest remembrance of an almost time

what could he possibly say about the summer of him turned himself? who could possibly understand the metamorphosis, the death, burial, and rebirth of the soul and essence of a young writer turned liver? how could things ever be the same after these three months? how could anyone go back to life after actually living and then again, how could anyone really go further either? adventure, danger, fear, courage, ecstasy, art, it had it all and, as labor day approach and the dreaded return to labor how could he do it? what else could he do? what choices were there as the following june lay on the horizon like a ship fading into the evening fog? in between there would be work and boredom and security and deadlines and raises and trite parties where the recycled conversation would make even the green party proud. there would be smiles but little laughter. there would be manageable growth and even new acquaintances as fall through the ceiling of any year but would it ever compare and where did that leave anyone who had the courage to live yet had actual

responsibilities? it was not really possible physically or financially to maintain such a pace; he did have to come home to face things. he had to honor his commitments and pay the bills, to maybe save up for another "trip". he was happy to be home anyway he told himself getting off of the plane and ceremoniously kissing the welcoming terrain. he rushed home to check mail and e-mail and answering machine and run to the balcony to reacquaint himself with the western breeze which smelled of salt and sea and fog and hope. he ran to his favorite store for his favorite beer which was not sold on the east. to the video and book store for massive sensory input and even made plans for school and only one week later the balcony and time prisons of the most tortuous degree the shackles of job and honor while on his wall plastered the memories of the time he almost became a man. and at the computer screen where, twixt the silent screams and dreams of his head and hands raced through the keys attempting to make sense of the competing calls from both his destiny and his life. which to choose how could one choose really when either meant to have something meaningful die and isn't that what happened this summer somewhere

between the tattoo and the poem? hadn't that part which followed the yellowbrick road surrendered to a greater authority of the mystic metaphysic, dharma of the path to eternal righteousness and freedom to transcend the mundane and elevate to getty and sea the pacific as it stretches into the nirvana-bliss of the endless horizon of hope and dreams? and phantasmic solutions to the corporeal travesties that had racked him since he earned the degree in world beating cum laude. he had lived and died and lived and died that summer and standing in the purgatory of an impending autumn breeze he searched through computer keys for the digits to form the words to tell the story he longed to write of the summer that met the boy slayed the man slept with the angel and let the artist survive.

june it was in that other world of existence when, emerging restless from the cocoon he caught a car to los angeles and , in the heat of the era and, amid the smoke and fumes of hip hop, drum and bass and the viper's sting the journey heretofore referred as the summer began and so will this tale of his which struggling through tears and

fears of the discovery of self which can penetrate with laser like accuracy the comfort of anesthesia and existence in the normalcy of the deadening day to day which rips to shreds the dreams of youth and glory but ripping open the bubble and breathing the air of reality and righteousness and disease and the ecstasy that comes only after the recognition that we live only on the threshold of pain and death and, taking an inhalation where, coming from the clouds of euphoria and intoxicants the muse whispers in his ears not the key to unleashing the mystery and misery of the soul, no that truth would be altogether too dark and dismal to bear. knowing of his thirst for reconciliation and through the unearned suffering of the saying, redemption she, in attempts to pacify the ragings, offered this sacred anecdotal testament to the veracity of the happenings which with all due obedience he scribes for our edification.

inklings etched on a moment

who heeds the call of western seas and who can scent the
air and feel the breeze and once drawn in who ever really
leaves and who knows peace elusive in these days and
times and who can know and read the lines i scribe and
etch in sand that vanishes with the tide and ebb and flow
and on the ride i roam i free from fear or foe or friend and
art supreme and money fodder from the trees maintains
religion in his story books and life and love and lust and
fun and sun and rum on walls and rocks the tales and
plots- a generation on the run – to anyplace in any phase
a human race to cyberspace- a moment after moments
cease an empty slate no laws existence jumps from
balconies careens into the soothing sea... and there is you
and me and us no them and they and those the other
globe and fences yield to flowers and hate a melody and
it may only be a dream to you south of the bend and i will
not begrudge you friends feel free to drudge your nine to
five and house two cars and spouse who knows your
name .survive. and you will call me crazy you who sneak

and slither twixt the lies and a on a bosses' ass your lips
reside and i will toast in lily fields and dance in
communes high on life i have left on country roads my soul
implodes i know i go to a nationless world with a
peopleless people sans trouble hovels or evil and i say
...sex and am not hushed and take my time or rush and
etch on rocks and climb tall mountains high enough to see
you rabbits live in fields of weeds i forest in trees with
leaves and mocha words in café alleys prophets cite the
creed and shamans poetry; the festival of self and smiles
the answer stretched across the sky. sunrise. and yes and
yes and yes and, for a time my lines and vibe.

sol festival. 10.10.98

griffith park l.a. commemorate the day the declaration
human rights and protest colonizing minds and
properties, global injustice and the politics of division and
hate and race and to celebrate the unity of humanity. and
now, i was not lucky enough to have been at woodstock i
was not yet aged, but through film and the music and
fond recollections have grown to respect the generation of
youth that loved peace freedom and had the audacity to
dance naked and stop a war. descending into the groove i
thought now here is our chance, all together a massive
rainbow of flesh and peace and dj scratching, african
chicken and frolic sans inhibition or fear i thought this
isn't rocket science, all of us listening to the music of
revolution in the moment of our oneness no discord no
yelling if not in unison for a cause or song and smiles and
laughter, conscious-raising and colors and isn't the solution
somewhere in the middle of this party i mused nibbling on
my shouya and rice?

gotham

as he stepped up to order his fourth rolling rock and having been intrigued and awed by the flavor and ambience of this bar and this otherly coast he noticed at the end of the bar she who had served him his pilsners on his prior occasion and had even slipped him a few freebies as he had tipped generously and jumped feet first into her bountiful brown eyes watching her work wonders with wine and persons' spirits. with her accent she inquired if he wanted popcorn and chips and he ate and drank ate drank and flirted and spent his money and gotten pretty high before catching the one down to greenwich but when he looked in those eyes today they were hidden beneath a sea of tears and he thought to himself how could such a face and soul cry and what could have happened and doing his best to eavesdrop he heard in his best spanglish that she had been walked out on after two years and was suddenly alone and quite on her own and, as she threw back tequila shots chased with guinness and lemons surrounded by many patrons who were eager to comfort her tormented soul in her time of need and singleness he

muttered, 'fucking gotham', paid his tab and headed for the next train.

the big easy (or red)

squatted in a doorjamb. freckled, red sneaking from the roots of a clairol-blonde and matted mop. nose and tongue ringed. lip pierced. tattooed. scarred beneath the holed and scripted epiderm. seventeen and eons if a day and contemplating a sip. that very first and parched and trembling mouth move in on the bottle, pause. stealing a glance—at me those green and guilty eyes—know i see write through to the shivering homesick...and the implicit judgment i do not mean to have and can offer naught but a poem she'll never read—shared secrets and fears on a dark quarter street slinking past a jazz man on the sax wailing into the wind. notes that float into the reddened autumn...children at work. tapping for passersby. seeking cash near the artist's café, which advertises girls, girls, girls in cracked and blinking neon lights.

the embarkation

only swinging from the threshold of my sanity did i finally understand how fragile it all was. how we hang so dangerously close to the edge of life and death in search of the fine line like dental floss in the sand. when we locate the path we travail careful not to fall to either side for fear of death or excess stimulation. and on that ledge i let it go, let it all go the shit and plans and crazies. the misery and mystery and desire from my finger-tipped grasp as i gasped and i laughed as i fell and flew away.

a dream of the one way ticket

why is that call of that little fishing village on the italian coast with its lovely women and wine sound so appealing? would i be willing to leave it all for the views and the poetry? i would make fantastic meals of pasta and meatballs in alfredo or marinara sauce with sourdough dipped in extra virgin olive oil with shredded mozzarella on the side and twiddle away my days aimlessly banging away at my laptop keys until i was swimming in the ocean of my poetry and the revolution was only a distant memory like the ships sailing from the makeshift harbor into the fog at dawn. and there would be those who would call me a coward or a sellout and others who would just wonder why or how could i and i would kindly curse them all betwixt vino sips under my parasol watching the careless waves cascading into and out of the beckoning shores.

venice beach reflections 6.16.98

picassos of cement and granite vanquished on the planet,
dammit in tones and hues they spray the blues on cars,
buses, trains, subways, safeways, and freeways. in vain
they strain to proclaim their name. their fame infamed and
inflamed they reclaim and we blame these same we claim
insane. picassos. mestizos. mulattos. tattooed ghettos.
and mottoes on grottoes so hollow, i swallow. a halo peeks
above a shadow. i rattle. embattled i scribe a line amidst
the concrete canvas carcass chattel. it utters where I
stutter in error. it clearer, and hollers only for the hearer;
"oh, beware the cancer that kills the dancers and instills
this terror."

given pause at the baptistry

swimming alone in an ocean of thought he felt himself drowning and, with no regard for life or those waiting anxiously on the shore, he submerged and, finding himself short of breath and feeling a tremendous ache of head he began to submit to the forces that, although giving him all of the answers he had sought, drained him of his existence. not minding he felt himself seeing himself go and submitted to the pleasure and pain the ecstasy and tragedy; the ultimate wisdom that comes only through death in the deep. and just when he was to kiss the face of the gods and accept his invitation into the club of immortality, he felt a sharp pull back into the pain and chaos of the freezing sea. a life preserver around his neck he thought of life and the idea of being preserved as he heard the life guards, life guards, guardians of life telling him not to worry, NOT TO WORRY, how could they? and, in the safety and comfort of the ship heading back to shore he pacified himself thinking of the shit to be done and the victory waiting just beyond the vanishing mist. be patient

gentle soldier he mused, the abyss will remain to warm
you at the close of your perilous days.

the pen

when the written word haunts me scribbled are thoughts i
don't want to see. when the tremors i feel need not be
revealed and the page is my mind for the world to read.
then, the pen, is my enemy

esoterica

i gave a penny to the enemy for henneseey. had to bust him in his lincoln for thinking i owed him one because...i'm not his son. it's a little known secret that when enemy helicopters swoop down without a sound that, on the ground in town they look into your eyes—they wear disguises and carry the element of surprise—a cracker jack prize implanted like a microchip into the cerebellum (o, hell yeah i'm tellin' 'em) beneath the frontal lobe it probes and soon the globe implodes and microsoft has the windows to your soul...in '98 the late great hate regenerates and initiates a debate to facilitate the gate keeper; legalize the reefer but ban the beaner and blame the nigger.

who knows, that when a seed is planted, it grows and soon, the room in bloom becomes a jungle where they strangle while you haggle for a snapple and an apple.

enemy lines are designed to find and undermine—in their
scopes the hopes of intellectuals and homosexuals. at the
festivals, they release and police diseases with injections
of sublime infections under the guise of vaccinations for
the population.

i know, and so i write to excite insight; to expedite. i write
to quell the demons that haunt the night.

bombs and missiles enfright and ignite the enemies whose
eyes are within my sights.

who knows what i have seen on their screens—the
screams, the ugly dreams, the friggin' fiends, the stars and
stripes. the red and white. the truth and lies. the spies.
and the blue? the guns and armor—the trumpet too. the
shouting and the pouting as we overthrew.

who knew? to be honest, i always figured as i resurrected
that you suspected a bit that this is the shit i was destined
to do!

conciliations: to the cherubs who mourn

eye five eighty five crawling through the belly of satan
looking for know-where i in ascension sip the fruit of the
vine and tasting its sweetness see the valley of the angels
spread out like the massive sprawl that is the entrance to
the eastern gate and its righteousness and glory and the
western gate bars the river and this ago when i thought
angels real and heaven a place and fuck this shit you ask
me what i am and how i look and you will give me a color
and a place and a past and an address and there is no
color that does not derive from other colors which do not
exist except in the spectrum which is only revealed in the
light of our sun, a burning ball of little consequence in the
schematic and there is no past or future only endless
todays and every today is independent of the trials of
another and i live only today without color and past and
place there is no place only freeway and you ask me what i
write you ask for forms and definitions and measures and
lyrics and capitals of genres in the nationless world of art
where there are no boundaries short of the infinite
recesses of imaginationintoxication and i am not a poet i
do not write nor acknowledge the ubiquity of the words i

use to approximate the message of the ultimate and they are not stories or novels or plays but there is no form or substance to the essence no boundaries and regulations, no capitals in this period no questions to mark or points to exclaim there is only expression and sex and food, we need those so stop pretending that there are questions to ask stop trying to understand and you may have wisdom stop trying to be and you may exist stop trying to avoid death and you may live i live in a place where there is no here nor there the angels carried me when i stopped trying to remember it all came back that [wordlessnationlesswordswithoutsound]....and i cursed the god called truth and I couldn't kick what wasn't there and couldn't kill that which never lived and suddenly everyone looked like god and if i couldn't kill him then i could slay the messengers with his s-word and though already long dead i excavated their bones and ground them into pyramid walls to quench the thirst of those who bled their tales before there was a story and all my desire to fuck satan left me and all i wanted was eternal orgiasticorgasms and someone said they were sold in a village in italy and i said cool all this shit is water under the

bridge in relation but the weeping angels were holding me they swore that if i only peered deeper into the abyss would see god and so i asked them to bless me just in case even though the reticence was written over their celestial faces and my intellect wanted to feel sorry for them but my heart was scared and until i realized that fear was the goddess of the universe and along with her daughter conscience ruled the galaxy with a sadistic frenzy and discovering their secrets in the heavenly place they could not harm me for cyber existence holds no holds on corporeal flesh i flipped the bird from the boat and she cursed my mind and i could swear i scented her balmy breath; not enough to bring me back just not enough and i tell you this is not a poem who can write when there are no longer pencils or scribes god is dead and all i can do is exude in the crevices formed by the ooze when i feel the groove. you say i am on the outside and how can i be on the outside when to have an outside there has to be an inside or a center which places me at the edge and i look into the sphere and see no center, only chaos and delusion and when will you realize that buildings and walls are only manipulated forms of the elements that given time and

wisdom bow to their primordial nativity and leave us naked in the knowledge of what we lost when we chose to be human. don't look for the middle and everyone can have a place and i see no structures, only prophets who yell into stiff breezes and are swept into caves long and hollow where they etch with their blood on dark walls those and those only which can be called words. and words the abstraction imperfect manifestations but are the only tools of my profession and i profess in mere limitation the incantations of these psychic scribes who feel the vibes and not unaware or afraid to remember the deed and done and the trip and the danger of looking back and turning into stone and, not wanting to be alone and for you to have the facts to inform your dilemma i faithfully pull the vowels from the air and dig the consonants out of ditches and the arbitrary scribbles, the signs i script on the love truth reasons and so called answers the middle passage from the slave coast to the veranda of the promised land where victories exist in existential symphonic orgasms of formless substantive beauty and parallel lines intersect to form perpendicular angles and the empty glass is full at your interpretation and how can i explain with these flimsy

substitutes for the essence and dry the cherub eyes and i
drive through the night with the image in mind and
conciliatory utterings in sight and suddenly realize that i
have slain too many angels in this town, they haunt my
soul and another bible will only make the sinners damned
and prophets can only listen to one god at a time not
enough in these days and ways and who can pray and spot
the devil in my lines? who can decipher the hieroglyph the
rosetta stone in lava at the core of the world and is it
enough to walk in the right direction not unless you can
stretch to step from the stratosphere and can you
understand the language of stop fucking waiting for the
apocalypse and piss on the grave in the center of the
cemetery and sell your plot to someone more anxious than
you to traverse and laugh with satan learn her card tricks
and tissue wipes for cherub cries will hide the angst and
liberate the plane that craves to high and make you wise
and *lovenandtruthand fear and hate and shameand
raceand graceand youand meand theyand themand
freedom andwar andlonelyand suicidalendency and
insanityand poemswith lines andrhymes and TRUTHgodand
countryand heavenand hell anddevil devilbible devilbible*

*and the righteous and purtiannical chastise-ity and
the propagandist conscious right morality and sin virtue and
guilt goddam and anxious aching pain* can fly too fast to see
with eyes without time to say good-byes descending from
the perch atop the vine i see a new city with a new name
my radio now sings clearly and, switching lanes, i know
peace after remembering the directions and nearing the
ever elusive destination where i can then fashion a map for
my soon-to-be traveling companions.

in search of a method to the madness

if indeed it is true that we are insignificant collections of dust and gas spiraling toward the edge of infinity on our speck of matter in our instant of nothingness, and these laughs and troubles and wars and famines will outlast us, the sun will shine and stars dot the sky for eons after we have ceased to be remembered and the water that flows will bathe the roses that sprout from the dirt that covers the bones of our grandsons and granddaughters who will ask the same questions, dream the same dreams and come to the same complex, yet contrary conclusions, what other purpose can their be, but to make ardent love, dance naked in the traffic of our minds and etch on our moment, the poetry and song of a lost and lewd generation?

sojourn planned

i know for a fact that we, as humanity, are socialized into a culture of fear and obedience that is put in place for a select few to dominate the restless many. the closer we get to the center of the circle, the more they can pay us off with so we don't get the urge to ask too many scary questions like, why is it that the dark people on the planet serve the lighter ones why are all of my shoes made by fifteen year old slaves in a southeast asian country why do one in ten people on the planet of africa have aids why are more black men in prison than college why does every city have a ghetto why is every hand that picks every grape a brown one from south of our borders why are we on the right side of every war that we start why can we have bombs but we bomb those who try to make bombs is it ok for a black child to starve and how do drugs jump oceans into black communities when black people own no ships, planes, or boats, only souped up cadillacs and and why was slavery justified and how is it that christ is the only nazarene with blue eyes and blonde hair ?

now you can ask me to forget these questions from the comfort of my suburban home placated by microwaves and remotes babysitted by the television which watches me at least as much as i watch it and you can make me pretend that all we know we really don't know as we laugh with neighbors at a soccer game but then which one of us is really crazy and which one is evil?

don't preach morality and values to me about not lying or cheating respect and patriots my right hand on my heart and oaths and promises kept when all we have acquired and you are asking me to accept has been "earned" through lying and cheating vito corleone the true american hero only not quite as ruthless as say washington or jefferson who, to my interpretation did not even have a conscience about the murder and mayhem and rape and slaves and i do not piss on flags or anything like that but i do see the light of day and feel the heat of sun, and you call me the wicked one.

and i the wayward son am headed out to the highway to
roam and even if i have to walk this road alone will feel at
home.

the other side

no longer bound by definitions, superstitions, or requisitions. no more a fear to hear to listen, or make admissions. i can be perpetual; a member of the quintessential festival where they break the rules sip the nectar and wear the golden jewels.

while you nine to five, i funk and jive. i am alive and on the other side. good bye!

love

stepping lightly mines care to not implode, twisted ankle in mud, not hurt but limp and pray the end near and meadow and fruits of victory in war. the cigar smoke from fumes of missiles land and massacred a wounded child screams for what i have and cannot see. the fog it chokes, i must remind me who i am whisper to self my nether name and hear its echo on the wind in sound. blasts and trumpets. canons boom. the dead in tatters. safe i am and kneel and kiss the earth in silenced arms. am free.

flowing

who am i and nothing special or have not been chosen for any noble purpose or been endowed with extraordinary perception or the keys to understanding but two eyes who refuse to not see and ears that hear a feeling heart and exist on this moment without race or profession genre of art the lables fade and fall like crusted paste to the floor and all i try to forge a space outside of the lines and make sense of the nonsense seeking patterns of order in chaos a sanctuary in the time of war and all i want is peace and friendship. am not a scholar or a doctor the degrees sit on walls and make parents smile the world opens its wallet for degrees on walls and i got mine so they give me theirs and i go day to day in this crazy race with about as much shit as the next guy has we our cars and swanky apartment and still these dreams that haunt in the night making me ever aware of my ignorance and shame.

how then to traverse and offer a meagre tidbit to those who think in closets and walk as puppets and maybe one or two to emerge and start a trend and what i do who

knows and cannot find the words but scribble and mutter
in gutters and trite riddles but these we understand only
not the overarching plan and have patience i digress but
all comes back to middle even in postmodern echoes.

eclectic, perplexing, electric on the internet and
cyberspace in bytes and gigs and laptops the multifarious
smorgasbord of city life these days and times and what a
time to be alive not fact or fiction poem or novel just a
story and, in between, my vibe and all the lines are blurred
and all the straights are curves and all that's left are
bullshit words but plug your nose and find a crown.

is there truth in math the numbers part and show the path
to god and dollars and science the ultimate rational truth
and white lab coats clothe the priest of techno babble one
better than church or one scarier and i still do not know
who i am only those brown but called black can lead
church but not numbers and that gives me a clue as to
which one matters and which induces laughter and idle
chatter. black mathematicians only on the corner though
you and i know there is no such thing as black or white or

race yet are slaves to the language and taste and i cannot speak the language of hate without hate or else i cannot speak or even think within myself but only in contradiction or opposition to myself and how can that work i am not pessimistic only concerned that i do not in attempts at self pacification, minimize the odds i face.

the world is odd or is that euphemistic talk for fucked and who knowing this who would want to be normal and am i glad to be the wayward son at least I have a chance when others knowing how grandparents, fathers, mothers, uncles, aunts, and cousins all swam through the same shit smelling sewer will tie up their trunks to take a dive sans consideration of alternatives. i will say let me have another choice, it can't be worse and even if it is i gave myself the chance and that's better than doom am not pessimistic only know the color of the sun, how can i explain i know its warmth and that a ball of fire gives life and that even chaos has a center though, inside, it may have no substance, only heat and ever wonder how a ball of fire provides the basis for life yet the only fire in the after life is reserved for satan to charcoal his sinful minions? how

will we live in heaven, a world without light, but i digress once more.

when the master leads the people are hardly aware that he exists the next best is a leader that is loved next one who is feared and worst one who is despised the master doesn't speak, she acts and when her work is done the people say, 'amazing, we did it all by ourselves' and why i write and how you know i haven't given up or given in or sold out or went away; i triumph in my ambiguity and tap dance on my moment and make art of the symbols at my disposal, i don't want to leave only clean up a little mess a janitor of life if you will consider this document a huge wastebasket for you to throw away your troubles as you read about mine and who am i the writer or the author or just the writer who is conceived of by the author who is a character designed by the writer who is also an author or maybe i am just god using language and a mediocre penman to prophesy as isaiah and jonah were used and does god have troubles and would you feel sorry for IT if IT did have troubles considering that IT did invent ITS troubles and don't we often do the same and feel sorry for ourselves,

what's that about? fuck it, life is a digression, but, from what? i haven't figured all that out yet but don't panic and don't look for progression or plot chronology all that made up to keep us all in line (no pun intended) and the only perfect calendar is a circle all comes back to center which is infinite.

this i cannot understand why we travel in circles looking for a corner to piss in up at six to work by eight home by seven bed by ten so as to not be tired for work the next day five days a week (two week furlough) twelve months a year forty years to retire just in time for old age and death and you will ask yourself where it all went the sunny days with the young and vibrant rays the sexual escapades you slept through too tired from toting big brother's line in time you'll know too late and the young one's won't listen so anxious to knock themselves out for status from a world they don't believe in and will you even know who raised your kids and kept your lover company while you earned a check and will know boss better than your parents you shudder to see there's no space for them in this style...meanwhile the children cry and die rich get richer

and none the wiser you sprint full speed to go hold up that wall and play your part the asshole of the body politic and waste your life.

don't know fun or hobbies or travel or friendship or children or sunrise or cool breeze or white wine or seaside or laughter or cherries or ice cream and cookies and memories and family and unity...happily...sanity...heavenly.

dystopia, paranoia, chaotic, the vision blurred the yellow fog and dense and gray and pissed i should have known or least have feared i see him and his minions scatter the clay pigeons and buck shot oblivion. the over arching, horizon the dream, i piece it together, the mezzanine but soon must make a choice and almost not the time yet i still write his lines.

what means these advancing years when after hours of amor and fun no worries and worlds of dreams and time and nothing can harm us invulnerability i stand at the edge of the cliff and laugh at destiny romance and movies and drinks and did i say time and then the gravity and grey

and job responsibility commitment and the smiles turn to sighs and time despised and the disease some call adulthood others the death of youth and goodtimes what means this onset of tears and mortgages i owe my soul to the company store and boss known more than spouse or lover or any other and poetry a long ago and write for work or fame but never write for love it cannot pay your bills and ills and fortunes ebb and flow the flower of my youth now fades in summer's heat moments before the Fall and three-pieced suited the times in hand i shuffle like the others....home in time to eat and sleep and shuffle once more and never and goddamn and fighting every step and i am the hero fights and though my creation or the brainchild of the writer the writer not out of the woods and even my lines under stolen lights on stolen nights sans slumber i often wonder and pine lurking beneath the shadows of my mind

...and jot on napkins on subways and walls the urban scrawl on the urban sprawl the urban urbane intellectual with words of art and knowledge of the workings of the darkside.

freshcoast

you cannot expect me to walk in and not fall back into that
someone i love.

i cannot smell the fumes or hear the cries and like a thirsty
dog panting...

i cannot taste the air and walk away unchanged.

i cannot hear the voices without being captured...

i cannot endure your walls without becoming...

i cannot sip your brew without ascension.

theorizing the flow

in critical spaces where zen and metro noir is peace amid rumblings and chaos, the only relief in our age and...recognizing the beauty always there all the time daily nascent and beckoning juxtaposed against the pain. the meaning and purpose...always, though, on not seeking, finding it omnipresent...and the flow ambles on unencumbered. no homage to commas and grammar manipulated words by trance-induced ancestors spewing and revealing crucial parts but not the whole. step back and seeing the jungle rests atop an island and the gods...and answers...and...rest.

the bourgeois pig

hard to even letter either a sign or a dictionary bound
allusions to the orwellian genius hidden from our essence
in our subterindoskeletal; souls we banging at laptop keys
the swanky jazz and screenwrought dialogue and youthful
dreams the lips of vagrants. fleeing that eternal highway
from birth to oblivion sipping mocha from straws and
clinging to what statisticians deem the impossible. i, the
hope in my orbs as, imbibing aroma of the era in the vibes
draft my own treatise not in studio hopes of down the
street- no you have my place and all of the amenities -
instead somewhere between the notes of this tune is a
groove parallel to rocket boost and a leaking above the
moons which circle my world in clouds of milky wonder and
then a twinkle disco balls as, strolls into my destiny and
on-cheek kisses still feeling and wanting -optimism - still
through the scent as i peck and peek and peck through the
solo and into the fade.

modern jazz

gothic towering edifices of babel reach for the emptiness
heaven to a god that only speaks hebrew and greek- the
gods of gotham beneath in tunnels, 98.5 at dawn- steam
rising in recognition of sin and stench...puke stained
tenements of hobos and wenches on benches.
multifluidous displays, nighttime urban wonders,
pisscummanure mountains of pain and shame, vomit-
bloomed calla lilies. popourri curses and screams from
accented taxi cab horns. and mierda means merde means
merda means shit-immigrant means liberty means
hypocrites means sunsets means ambulance means
greenwich bands means hot dog stands means promised
lands- the rio jordan licking fat hudson's ass- fast cash fast
dash careening...yelling bleeping bopping son of what dah
fuck- and she whispers to my passions, damp and sultry
evenings funning and loving jazz in bits from the middle-i
scribble in admiration.

road trip

...to my right lay the western sea. of course the mercury hugged the road as the one twisted and turned a stomach after beans and my eyes straight ahead though i could feel the breeze the windows half tilt to let in the wind and keep out the december cold that ravages california coastlines and though i longed to kiss the shore and bathe in the majesty waters onward i pressed in search of a more immediate goal. and just what do you want out of your moment i screamed to my other self barely hearing over the radio and conversation beers cautiously sipped twixt jokes and musings of wordly matters and if you really knew would you say would you be willing to let those utterances of truth find resonance on the vibrations of air and form sound? the western sea invites the truth and voyage but where will it be in mourning and i and my five on the highway, the only place to be on new year and just 367 countdown and the compass points south as if into the soul in search of sol and wine and time and over my shoulder the sea and breeze and in my view the road. and what do you see in your other self and i just a sip pass back and dare not tell til maybe a shot and some rum will

out all the dreams but drunkards have short memories and
its all safe and not on the sober to say that in that
otherland my laptop sings and words form symphonies and
say those things i write and life and job are one and song
and my road long with turns and curves to test my deserve
and cameras pop in the backseat i whistle and whittle at
melody. and why have you come to the western sea what
are your plans and who do you hope to be just a three day
road trip no divine inspiration in life just beers and
gambling not even sex and who i am a man on a road with
immediate goals and full speed ahead toward that
bend.....

chi

uncoiling the black snake through tan, uncluttered sheets
of earth, crumpled, retreating; oblivion.

clouds shadow through ceaseless plains greying october
skies, brightness left in their wake.

not wanting a future filtered through leather-bound
encyclopedia sets and sanctioned memories,

i reach through worlds and nether worlds, becoming now
and hereafter and always.

zen at the café noir

When the church died and remaining social institutions tainted with multinational politics in search of public spheres, democratic forums emergent from the isolating doldrums congregate, discuss to reflect and create. Entertained and conversations unlikely parties drawn and those sacred spaces where, in brief moments transcension above modern racialized and classified selves, existing on arabica and herb induced plains, existentially human. where artists roam unabashed in the atmospheric revelation of internal epiphanies, spurn social transformations at spiritual communal halls of the urban postmodern, post mortem sprawl through interludes of romance and co-creation, a time for pause. dark broodings and quiet inspiration drawn from hamlets and nooks in the folds and crevices, paradoxically sipping zen at the café noir.

untitled

who has claim of central urban public sphere the midst of
brick and pavement natural haven place of picnicked
fantasies and family promenades and happiness from
shining fondness conversation bonding of all walks and
talks and basking in the same delicious warmth of golden
rays and unafraid and unashamed and breathing in the
answers fragrance of a blade of grass and ocean breeze
and symphonies of baby cries and cackling geese and
peaceful memories and nether ways and inward souls
emerge to dance in the light like gophers in the april glow
sprouting from the mother for a glimpse into forbidden
abyss and tuning out the other- simultaneous- shit stench
poverished honking at yellowing stoplights, alloy monsters
laughing from distant skylines. man-made mountains or
gods? mountainous gods of glass and stone. and worries
pace through mental poisonous prisonous how to last from
day to day decrepit windowless structures and potholes
gods and monster mountains screaming silence!
acquiescence. speak no words and obey! and, the you,
breaking free for moments too eek and find a path, a
sunny patch in a public phase in a whisper which roars

of...of...revolt and (*pause*) destiny.

untitled

loving it the chaos heart-wrenching self-doubt and loathing
questioning guilt-ridden culture of failure and want. not
knowing and, at the core, caring more than you ever
thought you did and insomnia panic re-working and re-
doing asking for second chances that never come and, in
crying, a child's tears and tequila shots that warmth a
numbing heart conversing in bars and café alley walks and
urban splatter coffee cups and marx for daily bread and
scratchy spectacles but learning to decode what the eyes
and ears; hearing, seeing, learning, meaning excited for
dawn and noon and night heart escalated by drama and
jazz and coltrane sax through smoky haze on dirty window
panes and snotty babes walked by desperate souls
and...looking to you through nether selves and...scream or
run or fight and fight those brown eyes yearning and
judging daddy teacher...god scribbles aimlessly through
muffled twilight chatter in a caffeine frenzy cut through the
layers, butter, margarine or cotton satin wave through
lines and rhymes and feeling the echo in the solo notes or
the silent pause between beats waiting for you to make it
worth it calling to you from southern graves and auburn

fields of project yards and...destiny in a baby cough or a
lover's eyes and friendship comrades second self and..., even
still, to want to matter and embrace it all for a song?

hope floats

hope floats on the crest of an ocean wave. cascading,
against the sandy shore as angst fades with the morning
tide evaporates into the cumulus clouds.

i scented hope

i scented hope in the salty air rolling in with
the western breeze.

i scented truth in those hazel orbs of yonder
years and times to come.

i scented you in a coastal dream on venice
shore in summer's yawn.

discourse

if the center is peripheral and yet considered middle what is normal when the borders have no edge and east meets west and north is just south of the right and left and IAM me and YOU ARE who you were always destined to be limitless in the bounds of our eminence and spatial metaphors then mean so little. who is so simple as a race? what means this sex and nation words and parts of speech? we more complex than rubics cubes more infinite than galactic space. i am calm in the cosmos, en route to a higher paradigm.

4/29/1999

handed a pittance and invitation to intercourse with self to
leave or in too deep too many commitments, too many
soapbox speeches, too inextricably linked with this
madness a way out from under this chaos to another side?
can i in the backroom long enough to hatch a degree and
middlefinger the universe about dreams what can they do
to dreams take every ounce of creativity and replaced with
obligation three years towards a degree in prison or cult
no prospects for release i need a southern california
solace to ease time and find the frame of mind this not
angst a writer working through growing pains; happy
twenty-eight and fuck the planet and love the things you
hate for making you strong and, for the record, i am
stronger than all of this granite in the flowing veins but
have the right to curse and shout already outta this small
hole of an outlook though i may visit to do my deeds. i on
the other side in the second book and you, there in my
smithereens, kaboom i just blew you off and ashes tarnish
the shine on my lugz to do it all and nothing the way they
like i take their coin and write a song and laugh and piss in
their corners write the manifesto sell espresso live in the

postmodern echo and part the middlelaugh until it tickles
solve their riddle and throw it into the river the useless
trifle, they are too little for this milkyway too bound and,
with my flying shoes i leap quantifiable paradigms with the
greatest of easiness and transgress into subtle fantasies
which cradle babe epiphanies and rhyme the orgasm of
pen in hand flow to the source and quench the thirst the
music of the brain and all makes sense again all is
everything in the palm of my hand i squeeze and massage
the contours of the answers. coltrane blows for hours and
a peace of heaven slumbers in my five thousand dollar
pocket. fuck it continues into crevices and venues sans a
form and the norm in that other book imploded i reloaded
with a faster jack and modemspeed of life into the web of
the poenet and fax a simple jibe to sing a saxy ballad bout
the youdon'thavetounderstand to dig the vibe.

some times

sometimes you have to work it out in rhyme. sometimes a line is all you have to keep you from the ledge of your mind. and in those places traces of sanity to find and in the peaceless rhythm of the jive to look asunder and wonder about the futile-ness of ...i could whine butbutbut in those sometimes' i can dream of summertime. in those sometimes i also have dayrhymes about the better finds and peaceful states behind. and in those lines to build a hedge and thoughts of the brighter paths which are ahead...the distance much further from the edge of my times.

5/5/1999

irate i slink and slither through sather gate in wait for
those who hate and attempt to reformulate and
lobotomate. i rejuvenate and rehabilitate but they try to
take knowledge and rob me tap dance on my scholarship
with an army and so to interrupt my flow and control what
it is I think I know and say is theirs what is public domain.
and so in pain i limp intellectually through a bunk-ass
university until, reminded by my skills i decide to flip the
bill. take back the time in rhyme find what's mine we built
this shit our place our design to let it go- a crime public
spaces in public places people no evil no races a spectrum
of faces and phases and traces which were remnants of
who we were before immigrants before history had a story
to tell before the water evaporated from the well. to spill
from barristers and spigots; bigots droppity drop into the
test tube when before like a tidal wave the brave who
knew before the slave like scribes in caves the dawn of the
intellect. when all like cyber world the unexplored and
feeling the rising sun remind myself to keep warm and as i
run to the calm in the storm to be strong. i etched on my

arm to hold when in cold i behold them who told the other
drama and living after the comma to go on the other arm.
an alarm that she who wins is she that overcomes like
films turn negatives into true color destroy the black and
white in thirty-five millimeter techniother. and amazed at
the possibles i consume like edibles at the festival
invincible and sunglassed and ready through the
gatekeeping into the vicinity of the enemy. i know no fear
has not a name as i pain to reclaim all that has in shame
been attained in the game. the final inning the final sinning
in beat i felt the rhythm and dropped the prism free the
prison of the psycho babble brain scrabble. and the
cerebellum had to rattle and in the heat of the battle it was
known and had to be sung from the scroll.

answers

intracacies the spectrum where others division shades and
hues subtle beauty in tones no demarcation no breaks in
the groove to make distinction.

different, yes, but where the lines are drawn in minds of
pawns is wrong.

all along we've known that in the sweet communion of the
music flow and swaying to and fro children of the
revolution new in metaphors can love no inhibition and to
lofty heights with smoke and fumes our hopes and sights.

the children, intertext.

only race from birth to greatness—existence—

answers found at festivals amongst crowds of youth and
emphatic dancers.

on a day of prayer and remembrance

and after so long and not trying to be epic only word after
word on page in bits and seeing it crumble—the world—and
not guilty sweet on lips the taste and getting out of self
they say forget me knot and what he know no style in the
saying and representation in twenty one phone-book size
fragments and willing to put it all not counting don't even
look up and sip to head and breaking rules as dan
screaming blood and poems crying in cribs inside and
outside of bubbles and streaming live feed through cyber
and only when fearless and tapping and waiting for a time –
art? Who can say in these rapidly hurling to the earth
where sand paper entombed the cries and via satellite the
echoes hollow and caverns rolling rocked and for my sins
they gave me apocalyptic visions of the guilty and the
damned—on knees in the bush and not even knowing but
loving in the giving so freely and forced to rethink through
the esophagus and into the gut sirened have enough to
recognize and in the antiquated rhythms no solace leaning
into the page where sounds become letters become
summer rain and brimstone out of the middle into the east

unintended only listening to the don't put that on me and
not afraid to traverse suited looking at long knives and
silver bulleted in alleys underneath shopping malls only
figments perhaps in el camino beds on empty streets and
making sense the unknown and being in a lancing fog
zombies with flags on highway roads and me who the fuck
and how? and not to moralize or even reason hung
untended hung and on the pathway doctor with title
untitled no theme and pitter in the moments out of self and
into and what is there and not to want pragmatists
individualnotcentralsocial and who outside of self contradict
know thy name and lines failing to see the point as curtains
close to the spelling of typeface times new roman and
prophetic down to font who will read these in the latest
reviews and will they like aspirin take the ringing from my
aching head to the tunnel supposed to be safe from birds of
prey come plunging through fractured exoskeletons and is
this a sign me up unwilling to think but point and shoot
osamasadamorany first against third against time to stop
paying attention to the green fuzz and double descending
the stare into beyond to the collective wisdom in the sorrow

of too-wide margins. i'm taking a chance and walking the other direction....

an existential love poem

whatever ends but badly, yet what begins without hope?
we—somewhere in the middle echoes—gripping, but not
too tightly to disrupt the flow. while spiraling on a speck of
an instant on an errant ball in a sea of nothingness. will
wisdom and death. will love and loss. inevitable end of
ephemeral days. involuntary deference to time. you in the
cosmos approaching. descending. me in the moment.
unencumbered and unafraid.

only

only absent the banality. chatter. only away from the
laughter. in corners. only beneath the clutter of crumpled
pages. only plucking with staccato strokes. only in the
silence of a city street. rush hour. café. autumn rain. only
after dark and before dawn. only in a rare and precious
moment of delirium. unencumbered.

on the day that i became a playwright

naked on tabletopshouting IAM. ...resistance to the voices
[sohard sosohard] monotony. ordinary. safe iam good at
something iam already sanctioned by world pay rent, allow
folks to bragging at church degrees hang on their walls
and why somethingotherelse why out on limb curseintext
sexintext—nonosin—and likely not seen on stage or
acted—out of mind—nogoodfail—howcanitellthemi'm... not
to let it interfere. tenurediapersdisheslaundry. not too
much time away [and waste they say butnot to face, oh no
tookind] more serious clinging to that counterlogic
no...ineed..inme. must to get out. only to dancing with
words...how to explain to those back in...and that the point
and me swirling daunted perturbed angst written behind
selfimposed...gazing [selfstaregrin] at screen. anew.

caffeinated modes

telescopal. orbital. circumnavigating the global. descending from the spheres into the local. screaming texts, poetical. transmodal. words as axioms—postulates sprayed and scribbled on the walls of caves. sensed in vibrations of radio waves.

siren songs. wailed into the blue and yellowed twilight-dawn. dueling syncopations. rhymes-social theoretical emceed enunciations. words as gyrations performed; nuanced interpretations—artistic interpolations into urban situations.

swayed to and fro in their rhythm. in one with them. collective intuition. of a moment of a lifetime—a shared vision. and words as mirrored-windowed views into the signs and codes. scrawling dark and hidden in caffeinated modes.

premonitions: for my unborn children

i saw you clearly for the first time today and forced these words to give myself to give to you through me by making me ready to become who i have to be in order to be who you need me to be. to lead you through this wicked maze and crazy of crazies and into the specter of the promised land. to prepare the world, my world for your birth and give of me the all of me. i forage hither and yonder to find to make that sojourn freer, fuller, better. tThat father awaits you on the other side of his soul preparing himself to embrace the only role to him that matters.

“but first, a scream: the imminence is shocking!”

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!! as the tears from my sinews the enzymes scream from memory and gushing from the open wound my innocence and sound of siren song and shackles on my gurney halted in my journey to the south side of the sun and run into the arms of open awe and cellar doors and in the quiet of the dawn a lion’s roar shouts silence to my aching ears in shaken years i shed a tear in this gaping

wound in hollow song from the blood squirting agony of
memory and long for yesterdays and happy ways of never
mores in nether lands just south of the sun-shining into
shadows of meadows where shepherds give chase to my
gassed-hidden smell in wells of vinegar and whine for no
reason, crime in due season and flesh like late evening and
crimson in some naught and hidden from my recess the
abscess of passage through the blue of ocean prison
thought forgot. remember november and the chill of winter
texts and pretexts in context effects and affect i cathect
my narcissistic rage into a pool of drowning thoughts of
dances through averted glances and straightened through
a pick of nappy history... and chances air and bubbles to
the surface lost in breath and praying for a friend find only
mother and the ether i see bigger smell the reefer didn't
buy it either but sensing no other merely said why bother
but now almost a father i wonder and it makes me want to
holler ---but who will hear the yelps submerged fathoms
and centuries beneath the darkened waters?

“you”

you've danced around my edifice these seven years—
you've known the exterior of my paint-chipped splinter
causing fears you've glanced through curtained windows,
eyes, tears and sometimes a surreptitious jaunt into my
attic thoughts, static you never panicked or knocked too
hard at my door i made excuses why i could not come---
work to be done too serious for fun not a thing to wear to
the party, you must go without me, you've shown heart
contemplated life in my backyard and never in my living
room loving me still on the porch these seven walks
around the sun and in my home a mess i cannot even
show myself nor clean with mop and broom but soon will
come another then you'll know it all too well the pain will
be your own and will you love the world who'll hurt the
ones who grew inside your womb ---are your arms that
wide to hug the madness and halt your children's cries or
will it change you love and be that which you never
thought you could-despised and born into another kind of
lie? can you make space which contemplates the hardship
of the race yet maintain that high-arched smile on your
ever-trusting face. and blackness will exude from your

body producing eyes which shine like coffee skin the color
water muddy and then my eyes will fill with worry know
that stilo read that story, it was always destined for me
and i'm sorry, truly sorry for who you'll never be again.

" a necessary murder"

to be raceless in a racialized world having color and
colorless like air and feeling spring water walking without
weight and the shoe-size arbitrary designation as
pigmentation the nigger creation misnomer and
mispronounced a taking of histories and cultures, given
color and the surname of another and we, defiant,
unwilling to admit that we negrified and dining on that
poison choose to hate that which we never were but
thought we had to be hating the blood that runs through
our pores wanting blue eyes and tan skin, not no tar
babies with kinky hair but black is beautiful ask the
publisher of essence why the women are lightened did i
say enlightened lauryn sing a tune that conscience widens
and to see what the nigger does to community: deal, steal,
kill, straighten, twist, curl, lighten, dye, and powder away
the nappy headed blackness only known through

whiteness just like adameve and tree who knew no shame before eve-ill was named and i the nappy-headed nigger spoken "proper" i your father educated, ridiculed hated for who i'm not enough and too much of and hung up on a phenotype and propaganda-lies. i still court the white in me but white beget the niggers who make white reality years later still have symptoms (fanon, i tried to listen but met you much too late and am an intellectual during the day but dream angry and maybe the next will understand) of that disease jealous of the so-called enemies if they so bad why look and be like them why ebony how many naturally red-headed black people do you know must be the nigger in us and perhaps a definition of the nigger for our situation: *an interlude, an episode in an elongated drama twixt prologue and epilogue an act of tragedy, a bridge between greatness and greatness, a pit stop in the bowels before expulsion with other imperfections, not always, not always. recent history by recent historians amnesia of what came before before and day anteceding yesterday files on stolen shelves and memories of music made on distant seas and calendars of conquest holy-days of murderous ways...when was the beginning? what was*

before the slave? who were we before the nigger? who are we beneath the nigger? who can we become after the nigger? who will you be when i smote the millennium that birthed the nigger and offer you another?

“ ascension from the ghetto of the mind”

smoke and heat rise toward the ceiling of an evening skyward fumes and rising falling heave exhumes from the brick and mortar helter skelter cries in search of shelter from self and cold of night and sirens, crimes of stolen peace shackled to a plan and boy from manhood hidden looking upward which is inward see the contours of the moon and sight the star which hints at west and in the breeze a whispered sentence from the fence from sub to conscience saying “hate them enough to be strong young poet hate it enough to go on” and following voice and celestial map and each step heavier away from self to second self and fighting against self to see second self and i wage war with my-selves as we wage war with our-selves killing, sinning and no poppy fields in the projects no aeropuertos in these ghettos no rifle makers, train company CEOs, but you know how that goes multibillion

dollar industry unstoppable controlled by the coloreds
dominican brothers outsmarting all of the locos at the
borders and the mental meets the physical making sense
of my cerebral and metaphors dance with crack addicts in
the alleyways and no foreign terrorists or weapons
specialists just chemical alteration has penetration in the
urban situation and how long have i been high on HIV
needle politicians and we have only been injected for an
eyeblick of history a moment in the dark when the moon
was lost to us and the blackness killed our suns and i can
feel the comfort of the pain after ether after reefer i can
see my hands for the five fingered edifices and not a
banner on the spectrum from the contrived source of
illumination; the true son has no color only essence
presence and freedom to roam the caverns of the
intellectual tapestry sans tour-guided wickedry and go
where i have never gone the dimension of second self
without qualms the liberation from definitions,
superstitions at the table kinky hair and slanty eyes like
shades of violet in the gloaning skies and wise dome know
the keys; salvation. say its just a dream your metaphor
too little to understand the human plan-equation memory

too short your title in CAPITAL LETTERS your station below
your betters but...have the faith to reach across that page
see dawn when the cold and naked city yawns and all is
infinite and yet all is one and emanating from the rising
sun is birth anew and from the gentle hue breaks virgin
light ascending from myself i see the way and coming into
view the western gate and beckons me a better, brighter
day.

transcending me

not wanting stagnancy am willing to grow yet not desirous
to become something odious and unfamiliar to...and caught
in the ultimate paradox twixt stasis and change.
transforming, absorbing, crossing dangerous thresholds
but careful to look back and remember yet not to the
extent of stopping altogether. have patience as i learn to
learn myself, to know myself, to love myself, to be myself
even as i am transcending the me of here and now. and
when i am me and you are you we'll meet with our nether
selves in the cosmos—as colorlessgenderlessnationless
sentient beings. in open and loving meditatively inter-
texted cycles of blissification...

virgin stroke

caffeinated high while inhaling nicotined fumes of thought.
reclined on a stained satin sofa. staring at the twirling
ceiling fans hypnotized by their centrifugal gyrations.
pausing to gather strength and momentum—preparation
for the transmutation of ideas into matter. and moving
forward with hand shaking everalways reaching for that
brush and turning toward the empty canvas enticed and
yet uncertain...

perfect position

legs crossed...ankles resting on thighs...hands rested lightly on knees resting on floor. back erect. deeply breathing— lips pursed and vibrating ohmmmmm...on the exhalations. lids drawn forming the canvas. looking inward and watching the words float by as if reading from an ancient scroll...ohmmmmmm.

in revolutionary silence

for jeff duncan-andrade my eternal comrade. in recognition of the troubles that inevitably accompany being too brown and too strong.

the pen makes erratic gyrations as it etches out the wrath of the nations...

in dark caverns of thought i slam in silence composing odes intended to incite a peaceful confrontation with violent-minded oligarchs. comrades marching through city parks and streets. aztec warriors in ancient costumes and steps to modern drum beats. counter discourses scrawled across cardboard signs on sticks...and inside a wine-induced slumber on tibetan mountaintops with arms and legs intertwined in yoga poses staring at only essential words. and screaming through keyboards and laptop notebooks. scribbling fury behind closed office doors and secret vitriol on a napkin at a stoplight. angered only by a love too strong and unrequited...haunted by constant nightly visions of a better-than-this. kept from the brink of

insanity by a two year-old's big brown eyes and the unyielding grasp of an awesome woman.

residing in theory using critical texts to bury fury. violent shouts twixt commas and semi-colons. treasonous e-mails and carefully implanted parenthetical references. slamming quietly through the socratic-inspired rhetorically tight lyrical inventions...interventions...the tear stained artifacts of a counterculture... a warrior of discursive tenacity.

slumbering through city streets listening to the memoirs of cotton field hands and central valley grape pickers emanating from the stenchy smoke of sewers; accompanied by the tunes of sirens transporting the descendants of kings and queens to hospitals and prison cells. fallen soldiers stumbling through calles in crack-headed states of unreality and staring at me through hollow orbs. sisters and brothers of holy origins with perfected spirits—gods and goddesses yelling through the mouths of fleshs manifesting carnal dysfunctionality...their silence deafening...

and i...in the only way i know how that doesn't involve a murder or a suicide and cognizant of not forgetting carve my violent outbursts into the flesh of computer screens, papyrus scrolls, and virgin cement walls...all in profound and eardrum-blasting revolutionary silence.

sartre

if this is only me here and now in the ...existing, remaking and bearing full account for my own continual becoming and not discounting actions to some higher more social or beyond my control and only me, inhabiting this tragic existential freedom...too heavy a load...to live in the world...mindful of my own mortality and, because of my becoming; awareness of my conscious choice and the responsibility it brings, me, an authentic individual so usually filled with paralytic angst.. and in the realization rebirth of the awakening knowledge of the real and attempting to recover, relearn and re-shape in a do-over of a lifetime finding the courage to stand tall in stiff breezes without swaying, to re-mocha in the caverns grooved in the rhythms of conversations and injected—caffeinated libations inducing dizzying epistemological flirtations with signifiers uncompleted—waiting in anxious anticipation. dependent on the committed generosity of readers becoming co-authors in the coital moment of shared destiny when me screaming from a nether and yet not too far away.. on the instant that you choose the now of the penetration...and intercourse with words most well-

willed. and why write in a critical emancipatory faith in the supremacy; the primacy is logos in opinion of the bakhtinian-freirian-aristotelian name dropping of an emergent intellectual relishing in the having and taking advantage of the space to say it; the liberation from a relative self- induced governmental capitalist-fascist bullshitted regime re-making me in an alien nation of lesser than the use value exchanged for my labor...and now not so distant from the one that i aspired in my inkling essence. and also knowing you to be true to the now—and roaming like me in the instance where...dancing with the dead and sodomized by the heroes of interrupted slumbers ejaculating wisdom through their nascent ancient seminal testimonies disrupting—when peaceful tibetan meditations relinquish to surfacing latent freudian-kristevan libidinal hallucinations...

neruda

pablo, thanks for everything. for your words for your wisdom for your life. but most importantly, for the light in times of darkness. we are lost souls. alienated from ourselves. alienated by these words. but it is also through these words that we can return. in the transaction between poets and subjects; where reading you is re-writing ourselves. the procreation of fractured-ascended meanings. traversing new pathways to black islands in postmodern tributaries. in the night-time of night your brilliance like the sun. in the wind and the fog your harbor like home.

a memoir of eden

somewhere in the middle of the night in the middle of a dream. released from the bullshit. pity, guilt, and conscience. excuses and wasted time. angst and stagnation. liberated from language. having shedded name and nation culture and color. religion, and sexual orientation. and pardoning myself from original sin. alone in eden. seeing; being; redeeming.

be coming

i have come not to excavate to uncover or deconstruct. i
am not come to enlighten, to raise consciousness to tear
down brick walls of ideologies. to build others of titanium. i
have not come to preach marxism or anarchy.to shit on a
system. to purge the collective pain with talk of revolution.

i have come to set down words. to bury a self. to write a
path using language outside of language. production of
liberated thoughts and musings in an authentic social
space of my own becoming.

back at the café roma

back at the café roma looking out onto the north beach sidewalk. it is fall in the city. my city. sixty-five and breezy. cloudless skies. and in the space of soft jazz, coffee, wine and conversation. language written and spoken. a history of texts and authors in these same. and me now? and my words? and my humble contribution?

borders across

borders across from union square. with the restlessness to write words in a little blue book. soothed by the soundtrack of the city. finding chi in these hilly windy streets. stranger companions in these crowded cafes, bars, and skyline restaurants. gazing out from piers at majestic brigdes; listening to the songs of seals and the chorus that is the native tongues of the world.

marcus

aquí, en mi patria libre, leyendo africana and watching documentaries about the ss phyllis wheatley that never sailed; about the uniformed men and women parading harlem streets. proud. doing for self and i see your dark other-continental façade that never saw the continent of your longing. i hear your booming voice across the years echoing through churches, through madison square garden. rise up, release your mental shackles. i see you full of hope, full of fire and life. saber lifted unafraid and the people follow to the chagrin of white liberals and black intellectuals who helped precipitate the fall of you. they, longing for patience and ownership, complicit in a downfall only describable as too soon, too fast, too far, and too tragic. coinciding with the ending of a moment, of a time when people were headed somewhere. floating back across the waters with a black negro man in reverse transit. historicity. then he—you, waving that white flag or resignation, reconciliation, and peace. left to die an obscure, exiled asthmatic. then from your ashes fertilizing rastafarians, redemption songs, black panthers, and malcolm x speeches all channeling you; all who you

predicted in those other times before we had the language to understand you fully. language having birth from your pen, in your way, your ideas for us all in your negro world. negro philosopher. literati. lover of the word, sailor, entrepreneur, spokesperson. and even now, revolutionaries, black and beautiful claiming africa for africans singing your mantras and trying to hold their chests as erect and swollen as the gente from beforetimes in those majestic parades.

an offering

i have so much to offer myself. dare i offer these paltry
words to the world? what more is there? what more am i?

mantra

confused but not hopeless. tired, but not dead. sensing,
but not seeing. writing, but not saying. leaving, but not
gone. oppressed, but not enslaved. angered, but not
bitter. defeated, but not lost. exiled, but at home. finished,
but not quite done.

nothingness

i own nothing. least of all these mere words that leave my
lips and scatter to the winds.

a study of breton

is there something beneath it all some special answers forgotten; sensed, but not remembered. and at the same time struggling to write before thought; to essence the non-grammar. the unedited thoroughfare of derby horses, joycean prose, pan-american olympic fire gods, and other artifacts fished from the subliminal rapids. where i watch the flesh ripped from superheroes in wheelchairs amid presidential debates over taxes and mexican borderlands. where i witness drug-infested favelas; godless cities, murderers and fascists nazis donning west coast chopper regalia. where i am tinkering toward an it that its like a buddha-like love like a sunset like a freshly squeezed toilet like a cow vaulting the cheese moon like ice cream like a german chocolate cake like oat bran like the neighborhood like no more carjacking like all lower case letters like an epiphany like the swaying stalks of the cornfield like mothers in laundromats. like saturday mornings; like an afternoon nap.

who has the audacity to long for it and what has the bleeding pen to offer but a mork and mindy rerun like fat albert. only a better dinner. and if i could with eyes closed induce a gipsy king melody like the soul flamenco like a spanish town like romance and only when we screw these boss people and only when paternity leave and only when the love of staten island and only when the champagne falls and the bambino curse is lifted; and what is a dream but latent extant expedition; a blueprint for poetic praxis; and what is a failure but jackson square new orleans. and what is a café au lait but a cemetery with graves above the ground floating and who is a cajun crabcake and when is a curved line squiggly like laverne's I and who hates tweedy bird as much as sylvester; sly, pot smokin' with his afro and practicing free love. who can even imagine and dare we say dream and who fidel and che and who off the balcony trading ballots for bullets and who in a cross-legged and who on a long march and who off a wooden boat and who in a meadow dancing and who with a bra burning and who outside of schoolhouse gates stepping lightly into the abyss of the dropped out but tuned in simon and garfunkel singers; but not quite as hip as a

grandmother taking the plunge into blooded caribbean waters. who and drugs who and circe and freud and frankfurt and post-critical discourses which have been infiltrated like dirty water like slurping rain through environmentally sanctioned straws like swimming in the gutter and diving down the drain into the charlie and the chocolate factory now out of business whose workers now unemployed; playing dominoes on nestle flavored park benches; fingering jazz from caramel saxophones, seeking reprieve from their gingerbread ghetto flats.

after the fall from grace diego painted over our sins; in a detroit glimpse of how it could have been with trotsky where have you gone with joe dimaggio; towards a mexican frida blue fiesta that ended poorly. after the purges after the swan song and communist blood flowing west with countercultural ideas and a baritone voice like robeson and the silenced screams of the gulag chambers.

and even our egos have ids and even the snow cannot prevent the march of napoleonic forces (the modern equivalent) with ideas and big guns galloping toward the

conflict on well hung horses. hitler reagan and the summit
of dreamers; a truth and reconciliation; an impoverished
philosopher writing his hungry children into the legacy of
catholic saints on pilgrimages to da vinci paintings.
wanting only a sip of the nectar of funk and soul. priests
on large payrolls without the salary cap. godfathers forgive
our trespasses; forgive us for daring to know ourselves;
forgive us for asking the questions that lead to the quests
that span the pages that start the movements forward that
itch; that faint taste on the tongue that bubbling bile of the
gastrointestinal duchampian shit stained relic of art. and
do not even call me a bourgeois do not take me to your
galleries for toasts and bagels with peanut butter and
george carver is not even in the history books; and there
was a moment when we knew enough if we only knew to
heed the urge to traverse through amniotic celestial
galaxies into the dance of destinies.

only in long walks through flower gardens; only embracing
the glory and the pain; only at the pinnacle, at the oracle;
only within the stanzas; only within the narratives of
progress; only when words become flesh; only a witness to

the paradigm shift; only ontological hope; only the samaritan at the well; only to ruth whither though will go; only praying over the blood-stained corpse of a savior; only on a long walk to mecca; only facing east; only teresa; only osiris; only kemet; only apartheid and the shackles and biko; only divestment; only open cells; only crumbling walls; only in the flames of watts; only in berkeley; only 1968; only exile; only after the nation-state; only outside of prison bars; only absent a corporate gaze; only staring from the ocean side; only in a quiet space; only on the brink of tears; only from the ancient source; only on the wings of words.

in a club feeling lenny kravitz

...taken to one degree of abstraction in an ageless timeless moment. through mirrored-x-rayed lenses soulful, sensual visions of a planeted lust—inside of chords and vibrations taken aback to tribal circles of elders harkening circadian rhythmic induced hypnotic trances—gyrating the very foundation of ordered chaos. odes etched into crevices and across souls. chocolate, vanilla, and pecan-flavored choruses through their songs reclaiming some of what has been lost and, in the green darkness, revealing hidden words from the scroll...

not on a plane to tokyo

at the airport in a post nine eleven post christmas stupor. sprinting, luggaged-down frisked, patted—in constant frenetic scurry and all for san diego an okay destination in winter and nothing major planned—four or five days of pleasantries and a mild cheap-wine buzz maybe a lucky two day junket up the coast to la for new year’s visiting places i have seen, been, and done a thousand times and for some time now wrapping my mind around these prospects and making peace until at the adjacent gate at the terminal happening upon fashionable intriguing passengers bound to tokyo. i’ve never been and seeing their faces, the anticipation, the higher expectations for outcomes on the other side, understanding that they are literally embarking upon a new existence while abandoning me to a stupidass desert coastal town full of geriatric republicans and noticing how sexy they’re all looking down to those long wool jackets and not even aware of the weather there and becoming increasingly jealous—less willing to accept the mundane banality of my meager holiday excursion and dreaming my captain and plane to detour west because suddenly tokyo is the coolest, hippest

city on the damned planet...you know me, never satisfied with the world and always considering options and weighing alternatives and wanting more than i can possibly have...i'm no damn good.

still a christian and a fuck up

frozen in the foyer black leather jacketed and sunglassed. seemingly nonplussed yet touched by sounds of holy night—legs trembling from words which mean less and less with the passing of time though now and in this place inducing both pleasure and shame. two steps away accosted by childhood memories as my fatherelder puking and shitting his guts out finally facing the truth that all of his children are fuckups one strung out on crack two avoiding his service while the youngest miles away in protest and even on the birthday of christ. the montez children—contemporaries and rivals all righteous and saved and among the congregation in prayerful contemplation, videotaping, mouthing along and i cannot walk those simple steps for the man who loved and raised me. After too long a pause and with trepidation—serenaded by the angels, joseph and mary who was holding baby doll jesus—awkward and exposed while seeking a pew near the exit.

in a foucauldian moment

in a foucauldian moment contemplating the world. old notions, concepts, ideas, and paradigms emerging into focus as social constructions designed—among others—to separate selves from nether selves, from other selves feeling fully cleft. tragically halved. compelled...and...searching out novel ways of seeing and saying...slipping into through and beyond into new spaces recasting the gaze making out discourse where once only truths—past race and sex and gender across national boundaries and borders over patriots waving too heavy flags shouting too empty words into starless skies. after culture and history and god and into new realities where, vaulting out of arbitrary boxes subjects, humans, whole persons hearing for the first time each other's true voices forming utterances that may finally and only then be called language.

okemos, mi

what may on the surface exile and how in the hell you ask
removed from angeled boulevards and city lights? in a
temporary struggle to cope you condescend—you with pre-
scripted home depoted and meijered strip malls
conveniently spaced for your café latte toting...jingling
through bumpy country roads to affordable ranch homes.
listening to npr jazz compilations. driving dark suvs. you
also of winter storms and rednecking bit belt buckled and
big trucks and big guns and rooting big ten and everything
so goddamned big and you mocking me? and...i will not let
you make me regret you will not shiver nor suffer
surrender dreaming warmer elsewhere and to spite you'll
most productive era of my...me growing in you me
poemplayprofess in you. i me and more finding laughter in
you, surprise and...even joy.

one of these days

one of these days i am quite sure that i will be able to look back and laugh at myself and all of the shitty things i've done and pain i've caused taking chances and crossing dangerous borders and times when i should have taken pause and in learning to not take me or this life too seriously quite possibly even those moments where in error or over zealotry—too much hope or misjudged or moved in problematic directions. not convinced of the present logic still at times unaware of my own and even though i am wont to hide behind these paltry elusive words spending most of my limited time generally feeling and acting like a fuck up really.

thoughts on thought and language

if vygotsky is write and language is the mediating tool its only vehicle of manifestation and thought, only living through the decoded cultural artifact.. then the speaking and saying and writing you is thinking you into my being ...in the unabashedly ravenous consumption of your real and true words through living seeing and breathing in daily communion. i have you in your only substantive possibility. and what is flesh but dust in motion coagulated to provide form? casing for the real which lives through its acknowledgement of its self in others through those very same. if this is true, then, through the free exchange and unabashed giving of my authentic words to you, unencumbered i give everything and all i have.

in one of those rare moments

in one of those rare moments easing off the pedal to coast with the flow and not wanting any more than i have not as far as content not even believing yet knowing that in what i have is all i need in introspection focusing on the me in these and nexts steps deliberate yet, as close to certain for the now in all that matters as i taking time as it comes not hurried or in slowmotion and the pendulum in midswing never settling and wondering why it is that moments like these are rare and ephemeral and, even in these times understanding that is the way...

reminiscing in a café bar

sitting in a café high on the vibe. at a small table with close others and the beautiful people in negro turtlenecks and sipping fume blanc while cursorily head bobbing, encultured and making a stand and so little at stake here until... out of her spanish guitar beginning to fall like diamondsnowflakesand just then him taken aback and inwardly spiraling at seventy maybe eighty and out west and bathed in white nearing the lake and reaching out to the ghost flesh whispering into his only those and theirs and bearing that full weight of late nights in the secret communion walking with the spirit under the burning sun living maybe a little too much maybe seeing inside of the signs and codes and here, now in this place alone yet hearing his and theirs and carefully sung from the scroll in perfect pitch and tone. overcome with the pleasure and pain of the essence unable to control the spasms in his right cheek hearing himself feeling himself convulsing to the rhythms of the simple plucking of those strings. vibrations on the air forming sounds. words freeing him, at once, to taste his peace and his sorrow. hearing for the

first the yelling of the whispers into his inner ear, getting for a moment, too close to himself and needing to be excused , maybe to the laboratory or to get another drink...

bryan's song

of the one hundred and twenty or so members of our faculty i am the only african-american male. yes, you heard correctly...we are one. now if this were a prison block there we would be at least fifty or if the front line battalion attacking the capital city of an evil regime maybe even half or, if the starting rosters of the teams of a certain professional basketball association we may even be one hundred or more of that one twenty-five. but, hey, it could be worse—if we were a physics department, we could only be .014 of a person, probably imperceptible to the naked eye. i'll have to thank bryan for that tidbit next time i see him around the bend.

at the crossing

swollen pygmies and pap tests; calendarios and naked warriors. trapezoids. spinning seats. yoga poses and the seventy-five utter revolutions. mine is a peppered turkey rubberband; mine an angry pumpkin power ranger. mise en scene. barbed wired barriers to iron crossed plantations and even those dilated at eight centimeters and pressing toward the soil. cotton briefs. victorias tanned legs facing east and south. wailing jazz fusions. sweating bullion cubes and its all been said and done and scraped and slurped and cut and tied and egg fried noodles. it's as old as ice; as blonde as dyed steel.

in the now time

atop the humming and rumbling of trains; to the soundtrack of white noise and postmodern jazz. emboldened by the flow of spirits and substance. courting intoxication and a martini dawn. still afraid of the devil. much too weak to believe. poised and knowing in the now time of now-ness.

election night

i stared at the red center with blue dotted outliers. it was
postscript anyway them having long since tilted right into
gun-totting and confederated flagging civil unions oblivion.
soon to the sounds of arctic drills cracking the virgin soil
releasing gushings of negro crude; the jingling of gold
coins, and the echoes of corporate laughter not to be
outdone by the bombs ricocheting off of turbans caught in
the cross-hairs of go army commercials. i vibrating chairs
and brown shoes construction hats and rainy lines with
blue umbrellas. i amid talk of overtaxed workers and
grassroots adam and not steve. votes for christ and
preacher-masters who were not on my ballot.

burrs, ballantines and bushes and blue ties and bald and
glowing green electoral midgets hiding under candy boxes.
in sweaty collars discoursing micropercentages; wolves in
king's clothing pronouncing abstinence in ten of eleven
precints. mine was a maroon with stripes dangled over the
wooden semi-circle; mine was a hard dream and a tension
re-write. mine was brown circles; mine was a hip-hop

martini twisted. i belted jean with a black tricycle. i cross
fired at the spinning wheel. i bowed. i tied, and i almost
recounted myself. i centered an analysis. i gutted a pulpit
only to find a barrel of pig flesh. i frisked a pastor in search
of daisies. i polled a worker for a sharper image. i was too
close to the sniffing of angels. i was too devastated to lick
on the cotton pillows; they all tasted of reading research.
they all sounded like smug pundits from the devil's
institute. they had all been boiled in large gumbo pots.
they had been divided by ingredients. mine with no okra,
hers with no seafood.

i read instead three volumes of a dying dialectic, a short
introduction to oxford in two minutes while they were
standing over a sleeping figurine delivering six messages
about the next four years. and there were these subtle
signs of a possible eruption; of a tear-stained blue donut
but it was hard to decipher with one eye rested. i almost
imagined flowering rainbows of orange and purple vinyl
spinning about a dusty ceiling fan. i almost imagined
brooklyn. i almost heard a truth statement but the
television was on mute.

but even after AOL for broadband and those virtual streaming lies at optimized speeds hegemonizing the cyberliterate saying it must be so that the populace has spoken their paper artifices counted (even those slightly dimpled) and i saw mine chadless and plunked into a large metal box with a padlock. the old man smiling as i emanated from a no food and beverage sign across squared tiles of privilege dreaming of monster dunks. i about faced out past the office and into the flag and the mist of grey fall and middle america. i as soon as cnn ended and i pie-charted and became an exit poll. i was semiotically mediated with enough rigorously scientific reasons to believe and yet felt no solace in the knowing. i even oktoberfested on nine large television screens where i saw a concession but again heard nothing. my salty fries were bitter and the mood was glum.

i was dreaming highways and marches. i was crossing borders and paradigms. i was shouldered next to martyrs in the cosmos when my fingers began to itch for a return. i saw that the lines were empty and took the chance.

i can

questions can come from periods poets can sing into the heavens presidents can lie bombs can turn into bread a child's laughter can heal the wounds of time a general's heart can be softened music can navigate the soul dreams can steer us to nether selves raindrops can nourish the barren fields a crack whore can win the nobel prize the ghetto can sprout flowers in winter the people can remember to remember progress can regress a circle can become a square a fathom can become a league a jedi can become deceived nonsense can pass for wisdom a snowflake can spark a fire the axle can turn a wheel a dance can evoke the song can and the night can emit the dawn.

only life

only between sunrise and sunsets. only between the kiss
and the climax. only between the thought and the verse.

the road to damascus

seventy seven yards and a chorus of hosts. the spirits rejoice. black poodles ooze through dark windows. the doctor claims to understand. the snake uncoils and petitions. and the cradle rocks and the stars stick to paper. a couple's smile is etched in stone. the flight is long but arrives in the waiting hands. the draught is cold and disappears. it is near the edge and has no credit. it is love and the color brown. and everywhere an open road a bargain car a double life. an overflow. the rhythm and imitation. a clean start and a just war. more destruction; the heat rises to the surface. what have we taken to the pedagogues? whose is trash as art as faith? the trick disguise; the rhetor was right. a pocket clock at six. a juxtaposition. another try and green is the color of sin. i counted twelve prophets and seven days. he smiled at the wicked deed. the sound was muted but the lips echoed volumes. who said it would fall? who told it both ways? these ancient arts these aged ways of saying. hieroglyphs and choral chants. gladiators twice fallen. light golden locks. the smell of sweat and fear. the parchment ink. a

burning candle. the bard revisits. a long and happy plunge.
the passion and the cross. the musical moments. the
mourners and the pope. the endless battle. the wrath of
nations. the black gold. the ballots to bullets. the next four
seasons. the colors of red and judgment. the high speed
connections. the house made of money. the
mathematicians. the endless drippings of sand.

in the now time

atop the humming and rumbling of trains; to the soundtrack of white noise and postmodern jazz. emboldened by the flow of spirits and substance. courting intoxication and a martini dawn. still afraid of the devil. much too weak to believe. poised and knowing in the now time of now-ness.

in a frida blue

living in frida blue moments. strolling empty sidewalks on
starry evenings. seeking modern musical wailings.
channeling fictions. poeticizing contradictions. musing and
reminiscing. contemplating traveling companions and
textual productions. craving spanish vinos and sundry
concoctions. planning summer excursions. dreaming of
dark atlantics and island homelands. solving mathematical
equations. divining gemini moons and the double visions.
reconciling discourses in fragments. invoking the
rhythmics and chants of the ancients.

i will channel you in fictions

i will channel you in fictions. i will climb gothic towers to summon you from the heavens. i will picture you in canvas drawings. i will carve you into virgin pages. i will form you with perseverance. i will dance with you in nightly visions. i will covet your subsistence. i will pine in search of your essence. i will revel you in fragments. i will reveal you with fury and passion.

for a season

and the words became flesh and dwelt among me. and, for
a season, my life became the poem.

canvassed pedagogues

blue jeaned and black jacketed they stroll and look.
consuming the river seine and gondolas; foggy thames.
road maps on walls. meager doodles become oiled and
canvassed pedagogues ever showing and sharing; inspiring
reciprocation.

wittgenstein

from lavish viennese palaces to voluntary brushes with death on the western front. surprising life at every turn. never settled and always asking more. rude, brash, irreverent of your masters. genius. dashing from revered halls to irish cottages and village schoolchildren. seeking answers. elucidations of meaning. burning money and neckties; mesmerizing students with the courage of silence. infuriating dons and lesser philosophers. breaking the rules and usurping a field as you ran away faster than they could chase. only to return reinvented. a new enigma. you. complex, aloof, restless, and singularly focused on creating the text of texts. a simple life; undeceived; free from language; at peace with yourself. and we, searching the tractatus and your notes for clues when you lived for us an open, unedited book.

an instant and a lifetime

capturing an instant, an eternity, a lifetime a lily pad, a crazy woman with cats and a sideways blue-graying old man playing the same song on his guitar these eighty some-odd years but new to me here and now larger than a postcard or in a book these two out of minds and onto shelves leaving space, chasms, and caverns unfilled like the potential of the world.

a once again all brand new moment

...and i usher into a once again all brand new moment
reality as the mind pours as the paradigm shifts and old
words make new sense in their juxtapositions. and circles
are squares edges are blurred concrete walls become
semi-permeable membranes. and porous, soaking me up,
displaying me on canvas to myself amongst ballerinas and
geometric nudes with sideways triangles for noses.

another café poem

the aroma of coffee beans and fresh baked bread. the
soundtrack of subtle esoteric music; syncopated wisdom
without words. discourses of production, literacy, and life.
me enlightened and invigorated. feeling at home amongst
strangers. hearing internal voices and external
conversations. alone with my words in a crowd of pieced
and tattooed public intellectuals. sipping the nectar of
caffeinated life and bypassing time...

the love of fiction

in the slippage between heaven and earth, tasting the juice of forbidden fruit. i visage the endless horizon; dawn in my focals. i contemplating infinity but seeing only the clouds. no sooner am i summoned than i am de-encrypted by cerebral injections destined to become ejections to become manifestations. i brace for the fall.

i fallow through canvasses emitting grey fogs. i conjure among robed soothsayers speaking in tongues. they pushing strollers during the negro hours through the piss stained streetscapes. like a dead greek chorus whose verses i cannot fathom. me and all those others lost.

and across a table and calling the question and they will always break your heart. but you must love them enough to let them. cleft and fully alive if even a pulse. a lumpy throat. something to do. take out the compost. pick up the mail.

through broadband signals i am cabeled into primetime coverage of the end of days. i heed the the semiotic

portents; the sweaty steam rising through the crevices
arching toward the nascent dawn. the near perfect skyline.
the vacant epicenter. where absence is presence.

i am literally at a loss. i defer to lovers of games. i seek
lost urns in bustling chatrooms. i find only fiction. i sit with
steaming coffee on a vinyl couch. i am out of spare
change. i am foolish but not fooled. i know that the
daylight only brings ends to beginnings.

life and love at thirty

after revised hypotheses after false starts after opportunities passed and not taken. without lamentations for errant steps and words unspoken. climbing the ridge that reveals the summit. fully visualized ago and beyond only and for the first through these eyes therefore only and for the first. now learning to love in post and intra-coital moments this self and others and falling into that flawed and manifested self knowing life to be very long that from now on extends and much needing to be done—vacant thoughts now occupied, holding higher expectations, resolved...to the telling, to taking chances, to writing small words on dark alley walls, to searching for the both and, to embracing an increasingly complicated worldview while walking onward and upward and into the clouds.