

CLOSET MASTERPIECES (Book One)

(Dedicated to my Brother Jay - the First Poet in our Family)

FOLLOW THE MONEY

Follow the money
Follow the money-

Down

Down the stairs to the basement-
Of a Church where a grave has been dug-
For the corrupt Minister.

Follow the money-

Down...

To the bottom of banker's drawer-
To the money he once kept in his breast pocket
After cleaning out the safe...
The money he used to keep in a hole-
under the floor.

The acts of the illegal-
committed for the great green legal

Tender.

Greed driven passion always in fashion
for passionate needs-
Committed in a social rational-
in the name of competition, distribution, and economic
balance.

Follow the money-

See where it leads you-

Follow closely,
but don't be surprised at what you learn about

MEN -

AND Money.

SPACE

Space to float, space to gloat
space to breathe long sighs...

Space your errors
far behind you-
leave space for more -
that is what space is for.

WINGS OF STEEL

You can book passage out
to the ends of the cramped globe-
get there by supper time-
and take your pills for lost sleep.

Lunch on second class peanut salt
and canned juices-
plastic cups full of bag ice
compressed neatly on a tv table tray.

Stare down at balding clouds
and thinning mountain heads.
Feel like Zeus and Apollo
after chewing up Achilles or Daphne...

Those old Greeks had tragedy down-
but no wings of steel
for a true lift...

Up here-

Newton and Galileo are re-defined...
the new philosophy is gravity and space
I peek at where heaven is supposed to be-
through a scratched plastic glass-
plate.

Davinci soared only on paper
and in his head-

I soar on 727 tons and

Wings of Steel...

AMERICAS' MOST WANTED

America's most Wanted-
The list here- is as endless as the desires
of a quick flash - in the fad society
Conjured up ads-infinitem-
on media-sponsored desks tops.

The blitzkrieg of illusion
presented in a hip-hype style
shot through television's
far reaching eye
i can not see why
but that is because
eye lost my dunce cap
in a gust of God - wind.

THE PRESIDENT SENDS HIS REGARDS

The president sends his regards
He regrets-
that he's been called away
You'll have to fend for yourselves today.

A busy man has a lot of business
to attend to and you- All
Should all be capable of making it on your own
remember
Little Brother -

Government helps them
that help themselves to it.

He can't solve or answer or find
ALL those solutions.

So keep a lip stiff
and another one fat for the thin days
you might happen to have.

Don't worry so much about tomorrow
when, after all today is enough and
Yes,
the President will see you soon -
as soon as he's up-
from his nap.

And please remember,
we're free
and isn't that what it's really all about?

Let's just maintain and sustain
until the President decides - to come OUT...

EGG ((To Emily my daughter whom I love from afar))

Sitting there she looks like a perfect little

-Egg.

You can shake her and hold her upside down,
and toss her til' she giggles but she won't
crack.

Soft and frail but so assured
she can't help but
laugh.

You love her More than your-
self

And she knows that.

Daughters rule Daddys -

Forever.

CHOCOLATE

Chocolate is the staple diet
of a society of free Will-

Free Citizens and free Enterprise,
Chocolate is a staple and a privilege-
And the principal reason for the arrangement
of 20th Century Politics, Science and Industry...

Chocolate is the final reward
Before leaving every market place.
The final award for hanging in there
one more day...

And who doesn't deserve a little perk
once in while?

Gotta run,
my Candy Bar's gonna melt...
LOADING MY ARK

B.C.

Yes the fishes can swim
-but the rest of us can't.
So this Ark will again-
house the life of a planet.

Once the gift graciously given-
Now the prisoners of a hostile sea....

My Noahn instincts say...
This is the best way-
To save what's left of us
from this rainy day.

I can hear hurricane winds
Laughing all the while
accusing-
these poisoned frightened people
Of neglect and greed.

The short sighted present-

Need

always in control.
a rampant appetite for construction.

Get in the damn boat
people.

LILAC

Plastic looking-
the tree Explodes
with a million purple petals.

Sinks under the color weight
of natures heaviest
Perfume-
branches up and out,
showin' off all the purple
-petal children.

Above,
a noble father sun-
shines with pride
Shows to it
his true face.

The lilac is his honey flower,
his supreme honey shower
this poet feels honored simply
-to sniff and to gaze...

COFFEE BREAK

Caffeine is Bellboy-
Caffeine is Nurse-
Caffeine is Muse...

Caffeine Creates-
much needed temporary
Ambition.

A Temporal sugar cube
-sharpen's interest
-suspends despair.

Caffeine is my Shazam
Corpse Frankenstein Serum
Black Powder, Texas Tea,
Source of power, peak performance hallucinogen,
blood rush, legal crack and placebo for long winded
Sets like this one...

The dead raised once more
thank you Caffiene and creme
for tireless dedication to duty
we absolutely
could not face the nights
freeze

without you.

SHANNON

Shannon don't run off
Someplace I can't find you.
I know your dreams mean a lot.
I know your mother and father are not,
Always on your side.

But I am.
Yes, I am.

I'll carry you far past,
The Tempest of their scorn.
A warm, protected coast,
A friendly coast-
A magic harbor and a
Soldiers arms,
-Await you.
A land you could
Never reach
alone.

Shannon don't run off
Someplace I can't find you.
Don't hide all hope,
In a single lost heart.

THE GOLDEN FIELD

There is a legend that Midas during his reign once
looked
Upon a farmers corn field and all the stalks turned to
gold
The farmer cried because he was so hungry,
and now he would have no food...

Soon after -
on a hot day in August, right before harvest
All the golden corn melted
the gold ran down the stalks and dripped to the
ground
-into a nearby stream.

The Mountain above
blew up with anger at Midas's carelessness
covering the field and the farmer
And the entire town that hugged that steam.

I have such dreams about finding that spot
it's said to be in southern Italy somewhere...

For what else is time for but chasing our golden
dreams?

WALKING PANDA

I took my pet Panda for a walk,

We saw many things...

We saw Geronimo pissing on a wall-
fierce and brave,

Geronimo says-

"No one who is weak pisses on a public wall
in the middle of the afternoon"

We saw Whistler's Mother
sittin' at the 407 bus stop-
rigid and proud, A Puritan spirit,
she feigns lunacy " to ward off demons and muggers"

We saw George Washington Carver
rockin' on a shady front porch
munching a handful of peanuts-
Loves to munch those
peanuts.

Panda noticed some lilacs
pandas are suckers for lilacs...
Panda ate those lilacs-
You try to stop a 400 bear
from eating his Lilacs...

Pandas are very stubborn animals-

Now Panda and I are running on Indian feet to the library,
it's guarded by angry stone gargoils and fierce lions
they smile like warriors,
but stare like Belevue Vegetable patients
or meditating Tibetan monks.

Me and Panda sat down
on the warm, sunny steps to think-
Warm steps are good for both sitting and thinking.
We couldn't go in-
so we just crawled back home.

SUDDENLY

When suddenly is not sudden enough
When to and fro is only fro...
When seasons no longer come or go.

When flies sit entranced and buzz is a word
Then buzz and fuzz make wuz.

When chances got are chances taken
When minding your own business
Is a complicated matter....

When felines and fiends mesh
into a feminine mystique
pry the pandora open and see

That ocean is wide and perilous
And always rocking...

When past meets present and is seeking the rest
And pissing and moaning about that, too
A lost century and a lost mood swings
like a pendulum away-

And Saints barely alive going through the motions
of keeping face-
And suddenly i think I'm finding my place-
suddenly I'm here where I was and where I always
end up...claustrophobic
in my six by two space.

MILWAUKEE

If I drank beer
I sure would'nt drink it here
The water's too dark
and the men all have whiskers
which they curl-
behind one ear-
that way it stays out of the beer.

But I did eat the hamburgers
and drink the milk
cause the cows looked content
fat and full and not too worried about
the stunted economic growth
this is a great place to be a cow
Bovine Nirvana.

And I am so glad the Packers won again
the town needed to have faith and fame restored
Super Bowl Champions
is a just reward
for the patience of saints
long after Lombardi's magical decade
parade after parade
of flowered beer floats
the windy streets filled with
dreamy eyed kids like I was-

Now I get to feel that way again...

OUT OF THE MOUTH OF BABES

Rhonda-

The spirit in his flesh says he loves me-
but the ass-hole nerves that run the rest of him
those dangling demon puppet strings
have no qualms about hunting me down in a fragile
moment
when my own angel voices guardians are away.

Then i am not safe from him anymore-
Then my love is most like a disease-
a malady without ease...

Simple remedies like television or alcoholic beds or phone
calls from friends,
sympathetic sisters
with kind words mostly felt, not heard,
mostly sought,
but most dangerous to me the lover
of him-
the enemy,
him-
the careless crusher of flowers and feelings
the animal eater the cable box addict.

i, the lonely cracked doll -
in the kitchen hiding to avoid the game -
a silent maid,
hearing mother's advice,
saying-
stay... stay busy and wait
wait for what you need-
he will notice
he will see the trouble in your eyes
that i see-
he will be
affectionate again...

i listen
she raised me to - listen
and Hope... i hope-
he can hear beyond his own sense of well being
for having found work this year
i hope...
he can hear the cracks in my silence
like white noise in the wire
i hope...
he stops for a few -miracle moments-
being content to find me again.
this is my prayer
to him.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

The morning coffee chokes-
All the honesty out.
The scent of this morning
Is a burning bush.

Reading printed page
through drying ink
Information or observation?
The search for clues
in a distorted information station.

Editors that draft from deadline to deadline
Endless thought train of dead lines.....
The cluster of events
That seem to be more hastily constructed
And always misconstrued...

I read between their lines
to find relevance
for each day.
possibly,
to glimpse some insight
possibly,
to make sense
of my own words..

I have a deadline too...

JACK FROST

Jack Frost
coats the window-
bites hard on fingers and toes
anything exposed-
Encases our souls
In pure white malice
In a police state of hibernation
The symbol ice stands like a statue
for this Nation.

Nietzches' nihilism grew up here
in an emotional wasteland
common sense has survived but all sense of humor
has run dry
Perhaps it never exited -
all the serious and neat
folks don't miss it
The Focus is on the running the machine
and keeping it clean
God had to die-
they didn't need him.

VICTIM

American tv
justice is-
the opposite of right and wrong....

through distorted camera lens
a million impotent jurors cannot condemn
the criminal,
or the criminal act...

they can no longer spot-
a guilty face.

But can-
harass judge and jury,
throughout a parody of witch trials
media blitzkriegs and movie-right battles--

the cost is as much a crime
as anything on the stand.
human faith and 330 year old ideals-
latrine flushed in Judges chambers.....

gold teeth lawyers make out better than
mafia godfathers-
and get better press...

victims are we all....

victims til' the Real Judge
enters the courtroom anyway...

ALICE OF AMSTERDAM

Master Daylight knew he was welcome
heard me pleading for the night to end
the smell of Alice
was all over us
I could not pretend
the memory away - the only evidence
of my foolish forray
though I barely spoke 10 words to her
she knew me so well-
knew the sucker
knew the mark of a new sinner
who had'nt really fell-
much...
knew how to touch
the lonely boy inside
who said Alice,
"teach the curious, novice, beginner"
she knew I would'nt tell.

MOVIE MAGIC

I shot the flaming arrow straight
from the pencil of my lips
into the bloated Hollywood lie
that held us all like stoic palace guards
sent it with a fury
But it would not burst....

There had to be a scream sent forth
to shatter the darkness
sent forth like a popcorn popping.

The foreign minds seemed unaware
of the deceit behind the deception-
that filled the small screen so splendidly
the expensive catered twisted image erection.

Shipped over to draw the money
out of pocket projection
the budget overblown and swollen
by a party bash given
the studio head cheese mouseman.

Catered in triplicate
by Liberace's younger brother Liopold
entertainment provided by the Senile Sinatra's
who forgot the words to Misty and the National
Anthem
at least two decades ago-
but have good agents
and still get paid.

I guess you had to be there,
there, In !#&* usa !@&#!
there all the sponsors lost their pants
as the critics did a thumbs-down dance
upon the ship wrecked-review....

So here it shows to naive princes
as fresh and green as foggy iron fences
and I fume...
Moviefuckingmagicmyass...

WILLARD

Willard is a rat,
And so am I.
(ask my ex-wife)

Willard has two ears, two eyes,
four limbs and a fuzzy body.

Well so do I.

He's quite harrÿ
and sheds a lot.
And so do I.

He is often times a malicious, cunning,
shrewd and vicious animal.
Well so am I.

He is by nature
a beast,
I am by choice- and nature.

He is sometimes afraid,
makes rash decisions based on
a kind of - biological panic...

...Well so do I.

He doesn't understand many things,
their workings or
their effects-
Neither do I.

Willard will always be
a RAT,

I certainly hope I won't...

PAWN SHOP

Bargains-
Everywhere
you look-
and every one of em
Had a life once...

Handled once with care,
subject to ware
used or abused
Til a christmas wish
replaced, defaced
or made away with-
in a word,
dismissed.

Some precious were admired
bragged about
and never tired

before the demon boredom
got them...

Dragged off like beef cattle
lossed victims in the "will to own" battle
tossed in a bottomless drawer-
a closet prisoner, or dropped hard,
and left there, on a cold basement floor.

Banished forever from the world of men
retired like old generals
when the rifle gets too heavy
discovered once again
in spring lawn sales
an ill-fated pawn shop window decoration-

....Goodbye old friends..

CIRCLE

I am a circle,
A slow spinning dial,
A hollow pipe.....
a cylinder,
A broken headlight,
A planet with an orbiting smile...
I'm a old ford wheel,
muddy and worn down.
A rolly plain face
pancake flattened,
in hot butter,
A carousel ride
wobbling off the track.
I'm a pizza, order to go,
nobody picked up.
A busted clock,
disjointed time piece,
Waiting on the repair man....
A carbine muzzle
Wheel chamber,
fully loaded.
playing game of Russian roulette...
a circle is without end
Amen.

WHEN THE DEMON SPEAKS

When the demon speaks -

Louder
than
Words...

In those deep
Unsettling tones.

It's as though
He were speaking,
Only to me.

As if my heart
He'd always known.

- Who gave the beast
Such
Sensetive information?

My body lurches
At each
cantation.

I feel a wrenching
From with-in.

Lay waste
To all oppos-ing.

A cold, clammy,
corrosive
Shadow.

Flaps-
On leathery wings
sounds -
Hollow.

Calms, then crushes
My weak Uncertainty.

Internal coos...
turn to squeals, hideous
Appeals.

Screams, lustful,
Indignant - Voices.

Demand gratification,
Incessant, blind and joyless,
supplification.

Like cellar rats
They feed . . . and grow.

Then scurry forth
To the hypnotic bell

-Of their Master.

Can the spell ever
Be broken?
Can sacred man tame
The tempest of his tiny lake passion?

I pause, I listen-
I dig, I grope-
I touch, I feel, I retreat-

let us Pray...

DEAD LETTER BOX

(Sent From my Brother Jay-
sketched on a cloud over a midwest GreyHound)

Brother, you've done well -
Learn to be content with the decisions-
I can no longer make.

Make Me again
In the strong World Will
that I could neither block or break-
You don't need the drugs - that experiment is over,
Go for it now-
Go forward into shit or bliss
get the fuck out of that damn bath water
whirlpool that you've stepped into.

It's all so clear in deaths eyes
Marriage vows proved too much for the Winderlust
And we both know what is at our cores
is not a suburban mush.

Rock-n-Roll Brothers got too much fire
for the cosmic comatose-
push on for US
Drop the baggage - Carry only the Love
Signed,
"The Jay Bird, Your Broth"

"The Afternoon Of the Day of the Death"

I was doing nothing to be ashamed of-
Probably sitting down to eat a piece of dry toast,
Or a short stack of pancakes...
The preacher came to the door prepared with a sourful
look
in his big brother eyes, A forty-eyed man-
I had for many years, loathed and despised...

Fitting, so fitting
that he should be the harbinger
of my endless guilt-
the first to view my collapse...
that fake southern Baptist drawl
hypocritical comfort speech-
all rehearsed in back pews,
delivered like the morning paper
right through my independent teenage heart...

I stepped out of a bright June day
into personal wet blanket Nightmare-
heavy, thick and cold
none living can reach you there-
no soggy whispered words can console
you there-
no one Here really knows death...

But Mother does...
mother who is no longer,
mother who has gone off,
to be free from us-
from kidney failure misery-
and selfish squabbling boys...
mother ran away today-
somewhere peaceful-
somewhere three strong men
couldn't tear at her...

Goodbye Mother,
I love you...

HOLD ON TIGHT

Hold on tight-
To the tear that says
she'll miss you-

Hold on tight-
To the ten tiny fingers
clenched in a fearful grip-
To the whining soft voice
lamenting the daycare blues.

Hold on tight-
To the silence that
wraps the moment
forever in pain.
forever in a guilt bleached mind-

Listening to a cracked heart-
whine.

Hold on tight-
to mommy's icy voice
and its accusing tone-
accusing you once again
of abandonment,
weakness and cowardice,
all right, all wrong.

Hold on tight-
to this final scene-
while you let the car door
-slam.
While a wish to return-
to re-gain-
ricochets off the glass...

Hold on tight-
she'll grow up so fast.

TWELVE O'CLOCK FOG

On top of the mountain
sitting in a cold car refrigerator
waiting...
half a degree away
from the cold corpse
i'll someday be-

A voice says -
" 5 more minutes"
fine, i say
those are the warmest words
i've heard all day.

Our noses are red like the cars belly
the past guilt
rust that sticks
to both of us-

There's been no real crisis these past few hours
except for the wife's headache
and the lack of a decent heater

Our talk has not the patience for courtesy
the sleet and the ice now forming
on my driveway and in her heart
are reminders that winter is off
to a real good start.

The fog has landed
and will not let us have
our summer thoughts
even when this freeze lifts...

BANKERS HOURS

Those lucky ones who took all the right classes
in college and high school
and read all the smart books
about finances and the behind the scenes
wealth.

Are out amassing fortunes right now
sitting with their feet up on some oak desk
sitting, staring dreamily at the country club
tenth hole pole.

Pondering-
a two hour from now tee off
with buddy Jim the lawyer friend
who got his first BMW at 26
and now has a Mercedes, a new girlfriend
and 57 Harley in the garage.

Bankers hours-
leave plenty of time
to enjoy
bankers dollars
gives one the means to employ
life's little clerks and perks
and waste less of those bankless hours....

AMERICAN METAPHORS

The bureaucratic burglars were branding newscast
nuisances
on fifth street and Salem by the JC Penny spinning door
I got shot by a Sears microwave oven gun
cooked for 3 minutes on high-
buttered popcorn by my side
popping like a street battle in some third world village

Sweeping up the litter was old Art Carney
sweeping slowly around the friendly street sheep-
loitering by...

I am too blown about like these candy bar wrappers
swirling at my feet
blown about by body fixations and immediate need
piling up credit and bills in a pyramid heap
Babbit's standard is the generation cornerstone laid in
every city block
the Empire of America still not certain
how far it can go before the account is emptied-
before the Wall Street wall crumbles
and Uncle Sam is put away for graft, greed
and keeping too many secrets...

WAITING ROOM

This pregnant pause...
a fallen mask.

So many brutal thoughts
my fellow roomers
and I -
now share a naked moment
of haunted silence
together.

Our bodies and thoughts held down
and wrapped tight in this sterile room
the still air punctured briefly here and there
by a child's plea or outburst
but nothing can break the ice of so comfortable a
gloom.

Fills the space of four peach walls
like an air pocket under an ocean wave
holds us like statues to its tiding...

The toy fell over but made no sound
the door swung open
she glided out as if floating
just above the ground...

The trance was lifting, shifting
eternal ominous words and truth
that stream cold water reality into being again.

Callousness or false empathy could push it away
but I haven't the strength
to entertain either of these imposters...

So the knowledge must be transmitted
from the dying mouth to helpless ringing ears
the radar of despair waiting to hear
what the God Doctor says.

NEGLECT

Neglect your friends
and in them you will find
your subconscious enemies...

Neglect yourself
and find a baser you
yelping for every bone
thrown-

A small needy smidgen fiend who settles for Pan
but could have been Zues
these are expensive dues
of a self inflicted famine.

The universe-
and Milton's justice is blind,
yes
but neither have any patience for your tale of woe
heed advice and counsel.

Neglect not-
the opportunity life has given you...

HALOS

At certain times
everyone has been seen wearing one-
especially between the ages of six months
and five.

Why, just the other day i saw my daughter
wearing her best ivory overhead
until she threw that book at me-

Then that baby sailed right back to heaven
took her ten minutes of giggling
to becon it back-

She's the Halo Princess
on most days except Saturdays
when she's with Daddy (So I hear)
It's then that the horns get long and pointy
usually around nap time
that's when the Halo is weak and weary
and down around her dirty little feet-
but hey,
even Halo's need to rest.

MARS FOR THE WINTER

Close up the shop
Alice,
put the bedroom set in storage
James,
we're going to some place
warmer than Miami
cooler than Greenland
more exotic than Rio-

We're off to Mars
not for the sun but for the winter
get out your Billion dollar ticket
and show it to the man
the rocket man
you won't be back for dinner
or back for more of the same
we're off to Mars for winter
much more than a simple
vacation.

Mars is serenity like none you've ever
felt
as silent and still as an ocean bottom
so cool your soul will surely-
melt.

We'll go to Mars for the winter
and perhaps, after that-
we'll get a cheaper ticket to heaven...

MISTRESS MUSIC

To the carnal ear
she is all that is needed
for the luxury of that supreme sense
she swims in beauty
blind to all but one paradise
this passion pool is deeper than any other-
here I can drink and drink and drink...

Yet still,
there is another thirst.
a thirst for the potion
that will freeze the spell-
to swim in symphonic dream sea
the transfixed, transcended, transforming
power of sweet strains and willful words

Music is my mistress now
I love her and god has made us one
bound together for all externity
I was created to be her voice...
carnal man and his carnal music.

NEST EGG

I swear I heard them laugh like witches-
All those silly little birds
Thinking that they were building foundations
forever, on those flimsy branches...

Cutting and pasting homes-
When one strong gust could loosen
And fling them to the ground
Like uncapped acorns...

I heard the wise old trees lament-
At the far away smell of smoke
From their distant brothers
And then fall silent...

And the tractors came kicking-
And pulled some of them away
To make room for more corn stocks
and lesser green beings...

Nature is so patient with all of us –
Only God is more patient than nature...

SEAMSTRESS

When the seams of his life unraveled...
She stood silently by
with needle and thread in hand.

She sewed up the fraid ends
and patched the many holes...

That's why he loved her then.
That's why he loves her now.

She's always been
the Seamstress of his life...

Without her,
He might begin
to unravel
again.

Under her loving care,
Hidden in the curtain folds
behind the scenes,
Strengthened by a tender loving stare,
Life is revealed for what it really is....

NEED...

His need –
- Her.

met and served by Her need-
- Him.

I AM...

I am a by-product of the 20th century....
I am existence becoming essence...
(At least as much abstract as i understand)
I am one to the infinite power....
I am a faded beach boy who left his midwest tan at
home,
strolling the sand carpet seaside, picking up loose,
hollow shells and throwing small stones
(Most people are hollow shells, some are prettier than
others)
I stare into the hostile foamy brine
A barnacle, I am unmoved...
I am a beached angel white whale
cursing my tormentor Ahab
Ahab's the demon, I am not-
The demon-he would destroy me...
The sea is a roving glass monster that threatens the
land....
I am the tempest spirit-
I am the decapitated spirit-
Whose body rots and runs on reflexes
I am the fragmented Frankenstein
all parts self pieced together from bits of
misunderstanding-
A biological pulp fiction reduced to physics, logic and
tears
I am a clone seeking my source and
physiological meaning in the universe
I am Darwins' buffoon reversing the order...
I am the guillotined mind, a headless
Horsemen haunting deeply superstitious backroads.
I am a red light in a green light world
I am not all I seem to be...who is?
I am progress without observable motion
I am a puppet for fate and the furies
I am non-fiction and truth finely meshed
I am desperate for anything Real
I am sullen on Sundays and God knows why
I am sitting on the bench, it's the last game and I fear
I may never get to play...
I am Lincoln's sadness...
I am MacBeth's madness-
I am Milton's blindness...
I am too far away to reach by phone
I am better off left alone.
I am Christs' shy diplomat
I am Mephistophole's mocker and Wormwood's axe
I am Jesus' struggling disciple, prone to failure but
comforted in hope and Promise
I am Hamlet's soliloquy made flesh...
I am the Raven but don't quote me yet-
I am Mac the literate Bum in Steinbecks' Cannery Row
I am Count Monte Cristoes' righteous revenge
I am the Merchant of Venice Jew pleading mercy for
mercy's sake...
I am the wind whistling secrets to the silent soil
I am that I am that I am...
I am living without Fear of my Lord
AND HIS FATHER.

RUN

Run through the wet morning lawns
of fertile green and back again.
Run through doors of deception,
Where Morrison got lost....
Run for cover,
Run for health and re-creation...,
Run for heaven in a blazing California sun.
Run for the hills and above the fruited plains
Run up the misty mountains and the radio towers
Run for the money, run for the girl on the cover
of Cosmo Glamour 17 ...
Run to be king of the hill...
Run to reap, harvest and fulfill
Run to stir up the stagnant pool that is your life
Run to meet purgatory faces of fame
All asking for directions to Las Vegas...
Run from Godzillas climbing ghost
Run from popeyes punch
Run from the bloody Indian massacres
Run from poisonous Nevada test winds
Run to the Freudian lies for a sexual revolution
That never came....
Run like a John Lennon bullet to stop the artistic spirit
and crush the new revolution...
Run to back Johnson as he kills the spirit of Kennedy
Run to the bottle, run to the coke
Before it all blows away....
Run to Mickey Mouse when you've outgrown Sesame
street
Run to Penthouse when you outgrow Mickey Mouse
Run to work when domestic dreariness
Drowns the rebel you once were going to be....
Run to kindle high school flames,
in a frosty extra-marital romance....
Run from Anne Frank firing squads,
CIA brown shirt goons and inner city drug lords...
Run to pick out the funeral flowers
Casket and plot-your next move...
Run to comedy high jinx and laugh at
Your own satire-laced life...HA,HA
Run scared, run falling down
Run from 30 something to forty something....
Run where no lung dares to breathe
In smoke filled white-trash bar
Run for the Vietnam ghost...
Run for the glory of winning the sweepstakes
Car that will run for the five years or
40,000 miles add in soul tax...
Run for the animal kingdom and the zoo braille boxes....
Run for the phone book numbers
Of a million hoarse voices,
All running together in one massive
distorted wire buzz feedback....
Run to where tidal wave music rushes into Beethovens'
dead ears
And through Sergovis' over practiced fingers....
Run to the Lincoln Memorial
To remember where Justice was laid to rest...
Run to the middle class suburbs

To see what happen to the work ethic...
and Manners...
Run to the border to find good tacos
And free trade and slavery....
Run from the drones waiting in the
Bank,movie,ticket,grocery lines...
Without a good book to read....
Run for dead brothers, dogs, and mothers
cousins and uncles,
Grandparents and dearest friends...
Run to keep them vibrant in your
Mourning heart...
Run past the Russian smoke stacks
To the French Nuke-downs,
To the African Euro-slave...
Run till you meet Moa Chang Shek
Laughing in the blood Red Chinese court...
Slaughtering ideals and comrades
Once again with communist vigor,
Condemning students minds and bodies
To years of Temple captivity...
While Ancient cursed warlords reap profits...
Run to capitol hills and lobby for support
For your cause because it has amendment rights
And the infringement on the rest of us should
never stand in the way of juggernaut
runaway government train....
Run for common sense, Mister Paine
Or run your commonwealth, Mr. Jefferson
Run your company, mill, body, job,
To the last breath...if it profits you.
Run from Luther and Calvin
To a dead Catholic Saint not listening anymore...
Run to Bhudda, Confucius, or Toa
Because they ask nothing of you...
but meditate on it first...
Run like a pygmy from the Thunder of the Boomstick,
Run when Gabriel blows his horn....
But remember sophisticated suburban
Western counter-cultural Fifth Amendment techno-
junkie...
Remember that these legs...
These fleshy, pink, precocious,
panting, pre-destined legs

Cannot possibly Run –

Forever...

THE END / CM1