

CLOSET MASTERPIECES (Book Two)

UNDER THE BED

Under the Bed-
Is a restless lover.

Under the Bed-
Is a box stuffed with dreams
and visions of glory,
exciting and new.

From Under the bed-
the voice of ambition
whispers secrets-
like those deadly lies that fellin to into Ceasars' ear-
that only Ego and I can hear.

But you must keep them hid
Under the Bed-
at least
til' the copyright forms arrive...
then i can sleep-
the real sleep...
the rest of knowing
the work is done-
beyond the grind and tap
of these lettered keys-
bed ridden but for a big head
that elephant man head
Under the bed-
that still won't let me
Sleep.

LEVEL SEVEN

I speak of luck-
When black cats are an endangered species-
And ladders have been replaced-
By snowy wings...

All mirrors are shatterproof.
and show no age-
And the thirteenth floor
Has been restored.

Rabbit foot in hand-
I assured myself
That I could come to no harm.
And subsequently became invisible.
then i shouldered my way
Through the dark corridors
Of silly, mystic, intangible Superstition.

Meet me under the ladder-
Qwick, before it falls...

WHEN A DOOR CLOSES

When a door closes-
Have you ever noticed?
To shut someone out,
or shut someone in-
Like a tomb
in the silence that follows.

Broken only-
by another's presence.
Visiting hours are from
dark to dawn.
Your intrusion was welcome-
this time...

The simple unhinging
of tired nerves.
The mask of privacy
lifted,
the voice of reason,
engaged.
Small talk at
close range.

Bang, bang.
Words spilling out
with each new thought.
Bang, bang.
Subjects viewed,
framed,
and discarded.

And the price of
solitude is rising-
With each wasted second.
Suffocation sets in-
exit's are sought.

Finally, ...retreat.
A prayed for release
from verbal bondage.
Withdrawal,
heaped blessings,
false smiles and salutations.

And when,
again the door closes-
I'll just as surely
be missing you
my friend.

TROOPS

The camp of the holy grail
has Gilligan and I Love Lucy on the
screen tonite-
The anointed priest
is a cable geek
wired up in the phasing of a Network war-
no intelligent life-
would here remain.

A manifesto of freedom
is drawn up quick,
handed to the yawning postman
who snickers 'cause he has no stamps-
forgot to lick the bottle lips his wife had parted
before he left her at the doorstep
where the Volvo sat
under a scouring Nevada sun lamp.

A tidy man secure in his insurance proofs
as death itself glides callously by-
instructed to wait till the market changes
as the neon sparks get slowly brighter
in every city, state and citizens' eye.

baby cribs are filled with the artificial life
or the stimulant drug of choice
of generations new and old.

Atlanta Negroes carry a civil war flag
through Nazi Klansmen rallies
and bake up Jamaican dreams in
potless loaves-
jammin' to Utopian grooves
High under Bob Marley's dead locks.

The order is given to
fall in-
fall in-
fall in.

DEEP

When you have found your deepest love
Then you will find your truest heart.

In it there is no room for bitterness
alas there is no room for any feeling
but greenest, softest, loftiest
tear stained feelings-
only these will surface
only these will stay-
and become the moment
you can reach nor hold
in any other way.

Deep is difficult to reach-
but the best place
to Be.

HAIR (When I had Lots)

Please hair,
please fall down.

Cover these shoulders
these two collar bones,
and all that's below them...

Cover my weakness,
cover my head of worry,
dull and withered head of
confusion...

Fill up all those fearful spaces
in my brain tonight...

Wrap us and warm us
melting raw image-
into sublime visions of steam...

conjure for us
a head of fancy
and naughty dreams.

Hair-
hide the mystery of Me.

A MATTER OF SLEEP

The difference-
was in the hours-
Who got to rest - Who didn't.

Agitated,
un-nerved
Un-focused-
A sleepless void
brings a long morning yawn-
it creeps in unwanted,
scolding-
for the oversight
of non-fueling...

An empty mind-
scratches its head
blank eyes follow
fellow commuters
also yawning...
also tired and grumpy -
just like me -

It always comes down to
A matter of sleep...

THE AIDES OF MARCH (Sex as weapon)

The oracle states:

There is no miracle cure forthcoming
and the wasteland cracks,
under the scorching sin and son...

The parched pant, rant-
and faint dead way
The piles are mounting a sacrifice to heaven...

What black plague memory
does this bring to mind?

This plague that sweeps a dirty world clean.
This plague that divides the moral majority-
This plague that judges, tries and condemns,
Infant with innocent, hetero with homo-
as blind to justice as the wicked to blame.

When one cries, fades, dies
behind what mask do we hide our shame?
Afro, Anglo, Latino, Hetero, Homo-
all are made red faced,
all are made equal in the dust-
our lust and leprosy are sadly joined
The death stroke of a Caligulan society,
the death harvest - of a wanton world.

FAMILY

My nodding response to a turbulent future
A future desolate of all family bonds or ties
while destiny's megaphone still rings in both ears
and you might fall in love or lie
wounded further and further behind
the child's ignorance is a merciful shield
to her heart while we have neither shield nor ignorance
must feel the full thrust of the sword through
our married hearts
new lovers and new names haven't erased the
muddy tracks, that long road together
not yet
but the constant rain and distance
and solemn longing for what isn't in the mirror anymore
in the the cards upon the floor
will fade...
more shields will be made.

ICICLE PAIN

She felt the sharp icicle
pain...
stab at her heart
with his very next words all hope
would suffer a melt down-

In the sharp cold heat of disappointment...

her innards collapsed as
he casually mentions the girlfriend...

His "girlfriend" - What a horrible word.

"Girlfriend" – such an un-foreseen word.

The word buzzed overhead
Like the dragonfly of death-
And shattered all her founding
Brick by brick illusions...

Like Laura's broken glass menagerie
All women and men come to this
at some point-
When the personal truth is revealed
only to them...

And the lion of brave moments
and tact....Pounces-

When the soiled Circus tarp
Is thrown off to expose the ugly cage
you're still in,
still circling,
still trapped,
and may never get out of...
then-
you are truly alone - with Icicle Pain.

THE LITTLE TIGER

The little Tiger
Is fast asleep.
The noon time sun
Over him peeps-
through the trees above his head,
The little Tiger naps
and nestles,
Stretches and yawns,
And settles
down again.

Impatient wind yells
Wake-
Rustles leaves and branches
excited to play.

Tiger hears and simply
smiles
there's no hurry
for either of them-
and no worry.

Mother nature loves them both
and keeps all her riches close at hand.
For the sleepy little Tiger
and the restless wind-
His friend...

THERE GOES THE NEIGHBORHOOD

The ambitious young broker was
breaking up little boys like me-
for hotels or condos or something--
I had a cozy corner lot you see...

He rang my front door bell,
smiled and spoke slyly-
From the back of his head--
He knew he got me out of bed....

Well I smiled back and being the
polite chap I am,
instead of kicking him in the shin
I listened...

And before long felt the cement
beneath my feet
giving way...

I struggled at the weight of his calling card
A plastic locomotive-
And went straight to my telephone
To rouse the ear of my nearest neighbor
Who is just a little smaller than me...

We carried our burden two doors down
And soon the whole block was running to and fro-
Waving pitchforks and shouting revolt!

I trembled for my comrades as I thought of our lost
cause
And through a tear of defeat went swimming back
home...

There, the honest agent had little good news,
As the small print had grown up
SOME
-on my 20 year mortgage.
And my lawyer buddy was late-
for a Wilshire Corporate
party.

The wife was shopping for paint and shoes,
The kids were studying hard for their SAT's.
The dog needed an operation and a carpet cleaning...
And the boss was having second thoughts
about the quality of my work...

I just tossed that damn card behind the garage-
the guy was such a jerk...

RED HIGHWAY

A single mushroom cloud
floating in thoughts toilet bowl...
a Sani-flush blue sky and the car window glares back...

Pull in and brake-
A strange surrealism hits us at the out-post
I fill the tank-
stand awkward amid
a trucker swarm
and I feel very small here.

Surrounded by hundreds of Peterbuilt cabs
motored steel cocoons baseball hats
and beer.

A mixture of traders, scruffy long shirted
hard working boys and men,
rednecks and cowboys,
playing video games-
or drawing from automated tellers.

And the view is filled in with big screen
tvs- the sports fanatic meets
modern mind welcome mat.
A thousand varieties of beef jerky and shrink wrapped-
sandwiches.

The mini mart isles clustered with junk food junkies
A coffee house restaurant beckons across the way,
ala mode steaks and apple pie combinations
a buger king to complete the
meal deal on wheels....

18 wheelers' second home
All the caffeine and donuts he can stuff
to get along...

Back to the road,
Green mushroom bushes
line the landscape
like flattened X-mas trees
That smoked too many cigarettes when they were
young.

I stare off-
admire the mountain-
and embrace the sun-
glad to be moving on.

BALLAD OF THE LAME SUITOR

The Lame Suitor came to her door
She opened it a bit suprised
giggling all the while
even in her phony eyes
openly laughed into his face
Which, of course brought him great
Disgrace.

The next day he would sign a petition
with the US Marshall
Asking for permission
to ban her from the feminine race,
for her immediate dismissal
For his great
Disgrace.

The Lame Suitor stood high on his ideals
Which did not work well
with the Judge of Appeals
The Judge himself even grinned
When he saw the Lame Suitor
Walk in-

With his black bowed tie
Looking very Chaplinesque...
The Judge said can I see your SAT test?
What an odd request-
The Lame Suitor thought
And promptly delivered the packaged
he handed the Judge that test...

I say, you do seem mighty clever,
But you are not very Ssssmart
Brother-

The Judge said,
what you're a courting here
is a disaster.
She'll break you like a twig,
She'll soon become your Master
She'll put you behind a wall
And fill it up with plaster
you cannot hope to out-last her...

My friend, with the wooden head
My friend in the patent leather shoes
That braided hair will be your noose...
She hasn't a clue at how great you will be
She only sees you as
the Lame Suitor

In a suit made of money weed

If the Jury was half here,
I think they would agree...
when courting is such a disaster
You're better off,
Single and free..

The Lame Suitor thought long about this
about the prospect of his future
Unbliss-

He said I think you're right Judge
I retract my appeal
Send away the Plaintiff, the Bayliff
And my Kentucky Fried
Sqeal
Let's just forget the whole deal.

He then placed his heart
in a box
made of steel
And with a hot wax and seal
Laid it to rest
Crawled back in his coffin
And said
"Ah yes, the man was right-
This Is Best"

NASEA

Nausea again swept over me
when the 11 o'clock news reported
a record 60 disasters on this day.

Nausea swept over
when two-star moviegot pre-empted
by a college basketball game.

Nausea swept over
when supper was 39 cent pot pies
Dead chicken aroma for dinner.

Nausea swept over me at the office -
talk got heated at the dinner table -
frustration led to belly knots.

Nausea swept over me
as homework was 21 pages of Math
for a seven year old boy...

Nausea swept over me as i read this-
deja vu-nasea-deja vu-nasea...

LOTUS PEOPLE

Sense and all feeling drowned in video-drug
pool...

I give a lazy wave back-
To guilty past and its sad echos...

Reflection is a curse here-

Watching a movie about a mothers love-
I see my own mother,
Giving life through milk tears...
Always giving
so many laborous years
giving and giving...

Feeling is fire and image too vivid
I shed traitor tears-
must regain my form and power-
fall into the furry cloud
of Laura's arms-
She consumes my breath and sorrow...

My Thrashing heart gives the night
sound and force...

Pathos is weak again-
sometimes passive...

While a haughty future watches
amused from a distance and simply giggles
at my perplexed state.
This prime candidate
for mental lunatic is safe for now
hiding out...

hiding is such a placid word...

she rests now-
also hiding...
hiding from headaches and dirty old men
and work...

I can't help her
with that problem....

I Can't help her-
much.

Meanwhile,
a thousand bleak miles from here....

Daughter Doll
is child happy
she has such amazing luck-
being born to midwest value mother
possibly the greatest mother living on planet Iowa...

And Emilys' gift is Emily...

She shares herself graciously
with all who will listen...
even those that don't.

Back here-
All love is in two open hearts...
All hatred is in two also....

Resisiting the Lotus
Is not easy...

The high is so immense
So diverting...
So clean...
So fragile yet like a solid
dream...

Well Grounded...
like a weed but not weed.

Strength to say "no"
comes from where?

I live with a happy nymph
who guards the door
from angels and change...

We are Lotus People now...
We feel and are so strange...

WOOD CHIPS

I swept away the fallen leaves of my senses
As with an old broom
brooding on the moment about to come
sucked at the sick sinful air
so full of things tongues love to talk about
weighed down by the hard heavy words of friends
that fill up rooms like so much bulky furniture
not one piece of it polished or bright
all of it old and dark stained
and termite infested
my wood block buddies-
Pinocchio heads full of lies
And growing long noses
cinders and chips ashes to ashes
not to trust
all too busy bodied
and full of moss.

PRIMAL (DANCE)

Under a half crazed moon
I grapple with that lowest, common denominator-

Howling,
silent to all but me
From some inner ancient well,
The echo, once so faint
Now shakes my impassioned frame.
Uprooting the soft, outer soil
Of Civilization-like a lid
or a shedding serpent.

Man,
in time, conquers.

But beast, simple survivor,
Rides the roaring river of his own surging forces
He is engulfed in the violence
Of his nature.

He neither shuns nor disciplines that Law-
He merely follows it.

Yes, I fear the beast within me-
and in fearing
I respect.
With respect
I tame.

With mercy,
and with love-
I Preserve.

TEACHERS

Mr. Hygenes once-
yelled at me in a very loud voice-
Because I petted his dog so he wouldn't bite me...

and Mary's sicko mother once told me that I wasn't
allowed to
come-
over anymore because the way I talked to her
out back-
She wouldn't tell my mother-
But still I'd better watch my
step...

And that teacher that used to bite his lip so hard,
sometimes, when he was mad,
that it would bleed-

He didn't like me either-
and Mr. Hubert used to say that I would probably end
up
a damn Drug Addict,
if I kept playing that rock n roll...and I did.

WORMS

The mucousy microscope
has its germs-
The still moist corpse
has its worms..

The duties of life fall
to those who fulfill them-
The castle caste system of creation
That bonds us to our respective - cells.

There is no longer a hyped hippy
revolution
Only insidious scandal
pollution-
with no techno-
solution
and no fear of hell.

No computer resolution
can break this mold
Genesis remains-
laid like granite stone-

Crawl away now or be crushed...

RADIO

Blasting away at our hot backs
it kept conversation to a comfortable
minimum-

Dialog shows the threads
too thin-
between us.

You can't discuss
what really matters out here
any way-
so we just sit inside
the radio silence.

Like our visual Mantra -the TV
at home-
it coats the room in a wash of noise
that helps each one of us
avoid those nasty fear laden projections
we call criticisms-
or the cheap shots we call witicisms...

Thank you Mr. DJ
you really saved my day.

Radio truly IS -
A Sound Salvation.

FOREST

Mother nature cradled us-
until we all got too damn big.
and wanted to be on our own
and moved away and built condos and factories
and molded motorized vehicles
and a computer brain to run it all.

Hey, we've been throwing some Great parties-
She hasn't been invited though...

Our high walled cities and indoor lunch meetings
break off all tradition with her-
She is no longer welcome-
to any of our events.

Like a feeble grandmother
sent off
to some distant nursing home-
for her own good-
to get her out- of our conscience
and out- of our busy hair.

She doesn't share - anymore
in our joys or sorrows-
our funerals or our feasts...
She,
like many old mothers
Mother Hubbard and Mother Goose-
are fabled myths that are unconnected
with our modern ways...
cut off and abandon-
neither her story nor her glory-
to be found among us.

But mothers Always Forgive-
even when their ample hearts are breaking.

And those rugged pious men of old
who grew up under her green leafy branches
and felt the direct touch of her warm green hand
and harsh biting wind-
and lost - so many battles to her
who still admired and respected her-
and walked cautiously into her presence...
have all died off, and their backwoods views with them.

The new school brick linoleum brats have all
forgotten...
those grim history lessons- burned into an ancient
wood.
Now yesterdays yellowed newspaper -useful only to
light the electric fireplace
or to cover the plaster walls face.

SIMPLE BEAUTY IS BEST

I often tell her-
"Simple Beauty is Best."

That is what you get to keep-

When the age rain
washes off
all trace of redeeming
mascara, blush and liner-
exposing what your simple beauty
IS.

What you get to keep-
after hours
when you sleep-
recharge, play.

I do admire all those painted on
peacock feathers
but I still say...
Simple beauty is best-

And You-
my dear,
are simply-
Blessed.

IF MY LIFE WERE AN OPERA:

If my life were an Opera
It would be filled with short sonatas
bursts of sensual joy-
high trilly staccato passages of
passions triumph
over rancid routine...

Pretty singers dressed
in long see-thru gowns
seducing the hero
into a spontaneous tragic
down-
fall.

The handsome protagonist,
me-
a man of action and song
would topple slowly into
soft breasts and thin arms
an arrow through the heart
singing a beautiful French Aria
until his breathe and life
were finally
gone...

If my life were an Opera.

CHAPLIN THE TRAMP

The Tramp spoke
to a simpler world-
In a simpler manner
with style and a story
that needed to be told.

Projected the image
of films first hero-
From a homemade studio lot.

He amplified the sound of silence
Moulded it into the art of silence....

The Pantomime became the voice.
The voice of poverty,
the voice of hope-
the voice of common man's triumph.
The bold stamp of the
undefeatable Tramp.

From wild physical arpeggios
to tender moment ballet grace.
All synced to a grand music style.
Reels of free form thought-
A furious flight of piano fingers-
the key to motion and mood.
The clown-the prince-the fool.

Chaplin-
the genius of melodrama and motion
Supreme magician - of flash and pan
making moving pictures
always with us in mind.

Eternal master of the black and white world.
Thank you, Charlie.

PARDON ME

Pardon me, but I think I've committed
A grave social error...
You are a stranger and I did not look away
When you looked at me and I looked back
I did not look away...

Because I forgot the rule-
I forgot the rule for a moment
And I looked back too long
Because there was something-
I wanted to say-
But couldn't say-
Because you were a Stranger...

Something we would all like to say
to each other
But we cannot,
because we have to remain Strangers..

And if it goes that far....
I'm still a Stranger to myself
So if I can't meet me
How can I possibly meet you....
That's what I was thinking
when I looked at you - too long-
....I am - sorry...

BIRTH DAY

The best wife yet created
with all her ancient tips-
could teach you very little, Marie
on that mountaintop
On that - your Birth Day.

In those first stage moments
she would've stood far back and
watched-
as you held the infant girl
gift -
as no Mother had ever
before you-
or since.

As you held the love of eternity strong
within you.

I watched in awe as you lifted your head
and asked your first birth boy
for something to drink-
He would grumble
you - did not.

Although tired is what you've mostly been
Since him-
and that is what you're sure to be -
again.

As more years of duty under the wrap of
Mothers-hood-
reclaims you and tired
fills your mind-
along with our urgent requests
to be loved and understood.

While you set sleeping bodies in soft cribs
and check on sleeping husbands
Who work late and never seem to wake
to help you with all these burdens-
Those that good mothers can't share or leave
(like some fathers do)

Good Mothers like you-
Marie....

ROCK POET

I'm often asked –

What is a Rock Poet?

I say this,

One who responds to the Beat-
of a million longing hearts...

An observant Comrade-
who takes rapid notes-
that erupt in a perfect musical chorus
sung like a Mantra throughout all time...

One whose entire being
can be felt in one truthful line...
one who seeks for the greatness
of a perfect phrase,
word or sentence.
even if it doesn't always rhyme-
with the melody of an angels choir
to make it soar...

One who hungers for-
thought filled faces
searching like him...
passions fruit and passions depths
plunged--
the high and low of a Real moment
tears that burn,
and laughter that aches...

Rock Poet-
is a Noble Title
for a Troubadour of love-
and lust-
cheap thrills,
and divinity...
He must sort thru and choose
among Icons, Madness and Loss-

The Rock Poet is a blank page
waiting for the ink to fall-
a keyboard where the mouse plays...

Waiting for a possessed pen to
scribble the suicide note,
SOS or proclamation-
"Creation is Freedom..."

Waiting for a response-
to the helpless hands, for the troubled hands, all about
him...
Shackled or drifting friends
who need the words-
the Rock Poet so desperately wants to give.

THE CHILD'S ONE POWER

Which it uses to excess,
the barking of a
brand new will-
No!...
favorite defense-
at a groping,
Manipulative world...

It shouts,
from small, strong
lungs--
high piercing
protests-
that---
and a refusal to move-
or cooperate,
in the least,
period.

No!

The Childs' one Power
is very strong-
I have succumbed to it- many a time.
been defeated by a tiny scream or an even smaller-
tear.

Sometimes, I wish
I had even one power as potent -

I-

who cannot even fume
at in-competent bank tellers-
mere cogs like me.

Powerless-
all of us, in a vast corporate ocean-
mumbling, dissidents in a vast tapestry of economic /
Division.

Sheer numbers rise against me-
and my mild-mannered - Will.

If only I had the power of the child
to stop all progress-
and Not -
put on that diaper, shirt or shoe
or swallow that nasty little pill.

If only that one conquest were mine again.
That One Power - would be Enough.

ARTIFICIAL

Fans pumping,
fans blowing,
fans fighting to feed
artificial air-
to tender
biological
lungs.

Small cabin spaces-
a 30,000 feet
oasis-
shrinking egos
shrinking-
life force.

Artificial light
to read by,
To eat by,
to think by...

The mind
can block out-
can run free-
far off
or stumble
over a turbulent mind field.

Mind keeps man whole.
mind makes prisons-
or islands-
or magic lands
to play in...

my mind's
making ink spread on page,
across straight lines
across TV of eye
and back again-
making no sense of scents
making non-sense of sense.

The artificial life
of words in motion...

MONA

Mona,
is the pain so strong,
so deep, so raw-
That you just can't hold the rail?

Were all your dreams born
to be aborted?
Does big, shiny success mock you
When you fail?

Do you fear the next beat of heart?

or another crack in your thin shelled will?
Do flushed pores open wide
while thinning blood runs cold?

At a strangers glance do you shrink-
and wither-
and die?

Would that a single death could cure you-
but it won't.

A thousand deaths won't cure you-
A thousand miles won't free you-
A thousand smiles won't make you feel
at ease.
Mona please-

Don't suck it all in
and keep it there-
let it out
softly dear.

There's at least one prize you can win-
And he's waiting
right here...

FUNTIME

Balloons snapping air-
bursts of laughter-
from under the cake-
There-

Dresses rustle young boy's hearts-
to obedience and blushing-
Giggles...sporadic cries-
scuffling feet...
all game and glee...all running to hide...

We've stirred up all those honey bees
now they're charging-
For the trees.

Scampering, wild, little monkeys
fighting for the choice sweets.

Making Mary jump Joy-ously about-
Grandma cries-
You shouldn't have let these Monsters out!
this cage is far too small...

The scene shifts, the curtain lifts,
Beware of small ones bearing gifts...
The scene shifts, the curtain lifts
Beware of small ones bearing gifts...

Silent mothers in sealed off corners-
volleying against the Horde
captive, watchful, loving guardians.
Who know school is just around the corner...

SUNSHINE FACE

Masters have an affinity for smiling
Servants-
at any given time anyone of us
is also a Master-
of the next circumstance.

Servants-
who do smile
will find fifteen percent attached at the end of a day
and a warm fuzzy feeling around the heart.

A sunshine face gets the best reviews
the best press and may even make the evening news-
discussed over a relaxed dinner
fed into the chit chat in the form of a compliment
that is the good servant's reward-

That and knowing that his turn
at master may arrive
on the next morning ferry-

To clammer aboard ship full of disbelief
grab the captains hat and give the orders
to start engines-
you're full steam ahead
with you're pillow of dreams
rolled under one arm

If so -
remember to be kind
to all us other smiling servants along the way...

BOTTOM OF THE DECK

Ace high card, Jacks or better!
In or out you punks!

Thick wrists flick thin cards
in a violent rocky
rythm.

Shuffle, shuffle, Crrrack!
Crack! Shuffle, shuffle,
Crrrack! Slam!

The supple deck responds
Like a husky woman
obedient
to only one master.

In this house-
Billy Boy is that master.

Like a thick bull whip
Snap!
Cards soar through the smoky air
across stained kitchen table like homing pigeons.

Ante' up! he barks
Come on you guys!
pass the #@!%\$ beer!
No amateurs here!
This ain't fucking Vegas right Sammy?,
We ain't got all night! Eh, Joey?

The smoke settles like fog
eye level and serene.
Hides the bluffing eyes
poker faces- game masks are now in place.
tension sits thick in 5 dirty seats.

Let's Play it - not #&@!! talk it !
Hey, you guys remember Go Fish?
HA HA! HA!
George the Jetsoon
Always quick with the wise-cracks
Billy cuts - spits into sink
deals the cards like a Vietnam vet spilling guts.

Cigars and Cigarettes shift
squints and smiles and chuckles
everyone's a winner here. Hit Me.
Sal heads for the john
Billy says - don't take all freakin' night!
Charming...

BOND

The sandy haired sisters glowed
from a smooth light thrown on angel faces
from a window smaller than their waists
soundless through the headphone void...

Have given me back a memory.

With those heads so closely
bent forward
together bowed
in the familiar pose of trust
where no secret is allowed.

Cement the bond of sharing all they have ever been
Heads bent in agreement as to what
is beautiful and interesting
and worth their attention.

Like the one mind of love
they have one view of life -
I wish I felt that bond again -

I wish for my little brothers smirk -
That crazy gleam when I knew he was
about to be foolish or a jerk
or go someplace we weren't allowed
just because....

We were as much a "we" as two brothers can get
I miss the "we" of us
Sisters and Brothers
Share with each other even what is hid from
the rest of the race.

ITCH

I asked the woman why
she itched-
There-
She said,
she had to get at something

eating her

insides...

eating away,
eating at her from the inside

Out-

That's why-

she winced,
that very sensual, almost a moan,
almost a groan, just this side of a

shout.

a guilt-ridden victim reading
out loud her jewish mothers'
unfair list of complaints-
all deep scarred laments
gliding between body and soul
an excruciating extacy
tight rope-tent- walk that was fascinating to behold

my substance was almost
....lost
in the depth of her drowning well-

almost...

the room filled with a brooding bubble bursting sorrow.

Too late to step back, hide, or even turn away
I was stuck-
gum shoed
Center stage-

In the middle of the melodrama... facing her
had to play it out
A tragedy without
Content or consent.
I stood long shivering, withering
Wondering where the others went...
I was neither friend nor guest
Just thoroughly-
Embarrassed...
a passive member of the race
Squirming in the vice
of empathy
Flogged and faint in the tornequit
of her whine
tightened to a near frenzy pitch

this kind-
of self pity
is beyond indulgence,

And rarely seen outside the playground
fence
society's mirror shatters
when she walks by.....
Thank GOD for adult hood
I hope she settles down
And marries a nice butcher
in Brentwood...

DIG IN

Pick a spot-
Then dig in
It could take a year
It could take many-
And tunnel vision
Is all you got.

A shiny new shovel
And a pair of black boots,
So's the dirt don't show.
It looks so easy
From up on top.

The ground is hard,
It's solid rock
But watch for landslides
And sismic shocks.
It's a gopher's world,
A serpents paradise.
Eliots' dry Wasteland.

The famine reaches
Down below.
Below the belly
Of the soul.
From ravaged heart
To sudden tears,
You kill the host
To fight the fear.
And yet it's always
Very near
No matter where
You stab.
And yes, the thing
You love the most
Is buried there
Like a forgotten ghost.
Waiting, for a chance
Revival-
not extinction.

Don't dig for Death
Dig for Survival.

TRIPLE XXX

Ruby red nails digging small trenches
in a back that usually don't even like itches
and makin it work so hard for a feeling
that can't even be imagined..

(I've tried)

but certainly gets talked about by
most of the other sense organs
that legendary trophy
that sits right in the middle
of your "longing for anything" intense
body.

Blood might flow
but that - fact
doesn't put a dent
in the computer hull.

Those pesky nerve endings
always claiming how fragile
they are
warnings can be so easily ignored
it's called sacrifice in some manuals
but not the ones with pictures
the kind most of us read
excstasy may be easily achieved
even where excellence isn't.

Diversion
is only attention and focus missing
but that is what is truly great about the act
in question
when carnal knowledge becomes the only
knowledge
and flesh a gate to heaven.

It swings wide open
for anyone with a libido
and a minimal dose of emotion
the promotion
of ego-less to the head of the class.

Touch your way to top
of a mystic mountain
in that far away mind
you wish would last for more than 10 seconds

The groin tingling gunshot blast
that blots out every other failure
with a numbing flash.

Sure the funeral was no picnic
that's behind us now
another kiss
will will it away
in a passion rush
kick at the wall that separates
-us-
from them.

Those fuzzy fairies of perception
the one real power is delusion
and that quest begins
here in her room
i can plant the Bean stalk
just ask Jack-flash
what that was really about.

All Poems by Daniel Sage 2005