

## 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.

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### 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...

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### 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.

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## 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.

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## 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...

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## 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.

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## 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.

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## 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.

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## 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...

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## 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...

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## 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.

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## **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"

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## **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...

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## 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...

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## 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.

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## 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.

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## 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.

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## 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...

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## 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.

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## 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.

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## 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.

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## 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.

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## 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....

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## 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 extcacy  
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 sizmic 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.

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### **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.

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All Poems by Daniel Sage 2005