

CLOSET MASTERPIECES (Book Three)

(Dedicated to the Pioneer Artist - John Lennon)

BUSY BEES

The forest is always as busy
as any of us-
Even a bit busier
I'm sure...
it makes me feel like we are
in slow motion or standing still.

I can hear the chattering rodents
their gossip of fear and food-
field mice and red squirrels
scramble like children playing
hide and seek-
through moss and leaves-
rush to cool soil beds...

And these fierce tiny insects
bold like Romans in their confidence...
competing to the death
organizing-
to conquer the tiniest fraction of
the planet.
it's business as usual-

Even when being sucked up or chewed up
or stepped on-
reshaping the dirt and wood floor-
nibbling away at it's thick roots-
keeping everything moving-
making progress happen-
where we've always failed-
Right under our feet...

SEARS TOWER

From this great height-
from this great Tower-
the Chicago ants scurry about-
in seeming desperation.

Seething-
over freeways and side streets
winding through parks,
in an out of buildings
stacked high to fit more progress
or to produce more progress.

It all looks like the work
of so many worker-swarms
all in a furious motion-
in general agreement to keep moving
to keep the system from shutting down...
Teeming without a team
spirit or intelligence
strange, surreal and silly...

REAL ESTATE

Bible lore had it as
the center-
of all conflict...

The main theme and
protagonist in a tragedy
of conqueror and conquered-

Bold and passionate
tales of slavery and slaughter
revolved around the
taking and the holding-

the occupation and the defending
of the sacred
land...
the precious
land...
Gods' blessing or curse
secured the gift-
not man
but mans land...

The worlds greatest gift-
its skin and hide.
the gift of good soil and space
space to grow and develop
culture, traditions, farms and cities,
myths and superstitions-
an order and rules.

Our-lizard skinned cities-
cement covered and crawling
with life-
chameleon color spreads,
from inky black urban swamps-
dust bowl brown baseball fields-
park shrubs and peat moss greens-
stabbing peaks of granite,
grass and mortar-
piled high-
all over a condemned property...

Poems By Daniel Sage 2005

CELLULOID CIRCUS...

John Wayne never indulged us his secret-
How to remain a class act in a classless medium...

While further down the channel-
Bob Barker's barking dog contestants
gripe & quibble and groan at a loss
or gleefully gloat at a big cash win...add nausea...

The low channel mentality-
two to eleven has a bitter taste all its own
-its not the inner man's view
Who is not objective any longer.

Rogue newscaster Ran Dather would parody his
mothers funeral-
If news is worthy and not too dirty.

Cartoon adventures that spoof the spoof
More fun than a blood bath
so much fun - I forgot to laugh.

And whose paradox is more sur-real
Than the one in my skull?
Reruns of a tormented past- Time to switch channels...

The cable curse has just begun-
For soon I can even watch the laundry being done.
And learn nursery rhymes in Chinese
And see the 3rd world in One harmless dimension.
A world I'll no longer want to meet
Face to Face...

Big screen genius so far and few
and even less of those to review....
Re-spun, reshaped, repainted plots & characters
Previews of things that already came,
the Parallel lives of celluloid heroes & heroins.
Colored up Guys and dames.

Bogart & Chaplin lead the star-studded cast
alphabetic tabloid soup.
Leading men reading ghost lines single cast across
electron fields...
And novels that get badly diluted from the well of
original inspiration....
Made into movies that don't show - well
make crowds that don't go- well, and the line forms
from east to west.

Buster Keaton and Three Stooges & Abbot Costello &
Laurel Hardy & Buster & Charlie & Lewis
and the World of Laughter needs a new court of
Jesters...

Werewolves, Phantoms & Frankenstein's frightened
true
to a Vampire frenzy the howling crowds - munching
popcorn masses-
Bela Lagosi, Boris Karloff & Chandler the last scary
Stars- I do so miss that Innocence.

IN AMERICA -

The rules are such-

In public laboratories-

1.
Don't-
Stare down too long
when at a stall or at any face
or at yourself in the mirror.

2.
Don't-
Act too interested
in what you're doing...
Whatever that is-

3.
Always-
use too many towels
and scurry as if you're in a hurry--

Because-
the men's room is the last place
you least want to be seen-

in a busy place like America-

flushing a toilet-
pissing away precious
money = time.

Thank you Ben Franklin.

RENAISSANCE MAN

The song remains the same
As the projector hides what it projects
an arm-chair-mind is given no rest
Against loud raucous stampede of
a world doing business....
Some mingled successes
A few tax deductible miracles
Sixties idealist
I,
A renaissance man....
In reverse....

Two left feet and me with much diversion-
Tweedle Dee excursions
in prime time stances
Midnight dances
became foolish prances
hired on a cabaret girl
Married into a winners circle,
just to hear a friendly voice
The bores of your choice
Sit now in silence,
Plunge both hands into the matter of confusions
Dragged in by serfs and tides
Notices the sunset a bit too late-
too late,
much too late.

WHEN I GROW UP

When I grow up-
I want to be an astronaut
and waste lots of precious time
and government money,
and roam vast empty space,
searching for clues under moon rocks
in distant stellar beams and other expensive
astro-logical or illogical
phenomenon...

When I grow up-
I want to be an actor and
act serious in a silly world,
and do bit parts-

that don't make a bit-
of difference and upstage reality
drawing all eyes from the sacred
but mundane compromise-
making comedy tragic and tragedy impotent...

When I grow up ...
I'm gonna be famous
for 15 Andy Warthole minutes-
and then watch the event on
syndication for the rest of my drab life...

PIT

You can't scale it-
too deep.
too dark.
too wide.

You can't see out-
you can't see over-
right there
on the edge of madness
just next door
in fact...

Clammer for foot and hand holds
nothing within reach-
but the same old dirt
Grave-like in feel
Junky substitutes easier to reach for....

Pornographic posters-
t.v. knobs and potato chips
cookies and coffee cups
phantom women in waiting...

You fall back down
hit the floor-
start all over again...

You're in deep baby
deep down in the pit
diggin-
dig it.
diggin-
dig it.

Dig It.

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spirit or intelligence
strange, surreal and silly...

CABIN BOY

Can a mere cabin boy
can be content to
Obey his orders...
and not look to undermine
his Master?

Where freedom has become
An all encompassing endeavor,
I find mutiny-
Among the ranks...

Disillusioned, disheartened,
Dismal crows-
Planning escape...

But to where?

Have the ends of this
Great earth suddenly
Unraveled?
Has terra firma expanded
Into its watery neighbor?
Has mother womb
decided to grow?

I cannot fathom
The murky depths of distant future.
Nor glimpse the
Light of tomorrows' horizon.
But I can feel
The lashing, of this angry wind.

There are many
Deaths-
fallen Idols and cast out Morals.
And though man dies
But once-
His country, His society, His world,
Remain behind.
A ravaged, sinking, ship.

PHOTOGRAPHS

Photographs,
arranged in neat little piles-
let you safely trace muddy memories and miles
a long distance run pounding days into years....

Some leave you gasping, some beg a smile...

Where insight meets hindsight
unarmed on the man-woman battlefield...
weaving through guilt and shame and remorse
viewed callously on a bachelor's cluttered floor.

Captured ghosts forever diffused into flat 4 by 5 face.

Shuffled through for the hundredth time,
shoved away for sanity's sake
...after all the teardrops have been wiped off them...

these photos know too much...
these photos say too much...

I'll just put these harmless pictures away.....

BURIAL

My heavy heart and chest
newly soaked from an emotional rain
And the strain-
of chasing a smoke ring love affair
for so long...

She's phasing me out-
slowly, mercifully,
Thank God.
I'm moping about-
with all my male misunderstanding
sometimes it's all you have
to keep a melancholic mind from melting...

The worn out tools of tenderness
have been put back in the shed
rusted shut-
we face each other strangers
with all the weeds growing high
around us.
Hell, the whole damn field is covered
up.

We can smile now just for old times sake
Forget those sleepless weeks
listening to crickets sputtering hopes' frail chant
I can't forget-I can't
remember either-
some of the crescendo moments-

walking pebbled paths on a silent desert night....
your moon-silhouette like

a flower child skipping along to the love in....
A room full of videos and snacks and sighs
the happy glow of tv and smiles...

Our getting high only separates us now
to our old worlds and old woes-
That were never really gone
Just buried for a time
In your small arms...

SAPPY

(Listening to a happy musical number)

These old songs have a sing song quality
that moves no deep soul
it never was their purpose
written in a time when the mood to embrace
was a gay inuendo
a trick candy polka
two stepping into paradise
forget those tiresome daily life traps
the anthem and motif of a generation that spawned
opium music
lovers like the fifties craved innocence
lost something else
a recurring theme these songs in their audience
the blue hair social sixty five regime
now have such a silly note to them
a rhapsody in the untuned
in an age of reflection
I seek in a song some kind of direction
not mere protection
from a race car world.

Death of Childhood Questions...

WHEN?...today's evil twin spoken in riddles

HOW ? ...is in the alley looking for scraps to feed

WHAT?...that cumbersome bear that falls
like rain drenched gravity

WHERE?...was an eye witness, like you and i
who happened to be standing in the church
asking the deaf Deacon

WHY?

MIDWEST PLAIN

This mirage contains
no desert
sand
But the the dry dirt
can-
appear so...

the sheared stalks
mbow
bent and broken
under the bullying snow

I feel like them
crushed
in this cabin
No room to grow.

The glacier banks reluctantly receding.....
or as thin as my nylon

coat-

a dark metallic rain
and bright punishing sun
have both told them to
go-
leave NOW.

Before the spring child is seen-

skipping along the dew soaked road
his song of joy tickling
the new morning air
leave...
and do not
- dare
come back around-
here
Til the autumn winds carry you
and numb the already silent ground

below...
a bear sleeping off his memory of cold
that creeps along
much...much...much
too slow...

DRAW

Draw the conclusion
-If you have the nerve.

Ending in a physiological question
once again
beyond the skin screen
heading
warp speed toward
an Unhappy ending...

The human dilemma-
next will and testament
a millenium shock wave
but why so soon-
if ten thousand years has taught so little?

Be not of the mind
set in stone
draw your cornerstone
on the ceiling
and give back all the sketches
that up til now made the psycho-logic puzzle
fit-
or don't
but find a way
to draw yourself a better picture of
You.

Draw breath and action from it
to compress and expand
at the same time-
frame
weave the image a new face
drawn from the present potent
moment
woops,
missed it again-
making no headway, well over mine now
too drawn in by the illusion
Too caught up in the game
Time says this is a competative sport
I say not.

Draw me out....

PEEP HOLE

If you look thru it just right
From the right perspective-
That is-
with one eye open
And one eye closed-

If you look through it just like that,
Just like so,
You can see what everyone would like to see
If they looked through the peep hole-

Cuz all our eyes are the same anyhow
So you can see it too
In the brightest light
With just the right frame of mind
You can too-

See
What hides behind the door
through your eyes and mine

there in the peep hole...

HUNTER

Scouting along near the porch
Hearing the brittle grass
break-
beneath my boots
And the cold Fall
snap-
under every breath...

These signs all spoke
of the season of fear-
for some soft eyed creatures.

And mad joy for a small boy
About to enter his last rites of manhood-
A final dress rehearsal before the big show
a violence barely understood.

Days later- Choking, itching
wearing the customary red jacket and hat-
Meandering slowly along, pointing a long black
metal loaded with fire branch
at the stiff multi- cracked ground
trying desperately not to make the "here i am" stupid
sound-
Creeping slow like Gato my fat cat.

Not to be hidden from the deer
But to be safe from the Hunter-
As there are many drunk hunters
this year- like all those before
So the early warning goes.

They called it a hideout-
That's a place where Nothing can see Me
While walking up to drink
Or perhaps nibble some cool grass
What was left of it, after the first snow
This Autumn day.

Stationed far off from the main body of Hunters
I waited for what seemed like Gods longest day
to spot some movement in the motionless field
Nestled, numb and almost sleeping upon the rock.

The Deer seemed to come along as if this was another
of Bambi's games
As if there wasn't no bounty on his head-
As if he wasn't a wanted criminal
punished for being soft and instinctive instead of hard
and logical
Wanted for having a sweet meat that naturally comes
from being a sweet soul
for precious soft hides and ugly tree horns to hang on
walls.

And from those cruel beginnings,
crushing bugs, worms, frogs, and grasshoppers
I had graduated to-

The Hunter.

A graduation I wasn't ready for
And didn't readily accept
As I held my cold gun in my hand
Knowing that when the time came
I would rather shoot myself....

But that's not the way you're raised
how you're told to be,
you're filled with the ideal,
A Hunter in need.

The atrophied survival instinct must now be
sharpened and harnessed,
and aimed
towards a bouncing shooting streak
Across a fruited plain
To prove once again that man is supreme..

To insure mother will be happy
When the freezer's full
And this young buck must shoot his own buck
To prove he is worthy of being called that.

A Hunter with his 30-gauge,
Waiting beside the birch
Wearing his flannel underwear and his earmuffs
Breathing the crisp tense air
Waiting for the grass to part
Listening to the whippoorwill- sing the song of the
dare.

I would go through all this
Just for those night time gatherings,
Marshmallows by the fire
The firm exceptionance of my Father
and each of his Buddies.
The chidding, the kidding
The wrestling of my hair...
The friendly jibes, teases
The young hunter must become accustomed to
and embrace
These trials as he proves himself.

For studying to be a Doctor
or going to football practice or track or choir
wouldn't meet the requirements-
None of these would make the standard
of the lone Hunter,
Faced off in the cold woods
Squatting beside a four legged corpse.
Track Star,
Musician Extraordinaire
Painter, Singer, Dancer...
None of them ring true-

Like the Hunter.

BAM

Shotgun blast-
on a hot summer night...

downtown frenzy erupts in voices
alleys filled with no light
only the voices
the voices of the frightened many-
the collapse of the innocent one...

in the background-
there is the voice of angry revenge
Mephistopheles furnace burns
panicked oaths and orders given...

there are others
not involved who can
view with proper perspective
less vengeful
less introspective
The voices of the clean-up crew
mopping the blood-

the high trembling
voice asking why...

the voice of hope or reason
or calm serenity is muted-
this night-
like most others...

Death brings the only silence.
The Death that smothers...

Bam, Bam, Bam!
Another round fired-
far off-
another silence.
more silence
than this cities' used to-

Bam!
Another news byte number-
Bam!
a small print by-line-
Bam!
The last word forever heard...

WEALTHY WIDOW

She throws her hands into the air-
Strikes at the shadow despair...
Utter frustration and a tight corner
have caused another small explosion.

A smoke ring rises-
From the candle wick melting
A full flame anger shot down to a
smoulder...

More remorse to greet-
Bad timing all around...
Pierces the lost day like a hot damning needle.

Settle down for the afternoon nap
and the afternoon cry.
Sandwich tears-
Captive tears-
that won't dry.

Who was it that
brought you to this?
Who picked you up in that big fine car
and drove you to this empty place?

Who dropped you off at this abandon crossroad-
where the dust rises so quickly?
Who left you here for dead?

Madame Bovary warned us if you've read...

With that violent gesture
Those empty hands have stated so much.
And what reply is given?
as you posture yourself amidst
the Other statues of Wealth-
The silent stores of greed
all dusted and in good health.

And evening whispers a soothing refrain...
You can now let go of the days flight,
and run to the waiting-
night.

There is comfort in this one thought...
You will be a Wealthy Widow
-Someday.

BEACH BOUND

My trashed lemon car hates this ride-
this sandy winding descent
And the sea breezes carry to me
a stench of spilt oil and gas.

My squinting eyes tag
ragged billboards and decaying cups-
If I could just sit here for a long moment just to
STOP.

And park for once
without paying,
the Santa Monica sharks
that roam this beach...
those flip flop, cool dude, surfs up
frickin' barnacles
that so annoy
the plains people like me.

If the stinging sand and T.V.
broadcast signals would only cease.

Already,
I feel the hot voices of August and anguish...
And I can't even see my ocean
over the tall bald newscaster
Or the rusty oil tanker.

PREACH IT

Under hypnosis-
The street vermin
Squirm
hard, but listen-
To the preacher with the sullen message.

With fiery words he flails them all
Half hoping to be found out wrong.

He pipes a sermon of amount-
Bittersweet songs of democratic delusion
Denouncing the American piety-
Ringing truth from recycled myths-
And scouring the deadpan alleys for weak souls...

The cities contain the disease
but not all of it spreads-
across the chalk outlines and police files-
evidence is lost or dead.
and evil and good are forever mingled...

Mine is a plaintive song without the
prejudice of artificial hope-
And mine is the Laconic dream of a middle class
Charmer-predestined
with dad's borrowed keys a nice smile
And decent clothes...

All my allies align themselves
And pat me on the lily back-
as I stroll half awake
Through the merchant tents.
Their steady eyes fixed upon me
-I stroll
past deep dyed meats,
Credit card approvals-
and fixed rents.

Whereas the thermal blows harshly-
on the other side of this mountain
over the caravans of gypsy tramps...
for me-
the ignomy of poverty
is a philosophic blessing...
the luck of the draw was on my side.

FREEDOM

The phones not ringing
cause I'm not home.
I fade-
a bit more each day.
It's not like being afraid-
It's more like being careful.
To play it safe-
does not mean to wait.

Sitting, silent and still
fires up the thought train.
Hot, steamy thoughts emerge...
Yet,
I'm frozen, as in a dreamscape.

Wake up to find
I've changed.
So strange, to move so little-
Yet, travel so far.
Many chains have been snapped,
tossed,
contemptuously away.
One lucky jailbreak
has become...a full pardon.

It's like falling off a tightrope
into a gritty gulch.
The fall being worse
than the landing.
You survive-
and in surviving
maybe grow up a bit.

Here is the end of
Probation stroll.
Looking down on Freedom Valley.

Hallelujah.

WHEN TIME MEANT SOMETHING

When time meant something-

I grasped the seconds
hoarded the hours
And worshipped the days.

Each moment,
not mine
Was stolen from me.
Wasted, lost,
Consumed forevermore.
There, on endless times'
Factory floor.

I scorned the thieves
Of my precious time,
I hid from them.
I lied to them.
I hated them.

I, the glorious captain
Of a shiftless fate,
The embittered miser
Losing all to lifes'
Venomous twist.

I shall never forgive
Ignorance,
For so long holding me
Captive to that lie.

For time,
Like everything else-
Is meant to be

SHARED

GRIMM

Reaper sold the soul of none
but himself
and saw it all as good
saw it all as good.
He would sign the fate of the greatet and final Illusion

Beale Baily go a pophit eye said pop eye said to linus
up and give us aids
to trap our minds in the post-depression snarl the heart
of darkness is
strong in them
and we who believe in GOD of Love that purest Love
that is not known here

VAGABOND BLUE

I'm Vagabond Blue-

Windswept days,
toss and tear
at my heart and clothes.
half shredded,
I'm a full suited corpse.
A sickly scarecrow
Broken and flapping
in a bitter-cold wind.
They say look,
There's old pitiful,
old dark crow
long lost soul.

Misery . . . that's me.
I'm standing now,
cuz there's no place
to sleep.
and nothin' is what I have
and everything is what I need-
and there's many more like me...

Mystery My Megan

What those kaliedascope eyes did today
was to show me side A -

of the still not yet been completely
defeated-
or completed-

"I am in soft denial" - girl.

or not...

I have to mirror what I feel and know in you-
Megan.

There is not enough garbage to make the view
interesting - indefinitely.

You're still having growing pains - mostly sideline
complaints
you want in the game but doesn't yet know what you're
playing for...

An innocence bordering on fantasy
and what could -
and should be -

but
has been done before
bored with the outcome - me.

Megan, darling- do let go of that one...

MIRACLE GAMBLER

Win, win, win you cannot lose
and what is to be lost
where the horses of insurrection strain
against the rope
race headlong into discovery
the only calculated guess worth staking life and limb
on...

Bump headlong into childlike muse
shift to forgotten fancy
delicious pie in the sky
ala mode
crumbling -
like yourself, into an earth crust
all baked in heaven for the long school day
let life be a Tango that covers the floor
with mad passion and sidesteps collisions
while clicking out sparks
little fires that can't be put out
that light a dark mind world
ever so slowly...slowly...slowly....

Bring cosmic wonder back to the plan
back up faith with a magic want
give the past no more power
nor the future no more shape
meditate on the good that is your brothers

to the

lovingly speak

of you can

Ode to William Blake

Awake!

Blast off with the whole sky as your target
a spark sent from the chaos of a universal hammer
an original piece-
not yet heard or seen,
hoping to get moulded
into Something Meaningful.

Not made with something else
in mind-
another nice gesture...

Oh, to Wake Up
like you did
and to tear boldly at the fiber of long woven
Institutional garments.

To Scratch at thier myopic lens
with one block press
a screaming pen (and four wives)
and barrels of borrowed ink-
then to spread graffit all over the moral law.

Wake to re-write and reroute
religions worn path...

Rave mad man and call forth
the child of faith
sleeping inside
every son of God.

Although, such reckless creative lust
shall never be -
welcome here.

Blake,
Wake me up with you...

Mono Tone

...But down here,
friend-

you must talk
small to match syllables
but feel-
more than you ever
say.

live between the egos shell
to break the grid lock
of conditioning-
they scare us to sell us
we do respond to fear-
trained, terrorized, intimidated
Majority.

today i found
where the traps are set
and saw that octopus
fear sprawling roots under and over

beat the door down the double digit
with a lead pipe-dream
gave soft drinks to strangers who ask for wine
and said please-
leave me alone.

Hide true will in a save-me smile
and lose stag-nations grip
in a one legged race tied to the wounded you
in side desperation
just
slightly off track
and straight past
the heart of the matter

all this to say the sum is greater than the
Hole.

Put forth all effort every time your name is called...

CASKET VIEW

the casket rocks
but the sound it makes is not
heard by the alive world
the scattered rogues called men
satisfied of a cleverness
not present in the rest of creation
the best are filled
not with jelly or sawdust
but son light
they grope in the black cave
for holds on which to latch
afraid of the day
when all being and becoming summed up
in a phrase of anguish
a cry against-
a whisper inside the ear
too dense to hear
the outer truth bouncing off the wall of illusion...
the silence that follows is a ringing bell
ask not for whom the bell-
trolls are we all...

Suprise meets more suprise
As her petals fall exposing
layers of revelation,
how truly beautiful she is (look how that table stares---)
How truly inteligent she seems (shes read much than I)
There s a sweet poetry in her voice
and a poet feels another great poetic spirit mingled
in that tempest that I m discovering is her life-
As she ? recites, all the hard,
sometimes nasty and always tragic details of her wild
journey--
Mine has been so much quieter, sad and subtle I must
absorb so much-concentrate!
Between wicked fathers and bad breaks through
gallant,
green eyes, she ? her secrets into my coup-the waitress
has dropped several items, I wonder if it s a sign?
And my spider sense tingling telling me
this is a dangerous girl-
run
but what s more dangerous than another desperate
hour alone?
Honesty is easy for us both at this junction,
as there s nothing to loose but a few hours sleep,
while outside the rain adds another dismeniuon? to the
dream-like fairy tale quality of our ?
So you endure the lonely season as you wistfully (try
to) pierce dimmly ? Clubs for a friendly smile
A smile that appears many, many months later,
through the top of a tight black dress, under a ? of
blonde
hair, articulate beauty and a gracefule stare, watching
like a young deer that hasn t noticed you yet and isn t
afraid---Watching softly like a painter preparing for a
new sunrise getting up, her canvas for the

perfect moment, When the sun will bring out all the
best colors, a sensual striking package from this distant
vantage point,
a christmas gift sitting, scribbling,
something on a course wooden table by candle light.
If she writes, does she read?
Yes I am shall we say
-curious?
I must approach her-
existential excitement rooms nearby
Fancy dressed-up thoughts, slide smoothly from my
lips, she responds in an adorable youthful fashion
Her delight is obvious-is it sincere?
Others gather to whom does she belong?
How did she get here?
She seems to have singled me out (hoorah!-She saw
me read) and the talk is not typical barrom? ?, wherein
I sense in my soul (of souls) intuition, a delp? well of
understanding and want to wish? in for a better ?
Want to follow it down to the very bottom, how much
does she know/
How much could she know?

We laugh in our embarrassment, as we gidget ? for
keep,
To our sad ? cars/vehicles, both make excuses, as we
fish then out of the casino holding tank,
I follow her like a puppy, we skit through soaked black
streets to a wecond floor apartment,
And their resume our visit-til dawn-the rain stops=and
the lonely season is over for a while---

Epitath - Allen Ginsberg

"Headlines... THE BEAT DIES WITH GINSBERG"

The press,
As Usual-
Missed the Point.

The reporter-
probably got a B- in English
and hated the nonsense of poetry
the nonsense by which Allen drew breath
the syllables on which he stood
the cluttered stanzas he wore like an comfortable old
robe
against a society he felt was
numb, lost, drowning...not good-
For edge seekers like him.

And always forgetting how the governments
and the fear driven publics of the world
killed their heroes...with ignorance.

He, a homosexual ghost
wrestling with dead mothers
Bhudda and Jesus-
Good friend Bobby made those mistakes
also-
that cost him with the lion press

and you Allen never made many points
with any public official
stabbing with bed side quill
into the New York darkness.
I hope to learn from both of you
to treadmill light enough
not to be a target, patsy
or burn victim-
those hungry deadline boys will even eat thier own
and yes they mostly miss the point
I'm making right now-
the good stuff does'nt get said in papers,
magazines or White horse conferences
but in the magic of lifes blood songs
poets who worship words-
so envy away boys of the paraphrase brigade
you are not original or originators
like we-
the Beat Brothers
Allen, Bob, John or

ME-

AMERICAN GLEAM (Part One)

Christened the Empire of Desire.

That is what powers the engine
of Capitalism' ock race-y...

That same desire keeps the \$AD makers working over
time-

To fill a need that's not really there or simply not
created
as of yet -

The need to expand or expound upon the tail-chasing
personality-

Insecurities examined under psychologies new glass
menagerie-

Brought to light in the next board meeting.

Consumer man doesn't stand a chance against the
corporate
think tanks-

Our frenzied wall street boys are most serious
when on the scent of that dollar return...

No underdog will broadcast over them-
or be allowed to shatter that well maintained illusion.

Those with savy hide it
even from the web crawlers-

For fear of the fearful is the one thin thread we all
share...

They've examined your mind and mine
and the vault is now full of nasty secrets.

All ready to be road tested on the multiple screens of
our global communion.

We've been programmed to purchase happiness at the
list price...

A reflex reaction will be the cry of millions who feel the
loss of nothing-
At the cost of everything....

America is the techno center and the garbage bin of
the Universe.

and provide the buffer between core and shell.

I can have anything-
but that requires

AMERICAN GLEAM (a poem of possibilities)

You're fighting spirit and coming up with no wins that I
can see.

Cash in all those commodity chips and see for your self
if the Corporate Gods have grown a heart as big as
thier appetite.

Ads for Nothing are still Nothing....

Don't linger too long in the dream at a place you didn't
want to visit
in the first place.

Grab your last breath and hold it until the stupidity
wears off....

Still is a great place to stand or drink.

Cast off and be that beach bum afloat on a the great
ocean of what ifs...

You are a Mobile Hope Unit of One - a love Out Reach
for the unsatisfied Many.

Kiss the parted lips of peace and feel the rest of the
worlds need
to be kissed...

I'm now standing in the middle of an age
where wisdom is asking better questions
and listening a bit longer for more satisfactory answers.

where the playful wonder boy is keen on wringing joy
from every cumstance-
You have an interesting point of view from which to
ponder...Sage will now speak.

I CAN'T LAUGH

I can't laugh
anymore-
at this joke.
It started out so funny
But mocks me now.
Jeering like a hideous skull.
Following like a grim shadow.
A foolish trick that won't-
lie down-
And die.

Nor croak with age.

Wisdom speaks
More clearly now.
It was curiously muffled before.

That hyena I used to be
Now sits quietly by-
A wise old shepherd dog.
Smiling at the young,
Frolicking pups.
Hiding that bitter twisted memory
deep inside.

I've often envisioned
A new punchline,
Maybe a whole revision
Of that stale,
Humorless tale.
So often told
Among the ranks.
Tossed about
Like loose change-
Clanging...

My heart withers
As they recite it.
A crumpled, dry leaf
Among young, green branches.
It's a rusty old blade,
Ripping at my strangled
Guts.

AVAST

A savage east wind
Blew mighty and full,
Sturdy canvas sails
Sent the bulk of the foamy blast,
back, into the cursing salt air.

Captain Stark was far below,
Swearing, pitching, and pouring.
Nothing quite like a game of
Chase the chalice round the Cabin Crawl."
(i.e. Blow the man down, boys)

The Captain,
never one for games or the like,
Was somewhat sulky this night.
His usual unpleasant demeanor,
Shone like a freshly blackened eye.
And the only remedy for bad
Luck and worse weather
Is stronger ale.

More dark spirits all around
Drink to the passing of this
Miserable eve.

And so, as dampened
Heads spin' round
Rocking cradle stalls,
Let's climb up top to view the squall.
Those squeamish types
Had best stay under.
There's more to this here Storm,
than mere Thunder.

Wet brooding minds
Swim for cover
Seeking footholds among the pirate rocks.
Securing lines
and Short supplies,
Shouting oaths midst
Fearful cries.
Prayerful offerings
To many gods,
None of whom
Seemed to be listening.

LIST

7 am. – im facing a gray,
list
- less, day...

A sluggish wind seeps forth
to ponder with me--
our next move.
For what is a man
without something to do?

The long To-Do List is displayed
to the dismay of pan like desires.

Discipline is called for
Admiral Duty promptly takes over-
rigid stance, lips tight,
tummys tucked, exclaims
into the brig with those teething traitors!

Ours is the company of daily deed
The Crew sits up straight and peers...

Depression deep and wide as the Mississippi
would easily engulf me but for the - List-

The Sacred List. - I'll just read it again...