

CLOSET MASTERPIECES (Book Four)

GREETINGS FROM GIGLAND

The Fragmented Rantings Of A Long Winded Lounge
Singer OR The Diary Of An Existential Troubadour.

Charred voices burst through the holes
in a booming bass drum....
it beats wildly,
like the heart of a child who wants
to tell the story of the Circus he just saw...

Its' merciless assault falls-
Snap!
on deaf ears.
as we scream lines we've all heard
and uttered-
at least a thousand times....

On stage,
We strike the opening chords
like a calvary charge,
sending forth a rush of sound
into the bodies of our guests.

Our job is simple,
To start the Party off
And keep it going
until closing time.

Prince Valium just came in-
we call him that because
he's a bit lazy
and very rich,
and bears an uncanny
resemblance to a drunk Jim Morrison.

He's fond of slumming on tuesdays and thursdays,
so he comes here to get warmed up-
for the real parties on the weekend...

He rides up in his milk white Porche
knowin full well-
Miss Babylon is peekin' through the curtain.

As soon as she hears that engine
she's off to the john to gas up
practically jumps him at the door
she sure can blow a thick smoke screen.

Although, as far as looks go,
she's near Perfection.

They make a very Happy,
handsome couple
for about 10 whole minutes...

Then Drive Away stoned
at 97 miles an hour.

Over there,
far off in the corner

Lisa May Dances Alone
As always.
It's been that way.

Since she was 13,
She's goes home to Daddy and Daddy Only...
if you get what I mean...

Achilles the Heel,
Did make several passes at her though-
Keeping his other heel on Lady Marmalades'
Crimson Satin Disco Gown...

Who, for some reason,
never even spoke
To long time friends
Tragic Fanny or her daughter Fae tonight.

They drank their four Ice Tea's
pouted a few minutes,
And then left-
complaining-
About the lousy juke box selection
that fills up our breaks...

All in all though,
everyone is pretty subdued this evening
Except maybe,
Queen Jane-
the former porno star.

They say she was Lou Reed's pusher in the
seventies...
she drops in six quarters for that song
"Her Tears Say, What She Never Could"
You know the one...
If i hear it one more time
i may get violent....

All the girls here play that stupid song...
it's a late night anthem
Somehow tapped in with
the feminine mystique
i don't understand either...
They'll probably have to replace the whole CD now.
The Sooner The Better, man
It's sounding pretty worn...

The smoke's not too bad up here on stage
As our darling club owner Charlie
Has had the filters replaced for
the first time since 1973
our asthmatic keyboardist - Brian,
Is Breathing freely now
And complaining only mildly
about the watered down wine coolers.

He'll frequently Blame It On The Wine
When his lame chops get blasted
By the rest of us-
he's reliable though,
And sings like a burned out Billy Joel.

It's always better to have
an alcoholic keyboardist
rather than a guitarist-
drunk guitar players go off on some
bizarre tangents-
solos start taking on strange patterns
like Appalachian scales-
around some Greek chorus in
the reverb chamber of his mind.
Our bartender tonight is young Ray-
his father, Citizen Daze
Just called to warn him that Harley Tatoo
was seen with his ex-wife so be careful.

Harley's buddies are always near
just within muffler reach....
Chopper Joe and Chopper Jerry
being the most dangerous
But Ray says,
"Hey, the Honeymoon's more than Over
And wait til he tries her lasagne..."

The Judge and his Jury
showed up wednesday nite
to condemn a few faithless
non-patrons of their lowdown ways
and to remind all present
of a sale on friday in the meat department...

He says, If The Price Is Right
the consumer is too- and
if you show up,
you could win the big store raffle
fifty dollar jar of soap....
The judge then made some off-handed cellulite
remark
wherein Blimpy got sore and dropped his hot dog,
they're still cleanin' up the mustard.

Salome Hosier dances for us now
in the red light-
seduces the boredom away...
a white trash trailer princess
her mother, Ma Barker
raised her to bite down hard
and leave a good mark,
find his weak spot and get on the lease...

She's sexy enough to be fatal
to even the most solid ego,
as that chalk outline on the dance floor clearly
show...

She slowly gyrates in the shadows of
deceit and floorplay

letting these drunk horny truckers
slip on their own testosterone drool...
After all,
a Pretty Face is a rarity round here
it's like a new Beer billboard
a splendidly painted sign post that there's
fresh dainties up ahead...

For us,
some needed mileage for
a dead end set...

In a place of wounded dreams,
limbo dances and mumbling spirits,
dead ends are common...

Again,
we're getting the rolling eyes
from our sound tech
the one with the P.H.D.
in obnoxious behavior.
his only true joy is robbing musicians of theirs...

I really envy him his three bills a week though....

Mary Magdoline has come in to see
the used car dealer about a Pontiac...
hope he don't rape her on the mark up...

Sandra, the Spider woman
is still looking for a Texas millionaire
with an Ocean Liner yacht...
using sticky cigarettes fingers
and Raid perfume as her bait.

Her web seems to be thinning lately....

Both drink Rum and coke and glare
at Evita - ah, yes...
the pretty Cuban waitress
they're lucky she just works weekends
she has a great Amadeus laugh...
and a birthmark on her - never mind....

The guitar player in the clown suit
is smiling this set--
He's smiling because he knows
where all his C chords are...
he keeps all his simple triads
in an old shoe box in his busy mind marked "junk"
he's smiling cause he's had two watermelon
shooters and he might get laid if Diane has another
budweiser...

He's smiling because he doesn't know
that Terry and Diane
punched a hole in heaven two nights ago
in His mustang....

the three 6's on his skull
don't show anymore cause of the new wig,

he's a ram rod,
with Fusion impulses
and No style.
he quotes Benny Hill and Caligula
non stop-
he has the personality of a cobra
a real class act-

My buddy.
Half Loaded and Giddy
Were just 86'd,
kicking and scratching
All the way out the front door.
Everybody seemed genuinely pleased,
or at least momentarily amused....
But not near as much as
The Jackal and his hyenas
They're impersonating stallions...
Hate the real ones,
those smelly Italian braggarts...

Mild mannered Harry Samson
Who guards the temple door,
is said to have crushed Popeye Rayvin's hand
in an argument over Daphne Moses bra-size...
He's a big pussycat-

I still don't believe it...

And nobody saw the Lady on Reds leave-
and jump off Guilt-lust Ridge that night she made 11
trips
to the ladies restroom,
and was overheard sayin' "he'll be sorry then" in the
stall....
i thought she was drinkin' strawberry daiquiris,
and was doing swell...

It's the Middle of the week...
the natives are restless and swollen
like polish sausage bursting on grill,
or a water balloon rolling on hot dead grass...

So why is everybody still here?
it can't be the tacos,
Or the Band...

Those Mother hens in the front row
all night sqwuaking about how cute my boss is-
He points at them as if to say
"You're The One " babe
Then pokes fun at the same aging beauties
in the dressing room backstage
the ones who eat too many leftovers and
broke all the mirrors at home...

Gentlemen always prefer blondes
but there ain't any of those here
so the brunettes are cleaning up...

It 's half time, have to get back up there
the game draws much better than the band
so it 's top dog around here-
I'm merely another Jester in
Emperor Footballs royal court..

I just spent my whole break
Talkin' to Doris Clay
She had a wholesome past
but has a doleful present,
and was wondering why
Rock Huggy-bear and
Cary Gram-cracker turned gay?
I'll give you a clue there sister...

And Everyone's wondering about-
the morning after.

Will it be foreign sheets or Winchells again?
I have no such delusions
Or Illusions-

Probably Dunkin' Donuts for me....

Non-Fiction is always stranger
and much thicker,
Than the other stuff-
Nobody reads anymore...

This Report from Gigland-
Good night.

{Gigland Game Object....To Find all 15 Hidden All
Song Titles- Here They Are....}

*PERFECTION
*MISS BABYLON
*HAPPY
*THE HONEYMOON'S OVER
*LISA MAY DANCES ALONE
*BREATHING
*THE SOONER THE BETTER
*BLAME IT ON THE WINE
*ILLUSIONS
*HER TEARS SAY
(WHAT SHE NEVER COULD)
*PRINCE VALIUM
*NON-FICTION
*DRIVE AWAY
*YOU'RE THE ONE
*IF THE PRICE IS RIGHT

The End

GIGLAND PROCLAMATION

Gigland is ruled by King Tin Ear and his Queen Anebria...

We,
the Subjects of Gigland are seldom ever heard over
the
incessant clang of the Booze machines..

For some time,
the Corporate Wizards have had all the drowsy
clientele
Completely under their spell.

The stages sit, silent now
as the sun has caused us to retreat
deep into the bedding of dark coffins.

But the night minstrels will rise
fully armed with an arsenal of ripping guitars,
whirling keyboards and pounding drums...

All linked by the new soul of technology-

Then,
a billion watts of sound will pour forth
onto the ears of it's numb patrons...

And the sensitive,
underpaid Troubadors of Gigland
will join in a rousing chorus-
an electric voice of unity
to protest against the silence
of desperate all-consuming night....

Look out granny-

Here We Come.

GIGLAND ... A TALE

My weezing taxi driver says they found a tumor,
says and he won't be with us very long...
He drops me off before my own tears start
flowing and I see you as soon as he is gone.

You say Elvis dated your big sister
when he's making movies by the ton,
then some lunatic gets in my face mad,
says that he is Betty Grable's son.
He drops you off in front of our favourite bar.
this night could be a long one...

Advice to a Young Cellist -

On arriving in Las Vegas
move to France...

Today...

GIGLAND HAS TEETH-

I've been bitten by it's Bosses
and it's ruthless middle Men-
the ones we call our Agents-
usually agents of confusion or disparity
"Accounts" are the commodity-to be precured
at any cost... % and \$ clawed
Out like coal from a mountain.
Musicians being cheap patsys or
Guinea pigs depending on
Circumstances- moods- or the
Plumber's convention's fancy this week
I've financed a lot of swimming pools
for these pilfers Yes-Men
with an incredible nose for kickbacks and bribes
perks- they used to call them Carpet-baggers-
after the civil war-they evolved...

ABYSS

It's the Gigland abyss-
The Gigland maze
of lies and deciet. I'm caught fast
In it's web-
a web of millions of lies and cheats like me-
a web,
of boast and boredom
Riddles and repetitive chants the typsy
high squeaking mouses-
Mouses of Gigland. Where talent hits walls-
it is too weak to climb.
In a fortress it did not build
and does not understand-
Talent-
that bleeds for small tokens of acknowledgment -
Talent-
that smiles tormentedly while wrestling
with simple Trials and old
visions of a greatness never to be reasoned
or found again breeding in this thick
swamp of sinking dreams....
Smoke talons rip open holes in our communal pores
leave a ripped psyche-
we endorse the lie
is hidden in fun and games
we sip together off misery's chalice
and embrace Lady Deception's smooth body...

Observation #63

Good men can be very bad,
bad men can be generous and loving
and therefore good....
drunks sober
up-
priests and bankers get drunk
and party
with the drummer...

VEGAS VALLEY

The Vegas machine is set on coast...
The sacred slots do most of the work here
They're like the I.R.S. bandits
just sit back and watch the money roll in...
yet,
the whirling dirvish slots are the more interesting
than that aged baby boomer-
robot sitting in front of them.
That cigarette in on mouth, drink in hand
mesmerized robot gambler for whom there is no
gamble
but the gamble of so many wasted years...
a gamble suggests odds and a possible pay back
somewhere down the line...
the slots really enjoy this joke
the endless pouring in of metal to metal
what a sweet song to a pit bosses ear,
with a raise in 6 weeks the books look great...

most of us were never very good at math in school...

CONFUSION

Gigland-Is filled with confusion again...
Bartenders and waitresses seeking-
direction...

Needing to get their duties straight
After the game all will be in order...
all will be back to normal...
gripes, complaints,
depression-
and a hungry dark void
feeling cannot survive long in this vacuum-

Gigland...clutches many dark secrets
tightly to it's greasy breast...
the exit door is faintly marked
and opens for only a few...
who then melt off like rain into the night....

As for the rest-
The front door is loudly painted...
its welcome mat is 98 foot video screen
full of cheer leaders and cowboy singers...
Sends out its waves of brewery backed Neon
to catch next generation fresh flesh...

21 year virgins diving for new dimensions-
naked-
to the dirty glass that will soon leave its groove...
drunkenness and oppression
adult ulcers and poe-like grimaces,
hollow eyed and tattered still they cheer to that
which has never made a single show here in Gigland...

A Song of Joy-
The Song of Insight and Wisdom
not often found in these murky seats.

We are like mourners who have missed a funeral
and ended up here instead...
looking for something to Eat....
Sulking in the gloom of the dead mans parlor,
waiting for entertainment like some big treat...
A massive array of screens, flashing lights,
videos and short skirted hostesses
isn't quite enough to keep our attentions-
the beautiful distractions
of this surreal world...

Time on these stages crawls along
like half hibernating beetles or snakes
moving sleepily towards instinct...

Songs grown mossy and stale and
still, frozen stares fill a pale room
doeful mental notes sketched in Smoke...

The smoke outlines our sorrows and scars
but of late - much is cleared away
so that we see even more clearly
the inherent misery of our dingy scene.
the blue lights capture the real mood-
we are seen in stained glass light of sound truth-
Smiles evaporate...raw nerves stick
and far off minds freeze up...
the music chokes
on bad notes and the glossed eyes coast
the first set dreading the longer ones ahead....
and what remains..

A drowning riddle-in a liquored paradise...
Candle lit lounge-reeks of dead strings and feedback
ghosts.

Those Shmooze cologne stains on the carpet
won't ever come out...sad smaltzy puns
Spur of the moment unconscious humor
rarely acknowledged
The jokes inside average musician's head aren't
funny...
And we never seem to even warm up these stiff...
We need Bozo the clown for intermissions-
a pie in the face is easy to understand
that simple humor side slam to the brain

The only fires here at 9:22 pm-
are in the tubes of my 60 watt amp.
smoldering smell of beer spills...thinking back on all
the
...oops...blunders
you hope, you're not doomed to repeat
...tomorrow night...good luck...
good God where does the down time go?

CASINO LOGIC-

Has become as mathematical a science as any
today....

The stakes are high where millions of dollars are concerned
High stakes always demand the best minds...
For then it's no gamble
it simply takes money to enslave
the reluctant forces of mankind
to the ruination degree
what power
I feel sorry for such as them
and in feeling this way am outside the Casino logic
snare - I HOPE.

HAVEN

The lounge is safe haven to the same losers-
here, we comfort each other with our presence....

some of us are only here for the money...
some of us are here for the women...
some of us are only here for the attention....
some of us are here to drink...
(If the boss will allow it)

There is still hope in our heroes and our creations...
and Hope has many followers...

Like these women only half aware
of the sad boyfriend trials
they will some-
day face...
Only vaguely mind-ful
Of the Mommy Missing Misfits we have
become
Hearing the horrible tales told over Kamikazee shots
thinking "that won't be my guy
that will never be- mine
is forever faithful"...
as He eyes the waitress and flirts with the chicky
singer
playing table games they all despise but preferring
them
to the ostracized position of
band-outcast
stuck-up wench or supreme-bitch
parked at home...

When crashing egos hit faithless patrons
in a fury of despair
when red eyes get
beaten shut with spreading coma-tose-syndrome
When fish-head-body-odor stench
piles up fast
in the back room/ kitchen/dressing room
and insults tighten the air.

There is no purer competitive agony than that of
entertainer angst...
That's when I hide...
Deep into the forest of distraction
in a corner booth reading comics and philosophy
for a temporary escape

it's a comic book dream here with 3d graphics...
You find yourself further in the corner
Than when you started out
And wonder how this dark room could get any
darker...

As the words cave in on you,
You find out more things about people
that you didn't want to know in the first place.

All of us
Crying for renunciation
from a pitied present..Tension...

For in all of Gigland there
is only the familiar smirks
and no mention of the nightly stupor.

I recognize sublimity in the faces of a fanciful few
Who can escape then?
What scream can shatter such a deep human trance?
And release the mind that's never seen a real light?
Music is a watery force here-
Diluted to the point of a background hum-
I am nothing but a suited noise maker....

i've been a part of the hoax for a long time now
there is no hiding from the cycle of showtime highs
and lows
of broken sound boards
and ugly cheap lighting
of frowning players whose tired mates are now leaving
or have left...
Where thin skinned insecurity is forever pounding
on the back Stage Door...

GOLD RUSH-

Come One, Come All...
where fragile night Egos are reflected
Off large two way graffiti mirrors
to Vanity's waiting arms...
Amatuer night-
where a farm boy will spend a Week's Wages
trying to spot
A Two-faced Trump card
to buy his new ford truck.
Naive wanna-be gamblers way over their heads-
Pleased to pass the buck
into chump change in exchange
for acceptance.....fools!fools! fools!
in my head i yell-
but the pyrite's flowing from every crevice
The leagions of blue hair
Zombies crawl from towns
just like this-
in their clunketty white horse UV vehicles
and leave all out of breath-
As soon as the gas money runs out...

INSOMNIACS PRAYER

5:30 AM

Sleep is a challenge here-
shaking off the frozen glare of a hundred vacant eyes
that seem to drip like acid into your soul...
the Indians thought cameras extinguished a soul
big deal...they come and will not go...
home, to their own nightmares....
People that collect their garbage for weeks and bring it
here
to dump
Who revel in the fact that they got off their leash
they escaped, The trouble is,
there is no leash...and there never was.... Their short
spurts of freedom
Have been wrestled away from fogged up windows
whose imaginations are
Volkswagons without wheels...

DARK

Gigland is especially dark tonite
all the fires are out in my head
I'm swaying to a different sound
that of peace and stillness
the unwavering drops of time have pooled
in a place for these precious few moments
...Gigland is far off from this resting
Stop-Stop-Stop-
Cocktail sign doesn't flicker or show any signs of life-
Can real meaning find it's way in here?
can I afford to care? Lounges are full of dishonored
guests
all around the world the Poisons collect-
I'm infected and have been for a long time...

BLAND MOMENT

In this Bland moment, dearest one,
you look as tired as a cold fire-in Ashes and dark eyes-
The Pressure can burst rusty pipes
I have to linger back and wait for Raw feeling to
Cook...
the grinding of dishes and glasses gets a jagged
response-
Masks are lifted -

but only briefly

for urges to be exchanged
for Love, sins, and remorse-
remorse gets first crack
at the Naked pages cradled in an Alcohol fog...
Razor sharp words and hidden meanings find knee
Jerk smiles-
The Potion is working
Splendidly tonite...

The rattling wind outside
Slams against too much Carnage
and a solace Mix we choose this Dungeon instead-

cold Coffee and Candles unlit
watch the wet battery minds sputter.
The game is Courage but the Questions remain the
same
re-runs and baffling simplicity
Tip driven cohorts Brag & complain
ever mindful of their Power...

We bounce from Waitress to bartender in a flux of
Shop-talk-
voices in chatter
Drift like balloons through the air
Crude words used and abused the pleasant tones
as moods shift
Lotus land is covered in Blankets of forget...
the cold acceptance of
the advertising War on intelligence
Shit is what the Public embraces...

BOREDOM

The boredom bleeds off most emotion here
like that old medical practice of leach letting...
Lack of interest Enemy number one
to My cronies and myself. It is a cerebral disease
Capable of snuffing out all enthusiasm anywhere in a
room
Warning...it spreads quickly-
especially in Jaded Southern California clubs-
Avoid them at all costs...Seek work elsewhere-
Run - don't walk - to Las Vegas?
Sorry...Also a major carrier, But more concentrated.
It seeps up from old CPA's
through Your tapping feet until all your chops
are mildewed Bill Murry lizard licks
crafty musicians can find new ways to smile- d
discovery is a part of live music's spell
if the combination is willing and awake.

FLIES

Flies would be lounge musicians
-If they were human.
I'm Sure of it.

MAIDS IN WAITING

The maids can't wake
the music people-
Up.

Low whispers heard in the hall
They never rise early-
enough.

Immoveable ghosts,
behind pale yellow silent
doors...

Like that scene
in "The Shining" where
little boy rides through
Lamp lit corridors...

The maids push squeaky carts and shuffle towels
into position-
tidy Bathrooms, and make beds
in all rooms-
but Ours.

We are the True Vampire Race
and will rise late
just in time for dinner-
and a show...

Quiet please.

GIGLAND GOSSIP

You need a road map for the conversations
around here-
they take some very bizarre turns
You keep saying in your head,
Don't go there,
Don't go there,
But you're already
there...

A penny and a shot
for those deep thoughts...

Margaret must decide
A decision must be reached
Her faith has been well bleached
the pigeon toe prostitute gives up one for the money
and two for the show...

Then Silos Mariner creeps-
In... he needs a woman
he knows a fair price he raised a lady ya know.

Gladys is here for her
medicine
Burgundy 500 miligrams-

it soothes the arthritis and ties up those fraid nerve
ends-
thinking about that concubine she called her daughter
once....

And Martha misses her husband
now that he's dead
she did'nt miss him a day he as alive-
We called him Tired Ted...

Shirly tries to get rid
Of a cold-
She's sipping
Too much and Talking too
much-
feels old..

Lanz has clients with expensive
Gripes-
he can't seem to make the bills freeze
or shrink...
He's here to drink
either Tequila for a tooth-ache
or beer for a belly ache
winks-

at Brenda,
who is still very pretty
and on Ladies night a bit witty
there's still no one at work
She likes-
she's lonely only after dark
and tired of wasting time...
Wants to move on
or in - with someone...

Does it really matter who?

These ancient beauties might still be attractive
if they had all their teeth
and a few thousand in the bank...

End of Gigland Poems

MASSUSE

I hear that physical magician
in the next room-
I hear him alright.

Those smart hands suckin' up-
in a therapeutic pose,
throes of joy,
moans of ecstasy,
finger and muscle kissing contests.

Slaps-
that sound suspicious
nonetheless...

Careening a second wind
out of tired bones-
I hear-
although I am forbidden to listen
or acknowledge-
I cannot summon the deaf ear.

Here I am All Sense
stuck and glued,
Pinioned here without excuse-
feeling that rub down
myself
and sinking deeper into this plump and cozy chair.

This room and I feign silence-
While I hear Quazimodos bell-struck madness
as a whispered sigh.

If only such physical rending
could-
Shut off the turrets of my pain-
could-
numb the sense of loss and communal separation
could-
heal the mirrors deranged distortion.

My turn - on my belly
Senses whirl in a maelstrom's midst
strike with a bullet's speed.
Ah, There's the rub...
Back rub deep dear before I'm back again-

TESTIMONY

I saw a Macho movie
on my way to Church
Metaphysics meets muscle minded Hero
type A
re-define them if you can-
they acknowledge saleable humility and
god of the good guy
not real enough for the day to day
boys like me that tough out
stupidity, boredom and constant temptation to Quit-

life-

at least This version.

A young woman in the next pew
praises the elders and the organist...

Her Trancendance is firmly grounded-
she babbles great beliefs
but cannot grasp-
her own weak heart.

I'm the Cordial knight,
A musketeer, gentle-man
Despondent and reserved
of judgement-
I do not oppose, as of yet
the wind of confused breath
most put forth as their
testimony-

I myself am as lost-
-In Kubla Khan's maze
the pleasure palace-
Willie Wonkas' alert disciple
listening for the door...

BOX

That cardboard - *box*

in the middle of the floor-
used to hold so many wonderful
things.

A silk scarf from Northern India-
Christmas ornaments and a snowy angel
A sinister clown mask from Halloween-
A road collection of gas station lighters,
unused birthday cards,
exotic chewing gum and dead grandmothers
framed in gold- headphones from a broken tapedeck
all these things have stories of their own...

This tan paper cube
one time shipped back and forth
across a continent-
and full every time with surprises
opened with great joy
now sits alone,

an empty - box

silent - in the middle of an my empty room.

THE LONELY SEASON

You can tell it's coming-
when the words like dead leaves fall
without sound.
and that cold autumn feeling
comes around.

Your ears ache-
like trees frozen in ice
-rain
you shudder at each loss
you know it
-then

the Lonely Season
is about to begin.

It blows in fast-
with all those sad laments
and scraps of Melancholy Baby
humming in my head.

Spiritit cries for quick fixes and libations...

Winter feelings-
in a perpetual summer state,
all the numbing states
of denial,
embracing work like a fresh lover
avoiding all the company parties and obligations.

Retreat to backstage closet
to invoke the cherished image,
her too familiar face in flashes,
like a camp fire in darkest wood
that mountain dream rises majestic,
before my foggy eyes
like Godzilla crossing Tokyo-
my city is crushed under heavy sighs...

and the Lonely Season drags on...

Pillages and plunders ego and self-worth,
both frail and left rotting by maggot loneliness,
a crooked man on a crooked path,
a plural made singular
for the second time.

All family ties violently severed,
I am reduced to whispered
pity- and summed up
in solemn phrases like
who'd ever have guessed?

Deja Vu-
slips in thru a cracked window-
10 years before when a woman's scorn
had declared me unfit,
and the father badge was ripped scornfully-
Away.

and the child-
as she often called me,
was left childless.

Ostricized for the cursed career choice,
Too much a habit to break,
to deep a groove to slide out of
and attached at the hip to a simese twin dream,
I know now the one would die without the other.

Endurance is the virtue now required-
for this Lonely Season
- may last quite a while.

WINDOWS

She threw his hat out the window-
the same window
she had been lookin out for hours-
the last stupid thing he said
was enough,
and the window was open-
after all,
and he loved that hat-
that ugly, disgusting, dirty, black, fucking hat
that even when you're making love
is always up there
that Hat.

And when he hit her she laughed
And kept staring out-
The fresh clean window she had just wiped off
the fingerprints from a greasy hand-
and noticed again
that old football sticker
that can't decide whether it's stayin or going...

She watched thought-induced, body busy people
strolling past-
children moving forward on grass
on bikes and throwing balls
that hit windows that don't break-
even when you wish they would...break.

"These windows aren't stronger than I am"
she thinks...
So why can't I-
break out of this mangled macho cage
Why can't I-
break free, why don't I-
just leave?

I'll walk out at the next red-
light
Why not?

Some Windows let you see a world –
you can never Have.

DAMAGE

Fitful breathing in the softest night
from tender lungs that have so little room left
after all the cigarettes, pot and screams,
curses, sobs and lies...

So much cramped life,
crammed into such a small space
a girl formed grenade
often exploding, often loudly, all over the place.

Gives no warning ever
when she will go off
or where...

That sweet teenager face
with empty mouth slightly agape...
sleeps...dreamless.

For dreams are too close to the horror-
the horror of a life
beat bloody and bent-
left to die so many close calls....

Fallen chick-angel
as they all are-
pushed from the nest to the hard ground
climbing slowly back up
clinging to the lowest branches.

A drug-age and a drug addiction,
all have wrought their
Damage-
yet seem to leave no trace-
on a Dorian Gray face.

She will wrestle with the damage
every day-
From this day forth,
and who of us can really help?

Shall I ask the GOD who permits My Sin
to stop Hers?
Shall we ask him through tears or suffering
or in the joy of redemption-
to ease or relieve
or remove?

You ask-
I already have-
He isn't listening to me very much these days...

DOVES

HE watches
he waits...
As the pretty white doves rush by-
High heeled love birds
Long line of colorful young maidens
Cooing as they pass...

Sweet little lass-
Of my empty dreams
Stop & talk to me-
I don't bite-
I coo the same as you
I have no mate-
And lots of time too..

No mistress hen
And no nest egg-
Other than what I'm holding
right now.
only that-
and this wish of mine.

So pleased would I be
to meet you,
to cuddle you and treat you
to my special charm

What's that my dear?
Do I worship my art?
Yes, not all art is art though
-is it?

It's anything you say my dear
Oh I love the challenge....
You are you keep my dancin'
on my pigeon toes-
and if you dare hang on this ledge
I dove dare too.

THE EDGE-

Looking down
is easy-

It's the queasy
reaction
to the idea
of falling---
that's so unsettling....

Falling free and silently
down-
falling without ever
getting up-
again.

That's what makes the edge
so scary-
that makes the edge so
final-
I cannot think
of anything so...
Final.

as my Death-

or falling off the Edge...

MOTION SICKNESS

Aggravated movement
that constant spinning of my universe-
Veering off of attitude and Latitude,
Altitude and Longitude.

And what's there to hold on to?
Can It stop even for a moment?
chasing but not creating reflection?

The endless march of times cavalry
On the moving set of change....
The bands are so lame
And the tunes so predictable...

Can't stop spinning
I'm going to throw up...

A.D.

The disaster of a junk car lot
-proclaims the waste-
The stench of oil and dead-engine heaps,
In the eye-sore dumps that cling to a crust
we call home.

A crust now overrun with the disease "strip mind"
leaves nothing behind but shell shock and dead
jungles,
cement crypted barriers and cluttered dust bowl
plains.

Claustrophobic cities blast the hot air with
Angry song of shouting horns-
cited coastal shores wet with traffic
and booked up with planes.

A metro-mean madness is the mood
scurrying around like smog rats-
quick, fearful, nervous-
and no one can hold peace for long.

Chopped up specialty souls
plead for time to heal the time-slave citizen.
Industrial pagans with motored rituals
Technical emotional wrecks-
Notched and grooved since the walking age
Now drones without real sense or sensibility
Only waking to fleeting perfumed remembrance
of a lost innocence and glory...

Ecclesiastic reality hits us unaware-
And forces a slight moral shock-
to a well groomed modern system...

(After the death) A.D.

GOOD SHIP LOLLY PLOP

Jolly kids on a good ship
Lolly Pop.
Scooters and skates, jumping ropes and jumping dogs
Here glee and euphoria mix like ice tea
Cool water fountains are
Pigeons playing tag
But me I got none
A warm saddle and a dusty bed.
On my mirror and in my head
There's more to have and hold
If I only have time to do it...

STONER

Serene Stoner sits-
waiting for magic carpet ride
across John Lennon's universe.
Styles hair in a make believe mirror-
Tells lame jokes to the dog-
that's already left the room.
Stands erect only to find he's
sitting...

Sitting in his white trash kitchen-
Staring at his white trash dishes-
Hearing his white trash brother-
Scream obscenities at the missing-
dog.

For pissing-
in his white trash room-
On his white trash carpet
on his nude-
sketch of Miss November-
Wondering if his white trash friends
Are gonna bring over the beer,
soon...

Information floats in and out without prejudice
without the censors...
Always, re-making, re-marking
re-cutting everything
Not even a sign of a passive resistance.

Stoner breathes the slumbering air
into his stinging blue lungs
Peaks out under snail like lids...
Stares at a boot scuff mark-
Thru all the stains on a white linoleum floor
A boot mark made by a loud,
casually drunk father
A boot mark made by a scuffle there
the night before-
father and brother
Egos bashed and wounded
fighting over squatters rights...

Stoner boy-
is far separated from that now
It can't weight him down
Like a 300 pound wrestler-
That Reality-
can't weigh him down now
Like a ton of school bricks
Like it did the long night before....

In his bed alone
Thinking of the changes
That life would take on-
now that brother has gone...
goodbye dude...

PENCIL ME IN

Beauty will not be bound-
but it can be trained.

"We're your folks
we say-
he can't be molded
He's all mixed up,
thinks he knows too much
Has a sour will-
still smouldering....

He won't fit on the payroll
or under the rug.
We won't have our investment undersold
darling daughter who makes us three
you're much too bold-
and naive and do not see--
that He-
has caught you in the lust trap again-

But He ain't foolin' us
he's got no business schoolin'.
His type we do not trust.

Listen to the voices of treason
little girl-
it us you should be pleasing
Don't end up in a shack somewhere
with a nasty itch-
cookin' for that no good son-of-a-bitch.

It's just natural selection babe-
I do understand
beauty is worth protectin'
You're in the hall of trophies with mamma's best china
I'm another rejection.
no sense whinin'...

Their generations gap-and nap
while we grow close and strong
Service and commitment with a smile constant
that's what i'm offerin'...

They say don't trust that boy
who, like all boys is always wanting
to score,
he's a wild bell
Ringing to hear himself ring-
some more.

EXPERIENCE TEACHES

Experience teaches-
what Socrates says
I ahead...know.

That I must find some other way
Of finding out everything or anything,
The ONLY WAY to really - grow.

Youths tidbits are to be lumped and sorted,
All knowledge filed under pertinent or
Junk.

School facts and fallacies
shuffled in and out of mind-
then re-sorted to meet head on with the day to day
grind.

The slow motion mind-
of job and gossip and meal and shower
and job talk and errands and more meals
and driving and grooming and showers
and another meal and thoughts
that never seem to give me what I want...

That Dull Daily Mind that was never
presented in any of my smart classes.

but I know it so Well now...
I know what I Need to Know-

To get that next Rent Check-

I Know - Enough.

DOWN HILL

I roamed the flatlanders' field
and drank too deep from a rusty well.
There's been a cold wind
always at my back
screamin "you ain't welcome here, go to hell"
but it ain't pushed hard enough
and I ain't fell, yet
either...

I seen stormy horizons mixed and confused-
And I watched the night steam in and cover all
wounds
And I pulled at the edge of that same anxious night
And seduced it with fierce and lonesome
tunes.

And the screams don't bother me now-
And the moans are dyin' soft and slow-
And there's a river of blood
dry enough for me to cross
It's safe to cross now,
I think I will...

Horror smokes thick thru the walls of my brain-
It's a chase sickin sane on the heels of insane.
Matchin' blows with the G I Joes in the homos latrine
And the chimps still lust for the big banana
And bay like bloodhounds to the bark of the drill
master.

But the screams don't bother me now-
The moans are dying out soft and slow-
And this river of blood's
dry enough to cross
Its safe to cross-
Cross It I will...

SLEEP

I trickle off-
A numbing comfort overtakes
In rest is peace,
Any kind of peace I'll take.
There, in the beauty of slumber
to find-
All that I have lost,
Known, or have never known.

Like a woman
most gentle friend
This quite, lethargic companion
Fills my tired shell
Like a sweet molasses.

The lagging force
Of my life's being-
will cease.
To feel the eternal
(but temporary) rest.
The struggle is trunked away
For this day.
Pull at the covers over chin
Til' you can pull no more.

Then set drift,
Silent passages running
Like liquid rainbows
Into the gully
Of your mind.

Welcome spirits
Like gentle lapping waves
A Senseless, mellow joy.
Rolling, in and out
Through and throughout
Til gradually, mercifully
That Big, Hot, Ugly
Light . . . of awareness

Is OUT .
