

Slowly he releases his grip on her hair and staggers back against the wall. She stares as he sinks to his knees, pleading with her to get help; She steps by him and walks to the hutch. Taking out a torn Raggedy Ann doll, she sits back down by his feet. “Why don’t you love me daddy?” “Please for God’s Sakes, get help” Clutching her doll closely to her heart she walks out of room and into the darkness Of the deserted New York city streets that wait like forgotten lovers three stories below.

[illegible]

The job

Johnny was from Akron

Met him in Haiphog

Got us drunk and red-light fevered

During the bombing of Hanoi in 1972

Getting higher than shit during the mining

Of the northern ports. We toked to the demise

Of Ho Chi Minh and the peace talks in Paris.

72 remembered by nothing' but death and

'Light my fire'

I found him in the Nghe An province in late august

Blown to pieces. Asked me to finish the job.

Holy wars

Burma's Tin Hle

13 years old

Killing machine

Karen's Palu Ke

15 years old with

One of his legs shot off

Afghanistan, Northern Ireland

Burma, Islam Dara

The children of Rambo the holy war

Wrapping their wounds in the bandages of Gods

Their tongues in the lies taught by their fathers

Field stripping AK-47s over the graves of children

Who were slower to learn while their fathers earn money

Unloading the weapons supplied by the CIA and the Russians

Boys with the glassy eyed stare of men who've seen too

Much death

Men with tears of childhood holding their sons

The CIA and the Russians in the background counting the

Spoils

THE HOLY WAR?

I AM FABULOUSLY RICH TODAY

My pockets filled with bleached sand dollars

Silver eucalyptus quarters diamond-flecked mica chips

Golden boughs of sea-oats and pine-nut tender

Solar power warms my day, then incandescent moonlight

Showers rays illuminating the waters.

Phosphorescence dazzles my senses as I

Watch the sparkling water ballet choreographed

By mullet whisker cats and trout that via for center

Stage my books are flat sea-grape leaves gossip spread

By the ever fashion critical jays telepathed by leaping porpoises

Then echoed in curled virginal chambers of striped nautilus shells

I am abundantly rich today, a connoisseur dining on nature;

Pink fleshed shrimp, succulent scallops & clams

Nourishment for my body as the panoramic flourish

And you

Bring succor to my soul

.....

DIANE

I walk the distance between us on burning coals

Straddle the high wire between mountains for the

Memory of your eyes/blue/green

Like the blanket spread over sands

In the wee hours of never, where dreams fell

Like shards of shattered clouds And I knelt before you

Spellbound, never fathoming the keenness of your lonely

Sad/soul/spirit and we left still a distance from understanding

Your woman needs, unanswered by everyone

Like a soul song fading so softly on a night breeze

[illegible]

LIKE A RAVAGED LENNY BRUCE

It's like the old west out there
With kids with Tech-9's drawing down
But they are polite and hand back the empty
Wallets to the subway riders on the Avenue A line
After cleaning them out of cash and jewelry.
And even mother nature has turned bad-assed
Flooding the mid-west, heating up the north and
Hitting Japan with earthquakes
Anyone out there remember the apocalypse?
Does it come with thunder or the whimper of a
Dying beast, a T-Rex
King of the kingdom or so he thought until he got
His ass reamed or hers not to be sexist about extinction
And everyone laughs except those with AIDS
It can't happen here as Zappa said; because I've
Been checking it out baby and it can't happen here.
Because you have a swimming pool and you're white?
And my friend got drunk and took it up the ass from
Somebody but in the end if we are
all positive what the fuck difference does it make
In the end[end] cause dead smells the same on all of us and that is what
Makes us all the same that smell that fear that you aren't going to hear
The ocean again, share a secret, taste somebody else's salty tears
And tell them it's going to be alright. Maybe George Dowden is correct
Maybe I am a ravaged Lenny Bruce

Ventura Blvd.

Stars play so pretty in your hair

As you lose your gravity to my heart

Planet spin lazily in the contours of your eyes

If I remove the mask will we be able to breathe together?

And if we are pulled apart would the universe

Fade out?

On the moon I promise you the earth and mean it.

You laugh. I am very much in love until very much in love

Becomes a poem, very much in love, very much in love

Very much in love. Our love is the poem, every line, every

Word. You laugh I love. I remember when I held the door

For you. I remember when I offered you my seat.

I remember when you took it. The seat was my poem, my

Poem to you; better than a carving on a tree. The seat ran on

Petrol, drove around town, a mobile poem.

My poem just drove down Ventura Blvd; since we broke up

It searches for other poems. I wish it luck.

Poem for L<M<

I must have come too close to tearing the veil

From your eyes Too have asked you to cross a bridge

When the distance was greater than either of us imagined

Now I wait on the other side listening to sparrows and doves

But the truth is; I hear only silence your heart beating someplace

That I'll never find

.....

The last greyhound

It was midnight in L.A.

A lifetime from the Drake

“Stayin or going?” the driver asked.

I touched the lights with my hands

Like a thousand stars denied

For a moment, I thought

The doors hissed closed

Mockingly behind me

.....

Forever blue

Our world's still blue

Like the Drake Hotel

The morning after

When the San Diego winds

Carried the scent of your perfume

Down the winding stairs of tomorrow

MY POOR POOR CHILDREN/a poem for Yusuke

I sit with RAIN RIVER at side with thoughts of poems;
“jack” and TOWN AND THE CITY Wolfe inspired
Literary failure and imagine drunken Kerouac tears
Floating like feathers in a broken wind
The RAIN was a melodic and beautiful gift read on a
Ebon encrusted April three a.m. night of American
Madness! Madness! Madness!
Where the news earlier tonight screamed of six
Children shot at the Washington National Zoo
And I think to myself that she, Kwannon, Bosatz;
Where is love; love, love goddess of mercy
Oh how the devils [laugh and dance] deaf to the
Mexacalli blues poor poor children
You have seen Yaksha but as Kusunoki Masashige
Seven times
Seven times shall you children sing forever graced
I have held the broken wing and wept I have lived the twilight
Duel
Trice have I given and received love in rose petal softness
My being holds your being poor poor children
My eyes weep your tears
With the suchness of snow
I am the mother that suckled you my poor poor children
And today the red sun rises over love and the warmth
Burns over both hunger and the man and the woman who
Dance and lovers touch excited with passion and the warmth continues
To burn as children born and aged cease

So my poor poor children welcome home for my tears were
Like rocks thrown at the moon
And I; I am only sand and the need for
Love and to be loved which is both my greatest weakness and strength
Under the flowing river of life
And a red rose is picked for a young lover's heart while a pink rose is placed
On freshly turned earth and the
cycle that is forever continues unbroken
As life is love my poor poor children the rains flood and feed as I cast my net
On the blue peaceful waters to touch your hand my lover on the shore
Where I first beheld your eyes, where our bodies were bound together
As the stars are fixed to the skies
My poor poor children I am the spring from whence you first arose
And today the red sun rising brings the warmth that burns over love.

My soul is an animal

Caught in the trap of life

My mind is a bird

With a broken wing

LOOK OUT DESOLATION PEAK

TOUCH FORGOTTEN ANGELS

LIKE CLOUDS

Be my mexacalli baby

Yoko calling John

Plastic Ono Band

Railroad blues

The hum of fireflies

Is silence

Beaded shades of darkness

Lies morning

Birds chirping in

Mexacalli happiness

Souls of angels

Like sparrows gliding

Homeward

Freight train rumble

Tracks going nowhere

Everywhere on

Mekacalli Tuesday

Soul passing on lips

Like gossamer web/thread

Yeah why gone baby

Whine mine

Guitar line

Couldn't dance forever

Mexacalli

Blues baby freight train

Rumble

Blow sax man
Jazz dance thunder
A quiet trumpet
Red checkered
Tablecloth clinking
Glasses band with mexacalli shades
Sultry blue She sings voice
As close as the past yeah
Billie of the strange fruit
And scars soul dripping
Poison clutching the
Mexacalli jazz/blues thing
When my mother cries
My spirit weeps the
Hoot owl whoops upon
The window ledge as
Sparrows seek their endless
Flight and I encased in wood
And glass both home and coffin make to turn
Away from her that birthed the lowly
And the great so safe within my tomb
Of locks each door and window barred
Our mother's voice upon the winds
So melancholy and sad

.....

AIN'T THE ROAD THAT DONE JACK IN

Was the whiskey and the jazz playing
On too many black nights with too
Many lonely women and not a poem
Between them
How many times can you run
From the shadow of the voices that
Surround you
Beating like drums in the darkness
Tasting more of your flesh each time
Not leaving enough for a man to breathe
No way for a man to live
How could the hep-cat jive survive
When my voice can only spit silence
Wasn't a dream left to filter thru
The night worn inside and out and
Bled dry a bottle singing the page blank and life in the hands of the haves laughing at the broken
shadows of the have-nots
There was a club on 34th and Second ave. where the jazzman swung
All night long beat poets recited Tuesdays' nights and Jack was always drunk in the third booth
Scrawling poems on paper bags and notebooks
Taking life hard on the chin and after a while not fighting back anymore
Ain't the road that done Jack in

.....
.....

NEW YORK BLUE

That last day I rode the rails into the village
Trying to hold onto the memories
Steam rising from subway vents on crowded streets
Hustler's doing their thing
Chicks using babies as props to score drug money
Gays and gangs and businessmen
Buddhist chic and cowboys
Coffee at a table outside of the café
Drunken slowly, knowing I could not stay
Knowing a part of me would never leave
She's a nightmare, a twisted vision
By day she paints her face and the players act
Their parts dressed in fineries of madness
A show for the masses
When the night folds her cloak over
The sun and the neon rise
You can hear death rattle behind you as
You walk and the real city emerges like
The dead from their graves
And those who are wise click there
Deadbolts shut and hide until daybreak
That was the whore I loved to play
When the jazz was so real
You could almost hear Billie singing the blues
Nobody messed with you if you belonged
To her and the real city was blue
Like a fine button-down coat that would always keep you warm

Nail walking down the street
Carrying a bagful to fix something
For the master who owns my dreaming
Storefronts lolling sidewalks asleep
Night quiet jazz, Erie, PA
The endless road breaking cartons
Locked doors being kidnapped jumping
Fences getting spotted running away
Dreaming snatches of words in the air
Fine milky jazz boots on a roll a train
That passes at 10: a.m. cars with their vapor
Mist the chuga-chuga sound of a boxcar to
No-where the rattling of walls when you are
Alone hot tea Lorriane in a skirt a poetry
Reading in N.Y, moving out with only the
Shirt on my back going down, back, out, taking
Chris to the mermaid bar covered in sand, no shoes
Living nearby close to the sea, changing
Having enough cool to chill sand enough to scratch
That you never itch enough life that you're full
Digging the diz and jack going, back going ,back going
Because you want to/needing nothing 'nothing but a little
Taste now and again just being free doing it instead of it doing you

.....

BILLIES CROSS

I used to dance with Griselda but I always
Had eyes for the maid. She could walk with
The sway of Coltrane but her lips were miles
And she knew that secret and better yet kept it
The ratta-tat-tat to the beat
Back in swing town when H was Billie's cross
And the waterfront was blue like oceans on a
Island bay
We wore spats then, man they were the cat's
Pajamas dressed to the nines to kill
Griselda, my lady of poor streets
Stayed home to dream
Yeah man, Harry's was the spot then
To swing wild and dig scene and dance
And Fridays the maid would come by
Painted with street life and free
And the first dance would be slow
Her eyes burning like an unattended fire
This was our dance, our secret moment
Swaying gently in my arms until the beat
Moved us and we became two reckless lovers
Drowning in the flow of whiskey's freedom
We'd make love in the Nash, cheap and warm
Pretending that Griselda's dreams wouldn't always come between us

TROUT LOVE

She called it love

A cloak against the winds

Of Ideath and loneliness

But Brautigan and multi-colored days

Were like a stranger to her

There was never a trout in her dreams

Nothing as warm as Margaret

Between us

It wasn't love, not like Pauline

Not close or real not like the fine

Berries we shared for breakfast

She called it love but it wasn't

SNAKESKIN

MISTY as the powder of my soul

The demi-god of legend

Haunts like snakeskin

Wandering my dreams

Igniting my being

Begging for your touch

Smoldering my loneliness

Forever

THE DEATH AND LIFE OF A POET

LAMENT FOR FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA

“ I’m still alive!” sayeth the quote of a jailer;

Images that swim. But I didn’t know him,

Only a newspaper review of the book by

Ian Gibson.

What poems do the wounds of butchered

Poets recite after fifty-three years?

In a metaphor of ice, the red cape waves;

The bull defecates the grave, the matador

Smiles.

Both thirty-eight I/him

Just the words of Richard Elman

To guide the shaft of my pen

The poem an arena of death

Danced on by gypsies.

We carve words on passing clouds

As we stand on forgotten dirt roads

Awaiting the running of the bulls

I/Him both thirty-eight

Beneath the weight of time

I listen for the song of your blood

TALKIN' WITH HERSCH

Walking with Hersch up the avenue

b-bop cat telling me of Paris

Ginsberg and Burroughs

Like he's Chris C. man

And we're heading for land

On Crystal and coffee

Dig the different cries

Sirens, con men and broken

People asking for change hard

To tell the difference walking

Pass eyes of despair like everywhere

Man like everywhere you can feel the

Heat of the street ain't a thing you can

Do about it

Walkin' baby babe just walkin'

.....

I USED TO BE ABLE TO

Drop a poem like a gunslinger clearing the street

It was easy writing of guns and hookers

Been times when I had both in my face

Longtime and times change

But memories linger

And don had me drawn

Inches from the dealing

Roberta was crying

The hallway reeking of death

But you can't run

When you're called down

Not when the street lays claim

To your soul so you shimmy the max

And don't back down and maybe you'll

Live long enough to breathe thunder

TURNSTYLE BLUES

Once man believed the world to be square

And I sought the horizon

Once your words were as honey

Your eyes shone with magic

And I sought to be part of your life

Once man learned that the world was a sphere

The horizon was no longer a mystery

Once she left and never returned

I understood the horizon

.....

I SMELL DEATH

It's in your soft velvet eyes

Your lips when you think of the time

They quiver because they know

I smell death, it's your perfume

And Jesse, he may as well have placed

His own neck into the noose and jumped

He didn't even have enough sense to wait for the

Hangman

BUKOWSKI

Was the last of the civilized outlaws

Back when men settled their differences

In back alleys with their fists

Was the last of the lovers who

Loved whores the hard-bitten hard

Drinking sad whiskey breath type

Who always cry when you let

Them stay around for awhile

Was the last of the gamblers in a town that

Plays it safe at the track blind bet exacta

On the mudder neck

Man, he could have owned the place

DEMONS1

Maybe I'll never find desolation

Except for the loneliness of my own backyard.

Or given the chance would I listen to the fallen angels

Learning how to spread their wings

Somehow it seems that I am not even safe in dreams anymore.

Life's ugly tentacles reach out for me while I'm sleeping.

They conspire with nightmares to destroy me. I hear them when

They enter my unlocked bedroom door. Their hot breath steams

On the back of my neck as I toss and turn. Life's night demons

Dance on my bedpost. Their laughter can often be mistaken for the wind

But a few lost souls know the truth.

The female demons all look like Julia Roberts; the men resemble Richard

Gere. They are forced to wear the masks of gargoyles. Night demons breed

Quickly; consume the fright of children and old men and women. Demons hunt

In packs during the waning of the moon. Sometimes they gather at my bedside

To laugh at my dreams. They weave the fallen hair of wolves into tart tragedy

That slithers in dreams with a life of its own. Demons light their way by striking

Matches on the metal thorns of the statue of Jesus over my bedside. On nights of the

Full moon tears falling from the statue often wake me. Once I saw a demon bring fear

To the face of a god. I often wonder how I survive each night and why demons ask

Nothing of me but to be partners in the damned. I've offered them my soul but they

Only pointed the way to hell and laughed uproariously at the notion. Demons have long ago

Sawed through the gates of heaven and spent their time in hell. Now in eternal boredom

They taunt and torture men. "Nothing better to do on a Saturday night," I heard one of them

Say once.

.....

DEMONS 2

Life never gave up a quarter

Ain't she a bitch

Rolling down the highway of our lives

Morning demons line the dining room table as I drink my five-thirty a.m. coffee.

A pack of them stretch across the flat service and dance the can-can. "La-da-da-da

Da-la-da," they sing as they kick their tiny legs in unison. One races between the crystal

Salt and pepper shakers. It is laughing and mocking me as it climbs into a basket of artificial

Flowers. "Where's the booze," it yells as it pokes its demon head out. Funny I was thinking

The same thing. I explain to the demon that I must leave for work even on Sunday morning.

"Sorry no booze until this afternoon," I tell it. "Asshole," it replies. I notice that some of the

Demons have clung to the shaft of my umbrellar as I walk to work in the rain. " Miserable day

Huh, chump," the demon says as I shake my umbrellar to try and lose them. I toss it into the

Utility closet at work and close the door. It does me no good for as I drink my second cup of

Coffee I spot it. The demon climbs out of a can of Very Fine apple juice on the lunchroom table.

At work. Licking its lips, it taunts me. "Not bad but it will be better when it ferments." In anger I

Toss the non-deposit can into the garbage pail. I can hear it scampering around the plastic

Container. The demon rattles the can until the lid of the container crashes heavily to the floor.

"Miss me," it asks as it pulls itself up to peak out. "I was hoping you wouldn't be back so soon;

What is it about me that attracts you?" " Must be your blue eyes," the demon laughs as he fades away.

"You should have left that one in the fridge a little longer," the demon says as I sip from my beer

At ten of three on Sunday. It whispers to me that we might run dry and panic licks at my lips like

The old days. The demons know I miss the needle and would go back if history could only pass

By my lonely window. When the world has closed its heart the voices of the demons are loudest.

Besides we all worship at a common grave. The demons have a deck of cards where I wear the mask of

Fools. Where the jack of hearts is torn the demon says I'm closest to the truth and wanders away

It climbs out of the keyhole in my father's desk and pulls the wool over my eyes. When I look up

It is inside the green amber of my imported beer bottle. "Hip-cup" the tiny demon sings in total Happiness. Perhaps that is all there is to life and you do not need no Dali Rama or any demons! "Hey wait a minute there," they all scream in unison. " Sorry, fellows," I say as I leave to face life That I hate more than any demon. The demons scratch their talons over my digital clock John Lennon sings an old Beatles number "I don't want to spoil the party so I'll go." The demons know all the words and sing along, "Party animal!!," one of them screams as it falls over the desk. I watch It as it staggers over the hard wooden floors. The demon is so stoned that it's quiet as glass. It's voice is only a shard. Distant and forlorn, Sometimes I wish I was only a demon and not a victim of Eden.

E

Darkness on the corner

Shadows of the night;

Winds of moonlight move the branches

Shake dreamers who sleep late

Park along the garage of emptiness

Where strangers steal your car /They can't get far Not on

7 A.M. apr 29, 1990 sun

all is silence

all is loneliness

Moondog my old friend

I bet right now you have ditched Sunday service

In heaven and are swigging down a bottle of Jack

Daniels behind those pearly gates with Janis

“just another piece of my heart now baby.”

Sung by a choir of angels tired of hymns.

God sick of waiting in an empty church

Storms out and spots Janis. He gives her a half-smile

Half-sneer reminding her for a second of a young

Elvis Presley, Picking up a guitar, the heavens begin to

Rock’n’roll

LAST EXIT

I had to roll the kid out of the way to get by with the radiator enclosures.
He didn't have much left of anything from the waist down and a nurse wss
Yelling at him to turn the radio down. I knew working in a va hospital was a
Mistake but I was short on booze , luck and cash. Josie had left when the money
Went dry and betting my last check from TRUCKCASTERS on the horses didn't
Pay off. Now all I did all day was talk to those forgotten soldiers and drink in the
Utility closet. The staff dealt with me as a useful artifact, sort of like a coat rack or an
Umbrella. Something you can use sometimes but most times just ignore. I think it
Was my third week there that I met Johnny. He was a gorilla of a black man who had
Lost an arm and his eyesight trying to save some kid who paniced ran straight
Thru a barrage of enemy fire to drag back a white kid who had hated him anyway.
I never knew or asked where he got it but Johnny turned me on to the best shit
I have ever smoked. I supplied the Jim Bean; before I got canned I snuck him into
Town with me for some drinking and some whoring. I saw him after that a few times
When I still lived in Akron but my money ran out and I had to split. A social worker
Would read him the letters I wrote and write back a reply. I was living in Phoenix
When I found out Johnny had killed himself. I could not help but remember his last
Letter to me as I drove to the local watering hole for the major drunk of my career
Just as Johnny had done that final night in Akron his final letter to me spoke of last
Exits. I hadn't understood what he meant until then. Johnny had told me he had missed
His last exit. He said he had felt himself die that time in the war but refused to cross over
To the other side. "My soul is gone, elliott," He would say and then he would cry.
Tears would run down from his sightless eyes and I'd pass him the bottle.
"Not having a soul never hurt me none," I would tell him and that giant of a man
Would say; "Pass me that bottle, friend." Then he would laugh his hoarse laugh
And a smile would cross his lips. Tonight drunk as usual that's the way I want to
Remember Johnny.

GEORGE AND DAD

George Montgomery left one last beer in the fridge'

One last poem written in the sands on the dark side of the moon

Where the winds will never disturb it. Does death bother the coffin dream we share

Like spoiled wine left too long in the summer sun? Our alleys drank different blood

And so we never met; fell drunk on the straw mats that rested beneath our tombstones

The numbers of our passing; flashing neon lighting up our common grave like

MCDONALD'S over 3 billion served.

An empty can of 'BUD LIGHT' resting on the desk of my dead father, thirty-nine years

Gone. Drunk I dance upon his gravesite as he whistles tunes off-key from the tubular

Metal vase in the wilted ground. Perhaps as I type George and Dad arm wrestle

Over blond angels whose shy smiles disguise the devil in their hearts

George Montgomery left one last beer in the fridge!

SOUNDS AND SONGS OF THE HUMPBACK WHALES

Whales bone crunching death decay

Their song whoop whoop gulls cry

Along waves break repent sing whoop whoop whoop/

They sing below the whalers/ HUMPBACK WHALES

The cry as lonely as the deepest loneliness

They sing in sadness and joy/ whoop/whoop/ whoop

Waves crash drag repent break go blind and High

Pitched yell and deep bass answer sad like the

Whine of a puppy then they sing cacophony of

Discordant music

Humpback Whales /Beat poets of the seas

.....

SOUNDS AND SONGS OF THE HUMPBACK WHALES AND JAPANESE FLUTE STORMS

They call whoop, whoop whoop below breaking waters rushing waves

Ancient mariner sonar love cries happy/sad deepening voiced cacophonous

Magic whoop whoop shrill answer songs engines humming

Tweet Tweet wha wha wha

They cry deep ocean sadness

Below the bastard whalers

Curled ancient embryo so azure in your oldness

Close your weary eyes

Leave your frightened soul

Upon the shore of dream

Go to sleep though it will sadden me to say goodbye

Your road was hard and I may not follow

Sleep my aged and lonely one find the rest that life

Would not afford leave me only your dream to touch;

To embrace one last time I have no right to hold you

The blue silence that binds us echoes madly all around

Asking tears of stone faces that slowly move away

Flutes scale the mountain like eagles hovering

I walk shadowed empty rain drenched streets

Thunder cracks overhead

Trains roar by with the spidery figure of Kerouac

As I walk with my beer rain soaked and weary to

The bone my silent road is filled with vipers

Consuming me in boozed agony I reel

Lamp posts are blind before me

Curse me under their breath

I am fire consumed desolation

Without a poem to bear my name

PIERCING THE NIGHTENGAL SMOOTHNESS

Rejected work is too beat 90's poetry editor tells me
Afraid of Kerouac the only comparison between us the
Blood and my worn and tired liver
Ain't seen no road nor Sal or Dean
Jazz played soft and blue
The honky-tonks have all moved past
Those days are now all through
That hep-cat jazz was the end, man
Blues drenched horn swinging from
The bandstand a little blow to help
Go and dig the scene Chershire grinned
88 man layin' down some boogie
Cats and their ladies prowling the
Weekend night neon and flesh everywhere
Baby far gone smokey coffeehouses as real
As Texas sawdust
Jack and Allen and their jazz poems
Piercing the nightingale smoothness
With howls and Sal too real for the
Whitebread

FOR MERLE

Those forties cats had a beautiful rap
Breathing whiskey breath poems
Where the flux was the crux of the matter
The matter and the dreams were madhatters
Dreams like Alice fucking by the looking glass
And rabbits staring into the mirror smacking
Their lips at the cave/pussy stretched between
Alice's thighs and jack could a' stood at that scene
Writing a blues drenched sparrow of a jazz
Night throwing up putting down eating from a
Heated spoon the candle a wordless poem resting
Against the tired night on the branches of our lives
But digging it like heaven from a whiskey glass
That only our livers protest the rest never given but
Taken
Lean on the bar rail eyes closed jack
Float downstream while time melts away the
Lonely hours escape the touch of death's despair
Gaze pass silver flowers
Take a pill, a drink, a shot
Forget even what or who you are
Tie your mind into a knot
Make it pretty like a Christmas present
Maybe I shouldn't have bought ya that last drink
The one that done ya' in

But I drank it first and bled but never gave it no mind

Jus' kept scrawling poems on the wings of dead birds

I ain't never guessed man did not know your face or

Who you were my own mirror cracked, spitting dripping

Down the walls music swelling on the morn of Friday

I tasted it but never understood

Brood for me baby and lay your tired eyes on my soul

.....

NEW YORK CITY BLUES

[A POEM WRITTEN ON 8TH AVENUE AND 41ST ST AS I SPOKE WITH

HERSCHEL SILVERMAN]

YEAH the city sometimes it's like Cannonball and Miles playing autumn leaves and
Sometimes it's something altogether different dig the mob sounds in the background
As we stand in the 850 parking garage saying "Hey I think it's a movie!" yeah like
Me or a ghost of me past at seventeen left for dead in Queens car wrapped
Around a elevated cement railroad embankment too much jazz to go like give me
One for Daddy-O- but please I'm just a kid just let me live and dig it they did the
Flash is past and Dave is loading unsold books into the back of his Volvo from the
Small press convention in ny. Ana is pulling her parka tighter like a trumpet going outstream
To beat the rhythm. She is correct you can feel the groping of the cold wind like un-wanted
Hands in the darkness. I dig them all the most they are somethin' else but Ana turns to listen
To the mob in the distance and I flash dance into the bitter past Yeah the heat dig it's early
Seventies and I am at Downing stadium just groovin' on Hendrix, the Woodstock thing baby
But the black panthers and the young lords have taken over the concert retitled it; "free"
For the people like a revolutionary thing but dig someone wants my fringed vest and I'm like
Freaked mickeyed with a mix of strychnine and lsd and this ain't some Alison's Uncle but a
Real bad mutha' and we're both thrown into the east river but I peak and see god and the end
Of the world and maybe the airplane were playin' but there is pollution everywhere
Baby and I'm chokin' in it/ can't even fuckin' breathe and I feel myself start to die and
Those who knew me then would say I did but that was where ELLIOTT was born in that
Jazz drenched tornado storm but dig sometimes I miss the dead and the city leaves me with
Bad vibed NEW YORK CITY BLUES

.....

FOR DAVE CHRISTY AND ANA WITHOUT WHOM

Allen Ginsberg eyes

Puked anal truth

Small press conventon and I withdrawn without

Withdrawal listened raptured too shy to ask

His autograph or even speak Huncke reading

Of jail and junk and fixing

Me flashing backwards fetal position on the sidewalk

Needing a fix so bad I would have licked the devil's

Asshole to tie up just one more time

Friend Herschel Silverman's beautiful words

Full of life and truth without the ugliest of scars

Weighing like a raven in the poe-drenched night

And Corso child Corso going pee-pee paper cupped

Mad man of beat wildness with Kerouac's demon

Perched on his drooped shoulder

Saddened my heart the boxer, the fighter John

Winers wavering on the podium like ancient

Ali between rounds and vultures smacked their lips

But I wanted to cheer to catch his thick eyeglassed

Eyes and SCREAM "One more round champ!"

Yeah dig it for me and Herschel and Allen and

Herbert----- "one more round champ!"

.....

ALLEN GINSBERG'S EYES POEMS FROM THE SMALL PRESS BOOK FAIR PART 2

And smack from the devil's cup once seared my veins

Weed' needs too much speed

Like Corso 2 my liver laughs

Cause when I shit I bleed

I know you've been in prison

But when the cop caught me

It was near the end of the midnight shift

And so he set me free with two bags of

Junk and some coke

Had luck like good jazz when I was younger

And damn life was different higher

Had no idea; dig

Now Ginsberg at the reading made

Me think yeah dig and Huncke well he brought

It all home fixing with bikers in my sister's bedroom

George the junkie ripping off my mother's sterling

Silver; wouldn't mind except I didn't get

A fuckin' dime

Hey I was never no Kerouac or no Corso

I stumbled into heroin before I died and rose in the

Ashes of New York city the phenix Elliott

Bled shell dead soul bleeding into every crack

That ran into the sewers and I never could dance

But baby I could take the chance hitting the plunger

Of the hypo into heaven sucking nirvana thru my

Viens my eyes exploding 4th of July ecstasy

A SPEEDBALL

Junk and coke shot bent needle death not caring never

Any further than the nearest exit

The door as barred as hell itself

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...

ALLEN GINDSBERG'S EYES SMILE ON HERSCHEL SILVERMAN

SMALL PRESS BOOK FAIR POEM PART 3

yEAH I can't remember if we met but Herschel is giving the first reading and he is good but the crowd to
me don't give him no warmth and he's reading something called; NEW YORK I think my mind so shot by
acid I can't recall but he's good and I like his poems before I meet him which makes it cool cause I don't
dig to lie but like I am gone man gone and just dig him and the hand he gets is good and I clap loud dig
the vibes all around me Corso gives the crowd Corso clever beat and funny and gets what he wants in
return dig it just watching him I sense it; this jive be-bop cat needs to be loved I sense it all around him
from the whiskey in his cup to the sadness hidden in his eyes. The cheering crowd a father to his mind

Allen's gentle kiss upon

Gregory's cheek does not prepare me for his words float without coats in the cold without ladies no

Government with gates has freedom and I dig his wisdom

His vision and his smile as he works the crowd into a frenzy and Huncke takes me back to junk and

Smiles and Richard Brautigan

More blood from my nose than torn up veins and John Weiners sweet John mumbling his words

Of travel like a sailor lost from home masturbating in Naples with a newsreel of Clark GABLE and I want

John to come out of the corner dancing the Ali shuffle but I settle for the warmth of the crowd and

Try to sustain the crowd applause

John I want to chew the age from you and spit it at the crowd Hold the salivated pieces up to the sky

Saying Jesus kiss my ass but I am silent but not on this page baby cause without a soul it's all

That elliott's got left

Dig the need the feed the speed all the things the homeless need

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SMALL PRESS BOOK FAIR PART4

TWO days after saying goodbye to Ana, Dave and Herschel I'm hungover
And feeling seedy not near to the realization of godhood as the fact that I haven't changed
My underwear since Saturday and it's Tuesday morning. So off I go to the basement
To reclaim but alas tis not dry. I check the lint trap and man oh man ain't nobody
Cleaned that sucker in ages, nothing to do in the basement of suburbia but stare
Out of the window and onto the tree lined streets where I imagine Allen Ginsberg
Sadly shaking his poem filled head

Thinking of New York one legged man staring at the penn station steps like the
Himalayas, ancient hippie of sixties memory with for sale sign by his feet on the
Sidewalk leaning/lying back against storefront wall legs spread across
Hindus, gays, hookers In shorts cold wind skyscrapers and neon new York alive
In its myriad misery
Can still hear her singing two days after reading Herschel Silverman's cool beat
Poetry at the convention table wanting to say; 'hey man you're great.' He's the first reader and this is
my first time at a reading

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A POEM WRITTEN FOR CEHSOIKOE IN A BAR

We moved as far down the road as life would allow

Tried to follow Dean and Sal to San Francisco

Somehow my angels turned out to be thinly

Disguised desperadoes.

I wonder as I pull off the highway which of us truly died first

You of cocaine lips and saddened eyes

On the road you were so young'

Somehow we never touched choosing for unknown reasons to always wait for tomorrow

Now you are five years gone to whatever highway lies beyond us

And tonight a light rain falls on the highway

I have followed Sal and Dean and Dave and Ana

To a bar where my beer sits next to sunglasses[purple]

And a wolf waits patiently, Holding a pool cue like an erection

She follows me into the back room. I drag too deeply on a pall mall

And drink my last one much too quickly.

Her eyes are honeyed and a little sad. I am drunk and tell her she

Should have been a Mexican. She brings out the coke and we descend

A little further into death. Morning roars in the distance like a

Forgotten pagan god demanding worship. The rain beats down but

Never cleanses the street as I stagger home spitting oblivion into

The gutter.

HORSES

I hit the stream and feel the rush, Roxanne, [Diane's stage name and who she is when stoned]

Sets up a couple of lines Tonight she is warm and the wind blows in loudly from off the coast

By Long Beach New York. Eddie, Diane's husband has passed out on the sofa, beer can in hand

She is beautiful and I love her but will not know it until cocaine drives a stake through her heart

And they call me at work to tell me she is dead

Tonight we have two more years together and the ocean breaks as we lie in the coolness of the

Midnight sands. She never knew me as Elliott even after twenty or thirty lines. Sometimes from

The topless dancing at the clubs she would return bitter like poorly cut coke.

I remember crawling on our bellies through her apartment once when she didn't have enough

Shit to get whoever was at the door high also. Sometimes we would hold each other and know

That time would somehow not be enough We were stone touched lovers like Romeo and Juliet

Riding horses on the beaches at midnight, daring the world to just try and stop us.

I was younger then, listening to you talk of wanting to adopt a child. What plans we

Both had beneath the stars as we turned our eyes from heaven. Stoned we could

Hide together from this ugly world and never return. We had the wind and the ocean

And we were free under cover of moonlight to love.

Why then were we always afraid? Why didn't your lips taste different that last night

Together? Walking home alone, where were the horses?

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FATAL EXCESS

HEROIN AND COCAINE AND LORRI JACKSON AND ME

We use ta cop up in south Harlem at 3 in the morning. Ted said they had the best dope

I was the only fucker that the city pigs wouldn't bother even after the spic ripped us off

And did the shit and split.

I never shot straight junk like Lorri. I always mixed it with coke for a better high.

Lenny Bruce said it was like kissing God. I dug what Paul Hoover said about flesh in excess

But when you hit your mind lit up like fireworks in flashes of a zillion colours with pins and needles

Up and down your prick would feel hot like you cummed with a beautiful movie star;

Like kissing God. Maybe Lorri's best poem was the last high, maybe her soul screamed

And sang and spit out poems drenched in vomit and excess.

Maybe she regurgitated heaven.

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⋮

THE SESSION

Once again I find myself in this room

Seven voices round a circle

I tried to talk you out of coming here

Earlier but you came anyway. Now

All I can do is make you miserable.

Only tell them what I let you, nothing more

You do not wish to be here anymore than I do

Always remember that. They do not know about

Me, that is our secret and our strength. We watch

The clock together like a key left in a cell door

The voices around us and surround us only make

It worse. One week ago you said something and the

Voices of the seven were silent.

They didn't know it was you who spoke and I who

Was silent. In a room filled with seven voices all wait

For the voice of the eighth.

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SEVEN

Someone once said that the answer to the meaning of life is the number seven.

The totality of my existence is an odd number,

Well I could have told you that!

I don't know what the poet around the corner does but I clean toilets.

This I feel gives me the greater motivation. Drunk on pulque I fall

Face down in the gutter outside the bar near the bay of Campeche.

A Canadian tourist picks my pocket as I vomit in the alley. He cuts me

With the blade in his hand when I stumble near him. My faith restored

For the moment I paint a message on the wall of the alley in my blood.

The men from the canteen quail from the sight of my blight. A siren

Begins to scream in my brain. The gendarme stands next to me as I die,

A deputy quietly talking to him. {What did he write on the wall?"

The gendarme says to him in French.] " The totality of my existence

Is an odd number," the deputy answers him.

"Well I could have told you that!" the gendarme said

Someone once said that the answer to the meaning of life is the

Number seven.

.....

CLOSED EYED DRIFTER

I did not see the wound or feel the blood;

Closed eye drifter

Beaten as a child I never felt the warmth of fire; cold

Mother says life will curse me Never will amount to

Anything. Father would come home drunk, take off

His belt and beat me raw, With each unmarked grave

I bury a scar from the past. A girl I picked up in Texas

Used to laugh. When I cut I always close my eyes.

One even looked a lot like dad. He, I buried all

Alone with the last of the childhood that remained for me.

I did not see the wound or feel the blood; closed eye drifter

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SEPTEMBER 8TH 1985

Candy [not her real name] lives in Suffolk county. She is sixteen and has a taste for rock, a form of cocaine. Her older brother Phil was killed in Viet Nam when she was only four weeks old. 1969 is a year they do not mention in her home. It is the year Phil died and the year her father hung himself in the basement. Her mother drowns a little bit mote each day in the bottle. Candy lost her job at the 'PIZZA HUT' and now pays for her habit by selling herself around Oyster Bay about a mile and a half from the harbor. She tells herself and her best friend Judy that it is only until the right 'man' comes along and takes her to California where things will be different. I picked her up hitch-hiking along the off-ramp to the expressway and she never stopped talking the entire time it took us to drive to the motel. I guess I'm writing this poem about her out of guilt or maybe it's because I recognized her name in the obituary column in NEWSDAY this morning.....

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SURVIVAL PART 1

A MESSAGE TO SHARKS

A message to sharks

About survival in the nineties

Cut out of granite and

Hung around my neck

"what would you call it?"

This poison kiss of poverty

My life drips from the faucet

Of my soul. "will you drink of my cup?"

Listen to the silence in madness?

Cut it in two with anger?

Make change with the splinters

I died just moments before you

Read this. Fell silent into the

Womb of eternity until I was handed the bill.

Needing perfection to redeem the coupon of my soul

I return to finish this page and go to sleep.

SURVIVAL PART 2 THE DREAM

THIRD world knocking at my door

Don't let them in

Can't feed one more

Wings of vultures

Fan our love

Eat the tongues of eagles for desert.

Numbers run like speeding cars

On the freeway of our souls

Stir the gate; the burning womb

Passing billboards as we travel with

A message to sharks

SURVIVAL PART 3

THE DREAM

The echo of the scream

Resounds in the corners of my mind

Fills the empty corridors of night

With the flutter of bat wings.

She lies by my side in REM;

Unaware of terror.

Dreaming of children playing in the

The snow; she smiles

SURVIVAL PART 3

THE DREAM CONT'd

Touching the warm barrel of the pistol

I pull the trigger on an empty chamber.

The faceless stranger moves closer; smiling

Bats circle overhead, the cry of their flight

Mixing with the screaming of my soul.

She turns, moves closer;

Touches me lightly with her hand.

The stranger vanishes into dust.

The alarm clock rings.

SURIVAL PART 4

Punching the time clock of life

I view the sharks as they continue

To circle. Melting the iceberg of

Loneliness with their fins they warm

THEMSELVES ON THE BEACHES OF

FROZEN DESIRE.

There's a cold breeze blowing

Shards of misery across the land

The souls of butchered martyrs ride

Towards the dawn wrapped in catacombs

Of ash.

SURVIVAL PART 5 [THE ELEVATOR]

OUTSIDE a curtain of sunlight envelops

The dew of morning. The elevator that I ride plunges, vortex; vertigo.

Spinning downward floor by floor.

Below my feet the elevator has turned to glass. I view the fins of

Sharks as I continue to fall. It jolts to a halt just yards short of the bottom.

Sharks crash their snouts into the clear glass and I fall back against the wall.

SURVIVAL PART 6 HAIGHT ASHBURY

SLIPPING into unconsciousness I revisit haight ashbury.

Jimi Hendrix is playing LIKE A ROLLING STONE ON the backs of

Smiling sharks. Notes blaze in colors on streets of water.

The music rises in intensity and the sharks are driven to

Frenzy. Slowly a turbaned man rises from the sidewalk.

Raising a flute to his lips he plays “sunny Goodge street”

Jimi nods his head in thanks to Donovan. The sharks come

To a halt and smile.

SURVIVAL PART 6 HAIGHT ASHBURY CONT'D

Six drown making Donovan very sad.

The music stops and I stir on the floor

Of the elevator. Rising haltingly to my feet

I press the button for the uppermost floor.

SURVIVAL PART 7[THE TOP LEVEL]

I step out of the elevator onto the top level.

The walls are clear and black clouds press

Angrily against them. Pressure builds and begins to form cracks

Blood starts to run between the

Modernistic paintings inspired

By Pablo Picasso. My vertigo

Begins to worsen and as I

Sink to my knees I notice a worm

Begin to eat through a painting

Of an apple near a vase on a

table, the flowers in the vase begin

To wilt. Petals fall on the jasper

Carpeted hallway.

SURVIVAL PART7 TOP LEVEL CONTD

I stare as the flowers once again bloom, then
Fold up in rapid succession and bloom again.
The worm crawls from the apple and begins
To drink the blood running so freely from
The cracks.

SURVIVAL PART8[THE MAN IN THE RED HOOD]

Gathering the limits of my strength
I stagger to my feet. I lean on
The wall moving inch by inch
Toward the open maw of the elevator
A man in a red hood with the face of a
Shark asks me when I enter;
“What floor sir?”
I sink to my knees as I watch the doors close
Blood begins to seep through the black
Rubber molding of the elevator.
I close my eyes and listen to the hum
Of the engines.

SPACE THE FINAL FRONTIER

Oblivion's maw black hole avenger

Voyager one plowed through my heart

Wishing

Beer cans stain the stable sands

Leave a trace of tears in the wind

On

Tread not upon the soul of infinity

As light below space vanish; exist

A

Ebb slowly gossamer shadows of venus

Let not the moment leave without me like a

Star

.....

HOWLING INTO THE NINETIES

Witness thinking insanity blessed

Unclothed ragman cry

Staggering the back alleys of Harlem

Shooting horse mixed with coke

Till I think that I'll die

My bloods been bonded

My soul's been sold

The highest bidder

Let it ride

Scarlet rivers run down the sides of

Huge skyscrapers to drown the poor.

In a strange brew of isolation and

Loneliness I gasp for air.

We stand naked and inviting

Unfettered by the pope

Fists turned to armor

Howling into the nineties

.....

THE LAKE

I'll meet you by the lake. You can tell it's me by
The blood red suitcase at my side. Inside will be
The fragments of my life. They are held together
By the web of doubt.

The words we will say are meaningless.

No-one will remember anyway. The

Water will be the only witness. I

Know by the rise of the dawn you'll

Be gone. I'll walk quietly to the lake

And discard the contents of my

Suitcase. When I can't stand the

Loneliness anymore; I'll get on the bus and go home.

.....

NOT ANOTHER JACK KEROUAC POEM

Not many people know this but jack Kerouac and elvis presley were the same person.

You can tell by their dusted mantel majesty and the fact that their sepulchral never

Rested but was hung out on a pedestal for the chosen to worship. My coffin as

Tourist bait for the greedy. [is he talking about me?]

We wrote their epitaphs in the watered down ink of our blood.

Here lies [insert name] like a quarter peep show in a back room in

Times square red light heaven.

"Cost you more if you want to touch," she says smiling.

Not many people know this but jack Kerouac and elvis presley

Were the same person.

.....

SPIRIT VENTURES

I followed along the riverbank watching the ducks frolic in the dirty
Waters. I must be getting old for I remember them green-blue and
And clear. A young child laughs as I skim a stone half of the way to
the other side. I smile to myself and throw another stone. I was only
Sixteen when I was last here and tonight I'm thirty-seven and can
Only write about it. The thunderstorm outside prevents my going
So only my spirit ventures out tonight.

Just for a second I recall times my younger sister; Patti
And I would stand together in the garage watching the lightning
And hearing the thunder and rain. It must be close to ten years
Since I last saw her. I wonder when it rains if she also recalls
Childhood. Childhood and old age both pass too quickly.
Some of my youth I still visit but a lot requires fast forward if you
Know what I mean. I guess everyone's life is like that. The traffic
Lights hang up from the sky like a beacon guiding my long sojourn.
I take long walks at night and at night they have friendlier faces
Then during the day. You'll have to take my word on this. However
It is true. I move forward along the sidewalk staring at the green
And red lights up ahead. I pretend that they are goals in life to be
Reached. Good I have reached my first goal. Then I pretend the
Light way up ahead is a great wish like winning the lottery or
Becoming famous. However, it is easier reaching that traffic light
Than becoming famous or winning the lottery. You have to take
My word on this. However it is true.

I can't say for sure if the traffic lights are friendlier in the rain.

This is because I rarely walk in the rain. I take a bus but don't worry I always put it
Back[ha-ha] I wish sometimes I could walk for miles in the rain and stay dry. I like
The feeling rain leaves when it drips down your back. Life is like the rain, you can
Like it but it doesn't have to like you back. That's okay though; you'll have to take my word on it.

THE POOL OF BLOOD

In the humid heat of September, I wait on the bus-stop
For hurricane Hugo talking to a veteran who I barely knew
Behind his dark glasses brewed a storm
Darker and more violent than any of nature
The VC had never landed a blow yet I could see
The deep wounds that continued to bleed
Looking down on my shirt
I stared at the pool of blood from my
Self-inflicted wounds, together we talked
No-one seeing the pool of blood that gathered
By our feet

He told me that he had been sick
There was a hospital band on his wrist
I wondered if he could see the pool of blood
As clearly as I could.
Maybe he did because he looked up to heaven we spoke, we sat apart on the bus but after
A time he came over and sat in front of me
Not wanting to talk we exchanged few words
When I left the bus he only said two words
“ Stay indoors.”
“I will” I answered.
Leaving the bus; I turned to look his way one more time
But he was staring out of the window into his own
Private world. I can’t help but wonder how many people’
Are killed in the war without bullets. “Goodbye my friend,”

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