

LOVE

Try it in blue

"The mirrored shadow of my own decay."

"isn't that what you called it?"

VERY POETIC

I remember your eyes; only paper-mate pen caps come that color.

Not poetic but truthful

You wanted azure and I wanted honesty

You never believed I loved you; I didn't, I only thought I did.

You knew, I had to find out. How I hated you!

I hated you for knowing when I did not. I hated you to tears.

The days I didn't hate you; I missed you. I called once but

When you answered I hung up. I wanted to say, "Sorry

Wrong number." But I was afraid you'd recognize my voice.

Love has become a mystery to me. Your heart is a half remembered

Ending. Just a tease to start me over. I wonder sometimes if I'll

Ever meet someone else.

I lied, I did

DRIFTERS LOGIC

The rains of starving artists

Melted Ice

Fortuneless collections of pens

Fool's Gold

Sand imprisoned shackled soul

Blind Ego

Are the tears of angels' wings

Drowning Heart

How dark is Octopus ink?

Rash Judgement

That struggles to be free

And ambition

They pour from angry clouds

Wayward Dream

The color of my soul

Tin Cup

From the handcuffs of the mind

Is Frozen

Over the blind eye that I stole

Drifters Logic

Is a dead- end motion scream

Dark Glasses

Locked away from what I need

The Lake

WHAT IS A POEM

It's a page longing for words, an ear longing for music

Everything written on a paper is a poem!

Your laundry list is a poem/Your parking ticket is a poem

Your taxes bill is a poem/ Your restaurant menu is a poem

Your hold-up note is a poem/Your cooking instructions are a poem

Your note on the fridge is a poem/ Your canceled check is a poem

Your liner notes are a poem/Your arrest warrant is a poem

Your 'Do not remove' tag is a poem/Your job application is a poem

Your favorite book is a poem/ Your Christmas list is a poem

Your Hanukkah list is a poem/Your T.V. guide is a poem

Your grocery receipt is a poem/Your junk mail is a poem

Your good mail is a poem/Your blue eyes are a poem

And I love them

BYZALTINE

The distance of a fallen star/Riding horseback on a lake
Passing mountains half-remembered fused with chaos
Too tired beyond even the death of Byzaltine, companion;
Friend/ Buried 3,000 years before the garden
Snakes calling our names beneath the full of the harvest moon
The world and I were young then, Byzaltine
Now I fast grow old; tired. Worn beyond the shadow of my
Spirit, of time. "Will we yet share tears of fire in the rain?"
"Drink snow on the mountain of the gods?"
Salted wound time; be done

This next piece called the WRITER was written before they put me on meds for bi-polar

THE WRITER

I take my last four quarters
Play them on a game;
Pick the wrong three numbers,
I'm a loser once again.
"Hey, Mister; won't you help me to get a bite to eat?"
I haven't any money; spent last night on the street.
I put my change together, try to buy some wine,
It wasn't always like this but I guess you've heard that line.
Once I had a family... It all seems so far away
I was going to be a writer not a soul-worn yesterday
I remember vaguely sending letters here and there;
Some said that I had talent, others said they didn't care
The thoughts seem all so murky, so cloudy and confused
I went looking for my fortune but I guess I found the blues
Sometimes I stop and wonder if they ever speak my name
Does my family think about me and my search to convert fame
I sigh but can't remember, where it all went wrong; The book
That vanished quickly or the failure of the songs.
It really doesn't matter now if it all slipped through my hands
I feel a cold deep inside my soul, I can't fully understand
It's dark and very empty in this place where now I rest
And in the last few seconds, I'm a writer at his best.

I/We

We passed only briefly

“Do I know you,” we both asked ourselves?

Eyes locking; afraid, curious

Like a straw in the grip of a hurricane

We broke our gaze; forever

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STORM

Helen is my closest dead relative
By which I mean our psyches are linked
By a common mental disorder that
Led her to hang herself in the basement
Of the farmhouse in Brookhaven
She shared with her husband Jimmy
Helen was a poet, enjoyed being naked
Walking under full, moonlit skies
I am a poet, enjoy being naked and have
Taken to studying the dark arts
Nature and magic intertwine as they once did
When Helen spoke with the farm animals.
The salty tongue of the woman, storm, the horizon
Quivers. A façade mask of indifferent America
Begins to crack. The winds enrich my hand and
We sing together as one.

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ARTWORK

Charcoal sketches hang in the aisles

Of speeding buses including the Well

Hung bull by Merle Tofer

Passengers take down the drawings

Roll them up and walk away

I wait too long and Merle's art is taken.

A blank sheet hangs in its place while

I fidget in my seat

SNOW

Tight anus innocence against thrusting

Mountain weight like a glove

Like a sweet sweet Madonna

Small chested squirms, moans animal

Tongue trapped passion wrapped

Together like a sheet of clouds

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PERSONALS

Going thru strictly personal ads at 6:30 a.m. flipping
Past Asian women who want and Asian women wanted
To be successful white gay male who wants the same
Checking my wallet and skipping over him thinking
Maybe all he needs is a mirror digging on all the adjectives;
Alluring, stunning, handsome, brainy everything but
Lonesome Mouth dry wishing I had a drink, a day off
And the horses running at Belmont but it's Monday
I've got one phone number circled in black felt ink
And I'm heading into the men's room to puke.
Thinking the same thing as a million other losers;
"There's gotta be a better way".

NUMBERS

Had a dream

Dreamt I was going blind

In the morning checked hidden meanings

For their interpretation said I'd be going

From comfort to poverty

Hard thing to do when you don't own

A bed and have less than 214 in the bank

Tried to pull myself up by the bootstraps

But they snapped, had a dream?

HELEN OF THE LAUGHING MADNESS

The skull smiled back in shadows/ death the pilot at the wheel

Walking naked through the meadow with burning candled near midnight

Helen of the laughing madness what secrets hold your heart?

Speaking in the tongue of Wolves wild beasts howl your name

Our blood has the same taste the same ancient knowledge

Bonding words and snakes come Eden hidden in umbra

The vampire of hearts my mother's sister; Helen

Hanging from the rope of sadness

Helen of the laughing madness

Come taste the fresh frozen snow

We of the beast sword shall forever be risen

Bloodline of snakes

Helen of the laughing madness

MONGREL DOGS IN HEAT

Early burnout the system on fire

Mongrel dogs in heat

Tear on the pants leg of my soul

Held back by sensuous creatures

Who cry with unsated desires

I touch her mysterious tears

But they burn my flesh

Flush my wanton awareness of her being.

The pack howls in green-eyed envy

But she has chosen to envelope me in her fold

Mongrel dogs in heat

Turn to mist

THE BLACK SHEEP

And the black sheep are everywhere/ deeper than the corners I hide behind
Licking at the anus of my mind/ self-controlled and rigid as a bridge across
The river of piss/life that flows down the walls of the ghetto I've elected
To lie/lay in not holding for fear a taste to my lips / I tear the picture in half
My mother weeps for me licks the cum from my boots belly hard
As night presses mine toward Valhalla forgetting these are different gods/times
Weep I for your gentle touch saddled by age and ridden into the darkness by
Priests without tongues
Too much fear to search
For the colors of your eyes behind clouds

KARMA DANCES A ZEN MOVEMENT

At the foot of my brass bed my past lives devour my false guilt

I argue with the former ghosts over the merits of my life

Threatening to smash the maple furniture that reeks of

My childhood. I moan and scream; a sex starved eunuch,

I play with my imaginary cock; the mistress of dawn

Laughing as I tongue her indifference. I pin the spider

Beneath my weight her taut web

Drawing me to her my juices, her venom, sing

We recreate Eden

B-BOP

5:20 A.M. Sunday morning and I wish I was coming down but
My nerves are as worn out as a faded pair of my old blue jeans
The roads been tough and I saw my share of hells back when
Jack could still mumble poems between shots now there ain't
Never going to be no lookout up on old Desolation who's got
That cool swingtime jazz in his notebooks and his eyes
Digging the asphalt and the whiskey and another high this
Evening/ it's just sad that the be-bop's lost its jive

WOODSTOCK

She collected the wounded and kept them in jars
By the haze of the mantle/ no harm
Stripped of ambition; blinded by smoke
Hendrix and Joplin/the past
Twenty years later the records all skip/Guitars
Touched by Houdini turn into briefcases
That dangle by the sides of deaf ears
The widow of Woodstock opens the window
Views the blood running freely down the
Sides of the building/ Turning her back to
The carnage around her/ She closes the window
And laughs.

DIANE IN SURREALISM

Strap that crazy burden in/the one you wear around your heart

It's been five long years since lovers and cocaine fell/ Jackie

No longer the child/let us talk of Babylon

Beyond those pearly gates my redemption awaits; a lonely

Soul freed from heaven/wanders on the freeway

Today I saw it crawl pass on the sidewalk/It was a clear oval

Mass going nowhere very slowly. I threw open the invisible

Glass doors and screamed over its meaningless existence.

Ignoring my plea, it continued to worship the wild dogs of

Asia/from my bedroom window to the street below

The guitars begin to rust/fallen from the sun

I walked slowly to your waxen form/ tommy kisses death/

His railroad junkied eyes weep/again he staggers without

Falling/ I hear his needle is alone now/his cage unbarred

Diane has fallen from the windows of Babylon

Clutching my heart in her hands

I've only the whiskey and Kerouac's old notebook

And another day I've forgotten to plan

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THE VOLCANO

I can understand the volcano; heat; pressure building
Everything locked up forever until it explodes. Suddenly,
Without any warning. A soul or a dream never taken flight
A volcano/ inside you whisper, "tomorrow." Yet the stars
For you are hidden/black clouds leering. Tomorrow just an
Echo of today, a volcano/ the lines inside my brain raise up
As the lines of heat off of hot asphalt/inside turning like a
Storm/over and over each day-----No answer/ a volcano
Skin pressing against the shirt/about to burst'
Invisible hands grab the back of my neck with the strength
Of a mountain----- no release/about to burst/a volcano
Mind swimming in its own private sea; lava flows
Over the crater/ once thought to be the work of gods
I tear the shirt from my back and scream

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DUST TO DUST

I hear the wind behind the music and flutes begin to play.

It is a sad whisper that they sing. Chimes dance in the foreground and harps cry,

Softly, gently muted. A funeral procession passes in the rain. All are sad-eyed and

Head-bent. The coffin springs open and the departed begin to waltz.

Silently I follow the limos to the cemetery/tapping my fingers over the steering

Wheel/the sky darkens as I walk from my car toward the preacher. The casket is

Being lowered into the earth. Upon the tombstone is carved my name and I

Begin to weep as the rain pours down in torrents. "Dust to dust," the preacher says

As the scene before me blackens and all is silence

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THE MIRROR

Placing my hands on the smooth edges I enter my own reflection

It presses back like fog with gossamer membranous wings.

My entire body burns; every nerve ending screams. The voice that is my mind

Yells to go back before it is too late. I am at the point of paying no heed to

Warnings. The other side awaits. It swirls in scarlet hues without feelings.

Neither pain nor pleasure, just simple existence. Here there is no harm

No whiskey or smoke to free a soul; peace. I stare back at the world, free

I am called back to reality only shortly. I look from without my image and

See the man before me cry. I touch my face and it is also wet. I try to remember

But I can't recall why. I press my hands against the inside of the mirror. For a

Moment our eyes meet and I understand. Then he is gone and I rest upon the

Hues of the prism free

A SOLDIER'S SONG

Danny's father and mother were alcoholics. If he said or did anything his mother didn't like She would beat him black and blue with her hard wooden walking cane. He was my best Friend and he loved horror movies, MAD magazine and comic books. We had a lot in common, The children of tears that other children laughed and mocked. Danny grew up to be a large But gentle man and at eighteen years; he joined the marines following the death of his Mother. I believe he was trying to win his father's love and approval which he never had As a child. Danny's was a tender soul and although the Marines taught him how to squeeze A trigger; they never instructed him on how to live with killing. Later after returning from Viet Nam he married but the words he spoke were few and the scars he carried inside were Many . HE buried his pain in silence and alcohol. They divorced leaving him bitter and angry. HE would come over to my apartment in Long Beach already drunk and after a few beers he Would start screaming;"To the Marines!" and I'd join him in a few choruses waiting for him to Calm down. Once years later he called me up very upset; HE blurted out did I think it was Right to line up men,women and children and kill entire villages following the orders of His high command. I told him he had no choice but to follow orders, that he was only a Grunt and that there was no sense looking back because you can't change the past and The future is harder than hell to alter.

Maybe I should have told him that no matter how pretty a package they make out of War, no matter how nice the colored ribbons look: sooner or later the package leaks Blood;

Maybe I should have said that there ain't no soldier song to put back the laughter In a young widow's eyes. Maybe I should have said that we all learn to pull the Trigger but GOD help the ones that learn how to kill'

Maybe you never can forget Viet Nam/Maybe time lets you live with her

THE GIRL IN THE HALLWAY

There were wounds that your heart never revealed

Scars you kept hidden

Your lips were warm outside the doorway of my

Apartment

The man's eyes with you were angry

It was New Year's Eve and you made him leave the

Restaurant

Before midnight so we could be together, briefly

Just another game

But you played it so well

THE NIGHTMARE

I open my mouth to scream , yet no sound escapes.. The furious staccato of my heartbeat is
So explosive I call on gods I had long forsaken to quell it, I have been bidden by deep slumber
To lands thought long forgotten. It is again childhood and I stand before the large green doors.
I am perhaps two to three feet from the archway.

The pounding grows louder each second; I stare at the lock and the old wood, once so safe.
Suddenly it looks very fragile. My heart explodes in my chest: the door is giving way.

Again and again, I try to scream as the green door inches further open. "Mother!" I scream.

But my voice will not be heard. The door lies open and my faceless and nameless nemesis
Is about to slaughter me. It is then facing death, that I freeze. I am unable to even try to defend myself
MY hands are terrified to attack; I am about to die and I keep screaming soundless cries.

"Mother!" I scream. My arms are numb. If the faceless one is Death then he has gotten me
Without a struggle. It is the fear of angering the unknown that speeds my demise and freezes
My motion. Each time it is the same, lying before it, helpless; unable to move a limb or utter
A sound. I am encased in a solid block of fear. Lying on the altar of sleep each body part

Feeling pins and needles. The creature from beyond the green door is upon me, but only
My eyes function to see its approach. My legs won't move and I can't raise my arms. Each
Weighs a million pounds. I scream...no sound. I try to move... it is useless'

The faceless one wears a thousand faces tonight. Each more terrifying than the other. Again
And again, he moves closer, over and over, I attempt to scream, till finally, covered in sweat,
I awake in darkness to greet the middle of the night. There's a long passage of time before
I can move in the world of reality. I still want to scream but I do not want them to know I'm
Afraid. Sleep for me has become the handmaiden of death, I am washed in fear and bathed
In sweat and entombed beyond darkness. My young heart is pounding. The terror is
Almost palpable. Praying for morning, I fall fast asleep. I float through an ocean of light
And I am lulled in its serenity as I drift toward a bank of fog. Slowly, so slowly the clouds
Begin to waver. The smokey white mists drift away to reveal a lattice-work of lace
Covering a multi-windowed door. The wind begins to howl and the fog is blown away
The doorknob begins to rattle and light emanates brilliantly from every pane. MY heart
Begins to race in my chest and my palms are cold and moist. I am being pulled toward
The light. My fear is tangible. The horror; dry sand in my throat. The door bursts open
And my heart catches in my chest. The light ceases and a cold breeze blow the
Remaining fog away. The archway lays open before me. It is the portal before the
Green door. I am helpless before the faceless one. Each limb is leaden as it draws near.
There is no sound as the faceless one reaches for me. My voice and blood are frozen.
The touch is without feeling and the fog returns. The wind is silent as light begins to
Pulse around me. I scream a soundless cry and pass over to the other side. The green
Door closes slowly behind me

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CHECKING MY WATCH

Checking my watch ,I wonder if I've missed my train or even if it stops here anymore.

Judging by the debris..... "Wait a minute here it is now." Without making a sound

It pulls up and I get on board. I ponder as I walk from car to car, why there are

No passengers. Suddenly the P.A. system springs to life. Taking my ticket out

I sit down in the last seat---in the last car. Noiselessly the conductor

Approaches. His back to me as he comes closer. "Tickets," he calls in a voice of

Silver; of coldness. My eyes lock onto him and I can't turn away. They seem

To grow darker and darker, larger; ebon until his eyes become the tunnels

Through which we travel. My life force is torn from my body and drawn

Screaming into the aperture. My body slumps over in its seat.

"Tickets, Tickets," the conductor calls as he passes by.

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HER VOICE....

Her voice was no longer a child. How could it be?

Seventeen years had passed. Now it was a sultry message

On my answering machine. And I'm only a stranger

Who left her crying by a white limousine. Holding

A pink rose which was all we had left besides the

memory

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IT WAS EASIER

It was easier when we had an argument; I can almost hear you say

“You’re such an ass.”

I loved the way you used to say that. What was it? Was it two weeks ago?

You e-mailed me a rose with a note. Saying this was to be shared

Between two people who would be there for each other forever’

You put; “ E-mail this back to me” in the subject line.

Two weeks and then a month and nobody knows

305 BROOKHAVEN APT #5 BKLYN, NY

In the hallway of legends and ghosts

I wander endlessly in dream

Talking with the dead of Brookhaven

The rope burns are still fresh on Helen's neck

A sickly scarlet mark upon her throat

In this corridor, I pace, a key in hand; lost

Forever the sojourn of quietus in keeping

Before a door numbered two, I stand

Silence a silver web with the muted sobs of angels

It is not a key I hold when she at last comes upon me

It is only the dark tangent of lost souls and vipers

And a blind man staggering upon a battlefield as

Canons roar and the blue turban leers

The rains come like Jacob Marley's ghost

Riding the coach forever

A DRAGON'S TALE

I placed my sword down in the snow outside the dragon's lair
And breathed in deep the sulfur smell
That hung in the clean crisp air.
And lo' my heart was heavy
Weighted deep by my fear and despair
I thought of the king's only daughter
Whose beauty was both fragile and fair
The reward was both silver and knighthood
To the subject who braced dragon's den
We started out sixteen and twenty
Now our swords numbered fewer than ten
And as the snow fell I called to the others
But found I was now on my own
So I placed deep my sword in a snowbank
Then with dagger in hand moved alone
The dragon blew patches of fire
But I leapt fast the fiery blaze
To scale fast the neck of the bellowing beast
And drive in the point of my blade
Now when snow falls my queen always chides me
"Be still with that old dragon's tale don't you listen
To a word that he tells you. It seems he's had far too much ale."

ELLIOTT AND HIS UNCLE VERGE

Elliott was walking on a deserted country road when he happened upon three men. They were singing by the old mill stream; not the song, the place. Never looking their way he walked by Elvis Presley, James Dean and Lenny Bruce. "Who the hell does he think he is," they all thought!! "I heard that," Elliott said because he had the gift. "I've been scattering ashes on the rim of eternity," Elliott screamed at the three. He hauled the ash can over and swept up the dust that laid in the spot vacated by the three men. Very carefully Elliott opened up the satchel by his side and removed the stars so that morning could break. Then he hurried home for a good breakfast. "Where you been boy," Uncle Verge said to Elliott, the whiskey reeking on his breath. "I've been scattering ashes on the rim of eternity," Elliott answered. "I warned you about talking foolish," Uncle Verge said as he spun around and hit Elliott across the mouth. Elliott did not respond, he simply hauled the ash can over and swept up the dust that laid in the spot vacated by his Uncle Verge.

4400

I am not Jack Kerouac

I have been jailed by the nine to five;[7-3] blues

Rent and hung upon the gallows of material possessions

I am not Jack Kerouac

In my past I was celled and shelved in county jail;

Out on bail and branded while young by a hangman nicknamed sanity

I am not Jack Kerouac in my life my byways been a needle

Wearing the scars of the damage done

As a mask over lost reflections

That bled onto the sun

I am not Jack Kerouac

I have only awoken upon the forest in dream.

To gaze at the azure of water twixt the carcass

Of dawn on the lake. The reflection stared back

A sad mirror and only the eyes seemed alive

I am not Jack Kerouac

VULTURES RHYME & TRANSITORY VERSE VOLUME 19

I am both lion and prey to my fate. I watch in horror from my cabin window as ice begins to
Develop beneath my angel's wings. Slowly, so slowly, her glide becomes errant; vague.
Her eyes stare into mine, frightened, helpless as her wings bare down the brunt of frozen
Ethos. Zeus laughs along with the elder gods at our plight. Their gift, the sun vanishes into
The ocean depths. I crawl bleeding onto the rainbow bridge of time to reach her.
Plummeting past my grasp she bursts into flame. Blisters form on my hands and face and
I step over the edge of the bridge prepared to leap. Below the azure of the deep releases
The sun from its grasp. One final time our eyes meet, our lips touch as we fall onto the
Furnace of the sun.

D.C. AND ELLIOTT CRYING IN THE RAIN

Blood seeps from the cracks along the sidewalk; where I walk. Fate like a second-rate pizza
Parlor left her number on my windshield. I still wait for the delivery like Janis until three
I lay in the gutter for comfort but I get no rest. Bats scream inside the walls of my life endless
Bela smiles. I light my way with the burnt ashes of my own decay. The vampire called life
Spits out my blood-screaming; "poison." As if the four winds care. The blood rises on the
Street until it washes away the cars, so many many cars all filled with vampires. I crawl
Through the death and decay until I come upon the door. It springs open to let the entrails
Play amongst the Parnasus, letting its offspring desecrate the name of Dali with their piss.
I carve my name in their backs but as fast as they die a million return and the decades
Begin to dull the knives at my side.

The womb in the sky pours blood on the fire and I try to light a match in the sweet
Sticky mess. "Bad for your health," the devil whispers, "Didn't you ever read the label?"
D.C. and Elliott cry in the rain

APOLLO

We spit the red ooze of life into the side of the dawn. Blinking away the taste of
Yesterday's cannibal picnic. Rinse yourselves with the water/wine. The wolves
Betrayed your friendship and left you here with me. I lie in bitter ecstasy confined
Within the strumpet of desires. The beast howls in pain, three times. My wounds
Regurgitate scarlet on the dark side of the sun. Ruin follows like a stray dog,
Befriended and by your side forever. Eternity quivers in the dark waiting for
Her husband to leave but Apollo only sits back down and has another cigarette.

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READING GINSBERG:

I stretch to peer into the frosted-over pane of glass and watch the children as they open
Their presents. The snow is covered by my blood and I sink down to lay in the white blanket.
I am as frozen as I am tired and I laugh a sick laugh as a choir begins singing nearby.
I crawl over to a snowman and slowly carve the word;;;;; L O R C A. His carrot nose
Falls in my blood, the sun begins to destroy the frozen majesty. I scream silence.
The icor flows back into my veins, the grass and shrubbery turn verdant. I pick up
A copy of ALPHA BEAT SOUP and study Ginsberg. I understand but winter has blistered
My dolar and siren sing from the open wound

WINTER

We forget until dark purple sand black clouds loom overhead'
Walking on frozen sidewalks, the chill s silver coating on our souls;
The wind howls, I dig my hands into my pockets searching for the
Treasure of warmth. The tips of my fingers begin to burn and i
Walk faster; pass the house whose windows rattle with the cry
Of the winter clouds. Hood pulled low I walk three blocks before
The icy kiss of December changes into a vampire bat wishing to
Drain my body of all its heat. The cold robbing my memory of the
Image of poverty. I run across the street and spend my second
To last dollar on the bus. My hands still burn when I get off in
Rockville Centre, it is winter.

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BETE NOIRE [A DOSE OF NEW YOTK ECSTASY]

Alice this isn't dreamland/ locked out of wonderland

Place your lips upon the trigger/ have a good time

A dose of New York ecstasy. Bete noire of midnight

Streets/ extradite your smokey feelings

Asphalt jungle beats her drums. The music

Melting flesh and chains;

Succumb to bitter exuviation

Oppugn thy hollow tongue

cherub of desire

Portress of my flaming dream

[illegible]

FIRE

Burning the brain cells;

Transient memories

Silence

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NOAH 1

Noah saved us from the floods with two of every kind

I tip my hat to thank him but there's something on my mind

If he saved two of all that's known

How come I'm alone?

I hope he didn't sail too soon; I hope he wasn't late

Noah answer just one question/what happened to my mate?

If he saved two of all that's known

How come I'm alone?

Could Noah have forgotten?

And left her there to swim?

When I stand at night by shore-line will she whisper;

"Come on in."

If he saved two of all that's known

How come I'm alone?

SO VERY TIRED

So very tired/bones are weary/eyelids close

Drinking coffee to fight it/ He actually was the walrus

Wasn't he/ I am not sleeping not sleeping not sleeping

Not tired. What do you think? AWAKE AWAKE

Let it be/ let it bleed/ almost out/ shout it out

So very tired/ pen is heavy lead heavy

Hold on to the rains come/ wounded knee,

Who me watt/ James of first confusion I am

Not tired, startled. Feedback, failing

Don't quit go on feed me feedback

COMING OF AGE

Assume the toga virilis/deny your own denial

Skywriting your answer in the wind will no longer

Subject the viewer to your whims

The wapentake of your beliefs is as ruined as your soul

Charred in the pyre of truth/ smoke rings carry the

Message of your totality over the ocean

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BILL ON SAFARI

It was free all right, a free trip to darkest Africa, the first prize bill had ever won.

As the witch-doctor put torch to the dry bush at his feet; bill wondered how Elliott had talked him into it. "Don't worry what could go wrong?" Elliott had said.

The fire began to spread around the pole bill was tied to. The witchdoctor Shook his rattle at bill and from the flames a hand reached out and pulled it Away. Elliott stepped out of the fire and pushed the mad doctor toward the Screaming natives. "Head for the hills!" Elliott yelled. " You think of that yourself," Bill called back. ." Follow me." Elliott shouted as he ran. By nightfall bill and Elliott had found an abandoned hut in the jungle and had taken refuge. The screams of the witchdoctor awoke them at dawn. "jutta-butta walla Cvay ya," the witch doctor yelled. Elliott beat bill to the book of African Translations. "What is he saying," bill asked? "As near as I can figure; Elliott Answered, he's saying "Sorry I don't make housecalls."

GREEN RIVER WYOMING

Someone said that in Wyoming that a body could recover from
The n y blues that leave your soul so dry. I bid farewell to Montauk
And the sadness in her eyes/ knowing somehow that I never
Would return. Now the skies over green river somehow is
Not that different and the losing end remains the losing end
Some days I'd trade my highway shoes for a key to the door
Back home/ but the past is smoke and the locks beneath the
Clay/ I often think of Montauk though the photo is all lined now
Knowing somewhere, some days Montauk thinks of me.

REFLEKTIONS

There came a time when I searched inside my mind for truth, knowledge
Within. The full moon hung its shadow on the forest. Alone upon the only
Path I heard the wolf and turned to run. A voice bade me continue the
Pursuit. In the silver silent blackness, I moved forward; afraid more
As to stop as to go on. The forest was a forest of mirrors, trees of spun glass.
The wolf howled inside my reflection, smashing the glass. I felt my mind
Begin to crack and I fell down on all fours along the path. Suddenly
I heard myself begin to howl and I let out a scream. Looking up; my
Man/wolf image drew me to it and I touched the mirrored trees in
Fiery transmigration. The flesh dripped from my bones, seared
My epidermis returned in patches over my skeleton. Suddenly
The coarse hair of the wolf covered over my frame and I howled.
From the pool whereupon lay my flesh, a man arose. He stood
Upon the path, slowly turned, and began to walk away.
I sprang forward howling; trapped within the forest of mirrors
With trees of spun glass.

KANDYLAND

Girl of the stage

Bury bitter eyes

Dance of passion, naked

Men of lust; envy

Music drowns the

Broken dreams: dance

Tones of laughter/harsh

Stare/vacant/cold

Warm sheets

Washed in cherry blood

Remembered innocence

Memories of the youthful wish

TIRED

Dancing swan lake in your sleep

KANDYLAND

.....

CATERPILLAR BLUES

I've been wounded endlessly Caterpillar blues
My blood runs as a stream onto the sea. I keep
Looking in the mirror for the metamorphosis of me.

But I can't find it

Locked behind my safety glass
The world looms dark and strangely
As the iron of my bars starts to rust
I wonder whom in love I should trust

But I can't find it

The road ahead is a danger zone
Parked beside the twilight zone
My tire is blown and my gas is gone
And the map is somewhere in the glove compartment

But I can't find it

OLD MAN FEEDING PIGEONS ON A BENCH

Mood-first bleak bright/ letter from Canada—two

Twenty-four hours later I throw my soul on the

Freeway and if I could only drive

I would have driven away like frozen

Breath in NEW York's December

I await the hand of fate

Like the warmth of a woolen sweater

How many of us are there?

Behind these keys?

All of us cold, so very cold

All of us—pigeons

Begging old men for pieces of stale bread

And finding out that once again

They have forgotten to come.

.....

CALYPSO BLUES

She said she was a whore without a taste
For deliverance/ in soho or times square their eyes are
the same/ bitter as Jamaican rum you can spot her
easily solo on the avenue moving with Calypso grace
giving it up for cash/trying to survive the Pimps,
the johns and prosecution/ taking a second hit of blow
for the ones that make her skin crawl
Straight in the hard light of dawn
She dances on rooftops/ tentative at first

Rusted wings spread across heaven

.....

TIM BUCKLEY

Buzzin' Fly

I cover the sun/the waterfront

John Lee casting his net on stone

The blues still at the crossroads

Robert Johnson getting the final word

I been out walkin'

I'm just waitin' on the sun to shine

I've been livin' on borrowed time

Collecting poems like rocks on water

My brothers been taken away

The earth is broken

I don't leave no footprints on the barren ground

I don't leave no image in the mirror; only shadow

I'm my own reflection in moonlight

Waiting on Pleasant Street to arrive

Love from room 103

Sunshine in my heart; my future

Don't waste another day alone

Inside the river of time

I stumble along the outskirts

Strange feelin' Carnival Song

Listen to the cold winds howling

So lost in the dark night

Feeling the last of my blues Closing in fast

Hallucinations

All around the city the troubadour

Spins tales of misery and cruelty

Please darlin' stay in my dreams

Just till morning

Wayfaring stranger

I'm going back to the river Jordon

Going to bathe in the waters

Set my spirit free

.....

AND THE JAZZ PLAYED ON

I just don't know if I should shoot the max or leave things hanging
Legally I don't know where I stand but the crux of the matter
The very being of the being like dharma blues is I do not care
But yes, I do and it will eat at me and drive me nuts for days to come.
The waterfalls of eternity seem to bristle with electricity and I know
The known and beyond the stars the gateway unfurls; seeking
The light that knows no sunshine the elder fires caught in a
Gateway lynch; and the jazz played on Cut the forces seize
The tower and the jazz played on I am saddened by what has
Happened but there are alternatives, other ways we can bring
To light tonight is the darkest of days and the jazz played on
And the ending of all things or the beginning. One staff two
Ends burning like the dharma blues and the jazz played on
And where is the muse the news the blues blue suede shoes
I just want it to end to leave me alone with my random erratic thoughts.
If I knew for sure she did not have a copy. Now we wait and do the nirvana
Thing seeking absolution by route. And I answered when she called
Caught in the cosmic gallantry of the war. One war will be the last to rule.
And the jazz played on. She just rambled on in her broken English and I
Have not the patience for this shit. And it rained on the anniversary of
Her departing taking with it both memories and hurt. And I wonder if
The night is eternal and if I have the right to disown redemption.
Seeking no more than I gave I rest beneath the footfalls of the holy men

DEATH part one

THOUGHT I'd write a poem about death, quietus/but there wasn't any so I
Wondered if death was really an irrational thought/if maybe someone was
Playing a cosmic joke/the last laugh/let them figure it all out/
Nox my goddess of death beautiful serene saddened by her role in life/
Endless betrayal looming the ending of all things/fresh start recycled
Souls moving thru infinity/and what of my life does the upcoming book
Change anything/who remembers Kerouac and Ginsberg/ is it all some gag
Some laugh a minute psycho bullshit/I am working on a second book of
Free verse and poetry, the first in the planning stages by bookfuel
But time isn't on my side and quietus waits for no man and death
Always death leering in the doorway/watching so closely seizing
Each moment never letting on that she's known you since childhood
You're an old man now and it crawls into bed with you festering
On your soul/and you can feel it; sense its presence all around you
You can't write your way out of this one baby/it is as real as pain
And I wonder if death ever seeks quietus/or if she ever gets lonely
But I have one last thing I need to do and after that I'm all yours
I can't bargain with death but I intend to stay around long enough
To breathe thunder. Feeling the fire in my eyes/knowing that death
Awaits like a black cat purring so sweetly shadowing my soul
The raven keen eyes of quietus in silence. And memory fades
To oblivion and still death haunts with its blackened stare
And all I ask of it is time/just an old man trying to seal his fate
Before death takes a hand in the matter/just one more book/
One last hurrah/one last chance

DEATH PART TWO

It looms like a snake poised to strike/always waiting/never sleeping/eternal

The companion to quietus/death/waiting for its moment/a serpent coiling

I beat it to the finish line once or twice/living on borrowed time/endings

And death leers in the mirror of my soul like a devil without redemption

Always taunting/never completely silent/like a demon shadow of ivory

A raven perches on Death's bare left shoulder; whispering softly

I feel a chill run down my spine/not knowing/ hauntingly

Death waits at the crossroads of my mind/seeking solace

DEATH PART THREE

The shadow of my soul unwinds like spools upon the wind and my time comes to pass
But my /soul/being/ clings to a memory of what could have been if only I could have
Had more time and a little luck/so I stare down quietus not willing to go/not now
And death waits on the sidelines not caring one way or another/her jade eyes shimmering
She of the hand/ever present/in my life/wavering like dew/ China doll/watching
The black cat chooses which souls are to be harvested/I stare into Death's unblinking
Eyes and see my skull in flames taunting me/mocking me/reminding me that I
Haven't got enough time to leave a mark/yet that is what I intend to do/
Quietus be damned/ And Death smiles because she knows/my spirit[soul]
In turmoil/endings forgotten/ quietus the vulture that doesn't wait hovers
Silently in the distance/brooding/ For it's the ending of all things that
Quietus exists/angel of nothingness
And I a mere mortal seek to stall its chill embrace
On the wings of time hovering

THE MAESTRO BLUES

Ratta ratta ratta jazz man blow dig those thighs

Digging the scene most let the rambler flair and I could have torn her heart out

200 shot to hell and it will cost extra for this and you want a cover and ISBN

Just back to square one where the happenstance is better than the getting

Dig those crazy duds a little past midnight coming to down to town and it is

Sis boom baa the rattlesnake blues just itching torn cum majesty and she

Won't take no for an answer and I have lost my temper and I'm screaming

And she's rattling on about 1000 for this and extra for the cover. "YOU

DO WANT A COVER DON'T YOU" and I wonder how I got myself in this

Mess when I should have found another publisher but NO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

I have to find the worse publisher on the planet

And she just doesn't get my meaning dig and I'm trying to keep it tight

But she has the manuscript or says she doesn't and I don't know but

I am not e-mailing another copy and have deleted all correspondence

From my e-mail and text accounts

Just another b-bop jacked Friday. And it's to the max in zoom time

Croon time and afterward I'm a nervous wreck knowing the bastards

Have my credit card info. But ratta-tat-tat the horn man blew his

Horn and the jazz flowed like liquid honey the eighty-eights

Keeping it tight. And so I wait a week and then discern the pitfalls

Of the fallout. Meanwhile keeping tabs on city lives

I await the running of the bulls ratta-tat-tat

WATERMELLON SUGAR BLUES

George the junkie turned me onto IN WATERMELLON SUGAR BY RICHARD BRAUTIGAN

George the junkie also turned me onto heroin. I just finished reading all of Brautigan's

Work except for his first three collections of poetry which are out of print. I have

Not fixed in fifty-five years. I have not had a drink in thirty. Ain't no hero my liver

Was giving out. You want to talk about pain. Last hurrah was at the iron works.

Lying across the railroad tracks/we knew there was no train coming/pussy

Assed daredevils/ SOMBERO FALLOUT if that is the name truly depressing

Sad sad sad/a writer in turmoil, a poet turned inside out. Asking for help

And getting silence for an answer. Richard was the truth; the last of the

True writers. I almost said BEAT but he wasn't beat not in the true sense

Of the word. Brautigan was Brautigan. I never met him but Richard was

My friend.

CHOKING HOBOKEN BLUES

Ain't never been there but they tell me it's a nice place to die.
Passed it a few times on my way to Dave and Ana Christy's place
In New Hope. Dave he died too young and I lost contact with Ana
Too blue jazz fusion. Hope she's still writing poems and keeping
The beat alive. I figure I don't have much time left so I am hoping to
Get out one or two books of poetry. The factories are all closed now;
Overgrown with weeds and debris; windows shattered.
Choking Hoboken blues. And I still think of Dave and the beer
Bongs hanging in the breeze. Think of smacking my head
On the overhead/ball/bong/ Laughing with Dave,
All the time in the world man; all the time in the world

TENEMENT: LONG BEACH

OCEAN- HURRICANE

I entered damnation alley needing a fix. My main man set me up with a couple
Of horses and a few bags of H. Cook up tight in damnation alley. The rush
A kaleidoscope of colors exploding in my brain. All the way up and all the way down.
Needing a fix. Damnation alley eats your soul/ leaves salvation just beyond your
Grasp. An angel dancing on your grave/An angel whispering quietus/
A demi-god against the darkness/ You light the very heavens with your cries
Damnation alley burns/You roll your sleeve down tight to cover the tracks,
Damnation alley knows you'll be back

AMPHETAMINE BLUES

Lenny Bruce once said that doing up was like kissing God. My thang was amphetamines
20,000 of them. I was supposed to sell them but I dropped them instead. I can still feel
The rush; the tingling of the blood, the rush to my head; it was heaven.

Till they took me to the madhouse. "But Mom; I don't want to be put away!"

I broke out, went back home/ "All is forgiven dear just don't get high anymore."

"I promise."

Doing junk opium, LSD mescaline, angel dust everything and anything

Staying higher than shit all those years/ towards the end it was a whole lot

Of beer and a little bit of coke. Lenny Bruce once said but he was wrong.

The writings all that matters everything else is just bullshit.

Sometimes I miss the madhouse.

NIRVANA

Todd Moore said that if you write for the small press you're an outlaw
I don't think of myself as an outlaw more like a beat out of time
Chaka-boom-boom-boom; the beat swells whether it's old-time jazz
Or rock'n'roll. I lean heavily on rock though I do enjoy my trips through
Holiday, Montgomery and Smith. Dig the beat
My old work is outlaw poetry from the gut no holds barred anger
That was over thirty-three years ago/ Now I'm nearly 74 and life
Has worn the edges off

BUT

The feelings back that you can craft something out of nothing
Feeding the hunger severing the nerve
And I was an outlaw before it was a fashion crafting
Rhythm and blues on main street/ mixing the beat
With the juice and laying down nirvana

ANOTHER NIGHT

WITHOUT crashing 6:50 and I'm wide awake/like the old days only no crossroads
No big mama's heart to wake up to/no I'm not alone I got my twin, my companion
Elliott to salvage the night writing tales of amphetamine alley
Being pulled over, having to swallow a bag of uppers/no problem here officer
Up for days at a time/no sleep/only the high/like quicksilver/like rainbows
Noxie piercing my ear with an ice pick she kept in her purse/ setting me
Up with a cool cross earring/ Noxie killed herself/never figure that one out
Ted the biker and Scat the singer/SCAT going to see Elvis in Vegas/straight
Ted, Leroy, me and one other getting popped for a grain of weed
Talking my way out of being held over pointing out to the judge she
Was singling me out because I was the oldest/getting released
Settling for an ACOD/no time/time to party/getting stoned and
Giving away my record collection/collecting comic books and
Zelzany and Lovecraft James Bond and Mickey Spillane
Still have Zelzany and H. P Lovecraft new editions/the classics
Going into the city to score with Ted the biker at 3 a.m.
Cop going off duty telling us to get the hell off of his beat
Me with three bags of heroin and coke balled up I my fist
Getting escorted out of town by the local police only to be
Escorted back by the city police

TORNADO WARNING

One of these days it's actually going to hit and I'm prepared to start over
A fresh start/new challengers. Yes, I'm prepared only Monday I'm getting
The proofs for the new book titled: *Beat poems & ramblings/so I'll pass on the
Tornado until after it's published if you don't mind*/I've been lucky lived by the
Atlantic and all the hurricanes missed me/ I just want to try one or two new
Books of poetry/the 3 books on Mesphisto all failed to catch on/95-2025 wasted
Now it's time to find my own voice do my own thing sock it to me baby
I'm 74 and what mattered to me has been scattered by the four winds and fate
My dreams left on a cross of my own choosing slowly bleed
I can hear them screaming in my sleep/sometimes when I'm awake
I can feel them breathing/their hot breath a sad reminder of dreams
And so I await the tornado knowing my luck can't hold out forever

DEMONS PART 3

The nature of the beast is thus that every so often it must be fed
And the demons have been we me for more than half century
Taunting laughing stumbling through my world, work demons,
Social demons, sexual demons all demanding my attention and
They sit here watching me type; they know the truth they know
The future demons, fuzzy little creatures, make a nice pet if they
Could be tamed. "And what are you doing tonight?" the demon asks.
"Trying to write," I answer. The demon laughs/a cold brittle sound.
"Miss the booze?" the demon asks. "I could use a drink," I confess.
The demon opens a small bottle and takes a long pull. "There's plenty.
More if you want," the demon says mockingly. I remember the pain
Of my failing liver and decline the offer. "Suit yourself," the demon says as he
Takes another drink and staggers around. I watch him as he crashes heavily
To the floor. "Hip-cup." The demon says as he belches and slowly gets up to
His feet. There he stands hand on hips just staring up at me. "We had some
Damn fine times," the demon says, "Remember not being able to walk home
And they found you curled up on Holly's staircase." "That was a long time ago,"
I answer. The demon takes one more drink and says, "It's who you are who you'll
Always be!" I sigh finish this poem and head off to bed, the demon following closely
Behind me.

/////

WORDS

It's like Christmas man, waitin' on the modem and Word. Being able to write again. Don't know
Where the words will take me, bake me, forsake me/ in the desert I'm an outlaw for boostin'
Some jewelry. In and out no alarm no nothin' clean hit. Gave the stuff away to our girlfriends.
Next job I didn't want to do. A liquor store after hours. I told Johnny S it wasn't going to work.
He insists and I follow. It went sour from the get-go. He told me to go keep watch. I did
I watched as every cop car in town came rolling in blinkers flashing. I got away but Johnny S
Did time. He never ratted me out. Then there was the camp hit. That went wrong but we got lucky.
Keeping still as death, watching the cop shine his light around. That was the end for me.
Johnny S went into dealing and set me up with a nice score, 20,000 amphetamine pills.
I could have cleaned up but I dropped them instead of selling them. Johnny and I went are
Separate ways but stayed in touch. I heard he was trying to reach me. Maybe one last job for
Old times sake,

JULY 17, 1970

The concert called New York POP renamed FREE after the black panthers and young lords took it over. FREE to the world. I remember Jimi Hendrix playing but that's all I remember. I recall a dude wanting My fringed vest. I know we got into a fight. I know we ended up in the East River. I know I got out. The police told me that I had imagined the whole thing but when I got my vest back it was still damp And covered in mud. I recall seeing God and the end of the world. The rest is a blank until I come to In a hospital bed. There is a man and he's asking me if I know my name. I think hard for a moment But no I don't have any idea of who I am. I have no idea. Then he asks me if I know what one plus One is. I think very hard and suddenly I remember they are called numbers. I smile up at the man. I spent nearly a month in the hospital recovering. They thought I would need a caretaker for the Rest of my life. Still count on my fingers and everything I learned in school is gone but I fooled Them and survived. July 17, 1970 was when Elliott was born, my alter-ego, my companion My self

Look the concert up on the internet. Jimi Hendrix said it was a circus; he wasn't too far off.

GOD HAS ALWAYS LOOKED OUT FOR ME

TORADO WATCH # 32

And the sky darkens and the winds howl like a banshee or siren or some devil spawn.

I don't seek shelter; I only write these words. God has always looked out for me.

Through a car accident, overdoses and draw downs. Like when I passed the storefront

And I heard two voices "Let's kill the honkey." I just put my hand in my pocket like I was

Reaching for a gun and one of them said "Maybe we better not fuck with him."

I didn't move just stood there for what seemed an eternity. I had a roll of quarters

In my pocket to buy some beer. But I took the long way home using the boardwalk.

God always looked after me. Like the car accident where I was left for dead by the driver.

I don't know how I got out of the wreck but it was a UPS driver who gave me a ride to the Hospital.

And the storm raised hail and thunder but no tornado and the skies still pour and the

Thunder pounds and the winds begin to howl as I finish writing for the night

LISTENING TO THE LEAK IN THE KITCHEN

It's almost 4 a.m. and I'm hearing the clock ticking, the wind
And the rain water leaking in from the hole in the kitchen ceiling
From the roof that the landlord promised to have replaced
And I'm thinking about what Bukowski said about writing
That you just let it flow and I could tell the story about Don
How I took a hunting knife and started walking toward Freeport
Where Don lived hellbent on killing him damn pusher and wife beater
I called him and said I was coming and the dirtbag called the cops
Who disarmed me telling me that they would take care of him
Another time when a friend drove me over there I kept pounding
On his door and Don opened with a revolver/my friend pulled
Me away before I could be shot.
Don ended up in a car accident and was left half dead.
He managed to get out of the hospital and make his way home,
The neighbors saw him and telephoned his wife, Roberta.
He entered his house and a few minutes later there was a
Single shot and Don died. The police ruled it a suicide.

THINKING OF BUKOWSKI

Only left the house once in the last month
Garbage is piling up in the kitchen and spilling
Over to the living room/I'm thinking about Kerouac
And Bukowski and realizing I don't sound like either
I tried writing like Ricard Brautigan and again I failed
Dave Christy said I was nuts maybe that's why my
Voice is unique. One of a kind but I was always
The overweight fat slob who the other kids just
Taunted. Being thrown into the schoolyard fence
Not fighting back/taking it out on my mother and
Sister/in school the sissy fool/at home the tyrant
Eating and eating for compensation and years
Later drinking and drinking to forget And
I think back today what was missing there
Wasn't any love aside for the gifts
Mom would buy us for Christmas/no affection
We ate separate talked little and insulted each
Other daily. It was a comedy routine not a family
I can still hear my mother say "If you have to
Explain them there not funny." I learned to build
Up walls to keep the world out. You can't be hurt
If you can't commit/ and I still talk to my sister often
And we laugh about it but me I stayed alone for 74
Years. My sister married and had a semi-normal life

With two kids. But me I let the booze get in the
Way of living and stayed drunk and alone
Bukowski was right you just let the words take
You where they will. But I wasn't always alone
I saw Diane almost every weekend for 14 years
She was married but it didn't matter we were
Just inseparable friends. I took it hard when
She died. Took the razor and the knife into
The bathroom and was just about to slash
My wrist when the telephone rang. it broke
My resolve and I answered. It was Diane's
Husband. He wanted to know if I wanted
To get drunk. I was crying; I was just a mess
And I told him I'd be right over. September 8th
1986 was when she died/I know when Elvis
Died and I know when Diane died/
I gave up caring about what happened to
Me and stayed drunk until 1995 or so
Haven't touched a drop since then
I can write sober although the words
Flowed easier when I was drunk
Maybe I'll never sound like Jack
Or Buk but the writings all I got
And I'm hoping that I'll be able
To share this with someone
Maybe it's time to tear the walls down

WHORE HOUSE

I was in high school and it started off with just a few friends
You know, drinking Colt 45 and cheap wine
Then the two girls came, Maria and Ana and they were loose
And I had sex and soon there were carloads of students
Coming and going and we drank TANGO a cheap store bought
Brand of vodka and orange juice and we partied and everything
Was going fine until my next-door neighbor complained that I was
running a whore house. It was booze for sex. And if the girls
made any money off of it who am I to judge. Maria and
I even hung out in the village {Rockville Centre] and I introduced
Her to DJ the local record store owner as my girlfriend.
But with Maria it was always the booze and when I couldn't
Deliver the booze she left me for some older dudes at the
Pool hall who could satisfy her needs
And then Mom took me aside and asked me point blank
About the girls and if I was running a house of ill repute
While she was at work. I knew she knew. I was also
Visited by someone from the board of education who
Escorted me to school where I quickly found the nearest
Exit. The final straw came when during a fire drill a
number of students left with me rather than go back to
class. I was the pied piper of alcohol abuse. After that by
mutual consent I quit school and left that chapter of
my life behind me

WRITERS BLOCK

I don't seem to be able to write a word anymore
There's nothing, nothing at all
A poet without words; a man without limbs
Maybe I'll never write again, who knows
Like the time I saw a dog on the window
Ledge of an abandoned building and being drunk
And stupid I pried open the door and stepped
Inside the apartment building. I was greeted by
A pack of Dobermans who didn't look happy
To be rescued. I just backed away slowly and
Made my way to the exit. "Nice doggies."
Like the time I saw a couple fighting and
The man was getting rough.
I just ran upstairs to my apartment
Grabbed a hunting knife and charged
To the rescue. Both of them ran away
Another mission accomplished
I wish I could write again but the
Words don't come anymore

I STOOD UPON A MOUNTAIN

LOOKING DOWN

"DO you remember when I died," Bill asked? "July 17th or 19th 1970," Elliott answered.

"We've been together a long time," Bill said. "Through thick and thin," Elliott responded.

"They don't know about us do they," Bill asked? "It's better this way don't you think," Elliott

Asked? "They think I'm bi-polar," Bill exclaimed! "Let them think what they want; it really

Doesn't matter," Elliott said scornfully, "it all comes out the same in the end."

"I guess you're right but sometimes...." Bill began saying. "You'd like to be alone," Elliott finished.

"The thing is I need you and you know it " Bill spit out angrily! "We've been through this a

Dozen times; I can't live without you and you can't live without me," Elliott said forcefully!

"I'm sorry, I'm just tired and it's late" Bill said apologizing. "No offence taken my friend,"

Elliott answered, "we'll get a good night's sleep and talk in the morn."

THE SHRINK

"You said that this was a dream and I'd soon awaken," Elliott said

What makes you think that you're not awake," the shrink asked?

"You are trying to confuse me."

"Not at all I want you to get well."

"All of you, you are all the same, probing and twisting

Turning everything I say around to suit your needs."

"Such hostility, Elliott, good let it all out," the shrink concluded.

Elliott picks up a chair to throw it and then thinking better of it and sets it back down.

"It's Bill isn't it; he put you up to this," Elliott said emphatically!

"There isn't any Bill, you know that Elliott, don't you," the shrink said sternly!

"Then who the hell am I," Elliott asked?

"You are who you've always been; a product of Bill's imagination."

"But you just said there isn't any Bill," Elliott protested.

"There is not a whole until the two of you reconcile your differences."

"I've had enough for one day," Elliott/bill said pushing a chair roughly away.

"I'll see you next Tuesday at 11 as usual," the shrink asked?

Elliott let out his breath through clenched teeth and replied

"Yes, Tuesday as usual."

JIVE

It is just fine to write ramble boogie down
While I left off my poetry on what they
Ever had been in the beat. Wrong
Generation but I can still at I'll try for the
New beat at 74 damn I got old old and
Transitory verse vol 18 a tip of the hat
I miss Brautigan but I will take it arrived
On Amazon and the bebop jazz is alive
Man and rock and roll my friend is here to
Stay/ and it's inward and outward and
All around seeking redemption by fire
While dozens of demons seek you out
But you're be-boped and turned on baby
And alive to breathe thunder and the
Jazz baby babe the jazz
Ain't no wayward here
Ain't no jive

Sat, Feb 15, 2025. 12:12 AM

Thinkin' of the beat of Kerouac and the street/too many decades pass/sober for thirty years and
Lightning varoom goes the train clickity clack with a little blues streak. I'm a dead end a bippity
Bop from when the world was semi-sane and insane/they put me away once because I would
Not come down but now I'm normal thanks to meds but I can't write so I'll just string words together
And wanted to conform but it's too Kate Late and the jazzman do their funky downtown swinging
Around the checkered cloth and I think I will send this to Chiron as a letter

DREAMS

I thought I'd be a star by now
Glowing in the heavens
But dreams hang lonely as sparrows
And time waits for no man
Still, I dream and see that dim horizon
Hovering like an arrow shot into Custer's heart
I wanted so much out of life
Needing and wanting like thimbles forgotten
Still, the moon casts shadows where she will
And I hold onto nothing like it's a sacred passage
Ten to forget leaves me weeping with no sound
But the brook knows my secrets, a wounded soul
Her waters azure and pure, leave me wanting
A life without pain and hardship
Is that too much to ask of the cosmos
I aim the gun but it clicks on an empty chamber
I live another day

ANOTHER POEM FOR DIANE

I swore before the raging ocean as gulls screamed and clouds gathered
That I would love no other and have no other until we meet on that distant shore
And I have kept that vow for all these long years but sometimes late at night
I do get lonely but I miss you so and have my dreams to remember you by
I love you, your spirit, your laugh, your smokey voice, just a lonesome dream
September 8, 1986 that seems so far away now and we had our first fight
That weekend before and I stormed out so angry with you. I never realized
How much I loved you till you were gone. Diane, I'm 74 now and write these
Words to remember you by, your love of the CARS and THE ROLLING STONES
And Bowie. I don't even have a picture of you or that birthday card you sent me
All is gone. I never made it back to the ocean and most likely never will but
The ocean can hear my heartbeat even from this far away and we will always
Have our memories of the ocean, the vendors, and the gulls and the sun. That
Will always be a part of us and cannot be taken away. I still write although
I have given up on the novel but I guess you know that. I'll close this piece
With love and my heart full of hope that you are happy.
You never wanted to grow old so you found a way out but I don't think
You wanted to die but the damn cocaine did you in. The only thing I can
Say is that I still love you

THE GREAT ESCAPE

There was a time when poems flowed so easily, so freely
When your beauty ignited my soul with passion
When I was young, and the world was ours

But now you're just a dream, only a faded image
And I'm just an old man with memories of
Yesterday still fresh on his mind
We had love deep and pure, a spiritual love
That bound our lives as one
And vows exchanged have never been forgotten
But it gets so lonesome, so lonely sometimes
I have the writing to keep me sane
And a dream to keep me going
Our love will be an ember burning in my soul
And your memory will stay with me forever

TOMORROW

I hadn't planned on writing anything

Tomorrow you always said we would have tomorrow

To share our dreams, our hopes always tomorrow

But cocaine put an end to our dreaming, the very last high

I wasn't with you when you overdosed, can't help but wonder

What the last high is like/did you think of me as you closed

Your eyes/think of all the weekends we'd be sharing together

Now gone forever. Sometimes I can't even remember your face

But sometime you hang on my heart with a pain that's surreal

Tomorrow you always said we would have tomorrow

LATE IN THE EVENING

And I'm concerned, afraid, got the railroad crossing blues and the jazz that play
So low and desolation looms like the ghost of Christmas past/ And the band
Wraps up and it's time to go home but the blues is still crawling around inside my
Head like desolation and the lone watchman/on the peak is scrawling poems like
Rattlesnakes' bites/ And the blues play low and sweet and melancholy/While the
Train whistle sounds so lonely in the deep night/ and this is what I do the jazz the
Blues drenched in sweat and staggering in the lonely night
Late in the evening and thinking of Kerouac and Ginsberg
Wondering where I fit in
But the train don't run here no more, no more the train don't run here no more/
The jazz played on and on and we partied and smoked and never looked back
But that was yesterday and today I type and set loose words upon a page that
No-one will read but the b-bop cats and jive masters/ be-bop be-bop and
The forgotten words meshed into something altogether different
This is who I am