

The feral cats of Disneyland

Loiter the day under manicured bushes
In the shapes of ducks, goofs and mice

Sun alongside the railroad tracks alongside
The river that never runs, never floods

Sun alongside the railroad tracks that
Circle and circle, circulate like blood

Bat at the large moving apparatus, listen
To the singing birds in recognition

Bat at a small world's worth of moving
Parts, at a mountain's gears and patching

Steal in through the closing doors when
Upfront pirates stop, and lights go on

Steal out when flying ships and elephants
Are downgraded, grounded, when lights go off

Rendezvous on various empty main streets
To chase down, devour the rest of Walt's rats.

The spot

This is the spot where the school officer got shot
I was driving and had to keep pulling right, stopping to let
His fellow officers descend speedily on his location
Then for the ambulance screaming in the other direction.

I have a spot like that. Where, if the timing is right
Everything in me rushes there, it's a lockdown of delight
And a getaway all at once, it's hard not to be selfish
At an instance of pure pleasure. Turns out the cop shot himself

In the foot, that people are apt to go where they shouldn't go
Concocting spot stories that should be kept out of the flow
Turns out the cop was the criminal, and that I feel it too
An unreasonable natural fuel that drives the things we do

The Douglass Park dark

There was some fast living going on at the Jack-in-the-Box
Like the food faster than thought, that carousel feeling
Never left at the tables for talking, booths for kissing

And yet the Jack-in-the-Box was well lighted and warm
Safe as a barn on a farm, for those who had been warned
About reptilian teens making cold blooded street crossings

And yet we'd been stranded, parked there most of our days
Racing straws in the urban stream, rock-hopping, chasing
Frogs, putting hot feet into the cool concrete pond, making

Monkeys of ourselves on bars, making things up to be certain.
Those teens who returned through the pitch black curtain
Just past the sidewalk were always holding hands, holding

On. When Jack returned with her his eyes were chameleon
Green, he'd felt dear life, cold dirt, real heat, Bunsen burning
Blue, her hold complete, warm like the womb he kept recalling.

And yet we'd been stranded all, most nights at the Jack-in-the-Box
Wanting to run for it but afraid of, longing for the thoughtful fox
Who would pick us out, pick us up, holding and withholding.

High school dance

She was ready so I went with her
I felt fine with the curl of her hand
In mine, as if no one else was there

A disco ball splayed stars on the floor
And walls, we moved around light,
Lighter, fluid, eye to eye, I was sure

I knew how to use my lips, she never
Said anything different, wasn't diffident.
A black light made us glow, I wasn't sure

About her curves but I moved there, there
And it felt right, our bodies fit perfect
Splayed like the light, but together

I started to sweat, a strobe light fractured
Time into moments, one there, there one
Again, I stop, start in an ecstatic gather

My impressive pulse a flow from nowhere
Known, feeling natural, able, fun
In rush to the apex, she hurt everywhere

Then lights came up and it was over
My music stopped, my one man band
Clanging about, a sudden solo overture

All was overturned, I sat in the light
She was sad she said, it would take years
For me to feel comfortable in the suit.