

Holy Guts

God said to leave the orange groves,
head to the Mountains. *We're*
a family and we're all going
together, Pops said. Love

and grace for our modern Sodom.
And Pops believed his gut,
which he had named the Holy Ghost.
When we all first saw them,

the heathens and non-believers,
we were surprised to find
they looked just like us holy folk,
running their retrievers

down Pearl Street Mall. *The 60's nev-*
er left this place, not that
I knew what that had meant. Hippies
all grew pot in yard sheds

and sold it cheap to their kid's friends.
Pops wasn't ever a
hippie, he claimed, but admitted
to smoking dope, mid blends

provided by other drop-out,
California bound Mid-
west boys. *That's why I sound so dumb*
sometimes. With a soft shout,

Rebekah began her protest.
No longer living her
namesake she became one of them,
dating boys named Dro, Lest-

er, and River. They showed her the
real Colorado snow,
This'll fuck you up. And once, while
still plenty high enough

to touch the tip of Flagstaff Mt.
(six thousand, nine hundred,
seventy eight feet tall), came home
and Pops had seen about

all he could take. *Remember Job*,
said Holy Ghost, and so
Pops could just meditate
and fast. But God used robe

and pulpit to play Pops the fool.
The punch-line thus: All the
suffering with no gain. But still
Pops trusts his holy guts.

yourskin&myhair

When you turn over to
pull her to your chest it
causes each muscle to
ache, each bone to groan.

The white flames
burning her skin
like the moth in
the patio trap.

I went back there.

Thunder rolled that night. Beckoning the last
breath of freedom in this world.

*Remember that time
in Kansas City?*

Your skin,
I can describe it:
sweet, robust,
hyperbolic. But I can't
feel it anymore, I
can't find that smell, nor
the mole
on your clavicle.

My nails grew quickly,
as did my hair.

LOOSE TRANSLATION

ENTER TEXT:

you're in the kitchen
and i'm trying to pretend
i don't exist

TRANSLATION:

I was in the kitchen
I tried to do it,
I do not exist

in drool and dreams

Have you ever
been with a woman
you dont love
and when she speaks
you dont hear her
because youre imagining

the one woman you
ever did love, the way
she makes fun
of everybody and
her hair, dirty and
beautiful, and all full of
so many tiny secrets
that you think only

you know and the way
she snores when she
sleeps and all those boys
at the bar would never
think that she would
sleep that way in drool
and dreams so vivid
you can see them play
out on her face and
you smile but your eyes
look sad?

Did you hear
me? says the woman
you dont love and
you say,
Sounds good.
And so she storms
to the kitchen with
the plates still full
of dinner because
she knows you werent
listening again and
you watch

her
small
breasts
bounce just
a bit and realize she
is gorgeous that is true
and you sigh and you say, okay.

10tumorz

I.

in my sleep
im touched by some
beatific love

and maybe infinity
caresses my face
like a mother
watching over her
dormant innocents

but by morning im
convinced that
these are only dreams

II.

today you say: i had ten cigarettes and i loved them.
tomorrow you say: i have ten tumors and i love them.

III.

if i die it's okay because
vonnegut did and
hes good company
itll be morphine or
pills and booze or a tumor
or a crash or a fractured
heart no longer beating
and living
not on my sleeve but on
the crotch of my pants