

## Today I saw

Today I saw the full moon setting over the hills.

I saw an adolescent deer. He startled as he saw me before

I saw him.

Today I saw a hawk carrying his breakfast, alive and wriggling - a squirrel probably?

His cry of pure joy pierced the air as he

disappearing over the treetops toward the sunrise.

A hawk knows what he's about.

And today I saw my brain for what it is.

A raptor with clipped wings.

A hand caressing breasts and groping for God.

Cafeterias of memory, open all night.

A needle in a haywire.

A neurological mechanism.

A problem incapable of solving itself.

## Jersey. New.

Fallen gravestones are beautiful and  
Old brick warehouses storing nothing not even memories  
but maybe possibilities I see  
vast spaces filled with young art  
you can even keep the graffiti  
on the pulldown doors.

Piles of scrap metal  
raked together like fallen leaves  
riverfront property available  
in Newark

Interchanges tangled like a poisoned mobster barfed spaghetti  
Backhoes and cranes dormant so long they rust in disuse  
One lane where there should be three, always  
And rusted tanks filled with God knows what toxic slop  
a bus crushed like Godzilla  
had his way with it  
plastic bags drape tree branches  
how did they get up there?  
WARNING do not dig  
traffic cones and  
orphaned shopping carts  
half undone dirty black bags full of bottles shucking their clothes like ancient barflies  
after closing time  
old couches with concentric stain patterns and  
flat bike tires stacked for an insane game of Jenga  
bedsprings and a single orange work glove waves from its perch  
As an old toilet tilted and ripped from its moorings drifts by  
deck chairs crumpled beneath  
a rich society collapsing under  
its own weight while we thumb our phones.

## Middle Ages

My middle ages are so much less dark than those other middle ages which of course had their monks singing and castles and jousting and their flying buttresses and soaring devotions of Thomas a Kempis

My middle ages are the feast days of my own life.  
My stained glass windows  
Are the stories I see  
My illumined manuscripts  
Are writing what I write  
Cathedrals erected to  
Knowing what I know  
Our Pilgrimages and relics  
Everyone needs their own crusade  
A personal chivalric code  
Believing what I believe and knowing exactly why

With the Renaissance right around the corner  
Doing what still needs to be done.



## **It's just business.**

There is no Mason secret society no illuminati signaling each other

No deep government

No conspiracy

It's all greed, fear and anger on the highways

And surface roads, in our homes and on our screens

All these things we know

It's hidden in plain sight.

Don't mistake the obvious for the vague it's as clear as the nose on his fake tanned face.

Follow. The. Money.

These are the forces of destruction and yes

Marx was right except for his misplaced faith in his seraphic *proletariat*

Revolution is evitable. Damn straight.

Hegel and his impersonal forces of history, ha! Riiiiight.

In a capitalist society run by crime bosses

It's just business and it is always personal.

## A Song of Myself

I'm the second coming of Walt Whitman. I am the resurrection of  
me

I don't have his words and I don't even have the patience to describe in detail  
but I have his feeling

And today he is my electric/fantastic shorthand verbal proxy

Every cell in my body soaked in the pleasure of being without goal without purpose  
without reason other than just being

as I roll along a West Village street, the last bracing breath of Winter strikes my face  
with the purest sensation of awake

The consecutive and rhythmic trills of pleasure in the muscles of my legs like every cell is  
rushing peaking shooting Lou Reed's best drugs and the skin of my thighs and calves  
how it moves beneath my jeans a caress of sensuality that's so wordlessly personal why  
would I ever tell anyone? They'd laugh, but what's wrong with that? I'm laughing at  
myself! Even as I sing a song of myself

I touch the sacred! I smell the piled up garbage thawing from beneath brown shitty  
snow and the high acrid scent of holy dog piss! I see the ancient bricks paying dumb  
wise witness to so much

what? Stolen front bike wheels?

Look up!

See what a thousand postcards have already shown and hear what a million pop songs  
have already sung

This morning is new and mine and alive to me who was dead for such a long, long time.

So indulge me. Sing with me.

Death is over.