

## Midnight Chili

cowboy in Pendleton shirt drives pickup at high speed  
over a bluff into Oregon ocean :: woman I later learn is his wife  
taps me on the shoulder says *the racoons are running*

which leads to a street parade in downtown LA  
stilt walkers in clown suits Boogaloos in camo  
pistoled posse on braided Palominos  
wife woman still beside me claiming the snap-jawed birds  
flying around us are miniature paradactyls bred in Hollywood  
she is mum about the vipers rising through the sidewalk

then I'm in the parade between sword jugglers and fire dancers  
negotiating a ransomware deal with a riffle of Russians  
as Boogaloos taunt us waving angry wrenches

another night glad to be dreaming  
or a lot of people could get hurt

## In Parallel

first trip to the airport in over a year  
waiting curbside for a friend  
corner of my eye a glance if that  
black Prius drives by  
male driver with gray hair, sunglasses  
small white doodle dog at the window

I am sitting in a black Prius  
I am gray, male and wearing sunglasses  
small white doodle dog beside me

as a kid barber Joe  
gave me regular buzz cuts  
between two infinity mirrors  
Joe smelled nice said next to nothing  
when finished would spin the chair  
like a satellite

I am spinning now

a passing parallel me  
has eaten a wormhole  
in the curtain :: a fluke  
probably, but still

I wonder where I am going

## Antidisinformation

artificially flavored sugar water :: *the real thing!*  
processed gluten flakes :: *breakfast of champions!*  
beef product fried in chemicals :: *I'm lovin' it!*

the business of business is not business  
it is the conning of hearts and minds

American advertising began a charming grift  
mad men Manhattan martinis  
wink-wink Marlboro mendacity  
obsolescent cars with useless fins  
Ronald Reagan selling soap in the desert

then the business of business moved to Silicon Valley  
hitched up AIs like mules in a gold rush  
and began mining *us*

Google Facebook Amazon Apple made trillions  
not good but not too dangerous  
unless you worked as a journalist  
owned a bookstore  
or believed with Huxley  
that authenticity grows best in the dark

today liars peddle political oxycontin  
baked like dope in a Coos Bay kitchen  
poor lost white dudes shoot it up  
tough gals with guns take aim  
militia shake the pillars  
until illusion is finally shattered  
and whole blue oceans burn

this nation of George and the cherry tree  
needs a new generation of ad slogans  
promoting veracity

*facts are finger-lickin' good!*  
*when you care enough to post the very best!*  
*truth, it's everywhere you want to be!*

## Mango Sugar

certain Chinese pantheist gods  
said to subsist on waterfall mist  
collected by golden butterflies  
riding flying turtles

may say  
eat only rays of the dawning sun  
drink nothing stronger than moonlight dew  
live like baby tears flowing downhill

but party with an Immortal late at night  
some remote Sichuan canyon  
celestial frogs shocker of pandas  
quicksilver stardust flowing

He or She will tell you  
confidentially, in whisper  
*never be afraid*  
*of a little mango sugar*

## Rough Morning

woke to seven Zoom windows open  
spam calls ringing cable news still on

mug of strong Kenyan mud  
smell of real coffee  
back to the beginning  
where it all started spinning  
and flying apart

gumbo clay day Lake Bogoria  
preening grebes flaming flamingos  
elephants on trumpet baboons on bass  
hyenas sniggering in the cheap seats  
Great Rift Valley three million years ago  
me a curious new ape  
the oddly upright stranger  
oversize brain handy thumbs  
homo becoming sapiens

mudpack beetles scatter seeds  
I gather salt from marsh grasses  
speak a few words to a fellow ape  
watch for snakes lions leopards  
hang with chill Masai giraffe  
pick up a bone share meat from a kill  
feel bellyfire :: that naked-ape hunger  
to roam fuck *believe*

hear faint isukuti drums  
pounding inside me again

