

The Open Date

When the narrative entered
my mouth it began like candy
that I couldn't sleep for any reason
but to disrupt destiny. Now the words
have replaced my fingernails, dragons
my gut, your mom, everybody's,
all moms lie across the bed of my life
as light as facial tissue, and something appears
to be crying for me, somewhere just beyond
my drink. No, the voice is not a voice
at all, but innocent shapes like nautiloids.

Excusez-moi?! Were not you serious
when you asked: where's my head?
Ha. As I guessed. Well, I've nothing more for you
to fold below the sobriquet: belligerent.

Pity, all our meetings have crumpled like licorice
for the damned. Under delicate, feathery arches
our loss. Maybe somewhere in the future,
carnality, like babushka dolls,

will transform growing apart
instead, to dahlia-petal complexity.
When, with confidence that things will bloom,
we can shove our children into traffic.

A Richter Scale

Deafening knocks derived
From a tonal sense. No one
Latches onto rungs but for safety.
An act in the game
Of power. Power
Of the bones as they stand,
In effect,

To mind.

So I nod to the gods.
I nod to the gods with a kerchief on.
I nod to the gods with a thousand fold headdress.
Nod to the gods with the headdress from my pocket.
But I pull from my pocket, nothing shows. Or
From my pocket a stick of gum, a few receipts, and my naked thumb.
And I nod to the gods here. I nod to the gods and ask for paper.
I nod to the gods to the gods to the gods. I nod
To the throw rug below my feet, where the dog
Drools. Where the city streets turn against the fog.
Where the puffy old neighbor lady, with loneliness, ignites
The window. Gumdrops walk by with nonplussed grins, sneak
Baby yelps. Nomenclatures hit through the stars
Like the last gesture humans might

Ever muster. By our guns

Of single-minded intent
Thy incantations seem to be offal.
Thus to give these mountains a bit more magnitude
We are unworthy of the scope that fills their peaks. The paper
That quakes like blood. The Castles of Carmichael
Catering pain for the heart of it. Here comes
The jagged camels down avenue 10. The marry Mary's
Aching for a home-cooked wheel. And limping all in a row,
A density of grandpas. This, a tubular bus. The sole ride.
Our singing, notwithstanding. And somewhere
Triangles, everlastingly, hold it all together.
Your ear: superb bone for The Great Mirror.

Immaculate Look

To hang like a butchered piece
of flesh from an immaculate hook.
To eat the curtains of your own delirium. To
munch on your own teeth. When you know your teeth
will kill you. I've become these little souls.
They're bubbling pulp that blacken a being
from inside. Barely discernible to anyone.
I spit. Lit, burn for a few neon pops in the loins
which can't be described to anyone. And this softens me
to quilt. But what have the teeth to do
with my friends and loved ones
who want to hold me? Ripe, scruffy
forgetfulness. Friends are notseeingness. Kiss them. Kiss
them in their dreams. They stink of complete bliss.

Ralph's Real Blues

I saw an affluent man walking the streets the other day. Really? Yes, he had asparagus for arms, and a mushroom soul. Not something one would drink. The sweat in the air's a cultural thing and he was ripe as a teletubby.

Any expression that picks up the zeitgeist and drops it on its head, like toys, will lead the greatest moralist in this world to starvation. There are no cures. Only poisons. But moralists don't really exist, of course. But neither do trees. What does exist? The guitar?

Not the way you think. Nor in any other way. Muffaletta infuse dee air. Da sun pote with confidence. Little children 'ready strap 'n beaten. 'Twas sworn there was no way out. All dey could do was eaten. And tin dishware, white socks, cantaloupe (sliced open precisely down the middle, yet never seeing the one who slices it), these everyday impressions that pass through, that end up being more of a dead end than a sweet hook-up for his strat,

these were spiritual to him. So have you tasted the blues, sour in a good way, where Ralph is more the devil who 'spects your heart than the wild killer who eats your radishes as portend?

"Don't have no afflictions, no soul, don't I died peacefully."

"Here I am, baby". Wet and pulsating, like to swell the bruise, he persists beyond the centrifugal barb of rockers. Then uses it to drain all our lumps without knowing it. Finally, rhythm changes his mortality. It will banter ours if we let these creepy-crawlies be the plants they smother, jointly. Our dreams that show us we hover. Tones that operate like a hand.

On Curtailments

to get a meaning from this the crowd
the aural hints taking a few
pills for the convincing buying a personality
that is slightly amenable to the big
boss after payday a palm tree
in the ear, well, something
equal to each waxy leaf the hand
a wish a euphoric base is nothing
but the crux our hunger our
bellies not that we're empty
but like as not we jump idée
fixe for the segue barge

I'm owna be back fa ma BLT, mutha fukka.

Oh--well, a fancy bow's the upshot of your goals,
what sounds like a fancy bow, but scarcely
do you take to parties. Why not
go deep opalescence, give unending to the tangible
clumps cooling off right before you?

I just wanted to use the one sentence,
really. But loads of knuckle-beaten rungs,
excursions endless, boyhood smarm.

Or words, my dear, words.
Under their flagon is the thought we martial out:
a monarchy with a hermeneutics touch. Might you
turn around and Gobstoppers, the
one candy that talks to you
in reverence for all things named.

Then we plead. Save me as I am, as I am
a hole of cyclical distortions, supple but stiff.
Then promise to practice your toodle-oos.