

Seriousness

Mama mia. Papa pia.
Spooky, dooky, diarrhea.

Is it poetry because it rhymes?
Is it poetic because it makes you laugh?
Is it so profoundly stupid that it loops,
elliptical, infinite
Wrapping round your brain
Standing outside of time
Quite possibly
Holding together the fabric of time itself
Because humor is ageless?

An extraterrestrial intellectual
Light years away
Might not hold a straight face
If you farted in an elevator
Maybe because they pass gas through their mouth
Not their assholes
Or because it just hits different in an atmosphere with less gravity
Or because every body does it
And it feels good to laugh together

Of course, the ones that are here already
Are of a much more serious nature
And I have to say
It would be just dandy
If all the "better than thou's" out there could just drop the act
Even for a minute
Because there is something so idiotic
And hilarious
About being on three hits of acid
And watching someone wash their goddamn car

For juxtapositions sake,
There are few things more likely to cause brain cancer
Than reading the same bad news
Every...
Single...
Morning

I can be a summer breeze

I can be a bird in flight
I can be a dandelion
or a lute strummed lightly on the edge of a meadow
But I can't right now

Right now I'm fine grit sandpaper rubbing on your brain
Because that's how I feel everytime I read some trite bullshit—
Twilight meets grapes of wrath sad sad emo —
Mama worked hard and that boy really was the moon to my stars
Oh! And guess what!
The ghost was me the whole time
What a twist!
Crap crap crap.

But look at me, being all serious.

Sun

Sun,
An expert in cultivating limbs, it's shining presence is beyond measure.
Tilting, whirling, it is damage
And never once cared for your input.
Bending light refracted inward, solar fissure, the dark side of the sun,
But bending outward, becoming green vast vegetation.

A malleable deterrent to those so deterred,
those who refuse to cross thresholds of the bare minimum
Those who walk the middle line
Pitter patter the forest floor sinks beneath my weight.
the splash of water on my extremities and the tickle of my old friend, wind
Passing gently, i have missed thee, whence I've gone, I'll feel thee again
In the the rare face of an orchid flower
long tended but ever shy
Perhaps you will give me now your sweet bulb
Fallen from its pedestal, snapped under your full weight
A pleasure I did not think possible
Your luminescent flesh, slightly moist with dew
The trappings of your venus grip, taking me in completely
Nothing ever so sweet as your warmth
I was ever drawn to your flawless pale skin
Take me with you when you go
Bash me open against those rocks
Stoic reminders of mountains
But I don't feel anymore, or I just don't feel good.

My laugh a ghost taunting you in dreams
Because it's so familiar
It hurts
It pains you deeply to to reminisce,
nostalgia, a fair weather friend, cousin of regret .
Place me in your pocket
Or a fold inside your mind
I am good as gone and trust
It's better this way
Shake free of this damn weight and close the door
I am not for rainy days or sunshine
I am dust
A winding mountain road, a glimpse of open field through a copse of trees
A derivative lump of coal,
gears meshing incessantly,
scent memory
oceans waves
click pop bang
black snake, acrid smoke
Too loud, no pay off
And again I'm there again

I've never gone far but you've put me deep away anyhow
Slowly I rise to the surface and you lance the boil,
boiling puss leaving only
the red welt to remind you I was here

When we were young,
you knew I would follow if you asked because you're wearing those shorts
that give away more than they should
"they're just for you" you said
And I told you I'd always know your scent
I didn't know what love was but we were young and you were there
kissing me on that roof
naked on that secluded island beach
When we had nothing, it made us sick
When we had plenty, it made us sick
We tried and we tried and everytime the same
one for sorrow
Two for joy
Sterling silver
Eye for an eye
I'm balanced now upon your dimple
The wishing well our holy temple

Place your prayers into the bucket
Let them sink into the thickening mist
We all laughed and it's
Still too dark to see
A sea of blackbirds stark against the snow
A murder of crows, An omen,
Oh man, just so you know
You can push all this shit back down
But It always bubbles up,
glub glub glub
From the bottom of your subconscious's fermenting gut

Moon

Moon,
the one and only satellite of planet earth.
Its faint glow illuminating the subtle scenery as it sets behind saturated clouds,
silhouetting a swaying palm whilst a dead breeze blows
It's gravitational pull keeps the shadowy waves steadily rolling.
Cecilia stands on the shore
staring south by southwest
out toward the seemingly endless miles of big black sky.

A peace came over her she had never known,
and would spend many sleepless nights after trying to regain in vain.
Dipping her hand into the shallow water as it passed over her feet,
she noticed she was numb to its inherent wetness.
She was mesmerized.

A long slow horn wrestled her from her reverie,
drawing her attention to the slow skiff cruising silently across the rippling expanse.
Its solo passenger,
the gaunt gondolier,
held their oar aloft,
acknowledging Cecilia with the slightest of nods as they floated carelessly by.

She felt a tug,
as though an invisible line tethered her to that ominous vessel.

To be carried away she had only to do nothing,
but Cecilia's curse was the weight of knowing.
Her overflowing gravy boat of perception.
weighed her down to the here and now.
And hear this!

It was not her time to go,
she knew,
and regretted knowing,
because the calm she felt here was only offset by the impending inevitability
of an anxiety not yet named.

And how maddening to see that, neither was it time to stay.
It was time to get to work, she decided,
because whether staying, going, here, there, hither, or yon,
the emptiness followed.
The trick, she had decided, was to always be arriving.

The Heroes of Merchant Square: An Excerpt from the Lexicon Obscuria

The rain had fallen for a hundred straight days.
We tried to plant crops a hundred new ways.
Lightning had struck and a fire did start.
“Finally a way to burn all the dead in my cart.”

No sowing of seeds, no reaping of oats.
No silver, no copper, not even a groat.
Nary a speck of bread, cheese, or lox
We shush tummy grumbling with soil and rocks.

In Merchant Square stands ugly Bob Dobler,
who used to bake the sweetest cobblers,
Now taken the role of inundated jobler,
who whiffles the roses and scarpers the warblers.
He would suckle a skunk to make a buck,
And bunk with your Gran for a dollar.

“A tithe, a tithe,” the Hollotwat hollered.
“A tithe has been called by the white hooded dope.”
Up tippy-top side of Salisbury Slope,

The piggy-wigs glowered,
but mostly unbothered,
far from the flames and the smoke.

The castle king curdled and hurled down his threats,
Interspersed with thinly veiled epithets.
“A snare has been set, a true trappers trap, a proper contraption with teeth.
Let them without debt be fraught without fret, and the rest of you squarshed underneath!”

Well Tall Benny Bollin took no kindly to that,
and bent low to rub mud in his teeth.
“The finely folk of Merchant Square
bravely choose to live down here.
We’re born from dirt and ashen earth,
so I’ll just remind, ye’are on our turf.
We’ll not be made instruments of fear,”
and all of Merchant Square, they cheered.

Never one known to be much of a crooner,
the castle king’s voice went limp as a noodle
He had tootle-ooed, though now changed his tune,
but the town folk had fudged off for a nooner.

“A waif,” he whinged. “I’m but a waft of a waif.
Three sizes too small to fill my sire’s shoesies.”
But a realm free from taxes will never know rubies.”

Now back from their scrumpin’,
The townies stayed vexed, churlish, and frumpent.
Slim Jim Mulligan shook his small, sickly fist.
He was losing control again.
“The costermonger’s shelves are dusty and barren.
I’m starvin’ King Marvin and so is my cousin Darren
I may be thin but I’ll break your glassjaw
if you don’t send down enough vittles to satisfy all!”

“If it’s bloodshed you want, you shall have your wish.”
So sayeth the Hollowtwat by way of King Marvin’s lips.

“Curse your name, you swampous murklin!
You gasser! You goof! You foppotee durkin!
Pick up your gauntlet and cease this pretending
Or surely we will break you for being unbending.”

“Enough of this noxious nepheliad talk,
cut the flosculation.
I’ll take no more disrespect
and stomach no more preturbation.”

Then Connie McCree, who could barely see, lit and whipped a Molly Bomb
It busted on the fortress fence but the caustic flames were quickly gone.

“A boo-boo,” King Marvin mocked. “An ouchie! Oh my woundikins!”
The town was stoic, they didn't balk, and rallied up to try again.

Alas and alack,
the flimsy beast has built a wall,
burnished out of bric-a-brac,
And piled up till ten feet tall,
toughened up with leatherback,
and reinforced by warlock scrawl,
Which neither squidgy steel could pierce,
nor ballistic brass might break.
“Shazaam,” we cursed, with no remorse.
“Your bully heart we'll surely stake!”

How quickly the war had knocked on their door.
Standing before them, the Pularian Army.
Watching them cluck and scratch in the muck,
The town folk felt lucky, but starving.

“They're chickens,” cried Benny. “So let's wring their necks
Then storm Marvin's castle and handle him next!”
But Pularians were more vicious than any expected
And the Merchant Square Militia was quickly dissected.

The few that survived
were pudified,
and scattered to the wood.
Among them was Jerry and Teri the Burnt,
who covered their faces with hoods.
There was Marley the Mingent,
who smelled strongly of piss,
And Kexy, a witch from Far Westland.

Seeking shelter and snacks,
and a smidgen of peace
They pooled their resources
and preyed for a feast.

“Come quickish,” cried Kexy.
“I've cornered a beast.
A snaggle-cruX, with brunt and trunk, has willowed out a phrontist.
The dreams of whom could feed a zoo all filled with snarping houndrels.”

Phantasmagoric,
high caloric,
brain food was in short supply.
A tasty treat for our glubly urchins,
but this hunt here was suicide.

Like cretins bewitched by hungermares,
They slopped through swampous shallows.
Unaware that they'd been ensnared
by the very phrontist that they sought,
whose hovel was this hollow.

The foxy phrontist filled their heads with delightful apparitions.
Crispy choco num-nuns danced across their clouded vision.
Floppy fish and birdy beasts cooked savory and rare,
All manner of deliciousness from across the plenisphere.
They ate and ate till their bellies ached
And none dared ask for more.
They never guessed that the meal was fake,
Just crud from off the floor.

They laid their heads on feather beds
in the fortress of their minds.
They slept and dreamed,
so comforting,
and slipped outside of time.

The phrontist filled his belly full with fancy ideation.
Drunk off their reverie, and fantasy, and rich imaginations.
Euphorically, he drowned himself in mental masturbation.
Giddy at the helm of sensationalist hallucinations.

This is where our heroes died,
their castle in the air.
Peaceful, fed, and safe,
they thought,
they didn't have a care.

Hot poison gas from the phrontist's ass
Had lulled them deep to sleep.
The farts to them were candied corn,
not booty juice and steam.

Don't Go

Unfortunately, It's Up To You

I don't want to go.
I do not want you to go.
But we can't stay here.