

Waiting in Line

For a single cup of coffee
I would slowly bend down
press my hands on the floor
and kiss it.

I would lay in the spasms
of shaking blood and serotonin
yelping out from the guts
of my animated shirt.

For a single cup of coffee
I would hold a grenade
underneath my own car
and pull it.

And the neighbors would wake
to fire trucks and puppy nippin'
have them watch from the deck
as dogs fight for my bones.

For a single cup of coffee
I would pay you \$2.50
though still its too much
for water and beans
in a...
Hmm?
Oh, just a medium.
\$2.75?

Schlitzie

Schlitzie!

!!!The Last of the Aztecs!!!

You rascal, you.

I'm sorry to have missed you
with my chronostasic truancy.
You, the natural
Sensational Schlitzie
who humbled any king or queen
to recognize your truth.
Who has long since passed on
to the faraway place where
the people continue to cheer.

Once sold into service
then bought by the farmers
and textile workers and
coal men and women
with so many kids.
Just to gander a peek.
Maybe one or two glances.
Oh, just for a moment.
But look at him now!

And when certain someones
had put you away
to the booby hatch
far away from the crowds
and the popcorn
and the elephants
how long did you look
out the window?
Oh, Schlitzie.
I am glad you got out,
but then you really got out.

Linger On a Moment

And just as the breeze catches on
to the flames of recognition
and bellows the coals until
you're all set to burst
you follow the line
from the eyes to the mouth
and the world seems to
get very wide.

Then it all comes on up to the rim
lapping over the chorus-line
beading and foaming
and running on down
over-under your hand
leaving rings on the table
historic to anyone
turning eighteen.

But she's never worn that in the light,
you recall,
or anywhere else you can think
of in transit
from all of your haunts
where she happened to be
looking quick as the finest
impossible thing.

Ah, no
back again in the current affair
near the same solid state
on a wriggling step
and she hasn't been home
long enough to look spent
like the tired old eyes
that turned far away.

Long-Legged Kankamongous

You're shorter than me,
but I am quite tall
and without the polio
for now.
I may look up at you
someday
from a chair and a blanket
and nurses with eyes
that roll out each and every time
I think I am being a clever old man
or funny
or dumb.
But I'm not there yet
and I'm sorry for that
in your growing awareness
of how I stand up
with a self-conscious slump
to avoid bumping heads
with a ceiling so short
in the houses of friends.
I'm not very sure
why I do get the call
to come over to others'
for crackers and stew.

No cowards or scarecrows
allowed on my lawn.
Just giants and scoundrels
and scumbags with knives.
Been burying everyone
under the creek.
Come cover the roses,
but don't bring your eyes.

Saturday Morning Cartoons

We needed it to be OK.
When all we had
in reality were)explosions
looooooose narcotics
aids and Reagan
space shuttle challenger
racist cops
any cops
the Heysel stadium disaster
unemployment
credit cards
Tom V. Odle
the international youth year
EgyptAir Flight 648
Arrow Air Flight 1285
David Lewis Rice
and those unfit to remember
or recall into the clunch
of video cameras and
three stooges re-runs.
We needed it to be OK.
At least we got Nintendo.