

The Tape Was Running...

The tape was running. The tape was always running, all day, all night, during fast food meals, bumps of meth and through the smoky haze of my cigarettes. The tape infinitely held my image. The tape never stopped its revolutions. When one was over I would just replace it with another. Constant recording, while the coffee burnt my tongue, as I communicated with others on the c.b, while the punishment of the road came in weathered forms. In my absence the camera recorded the lack of my presence.

The camera was on during his heart attack as the asphyxiation set in and he futilely clutched his chest. The camera was rolling as the semi swerved off the road, as the paramedics carted his body from the truck and then loaded him into the ambulance. That was the last images the camera recorded.

Exodus

Noble men, the fire water from the red blacks.

Lost in the fray words are pedestrian.

We, insecure and drunk hold back.

We put impressions on top of informal formality.

Inhale the water, dogpaddle to the place you first evacuated.

We first had sex standing up in a dark room, you in heels as the men fought and snorted.

I snorted during and after ejaculating on the floor.

Write more and drink less.

Drink more and think less.

We know why we are here yet refuse to acknowledge love.

We cannot win but we will suffer.

Snowing While Its Snowing

The alcohol is not interesting anymore.

The people scramble for home.

The men all evening, dining on emotions thinking something is supposed to happen.

A man orders drugs early and stays late.

His hands fumble for the proper description; the tasks he was supposed to complete lingered in the whiskey, lingered in the pint.

Now is the time to show and prove.

The late nights, dysfunctional friendships, love misplaced by loyalty.

"Truth" is what makes the elders happy - disappointing grandma would be a sin.

What is the verdict and what is the truth?

The patience is gone and the odds are never in your favor.

The bottles shout and stand still shivering - loud, complacent, frightened and uncomfortable.

Home is the destination.

The decisions made are kept close.

Nowhere

On the side of argument the wine flowed slow - then fast.

The blood of the gods for the dead - for the alive and half awake.

Lie down, spill out emotions lazy persons.

It is now that the inquiries must be made, the tales must be transcribed.

Rhythmically void and not fast enough the eyelids fluttered.

A repetitious knock came, then went, stayed, then vanished.

Experiences slipped beneath the door - oozing into the cracks from where the baseboards are supposed to meet the floor.

Where is everybody?

The gentle lapping of tires against that one undulation in the road is deafening - imperfect, constant.

Transience is gently worn down by the machine that is fueled by the extinct, assembled in the future.

The future is a snow globe of history - if anyone cares enough to shake it then the flakes fall to the surface.

The rooms are empty now and no longer need to be filled.

The silence has said all it needs to say - it is presented on trays with love, heat, care, experience.

The city goes nowhere, but you disappear into the city.

Malaysia

Independence - July the fourth.

A day like many others, a day certain men sat and thought, set things in ink - the guns, borders, guns to protect the borders.

There is no richer story of treason, obese and prideful.

A celebration exploded with colorful fireworks in the center of a large housing project filled with red, white, blue.

Everyone here wants to be independent.

Almost everyone is present, black and brown, shooting fireworks from China, wearing flip-flops manufactured in Jordan, wiping barbecue sauce on shorts made in Malaysia, unemployed in America.

Living inside of a catch twenty-two, grabbing just enough to keep walking but not enough to start running.

Who can claim to hold intimate knowledge of all cultures?

We are steeped in blood, standing atop billions of others demanding to be heard.

Cursed to sit in plastic and petrochemical.

The mythology may be full of spite and selfishness.

Why depend on independence?

Independence is compromise, taxes, co-dependent, a 200 pack of Black Cats, commercial free and dying within one's own terms.

Independence has an interest rate.

Independence is not a civil matter that should be dictated by one educated man or a jury of his peers.

What do we know locked in our homes, languishing in air conditioning and electronic pangs, wallowing - drowning in independence?

Many persons perished on the way here, many perish here, persons will continue to perish recycled as adhesive to complete the jigsaw.

Independence is a tiny voice in a great grandchild, a headstone in an open lot, a story sifted through the generations, transient.