

Cigarette Packs, Eggs and Hard Bread

across the pond,

I lived off the diet of
some 55 year old bachelor
racing towards the past
only, I looked forward to
so much more than
my mother's improved health.

I would find books and read them
laying them vulnerable and bare
to my devouring mind. (*I swear
to god, there's an approachable
Minotaur among my grey matter.*)

I skipped Barcelona with an alcoholic
to research gay fascists and history's
slaughter benches. I hand-wrote that paper
just so I could feel something at work besides
strong coffee and false anxieties about projected moments.

I raised my hand, countless times
in foreign classes with tobacco residue
creased to my sheet paper. While others
slept or day-dreamed about the pigeon shit outside
*but I smiled at the professor, & mommy and daddy sent them
capitalist notes with the appearance of life.*

I met a girl, who got to know me through
all five senses, at once. Speaking more languages
than half this world is aware of, I danced til my flight
departed and I knew which city was my favorite, because
I knew nothing of it going in, and having no expectations
opens me like a clam who has made multiple pearls.

I lost my scarf there, in Italy,
a beautiful one with conversational brilliance
falling to disappearance on my final night, after the rains
of Tuscany had drenched away my need for movement
and the winds of Ventotene had me sailing with
men, I knew nothing of. *After I cried on the floor
over the beauty of Hegel and Marx and fell into
Nebulae of epiphanies.*

across the pond, my life had Verve.

Faded Regret.

never one for formalities,
faded american jean
like that West Virginian miner
who drank too much,
and never knew his kids
you know the One;
with the facial engravings,
natural tombstones
saddest epitaphs you've ever read-
but you only understood

recently.

Intellectual Sadist.

I am not in the business of being you
or him or her or they
we doesn't even really interest me.

you hated me within the first 20 minutes
like a shallow predator
experiencing virginal danger
you have the limbic system of a prey
obvious to anyone in touch with their
senses.

you were threatened-
you cracked a joke and among
the r o b o t i c laughter and among
the generic thoughts
I stood back, blank-faced
a novel piece of art you haven't the ability
to muster up the courage to understand.

aloud, I said it wasn't funny
which I'm sure your emptiness already
betrayed
in a booming, and terrifying fashion.
*(I'm an intellectual sadist-
I get off watching you squirm)*
you know enough, that you have no basis
that the status quo is but a stale stream you
do nothing but soak in.

you're superficiality is so pervasive
that your thoughts are unfilled, plastic
discarded long ago by anyone with stamina.

(you're a carbon-copy of a Xeroxed person)
looking the same as the others of your
degenerate breed
with much less vibrancy than the original
and far less worth.

your boundaries have been in place for so
long
passed down by
generations
of
generations
of
generations
great-great-granddaddy's barbed wire is the
only thing protecting your prejudice.

you're not funny- you're scared
ashamed and lonesome.

ashamed of the person you wish you could
be
but don't have the strength-or the guts
to morph into
lonesome because even yourself is someone
you don't feel close to
you are so *basically* human.

I have no pity.
for you are no Muse.

Title of Selection: Twenty-Two

Ceramic Self.

“I can’t make bricks without clay,” you said
but you had me walking into walls
with eyes wide open,
unbuttoning my pants in public to some
Maenad beat in the foreground of your chest.

(You know, I’ve felt your calloused hands
Decades of times, molding my bone-dried shape.)

more than once I saw my looking-glass self
reflected in your hundred-yard-stare Onyx eyes
ones made from medieval, fire-forged steel
bent back on itself thousands of times.

To me, you’re living proof that it’s not just the depths
of some ocean, where darkness can create.

we love each other like we don’t exist,
(so I’m not sure if I do.)

Title of Selection: Twenty-Two

Dandelion.

I can sense the vanguard of your breath
colliding along the rarely prepared front lines
parading across the nape of my neck.

Hovering above the black moon tattoo I got
when my eyes were filled with factory smoke
from times a grandfather only knows
and my mind had been chaotically mute for centuries.

we, Lovers in the young West
stalked by dust bowl witnesses
and men who have their own idea
of the Law.

Scatter ourselves upon the prairies
dandelion perfume among the wind

pray our mothers never know.