

shithead todd

todd was born  
white  
wealthy  
spoiled  
Connecticut

he argues for the founding fathers  
he loves his mother  
his dad's a successful drunk

secrets of the family  
todd keeps well

he wastes my time  
constantly saying

“it's because...  
I want to be a lawyer”

that's good, todd

the aliens

tall men  
sunglassed and smiling,  
with sexy young women  
who dance to their voice,  
flaunting fun

groups of school girls  
collectively smelling  
of farts  
bouncing down the street  
with joys unknown

bohemian boys  
with haircuts  
and fancy clothes,  
the gender illusion,  
sarcastic winds of  
irony and deception,  
talking on phones

like a cat staring at a pear,  
it is asked,

Who The Fuck are these people?

Jehovah's Witnesses,  
in the corner of the subway,  
consumed with strangers,  
knowledge of the unknown,  
their magazine reads:

Is Satan Real?

filth

I saw a dog  
on the side  
of the road,  
dead

I saw a bum  
on the side  
of the station,  
dead

I look at the black  
under my nails  
and stare at my shower,

it's not so bad

Junot Diaz Came

Junot Diaz came  
and stood before us  
at an altar

he was holding short stories  
and dreams

grown professionals,  
mostly men  
kissed his ass

he was short  
almost bald  
and wore glasses

he had wings  
he had jokes  
he was loved

poor fawning minorities  
looked up at him,  
Junot Diaz:  
beacon of hope  
warm story deluxe

...

Junot Diaz:  
Pulitzer Prize winner  
MIT professor and  
writer of books,  
talked about his childhood

then I,  
no one with  
nothing  
but thoughts,  
thought about mine

I became ill  
and asked myself  
*whose got the bad life after all?*

I went out for a smoke  
while Junot Diaz kept going

simple man

i drunkenly read Eliot  
and other books  
that others have read

i digest words

and

i digest food

i walk with no opinion  
i drink beer  
i sleep with you

my pockets are filled

my shoes are on

i am ready,

are you?

Theodore's dead parents

lying in graves somewhere  
underground  
are the parents of  
Theodore Koss

angelic figures  
erotic figures  
older figures

their corpses are filthy  
but  
then again  
so am I

I dream of  
Theodore's dead parents  
with a smirk, a small victory

I dream of  
a cuckold  
and an  
itchy whore

oh Teddy  
don't you see?  
you can't wish me death  
because  
I'm already there

just like them