

*Contracted Magic*

CONTRACTS THAT KILL

relationships are like cancer  
they grow with time  
with pain  
with guilt  
and arduous awareness.

we create conditions  
rules  
that act as protection  
so that we can choke  
in lukewarm boxes  
like sheep afraid to pasture.

we are  
addicts of the mediocre  
pathetically programmed persons  
in an age of anxiety.

too afraid to play  
we lose the game  
having stuck  
to the manual.

this is the true travesty  
that we live a shadow of a life  
a limited application  
of our freedom.

*Contracted Magic*, CONTRACTS THAT KILL, page 2, begin new stanza

the world is our creation  
and yet we clog ourselves  
with limp logic  
and pornographic practicalities.

We build ourselves  
a bland, boring, bureaucratic  
bed of grey.

There's no rainbow  
no lightning  
no magic  
in their eyes.

They ooze acceptance.  
They're like clocks  
rotating blindly.

Show them a dream  
and they run away  
like dogs from thunder.

NIGHTS WITH YOU

With you  
The terror eased  
Through a trillion tellings  
Of saddened rage  
That flung vibrant from  
My crusted lips  
While my legs strutted frenzy  
Across the tiled floor  
In playful performance  
Producing a symphony of raucous laughter  
Loud enough to disturb  
The entire campus.

ARTIST OF DELUSION

that night  
in the bowling alley  
you painted a dream  
of me  
an illusion brimming change  
upon dusted architecture.

amidst a quiet, fragile speech  
you formed belief that I dissolved  
like a body under lye.

you resisted decomposition  
decorated it open and elastic  
for you were the dream master  
and I was the dream  
that stretched on  
without levels  
without complications  
without freedom.

you made me  
a laughing adventure  
a provider of perfection  
a mere myth  
devoid of truth.

THE MAGIC OF POETRY

when you write a poem  
it is genius  
it is gospel  
it is grand.

when you write a poem  
it is magical  
it is mystical  
it is mighty.

when you write a poem  
it is lightening  
it is fire  
it is seismic.

when you write a poem  
the words are divine  
dripping with depths  
deeper than  
the Mariana trench.

when you write a poem  
the line breaks  
beam big and bright  
completing in themselves  
their own splendid stories.

*Contracted Magic*, THE MAGIC OF POETRY, page 2, begin new stanza

when you write a poem  
the world falls away  
into the boxes  
you set,  
and the nebulas nest  
next to your cranium.

when you write a poem  
you soar  
you screech  
you shine.

when you write a poem  
you cascade colors  
you sing stars  
you detonate dreams.

when you write a poem  
you are Shakespeare  
you are Sexton  
you are Whitman  
you are Wilde  
you are Blake  
you are Bukowski  
you are Plath  
you are Pound.

when you write a poem  
an ascension of the highest order  
arrives.

*Contracted Magic*, THE MAGIC OF POETRY, page 3, continuation of stanza

you dance with God,  
defy gravity,  
and drift to  
the land of holy scrolls.



BEDSIDE BUKOWSKI

sometimes I picture Bukowski  
by my bed  
drinking  
a beer  
rocking  
his chair  
laughing  
between swigs  
like a lunatic  
as he reads me my eulogy:

a good mother  
a good father  
a big bank account  
and still  
he cried of challenge!

tricked and trapped  
by his own deeds  
he remains  
a dismal display  
a hulking piece of excrement  
a pathetic person  
merely playing at poetics.

the world will surely spin lighter  
in his absence.