

hobo/

if they paid pennies for thoughts

I'd be laden..

heads above them all &
plenty of tail

a new Aengus!
wandering wand
dips Eden's apple
to hook golden trout

...lay traps for the wild
suck poison
out of beasts

crack nut
while throwing bones to shadows

blood-thorns..

copper-rich..

& beggar dressed thief
trades moonlight for stones

window dressing/

*looking out window
spin gray thoughts...*

I was a hummingbird
wearing a red scarf
lighted on thin green
branch of leaves -
naked afternoon
twilight drifter
stamp on wings
silhouette secret
peephole playboy

...unseen
:
:
whisper on a string

the big easy/

easy afternoons, lazy love and white sleep...

soft words slip liquid sheets -
four corners death dance

dry...dryness everywhere

walls rain
floor too hot for my feet...

laughter of smoke rings, pillows for breakfast

verticals smile purple hours
as blindman time fumbles compass...

tongues bite
like razor's first shave

almost child-proof running

z
i
p
p
e
r
s...

chances cloudy

mean sky: knit brows, puffy cheeks

think'll wait...

sudden nights

open sidewalks...

til...

sun hustles moon

.and people walk
backwards

out of the Race/

[background: the announcement of the 8th race]

out of the game today.
went down to the races
see my horse's muse run

"buckshot" #9

...old leather
...scrap rag
...cracked & battered coat of arms

pedigree: matchstick on dead legs

(a few minutes earlier at the bar...)

[what's this I hear about waiting on inspiration? ex-riders squawking how it's left them, brood over faded platforms while their train comes in from some war (like an old black and white), or have some new spark rekindle the burnt out parts.

"horseshit!"

howlings and whimpers from spayed bitches - stiff straights, gutless as drywall. next time, stick a battery charger in my ears for the juice. and what can you tell them? "go teach horses to drive a bus", or "talk to camels who run numbers" - rather have intercourse with a toothache. backyard cackle clank & clutter: horsemen to cocksman crow for hammer and no trigger.

it's not cerebral; some vessel or instrument buckin' at the ready, just saddle her. rusty, twisted chain bent but never broken/can't even saw the damn thing off! "...music from a farther room" (as old T.S. was wont to say). needs to breathe, feel up the air...slug it's way out of the bottle (believe me, I've bled one or two). talent with no guts are good jokes with bad punch lines. mind over movement might as well sell steaks (horsemeat) and leave wining to gamblers.

okay...we're coming up on the 8th...this one's on me (drowns glass), here it is: the play's the thing, it's all in the risk - a party all by yourself. hey man, no cup is run without a chaser...I'm out!]

[horses at the starting gate]

"c'mon Buckshot, show these pastry ponies
some backwater thunder

...that old time religion!

Mississippi barrel
and pair full of gunpowder!"

In the Race!

All spit & fire ...and running it out!
black eyes burn coals in the sun
thick among polished marble [ah..fuck 'em!]
hide to hide & in the raw
rider less a ripple in the plan...and riding it out!
run out the dream of lions
like Hemingway's old man

not too bad..

came in second to last..

leading him back to the stable
they muttered to themselves
how many more left in him

but it was a fine day...

sun beamed proudful father
protective & forgiving

tree-lined streets bent on strutting
& days spent for losing...

then there's the canvas bag:
man's bones & dead history

the old fire horse...

yeah, always good scratch for itchy stretch

I mean

...what the hell