

Title: Everything is me

Everything is me

I am everything
and everything is me.
I am native and foreign to this coast and across time.
I made this land
and I left everything behind. I worshipped and renounced.
My sex was good,
but never enough; it is male, female and nothing all at once.
I am everything that is
and everything is me; living and returning. My color is purple,
pink and peach
scoops crammed in a waffling cone; never black or white,
never more cooperative
than good competitive games. I am everything
beneath the blood
and above the surface. I am the vein that buds fruit after
the flower, both sweet
and unusual in shape. I am bad. I am everything old and grown
in my trees from my soil
under my rain falling from my sky, remember... I am everything
and everything is me.
I am dry and swollen. I am fresh and preserved. My flesh is humorous
with hues and joints,
bent past resistance. I am new and used. Free and accused. Full
of chance, possibility
and dead opportunities. I am one foot inhibited and one foot over my head.
My legs are long
and my arms are truncated. I am everything that is and everything is me.
I am a crowded bedroom
full of eyes prying the morning open to write fanciful stories for children
and tales for adults.
I am everything in the refrigerator that you can't keep your hands off-
the voice in your head-
that is me, too. I am everything and everything is me. I feel the blade
when you trim the lawn
and the dog digs into my face and burrows under my chin. I am
everything at once
then nothing to anyone. I am trash and treasure. I am open for business
and closed to fear,
hate and confusion. I am clarity and everything is my universe unfolding.
I am everything
and everything is me.

Undark

Radium girls-
your future will be bright
with thin hands and frail painted skin.

We need your talents for the cardinal trace.

Hey, radium girl,
with your glowing tongue-
Go home and hurl, but please
come back tomorrow.

You're slim and delicate, radium girl,
keep your brush tipped. Play with you nails,
perfect purse-lipped.

Radium girl, you are forsaken-
our deepest apologies...
an ends to a means
to keep grown men
out of the darkness
results in necroses.

Radium girl, watch the glowing gnomon
dial past the hours you painted as numbers-
you take ill with aches and numbness
in the gut always creeping up along

your jaw line, radium girl
crumbling to sip
a Southern mint julep
on a hot Jersey summer night
along the boardwalk shines-

A Pantoum for the NRA

This pantoum is curt
because Trayvon was shot
and we could not stop.
We all have blood on our hands

because students are shot
while we go on and the guns ring out.
We all have blood on our hands
we should not wash away.

While we go on and the guns cry louder
because theaters and malls cannot stop.
Now we cannot wash away
the blood on our hands.

Because crime scenes are playgrounds
the NRA wins every battle
with blood on our hands
we follow as their chattel.

Welcome to Supermarket, California

- a response for Allen Ginsberg 10/17/11

Thoughts of you invade my mind tonight, Allen Ginsberg, walking in spaces
time saved under your printed path, beneath trees traded for lamp-posts and my meditations
posed curious toward the stalwart moon.

My foreign confusion from east to west, led me cool as a commoner to markets made
wider with aisle operators and registers turned robotic. The bag kids are beyond vapid. The world
held by two-typing thumb-tips-- done with any antediluvian ways Walt'd recognize!

Why have I come here tonight? Why neither of us is certain- I see you, Allen Ginsberg,
on the cover of two magazines. One I pick up, because you are so young, a feature, I never
knew... you had once... and now in my hand, a different version. I can rediscover you this way
at this grocery off the bay.

Welcome, to the city of Supermarket, home of the super consumer. You've been away
for awhile. How about that? Can I ask you? Where is your favorite place? Where did you find the
most senseless fun? Did you get a fair shot? Do you know when you're done?

I traveled far around, farther than I knew America would go, to find you, Allen Ginsberg.
I pushed a cart one night, reminiscing with Garcia, how all this was going out of season, growing
too big, all too well-preserved, in museums, in bodies, encouraged to understand, all too fast.

This market is a commonwealth of commerce. What was through you, through me, past
pink rock salts, perusing deli meats for pick-ups, the old queers like you and new ones like me!

I am sorry, Allen, I can't explain where all that youth went. Perhaps hidden beneath our
ever-expanding waistlines, or behind our generic smiles. This apathy sinks, permeates the soul,
once sealed, now open. They never imagined how bad we could be to ourselves.

Since you went on, we're all going up in smoke. Mostly, this is what you're missing,
my dear friend. Can I call you that now?

As I came in, you may have seen, the old premiere Walt, walking out the automatic door,
so naturally, unassumingly- but, I see his image taped behind every register, while these so-called
employees will not bother to notice, again...

A ghost whispers overhead, he's been here too long- then he is gone. Lately, the old ghoul
said he was trolling with a baby in a buggy, up and down, up and down, for a dunk in the lobster
tank, up and down, up and down.

Running mad on four wheels screeching small cries with the baby, and her mother
weighing potatoes, while onlookers stare befuddled and drooling with anticipation for calamity.

Will there be such a time, Allen, when sense will be common again. When help will be
happiness. Can we walk? You and I? We'll walk without fear, hand in hand through the grocery.
Even though, I suppose you were thinking... we could have done that by now.

Point of Interest

he's always been popular
like a point of interest
on a map

a real must-see
in the life of the locals and
their need to understand too

the want to be free-
with any man will be
down south

a sultry vacationer
you're rousing-
forbidden to some
and followed by
a cigarette so quick

then you're sick of it-
trace routes to budget
rooms and check in....
check again...

they want to be free-
like Joseph and Mary.

"it's there, I swear...
under, uhmm, James...
on- Yep, Jameson!" Right
there, idiot! Front desk

dummy don't know do-do
from Dallas, but he's cute
in those boots with
that butt I could-

and I would- again, digress
there's a point our interest
have expanded beyond
here and now, with a better view.