

Five Poems

Sisters

Sisters cry.
And they laugh
At each other's tales and jokes, with which
They came up together.

Tending to ignore what others consider the usual
Social constructs of interaction,
Sisters love.

Wouldn't it be something to be a sister?
A lover?
A source of amour and compassion to another
Sister? California's best kept secret is sisters.

The things that tear the threads—that thrive throughout those sisters—apart
Only bring them closer.
Distance is a binding force to them.
Separation. Love lost. Dissolution. Divorce.
All things close to home,
But unknown
To sisters.

So cry sisters, cry!
You are the only ones left who can.
Let your tears pour onto each other's frail shoulders.
Let your years
(of arguments and stolen wardrobes)
Teach you more about your entity.
After you, there are no others.

A Tale of Two Shitties

Drunks, punks, and men wearing Speedos!
Jacuzzis with beach hoes, next to the old crows,
Tanning and planning about the boys shooting free throws.
Watch the oozing from the figures that grow.

New smells from the west couldn't last out here like
Bikini sweat at night and spilt carnival beer.
So he took some sheers to the head and now a ragtag mullet;
Bite the bullet and he thought he could pull it off,
But if I had to I'd cry about it first.
Well this city is the worst. This city is the worst.

Go-gos in bars picked up by fast cars
And trannies at night in truck-stop fights
Ain't right. Last flight out of Dallas,
Could you come get me sooner?
Not many options out here for a crooner...

He's squirting meth.
She's snorting coke.
They're smoking weed.
They're smoking smokes.

They're fucking fucks.
Who gives a damn?
She passed out on the fucking can.

Whores with pores easily seen from the bar!
Cocks getting head while driving their cars.
Anti-established weirdos scoffing over coffee,
Calling their mummy to draw up the money.

Last bus out of LA got stuck on the 5.
I guess that just proves that this city is alive.

Rolls (Play the Perforations)

The pianist
To his wife
Said, "what do you know."
Roles to fill
Like old tableau.
Keys to hunt
For old hungry crows
Tearing the flesh of birds they know.
Wings clipped by larger beaks
And bills
That keep us grounded so we can't fly.
Skull scattered across the roof
With trees nearby.

A Lesser Beating

I am
A desperate
Work.
Betrayed by my contemporaries,
I am
Judged. Double-crossed.

I am
A sick man.
I love
Enjambment
When it falls in-
Between you
And
Your body.

I am
Just bore me.
They bounce in twos,
I like threes so much more.

I am
A wistful young metaphor
And existing with so little purpose,
I hope to exit quickly.

I am
A cheap allusion.
Christ! It's not that hard to find.
It comes up not once but twice.

I am
A desperate
Man's writing.
It's sad, isn't it?
It's just sad.

Thrust

I first felt fear
When I felt it
Break.
For heavens sake!
That great white latex snake.

I lived in anticipation for the next few months.
Waiting...
Contemplating...
Hoping I hadn't done too much.

For if I had tampered with fate
By choosing to mate—
And further so by using the snake.
Would choosing then to terminate
Be two strikes too late?

So thus,
I wait.