

The i-5

I can hear the freeway
from my front doorstep.

it helps when the
television
begins to drain on me
and the flies
gnaw and cry at my head
or when the dust
begins to choke me
to just
listen to the cars
and know that someone's
doing something
someone's
going somewhere.

a catharsis
vicariously
daydreaming
and I wouldn't trade with
you
or anyone
but
why not dream
of being someone?

listen to that truck
passing
propelled by that guy
who's
necessary
who's rocketing
to another world
like the town over
or God forbid
across state borders
so far from home.

if you were
hearing him

like I do
dreaming of being
him
for a moment or two
then you'd have no problem
being no one would you?

you wouldn't have to
dilute yourself
into thinking
you'll be the one
they all remember.

see I've
accepted
that all of us
will be forgotten
and that some of us
well
some of us
don't even exist
some of us
make
no noticeable
reverberation
the ripples we
send out
get washed away in the current
of someone bigger
and I'm fine with that
I can hear the freeway.

Some Things I Own

an old bill
a hospital discharge packet
atop of others just like it
a pull up bar
on the floor
beside the broken door with
towels and
coat hangers
a bag with trash all
hanging
swaying in the breeze
by the dusty fan that's
never off
only when
the buzz in my ear is dim enough
that I can hear my thoughts.

some books
half read
piled next to
packaged food
a bottle of sake
a bag of nuts
they're never touched
fixtures
like the clothes on the ground
or the spider webs
in the corners
I don't ever touch them.

A Crumpled Note to Self,

hey,
you're bleeding again

you're bleeding...
again

no

no

well yes, that time
but -

no
you can't blame her
she's given you everything

oh,
let me just -
swipe away the dirty napkins
wipe the drool off the desk -
there,
now what was it you said?

oh,
again?
when did I start bleeding?
when I was born, maybe?

when God said,
that one
pointing at me...?

when I didn't take my medicine?

when she gave me life?

I've been
given everything...

the birds are calling
again
the first light of morning
befalls me to sleep
as I remember
I was given
everything.

Back to How We're All "Echos of The Past" or Something..

so you think you're coming to terms with
all this nonsense...
slowly
day by day
as you wither away to nothingness
to nothing but
a reverberation
of the nothings of history
nothing
but a collection
of cells and love and misery
all ringing the bells
sounding the alarms
to lock the self up
tell no one where the heart is.

Insert "American Hometown" Here

I used to like to think of
how things could be
we live and work
we get sick
maybe better
and some of us die.

but now all I can think of
is how things should be
of how they aren't
and aren't going to be...

ten people in a room
ten apples among them
one man gets nine
while the rest divide the rest.

though he needs us,
he doesn't see us
doesn't hear our pleas for more

some of us can't take it anymore
won't take it anymore
they've been taken from
far more than I care to count.

and I see some of them
wandering around
in the cold, urban night
and the fright in their eyes pains me
but I can't help them.

most I can offer is
some empathy
a conversation
to occupy their
weary mind
a smile and a nod
after all else has denied them for so long.

they want to blame someone
they know it's not their fault some man in a room took it all.

sometimes I have to take a moment
to wipe my eyes
other times I just let the tears fall.