

SLAY! the DRAGON PRESENTS: *A UNIVERSAL MONSTER*

A Big Budget Horror Flick – \$15 a Bag, 100 a Bundle.

One too many, a thousand never enough –

A long night in the ER,

After drunken cocaine stupor fall from rooftop.

Tolerance almost as high as I was.

The Fentanyl having no effect at all.

The first try unsuccessful and the Doctor's having to re-**SNAP** my arm

And set it back the right way...

But you know what they say: "A *GOOD CAST IS WORTH REPEATING*".

A shock back from the dead, by Police Narcan shot,

To this fresh corpse in the front seat of my mother's car –

IT'S ALIVE! ALIVE!

Man, What a Time to Be Alive –

Even though ***I LOVE DEAD... HATE LIVING.***

Wise in my generation – A modern Prometheus

In this world of Gods and Monsters.

So I must ask myself: Am I really a Monster?

Or just the sum of all these parts that are not my own

And run by this abnormal brain – this criminal brain;

But all-the-while still innocent – somewhat clumsy

And just misunderstood – Just looking to fit in.

Following command – Chugging down cups with a ***"DRINK GOOOD"***

Just looking for a ***FRIEEENNNDDDD.***

But leave it to society always mistaking you for what it was that created you.

This society with its mob mentality to chase the Monsters away,

Trial by fire – ***WE BELONG DEAD -***

And even though the laboratory where it all started

May be blown to pieces and crumble to the ground,

All it takes is just one electrical impulse

For the Monster to return.

The same Monster, who led your children to the waters of revelry

And unknowingly threw them in, to rebellion.

Remembering as a kid how bad I wanted to be Batman,

But grew up to be Emotional Dracula,

Sucking the life out everything and everyone around me.

Unable to even look myself in the mirror.
 Remaining in solitude from the sunlight.
 Taking chemicals to make me Invisible to the World.
 Panic! At the Opera – Phantom of the Disco.
 Mad – Raving til dawn with all of the night children,

O WHAT MUSIC THEY MAKE!

And no, I'm not a killer but don't push me –
 No harm shall befall you lest you try removing this mask –
 This façade to hide my true horrible nature from a world that can never love me.
 So I try to go with the flow, but sometimes my soul
 Becomes a Black Lagoon,
 Where even when something beautiful swims by,
 There is always something evil lurking
 Just below the surface.
 The gifts of sobriety also housing these curses:
 These feelings – These feelings that I had locked away –
 Had entombed – Had sealed up in Golden Shrine Sarcophagi.
 These feelings I had spent so long trying to bury deep, deep away from the world.
 Until one day some asshole has to come along and dig it all up...
 Perhaps unintentionally disturbing the centuries long rest,
 Asking for a cigarette at the bus stop,
 While I'm already thoroughly annoyed on a bad afternoon;
 And force me once again to become resurrected
 In gauze bandage dressings of old wounds.
 Force me once again to walk amongst the living –
 To Walk like an Egyptian,
 Wrapped up in all my self-righteous Bullshit.
 But still every Monster demands its mate.
 Reincarnations of Ancient Love –
 Ankh-es-en-Eamon – Scroll of Thoth.
 My Egyptian Princess.
 My return to this world is only for your sake.

MY LOVE FOR YOU HAS LASTED LONGER THAN THE TEMPLE OF OUR GODS.

But with every needle I stuck into my vein like a stake driven into my heart –
 No matter how many Coors Light Silver Bullets combined with handfuls of sleeping pills,
 When all I wanted was just to die and be rid of this beast I have become.
 But after every attempt, I always found myself awakened for another sick sequel –
 But for what? – For the entertainment of others?
 To be just another cog in a corporate machine,
 Brought back time after time to make the Studio money.
 Why can't they just let this Wolf-Man die?!
 But No! – No more. I refuse!
 I have played the role of victim long enough.
 Marked for death with Pentagram vision on hand –
Because even a man who is pure in heart and says his prayers by night,

Knows not what lies waiting on darkened paths

Obscured from the Full Moon's light.

Something worse than fogged graveyards and cobweb crypts.

Something ghastlier than cliché Jekyll/Hyde Complex.

Something scarier than comical Abbott/Costello Encounters.

It's something that lies in wait in abandoned Traphouse Castles:

It's sleeping in the dirt and waking up in boxes.

Nosferatu! Undead Spirit!

You poor, misinformed fools– All of you!

Thinking that your Garlic necklaces can keep you safe from the terrors that await!

All of these horror stories –

Tales told around 12 Step campfires –

Submitted for the approval of the Midnight Society...

The most terrifying thought of all, is this Monster one-day returning.

Because you know how it works in the movies...

They come back...

They ALWAYS come back.

Troy, July 2018

**“FELT CUTE... MIGHT CUT MY EAR OFF LATER AND GIVE IT TO A
PROSTITUTE... IDK” (OR “VAN GOUGH’S EAR”)**

*Portrait painted in the glow of antique mirrors -
I took a selfie today.
But instead of a point and click and switch of light filters -
Mine took hours to master.
And unlike the 15 worthless ones you've Snapped today -
One day mine will sell for Millions!*

Le fou roux

I am manic and depressive!

Serpent! Lion noir!

I've been betrayed and abandoned!

Sain d'esprit

Saint Esprit

*I am St. Peter slicing the appendage,
An Apostle with a rusty razor,
A Prophet with a paintbrush...*

ICTUS! ICTUS!

The act of a Maniac.

*I stagger down to the Rue du Bout D'Arles -
Knock on the door of the brothel,
And request my Rachel,
To give her something to remember me by...
She faints at the sight of my glorious package.
Then it's back to the old Maison Jaun - After another job well done...
To get drunk and pass out in a pool of blood.*

*Schenectady
May 9, 2019*

I'D GIVE HER THE DICKINSON

- For E.D.

O Emily, Sweet Emily –

Girl you were fine as Hell!

Though you thought yourself unfair –

But with your lovely face, Sherry eyes,

And Chestnut Auburn Hair

And I, being neither a Reverend not a married man

Would have totally given you the Dickinson.

“Ah, to be Betrothed without the Swoon”

Lady in Waiting. Woman in White –

Let me be the one who mounts your staircase at night.

Oh please let me come!

Spectacular as Disraeli –

Ascending to the lonely solitude of your room,

To remove thy Gossamer Gown,

Let me Dickinson you down.

Emily, my Dearest Emily –

“Oh to be ravaged by success!”

And the undying love, of a poetess –

In our Quiet Passions.

Both of us filed with such longing

We fear to act upon –

For Love is like a Spider,

That weaves its wonderful webs.

And though I watch with fascination

From afar –

Dare I ever get too close for comfort.

But if only we were bound together
In a moment of sweet ecstasy,
Like your most recently completed Fascicle.
Under Lunar Energy Incantations –
Celestial orbiting of Zodiacs and Marxism.
The Revolution gets her hot –
It's a Supermoon – And I'm Hungry, like the Wolf.
Picturing you, your stoic Slavic good looks
And tall slender body draped – In nothing,
But my Duran Duran Shirt.

Oh Emily. You are not alone in your rebellion.
I was a “No Hoper” too –
There are many of us these days –
And all of us made to express ourselves
Anonymously.
Just a pair of – Nobodies – You and I.

If only you were here with me in this time –
Emily. Emily.
I called out for you in the night
And you came –
We matched on Tinder.
Your defiance and your wit
Show through on social media –
I would Like every one of your Instagram posts.
We can Netflix when we, get Frisky
And exchange Snapchats – Unsanctimoniously
Sending Sext Messages on an Endless
Carriage ride headed towards Eternity.

Schenectady, May 2019

ADDICTED TO POETRY

Hi, my name is *****,

And I'm a Poetry Addict.

Oh how I need it.

My body aches without it.

Like these Alexandrines are filled with Benzedrine –

I'm addicted to Poetry.

I stay out all night

At Open Mics,

Looking for a Poetess to go home with.

(So I can get inside her Chapbook)

I roll up Leaves of Grass on the daily –

I'm addicted to poetry.

I tie off and then I

Mainline Blake Rhymes,

Count the feet, but it didn't have legs¹.

So waking up sick I needed a hit

And then broke out the spoon and the Dickinson –

I'm ad-dic-a-ted – To poetry.

I can't deal with life without it.

I'm completely at a loss.

And I can't function when I wake up

Til I crack open some Frost.

I'm a hopeless poet addict – and I don't know how to stop it –

Doing line after line after line...

¹ "Legs" is the terminology used by heroin addicts to explain how long a specific batch will keep you high for, "Feet" is obviously the poetry term related to scansion. Feet – Legs. Get it? Well, if not, what the hell kind of poetry critic are you then?

Of these Sonnets.

I'm a straight-up poem fiend – I scratch feverishly
As I walk through the Library aisles –
Then I grab some and rush to the Bathroom,
Get my pipe loaded packed-full of Dactyls.
Would you suck a dick for some Edgar Allan Poe?
Well if so... Then you may be addicted to poetry!

And ever since poetry's entered my life,
It's only been making a mess of it.
Just this week I had gotten arrested with
A bag full of T.S. Eliot.
And as soon as the cop pulled me over
He could already tell by the smell of it.

— **Poems Ruin Homes** —

They tried to send me off to Rehab
I said: NO – NO – NO!
Impossible! I'm fine! That's right!
I can End-Stop any time I'd like!
But when they asked me: *Can I Kick It?*
I got the urge to try and find a mic.

My entire life's in shambles,
And there's only one way I can fix it.
Now that I know –
I'm addicted to poems –
But the First Step is just to admit it.

Rensselaer, January 2019

*Dedicated, in part to my baby sisters:
Dazzling twin earrings fashioned from my father's family jewels
... And mostly to all girls around the world*

GOLDEN GIRLS

You are the light that shines through all the darkness of life.
You are the essence. A reflection of all that is magnificent –
You are Majesty. You are Divinity.
You are beauty incarnate –
You are Art and Music made flesh.
You are Poetry in Motion –
You are Daughters and Sisters and Aunts.
You are Mothers. You are the Creators. You are Nature.
You are the Teachers of Tribes – Where men bring up your children to be fighters,
But Wisdom is passed down along Matriarchal lines –
They say it takes a village to raise a child,
But only a Woman can truly turn a boy into a man!
You were the Salt of the Earth until they uprooted you.
Pulled you from deep within the African ground,
To ship and sell you across seas –
They melted you and broke you down,
To your most basic elements,
To make you fit their molds.
They hammer and pound you into what they see as suitable shapes –
And revert you from your natural states,
Into watches and plates and rings and bracelets,
To place you into their boxes and put you out on display in well-lit cases.
They wear you around in public on their arms or around their necks,
Only to show ownership and status.
Only something pretty to take home to place upon their mantelpieces.
Drug addicts sneaking in to steal you away to be sold off at corner bodegas and Pawn Shops
For far less than your worth in weight.
They shoot each other in the streets in jealous rages just for possession of you –
They covet you in their cold carelessness. Waging wars over your wealth.

To be a Woman – To be the doers of every thankless job –
In a world that never puts down the toilet seat.
But there were days when you adorned the walls of temples and palaces –
You were Queens and Pharaohs and Goddesses!
But they tried to suppress your Sainthoods –
They buried your Gospels and slandered your names.
They cast their stones. They toss their shade.
But no matter what they throw at you it takes
Much more than that to make true diamonds break.
So although they may call you crazy for it – Shine on!
Earth Mothers holding the seeds of all existence within your wombs.
Shine on you Wonder Women, Xena Weekend Warriors!
Shine on you Rockstar Unicorn Princesses!
Shine on Liz Taylors and Countesses alike – Shine on Feminine Energy!
Shine on Androgyny! Shine on across every Gender Spectrum! –
Shine on sacred Squaws, Witches, and great Mystical Medicine Women!
Shine on Isises, Lilliths, and Aphrodites!
Shine on Strippers and Prostitutes and Porn Stars!
Shine on Virgin Maries and Single-Mother Theresas –
Those happily married to the few good men or Elizabethan Queens without a king.
Shine on Angelous, Dickinsons, Diane di Primas, and Plaths!
Shine on young girls of Science Technology Engineering and Math!
Shine on Sexy Weathergirls – May your future Forecasts
Call for clearing skies and bright sunny days,
To show the world your sparkle...
You are the treasures waiting to be found
Somewhere over Rainbows –
And you don't have to be Dorothy, Rose, Sophia, or Blanche
To be Golden Girls – It's true.
So just shine on and stay gold.
All that glitters is you...

Schenectady, April 2019