

Candle

A small flame flickering on its waxy wick;
glowing gently to bequeath clarity on it's qualified 'sphere.

Illumination; a gentle caress across the fearful unseen.

It is our mother; our father,

checking for monsters in our closets

to forbid them the pleasure of dynasty;

to forbid us the willful cancer of uncertainty.

I collapse into it;

telling it how happy I am that, where power implodes it is there to comfort me.

It joins with its brothers and grows.

The tiny little flames which I had blessed so surely

grow gluttonous and ferocious.

The mass they have become begins to consume me as I fall.

In the smoke, I sleep.

Girl Friday

She was raised by her great uncle and a bunch of other old men who were always around playing poker; who raised her on rude observations, dirty jokes, and the smell of bourbon.

She has a peg leg from where one of 'em had run over it while she was practicing a split for gymnastics in the driveway.

She compulsively writes her name in bold, Victorian calligraphy when she's bored.

She hates the news.

She lives out in the desert and she always asks people to dare her to do the most peculiar things.

She once had a friend dare her to go outside with dead mice over her eyes and feed them to buzzards.

She has the most beautiful, beak-carved scars near her eyes, which managed to go unharmed.

She loves the moon and every time it's out she goes outside and dances...and dances...and dances...

She drives an '87 Honda Spree motor scooter that she waxes twice a day, but that the sand has blasted to

shit anyway.

She doesn't ever travel, and hates the thought of traffic.

She loves watching planes and loves the idea of a locomotive; views the first like a manmade phoenix and the second like an electric impulse down history's neural circuits.

She would never ride either because she hates the idea of making her journey so impersonal.

She never leaves me.

She only exists

in

my head.

The Discontent Bed Between the Bottle and the Box

Here I am after a long night of suckling at some nincompoop's teat,
and all that I can think to do is either sleep or else pick up some skirmish within my brain to latch onto
and press with my palms until its small and round and fits into the pockets of my overalls.

This thing could be big; monumental.

This thing could tower over a field infested by demons and angels; by terrorists and titty dancers.

This thing could be insignificant; miniscule.

This thing could be the resounding taste of toothpaste as it molests a swig of orange juice;
violating it; raping it.

Fucking toothpaste.

Tonight it means that I've given up on the bottle,
even when there's another bottle left;
that I'm drunk to the extent that I'm sufficiently numbed by an emotional enema in a bottle with a cork,
but for the shit that isn't cleaned out;
for the things that still gnaw, however slightly, and that one monumentally miniscule skirmish,
I must apologize.

It is not that you aren't just as deserving of being blocked from my mind,

I just like a good merry-go-round better than a tilt-a-whirl.

And besides...

a boy's gotta ramble.

Antipeople

You and I, my friend, are the lamest people alive

We champion this rite; on this title we thrive.

It is ourselves that we wine and dine

From menial advancement to menial decline.

Even; Even as "even" profanes

Twists until it is something mundane.

But come, take my hand, and I'll show you a state

Where physical properties are no longer innate.

Belonging to nothing; Inventing new time,

'Till past, future, present are merely a mime.

And belief is suspicious and color is grime.

Through trans-dimensional windows we'll climb.

We'll enter this paradigm, our new church and steeple.

A haven for those who will be Antipeople.

A non-person who occupies personal space

And when they walk by, they leave not a trace

Just a human blackhole, a beautiful nothing.

A beautiful nothing.

Visions of Sudan

I sit on my flowered morsel of Earth,
drinking the nectar from a passing cloud
filled with a dream by some small child in some faraway land-
too far to be relevant.

I sit and drink this escaped dream and smile,
seduced by this spiritual opiate.
The taste changes and I am swept with tremendous gusto
to a place of gunfire and enslavement.
“This dream has been tainted with substance and reality,”
I think with disgust.

Unscathed, I pull down another cloud,
one with no pain or anguish- no torture or rape,
and I sit and I drink, sucking its nectar,
never to think of tainted clouds again,
at least until the next rubber bracelet comes out.