

To Be Satisfied.

I

A man unsatisfied,  
discontented.  
His woes burrowed  
deeper, deep into  
his furrowed brow  
and his shaggy beard  
with more salt than pepper.

He saw the world  
as it was: cold,  
unsatisfying.  
Putrid in its being.

He saw the people  
as they were: icy,  
unsatisfied.  
Thirsting for life.

He saw his mother  
as she was: distant,  
searching.  
Hungry for love.

She did not see her son.  
She did not see him,  
unsatisfied,  
tasting the tinned tuna.

From his bedroom window  
he saw the neighbours;  
their woes burrowed  
in their crisp lawns.

Bright pink flamingoes  
suspended in motion.

He saw his grandmother  
as she cried; imprisoned  
in a lukewarm tub,  
contemplating  
the collection of small holes.

And Grandmother cried.  
The many holes drank her tears  
as they fell from her dying eyes.

He saw the nurses.  
He saw the mortician.  
He saw the priest,  
and his deceased.

## II

He saw more salt  
than pepper.  
Artificial pepper  
in the pharmacy aisles.

And the pharmacist saw  
the bountiful bosom  
of the young cashier.  
The man did not.

He heard distant music.  
For a moment he curled  
into a faint smile.  
But he moved on.

As did the pharmacist's wife.  
As did the baby's mother.

## III

On the mountaintop  
blows the freshest breeze.  
Through the trickling brook  
flows the sweetest ale.  
Among the golden fields  
grows the tallest wheat.

But in the fry kitchen  
there is only death.

In the bubbling oil  
he saw the world:  
Fat. Inert. Stationary.

In the tainted stainless steel  
he saw himself:  
Fat. Weathering. Unsatisfied.

He ate the soggy fry.  
Salt dripped with oils

into his beard.  
He had not peppered them.

From the car window  
he saw new neighbours.  
Bohemian dryads;  
Passive-agnostic aggressors.

And their ideals burned  
among headlines in an oil drum.

#### IV

He screamed!  
Exhausted by visions.  
So he slept.  
So he dreamt.

He dreamt the world  
as it was: warm,  
satisfying.  
Breathing the fresh breeze.

He dreamt the people  
as they were: happy,  
satisfied.  
Drinking the sweet ale.

He dreamt his mother  
as she was: gazing  
upon him from on high.  
Eating the golden wheat.

And with her he dreamt  
his grandmother;  
the nurses,  
the mortician,  
the priest;  
his neighbours, old and new;  
pink flamingoes in flight,  
the pharmacist's wife among them;  
He dreamt the unborn child  
meeting her mother.

#### V

And the man awoke.  
He curled into a smile,  
lathered, and shaved.

my mind wanders.

i went to cairo

after a blessing from Saladin  
after it went up in flames  
after realizing the pages of my passport  
    felt like sandpaper  
after looking for Al Mualin in Masyaf  
after an 88 min tour with Tareq  
after a river cruise down the Nile  
    with Hercule Poirot  
after a night at the caravansary  
after it ate Fustat and I had a sandwich  
after all

i went to grinrod

as it incorporates all my thoughts  
    on the road  
as it only appears once every 4 years  
as the green monster smiled  
as we dawned masks imitating his smile  
    and cried: *trick or treat*  
as it disappears in the dark  
as Dave Brubeck played  
    kathy's waltz into the night  
as I moved up to the passenger seat  
as it turns out, it's a real place  
as we knew it  
as it was  
as is

i went to mull

with a dram of Tobermory  
with Johnson and Boswell  
with blueprints  
    for brochs, duns and crannogs  
with adventure on my breath  
with a map to *Florenca*, who carried  
    over 300,000 in gold bullion  
with a postcard of Dubh Artach  
with the Terror of Tobermory, commodore  
with a bang

gobSMACK

T minus ten.

Galumph; Great Dane dances, prances  
forward with perceived perpetual motion.  
Thundering quasi-quakes bash 'gainst the earth,  
grass wakes form in lucid pursuit,  
and turbulence consumes the breeze.

T minus seven.

Everything scatter;  
drop your coffee, let it smash against the grain;  
push your kid, tell him to save himself;  
cower 'neath your enervated shields  
and grimace and wince and howl.

T minus three.

Jowls tremor and sway

two.

scattering moist shrapnel wads.

one.

SMACK. collision.

180 lbs of suffocating love and gob.

grass is greener

my		your
dismal		lucid
desolations		happiness
grow		spills
like		over
oily		thick
weeds		hedges
into		
your		my
perfect		abysmal
yard		

Sauntering.

along the hallway I wander,  
past  
paintings of shadows  
& many blank canvases  
as if to comment on  
my laziness  
for having not filled them in yet

I stop at one  
suddenly motivated  
to finish it. 3 yellow lines.  
So I wet my brush with blue  
& stroke  
but it is ineffective. my brush  
is dry. I dip again.  
brush. nothing.  
brush. nothing.  
I suppose it is finished then.  
title: work ethic

I meander over to another  
painting of a young lad.  
dip. brush. stroke.  
a large blue streak along his chest.  
title: mistakes

so I take my brush  
& wipe  
the excess blue  
along a blank canvas.  
title: regrets

I saunter over  
to the couch & nap.