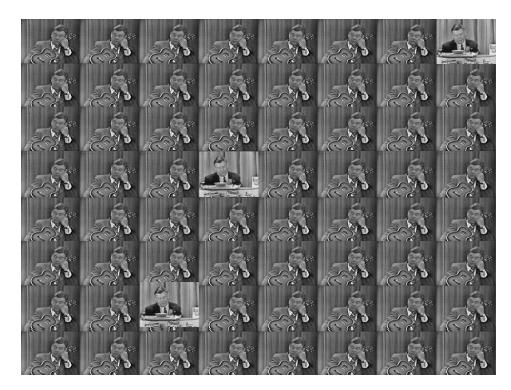
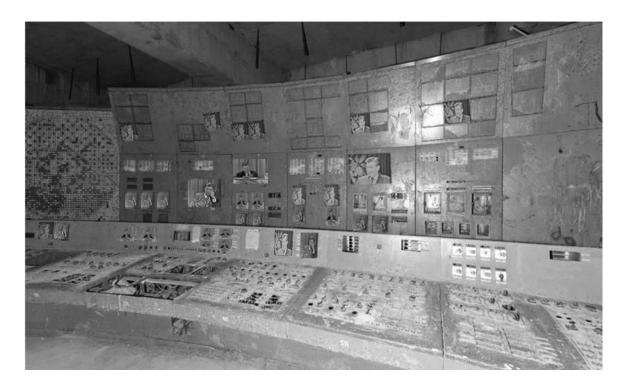
Dangerous Condition



He sings of kisses and lonely hearts of tear dewed eyes in moonlit glow everywhere women watch his grey ghost face breasts heave clammy and hot they hum along with his scratchy bass in Peoria, Schenectady, and Santa Fe caught by the ether flung into space silver shivers on the Emerson.



Geritol and Lipton Tea
mix with isotopes and diffy-qs
men jabber and watch
the console's wistful lights
pushing buttons, twisting knobs,
they play on giant Segas
Generals of the Milky Way
and dream of power
beyond the savage heat
between a woman's legs
that devoured their youth in lust and shame –
dream now old men, dream and pray
that you control the gramma rays.



A doctor of philosophy will note in a treatise on the reactor's crumbling down crumbling down his ukulele was flat that night - or was the ether simply warped by the plasm's particle streams disarrayed by fire and screams?

Big men in dungarees sit fat jowls frozen in fear by the sudden light that the trembling beneath their feet brings their death tonight between the ukulele notes his grainy voice lilts hot wind blow through the floors towards the stars and home.

The Secret Life Of Otto Pivner

Forrest Gregg

The Bengals play on Sunday to sparrowing fans, sparkling bands while river mud lumbers by indifferent to humans inked in black with speckled orange. Another sack another score the billboard flashing 43 to 4.

Halftime

Forrest Gregg walks through tunnels, turns, and past the noise across the street to Nick's Retreat looking for a Twinky or a candy bar and any kind of booze
He sez to Nick "I'm Forrest Gregg and how are you" who stares in wonder then replies, "never heard of you" and polishes another glass.
A candy cane, two shots of rye
"Got to run, I'm good for this" and out the door he flies.

More stinkers cross the goal line
More tackles lunge at air
the black topped stumbling stragglers
boo and hiss despair
then head to Nick's Retreat
for beer and maudlin swagger.

Silence bands the river the billboard growls and glimmers 63 to 6 at fishes, rocks and oil slicks. Forrest Gregg slumps against a folding chair an empty shot glass in his fist outside the river gently murmurs grey geese honk and hiss today like yesterday forgets about tomorrow.

Ida Dalser

April in Milano wet and cold she snips and tucks, kneads and folds soft grey hair plumed against garrets and puckered air.
Bennie sits and stares chewing figs and lemon skins disgust curls her lips snick snack his heart roars though clicking teeth betrayed by cock and history snick snack.

He is fearless
a senseless fighter
sickened by the weak
and their blubbering lips.
Now he sits afraid
of her eyes
her breath seethes above the old woman's head
gulps of air
mock his trebling knees
she knows, her smoldering eyes dare
him back to stare.

The sky snakes violet and cream his voice flutters - lies, laments, singsong words fall like rubbish from his bowels. She shrieks scissors pierce and weave but there is no forgiveness from God nor Ida her screams rip through his chest he stumbles cursing his craven heart and shaking voice and runs.

Pema Chödrön

Ringling Brothers 1985, Row E, the center ring Pema Chördrön watches clowns romp, fall down, stare a frown the boy next to her stares too at the line of elephants trunk to tail lumbering through the canvas flaps *Oh* he ohs, *Oh Oh Oh* a gentle whisper *Be sad my child, they are slaves of human dreams* her eyes dew dropped, nose asnuffle *yet carry salvation on glittering lights.*

another night of apples, screams and blank applause. He craves the boxcar's rattle the only mantra he has ever known Then sharp herauf. Sheila groans a thousand pounds digs into his back bleibst du, bleibst du, Kongo bleibst gentle noise he's heard before

and swishes nose above an ear Apfel kommt

schon Apfel kommt

Kongo sighs

Pema shakes her head Enough!

I want to scream!

Kongo eyes the crowd for the voice he hears in dreams blitz lights clatter on iron rails clickity clack the elephants dance.

Kongo rises to clap his feet for the boy he cannot reach Pema breathes through the tumbling beasts into the lungs of him beside her.