

--White Noise--

No longer interpret strange rhythms
of asymmetric heart strings
twitching in aboriginal beats,
origins unbeknownst to
my slave trader conniptions
or fits of inorganic chemistry.

Asymmetric heart strings
sharper than razor-wire barricades
erected in haphazard patterns
against the onslaught of
flesh covered battering rams
and case hardened bone.

Sharper than razor-wire barricades,
free of amber reflections,
at the dark unholy mouth
of the dank night's aperture,
deep but not bottomless.
Enough liquid to encourage drowning.

Free of amber reflection
the froth filled container
devoid of content uncontaminated
by tongue lust invincibility or
a tentative loss of sanity
perverted by pillow top imagination.

The froth filled container
of empty promises gripped
firmly between sunburned thighs
and spilled unwillingly on the thin
worn leather of back seats careening
down farm to market roads.

Empty promises gripped in
the pre-frontal lobe of memory
from a time when music was
discernible from white noise
or the aboriginal beat of
strange asymmetric rhythms.

INDIANA 2015

The Christians came a-dancin'
in their pink Duroc skin,
raining Hell & Damnation
and backslap tenderloin potluck.

With twisted fury-
frantic resolve-
on spittle lips they
fucked the Constitution.

"Oops, my bad."
Tell me what I need,
King Jester,
you tighty-whitey blister.

Use your ruby tongues
to slather red-brained bullshit.

"Live Free or Die?"
Pick one, motherfucker!

PORCH BED

My eyelids are peeled by the livid hint of daylight to find her splayed across the bed; long arms, long legs tangled in cotton sheets. Blue-white ticking of the feather pillow abandons her head. Night's kiss lingers damp on her thin lips while a dusting of freckles bless her breasts down to the Mississippi bare feet that carry the dark stain of last night's porch plank waltz.

I shift on the lumpy mattress in consideration of an exit when her arm flops across my stomach. The scent of endless fallow fields wafts from her morning moistened body. Bound in limbo by her somnambulistic sigh I study the fine dark doilies, the hue of fresh plowed fields, that nature has provided as accents to her feminine recesses. They deny the blond tangles strewn across her pillow.

The chirp of every night jay, the burp of frogs, the cicadas, even the breeze through the rusted screen kept me on the edge of consciousness. I'd had better sleep in jail, but her proximity and the caress of morning light still me.

RIVERSIDE BLUES

Flaccid summer sky
drools dusk
across the sea
of silver sweat
like a revolver
kept warm in
a pool of
the victim's blood.

The flavor of
dirty fingernails
in the liquid mouth
of paid-for pleasure
on vinyl car seats
rinsed in
the storm sewer
of city evening.

SOME RANDOM TUESDAY

I took you to the River this morning to set you free
when I got home, my house wouldn't let me in.
Your sister mother cousin didn't seem to miss you much,
God I love the South.

I need nine pills
to make it to my refill
I can eat the rest for fun.

Sweet Jesus let the light shine in
the length of darkness seeps around me.
Too many black cats in the gunnysack
but they pissed on the carpet, what can I say.

St. Vitus
grabs my face,
shakes my body.

Judy, Judy, Judy, I never visited your grave.
We only kissed once
delivering the Sunday papers
long before daylight.