

BLAME FOREST

GET LOST

Lets be funny
this moment
not so
serious for once.

Lets do what he said, on the radio,
and paint our teeth green.

Lets remember the girls who got us high
and make some sick love.

I smell, and maybe taste, like a buzzard's asshole.

When my poet friends come 'round we drink, I
drink, and argue with otherwise nice old ladies.

One of 'em asked me to join Facebook.

I almost puked but thought *how cute*.

Goshdogg
It's both her, and not her, generation
some of 'em know more than me about technology.

I type on a Remington still.
(ha, but no, I don't)
My dome piece *is* the first calculator though.

Both my end-tables are Igloo coolers
with dogpatch blankets tossed 'cross 'em.

There's a way out,
yep,

thru the back door.

Yonder. Go, and be free man.
Do it. It won't hurt, 'cept

maybe for a second.

Carl Sagan

I want a tattoo
of a bird that means
I wanna fly away.

Just any ole where.

When I die
comb my hair.

When I die
fake my worth

Bury me with my
neighbor's stuff.

Serve holiday dinners
with all the food
your family ever had.

Purge all that
wishing of wanting
visits from the old man.

Damn, do you know beetles know
the Milky Way is there
not that they know it's the Milky
Way, or that it's there, necessarily.

But they see its light and
can tell how old and far away it is.

I might even get a tattoo
of some dude fighting lions
with GIL.GA.MESH
writ around it.

If I were dead or dying
guess who I'd wish I was.

A man who knows something he knew was true.

Nikki and Jules

The moon slid in and stood cold
against a backdrop of indigo violence.

I'm upset with being country.

Is there someone to count on?
We need friends to count on.

Is the rest of the fall so far.
Feels like the fall is more than the vertical life.

Can you hear me? I clear my throat.

Upset at being country.
Who knows too much about baloney.

Us white honkeys, enjoy and played
a roll in the creation and evolution of blues.

Don't know, you ain't from Mississippi
nor prob'ly never been there.

Will I count on you?
The moon slid cold. I told you.

If I'm gonna be alone I'm gonna be alone.

Chain yourself to me.
Never go. Clear my throat.

Am I that someone to count on or be counted upon.
Huh?

Daft with the recollection of coming to terms,
of coming home, to the little time we have.

The far away

Sometimes
never knowing becomes the truth
we can admit and feel better.

Take all you got

don't be sad.

The end was always coming.

From far away I met
and enjoyed you.

Like to go places fast.

Like being lost more
than being a Pisces

who delivers bad news
when he should be starting fires.

Light in your eyes
tells your side of the story.

BIRDWATCHIN'

White birds
against blackening
sky.

Not pretty
or bold but

kind of nice
in this hot

weather of lies
and advertisements.

I wonder if this
is who you are.

I wish I had
three wishes

one would be
to always have AC.

Are we birdwatching

in our fish suits?

The inside smell of new shoes
is important to me.

Was.
Was important to me.