

NOISE

This is rage.
And it's the sting of an angry wasp--
The lash of a grinning whip.
The progression of your tongue
Is the recession of my steps.
Dust.
Yes dear, it's collecting.

Smudge

I did my good deed...
For a favor.
I sent the color caps.
And for a while....
She flew.

I did something good....
For some pretty silver.
Gave him some Janish Mary
And for a while....
He flew.

I told a respectable lie
For a respectable story.
Bought them some drinks.
And for a while...
They flew.

I helped the season of winter.
For the right green (the right scene).
Glitteratti sniffed and sighed.
And for a while....
Glitterati flew.

Not sure on the morality scale
But trade for a blade.
Anyway, just one syringe.
And for a while....
One gangsta flew.

Something simple,
A few ill-perceived kindnesses,
And what the fuck behind bars.
Something is not right or fair....
Rope holds my neck
And I kicked the chair.
And for a while....
I flew.

Diamonds in My Glass

I

I see you staring at me--
That come hither look I adore.
My silent but outspoken companion
My dazzling bedazzling harasser.
Your fluidity is as alluring as firm, golden skin.
Turning, curving, luscious, lascivious.
Vastly mischievous.
Entwined and closer than lovers,
Sparkling, twisting, magic magnet.
White, red, amber, any opulence—
It's all sweet smashing brilliance.

I find you ever enchanting,
Ever enhancing.
But some covet the courtship.
Even slander your lordship.
Affection or Affliction?
Distraction or Addiction?
Nothing is fair at all.

It's really only liquid all it is.
I can turn my head—
Find another foe.
A tiny lie, I know.
Please stop staring at me.
Stop staring at me.
I'm scared of the moment our gazes will lock.

II

Morning comes I curse you,
Swear we two are over.
I stare at the sun and glance at other beauty.
And something solemn
That is not the bottom
Prompts more introspection.
Let's not drag this on—
Make it more perplexing.
Stop the but but but.
Keep the bottle shut.

III

Ah, regret.
Perhaps my words were harsh—
I've had more time to think.
The sun, what friend,
Has bid adieu and set.
The moon, so large and true
Has brought me back to you.

Forgive my hazy ravings.
Slight madness made me cross.
I'd forgotten your understanding,
Your patience and your constance.
Even failed to remember
Your spinning incandescence.

What was I thinking?
It's always you and I.
The music begins
And so do our sins--.
Let's have just one more kiss.

The Struggle to Crumble

We are made of glass,
No jest in this, you curse.
We are wretched and alone,
Carved and far from beautiful.
Bland and mere and licit,
We are the opposite of fashion--
The dotting side of passion.
We are transparent
And without voice,
Doomed to pity glances,
Broken, withered stances.
Amazing deeds done,
And excellent feats—
Bravado with glee,
Sexy, honest brio—
Erased, forgotten, unbelieved.
We once danced incredible,
Sought the moon and chased that sky.
We once caressed the devil,
Asked peril in for tea.
We embraced the hot, the thunder,
Tawdry trysts with violence and secrets.

*“Not quite true old friends (fetid freakish fools).
It’s us that’s made of glass.
Beauty cloaks all wisdom
Or hasn’t this been prattled?
Puts in fog any promised logic.
We are pretty skin,
Sultry nothing eyes--
An empty city lit well.
Your astute sideways glances,
Skeptic’s twitching mouths,
And brow-full nods
Is not well coded language.
Our events are rash,
Actions ego-riddled.
Careless, foolish, naïve this clan
(One day you’ll understand).*

*You rue, you rue, you rue--
Pray stop your assy chatter.
You’re old, it’s true, it’s true
But your dossier is fatter.”*

Sergeant Magenta

The soldier was not in a familiar arena,
And very darkness deep in someone else's,
Whip-like aware of dwindling defenses.
The indifferent heat would be his undoing--
Almost visible the tongue of steam.
He was itching in the undergrowth,
Twitching with the expect,
Capital Fear at what's next.
Bugs—festering, brilliant, myriad,
All fucking over him, and catastrophic loud,
Seemingly ignorant in this fetid shroud.
The various smashes of sound were unnerving.
If an enemy could be defined,
What was the enemy behind?
Alone he was alone he was alone.

He was sure in youth he knew despair.
Now derision at such nonsense etched him crookedly.
What was that despair?
The glee of heart-break?
Some inconsequential waif waving get lost?
Bitter, bitter this particular chocolate.

This used to be sticks! He shouted in silence.
We hid behind rocks!
It was Ollie "Speeder" Finch
And Tim the moron down the street,
And the soldier smiled as only a soldier can smile.
But here sticks were dirty mean, underhanded.
Wooden pieces waiting to betray—
Stop progression, snap as he ran.
Traitors all, he thought.

Yet another traitor snap and now the enemy fired.
A thud of pain found his back,
Grew aching fingers further up his spine.
The soldier paused while buckling.
Had he been shot—had he been gotten?
Messy confusion, regret, rotten.
The ground was kindly there
To catch his endless descent.
He was shuddering, shuddering.
Blood sputtering, sputtering.
Then he heard foot-falls, determined.
Someone was closing the deal.
Even now, clichés from another planet.
Knowledge seeping, seeping.
Mr. Black creeping, creeping.

His ender approached and up looked the soldier,
Ready for this moment of which he had dreamed,
For which he had bravely braced.
But this was not his reverie,
Did not belong to him.
The fiend who had sent the bullet was smiling.

The soldier had imagined righteousness—
A knowing recognition—
A meaningful glance exchanged between fighting men.
A solemn, but proud moment in death.
Bravura.
Glory.

Vicious, Vicious the foe he faced.
Sardonic, haughty, eager to witness one more.
He reached for anger but only got disgruntled.
So this was bloody it.
Valor and honor gone to shit.
What of beauty in this fading gray?
What of an angel at the end of his day?
Stupid smile on a stupider enemy who would remain unadvised of same.

Death was not unkind, just vilely disappointing.
He stared at his enemy while vaguely dying,
Duly noted the raised gun butt,
Understood the pristine intent.
A rather large Alas.
Maybe Tim was not the moron.