

A Window Upon Which to Lean

In this mediocre daily life it's
the simple release and the relief
of the heat.
Of the blade and the pain cutting deep.
My groin aches for the strain and the beat
of your heart pressed against me.
And then shame,
at having caused myself pain and drained
all the belief from my vast conscious mind
and the failure to find and make shine
all the workers who grind, day until night.
What do you seek in a sign?
I hope you find it and I hope you find peace
in the comfort and souls, if there are those with souls,
who, after a long day on the beat,
crawl into bed relieved and alone, not to touch another's
bones
or the bare flesh that groans.
How do they do it if they can't screw it?
But they say it all the time,
'cause let's face it, it's easier than caring.
To start a community is wearing
to them.
But they don't know when
or how
or if
or what
or where
to share everything they've made with their
bare hands on a hot summer's day.
Digging outside in the earth that was gray,
but now (!)
springs with life, that each day,
dulls the pain just a little.
The wearing and tearing on the brain is just an insane
dream that we dreamt once that told us it was okay,
to not give everything to our neighbor, to not strain against

anything or anyone; the hot sun,
the metal and steel and the groan of the engines
at the mill.
The machinery and labor strikes and unions that we created,
out of our lust for a better future, a better tomorrow
And now!
We only care what we dare.
When we bare our skin, it's in sin.
Or to make a point
to our pasty wives and doughy sons and uncaring sisters and
mothers and brothers.
The real meaning of life
is that which we create with our own minds!
we are those who broke free from confines
to find
the real beauty that takes the form
Of a gesture of power; a grand shower of something.
Not from the heavens but from down the street.
Let's meet, let's move feet, let's dance to the beat, and bang
on drums.
And when it's over, let's make something better.
It's the people's land, the people's hands
doing all the work, but it's yours as well,
and mine!
And it's you who made me think and define
Something which can't be divined,
To question all the thoughts in my own mind
To live and let die, to pine, to dine and yes, to wine.
With friends and family and lovers and uncles, not dads.
To think with hands.
And when I sit down finally,
exhausted from the finality and the totality of life,
the extreme anxiety of my day and my actions,
and all the factions that work to create this city of lights
that comes alive at night,
with free drinks and food and dance,
I smile to know,
that we're all purveyors of justice, of true humility
of the right and wrong things, but still we pray with our

minds,
and honestly pay homage to the honorable
and not the monetary or the monotony of the true sinner's
world.

The mindless drone who hasn't shown
an ounce of backbone or integrity
to his friends and family,
but to the dream of grass growing green,
and a window upon which to lean.

In A Tree

With your permission I will now:
retreat into the back of my mind
where words can't reach me
where tears can't drown me
where the dark will envelop me,
with all the tender-loving care of a mother,
and I will sleep.

Forever.

I will make this a place
where nature and humanity
can live in harmony, caring for each other.
Where giant trees and vines and things
will grow around me and protect me
from other human beings,
and I'll never have to see the sun again.

Never.

Because who decided that this is how things are?
That they must be this way or that?
That they can't be how you or I imagine them?
That I myself can't be the one to ensure
that my hopes and wishes become realized,
on a cold cold day in the countryside,
tomorrow.

Bitch

I have become what I most despise:
a dog.
I hate that which I cannot respect,
that which I thought did not respect itself.
But I was too harsh a judge.
Because we are one.

Because like a dog,
I will go home alone tonight, hungry.
Like a dog,
I will wait for you to love me.
I will nip at your heels
and holler at everyone who walks by,
in the streets where I lie.

I will walk like a dog, and bow my head,
lest I get beaten down by life.
I will beg like a dog,
and be thrust under the table to tear at scraps,
like a dog.
And when I see you again, I will get fucked like a dog.

I live in streets where water meets trash in my dreams,
and people sleep better than me.
And rats nip at my face in my sleep.
And I am nothing but a bum.
Scum of the earth, a mangy mutt.
A dog.

I am a basin of pure emotion, like a dog.
That you will draw from as you see fit.
I will be shoved from couches,
because you don't want to be licked.

You're too busy with work, with yourself.
But like a dog, I can't look at anyone else.
Because I'm a dog.

I'm your best friend.
I wine
and growl
and howl
and greet the day.
Even when life

kicks me in the face.

Don't You Dare

Don't you dare try that slut-shaming bullshit on me,
with your hand on my breast
and another up in my tree.
Don't you tell me who or what I'm to be.
I spent too many years walking around that track for free.
Yet you're here now, talking about my sexuality
as if I couldn't dare or possibly be
someone for whom the girls call on.
A mentor
A lover
A sexy motherfucker.
As if fucking mothers were bad.
Please, they deserve all the pleasure in the world.
And all the autonomy too.
Make that decision, boo.
It's all you.
Yeah, sometimes I wear fucking heels in public,
with my skirt hiked up so high you could rub it,
without my permission, if you wanted to.
But if you do, just be warned that it's your fault, not mine
or the simple reason that

my thigh highs do not define
all that exists within my mind.
A beautiful paradigm with not enough time
to be realized or celebrated for what she truly is inside.
Yet I don't wear that for you, or you, or the person
to whom all this is untrue..
The patriarchal dove, sending a peace branch
with little to no love
for a sister with the right to choose
who she screws, and in what kind of shoes.
You who have tried to pressure me
into watching porn, or dancing with three
different men and women in just one evening,
propose to tell me that I'm perpetuating?
A roman orgy, is that what you want, really?
Because I've spent my whole life
recovering from lonely.
I want the freedom to be.
Finally.
I'm angry now and so I'll resign
all my time,
the years I've spent down in the grime,
for this justice now,
for the chance to say whats really on my mind.
Stop hating on a sister when you're running out of time
for all the other things in the world.
Like boys and girls,
growing up amid the constant swirl
of gossip.
What is she doing on that cover in that getup?
How can she speak for any woman, let alone all?
And she can't, that's not that point.
That's not the point, at all.

Carlos

You remind my body
of things it has not yet felt,
like being naked on a summer day.
Your arms like branches,
ready to shield me
from the sun's harmful rays.

You remind me of a time when
I did not yet exist.
When the first grain of sand
had not yet fallen.
When the first words spilled
from your lips.

At night when the wolves howl,
hungry for something
they'll never find,
I crawl inside you, warm for awhile,
with my feet at your hearth
and my heart in your eyes.

The lonely summer passes
Like a slow train ride.
I can see you in the distance
against a purple sky,
with my melancholy moon hung
over your head like a crown.

So let me live in your arms
and pay rent to your soul.
In your knowing smile
my happiness is born again,
as I touch your laughing lips
on this warm autumn morning.