



POEMS AND UNRELATED
MUSINGS
OF
MARLIN BONITO PIKE
ANNOTATED

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Deep Doo Doo

A. W.

i sit at my desk with
a bran cracker covered
with a slice of
munster cheese but

it is friday before
memorial day weekend
pouring a deluge out
the window everyone gone

i will not work munch
my cracker numbly
staring unseeing at
the book shelf gainst
the wall slowly focusing

ANDREW WYETH somehow
fits the rain rattling
the window pane while
victor barks the thunder

pull down the book others
tumble after opening
AFTERNOON FLIGHT somehow
the leaden sky lights
WYETH just right and
i must take him to
the porch

SPRING BEAUTY joins
the storm windblown spray
reaches for the page
hugging book to chest
curse the drops that
steal the vision

come back inside to
COOLING SHED wondering
if WYETH always painted
in the rain
or snow

damn whats wrong with
my eyes how could he
see so much more
than me

aid fitting

analogue by choice
eschewing the digital
reverberations rock the
failed drum and new sounds
emerge unbidden to wonder
do I really want to hear
did I really miss
all this

And then I met a salesman

a salesman is an it that stinks (eec)

and then
I met a salesman
I always thought
a salesman was
the lowest form of life

and then
I met a clergyman
I always thought
a clergyman was
the lowest form of life

and then
I met a mortician
I always thought
a mortician was
the lowest form of life

and then
I met a lawyer

art ?

art begins with the separation
of a craft from its utility or

the excess of craft above
the need of simple usage

a cursive m requires craft
but a *spenserian m* is art

August 3, 1986

looking about him today
good dean swift would vow
surely his lilliputians
have become wondrous giants
and satire's decayed
to irony

rarer by far than a day in june
is the day that brings excitement

is there nothing wondrous left In the world
or do we no longer know how to tell it

discovering belching volcanoes on one of
the moons of jupiter occupies the same
space as the recipe for stroganoff
and is otherwise barely distinguishable

the same voice in the same manner
tells me of the earthquake in mexico
and the pothole on mulberry street

my nerve endings have been so
endlessly stimulated by continuous
overabundance of bombardment they
can only respond with
pedestrian acknowledgement

Because water on the kitchen floor enraged her
Bettie got a brand new refrigerator
 It was slick, shiny and DRY
 And thick, wide and high
But the damn freezer has to wait for later!

bible lesson

the black lady on the seat
 opposite me on the train
 reads from an ancient
 leather-bound bible her
 wrinkled hands matching
 the creased hide covers
 while here face serenely
 reflects calm and peaceful
 satisfaction with the text

lady, how can you allow
 yourself to be duped by
 a mythology designed to
 hold you subservient and
 crush your soul when it
 should be driving you to
 shed the yoke that keeps
 you hunched in bondage
 battle for your life and
 fight for your freedom
 wage war

five points station and
 the doors open and she
 stands up not over five
 feet tall and not over
 sixty pounds a
 mere old puckered
 Kevlar-bound skeleton
 of bone and sinew and
 steel nerve

sweet black lady embrace
 that found of solace and
 never let it go and
 keep that book open to
 every page of hope and
 comfort it affords you as
 long as your weak eyes
 enable you to witness
 The Word

DICHOTOMY

I am torn between two drives
That sunder my intentions
As if I live two separate lives
First there is the urge to do
Never mind what it might be
So long as it is followed through
But then I long to stop and think
Dormant so my mind can wander
As I into somnolent torpor sink
But ere I reach that blessed state
Lightning strikes and thunder roars
That time is fleeting and I am late
So never mind
I must go
Back to the grind

eighty-nine

life
must be distinguished
from living
life
is a condition
living
is a process
living
is a solution to
an array of problems
designed to meet
challenge
with utmost economy of
response
abetting survival by
freeing energy from
repetitive effort
to concentrate on
new threat and
novel stimuli

challenge ceasing or
final solutions resolved
living halts
dying ensues
life
may remain after
living
has died and
death
becomes a
semantic quibble

Fall

Three months past the summer solstice
Here now comes the autumnal equinox
Light diminished by encroaching mist
Each shortening day cheats our clocks
This should be no cause for alarm
Mother nature too must have her rest
Surely you will not come to any harm
While the Earth sleeps in slumber blest
While passing days brings Winter's blast
Must then give way to Spring's rebirth
And life fulfills its real destiny at last
And harmony embraces all the Earth.

fine rare collectable books
row on row in the dark
deep dark shelves
behind the brass rails
finest rareist most collectable
in the red stained cabinets
behind mullioned lights
at the back with
mahogany counterparts
on either side

laid back low profile
so subdued besides
the glaring shops
the bustling plaza
shrinking from sight
beneath the escalator

Flight 361

turning new Yorker pages
the chime sounds
engines roar alive
suddenly realize didn't hear
can't believe I unmoved
and we are squirting
down the runway
soon airborne
and im
turning new Yorker pages

Jupiter

jove

zeus

appollo

can you read newyorker

flight 636

all this frantic movement
is it really more efficient
than the passive waiting
of the flora

the calories
expended on this flight
does less than the least
bacterium to retard the
universal death

who on this flight
will outlast the redwoods
certain man measures his
superiority over these
because he alone seems
will finally destroy them

this is why he moves
why he flies
why he sails
why he motors
why he rockets
why he does anything
but stand still

because he multiplies
his destructiveness

hearing test

entering the qualmed world
of the newly unhearing you
begin to feel the isolation of
a soundless vacuum
submerged in a ghastly
tintinnabulation of
undecipherable
gibberish

herb tea drinker

was she dark or light- light
 maybe nordic i think her bike
 ten speed schwinn eyes
 blue grey green vaguely not
 black or brown unsnapping
 laughing hale riant whole
 radiating some eerie aura
 elusive provoking almost
 itching not wanting scratching
 more just touching to find the
 place what place many places

snowcapped cragged alpine mount
 carpet of close grasping moss
 struggling lichens down the scrub
 down the trees no path but
 up and mostly down and down
 thin air sweet pure too thin
 to suspend particulate down
 in leaps down in bounds down
 in giant seven league arcs to
 rise again and drop again

rolling surf on some atoll
 rushing to meet the palms
 foaming first to mark the reef
 crashing with mad abandon flooding
 the sand receding guiltily
 leaving behind a residue of
 lives and deaths that quickly
 dissolve between the grains
 draining to clean the slate
 for the next cataclysm

granite museum no paintings
 only murals on the walls
 tessellated tiles on the floor
 ceilings frescoed windows stained
 filled with light and music
 bach an organ played unseen
 every room another rank
 of myriad pipes

waterfall tumbling cascading
 from a gash cut in the line of
 trees capping the distant
 bluff reaching me in a swift
 stream at my feet gurgling
 treble counterpoint to the
 rumbling bass of the distant
 torrent offering cool respite
 from the forest sifted warmth

a secret room isolate
 an underwhelming silence
 a ubiquitous presence
 comprehension
 all her places are one place

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heritage

i could tell of the glory
of my forebears and boast
of the battles they won
and the lands they lost
and the battles they lost
for causes they won

i could brag of the fame
of my ancestors and prate
of the names they touched
and the romances they lived
and the dramas they played
for emperors long dead

i could sing hymns of praise
to my antecedents of yore
lives given for principle
lives sacrificed for love
patriots deeds daring for a fig
downed but never defeated

but I wont
it would only
emphasize my inferiority
and expose my insignificance

i could tell of the glory
of my forbears and boast
of the battle they won
and the lands they lost
and the battles they lost
for causes they won

i could brag of the fame
of my ancestors and prate
on the names they touched
and the romances they lived
and the dramas they played
for rulers long dead

i could sing hymns of praise
to the antecedents of yore
lives given up for principal freely given
lives sacrificed for love
deeds daring all for a fig
downed but never defeated

but I wont
it would only
emphasize my inferiority
and expose my
insignificance

Moebus

Images on the desert
 Are fleeting vagrant
 Imitations of pictures
 I paint of images
 on the desert.

This is the original poem from January 1, 1970. But the above was not the first transformation.

IMAGES ON THE DESERT
 ARE FLEETING VAGRANT
 UNCERTAIN IMITATIONS
 OF PICTURES I PAINT
 OF DESERT IMAGES
 AT FIRST, I'VE SEEN REAL
 SIGHTS THAT YOU CAN
 TASTE AND SMELL AND FEEL
 AND TASTE AND YOU RECALL SIGHTS
 AND THERE IS NOTHING THERE
 BUT YOU DON'T GET THEM

One version of the poem with the name *sahara*, looks like this:

images
 on the desert
 are vagrant
 uncertain imitations
 of pictures I paint
 of images
 on the
 desert

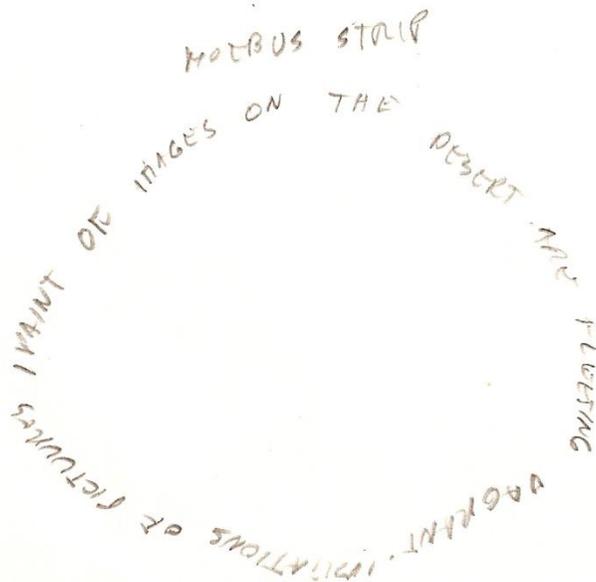
Another, dated July 25, 1995, titled *moebus curve*:

fleeting
vagrant
imitations
of
pictures
i
paint
of
images
i
see
on
the
desert
are

Yet another, called *moeibus strip*:

Images on the desert
Are fleeting vagrant
Imitations of pictures
I paint of
Images on the desert.

The following is arguably the most profound version:



Möbius strip

IMAGES ON THE DESERT ARE
FLEETING
VAGRANT. IMITATIONS OF PICTURES
I PAINT OF

movementshmovement

they asked my op-opt-opti
opinion of the movement and
i told them like ittizz just
like every other movement
down through the ages

whether it was
wobbilies or commies
whether it was
beatniks or hippies
whether it was
dada or impressionism
whether it was
rock or bach

like every other movement
the movement is the same

in and out

up and down

round about

man man man man man
there go my pimples

forever

my atheist religion

my entire and complete theology
there is only one sin
 to cause pain
there is only one commandement
 do no harm
my entire and complete theology

ode to a molar

thou art gone
i would rather
loose a finger than a tooth
but the tooth is gone
my fingers are all there
all there that is except
the supernumerary digits
removed in infancy
but the tooth is a piece of me
it leaves a void
formerly filled with pus
now pusless and painless
but empty
dentist said see periodontist
for synthetic bone
periodontist says pull it
too far gone
this is the first piece of me
to go not regarding hair
naught but a useless vanity
this a piece of me that counts
until it turned on me
or did i fail it first

i hold you wonderingly
still solid strong awesome
but one root browned where
bone failed to surround
allowing decadence
dissolution
failure
so i am mortal after all

now i wonder what
the tooth fairy will
bring

"Oh Wittens Are Kitty Alright"

Dogs they say are smart
 And cats are wise
 But only kittens are witty
 Or wittens are kitty
 Or -k

Now see the kitten
 with the ball of yarn
 (reused wool to be sure)
 Coyly but boyly clawhidden
 Softly and softly as down
 Back paw tenderly touched-
 Away rolls the yarn
 ball Rocket impelled
 Innocent meow
 What made the yarn roll so?

Next muzzle and nuzzle
 A soft furry cheek
 Purr full of compassion
 Tiger eyes but no tiger
 Forgive and forget
 O but what?
 But what to forgive and
 Never forget the touch
 Tender back paw wasn't it?

Now see the kitten
 Nose the woolen ball here
 Now there - a touch
 Now with the paw
 Now with the claw
 Metallic glint in the eye
 Tension at corners of mouth
 Inadvertent congruence
 Of yarn and fur
 And an end is loose

Now see the kitten
 Frenzy of passion
 Caution to the winds
 Crouching, pouncing
 Leaping, Cavorting
 Snapping, Snatching
 Until
 Unwound
 Tangled
 Mangled
 Useless
 A tatter of woolen shoddy

 Oh Wittens are kitty all right.

OUCH

many years ago i wrote
arms akimbo (neat trick)
feet firmly planted
teeth gritting slightly

Blind me
That I not see
Deafen me
That I not hear
Paralyze my senses
That I not feel...

memory of the pain
o the pain
but it really hurt
i could not comprehend
the pain o
the pain
better dead than hurt

i have discovered since
my nerves infinitely wise
far than me their secret
the ultimate response
in pleasure ultra barely
barely stops short of pain

mostly

our shields were garbage can tops
galvanized glistening in the sun
our weapons more complex
a rifle shaped length of board
cut with a sloping indentation
where the bolt should be
bullets rubber bands cut from
some senile inner tube rescued
from premature incineration
stretched from rifle end to
indent perhaps in multiples
for repeater action when
the thumb would gently nudge
the tightly strained loop to
suddenly release the pent up
newly transformed missile
flying toward the alien enemy
caught with shield his property
otherwise touched mortally
wounded

we took no prisoners
some genius found a knotted
band shortened increased its
range and power some other
the pistol with real trigger
foot-long stick with handle
at the end against which
a small piece was firmly held
by bands stretched end to end
the bullet stretched from end
over the top and held between
the handle and the trigger piece
when squeezed released and
sometimes released without
squeeze and much chagrin
we fought we did not play
with deathly interest shifting
roles interchanging parts
without pause or loss of
intensity

we knew what was at stake

why can't the men in the pentagon
why can't the men in the kremlin
why can't men everywhere be
as serious as we were then

plate 102

inputting
purchase and receive
plate 102
accompanying official records
union and confederate
1861-1865

plate 102
munfordville ky 1863
near the bottom
one inch red line
two inches from
one inch blue line
between them
long black line
crosshatched with ties
the 1 & n railroad
and a minor note
battle of dec 17 1861

red line was
the texas rangers
under col terry

blue line was
32nd Indiana
under col willich

not to worry or regret
only lines on a map

progress usa

where once there was community
now there are special interests
where once there was kindness
now there is compassion
(compassion is something you feel
kindness is something you do)
where once there was responsibility
now there is freedom from guilt
where once there were statesmen
now there are only politicians
where once there was confidence
now there is abject uncertainty
where once there was law
now there is usurped license
where once there was justice
now there is anarchy
where once there was a nation
now there is a shadow

Psalm CLI

Render me not tranquil, O My Lord.
Save Thy peace of mind for beggared
clerics. Leave only the Seventh
Day repose upon six days anguished
turbulent creation.

Favor me with troubles, O My Lord,
and grant me only strength with which
to give them battle. Give me sleepless
nights and wracking days, that I may
know I live; serenity is an attribute
of Death.

The infinite Universe seeks repose
from Thy force which brought it into
being, leaving life entrusted with
Thy will.

Whet the edges of my nerves, O My Lord,
that I may know the fleeting quantum,
and hold it for Thy greater glory.

Thus will I fulfill the prophets,
and remain Thy Token, when Thy Universe
has passed.

Reason

Why should I allow the evangelist
 The priest, the rabbi, the Imam or
 Minister the luxury of passion while
 I cool and temperate in moderation
 Would think that I could overcome

I will become angry and
 I will speak in tongues of the good
 That is the good for the sake of good
 Not to seek reward nor please a God
 Nor evade some punishment

Man is naught but an animal
 Endowed with reason and power
 That makes Him free because it
 Restrains Him from acts of
 Self destruction.

I will curse your lies of ignorance
 And challenge you to think
 And dare to name the ignorance
 That corrupts the power of reason
 That could make you free

I can no longer remain silent and
 Respectful and tolerant of evil
 When it takes the virulent form
 Of piety and subservience to
 Any autocratic form of religion
 I say you are the deadly bane of
 Man that holds Life in bondage
 To the imagined horrors of some
 Future that I will challenge with
 Even greater intensity than yours

I will fight your imposition openly
 No longer will I cringe out of respect
 For unreason robed in the apparel of
 Any High Priest of superstition or
 Demagogue of Theocracy

senility

I am one half over 81, so
Whenever I think of
Bush, Cheney, Ashcroft and Rumsfeld
along with Blair
I somehow am reminded of
Hitler, Goering, Goebel and Himmler
along with Mussolini
Of course
There really is no comparison
is there
Charge it to incipient senility

So you do not like your floor,
Eh, Cynthia; the brown offends
The delicacy of your chromatic
Sensibilities. The unimaginative
Repetition of simple squares
Conflicts with the spontaneous
Unplanned, unthinking randomness
Of your esthetic philosophy. So,
you, Cynthia.

Song on discovering impediment

Things don't always work out
They say don't give up now
That's not what its all about

I just don't know how
To decide
What am I gonna do now?
Everything was set and OK I
was ready to take my bow
But my feet turned into clay
What am I gonna do now?
I've got to decide
What am I gonna do now

tangerine

peeling my tangerine i wondered
was i doing the tangerine's thing
spreading its seed in my feces or
was the tangerine doing my thing
aiding my metabolism or was this
some inadvertent symbiosis
between flora and fauna though
the real mystery is how came
this tangerine to be in hand
far distant from any tropic tree

far distant from where i peel
a tangerine tree was planted
or perhaps grew wild alone
in an intended citrus orchid
where my tangerine ripened
willed by some spec option
to be delivered to a packer
who crated mine with others
loaded on the truck or plane
shipped to the wholesaler who
resold to the chain retailer who
displayed my tangerine with
a plastic bag of others on
the counter where I first
laid eyes upon my tangerine

oblivious to all this i indulge
my senses in the sweet sour sour
sweet arousal of
my tangerine

The gentle breeze sighs
O how the time flies

The old barn owl cries
O how the time flies

What was so long ago
Now seems like yesterday
What used to be so slow
Now rushes on its way
O how the time flies

That was the real prize
O how the time flies

Theology

seeking divinity is much
like fishing or gambling
we seek the biggest fish
or the royal flush or
divine singularity the
ultimate improbability

antithesis of chaos
the improbable fascinates
mesmerizes us as no other
condition can begin as
the bizarre and the outré
holds us entranced

a water glass is the most
improbable collection of
silicon in the universe
created by improbable man
who would conceive a god
improbable enough to
create a man

threshold

the hardest part of growing old

that is old enough
to forget
the intensities experienced in
youth

is keeping your mouth shut
as you watch youth about you
in the ecstasies and agonies
you thought you forgot

but all you forgot were
the intensities

the jnd no longer discernable isolate
from the manic-depressive
torpidity masquerades as wisdom

keeping your mouth shut is
the hardest part of growing old

To Michael Sachs at FIFTY

Here then Michael Sachs
Is a concoction that lacks
Nothing you will need
To keep the bending reed
From failing in its need!

Know then in that ancient day
When Chinese warlords old and gray
Had concubines unnumbered
They hardly ever slumbered,
But spent their nights
In endless flights
To unbelievable erotic heights

Now the Age of Wisdom you achieve
Are too finally fit to receive
The secret of those ancient rulers
A dram of poria
a gram of ginseng
Turns babbling seniles
Into infant droolers.

So Michael Sachs
Here's LONG LIFE for you
And here's LONG LIFE to you
For all your days
LONG MAY YOU RAISE!

the wild duck

half stoic
 half puritan
 half indian
 man of too many
 parts to be mere
 mortal
 his olympus
 bestrode the
 southern line
 hurling train
 orders
 for lightning bolts
 while slipping drivers
 thundered
 on the mountain grades
 echoing in the heaving
 cumberlands

 his words cut
 not formed
 hewn from
 cold granite
 confiding
 admitting
 maybe better if
 maybe best if
 maybe better for
 all if cut different

 child could adore
 worship
 not love that
 kind of
 colossus
 adoring grow to face
 immortals mortal sin
 earthquakes quavers
 puny volcanos eruption
 effete hurricanes
 winds impotent besides
 sons confronting
 father in the shame of
 impossible love and
 certain hate
 unbridgeable chasm
 between parent and child

 reach across with

a pinstriped pleated
 engineers cap
 leap over
 on the backs of dogs
 float over
 in a beer barrel
 it cannot be done
 no trestle tunnel cantilever
 girder Or suspension can
 bridge the gap or
 leap the barrier

 tie me
 bind me
 to the tracks
 let the northbound 44
 tear me
 rip me to shreds
 so you will know
 i will prove it to you

 damn
 this kid of mine is a
 strange one

fit

what greater incongruity
then that of life and living
seeking to find harmony
between your pretensions
and accomplishments
between your appetite
and capacity
between your art
and talent
between your curiosity
and perception
between your predictions
and experience
between life
and living

Deep Love

5 x 6 put on

You would have love certain
When your will all subordinate
Knows no need but the need
That is your lover's need
No matter what your own

Some truth perhaps in this
But seeming sterile for all that
What market sets the price
, By which you value and compare
These commodities of sacrifice?

And when two equal martyrs
Meet in passionate embrace
Neither willing to perform
The grace of acceptance
How resolve the impasse?

Gracious and loving taking
Is sometimes more loving
Than loving and gracious giving
We all know how to give
How many know how take?

I would say love's certain
When you and I alone
Know something of you and I
No one else has ever seen
No one else can comprehend

In this unique perception
You and I become something
Above and beyond reality and
The certainty of love becomes
A function of improbability.

Bettie at 80

across from where i sit there is a photo of Bettie
at seven or eighteen as
pretty as a picture
as it is said

on my left where i sit
there is a real-life Bettie
at just precisely eighty
no longer merely as
pretty as the picture
as it is said

instead now beautiful
as wine that can only reach transcendence with age
at just precisely eighty
prettier than the picture
as it is said

brunhilde i
one foot in Valhalla
other toy the Himalayas
all earth between my thighs
cool moon pressed to my breast
my ecstasy comets in
sun-stroked orbits
returns falling into oceans
with thunderous hissings
I need other spaces
my galaxy is too small

conversation

mind in mind we talk

down

a

space

time

warp

with thoughts intertwined

like lovers' fingers

countdown

there now she stands in the gloaming
her shape boasting of her coming doing
as i think of the ages in her making
the eons passed before she first became
as much as any mans fantastic dream
and tonight she will carry me alone
thru the blackness of space to the moon

cowardice (September 15,2004)

my wife and i agree that we
 will pull the plug when our opposite reaches the point
 that respect for life requires
 suddenly the push
 comes to a shove
 after fifteen years of love
 and comradeship and care
 our american eskimo now
 nearly blind and deaf and riddled with arthritis and
 unable to perform his
 ordinary functions
 we passed the buck to
 doctor ruth and
 let her do it

cowardice (March 21, 2005)

doctor ruth didn't do it
 instead doctor ruth did
 a miracle and brought
 nicky back to life
 albeit still nearly
 blind and deaf and
 still arthritic
 raising the question
 of pulling the plug
 face to face today
 in the supreme court
 we passed the buck to
 washington and
 let them do it

cowardice (April 4, 2005)

three days ago
 nicky collapsed as before doctor ruth agreed to
 one more miracle that
 couldn't come to pass
 he tried to smile when
 we came to say goodbye
 and let the phenobarbital
 subdue his agonizing pain
 he truly lived a dog's life
 of never failing nobility
 and we bravely
 pulled the plug

DICTIONARY

How odd

That I should take

Any random word

Regardless

Of sense or meaning

Follow with its

Opposite

And HY-PHEN-ATE you

With precision

don't muss my mind

saltsurf sweet

fishdead stench

shoreunbeat sunk

springsplashed wall

windwindowed hair

fingernailed nipple

firebed siren

here to ear to

crease to

lip to

remembinking

hair in eyes

musses my mind

please don't.

honeywine in navel

muss my mind

Eye of the Beholder

when you cast off my cloak of love
I saw you coatless as before
And found you only passing fair
The wondrous beauty seen before
Simply was no longer there

I thought deceitful one I was
To flatter thus an honest maid
When glancing at the garment shed
In the mud where you it laid
I knew that beauty yet not dead

12/4/69



FRIENDS

a month and some days after sixty-five
surrounded by fifty friends and relatives
prompted me to contemplate again
the mystery of friendship

very young my first presumption was
a friend is someone you can call upon to
devote to you whatever they possess

till older still modified that dictum
to a friend is someone can call on me
to give to them whatever i possess

and later yet friend was one who shared my
dreams and aspirations
likes and dislikes
joined my fantasies
always faithful to my self-idealization
(married her)

all above is part of friendship but my
real friends are those who see

i am a structure Of
my lifetimes cumulative experience
erected on a foundation of genetic block
unique to me alone

without friends I would be a
prisoner in my own jail
vision limited to the view
from my own barred windows

a friend is one who opens
his experiences and genesis to me
whose value in broadening
my perspective is a function
of the differences between us

four eyes and four ears and
twenty fingers and two brains
and four nostrils and two palates multiply
and intensify my perceptions

I say the movie was great
you say the movie was flawed
i guess maybe i missed something

i thought the meal was over-spiced you
opined it had unusual tang
i find myself sucking at my teeth

i raised and reraised and went low
you said i should have called and swung
i '11 switch and do it wrong next time too

i said the pianist was frigid cold
you heard marvelous precision of touch
i'll listen for the rebroadcast

whatever political scientific artistic
gastronomic economic financial et al
a friends unique and individual context
multiplies my possibilities to any extent
i care to choose

thats what friends are for

funeral

i have laid you to rest, my beloved
i wait the peace i know will come
my tortured confusion is done
watching you slowly wasting away
helplessly seeing life ebb from grasp

hopes end is better than hopes despair
now i can remember without pain
desires impossible are some bearable
desire frustrated cannot be withstood

now you are gone, dead and lost to me
the funeral guests depart, their duty done
alone i stand at your grave content
i do not understand
perhaps i died

GULF

Still new to each other
your hand to lead you
jetty cross the dunes
sand tug at your feet
must help you
floating
least pressure near
or far
sand and wind scared
of you
as I
new bronze light
in the pass
on the rock
smoked fish

Haiku

mind in mind we talk
with our thoughts intertwining
like lovers fingers

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO BETTIE AT SEVENTY FIVE

in 1939 she was fourteen and wearing
 a red tartan plaid skirt, white blouse
 bobby sox and penny loafers
 as I came out the door she
 insolently twirled to
 give me her back to study
 which i did with the thought
 more a premonition that
 this is the girl i'm going to marry
 though i didn't see her again

until two years later when
 our parents playing cards below
 sent her up to say hello to me
 which she did as I was
 trying to find a record from
 my classical collection
 seeing which she asked
 if i had Scheherazade
 to which I replied
 my dear young lady i
 have no popular music
 married me anyway

 what did she do those years
 four pregnancies and births
 with some contretemps like
 tenderly buying sweet corn
 at twenty five cents each
 to assuage my known craving
 while just beginning
 and still living on credit
 furiously raved after
 the revolution we'll all
 have strawberries in the winter
 at which she delicately
 picked up the sweet corn and
 wordlessly dropped them
 in the garbage and then

total thyroidectomy and
 almost total parathyroidectomy
 total knee replacement and
 almost total calcium toxicity

 meanwhile
 she developed all the techniques
 to run manufacturing businesses
 to run distributing businesses
 to run retail businesses
 to teach high school classes
 to consult in nutrition
 while raising four children
 while cooking for guests
 while overseeing books and
 taking monthly trial balances

 then later
 to teach special education
 then adult education classes
 and multifarious volunteering
 and through it all

professionally dealing with
 the devoted basket case she
 wed just not once but
 adding insult to injury
 married thrice

with that kind of stamina
 she will live to be a hundred
 at least, so

Many Happy And Healthy
 Returns Of The Day!

Hymn To My Bitch Goddess

I

Prostrate before thee I offer
My thanks for the dust thy heel
Has sanctified for my adoration

Beloved art thou
Forever

II

No cross but a wall
Infinite high and terrible wide
I nail and crucify and drive
Thee stiff and ever unscreaming
The silence of thy anguish
More horrible than any sound

Beloved art thou
Forever

III

Thou hast drawn and drained
My sustenance and sucked the marrow
From my bones and robbed me
Of substance and pillaged my soul

Beloved beloved art thou
Forever

IV

Thou hast filled me full
Fulfilled thou hast me
And I know no surfeit
Abundance and plenty
Thou hast meted me
Thou rendereth me replete
With glory past understanding

Beloved art thou
Forever and forever

V

And I howl into the night
For the touch of thy touch
Like a mad dog howling
For the moon he cannot reach
I worship at thy temple
Filled with emptiness
And curse thy beauty
And curse thy boast
And curse thy fullness
And curse thy glory
And curse thy power
And curse thy love
And curse my love

Forever

VI

Prostrate before thee I offer
My thanks for the dust thy heel
Has sanctified for my adoration

Beloved art thou
Forever

amen

I always thought of flying
as an upward surging
powered with fervent elation
evading the fetters
that bound me to earth

tonight I only felt you
being pulled away

I cannot reach for you
but reach for me and
my arms will embrace
I cannot talk to you
but talk to me and
my voice will sing
I cannot love with you
but love with me and
my heart will soar
my only strength is
in your need for me

I Kid You Not

I pretend you don't exist
that I've never even known you
a little nervous twitch combined '
with a little mental twist
and its very very easy to do

I simply eliminate the earth
take away the air and sky
off all the flowers and trees
and then for what its worth
evaporate the oceans dry

thus when all is said and done
I expect that I will find
along with all the rest
maybe you'll be gone
out of sight and out of mind

this should get you out from neath
the dermal casing I inhabit
however if this doesn't work
I'll see you round April fifteenth
imitating an old horny rabbit

I love you, kid, but -

I have had choices to make
alternatives to pursue
pursued
but never choose
to disobey the dictate
of that tyrannical power
defying delineation

It is hard to exorcise
the memory of the cave
or is it the desert
or is it the sea
or whatever
it sticks in the craw
of my recollection
disordering the sequence
of my syllogism
betraying the logic
of my reason

The centripetal force
of the tribal fundament
astringent as alum
purses the elements of
mate and parent and child
interring me in a cup
of concrete formlessness
adamant as entropy's
single-minded increase

I shall paint a portrait of you
As beautiful as you are to me
They will come from afar
To look and whisper one another
He must be must be be bewitched
No mortal woman ever lived
That looked like that

Indian Summer

More than once I've seen
The end of autumn mark
A forbid touch of sudden Frost
upon the morning sod
And know that winter's nigh
And then the Gods
Forgetting seasons tended way
Relent and days of balm
And gentle warmth press soft
'gainst winters' advent

Pity
The tree that sprouts
The flower that buds
At this unseasoned 'tunity
The frigid hand is
Paused—not stayed—
The ordered rest disturbed
No quickened thing shall see
The winter's end.

Inverse

hey lady
those mountains we climbed
and those holes we dug
that fire on the mountain
that stream of lava deep
deep down at the bottom
hey lady we never swam the ocean
we never soared the sky
we never started for the moon
hey lady
the heat scorched us before
we ever had a chance at
the cool

jennie 89

life
must be distinguished from living

life
is a condition

living
is a process

living
is a solution to
an array of problems
designed to meet
challenge
with utmost economy of
response
abetting survival by
freeing energy from
repetitive effort
to concentrate on
new threat and
novel stimuli

challenge ceasing or
final solutions resolved
living halts
dying ensues

life
may remain after
living
has died and
death
becomes a
semantic quibble

FOR MY MOTHER AT 89
SHE PASSED AWAY AT 92
I WAS 60

JS 73

pixilated imp jester born
tiny shining bells hang
from every motley point
tinkling silver when you talk
do not conceal the arrow
gainst the bowstring taut
in pained tensive anguish
that twangs it humming
to cruelly snuff
the twinkle
out

K

you walked away
sat on the grass
wrapped your arms
round your knees
buried your head
gainst your legs

silently telling me
how much you love her

Lil 4-1-93 - 8-25-75

remebering childward
 metal lady babushka-clad
 red apple cheeks
 painted ruby lips
 peasant dress and aprons
 back-keyed and bottom wheeled
 klept waltzing matilda
 her real name was
 marx co. pat. pend.

how she would dance
 how she would spin
 bow she would waltz
 until she ran down
 comique
 trajique
 pathetique

then omnipotent I
 wind her up and
 how she would dance
 how she would spin
 how she would waltz
 matilda

willy-nilly-lilly
 red apple cheeks
 painted ruby lips
 snapping eyes and
 snapping fingers
 keyless

how she would dance
 how she would spin
 how she would waltz
 until she ran down
 comique
 trajique
 pathetique

then omnipotent I
 keyless

willy-nilly-lilly
 unwound forever

how she does dance
 how she does spin
 how she does waltz
 with matilda

Love in Bloom

i have had many choices to make
alternatives to pursue
pursued
but never choose
to disobey the dictate
of that tyrannical power
defying delineation

it is hard to exorcise
the memory of the cave
or is it the desert
or is it the sea
or whatever

it sticks in the craw
of my recollection
disordering the sequence
of my syllogism
betraying the logic
of my reason

the centripetal force
of the tribal fundament
astringent as alum
purses the elements of
mate and parent and child
interring me in a clod
of concrete formlessness
adamant as entropy's
single-minded increase

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 See them wrenched from careless hold
 Before we learn to count the time?

Whether passions span galactal entropy, or
 Split second half lives of new-born new-gone
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 The finite bonds of first to last event.

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 Who take for granted the bond of mind to mind,
 Body to body, soul to soul?
 What fraction gone by unclasped, lying dead,
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 Spent, useless, unrecoverable?

My fearsome dream is past, yet again
 Would I live such torture through, that
 Each fleeting second a hymn to you
 Should sing aloud; each minute now
 A symphony of praise; the hours have
 Taught of universe and suns far-flung;
 The days encompass all of history past
 And yet to come; the years are all of you
 That I may dare to take, and 1 of me
 That I have power to give.

Ho electron speeding in its orb
 Invisible within the unseen cell
 A part of me, shall e'er complete
 Its round, but we shall grasp the interval
 And hold it close forever.

My love complains to always wonder
thoughtlessly failing to stop to ponder
our wedded bliss
depends on this
absence makes the heart grow fonder

NOTE TO R

You said you would tell me when.
What should I do 'til then?
Hold my breath?
Contemplate death?
Or maybe start counting to ten.

I'm still waiting, still waiting...
It's really getting aggravating!
This is no joke -
You're blowing smoke -
And it's outright exasperating!

Dig! You're finally starting to come through.
I'm beginning to understand what to do.
The message you send
Is "Get lost, my friend!",
So I'm no longer waiting for you.

unless

O. D. E to E.R.A.

man is nothing but
 a closed-up woman
 contrived to randomize
 the genes childlike
 he will not respond
 without infantile
 inducement the species
 must be preserved

do not forget how
 evoke the sperm
 lest your victory
 end in hollow
 mockery

i deeply care about the fight
 you wage to prove your person
 honor the genderless you
 because you are you
 not she or
 mehim

i also deeply care about
 the velvet touch of skin
 silk caress of your lips
 pouting thrust of your breast
 scintillating thigh between
 bikini edge and stocking top
 give of flesh beneath the
 bite of shoulder strap and
 all the other uniquely

female things about you
 our materialistic culture
 has crucified with exploitation
 you have sworn to destroy

don't you see lady
 you're playing their game
 they call the tune and
 you dance the dance of
 counter-exploitation

i then become the victim
 legs shapelessly trousered
 the promise of your breasts
 hidden in a bulky sweater
 lumber-jack boots vainly
 trying to erase the sinuous
 in every move you make

i know the bra is designed
 to exploit the female breast
 but that is just what imbues
 that bra with the mystique
 i value so highly because
 it is yours alone

so take
 all that is shely
 all that is herly
 all that is girly
 all that is womanly
 and with it gild the altar
 to excite and
 thrill and
 titillate

secure in the conviction
 the object of my adoration
 is the scroll in the ark
 though my head swims at
 the glory of the hangings

ODE TO WHEELS

I am tired of watching
You coming and going
And huffing and blowing
As you lug your suitcase
From pillar to post

So we found a solution
To relieve the strain
This makes on my brain
By presenting you this Gizmo
On your birthday

So make many journeys
In the best of health
With many good cheers
Since wearing this out
Will take many years

We look forward then, to

**MANY HAPPY RETURNS and
MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY!**

Old Math

I am a multidimensioned matrix
of unrepeated primes

so

my every intersection is
unique and unequatable

what I want for lunch or
whom I want for president
is indistinguishable from
reaching for a cup of tea
or (should be) touching you

any product of unduplicated primes
can be factored in only one way
no indeterminism

no subjectivity

no ambivalence

no evaluation

no opinion

however

intersections containing composites
could be factored as ambiguously as
the structure of the number permits

so

sometimes spaces show
between the primes and
(touching you)
products containing composites
from time to time
get hung up and
in consequence

so do I

readin and ritin

why you
because you are an old book
whose every page ive seen many times
even to knowing your creases and tears
i can open you anytime anywhere
and find familiar words and comfort
and still something new ive overlooked
or failed to comprehend all these years

why you
because you are a blank page
upon which i can write and draw
to suit my seeking fancy
i can sketch and erase and sketch again
using pencil and charcoal for the time
until i ink you in
and print your colors permanently

why you and you
because i like to read
and i like to write

recessional

o yes you were born
with all the egg cells in
the clusters in your o's

you were born with all
the spacetime warps
in your life cluster

presume to pluck
the fruited flowers
from your world line

not unthinkingly

my sperm are numbered
my events finite too
but turbulence

mocks statistics

nonetheless behooves
you discriminately
discretely
determinately
decide how best bestow

each rare precious dear
division euclidian
or einsteinian or

can the crap
lets watch dragnet

recognoscere

I recognized you immediately
but I wasn't quite sure
who you really were
but I knew i
knew you once
intimately

were you
my mother
my queen
my daughter
my slave
my lover
my wife
my whore
my nurse
my friend
my mistress
my sister

I remember
you were the little girl
lived down the street
my mother said i
couldn't play with

I asked why
she said because

and now here you are

retreat

the priests in long ancient robes
watched me warily into the temple
unbidden instructed me in vision
taught me the rituals of worship
the sacred mysteries of adoration

when diana fell on bended knee
their vestments decayed and crumbled
naked they rotted before my eyes
their very skeletons dust on dust

i fled the sanctuary ghostridden

s g t

if i had just some remnant of god
i could sob and curse and revile laugh
at the insanity of mad dog job
syllogise a new rejection of faith and
prove again what i already know

enroute with the sun to outer reaches
cindy took a side trip to school and
her spacetime continuum intersecting
some entropyincreasing world line
lays dying-dead in san francisco

Saint Valentine “Epiphany” (1/2/09)

February 14, 2009

An atheist no more
I have found my God whom
I love and worship and adore
While She sits next to me
Oblivious of or to* Her divinity

mel of Bemel**

*The Webster says either “of” or “to” is acceptable.

**Bottom Line cites Dark Chocolate as especially beneficial to heart conditions.

sated

well its been long enough
even the most fantastic
even the most unbelievable
even the most wonderful
would lose its tang
 in infinity
so lets draw it to a close
 had enough
any more would be surfeit
in short knock it off
forget it
 let it go
unless i can change your mind

song of song of song of

a lock a tress
flashing
panther gainst
alabaster cliff
thin burning brands
guarding wine
honey under tongue
holygrailed
milkbrimming navel
neath twin
albino mares rampant
some elysian meadow
demilo's lost arms
down look down
down
down
down
on god down
on heavens down
on all
down
look down

tempus fidget

the earth spins
on each rotation
bringing closer
revolves around
the sun each
revolution bringing
nearer rushing
thru space each
ponderous second
merging into
awesome minutes
becoming
terrifying hours
and you say no

somewhere
in the absolute
infinite beginning
that first event occurred
against impossible odds
was followed by
that totally unique
improbability that
placed electrons and
nuclei in all those
positions where I
were I
I God
would place them
and you say no

the wild duck

half stoic

 half puritan

 half indian

man of too many parts

to be mere mortal

his olympus bestrode

the southern line

hurling train orders

for lightning bolts while

slipping drivers thundered

on the mountain grades

echoing in the heaving

cumberlands

his word cut

not formed hewn

from cold granite

confiding

 admitting

maybe better if

 maybe best if

 maybe better for all if

carved different

child could adore

 worship

not love that

kind of colossus

adoring grow to face

immortal's mortal sin

earthquake's quavers puny

volcano's eruption effete

hurricane's wind impotent

beside son's confronting

father in the shame of

impossible love and

possible hate

unbridgeable chasm

between father and son

no trestle tunnel

cantilever

girder Dr suspension can

span the gap or

leap the barrier

 it cannot be done

reach across

with a pinstriped pleated

engineer's cap

leap over

on the backs of dogs

float over

on a beer barrel

tie me bind me

to the tracks

let the southbound 44

tear me

rip me to shreds

so you will know

i will prove it to you

damn

this kid of mine

is a strange one

There once was a sad lady who said
I am ruing the day I was wed
I am ready to balk
My husband won't talk
Unless I'm trying to read in bed.

Thyroidectomy

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 That I may dare to take, and all of me
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No electron speeding in its orb
 Invisible within the unseen cell
 A part of me, shall e'er complete
 Its round, but we shall grasp the interval
 And hold it close forever.

tic-tac-toe

some turgid palpable ether
fills the space between us
derisively mocking our
separation

your least demisemiquaver
transforms into massive
compression presses me
amplified infinitely by
this mysterious medium

it seems easier to touch
close in just one place
than be enveloped in your
allness

touch
and dissolve the miasma

that same thickness
pounding your distant
pulse against mine
is impenetrable
cannot force my way
through the gel
nor will try

instinctively realize
getting through
drawing close

contiguosity
will alter
surface to volume ratios

would be crushed by
inelastic
unrelenting
pressures

vacuum

goddam but you dug
one helluva hole
excavation bestriding
the universe lost
in one little corner
all in the pit of my gut

now baby now
fillitup

well it's been long enough
even the most fantastic
even the most unbelievable
even the most wonderful
would lose its tang
 in infinity
so let's draw it to a close
 had enough
any more would be surfeit
in short, knock it off
forget it
 let it go
unless I can change your mind

What's it like to kiss you?

Its like the hot September day
 I fished the swelt'ring backwater
 Hot hot as only a September day
 July burns you to the hurt
 August sears your skin to scar
 Only the September sun
 Warms you from the inside out

Its like the thirst I felt at noon
 Waterless on the wet parched lake
 With the fishing too good to stop
 The surface unruffled except
 Where I disturbed it. No breeze
 Flecked the shore
 Or touched my throat

Its like the forest small life
 Making sounds in the wilderness
 When everything but me seems dead

Its like the thirst I felt at noon
 In the September sun as I never
 Thirsted in July, and I couldn't stop

But most its like the muscatine
 Found when my lure hung at the point
 Big purple plump rich red grapes
 Pleading to be plundered and
 Soliciting rape in wanton flagrant
 Shameless pandering to my thirst
 Angering me with meretricious plenty
 To flay the vine to scatter all
 For just a moment—then instead
 Carefully selected a single grape
 And placed it in, or rather
 Enveloped it with my mouth
 Gently surrounded it with
 My thirst

its like the burst and filling
 with a moment indescribable
 as the hot sweet seeded juice
 embraced my thirst

Its like orgasm with the September sun.

widow

sireless mother of
numberless children
mourn the womb ript
from my innards in
living monuments of
squalling flesh and
red wet hot life blood

husbandless wife of
family circles so
mourn the mate ript
from my beside in
fleeting mementoes of
searing lips and
red wet hot life blood

the anger that burns
like a torch inside me
the injustice and
the fierce raw terror
the harsh loneliness
nourish the flow of
red wet hot life blood

Deep Science

blowup

reality began
as a statistical expression
the very narrow peak of the
normal distribution curve
dissidence could remain
but not too far not
distant from the top

eschew the scatter
or pay the price

in former times the peak
was built by slow and
plodding accretion
support painfully drawn
by mouth to mouth and
reinforcement localized
by immobility

not now

media with capacity to
simultaneously reach more
enough to chart a peak
higher

narrower
more statistically defensible
creates a new reality
free of the plural base

now meaning flows from
the point to the base of the
pyramid

forty million frenchmen
could be wrong but not
if they are all watching
the same television show

cold fusion in atlanta

you jokers of salt lake city
heed our unpublished abstract

every nation in the world
has sent us particles that
fill our clear glass crucible
so you may look within

they possess endless charm
and diverse color and spins
of infinite dimensions but
all pointing up

we measure their input in
soules
instead of
joules

they have drunk the heavy
heavy heavy water of the
chatahoochee and emit
a million times the energy
spewed over twenty counties

other retorts have exploded
scattering toxins through
the streets unrepentant.

the collisions are required
to maintain fusion but
critical mass always threatens

our reactions are controlled
we reverse entropy

Ed Lett
6/24/93
Ed Lett revised

cosmos

copernicus notwithstanding
man devises catholic centers
about which his ideas revolve
his tiny corner displaying
increasing entropy he presumes
an expanding universe

should increasing probability

be more or less probable
than decreasing probability

between absolute zero and
the limiting speed of light
is a never ending flux
a model for all time

the interval between events
is marked by radiations flow
the increased randomness
we call the later and
arrow time accordingly

as motion death approaches
radiation slows and halts
nucleic fluid gathers
pressed in upon itself
 entropy reverses
 a black hole

light trapped
in the field of force
drawn in and converted
back to mass and we
in arrogant conceit
dub it anomaly

some critical mass
 is passed
entropy again reverses
a new universe (our style)
 is born

DDT

dare i show you drafting and
teach you geometrys rigidity

will the finely compassed circle
perfect in its sterile symmetry
the straight ruled line awful
in its unrelenting consistency

destroy forever the unfettered
free unrepeatable thrust of
 your untooled sketches
 the fanciful
unreal unregulated asymmetries
of your lightly penciled drawings

are the truths i have to prove
more valuable than mythologies
you already possess that need
 no proof
 their validity
is never in question

what eifel towers of steel
and nuts and bolts and vanity
compete with the least sculpture
of the parthenon long remembered
only in the dust that powders
 the ruin

might not my scientific exactitudes
be greater follies far than
 your approximations
since i must clothe them in
masquerades of syllogism

is the precision of my science
really only the coarseness of my
 perception
that gives the illusion of
 perfection

decisions

alas
the smooth gliding action
of my graceful movements
turns out to be nothing but
a series of quantum jerks

and alack
no one will tell me what
occurs between the jerks

and worse
each single individual jerk is
that one and only jerk
throughout the universe for
that one single quantum jerk

and worst of all
one universal quantum jerk
encompasses you and
me and every particle and
every antiparticle and
all of space between
in one contiguous
inseparable continuity
that connects my toenail
to every single atom
in every galaxy

and yet the real calamity is
how can i tell if i should or
should not watch the game lest
my determination result in
win or loss for the home team

on the one hand quantum mechanics
has destroyed causality and
on the other hand has proven
ultimate connectedness

is there a contradiction here or
am i missing something

deep science

Einstein was right

of course nothing
can travel faster
than the speed of light

if you could
you would
get there

before you arrived

dull afternoon

sitting here contemplating the
infinity that preceded me and
the infinity that will follow me
makes my interval less than
infinitesimal

more like ridiculous or inane
the anguish and torment and
elation and ecstasy figments
of imagination and fantasy
meaningless

sitting here pondering
the gargantuan ego that
would strive to justify its
being by confronting its
insignificance

earth colors

squashed a moth this morning
brown and yellow nondescript

had it been a monarch or
luna it had been spared but

lifted my foot exposing
a smear of earth colors
on the concrete

no atom of that moth
on the sole of my shoe
altered in any way on
display visible below
every molecule could
each be accounted for

nothing had been changed
but the organization

what is left

an act of vengeance for
hole in a favorite sweater
raised the universal temperature
teeny weenie itsy bitsy
elevation in the rearrangement
of those particles which it is
rue so woefully the gain of
earth colors

what is lost

entropethics

when entropy's increase
removes that final element
of chaotic random motion
the universe now dead
the last molecule to
reach absolute zero
will be organic for
life is nothing but the
theft of energy from all
and a living cell will
find that penultimate
particle of energy and
metabolize it to sustain
the respiration or
fermentation and
other functions for
a brief senility until
it too dies motionless
leaving just a miniscule
bit of excrement
memorial
to some creator's
faulty handiwork

the frog you dissect
is a dissected frog
a different frog in all
in such many ways nature
binds up her secrets
teasing us with hints
of seeming knowledge
only setting puzzles
of mutual exclusion like
love and justice
power and compassion
freedom and responsibility
desire and gratification
and maybe you and i

i watch you at a distance
and observe the unity of
diverse freedoms merged
in the path you blaze and
elate in the harmony of
your artless movements

some force i cant define
drives me to seek to know
and understand what i see
and possess it for my own

so i would enfold you
that i could unfold you
and encase you and crush you
to squeeze the secret
from your soul and drive
my desire through you
and atomize your being and
probe and expose your
secret unknown self and then
i would have you

or a smashed frog?

in the back yard

mid the crabgrass thrift and iris
an ancient stump mildewed moulded
cracked and crumbling somehow retains
its original boled integrity becomes
the womb from which has rampant sprung
miniscule memory of its own beginning
topped with verdant lobed array as
nourished in degradation and decay
new life takes root

forget not the destiny
of this newborn prodigy
is that selfsame
mistransfiguration

Interpreting the Copenhagen Interpretation

contemplate event fronts
not waves just event fronts
radiating from the singularity
with an infinitely small period
perhaps planck constant
distance each front an instant in
time
all instants on that front
a simultaneous connected
universe distinct from others
meaning observation now
is in the now universe
this instant observation
in this instant universe
all instants on one event front
are one inseparable event

Into the cul de sac to pander
 Dog Livvy and Cat Alexander
 Across two squirrels dashed
 Maneuvered well but smashed
 Wondering did I hit one or both
 Returning unnerved was loath
 To look at the sorry furry lump
 No more than a modest bump
 Of former squirrel in the middle
 Of the road

but I wondered
 all the squirrel
 every atomic particle
 was undestroyed
 there on the asphalt or
 stuck to the tire that hit or
 blown into the atmosphere
 every bit still existed that
 constituted squirrel but
 squirrel was no more

i pondered
 what had i destroyed

i did not destroy the squirrel
 i disorganized the squirrel
 i altered the arrangement of
 those atomic particles in
 the same way I disorganize
 a glass tumbler i drop
 and shatter on the floor
 it is a glass no longer
 squirrel no longer

is organized what I mean or
 am I dodging live and dead
 organized and killed

my file is organized it is
 not alive nor dead when I
 misfile a letter disorganized

what was the squirrel besides
 organized that I disorganized

OGC Staff Meeting Notes for 1/4/00

Mel works at the EPA, managing enforcement of penalties for small businesses that may intentionally or unintentionally spill enough pollutants to warrant a penalty. When he was advised by a co-worker via a short poem of a difficulty in enforcing against a certain chemical, he responded with the following poetic observation and possible solution.

Gwen:

Your poesy inspiring my moose
Could do no less than turn me loose
To acknowledge in kind, and worst
Must reply in this hackneyed vorst.

I was in particular absolutely bopped
To learn our own EPA has stopped
With sale, use, and removal orders
Distribution of a toxin within our borders.

The question immediately came to mind
That an action of this kind
Might be used to put a final tether
On the use of Methyl Tert Butyl Ether

MTBE was never ordered by government fiat
It was just that refiners could see that
They could meet the 2% Oxygen Regulation
Eliminating costly methyl alcohol from speculation.

In the meantime our fresh water resources
Are fast becoming unsafe even for horses.
FIFRA has given us the tool for solution
To this daily increase of toxic pollution!

Can we use it?

Mel

purgatory

looking at "Alternate Worlds"
on science fiction shelf while
behind me in fiction resides
hamilton's "Mythology" why

azimovs hyperspace and
anonymous valhalla share
much more in common than
"2010" and "Feast of Fear"

imagination sublimates
unknown terrors with dreams
designed in desires of
unknown possibilities

cross the river styx
exceed the speed of light
reborn in heaven or hell
its all the same

quantum cosmos

i am awash
 in an existence field
 consisting of reality fronts
 expanding in all directions
 at the speed of light
 that follow each other
 at a frequency derived
 from h

there is a simultaneity
 that is universal and
 independent of observer since
 all observations of events
 on anyone reality front
 are simultaneous throughout
 the universe

when i observe a reality front
 bringing a segment into
 a particular existence
 at that particular instant
 all observations made anywhere
 at that particular instant
 constituting as it must
 a simultaneous observation
 of that same reality front
 is infinitinstantly
 communicated to all points
 on that reality front
 where other observations
 bring segments of reality front
 into existence

since the reality front
 is moving at
 the speed of light
 the space-time between fronts
 prevents any event on one front
 from reaching another front
 at a shorter interval

since the reality front
 expands in all directions
 at tight angles to its movement
 there is no luminal restriction
 on infinitinstant communication
 between different segments
 of the same reality front

of course, just kidding

5/30/93 *Neil Vts*

sic transit

this morning i
stepped on a cockroach i
did not destroy it all
of its molecules remained
totally neath my heel albeit
in a different arrangement i
did not destroy it i
merely disorganized it i
merely reorganized it i
nonetheless felt
guilty as if i
killed it

sitting

sitting in my bathroom at 88
my peristalsis is not so energetic
as once
giving me time to leisurely
study the various life forms
the imperfect joints of
tessellated mosaics in the floor
where they meet the wall
allow to sally forth
tiny flies that do not fly
wee millipedes that ooze
innocuous beetles zigzag
all lost from where
each evolved to fill a niche
essential to the totality
integral to the finish
all lost from where
on my bathroom floor

spectrum

dare I show you drafting and
teach you geometry's rigidity

will the finely compassed circle
perfect in it's effete symmetry
the straight ruled line awful
in it's relentless consistency

destroy forever the unfettered
free unduplicatable thrust of
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the fanciful unregulated
unreal imbalance of your
lightly penciled drawings

are the truths I have to prove
more valuable than mythologies
you already own that need
no proof—their validity
is never in contention

might not
my scientific exactitudes
be greater follies far
than your approximations
since I must clothe them
in masquerades of
mensurability

can it be
the precision of my science
is really only
the coarseness of
my perceptions
giving the illusion of
perfection

Superstring

When I drop a pebble in a pond It
makes waves

Why waves?

Why not a wall like a tidal wave

Or like a line on a graph

Start at the top, and

Gradually slope down

To nothing?

Why these peaks and valleys?

I suppose that pebble created

A crater of water it displaced

The rim around the depression

Could not support itself and

Collapsing...

When that pebble dropped on

The Singularity it too made waves

The crest of each a Planck Distance

From each Event Front to

Eleven dimensions infolded

Of which four unfolded

Do the Event Fronts move

through me or

Do I just tag along with

the Event Fronts?

From a letter in response to a Limerick contest in a scientific journal.

Limericks are not my style, but that's what you specified, so let it be on your head!

There once was a cat (not in a hat) in a box whelped by Shrodinger
 Who seemed determined to propose a humdinger
 The matter of fact is quite simply stated
 There is nothing that can be calibrated
 Until its where you can measure it with your finger

Here then was cat in a hidden state of bifurcation
 Without so much as a hint of its final destination
 Its alternate possible states just a smear
 Of probabilities that can only appear
 To resolve when opening allows determination

Now my style:

cat in a box

shrodinger's cat in the box is the
 ultimate existentialist ploy taken
 a quantum step further

wherever indeterminacy exists the possible outcomes can
 only be predicted as the probability
 of possible outcomes expressed in a ratio until it is opened
 is there really
 a cat in the box

9/23/99

thermodynamics

the second law is conceit incarnate
no less than ptolemys universe
our presumption defies expression
immersion in increasing entropy
overwhelms our feeble egos and
blinds our logic to the obvious

why should increasing entropy
ever be more probable
than decreasing entropy

we contrive
and invent
and twist
and turn and devise
and stretch
and bend
and all but break the truth
to fit
our preconceptions

close all avenues of ideation
to all preknowledge
and prohibit no assumption
providing only it contain
no internal contradiction

uncertainty principal

the law of mutual exclusion is
 nature's reminder that we are
 not the master of all
 we survey
 and that where she chooses she
 will remain mysterious

thus speed can be determined if
 position is of no concern
 or exact location can be had
 providing velocity remains
 unknown
 but never both determined at
 one and the same time

further design your electron
 microscope as powerful as you
 will

 you can only view
 the residue
 for you
 must prepare to view
 and prepare means modify

the frog you dissect is
 a dissected frog
 a different frog in all

in such many ways nature
 binds up her secrets teasing
 us with hints
 of seeming knowledge
 only setting puzzles
 of mutual exclusion like
 love and justice
 power and compassion
 freedom and responsibility
 desire and gratification and
 maybe you and i

i watch you at a distance
 and observe the unity of
 diverse freedoms merged
 in the path you blaze and
 elate in the harmony of
 your artless movements

some force i can't define
 drives me to seek to know
 and understand what i see
 and possess it for my own

so i would enfold you
 that i could unfold you
 and encase you and crush you
 to squeeze the secret
 from your soul and drive
 my desire through you
 and atomize your being and
 probe and expose your
 secret unknown self and then
 i would have you
 or a smashed frog

unified field theory

space is not at all
spac is instead

event goo

through which flows
event fronts

now waves
not particles
just
event fronts

measured in
planck distance
frequencied by
planck time

first advance
as singularity
last advance
entropy conquest

see
how simple
the total
electromagnetic
spectrum joins

energy
mass
gravity
light
matter
particle
etcetera

all in a
clod of
event fronts

you do the math
I am exhausted

whats the matter

it seems that at some early
there was an event when time
assumed its dismal arrow

in that beginning justice
if not science required
a material symmetry of
equal parts of matter
and anti-matter

but some cosmic glitch decreed
our universe was matter and
anti-matter left hypothecate
so i will theorize

what happens between the time
a particle of matter leaves
a level of energy to leap
to a higher or drop
to a lower level of energy

it dont
so i will theorise

what really occurs is
a particle of anti-matter
annihilates
a particle of matter
leaving a hole or
making a dimple
whereat
a new particle of matter
fills the hole at the lower or
fills the dimple at the higher
level of energy

so now you know
whats the matter

you me

throughout the universe
unity is binomial
each positively charged
particle is exactly
matched by
a negatively charged
particle and
vice versa

throughout the language
unity is binomial
each positively charged
word is exactly
matched by
a negatively charged
word and
vice versa

Deep Urban

1944

I came on the train
the Old Alabama West Point
(is that the line of the "General?")
in an unheated airless car
to the terminal station on Spring
a drab gutless darkness
lit by tiny incadescents
too high up in the girders
to dispel the gloomy black
a desparate place
a place where shoes clacked like bones in a dissecting lab
not a place of arrival
maybe a place of departure
I hurried to the waiting room
bare benches lined in rows
surrounded by bare walls
the ticket sellers cages
the news stand at one end
the restaurant at the other
indistinguishable from each other
except by barely visible signs
(many times after but before
thgr terminals decease I came
and went – never learning
each time – having to rediscover
the ticket windows newsstand café
tracks and fruit stand like
I'd never been there before)
always this sence of being lost
abandoned in terminal station

aorta

what kind of tissue
is nourished by
what kind of blood
that streams through
u.s. 1 at fort Lauderdale

bewitched

07:35 greenwich plus one i waited
 breakfast on volkmar voth in the
 loch meullar at the foot of the tannus
 home and in my stomach it was 1:35 am
 when i sat in a sort of foyer
 in a sort of stupor
 surrounded by a heavy gemultlich
 looking out the picture window
 at dull greys and blacks and browns
 reflected in the dried arrangement
 standing in huge brass loving cups
 turning the snow from white
 to a dirty creamed ivory newly
 as it fell as it had fallen
 day after night after day

in the distance a high dim band
 the beginning of the hills
 and stolid backdrop to the
 hazy vision showing a single
 sudden uncertain outcropping that
 might have been a castle keep
 or just some towering treetop
 jutting high above the rest

close now over the way
 a hotel or guest house
 multi-stories multi-windowed
 multi-gabled and chimneyed
 gothically suspended in the
 falling snow surrounded by the
 road wheeling around
 the buried pony path marked
 by the fence of virgin
 wagon wheels winding down
 the steps below my window

over all a grey teutonic sky
 somber pompously serious with
 its endless snow business and
 under all the trees
 firs
 poplars
 beeches
 others and others
 unknown to my semitropical eye
 trees anyone of which
 forgetting all the rest
 was enough

unfocused through the window
 hypnotized by the drifting flakes
 i became aware of some
 uncertain discomfort and unease
 disturbing me and yet moving me
 and feeling and knowing it i
 did not wish to eat
 did not wish to sleep
 did not wish to work
 did not wish anything
 but to sit there
 looking out of that window
 overcome with inexpressible
 beauty, and flashed
 the old old question
 why did they stay
 why didn't they flee
 they knew it was coming
 why did they stay
 why didn't they go
 the answer they could not
 for if i sat there a moment more
 i would never leave that window
 far better here at the window
 though the world collapsed
 then elsewhere safe

I fled

BLACKOUT FROM THE ART MUSEUM

The Exhibit
The hand of some Modernist

But whose hand last night
Whose palm lay o'er the canvas of our city
Whose brush wiped life from off its streets
And painted Death instead
In black and grey

Between whose fingers
Slowly creeping up our spine
Still saw we yet the moon
The moon that not a moment less
Was part of life and light
Now but a ghastr reminder
On the gleaming granite at our backs

Whose hand enshrouded thus our city
Embalmed in so well ordered chaos
To be sure, no doubt

The hand of some Modernist

I stood beside you there
Where before us lay the darkness and the silence
The shadows of a city
And where behind us lay the shadows of a World
And you whispered on the beauty
Of the darkness and the silence of a city
Though I only could envision
The dark and silent horror of some cities
And the beauty of the silence
And the shadows of a world
There behind the granite wall
 And the beauty of a whisper

All clear
And the clammy fingers lift
From off the solvent lamps and lights
That soon dissolve the hand
From off our city
And we know the darkness and the silence
The shadows and the hand were only painted
Through the pungent smell of musty colors
Linger in the senses for a while.

The Colonial Goveners' Palace
Nassau in the Bahamas

atop the wall a line of broken
posts of stone support a rail
between the ragged teeth thrust
intermittent agony of age and power
dank dark thick verdant growth

nowhere somewhere ancient gable
above the vile wild green fury
shocking alien false presence
skyscraper dropped in the jungle
by laughing mocking deriding devils

further little further gap in wall
underbrush unsteady rock to rock
lizard lightning stroke tree to tree
farther small further gap in a
carefully
 fourthofjuly
 mgodalmighty
 cherrybomb cluster
bursting full full full in the face

DeKalb Farmers Market at Medlock

She sprinkles from the can
As if peppering the water and
The fish dash to the top and
As the missed particles float
Brownianly downward follow
Feeding as they descend.

Soo-eeee, soo-ee, sooo-eee,
she calls upending the pail
grunting expectantly seeming
to heighten expectancy by
slow lumbering approach to
garumph and garumph and phhhuh.

The transom lift high on the swell
And plummets into the trough
as he throws the chum over the gunnel
and again and again and again
First the yellow tails and
Then the albacore, and then
the tunas and
then
The sharks

The stalls in the manger are full
So you must keep moving until
Someone pulls out but a cadillac
slips in ahead and you must
curse and drive on and on until
you park and journey on a trip
for which you have not packed.

You grab a cart lined with
remnants of shards and bits of
flotsam, jetsam, flora, and fauna
with a hump in one wheel and
a locked swivel in another but
too many behind you now to change.

Detroit 193-

supine on the grass
canoe filled lagoon
sadly designed shell
at belle isle park

tschaikowsky's fourth
a plane drones by
like it was scored
into the throbbing
summer night

the triangle tone
shimmers for the moment
hanging in the air
like a falling star
reluctantly going out

contact with earth charged me
renewed my force and energy
i faced the new day with a
mild arthritic condition

detroit hot forge press

steel meets steel
with steel between
and sparks fly
from the anvils
of a million
village smithies

GAP

I

I was home at 5:30
 dashed upstairs to shower
 changed and came down
 slamming the door behind
 and stopped in mid-stride
 there on the front porch
 burlingame near dexter
 and felt myself assailed
 overpowered by a city summer
 god what smells i smelled
 the bouquet of innocence
 guileless innocence of 1939
 hot air still limpid clear
 hint of tropics and gogain
 in detroit on burlingame
 spellbound and solemn
 i inhaled deep draughts
 of scented air fearful
 holding my breath tightly
 of losing the magic vapor

where can i take you
 where o where can i take you

II

early december in 1941
 al and shirley engaged
 the gang together all
 at the old cider mill
 greensward and gentle forest
 millpond cool unruffled
 mirroring kind pelucid sky
 the certain pleasures of
 the knowing self aware
 of awareness no spectators
 immersed in the battle
 for the all of the all
 and we counted for we
 listened to each other
 carefully always hearing
 ourselves carefully listening
 the radio- hah hah hah
 this guy comes in and
 says radio hah hah
 hah

so pearl harbor but
 we did not lose our
 innocence

where can i take you
 where o where can i take you

III

the irving kieth club split
 right down the middle
 the imperialist war was
 now the peoples war
 russia invaded poland
 still still innocent
 i led the pacifists
 in debate against the ycls
 then somehow somehow
 i can't remember now
 russia against germany
 i tried to enlist- no go
 drafted- no go- joined the
 neo-army of government

inspection at detroit diesel
 checking quads for navy
 two weeks and no go
 followed by three years
 of fun and games in manpoor
 detroit- the fight for right
 never so united in history
 the beginning of the end
 end of innocence
 how could we know

where can i take you
 where o where can i take you

The gentle breeze sighs
O how the time flies

The old barn owl cries

O how the time flies

What was so long ago
Now seems like yesterday
What used to be so slow
Now rushes on its way
O how the time flies

That was the real prize
O how the time flies

gulfshore

brown and grey and black
and white and yellow and
orange and red and brown
grains find shapes to
fit against their own

tufts of sawgrass fighting
sterile sand winning
and losing

shard of shell already
grained to sand
closer to the wateredge
shells new emptied
looking still complete
secretly disintegrate

past the waters restless rim
another world marked only
by the wetdarkened colors
undulating in a ceaseless
rhyming of unending motion
otherwise invisible as air
no thing hinting surface

hartsfield international

the airport is a mortuary
where you come to be embalmed
for incarceration in a crypt
that takes you from the earth

not like a ship at sea
in amniotic fluid that's
more earth than earth

but isolate apart from all
and yet

a crypt can be a womb
a mortuary indistinguishable
from a child bed
in a lying in ward and
you can issue forth
from hartsfield

new born

Leonardo In Grand Rapids

some many many years ago
taken along on a rare drive
stopped along the way
in an enchanted forest
filled with trees and flowers
and birds and sundry animals
both living and petrified
so confused together that
i could not tell which
were truly living and which
were made of stone
until coming near
the living fled while
the spurious remained
waiting my testing touch
utterly confounded i saw
a park bench on which
an old man sat studying
the confusing scene
i approached hoping
he might shed some light
on this mystery but found
in shocked dismay
he was of solid rock but
this man once breathed
for no artist could sculpt
so fastidious an imitation
and suddenly felt a chill
of apprehension lest
i also turn to stone.

no one on that trip
could tell me where
that stop was made
or knew of any
forest enchanted
or otherwise certain
i fancied or dreamt
an enchanted forest
while dozing in the car
though i knew it real

magnetism

its a fifteen minute drive
opposite the flow of traffic
to the avondale station, and
fifteen minute ride by train
to five points station

people on the platform
like pole to like pole
centrifuge to equal points
against invisible walls
as isolate as possible

now train ensconced
pressed together like
opposite pole to pole
inside impervious walls
as isolate as possible

arrived at five points
disperse like molecules
obeying boyle's law
each with a life to live
as isolate as possible

marta

i suppose i could take
a super-het-magnetic
resonance cat-scan
multiple detector and
convert my molecules
one at a time
into a string of binary
digits i could phone
modemwise downtown
where a regenerative
analytic dynamic synthesizer
could put my molecules back
together-
and there i'd be

but i'd rather catch
the bus at brockett triangle
for avondale station

where i'd get the train
sleek and smooooth and swift
to five points and the park

it's cheaper and
its a better ride

nederine

nederine sewed at home on
an ancient foot treadle singer
she came to the power machine
a jackal coming to a carcass
surprised when it came to life

her husband home non compos
from action at the planer mill
four children in school combined
grade and high and illshod but
drest no worse than most

she trained her sewing machine
never quite really tamed it
the thread breaking she would
stab the moistened thread end
at the eye of the needle with
a vengeful thrust designed to
assassinate the traitorous
rotary takeup on the old 400
backlashed and jammed with
twisted thread she'd yank
a hairpin out her matted hair
and scratch and scrape until
bare metal shone through
the paint

she drove a vintage Pontiac
near old as her and near as
flusterated and determined
five operators rode to work
perhaps as much for moral or
physical support when needed
as for sharing of expense
most every winter night
hood up she would bend over
multiple skirts blousing
in the vicious cutting wind
the fender pouring gas into
the filterless carbeurator
to prime the engine failing
her passengers would group
behind to push until enough
momentum enabled homine

new born

one morning i was not ready
the fence was down around
the playground behind the school
where we played softball a

mammoth box on ribbons wound
around wheels with a giant shovel
on an arm sticking out ahead was
behind the pitchers mound black
smoke belched out a chimney
atop the box holding a man

something was happening that
morning i was not ready for a
steam shovel that began to eat
our own school playground

dump trucks would clamber
over the curb to reach under
the shovel filled with plunder
opening to release a shower
of dirt and rocks that shook
the driver in the cab with a
thundering roar interrupting
the hiss and rumble of the
steam engine fascinating
i was not ready

**ODE TO TAZ ANDERSON:
ATLANTA: TURNIP CITY**

Behold: a prodigy!
Afloat in the distant sky
Cosmic color unseen on earth
Astonishing shape without form
It looms appallingly

Now closer ribs outline
Some lopsided fiendish body
Misshapen memory of
Quasimodo But hold! Now certain

Some eagle aerie
Cage for mammoth avian
Fabled roc or even Pegasus
Penned within its confines

But closer; yet empty
Void alas of any content
Void alas of any meaning
Epitome of grotesquery

Epiphany! I comprehend
The universal Nothingness
Galactic Negation of Affirmation
Rejection of Rationality
And see it for what it is

Can it be a Rutabaga?
Nay, 'tis for soup's sake
A TURNIP CADDY!

NOTE: Taz Anderson Jr.

Taz Anderson Jr., Chairman and Founder of Taz Anderson Realty Co., is a well-known figure in the Atlanta area for his entrepreneurial activities in three different business areas. Real estate, outdoor advertising spectaculars, and wireless video/audio communications; with over 40 years of business experience working in various aspects of these industries.

The billboard in question had what was apparently supposed to be a Georgia peach. To the poet however,
it resembled a turnip.

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peachtree

at five points
peachtree rises
a raging river tearing
a canyon from its bed
banks rising ever higher
and steeper a steel and
stone and glass towering
cliff on either side
deeper and deeper
the torrent roars
then rushing

northward to ride
the razors edge
like some roman aqueduct
carries the rushing
roiling stream to
gwinnett

perimeter

i 285 circles atlanta like
the rings of saturn
eternal braid of tireless ants
and weary predators

you do not know that

underneath the concrete lies
a cyclotron an electric giant
sixty kilometers long doubled
accelerating nuclear particles
twixt mammoth magnets supercooled
to gain the speed of light
spiraling in opposite directions
to collide at intersections of
1 85 north and i 285
i 85 south and i 285
i 20 east and i 285
1 20 west and i 285
and all along the downtown connector

creating out of chaos infinite
new particles of matter unknown
to the gods of creation

come drive with me on
i 285

piedmont park 1969

piedmont is a gentle park
peopled by a gentle people
there is a certain kindness
in the offer of the swings
and a warmth of welcome
in the stepped on grass
that shuts out the city
and lets you breathe green
again

PORT

As I walked to my gate
 An old man approached me
 Shaggy haired and bearded
 His shirt soiled and ragged
 Barefoot, one pant leg
 Gathered round his ankle
 With a raveled piece of twine
 The other loosely flapping
 His rheumy eyes squinting
 As they sought my own.

"Heed the Word!", he rasps
 Showing yellowed fangs in
 Bleached gums with gaps
 Where time or ill health
 Or negligence had taken toll
 His left arm raised to
 Make a napkin of his sleeve
 To wipe his hawking nose
 And catch the drivel
 Of saliva at the corner
 Of his mouth. he repeats

"Heed the Word!" and In
 His right hand now I see
 A black bound volume
 A bible likely, or some
 Other testament of faith.
 "Heed the Word!" now
 Standing in my path I move
 To circle round him but
 Find he has me blocked.

"I have no least interest
 In your word whatever, and
 Ask you let me pass."

I think he meant to smile
 But what I saw drawn across
 His face was a picture of
 Indescribable disdain, a
 Contortion of his features
 That would have withered
 Any life attuned to receive
 The frequency he broadcast
 Fortunately not I, but
 "I have a flight to catch",
 Preparing to make a move.
 He, "Heed the Word!" and
 Stepped aside to let me pass.

I resumed my walk feeling his
 Eyes on my back, feeling the
 Hairs stiffening on the back
 Of my neck.

quasimo

wackseregular

u p

head strained

i said wax
head dropped d

o
w
n

p b
m a
u c

his h

k now

comfortable set
for shining shoes
like he was (black
meant for yes yess
miniature moby dick

reading somewhere blacks are
invisible to whites so thought
invisible to me really looked
across the aisle, primly hair
pulled tightly back wondered
to what home is she returning
is mother or child waiting or
husband fussing hungrily or
dining el with table set
plantations style dishes
silverware and napery set
awaiting guests while meals
confined to kitchen table
where breakfast's unwashed
dishes haphazard in the sink
or bed-bound granny moans
greeting with heroic effort
marking re-repeated agony
of care and concern and
helplessness and despair or
to cast off unpainted bungalow
steps miscarried and yard
ungrassed or newly sold
multilevel ranch in changing
neighborhood of white flight
from hideous incursion of
advancing penumbric curse
or

river rouge forge

steel meets steel

with steel between

and sparks fly from

the anvils of some

million village smithies

shoe shine

as soon as my uncle
 straightens up- uncle hymie-
 hymie the hunchback

wackserreggyouler

head strained uP

I said wax

his head dro^opp^ed

seeming natural

his h^um^pb^ac^k now
 comfortable set
 for shining shoes
 like he was (black
 ment for yes yess
 minature moby dick
 white ha whale

soul searching

1921

i was born in toledo ohio
population two hundred thousand
and found what i wanted
didn't really matter

1933

i came to detroit michigan
population over three million
and found certain people
who had what i wanted

1944

i came to camp hill alabama
population one thousand seventeen
and found what i wanted
in certain of the people
1961

i came to atlanta georgia
population near two million
and found what i wanted
didn't really matter

transit

in my wheeled
shell nautilus i
grip the asphalt
with curled talons
shoving the roadway
right or left
in control
all the way
best of all
auto nomous

urbanity

it's a fifteen minute drive
opposite the flow of traffic
to the Avondale station, and
fifteen minute ride by train
to five points station

people on the platform
like pole to like pole
centrifuge to equal points
against invisible walls
as isolate as possible

now train ensconced
pressed together like
opposite pole to pole
inside impervious walls
as isolate as possible

arrived at five points
disperse like molecules
obeying boyle's law
each with a life to live
as isolate as possible

Village Idiot

T-boh, T-boh

black as the hole where midnight hides
 what weird butcher-boy's apostrophe
 dubbed thee T-Boh

Up Broad Street and down Broad Street
 The ghost that lives in T-Boh
 Chants to his ghost god

got my bat-ton
 ain't ta gonna work
 no lord 0 lord
 aint ta gonna work
 no more no more
 get my shally stick
 aint ta gonna work
 no lord 0 lord
 aint ta gonna work
 no more no more

T-Boh, T-Boh

comes and goes and goes and comes
 like days and nights without
 sun rise or set

Got a cigarette mister - hot camel or
 Maybe how about a cool cool chesterfield
 And sings and smokes and smokes and sings

got my bat-ton
 aint ta gonna work
 no lord 0 lord
 aint ta gonna work
 no more no more
 got my shally stick
 aint ta gonna work
 no lord 0 lord
 aint ta gonna work
 no more no more

Deep Water

18-20 knots ne

hey hey

palms salt wind rustle

hey

waves wall surf roll

hey

surf foam spray smash

hey hey

feet print foot prints

hey

wash away

wash away

hey nonny

hey

COMPULSION

I stand ankle - thigh
Thigh - ankle deep in the surf
Urinating

You kidney of the earth
Womb of all lifekind
Take my offering and
Diffuse it through your stream
That I touch the shores
That rim you round
And sense the Eons
You've washed to nothingness

Is this why I stand here now
Fascinated - waiting to be
Washed to nothingness

Or do I stand here watching
The seething boiling terror
Of your endless machinations
The maximum of randomness
Creating new heights of
Improbability

Thigh - ankle
Ankle - thigh
I stand deep in the surf
Urinating

That's why

continuity

starblades
glint on the water
in black night
at the seaside
windless waves murmur
gainst the sand
irregular in
pitch and movement
always
harmonious and rhythmic

shooting star squirts
angrily across moonless sky
hanging a slashing moment
shattered in the waves below
before it fades above
all is as it was before

nothing as it was before
the meteors violent plunge must
alter every atom in the universe
even oceans movement is disturbed
no matter how brief illumination
neither you nor i are still the same

deep sea fishing
panama city fla 1957
first time out

six hours cramped miserable drive
ameliorated by good will and anticipation
we arrived midnite and checked in
at two dollars a bed and three beds
to the room

doc snored so i wouldnt
have slept if i could and 5 AM knocked

chill chill chill to the joint where
breakfast was for captains

mates
and dunderheaded landlubbers
come to fish the gulf for whatever
some confining breakfast to liquid
not orange juice

we ate like pigs

dawn was breaking the sky streaked
with greys intermingled with roses
the water gently lapping the bay
smelling diesel fish grease sea salt
underneath a freshening breeze
up from mexico scented with
unknown flowers

board the party boat and
select your rod and reel and
took a place on the fantail and
feel your breakfast brag while
other parties continued ambrosian
liquid breakfast into lunch

underway and beautifully
underway and overway and gently
underway and overway and
thisaway and thataway
and sideaway and backaway and
gently ever gently anyway

sailor i and steady as she goes
breakfast undisturbed and
dramamine holding firm and then
the bell rang out

fish below
reverse helm and back to hold
and up shot the stern and up
and up and up and then
without pause

down into the
bottomless abyss i was plunged
and hit the deck where i begged
cajoled pleaded prayed
to be put to a painless or
if necessary

painful death

doc stuck a rod and reel
into my paralyzed hands
tripped the drag and let her run
took my thumb to hit the drag
when the line hit bottom while
explaining how the thing worked
to my unhearing ears when
the rod tip bent double
over the gunwale (marinely
oer the gunnill) jumped up
started reeling like mad
boated two gorgeous snappers
never been seasick since
homesick maybe
seasick never

for sale 17 ft rnabt
60 hp merc full equip top
trim best offer ...

how much a part of me you were
on the water your vibrations
always matched my own whether
racing for the buoy or
cruising to kowliga or gently
rocking in the slough fishing
for crappie you met my mood
with unbelievable precision

when i put you in a turn
throttle all the way down
starboard all the way up
my hand over the gunwale
fingers skimming the wash
it seemed we two skewed
the universe tipping it back
when we got good and ready
but never before we saw
some of it no one else
ever sees

most of all there was
something incomplete about me
that you perfected when
i merged myself with you
together we made the lake
and the sky and the trees
and the sun
and the distant hills
and the fleeting clouds
our own private possessions

as i walk away from the dock
putting my wallet in my pocket
i feel remorse for the cash
while i wonder if i sold you
or you somehow sold me

shoreline

Brown and grey and black
and white and yellow and
orange and red and brown
grains find shapes
to fit against their own
tufts of sawgrass fighting
sterile sand winning and losing
shard of shell already
grained to sand
closer to the water's edge
shells new emptied
looking still complete
already secretly disintegrate,
past the water's restless edge
another world marked only
by the wet-darkened colors
undulating in a ceaseless
rhyming of unending motion
otherwise water invisible as air
no reflection hinting surface.