

Sonnet

Meandering gaps in synapses
I walk Neanderthal thru
Uproar and downpour
Of electric chasms

Where is my vision of Blake?
Why can't Jacques Cegeste
Chant from under my hat? Or
Virgil speak in the squeak of
My shoes?

Always encased in base wits
I just want once
The influence of angels
So I may rub my heavenly script
In the faces of my friends

Poem

If a dark-blue dream demands I bow my head
Like a regiment of puppies
In sight of a furrowed wind, I'll ask why
The caterpillar's eye secretes concrete
Into the belly of an atom, why religious rites
Are nailed to a carburetor's artery? And
I'll shake my fists at the Fist Shakers' Gala
Under the white light of bleating ravens
Who activate our sky (from above
They call it "swamp") stamp my feet
Into the shit and silk that bore me out
Of tunnels of beloved decrepit song
Just as once I used to hang my head in grief

A Riot Of Perfumes

Beauty was aborted from a conch shell
And devoured by a seahorse. It's
Better than Red Lobster, worse
Than a riot of perfumes. Now spat blood on tiles
Not cockatoos shot forth from mouth
To hibernate in traffic lights, not singing
Not humming "How The West Was Won"
And that is my aesthetic. Song that transcends
The dumbly ordering
Song. See how it beats its wings?
And thus in my desire: THE GREAT TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN
Fries, burger, and medium shake.
Given my life, should the poem live next door?
I set a saucer of milk beside the bookshelf
I think of Lady Luck she looks like Candy Darling
I will never be a theorist
At least I can say I'm not an asshole in that regard
In scent memory I'm hiding one great poem
Flippant and grotesque
It will end in a riot of perfumes

Riots Continue

for JD

It will end in a riot of perfumes
Flippant and grotesque
In scent memory I'm hiding one great poem
At least I'm not an asshole in that regard
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I think of Lady Luck she looks like Candy Darling
I set a saucer of milk beside the bookshelf
Given my life, should the poem live next door?
Fries, burger, and medium shake
Thus in my desire:
THE GREAT TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN
Song. See how it beats its wings?
The dumbly ordering
And that is my aesthetic. Song that transcends
And my eyes switch their gender
Every time they send a dog to space
I softened my heart with a chewed up eraser
Until at last it disappeared
And someone wrote this poem

Wheel

Once inside the wheel of impossible grapes
There is no escape. Which is it
That will take me first, beyond these shores
In a crabwalk? I am tired of cold pizza alone
Or with you. Together we need
More money. I got you the greatest gift
In my dream, but woke up without a receipt.
Together we must return to our primitive tools
And build a fire with perfect reception.
The way the street is under our feet
Sometimes I think that is something.
By the way a dog walks or barks I know
Its favorite color. I like orange; this dog
Likes blue: we're almost the same person.

The Hermit Crab Says:

It's interesting to look at everything on Pearl St
As variations on the original blob
That crawled forth from primordial canvas
To percolate everything, that is my aesthetic
Song that bleats like a regiment of puppies
Is the same species as Boredom and Salad Bar
We must return to our primitive tools
To when I had no head to hold in grief, or
Alabaster. The work of art is a stuffed crocodile
Your mission is to bend the light
Here are the pleasing pickaxes
Of the inoffensive turning-back
Mend your ways on earth, happy to oblige