

God
loves
rich
kids

and we smoke
off the same
cigarette.

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Robert Louis Henry

Acknowledgments

3:AM Magazine – *Local Folk Art, Exaggerations, A Loaded Deck*

Admit2 – *We smoke off the same cigarette*

The Bicycle Review – *Wheel of Fortune is Hangman for Consumer Culture*

Clockwise Cat – “Victimization”

The CommonLine Project – *Eason & Louis #3, And he claps giddily at a loaf of bread, In all honesty*

Counterexample Poetics – *A soldier, Currently Untitled #6, “the beast’s nine-nippled revelation #2”, “Ten—Midair”, “respecting your elders”*

Deep Tissue Magazine – *Best Friends #2*

The Delinquent – *Our Third Wheel*

Gloom Cupboard – *Hazel Loretta is the Light and the Warmth*

Heroin Love Songs – “Grapes?”, *Attention to detail*

Madswirl – “Fruit fly”

Muse Cafe Quarterly – *Currently Untitled #2, Predictions #5, Pretzels cost too much nowadays, 'For Example, Noel.'*

Tinfoildresses – *Underwater and Breathing through Straws, Currently Untitled #6*

Underground Voices – *Art Film: Take 3, The Seal of Ice*

Unlikely 2.0 – *Untimeliness*

Alternative Reel – “Ace – Trawl”, “The Black Waitress...”, “A diary instead, take 2”

Red Fez – *Katie or Amanda or Brittany*

**God
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Dear friend,

Ashed on my floor again.

“If I catch you having sex on our new couch,” I started to explain to my roommates. “Then I’ll get a hooker, split her in half, and rub her diseased innards all over the cushions.”

There were forties involved. Not long-day-at-work-or-school-, -time-to-relax-with-some-malt-liquor-all-I-have-is-a-couple-dollars type of involvement. More like a wake up-roll-out-of-bed-walk-down-the-street-with-brown-paper-bag-and-get-started-early type of involvement.

Then the trip to the grocery store for second and third rounds.

It’s a new town for me. Just two hundred miles West, and there’s colored people all of a sudden. I can’t even begin to explain how scared I am to say “nigger” at the wrong time.

It’s not that we’re racist. There’s the shock, though. And there really is a 99% White Protestant population in the Smoky Mountains. Bad tastes, perhaps, but there’s nothing like embracing your roots and screaming obscenities you don’t agree with.

It was a good way to make friends, too. But so was passing a joint or giving out a beer. And I guess that works everywhere.

Another thing you see everywhere is Ramen noodles. I wonder how many people I could feed with the cost of my tuition? How many little children wouldn’t die if the money put aside for my schooling was given to someone who is actually poor?

I’ve always been poor to some standards. I’ve lived on Ramen, I’ve lived on a loaf of bread and butter packets. I’ve drank nothing but the second worst city water in East Tennessee for months. (Or something.)

Yet, I’ve had two cars, three televisions, six computers, and never once was I left without some options for food or shelter.

I found ways to afford drugs. How many people could have eaten

if I didn't spend money on cigarettes and booze and weed and pills?

It would never be enough, I realize. I'd never save enough people.

I wonder if I can read minds sometimes. Are you wondering if I'm only interested in the world being better by my own hand for glory?

Maybe not glory so much as purpose. Being satisfied seems like a cop out, though.

And yeah, we're all self-serving. I love others only because it helps me love myself.

I hate others because it's easier than hating myself.

I saw a train of black teenagers yesterday. A real live train, with the lean back and all. Today I saw a white kid in the train.

I've seen six or seven drug deals in my new town. All black people. We'd like to be introduced to some of these people.

People are all the same, I guess. We're like electoral ballots. We punch holes or dimples and define ourselves accordingly.

It's easier to be yourself if you define yourself in a simple manner. Thug. Punk. Academic.

It's easiest to be yourself when you think as little as possible about self and existence.

God helps.

It's true.

I don't want to tell people it is. I want to scare them away. But I've been there.

It helped. And it makes me sick to think it's true.

My friends listen to Wu Tang and Bone Thugs. At first I despised these, but as time goes on, I find myself moving a bit when they come on.

Side to side. Nod the head. Keep time with an appendage.

I use the same moves with Simon and Garfunkel. I'm horribly single dimensional.

So are children.

So is god.

Love isn't though, so maybe there's something to it. Hell, maybe it's all there is. I know it sounds corny, but if you really considered what love has been like for the majority of human beings, it's not that pretty of an idea.

Neither is ice cream that doesn't fall out of the cup when you turn it upside down. Give me one that does, and charge me a couple bucks less, and I might be loyal to you.

Capitalist or not.

It came up, Capitalism, and I went on with the normal "fucks the little man, ruins education, misguides youth" sort of talk.

The xylophone player said to me, "Do you mean to include yourself?"

"Yeah," I said. "I'm including myself."

"Oh, I was gonna say it's not like you make your own clothes."

And I don't. I buy them at Wal-Mart's and shopping centers. Not that I buy much clothes.

Even now, if you wanted, we could have sex without even unzipping my pants or pulling them off. They're literally not even pants at this point.

But the pockets still work.

I don't work much. I don't care for jobs. I don't care if you think I'm some over-privileged white kid with that option. I worked very hard to budget in a way that I can actually avoid working.

The work itself isn't my problem. I can spend eight hours washing dishes for wages that hardly seem like the value of a human's short life.

Just not on a schedule every fucking day.

Sometimes, I try to resolve to write a book entirely in txtspk (the language used for texting on a cell phone.) With the right publisher and the right push, this would probably sweep the nation.

You're probably thinking about stealing my idea now. Maybe I shouldn't mention this to people.

The last great thing I created was the Key Pillow. This is made for the hip kids with tight pants. You put this little pillow on your key-chain, see, and this keeps the pointy edges from cutting into your thighs too much. Of course, some of them might want that pain, so we also put a band name on them. Something like As I Lay Dying.

Faulkner did a good job on that book. This book won't be like that. Well, it will be awkwardly organized. You're gonna hate that, probably.

And many times you'll wonder if I'm ever actually going to get to a point, or tell a story.

No.

It's a much prettier word than people seem to think.

Shit. I just ashed on my floor again.

August 18th, 2009.

Only pers pect ive.

Nothing is a valid point of view.

The world is a giant square shaped place, and you live on it's moon, dreaming of the surface below.

Know that overwhelming feeling you get that somehow you've lost track of your life?

It's not fake.

There's nothing to worry about though. You're completely safe in your dreams.

Unless you have a weak heart down on earth.

Or a weak mind up on the moon.

And it's not safe if you believe it is real, which you do, even if you shouldn't, or claim that you don't.

And you're not somehow enlightened. Neither was John Lennon.

Buddha is everything. The harmony of rocks and trees and decapitated heads on stakes. The Lord of The Flies rewritten for an urban setting.

Guess what social figure the pig is.

No, it's not the police; it's you. It's the everybody.

You're not dumb either. The difference, really, between wisdom and ignorance is simply willingness.

Willingness to not be willfully ignorant.

On the moon, IQ plays absolutely no role.

On earth, IQ plays absolutely no role.

Perspectives, plural, are the only perspective.

August 18th, 2009

Souls in the post.

You can really dress up life anyway you want to.

Luci taught me this.

Go ahead try it, just finish the next sentence with any ol' thing.

Life is like...

Life is like sending your soul through the post. You try desperately to attach yourself or communicate with others, and most of it is spent waiting for delivery. So often, we're opening empty packages and not even realizing it.

That's why I always include extras in my packages, like stickers and posters, or more likely tracts that aim to prolong the existence of Jesus. Belief leads to truth, of course.

Maybe a little paper fan that says "Jesus Loves You" across the spread.

It says Made in China on it, too. China, of all places, where their government doesn't even like Jesus. I suppose I can appreciate that more than American Christianity. More than my own religion.

Made in China it says. I wonder if there's little children crafting these things? Little hopeless children, doing what they believe they have to. Freedom being less important than survival.

Little bleeding fingers making products that would tell them about hope if they could read them. It seems ironic.

Sometimes, I might send a book. Either on the sexuality according to Arabs in the 1500s, or something like *Jesus Freaks*.

Have you read the stories of martyrdom? I suppose it's really something if you're willing to die for a belief.

You know?

The only belief I'm willing to die for is the belief that everything dies.

And it's not like I'm willing to have a gun against my head for this.

My mother once asked me, if I had a gun against my head, what would I say if I was asked if I believed in god?

My response was, "Whichever answer I thought would stop the bullet."

I might send you some poetry in one of my soul packages. I might discuss dead hookers and say something extremely racist, and you might think I'm trying to be funny when I'm trying to be poignant, or poignant when I'm completely bullshitting.

And you'll not even notice my soul. That line of dirt at the bottom of the package, which one might assume comes from getting an envelope from an old maid, you know how they keep everything forever.

August 20th, 2009

Litter on the sidewalks.

Broken slinky, broken flip-flop, broken home. All spewed out onto the sidewalk without stairs to topple down, to wetly squish down, to loiter on freely.

Nineteen little fingers and toes. Eighteen. A different one missing each day.

There's an endlessness to the process, to the mark of humanity from corner of the blue wide world to corner of the small little wasteland.

The sun is getting closer every year. It's not emissions or plumage of black smoke.

It's children dreaming, staring into the sky.

"That one looks like Uncle Willie's melanoma."

What happened to white bunnies and dragons? Was it the acid rain?

There's little knickknacks, quarter machine trolls, sticky bottles.

Bottles with lines of flies, each waiting patiently for their turn.

"Do I know you?" One fly asks another.

"We met at that kitten," explains the other. "You pulled one of my hairs, remember?"

The flies remember the generic Apple Jacks from that morning. The good times passing so quickly.

Remember the rotten entrails, the rushing tires, half flat, everything trying to decompose as quickly as possible.

There'll be a street on the moon next to the earliest lunar garbage. A tourist spot. A monument to both technology and disregard.

And my last finger is left out on the street, and the fly turns to me
and says, "Forearms or shins?"

I say, "Head."

August 21st, 2009

Aimless is still a direction.

Listen, I can't speak today. My voice is at the pawn shop.

Look, I only pawned my speaking voice. I can still sing to walls.

Walls with album cover flowers and Mighty Mouse plates in numbered slots, a red "M" painted on the macaroni'n'cheese comfort knobs.

You lost your coat of sunscreen in the Listerine water, the toilet of toilets, the Douglas lake. We were beat red under our skin, which was already plum 'mater.

Grass and trees have some lure to the absentminded. So do boxes, and dimes, and little triangular etchings on television remotes. One side, another side, base.

Every year it seems like children laugh a little bit less. Clowns are going hungry for the first time in history, and the purple dinosaur is also the janitor.

The lizard sending me faxes about government required automobile insurance also works for a pet supplies shop. He's your money savior. It thinks it's human.

I don't think I'm a human. One side, another side, base.

Cubbyholes are comfort holes are escapes in their own ways. Only the insane can take vacations from themselves. The boring have no places to go.

The man on the moon is your dead great grandfather. He's a pervert, and he can see into any window from his spot in heaven.

Omnipotent of window tits.

August 22nd, 2009.

Nicotine seasoning.

He screamed at little children on the strip. Something like *Hell yeah-uh!* I think I heehawed or yeehawed and Eason picked leaves out of his goat teeth.

There was a patio behind the seafood restaurant we all worked at, and we'd get high with that older guy that bought us beer and argued about the existence of your god with us.

He thought I could relate, but I was really just trying to connect the point that boozing, or singing, or whatever it might be that I'm addicted to is pretty much religion.

What gives you goose bumps? The surprised kind I mean. The good kind. The kind that make you jealous of whoever causes them, or at least remarkably affectionate toward them.

I don't get those goose bumps, so I'm probably more cultured than all of my friends. This isn't a good thing.

Neither is snorting nicotine seasoning off a chemotherapy patient's shiny head.

Sometimes you want to be outside and see the pretty girls, and other times you want your house to be a cave.

Not a fucking bat cave.

More like an igloo frozen shut on an anorexic Inuit with no tools.

An apathetic, anorexic Inuit with no tools stuck in a frozen over igloo during a solo hunting trip gone exactly as planned.

Does your god consider it suicide if you just let yourself starve to death? Do the children with flies all over them go to hell because they didn't eat the flies or their parents? Are you Catholic by any chance?

Maybe I'll snort a Roxy and drive three hundred miles in the middle of the night with a missing headlight. Maybe I'll take

some LSD and meet your god while I'm on my way there.

I want to shoot you.

I really do.

But I figure, I don't shoot you, you don't shoot me, everyone's happy.

Well, I'm not happy, but maybe your god will be lenient on me if I'm wrong about him.

He's like that curvy bombshell Russian the nerdy kid pays to pretend to be his fiancé. I didn't believe him even after he brought her over.

I don't mind letting one or two people crash in my heart, but with you, and that other person I don't refer to by name, it gets a little crowded.

Your god always insists on bringing his son along. And he lets this specter haunt us from one breast to the next breast.

Everyone's screaming or crying or cranky because the old lady gets drunk on *aah-wooin'* and *amenin'* like she's having a heart attack.

She probably will.

The early bird has no respect for the late bird.

The early bird is a fucking capitalist.

August 27th, 2009.

we
smoke
off
the
same
cigarette.

4 mini-chaps by

Robert Louis Henry

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Folk
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Art

Local Folk Art

Local folk art
like ladybug mailboxes
and *REPENT* on
a telephone pole
giant aluminum crosses
near the adult stores
and knee-high crucifixes
to mark where
their daughter was
killed while waiting
for the school bus.
He still drives fast
on that road,
and jokes about
the banjos gettin'
louder.

And local folk art
like the collection of
telephone poles
arranged like a
crop-circle
at that trailer
that burned down.
Not the meth dealer
or the meth dealer
across from the meth dealer,
but the one past the dam,
and the red barn.

Exaggerations

Dandridge has at least forty cemeteries, six churches, and two rickety bars. The drugstore has a classic soda fountain, and it's considered an attraction.

Down the road from it you're on the highway with its chains of banks and franchises of foods exactly like every other half-developed city.

Near the lake there's a restaurant that a professional wrestler bought for his mother, and it's considered an attraction.

But I've been there, it's just seafood.

A Loaded Deck

As a child
I had religious
playing cards

I've recently found
the Jesus-Jacks
and wonder what
the other faces are.

I imagine it goes
Jesus, Mary, Holy Ghost, God
because my mom's family is Catholic

But it might go
Jesus, Crucifix Jesus, Holy Ghost, God
since my dad's family is Baptist.

"respecting your elders"

the turbines spin
like lopsided spokes
children screaming
for someone to call them
champ, princess, tyke.
the older kids driving
their pick-ups
oil
sputtering
laughter

Currently Untitled #2

“Are those grapes on your nachos?” you asked (all wrinkly-freckles like.)

Your saucer overflowed with questions, but never with those beady eyes, that nappy hair, or that Italian vinaigrette sweat. There’s a lot of mnemonics and chunking involved in remembering your name. Capital M - e - a - capital T - capital B - capital A - l - l: MeatBALL. Mean, Tactless Bastard All caught up on himself.

“Meatball, I don’t even know your name,” I started. “Has that mole on your face been growing?”

You probably responded with a laugh, even though I wanted you to hate me. You probably never deserved that, but then you mentioned something about your “zenis,” which probably came from a line in a movie. You never were very creative.

But it’s not like I’ve never picked up phrases and ideas from forms of entertainment. The trick is to repackage it. There’s a thin line between imitation and having a “fresh voice.”

I once told you that, “Besides Jesus, you’re the coolest guy I know.”

Oh. Did I tell you that I believe in nothing? So, where does that leave you?

“Your girlfriend stays with you because she loves me,” I told you. “Couldn’t stand to lose us both just because you’re an asshole.”

The house, ring, and child disagreed with me.

“Is that a mood mole or summin’? I think it just discolored!”

You probably missed the joke. Maybe you didn't laugh because cancer isn't funny when you have a wife and child. Or maybe cancer isn't funny at all.

Well, I know a guy that enjoys cancer as a gag. I guess I could repackage this while I go remember him instead.

A soldier

I can picture you in a queue of uniforms,
Five o'clock weeds or stalks of grass in a wasteland,
You're upside down,
And there are already three stars in your sky.
Squint your eyes, grimace,
And no "Land ho!" from your raft,
You dash your reflection in the water with a direct chop,
And a fourth star lands on your chest,
A deformed plum-like apple.
You turn and follow the queue back to sitting,
Back to waiting,
And names are dryly read from a sheet.

Hazel Loretta is the Light and the Warmth

I. There is a blanket where my blinds used to be.

II. I had blinds, and on these blinds, I painted a large, black cross. I twisted the stick, and the blinds changed from vertical to horizontal. And the large black cross would disappear, so I usually left them shut.

This large, black cross had its purpose. It was an artistic expression of my devotion that became a transforming symbol to me.

When my blinds were closed, and the cross visible, It signified my resistance against the secular world.

III. My blinds were very thin, almost translucent, and light came into my window around the cross, and there was then a cross on either side of me, with the light of the world around each half.

It occurred to me that if I could stand between the two crosses then the heat and warmth of sin could not touch me. I tried to stay perfectly balanced with my arms opened wide between the black crosses and just out of reach. Just out of reach of the warmth and the light.

This would continue for the next three years, everyday. Until finally, tired and sick, I collapsed onto my floor one morning, and the warmth seeped into my skin all that afternoon.

IV. I tore down the blinds the following week and replaced them with a blanket. I bought this blanket from a booth at the flea market selling authentic Mexican goods. This blanket was knitted by a starving senorita named Hazel Loretta.

The blanket is thick, and forestry green with skinny red

lines that intersect, and when these skinny red lines intersect, a little sunlight comes through, I think of Hazel's bony fingers, and when I touch the blanket it is warm with sin.

V. There is a rosary that I leave hanging behind the blanket. This rosary is plastic with little metal links between the beads. The rosary is glow in the dark green, which is why it is in the window. I leave just after sunset; beads are glowing, and the Jesus is glowing.

And sin has been absorbed by the rosary, and by the blanket.

VI. I was ordained to work as a television evangelist, but radio was my forte, so I pursued that instead. For ten dollars, I would dip my finger in holy water, brush my finger across the face of George Washington, whisper a prayer, and the lower class would have holy money. This service became very popular, and I earned quickly, once I'd received enough, I funded a new project.

There are, in this town, several pornography shops, and as I continued to collect funds, I bought property. I would pay ridiculous sums of money, and the exploitative men, well, the exploitative men thought they'd gotten the deal!

And in these properties near pornography shops, Mexicans were paid, and erected large white crosses. Crosses made of thin frames and aluminum siding, and their shadows are cast across the pornography shops.

The lawsuit ended and the judge made his conclusions, and I had at least as much right to erect the crosses, as the storekeepers had the right to do their business of erecting.

VII. In the mornings, I press my face against the blanket.

VIII. In the evenings, I suck on the glowing crucifix.



Fruit Fly

The Seal of Ice

Not many people roamed the streets.
He found a collection of papers nailed to a wall,
Had strings hanging from his pockets,
And scissors in his coat.
Ravens crossed his path,
Just dodging a porcelain plate...
“Didn’t anyone teach you to knock?
I could have split yer skull!”
All the shards in a rag,
His crown was in the hands of a servant,
Two halves by a large crevice.
The ceiling showering crystal, glass and mortar,
Bullets riddled the planks of the deck,
Flood reached ravenously to the ship,
Tossing wood fragments into the air.

The cyclone slowly receded.

We searched the beach for any valuable wreckage.
Massive layers of skins that were once arms.
Bloated skins that barely resembled anything
Pat the dust off the coat carelessly,
Not paying attention to detail.

Expiration

A tandem of rubicund xerophytes
Deliquesce into their viscid wig-wam’s,
Rictus, and liken themselves to a lilt.
A riant, auricular cirrus cloud
Commits rhabdomancy toward the diptych,
Embargoes quintessence as hirsute quiche,
Diatomic sassafrassed rhapsody,
Gasworks silo’s ribald gate-legged table,
Disingenuous thread-baring latchet,
Diatribes hedgehop absent cochlea,
To bombast him from wispy existence.

Art film: Take 3

We were shooting your latest film,
Titled with some French phrase,
With double meanings that are somewhat
Sexual and somewhat
Religious in their context to the screenplay.

It was designated that the feature
would be presented as two separate parts.

The monosyllabic church scene transitioned well into the
funeral scene,
And laughing at the coffin was completed in one take,
(You noticed, I noticed, that I didn't want to let go of your
hand after walking to the hill's crest.)

And part one was complete,
Audio-techs were paid,
Technicolor did their bit,
And we were out of funding.

We rewrote the script,
And had one last scene,
Gradually fading into black and white.
With a crew of three we recorded
You and I sitting at those overhangs,
You stood claiming you'd, "Be right back."

In your absence our camera girl, Jenny,
Came and sat by me,
But we never talk.
Music ensues for ten minutes,
And in the end we lowered a camera,
Down the mountainside,
And sped up the film,
As if my character had jumped.

The music hits a climax as the eyes of the lens close.

Untimeliness

The hologram had friendly features, and a firm yet relaxed grip for the shaking. But his or her superior and lord had slipped-through life, like being punted outside for gnawing drawer handles on the glass-topped antique rendition.

And in said lordship's untimeliness—so inconsiderate—he hadn't time to see his child's deformity, which is it only had a right appendage to greet with.

A motif of untimeliness: society's skyscraper-suited personalities were right-side positive, a general advantage of the timely fortunate individuals. (I myself am envious.) So what promised a genius more than a single sigh of life turned out to—well, house rats.

"Ten -- Mid-air"

No out of body experience
Just my soul plummeting
violently back into my
central nervous system
from
|
mid-air
|
walks
alone with strangers
 mechanical dialogue
 proving that I'm
 the only living soul

mid-air
as if it started to
tug, choke itself,
like a dog on a chain
eager to escape.

“Fruit fly”

This poem exists
to be examined
as a singular sentence,
which is so debasingly long
that a scrupled, sordid, lonely,
aging retiree couldn't wholly comprehend
what unerringly the subject—a noun—and the action—a
verb—is;
overall, it is not so much a poem,
but rather a way of saying that I am
leisurely beginning to take in the smell
of my mortality absorbing into these
besmirched ramparts.

It's more refreshing than hard nipples after living in the
tropics for a decade.

Best friends #2

The angle-tongued harpy has a spectral glow, which
boils my envy of Death; I'd burrow and shroud myself in the
gut of his ribcage. Occasionally, he'd undress his dreadlock
skin, and display me to his admirers and underlings, as if I
were a fish in a long forgotten pair of disco platforms that
his son recently found tucked away in a swampy closet
along with a photo album of his bone-fro and coal black
suits spun from the silk of spiders back in the Paleolithic
period.

we
smoke
off
the
same
cigarette

Eason & Louis #3

Stopping in the road to
save a poor, well defended
rock and burning that copy
of Animal Farm

Playing hide and seek
with their drug dealer
and smoking Somas

Louis read somewhere
that you feel creative
when you're on drugs,
but other people just
think you're on drugs

Eason reassured Louis,
Hands gesturing a needle,
Pointing at the Earth below.

Our Third Wheel

Her and I held hands over your grave,
And I spit the chew in my mouth on the grave next to yours,
Saying that you deserved the whole damn field,
She smacked me,
Our lips smacked.

We had tied a photograph of you to our headboard,
Your photograph fell,
It was during our first night of bondage,
When it's her turn, and I am over her,
I always see your face.

We kept one of your poems on our refrigerator,
Teethed to one of those clip magnets,
Along with receipts, shopping lists,
Coupons, and steamy notes,
Which mentioned how she'd...

You kept our relationship going.

We smoke off the same cigarette

“Vagabonds!” Huffed an official,
shouldering through,
ruining the first performance.
Later,
Gypsying again for a dollar,
Guitar string gave,
You lost your right eye,
Recoiled,
I lost my left,
Proposed.
At an altar,
“We share forever one set of eyes,” said I,
standing at your left.
The official huffed,
We kissed,
Meeting vision with void, colorless,
Matching black patches.

For Example, Noel.

Every part of life lends to artistic endeavors, or for the non-artist, dialogue and self-pride. As it goes, this can sorely affect every aspect of life. Thus, the relationship between Noel and the women who lived in worker-homes, and spoke no English, lent Noel a spark of genius.

His Russian lovers would learn English, translate his simple meanderings, and where he failed in the States, he'd be a famous poet in Moscow circles. At first, only one girl attempted to master the craft of American gibber-dash. However, she'd been forced to leave by issue of an expiring work visa before any substantial progress had taken place.

She'd just wanted to snort lines, have sex, kiss him, and exchange e-mail addresses before she made home to Gustav. Noel pushed her and pushed her to translate just one simple poem, and she swore at him, kissed him, and told him she'd be back next year. So, for six months, Noel gave up on his almost certain Russian fame, and he settled into writing an advice column under the name of one "Misti Summers." He quickly developed a passion for writing from the perspective of an old lady.

Then, one day, he met another Russian who had full command of English, and she readily translated and submitted his "Golden Girls Verse," as he called it.

Apparently, he gained slight notice within five months, and everyone denounced the English-speaking Russian for being a lesbian with some old American hag.

Everything in life lends to artistic endeavors.

Pretzels cost too much nowadays.

I planned to go to the roller derby
With that hippie girl
Nancy and Drew hadn't
The nerve to invite into
Their marriage bed.
Instead, I'm staring at his chest's
Irregular rise and fall.

I digress.

I was a tiny, fatherless piece of shit,
And me poppy sends a little notice
Through the secretary of me middle school.
"Meet dad at the park," it said.
And I couldn't go home anyway,
It was mum's date night,
Since that Larry guy
Had the night off from selling
Cars and televisions
To the over privileged,
Credit-whoring
Proletariat.

I digress.

Me dad scheduled
Our first encounter between
Business meetings—the type
where at sharp o'clock isn't
Stressed unless there's
Loaned money involved.

"I guess I'm like you, daddy,
I've got me own concerns about
Borrowed money." It turns out
Me stolen identity has some substantial
Student loans—and I need it
For more than just further theft.

Anyway,
When I approached him that day,
Some scruffy man was offering him
A knock-off handbag for a shitty
Weed bag. What use did he have
To tote around that handbag?
Maybe it should become law
In prominently Conservative states
That citizens must tackle men with
Purses. Messenger bags count.
Then you have some punk in court
Trying to argue that he thought the
Armored truck guy was carrying a purse,
Not a sack full of bills. The word
Meth might be brought up.

The door opens,
And the doctor gives me a funny look,
I ask him if it's strange to be eating pretzels,
And he says, "If it weren't for pretzels..."
Crunch, crunch. I eat loudly when I don't
Want to hear anything that isn't
Coming from meself.
The doctor can be,
But I'll never be sweet
To the pus of society types.
"You need time alone," he says, leaves.

"Son," rasps the wasp.
I eat another pretzel.
Then I stare, and shrilly,
"It's your daughter now."
He's convulsing,
And it doesn't seem strange
To see him jerking randomly.
He always had a twitch.

He was twitching the day
We met in the park.

“I’m your father,”
He’d already said so,
Telling me to wait for
Him to finish with his customer.
“Right,” I lifted me eyebrows.
He didn’t say anything.
I stared at him for a moment,
And asked “How much for an eighth?”

Just slip the little pulse reader
Onto me finger for a second,
And pull, and he’ll never catch his breath.
Pop it off the latex glove and walk out.

“I don’t sell for the money,” he said.
He’d been a preacher for the money once,
According to me mum’s scrapbook memoirs.
The first thirty years are terribly interesting,
But the second half is just photographs
From “R U HOTT” sites. It’s strange how
People try to remove letters or add extras.
And how phat with a p-h means the opposite
Of its counterpart.

Currently Untitled #6

He daydreams about
flowing hair, and
how she twirled
with bubble wands.

She's lying beside him,
focused hard on
the gaping
pupils,
trying to watch
his soul
from the
outside.

Whispering,
"Does it die with
the body? Is it
dead already?"

He coughs blood
on her glasses
and she
blinks.

Predictions #5

Proper typing skills
will probably rape sign language
that way us Americans
done English

He pointed to himself
 said, "Accident."
 pointed to her
 said, "Old age."
 pointed to me
 said, "Suicide."

Lucky numbers:
1 out of 10 out of 15 (will never forget us.)

Underwater and Breathing through Straws (for Clint)

He couldn't afford cotton swabs
and if you've ever tried to clean
your ears with a kitten's tail, then
you understand his frustration.

But it wasn't dirty ears or lack of
money or even burning scratches
from pin prick claws.

It wasn't even the dusty noodles
falling apart as they boiled.

It was the grasping at stardust,
And coming back with tufts of
nothing by the handfuls.

"The black waitress..."

thought I was a
"real cutie," but
I just thought she
was a black waitress.

and I guess I was
on this kick about that
girl with hot-fry red,
Tinkerbell hair and the
hills of letting pain out.

She left an enormous smudge
on one of my notebooks.

Occasionally, I'll lick my
index finger and slide it
across the itsyest bit
and taste tortilla chips.

And I've given it some
thought, and I bet that
black waitress tastes
like tortilla chips, too.

"a diary instead, take 2"

I let cigarettes dangle
'cause truckers make it funny
and Bob Dylan makes it cool.

Public displays are the
only way to unboil the noddle
without asking for a helping shag.

Poppycock (serves 2)

- 1.) Crush a 10mg percocet
- 2.) Mix with prepared marijuana & tobacco to taste
- 3.) Roll in Zig-Zig Ultrathins
- 4.) Make others uncomfortable with your taste
for self-destructive behavior

"Katie or Amanda or Brittany"

I saw Bobby eyeballing
those suds & the next day
I walk into work & he's
bathing in the sink.

Alex or Chad or James
said, "I'd do things to
her that are illegal in a
third world country."

She works everyday,
two & a half jobs,
probably to pay off
a car she doesn't need,
but I told Henry or Brian
or Larry that I'd probably
write her shitty poems anyway.
I left out that I'd basically
be her gay-best-friend figure.

I saw the token black stroke
the electric red-head's face,
& I felt like I must be in a porno,
that life is a giant incestuous orgy,
each one of us wed to the climax.

In all honesty

Distaste:
Sometimes I say,
“That could give me pink eye.”
Other times I shrug.

I very often use the word “hate.”
(And the word “love” half as much,
And less often “like.”)
Like a pendulum,
Hovering a moment at one extremity,
And going directly back to where it’d come from,
To linger and repeat.
Linger and repeat.
Linger and repeat.

And he claps giddily at a loaf of bread

She shoved a small dog into an expensive satchel,
And hung it danglin’ from a gold-clad arm.
Unzipping to say, “Isn’t Snickers adorable?”
The dog wagged and pissed excitedly,
And the box was jacked again.

At night, when the companion moved about freely,
It would snuggle in obedience with its shopping mate,
Often licking her face.

attention to detail

I discover traits of myself all the time.
For some elaboration,
I cleaned bathrooms full-time for a year and a half
before realizing that I consistently missed one article
of the porcelain equipment:
The flush mechanism.

For some definition:
I often miss the last stair.

And to romanticize with contemporary penmanship:
I am ill-qualified to immaculate.

Wheel of Fortune is Hangman for Consumer Culture

Used bullets
Empty roaches
One person plays
A four arm duet

A generic armful
Of carbohydrates

An engine that
Shifts from first
to third place
works for me

Ahoy, my dreams
are obesity and booty
Avast, I didn't
want to see you
ever again with
the strange
transitions?

"Grapes?"

A genius selling coke on a tricycle,
Heading, I quote, "That way,"
And turning, he points, says,
"Or that way," where
The road is fruity pebbles
And cow pie.
And turning, he points, says,
"Or that way," where
A mountain of spoiled
Cracker snacks are
Ready to slip into
A peanut butter avalanche,
And turning, he points, says,
"Or back where I come from,"
And there is his home,
Covered in possibly toxic waste,
And turning, he points, says,
"But I hear there's work in California."

"the beast's nine-nippled revelation #2"

each one of us is a god flicking
the butterflies off their own
translucent nipples.

each one staring through pink lenses
in assigned groups of nine — the rest
of our lives encompassed and only
forty-five seconds to live it all.
our eyes dilate, but we're not sure
why we're hyperventilating and
spittin' sweat on one of the
beast's nine glass nipples.

and we're butterflies
with a gut-busting instinct
to hit and be pinned on another
god's wall.

"Ace -- Trawl"

dolphin in
a trawl
crowded
by fish,
by the
gilled,
prickly
proletariat
of the
waters.

a body in
a trawl
fucks with
the progress
of the books.

the books!

preachers
and rock-stars
have the
same problem
with crowds
that trample.

"Victimization"

truancy is
a gateway
crime

education
isn't a priority
because we've
got battles
to muscle our
way through,
and if we
lose those,
soon there
won't be
children
to
nationalize.