

Traipsing 'Round The World

Daylight, the enemy  
I can see the people move about  
Nighttime, my friend  
Erasing that which I care not to see

Empty is the man  
That shivers from a woman's touch  
-I am the man  
A swiss army knife in my pocket  
A bag of dirty laundry on my back

I've been to your neighborhood  
I've stood outside your door  
You've seen me on the roadside  
Barefoot sleeping on the train floor  
I'm the enemy of convention  
I'm a colleague of the lost  
running from that which you pursue  
Like a gypsy from the cops

I'm one of the liberated  
As hollow as a log  
Moving from there to here in search of  
I don't know what it is  
Like any other stray dog

Life Through Tall Eyes

What a thrill it must be  
To  
See above the crowd  
Be above the crowd  
And flee from a crowd  
Whose likes are that of  
Short people like me

What a rush to read subtitles  
Without craning your neck

Gee, I'm twenty one  
And still waiting to be waited on  
If I could only see above Goofy's hand  
I could :  
    get on this stupid ride  
    ;ride in the front seat  
    ;be served  
    ;serve myself

Hey Levi's -  
Who's on stage now!

If you don't get it  
You're probably taller than me

Make Believe

Little boy sits alone  
making hand puppets  
with the shadows on the wall

There's -  
a dog; a bird;  
something his mind can't give a name to  
    He hopes he will be well  
    In time for school to begin

Little girl in her room  
talks to her dolls

There's -  
Barbie; Ken;  
one that cries when its pacifier is removed from its mouth  
    She dreams of a house of her own  
    With a garden and picket fence

Mother and Father  
in two separate worlds  
can't agree on what should be done

About -  
the house; the car; the kids  
    They act as if both understand  
    Indifferent to the complexities of growing up

Headlines

Highway robber  
Made off with a million  
But forgot to get himself a car

Luckless pedestrian  
Struck by a trolley  
walking home from a late night at the bar

-what's it all mean to you

Ole' farmer  
Falls on hard times  
One more year of record draught

Young investor  
Hits the ceiling  
Blue chip stock value keeps dropping down

-what's it all mean to me

You, you read the newspaper  
Me, I watch the news  
We're just two more indicators  
In these times of economic abuse

All That's Been Spared

He - She  
does it matter where they stand?

Two separate worlds  
Come close but never collide  
What becomes of me  
Contrasts little with  
What becomes of you

split at the seams ;  
foreground scattered with broken dreams

- landscapes erode over time

All that has been spared -  
a puddle of water  
two sticks that are still dry

Box Inside Her Skin

Girl wrapped tight  
Too many knots  
Can't make her spin

Emptiness outside  
A lifetime held within  
She turns toward  
The box inside her skin

World steps back  
Walls too thick to scratch through  
She twists in the bindings that keep her still

Occupying four walls  
With what's inside herself  
The same space once left  
For others to fill

A Thought I Leave Behind

Look one last time  
At the me that lies still  
Before your eyes

The day I leave this world  
No different than  
The day that I arrived

Like a butterfly  
Set free from its cocoon  
My soul moves like the wind

A spirit in flight  
One in which you all  
have placed brush strokes upon

Sitting On The Front Porch

Whiskey swilling woman  
The dizzy blond  
Clings to my best friend's side  
Daddy's gone down to the train tracks  
To watch the midnight train go by

Mother's back home in the kitchen  
My kid sister  
Helps watch potatoes fry  
Barking dog out in the back alley  
Howling at the alley cat that's gonna die

Bushel full of laundry  
Waiting for tomorrow  
When it will be hung out to dry  
Three young punks  
And my older brother are upstairs getting high

Newborn baby next door  
Keeps the neighborhood awake  
With its constant cries  
Divorcee across the avenue  
Brings home yet another guy

I'm still huddled on the front porch  
Waiting for daylight to take away the night  
So I can skip along another day after the other  
Fighting back the tears  
That make this life of mine come alive



Dancing Matilda

Dancing Matilda  
spins 'round twice  
stumbles  
then laughs at the mess  
she's made of her life

A bottle of gin  
set by the cradle  
she slurs a lullaby  
to her newborn baby  
while the boy just turned one  
cries on the bathroom floor

Her latest lover then says  
it's time for him to go  
she just shrugs then  
flicks the landlord's  
latest unopened letter  
underneath the couch

she calls again

Dancing Matilda  
turns the money  
she's been making  
into a pile of white gold  
before setting herself free  
like a fistful of air

Reminiscing On My Life

Excuse me mister - mam  
Have you ever felt  
Like an empty pocket  
Clinging to darkness and air?  
Has tourism moved in  
Leading you on a guided tour  
As you watch your life go by?

There's a time  
    (i'm not sure when it happens  
    or how long it takes) ;  
Frogs become bank books  
Bubble gum wrappers turn to pens

thirteen  
becomes  
sixteen  
becomes  
twenty-one  
becomes  
sixty-five  
becomes

a deadline  
chasing after days  
we couldn't wait to pass

You're an adult  
Unable to remember what it was like to be young  
Without ever knowing what it was like to live

Doodling On A Thai Isle

Have you noticed we're running out of song titles  
Have you noticed we're running out of good books  
Have you noticed we're running out of excuses  
Have you noticed the opportunities we've overlooked  
You realize you're growing old  
Without ever realizing you were once young  
You realize not once did you ever laugh out loud  
Not even when you were having fun

we are all dreamers  
we are all keepers of the key  
only some of us are believers  
that reach as far as the mind can see

Have you realized your full potential  
Have you realized the possibilities that come each day  
Have you realized you're running out of excuses  
Have you realized the opportunities you've wasted away  
You notice you're growing old  
Not ever noticing you were once young  
You notice you never cracked a smile  
Not even when you wished one would come

Stupor In G Minor

I remember sipping  
Singapore Slings  
Wishing I was still  
Somewhere along the Nile  
I've chased you back  
To where I once found you  
Then lost you again

I've looked for you  
At a hat shop in New Orleans  
Searched for you around the steps in Rome  
I thought I saw you At The Tracks  
It was just a vision  
Of the last time we made love

Today

Today

could we just listen to flowers

and watch to see them grow

I'm too tired for bed

my eyes are still watering

my mouth is empty and dry

Today

could we just smell each other

and touch a blade of fresh cut grass

I'm afraid i'm not ready for winter

and the trees are already shaking free

Today

could we just taste the sweet breeze

of a butterfly emerging from its cocoon

innocent and bewildered

wanting little more than to flutter, then fly

Still 10feb91

Pedestal rider  
Is where you belong  
Extracted from closed eyes  
An image in my sleep  
I can only dream of

Where were you at midnight?

I lie awake in bed  
Hanging on my eyelids  
-still you would not come

Did the coffee scare you away?

curtains ushered in white moonbeams  
the clock tapped a redundant tune  
-I was still alone

You drifted by in a breeze  
That twisted my nightcap

Did you see me lying there?

I fell asleep  
Still wondering ;  
Who are you  
That you should be  
The quintessential scene  
In a panoramic life  
That turns within itself

Bona Drag      10feb91

To come so far  
To this unruly town  
To come so far  
And be let down  
    (was I really)  
I thought I would see you  
Because you've reached me  
in so many ways  
I thought I could meet you  
To let you know you've touched me  
in such personal ways  
    is it sad to be celibate  
    does it feel good to be alone  
I don't know; I JUST don't know  
Please tell me, I'm asking you kindly  
PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE, you make it sound like such a nicety  
But first you must tell me-  
    Do I really want to know?  
        no one can reach you  
        no one can touch you  
        no one can HURT you  
(is it better that way)

I thought I saw you on Tench St.  
It was just a photograph

Not Much To Look At 93nov90

I'm sorry for the way I feel  
I'm sorry I can't be your friend  
You're just so brutally gruesome  
You're so sickeningly sad  
That even if you were  
The sole provider in a homeless shelter  
I still couldn't be your friend

When I saw you looking in the mirror  
I wondered how it felt  
To hate yourself  
Not even your mother could love you  
Not even your father would hold you  
And I hate you  
Not for who you'll never be  
But for who you already are

I'm sorry for the way I feel  
I'm sorry I can't be your friend  
You're so morosely grotesque  
You're so violently vile  
That even if the you were  
Beaten by a band of crooks  
I still couldn't forgive your awful looks

When I saw you sitting in the corner  
I wondered how it felt  
To be alone with yourself  
To never know how to love  
To never know how to be loved  
And I hate you  
Not for how you'll never be  
But for how you'll always make me feel

I'm sorry for the way I feel  
I'm sorry I can't be your friend  
You're just so deplorably hideous  
You're so pitifully poor  
That even if you were  
The last human contact I would have  
I still couldn't be your friend



Everybody's Fool

07nov90

At times  
I feel like  
I'm the scapegoat  
Of some high school prank  
In an after school t.v. special  
Where;

The big football jock  
is balling the Homecoming Queen  
in the back of the coach's Cadillac  
while  
the rest of the team  
is out behind the main gym  
smoking pot

The school cop and  
Miss P.,  
the nastiest of all the deans,  
are checking the couples for alcohol  
on their breath  
as they show i.d. and tickets  
to get into the dance

Me, I'm in the parking lot  
watching for any suspicious characters  
I can see the Caddy; I can see behind the gym;  
What I don't see is a teacher  
coming from behind  
and before I have a chance to explain  
I'm busted again,  
not for giving test answers,  
but for loitering

Lucky's

10feb91

All right!  
The world is yours  
Yes you  
the one ascending the stairs  
Wearing cologne  
That blew the doors wide open

Come on in!  
There's no need to be shy  
They're all here  
Just for you

Oh hey!  
Where'd you get those  
Cavaricci's?  
And what a nice tie -  
Pure silk?!

Easy killer!  
Save that energy  
For the girls

Yeah,  
We have sports too -  
On big screen even

So  
Why don't you relax -  
Mingle with the crowd

Bar to the left ; bathrooms to the right  
In between  
I'm sure you'll find  
Everything else you're looking for

Can you remember all that?

I know it's kind of hard  
When your brain is still wrapped  
In underoos!

My Belongings

07nov90

Flip-flops, Cut-off shorts,  
And a fanny pack  
I bought from some guy  
At the Halsted St. Fair

I left them all there  
In the sand  
By a garbage can that read;  
"Help Keep YOUR Beach Clean"

The bottle of mineral water  
I was drinking  
Lies empty  
Near the lifeguard  
Who is flirting with the sun

Whirlwind

09nov90

If I could but one time see  
I'd never bother to look at again

I'll never know for sure  
But my own uncertainty  
Of being certain to never feel

Can you remember  
Or  
Need I remind you of  
The last time I made you cry

I'm still laughing  
While I kick myself from behind

Thinking About Charlie

11nov90

Charlie don't like living in the city  
Says the people get him down  
Acting like they know what the hell is going on  
No, they're just pretending  
Though they're scared as hell  
Thinking guys like Charlie are out to get 'em

Charlie hates his name  
Says it reminds him of  
Some cheesy perfume from the 70's  
He sometimes wonders if his mom wasn't  
Playing some kind of sick joke on him

Charlie's got nine brothers  
And a sister named Marie  
They've got real lives  
Pushing pencils and babies down the street  
Not Charlie though,

Charlie don't like work  
Says he'd rather slum through the streets  
Looking for an ear to talk to  
Or just someone who'll agree

Charlie's got himself a girl  
He keeps locked up in a shed  
One night he got mad  
Thinking she'd been fooling around  
That's the last time she's been seen

Charlie don't like life  
Says living's getting him down  
No money, no responsibilities  
Not much going on in his head  
He still thinks none of it is his fault  
Then says it's God's punishment  
For killing his old man

Daddy's Little Girl      22nov90

Undressing to reveal  
That she wasn't  
Such a shy girl after all  
Little Etienne  
Stepped out of her dress  
And moved closer to the man  
Waiting on the other side of the room

Would it always be this way?  
Should it ever?

Little Etienne  
Was never quite sure  
Much to her mother's dismay

Daddy wouldn't tell  
Little Etienne couldn't

But when the phone rang  
With mother on the other end  
Daddy winked and smiled  
'I'm so proud of my little girl'

Knowing -

Shaking from his suicide  
He felt good inside  
Knowing - though he failed  
He could try it once again

He took the bullet  
Before he knew it  
He thought  
Dammit, it better work this time

Lodged inside his brain  
Though he could feel no pain  
He could feel  
That his eyes did not close

He was still alive  
After four unsuccessful tries  
Only this time  
He could never try it again

he was paralyzed  
Except for his eyes  
Knowing - this is how he would stay  
Until he was dead

## Perspective

Outside my train window  
I can see the stars  
And the little farm houses  
Quickly going past  
Engine whistle blows  
Scenery rolls along  
When I get  
To where I am going  
It will be nighttime once again  
I can see the same things  
From my bedroom window  
Only this time  
It will be the train that moves



Mirage

Emerald isle wonder  
I've circled you  
A thousand times .  
Before being invited  
To come ashore

Crescent moon desire  
Your lips are the  
Color of the red sky  
At night fall  
Wash me in the ripple  
Of your shifting fleshtone shore

Chestnut mane lover  
Whose breathe is a  
Mist that dances 'round me  
Ride me through til daybreak  
Hold me in your green eyed stare

Coming Home To Nothing

22nov90

Daddy's gone  
Took his own life  
At the age of thirty-three  
Said he was the savior of the world  
And somehow I believed him

Put a gun up to his head  
Now all that's left of him  
Is a picture in my wallet

I don't suppose mom will much care  
She ain't been seen  
Since the night before he died  
Saying she was going away  
To find herself

Perhaps she will when she finds out  
What happened to daddy

Drive-By Shootings

26nov90

Hey,  
It's no big thing  
Take a bullet to the head  
Fall  
And watch your brains spill  
Into the street

Soon,  
You're front page news  
Without ever even knowing it :  
Street Gang Member Gunned Down  
The first to go this year

Tagged and trayed  
At the city morgue  
Til  
Someone who no longer knows you  
Comes to identify  
What's left

No,  
They're not going after the guy  
That did you in  
They ain't got the time,  
They ain't got the man power

They just know  
He'll turn himself in  
On the next "meat wagon"  
That comes through

Shy Boys

13dec90

Dancing next to me,  
A girl with fake blond hair-  
She thinks it's really cool  
To dance alone  
With her reflection in the mirror

I'd ask her to dance  
But she looks twenty-five  
And before she knows it  
She'll be thirty-five  
Without ever knowing  
What it was like to be eighteen

Worn-Out Clichès

13dec90

I remember the words  
You spoke so eloquently  
You wrote them all down  
So your intentions couldn't be heard

I remember going back  
And reading those words  
Thinking all the time  
So I wouldn't be able to see

I remember wishing  
You were still here  
To speak about things  
We knew we'd never do  
But it was nice to escape  
Into that paradise

I remember the time  
You held your hands out  
Your face was turned  
I should have known  
What you were all about

Instead I thought you were just coy  
Another part of your allure

Chiaroscuro

25dec90

I'd like to put you  
On a pedestal  
And place you  
In the corner of my mind  
soft colors  
blend in the blazing sun  
a shroud of false semblances  
slipping from my senses

I'd like to frame you  
In smoke rings  
And wait for  
A more appropriate time  
pearl-grey cloud  
hidden behind closed eyes  
tempting me with indifference

I'd like to hang you  
From memory  
And watch you  
In harmony with the night  
drawn from the canvas  
I could roll you and smoke you  
beneath the disappearing moon

Looking For Atlantis 24dec90

Child eyes  
Cry in the dark-  
Am I too old to remember?

Punctured wound oozes  
Flesh pours from my soul  
Clean handkerchief reeks  
of yesterday's stink

Mongrel at my feet  
Licks the hands  
Off a clock  
That's lost its way

Wilting toes  
Squash the wax doll  
Probably just a puppet

Now it is time

Empty baby carriage  
Slams into  
Its mother's arms,  
Baby cries

Hungry for bed  
It eats its dreams  
Regurgetating  
What it does not comprehend

Bloodstained ideas  
Pick the brain  
Of a white rabbit  
Whose only conviction  
Is wanting to be real

Horse hooves scurry  
Along  
The baby's fragile mind

Imprints of  
Stolen fingerpaintings  
Breathe a stoic ballad  
Of lost images  
Daylight dances off the sidewalk

Is it my eyes slipping away?

The Reaper's Final Word

27jan91

"Too Deep" she cried  
And threw herself over the edge  
She never did like to swim

"Too Slow" she whined  
And kicked the chair from under her feet  
She would faint at the sight of blood

"Too Weak" she lied  
And swallowed the entire container  
She claimed she couldn't pull the trigger

"Too Young" I sighed  
And helped her through it all  
I'm just glad I could touch her in so many ways



He said,  
"yer talkin' too fast"  
"whaddya mean, 'I'm talkin' too fast"

"there", he points, "yer doin' it again"  
"doin what", I shrug

"slurrin' yer words together like a goddamn drunken fool"  
"listen", I say, "I don't know what the hell yer talkin' about"

n' then he gets real quiet, so quiet  
like he hears someone outside  
tappin' on the window pane

he leans forward, scrunches his shoulders  
n' whispers,  
"I don't like the game yer playin' mister -  
pretendin' as though ya don't know  
what it is I'm talkin' about"  
"sorry", I say, "guess I've just been a bit stressed as of late"

he had no idea what I meant

Like the sound  
Of a baby's first cries  
Is the way I remember  
The words my lover once spoke to me

If I put the last two minutes  
Of my life in a box  
Would I live forever

Stretching, Reaching,  
    Extending,  
    Developing,  
            Changing,  
Expanding, Broadening,  
Grasping,  
            Blossoming,  
    Growing

I'd loft my body into the sky  
If I could fly  
Instead  
I'll throw my body into the ocean  
Though I can't swim

Spiral staircase  
Spirals down  
The turret  
Rising upward

I wonder if when  
I look in the mirror  
I wonder if then  
The mirror made an error

In the mind of each and every individual  
Is an idea whose time may never come

Swimming through  
The thoughts on my mind  
As shallow as they are  
I still might drown

We've overstepped the bounds of reality  
What once was as clear as black and white  
Is now as distorted as 3D without glasses

Murder on the far West side  
Some young boy  
Done in by a rival street gang  
The cops were nowhere to be found

Pot roast, yams, corn bread, and apple pie  
Warmed up and ready to be eaten  
While mom and dad waited for  
Relatives to arrive  
The table was set for ten

Rushing to beat the traffic signal  
I was running a little behind schedule  
I pressed on the accelerator  
Wishing I had taken the train

Car wreck  
On the corner of  
53 and Army Trail  
Bright lights were flashing everywhere  
I drove by to see  
If it was anyone I knew

Toll booth one mile ahead  
Searching frantically for more change  
Heading toward the manual lanes  
I was short by fifteen cents

Laughter on the inbound side  
As the train stopped  
To pick up more passengers  
I was alone on the  
outbound platform  
Waiting  
For a train to take me home

Headlights in my rear-view mirror  
As I traveled down  
A four-lane road  
When I turned right  
The headlights soon followed  
I turned left  
Headlights right behind  
Another left turn and  
I was in my driveway  
The headlights passed on by

My Week In One Breath

Punch drunk on Saturday  
I fell in love on Sunday  
You caught my eye on Monday  
On Tuesday you were gone  
Wednesday strolled by slowly  
Thursday tagged along  
Friday turned to Saturday  
Again on Sunday  
I fell in love before dawn

Crooked Street, Crowded Street  
The Crowd Continues Crawling  
Sidewalk Slants Toward The Mainstream  
I Could Walk Around

Late Night Distractions

Tossing & Turning  
I thought I'd done  
All I could  
To put myself to sleep  
Then  
My imagination  
Did things to me  
That I thought  
Only you could do

Rubbish & Lost Pennies

If I could only dissappear  
Melt beside the railroad tracks  
Travel lke trash along the city streets  
    -rubbish and lost pennies  
Ponder among the ruins of people's lives  
Have them bend to pick me up  
Then get tangled in their feet like  
    -rubbish and lost pennies

If I could be as faceless  
As the waste that looks back at me  
And be regarded with as much concern as  
    -rubbish and lost pennies  
I could get close enough to ask  
'Is that a wish you wish will come true  
Or excesss baggage you want to set loose?'  
    -rubbish and tossed pennies

Remembering You

I could never hate you  
Just express the bitter disgust  
I have in the you that you  
Cannot change yourself from being

Those words I share with friends  
How I wish I could get them back  
And hand them over to you  
It's not in their interest to feel  
The hurt I've felt from you

But you would never care  
Just cry  
And trick me into thinking  
Those words make you sad

No,  
I don't hate you  
Though I've tried  
Instead,  
I've learned to tolerate  
The vulgar nature of your memory



Letter To Bob Dylan <sup>2</sup>

11nov90

Hey Mr. Dylan  
Saw a bin full of your albums  
Yesterday  
And if you don't mind me wondering  
Please tell me,  
How is it that you've got so much to  
Say?

I flipped through all those records  
Then slowly flipped  
Back  
I took out one or two  
Looked through the titles  
And returned them to the  
Rack

Highway 61 Revisited, Bringing It All Back Home

You've had one-hundred fifteen  
Dreams  
Doesn't it seem strange  
That after twenty-two years  
I've yet to have even  
One

I've been thinking about some things  
And wondering a little  
Too  
Although I've got time  
There's still quite a bit  
That I have yet to  
Do

You see, this life I've been living  
It's been a little too much at  
Ease  
And if you don't mind me saying,  
Excuse me Bobby D.,  
But I ain't never experienced  
The visions you keep singing to  
Me

Dylan-esque I

I heard the teapot on the stove  
It was whistling for two  
The cups danced in the sugar bowl  
As the spoons kept time

Two chairs dangled from the floor  
Atop spinning saucers  
In a myriad of floral patterns  
The table was set for three

The doorbell rang  
When I spotted the flames  
I opened the door  
And in rushed the firemen

Smoke poured from the faucet  
Water dripped from the ceiling  
Flames licked the teacups

As the moon filled the wanting chair

You and I sat holding hands  
Sipping love  
From a not yet empty teabag

A week before I left  
I knew I had to get it all down  
Say what needed to be said  
Before I moved on to many distant towns  
There was no more room in my suitcase  
For one more pair of jeans  
My head was still too heavy  
From carrying all those lifeless dreams

I made my way to where  
I knew that she would be  
Afraid of whom she'd be with  
Afraid of being me  
I slipped in  
Wiped the sweat off my brow with my sleeve  
Just as some guy she was waiting on  
Slipped her another dollar bill and got up to leave

I watched her watch that guy  
As he spilled into the street  
The reflection caught her eye  
As the door closed at her feet  
But before she could notice  
I was moving through the crowd  
And as I watched her eyes move recklessly  
The band took its final bow

I spied through the window  
While she pushed her way to my table  
As the busboy who was working  
Discarded this crumpled piece of paper  
It was sad to see her face  
As she searched the room one more time  
I could only wait  
and think of one last line

She never did find out  
How this all had made me feel  
To let her know I leaned forward  
Like I was whispering in her ear  
"Even if the water does stop rippling  
You'll never get away from me"  
What I realize now is  
I grew in her ; She grew out of me

A TWIST OF AMONTILLADO

27apr91

Well, I've been watching that canvas  
For far too long it seems  
I'm still having trouble remembering  
If it was this you told me in a dream  
-Please don't call on me anymore

This picture I've been painting  
I've seen it before in an unfamiliar place  
Alone at times when it's late at night  
In the reflection of my tired face  
-Please don't call on me anymore

Realizing this  
I dropped that palette, kicked the easel aside  
Turned inside out, back outside in  
To find out that I had died

A twist of Amontillado  
This game I thought was through  
Only to find :

It was you who buried me  
Not me who buried you

MERRY-GO-WORLD

05may91

When the circus is in town  
Do you drop off your mind  
or  
Drive by and sigh ?

Do you find yourself  
running  
To keep up with time ?

you know there's a coin slot  
if you want to enjoy this ride

Are three rings too many  
in  
That circus life of yours ?

Does the carousel spin so fast  
that  
It wrinkles all your clothes

you can change if you're unhappy  
with the clown suit you have chose

I wonder how the horses  
feel  
When the carnival is closed,  
  
The kids have all gone home  
And you're alone  
At the top of the ferris wheel

LITTLE GIRL'S GIGGLES

05may91

The girl grew outside of  
The scenery that tried  
So desperately to blend in

Little girl's giggles  
Skipped from her mouth  
As she skipped beyond  
The life she left behind

transcending her own emotions  
letting the wind move her instead  
held captive by nature's way  
free to feel comfortable in the way she felt

She could have stayed in the life she was living  
She could have been like everybody else  
Instead,  
She danced with a cotton candy smile  
That stuck to everyone she saw

WHERE I GO WHEN I'M NOT WHERE I AM

06may91

Jezebel lives deep inside of me  
In a place where no one else has been  
I go visit at times

she just listens without ears  
she just smiles without laughing  
she just touches without feeling

Jezebel lives in the sanctuary of my mind  
It's where I like to go  
To get away from here

she always waits for me  
she lets me stay until I go

Jezebel lives within my very being  
I turn myself  
Inside out ; Back outside in

did you catch a glimpse of her ?

Replicas

Bright green leaves  
Compliment artistic yellow flowers  
Arranged in a brown wooden basket

a place setting

On a brown trestle table  
Surrounded by four yellow walls  
Trapped in an otherwise world of green



## Hide & Seek

Did you catch me  
In the shadows  
Trying to hide from you?

Did you really run  
The other way  
Or were you pretending not to see me?

You looked so happy  
Dancing in the sun, then  
I stepped out from  
Behind the shade tree.

Did I startle you?

I never was any good at playing games.

Pictures Of Me

Was I dreaming  
Or was it really you

I could not see in front of me  
My eyes were not in focus  
    -a blurred face  
    in a crowded room

In rushed the camera man ;  
Out went the lights

There I stood  
Alone in the dark room  
Wishing I was a child again

## Meticulous Days

I'd murder tomorrow  
If it were anything  
Like today

Today's vain attempts  
Compounded  
Yesterday's inadequacies

The monotonous pace  
That dragged me through  
The day  
Resembled the incessant dripping  
Of a melting icicle

Time moved  
Like the wheel  
Of an abandoned bicycle  
In the wind

As tears filled my eyes  
I toiled through today  
Gaining as much ground  
As a stationary bike

Mistakenly thinking  
Nothing could be worse  
Than yesterday's drudgery  
Which pelted me like  
Raindrops on the sidewalk

## Apocalyptic Visions

Shadows cast  
Spilling a thin veil  
Over colorless façades

Night lingers over  
The mask of haze  
Gradually transforming  
Into a curtain of darkness

Light is absorbed  
By the empty recess  
Formed by converging walls

Emerging from  
The cloud of obscurity  
A child, naked,  
With tears in its eyes

## Clockwork

Spinning  
On the same axis  
Three move in unison  
Red chord quickly emerges  
A minute later  
One black chord  
Chords now equal three  
Turn continues  
Playing tag  
With one another  
Red chord spins  
Black chord moves  
Finally  
Three are one  
Game half over  
In a second  
Two chords  
One more minute  
there are three  
Inescapable, loss as  
End of game draws near

## Hollow Ground

There in the back of his mind  
Lingered the plot of his life  
A black spot in an already grey world

Only he could see the void  
On the outside, a cold and weary man  
On the inside,  
Alive and content with his decision

Three days; on the table  
Sprawled before me  
The news of the day  
Black ink splattered across  
Otherwise blank white paper

He knew nothing  
Felt no pain  
I, on the other hand,  
Wore it all  
From the black on the outside  
To the guilt and pain on the inside

Beside Oneself

In an empty room  
A man crowds himself  
Into the corner  
Trembling like a little boy

eyes tell nothing  
body expresses nothing  
Nothing is certain

With a clenched fist  
He punches the wall  
Or is it the floor  
Or is he a man  
Or just a little boy  
Is he sick, dreaming,  
Or is he not sane

He slides down the wall, on the floor

Crumpled figure lays in the corner  
Of a room deprived of color  
Crouched in a heap of confusion

## Birth Rite

A new journey  
into  
No new world

Rhythmic breathing  
pushes  
A stream of light  
pulls

Breathe in  
the cool outside air that cuts through  
Breathe out  
The warmth of the walls that envelop me

Shadows dance in the distance  
Voices encourage me  
I twist and turn  
A waking nightmare

darkness succumbs to  
light



## Echoes

Trees howl in the night time sky  
Leaves flutter at the mercy of the wind  
Rain in the distance sounds its warning  
In the clouds overhead  
A raven hovers in search of prey

Flashing lights decorate the corridors of the city streets  
Cars collide with rhythmic traffic signals  
Pedestrians wander aimlessly, lost within themselves

Withdrawn from it all  
A carnival of lights can be seen through  
A girl's tear filled eyes  
As a one man bulldozer and his lantern  
Echoes through the filtering mist

Misspent Youth

White trash  
And he's roaming the streets  
Looking for a girl  
That thinks even less of herself

He's going to find her  
Together they'll watch  
Three dreams die

Looking For Japan

And in the evening's twilight  
I lookout  
I can see my own breath  
Bay water  
    -icy  
Splashes on my sandals  
Wind slaps my back  
Night cuts its way through the day  
Eyes swell

## Stagnate Trees

A tree whose roots extend deep into the soil  
grows in an open field where,  
due to the falling of the tree's leaves,  
more trees take root, eventually blossoming  
into a forest of wonder and exploration  
until, sadly,  
trees begin to crowd one another out,  
portraying a timberland  
of freedom and growth on the surface,  
but burrowed deep within, roots entangle each other,  
choking and fighting for more fertile soil.

## Liner Notes

There's a man who knows knowledge is golden  
He's building himself up for the outside world  
There's a man peddling women on the street corner  
Gambling and drugs are tearing him down from the inside

There's a little girl playing doctor with a friend  
They giggle shyly, noticing everything  
There's a young lady on her first date  
She resists this stranger's last advance

There's a couple rocking back and forth on the porch  
Realizing that old age has made its final call  
There's fraternal twins wailing from a pool of blood  
Not alert to worlds around

alone

## Mother's Whispers

Scared of the future  
The little boy  
Runs into his mother's arms,  
a nest he has learned to coddle  
since light first reached his eyes

He hides his face  
Screams  
"Make It Go Away"  
But his mother is not there

Now a grown man,  
The little boy no longer cries  
Too big  
For his mother's arms,  
He moves inside himself  
To hear his mother whisper

Morning Memories

Summer slips from  
Suspects swollen forehead  
Icicle veins run through  
Repeat offender  
Blood vessels burst

chalk mark    evening rain    morning memories

What the hell happened here yesterday



Z Monster

Early afternoon  
Air conditioner on high  
In a lightly dimmed room  
You sit alone unaware of its presence

the death hour is upon you

A low grumbling sound  
From within  
Goes unnoticed in your mind

Conscious blurs  
As It crawls on you  
creeping in your eyes  
pulling on your eyelids

You  
fade out; fade in  
Wavering until finally  
The lights go out

## Back and Forth

"Get out of here you miserable son of a bitch"  
Yells father  
My eyes widen  
As I look at him fearfully  
Then look back at mother  
Fear stalks her but  
Anger too burns in her eyes  
Where do I go now  
I head for the door  
Into the night  
And towards the swings  
With tears streaming from my eyes  
I swing back and forth  
Wanting the fighting to stop  
I cover my ears  
And hear a door slam  
I look up  
Silence  
The fighting is over  
Still I swing  
Back and forth

Solitude On The Thames

Flames lick the sky  
Scorching the night time air  
Clouds swirl  
Ripped open by the howling wind  
Blood rains on the beach  
Shifting sand  
Sends waves crashing against the shore  
Swallowing footprints

Captured by moonbeams  
Is a man feeding the fire with his love

Untold Stories

Sun up  
Whistle Blows

Train slowly eases forward  
Like a wagon full of bricks

Pedestrians on board  
None  
Next to me  
Throw my bag  
On vacant seat

To my right  
Head turns left

Eyes look out  
Train rolls over  
Rolling hills in distance  
With my mind

Thoughts wander  
Like the tracks  
Curving through  
Sparkling eyes and  
Untold stories

Rain upon  
The windows of my world

Train screeches to a halt  
Like fingernails on a chalkboard

Jump up  
Grab my bag  
Wipe my eyes

Look out  
    clear pane  
Look in  
    warm smile

Whistle blows  
Sun down

## Transparent People

Every day  
I'm eaten away  
By people with backs turned

Hypocrite says,  
'do you have some time'  
'i'm lonely'  
As I turn my back  
He's walking with the woman I love  
Scoffing at a man who has no legs  
To stand on

Swindler says,  
'can you spare me a dime'  
i'm hungry'  
As I turn my back  
He slugs me for a quarter  
Taunting a man who has no arms  
To pull himself up

Knave says,  
'do you need a hand'  
'i'm bored'  
As I turn my back  
I hear my friend  
Laughing at a man who has no one  
To help him

It's not too funny  
To wallow in dirt  
And it's all too sad  
To walk all over a man  
Who can hardly crawl

Memories Of The Wall

Gravel crumbles  
Like ice in a blender  
Under the rolling wheels  
Of the green bus

Once there  
I peer through  
My reflection  
In the glass  
At the decaying obstruction

Uncertainty  
Washes over me  
Like waves  
Sifting through the sand

Dying weeds,  
Graffiti,  
Yesterday's trash  
Line up on and along  
The façade of mortar  
That stares me  
in the eye

I look away  
Glancing back  
As we pass the greying barrier

The other side  
-unknown until today  
More dismal

Like the faceless mortar  
Decaying grey  
Paints itself  
Across the city  
And its people

This Charming Man

Isn't he a charming man  
Slumped over on the couch

He's quite a conversationalist  
Although he never has anything to say  
He always dresses well  
Though he can no longer go out  
He has a peculiar smell about him  
But I don't mind  
He never complains, never makes a mess  
He doesn't sleep at all, nor ever lies awake  
You know,

He is the only friend I have  
He really is a charming man

Parting Thoughts

I let her drift out into the ocean  
I know she's not coming back  
Inside I think she might

My heart trembles like the waves  
As I watch her go  
I can still reach her

I look inside myself  
As she floats out of sight  
Swallowed between the seas and the horizon



## My Masterpiece

Let it be known as the days go on  
The intentions of my heart  
And the thoughts on my mind  
As I attempt to paint my masterpiece  
,little by little,

Though it seems very unlikely  
Since I have never painted before,  
I will continue to paint rainbows  
Across your grey skies  
,and one day,

When my masterpiece is done  
You will be standing by my side

Surrealistic Woman

Alive and unusual  
You wear the perfume of life  
  you bring to life  
  dying dreams  
  you paint pictures in my mind  
  defied until now  
Lonely memories  
      -no longer  
Now spent alone

  you fill me  
  no matter the emptiness between

You are the surrealistic flowers  
That breathe life into  
My otherwise funereal world

## Hanging

Frayed rope  
dangles from  
Metal hook  
screwed into  
Plastered ceiling

(air hangs heavy)

Warm, muggy chamber  
empty except for  
Wooden chair  
directly below

(the scent of)  
Flowers  
Void of life  
(lingers)  
Give life to this  
Lifeless room

## Twisted Thoughts

I stepped outside myself  
And landed on the moon  
A cold, vast emptiness  
Drifting through the sky

Light as a feather  
I glided so eloquently  
Across the looking glass of life

She was a black spot  
In a shaded and grey world

I kept my eyes closed  
Wanting to see her glow

Echoing footsteps fell to the ground  
Shadows reflected off rain clouds

I dissappeared  
Blinded by moonbeams  
And reappeared  
In the absence of mind

## Picnicking

Hypnotised by  
The calendaric effect of time  
Two lovers are found chasing away  
The winds of one hundred days to come.

Come lie down with me under the fallen skirt  
of a tired Dutch Elm in late October.

Hold my hand. together  
We will read the words of  
cumings, Hughes, Dickinson, Those  
No longer will we speak to eachother  
?

Two lovers dreams will never be exactly the same -

and although tomorrow  
is less than one day away  
nature's people are already calling

(please leave two lovers alone  
to fall in love with each other)

At The Roxy

However,  
a song played on the radio  
that sent my mind reeling

I sank back in my chair  
to catch the tears that were falling

Before night was through,  
I would hear your voice five more times  
on the radio playing in my mind

Dion sang the song  
you so desperately want to live,

a song that made me realize;  
daytime is nighttime's only friend.

## Self Expression

Is it ever never enough  
An impulse or  
just  
a need to share

an idea  
never escaping  
the depths of your own mind  
is a shallow grave for some  
of arts most controversial movements:

Read some of the greatest pictures  
painted by Shakespeare and Thoreau;  
words forever sought after for interpretation

Lover  
my only one desire is to dive deep  
Into the hidden meaning of Bosch  
emerging from the canvas like incense.

Set your mind free from  
the sexual obsessions of Freud

There is a world less gloomy than Poe  
a love more beautiful than Jerry  
a life as desperate as yours.

-Thank you Mr. Van Gogh for lending an ear  
It's nice to know someone out there is listening

## In A Lifetime

In time exists  
An intangible presence  
Which we spend  
A lifetime trying to understand.

If I am happy  
In my own persistence to be miserable  
Should I devote a lifetime  
Looking for an answer to justify  
My position?

What obsession overcomes my reflection  
To be like everybody else?

External vanity  
Is an internal prison  
Locked away by  
The ogler's romantic conception.

It is in classical understanding  
That one learns to  
Turn the world inside out  
And find that  
Simplicity in life is not there.



## Midnight Ride

I love the way your body curves  
Like a mountain road at midnight

I'm not the driver,  
But I can move you any way I want

Child

I want to be the daddy I know I never can  
I'm not even trying, but  
I can make you cry or warm your insides  
With the touch of a button

No

I can't change what's up ahead  
I can't predict the weather  
I can't even last the night  
When we're moving down a dead-end street

Don't get me wrong  
I'm not running out of gas

We've not even reached  
Where the road runs out  
Into a long stretch of highway

That's when we'll be riding down  
A one-way street  
Til daybreak brings you home

## Obsessed

Is it wrong to be obsessed  
To consume in your mind  
The object of desire  
That urges you on  
?

My only want is to want  
To sink to the deepest depths  
Of the deepest ocean  
Resurfacing  
To grasp on my own insecurities

.

## Existence

Inspired by the  
Crying  
Of another doorstep child  
Midnight's tide  
Recedes into morning dew  
On a fresh blade of grass

Birds sing the praises of  
Time's infinite well -  
an immortal being whose  
disposition is that of Mozart

Daylight overlooks the majesty  
Of her evergrowing transcendence  
Knowing full well that her forever beauty  
Precedes the aura of a nocturnal sky -  
an indefinite interlude  
that guides nature towards its niche

Night time  
Whose contrast is little  
Between the waxing and the waning of the moon  
Offers serenity and the restless feeling  
Of the inevitable ebb  
Towards a dying man's body

Whilst  
Daylight reaches its prime

## Out Of Body Experiences

Through the day  
I left my mind behind  
to wander  
through fields of  
mushrooms and yellow daffodils

My body functioned on instinct  
responding like a wild animal  
to abstract signals

Along came the night  
My mind eased back  
Into the waiting room of oblivion

In time to be sent  
on another mystic encounter

Apt. 3B

Lights flicker  
Through make shift curtains  
In the open window of Apt. 3B

,music blares,

Chaotic rain  
Trickles on my lips  
As I watch from the outside  
Directly below

,shadows grow in number,

Behind a screen of smoke filled air  
Figures dance and mingle  
In the corner two become one

I stand agape  
Gasping  
On more hallucinating rain

,noise blares,

A cloud of smoke  
Passes through  
The festive rain

,inhale as,

I float to the door  
Stumble up stairs  
Unexpectedly dropping in on Apt. 3B

Material Issue.

'Hey Jimmy  
I see that you're  
moving with a crowd  
that now seems to be  
following you'

'We never did talk too much  
at school'  
'But now that you're a star  
I wonder what you'd think  
about maybe us two  
becoming friends'

"Well," said Jimmy  
"I never liked you then  
when I never did need no one  
and I still don't like you  
now that you need a friend".

Bedtime

Daydreaming the night away  
If I could turn back time  
There would be no struggle  
With the moon and stars

Just close my eyes  
And push it all away  
Or fall asleep  
And spend my night  
Dreaming about you

Wandering

There's a hurting going on the world over:

Look in the eyes of the passerby  
Notice something missing;  
Incomplete, it's quite discreet  
Something we all try to find  
Where to go, what to look for  
If we knew,

Wandering would be more than just a way to occupy time



Evil Doer

It makes me sick  
When I can't say  
I hate you  
Even though you've killed me inside

My stomach turns  
Anger burns  
Though I expected  
I never would have guessed  
That you would  
Follow through  
With such an evil plan •

Your wicked ways  
Have finally shown through

Selfishness is  
A one-sided game  
That has left me out

## Jail Break

Non Stop Go is how I feel  
When there's nothing blaring in my ears  
Colors are changing on a neon sign  
Though all I see are hashmarks that count the time

They're moving forward outside these four walls  
In here reflections of one another  
Like mirrors wrapped around us all  
They feed us & dress us & tell us to go to bed  
We still can't figure out by which hand we're being led  
And I can't see none of it from a prison cell  
Where I'm locked away in my mind to escape from this hell

## Ghost Rider

I'm staying home alone  
Got nothing better to do  
I've been standing in the rain so long  
I don't even know that I'm getting wet

Daytime rain is a shadow  
It's night time clouding up the sky  
That's been getting too hard to push away

I'm going to break away  
As soon as the weather starts to clear

The winds been dripping  
Down my back door  
For quite some time now

I've been too busy  
Looking for the sun at 2 in the morning  
Convincing myself that the moon is just as bright

Half an Ear

So  
It's one of those days  
When your mind  
Has wandered off  
And left me standing with  
Half an ear

You can nod in dispassionate agreement  
But I'm not fooled  
By your sensitivity  
Nor your present display of interest

I know where your thoughts are  
And I'm not interested in  
Directing them towards me

Don't you think I know  
That half the day  
You spend half your time with me  
The other half you spend  
On an emotional trip  
That takes you  
Half way around the world.

Trespass?

5am- farmhouse rises with the sun  
Mom lights a match, Dad milks the cows  
Grandma wakes the kids, breakfast on the table

6am- shades of green and brown radiate in the morning air  
Mom stacks dishes near the sink, kids clean their room  
Grandma lets out the dog, breakfast table cleared

7am- horse-drawn plow rolls down desolate dirt road  
Mom does housework, Dad plows the field  
kids wash and get dressed, the day's chores under way

8am- low rumbling in distance  
Dad feeds the cattle, kids out the door to play  
Grandma on the porch with her lemonade, cloud of dust rises down the road

9am- hollow roar at top of hill  
Dad runs to roadside, Mom stands at the gate  
kids cling to Grandma, gray cloud of smoke rumbles towards them

10am- dirt and rocks spit up and fill the air  
kids look to Grandma, Grandma looks to Mom  
Mom looks to Dad, Dad looks with dust-filled eyes

To truckload of cement passing by

Uncertainty

Perched motionless atop the radiator's heat  
She stares

Brown hair falls  
Over shoulders adorned  
In abstract paintings of white walls

Cotton dress  
Flanks radiator pipes

Opaque floors  
Fade to  
Grey pipes  
Fade to  
White walls  
Fade to

Bent knees that support  
Crossed arms that support

Emotionless face of fading uncertainty

Daniel A. Franch  
124 S. Wisconsin  
Addison, Il. 60101

Tommorrow's Worry

The sun shines and gives life  
above

The birds that fly  
above

The trees that blossom  
above

The grass that grows  
above

The soil that covers  
me

Passion

Lost in the haze  
of another waking dream  
two objects pose  
    revealing themselves to no one  
    as everyone looks on

Dripping ice cube  
    immersed in its own puddle  
reflects upward  
upon tinted oval glass

Fresh red cherry  
perched upon frigid water  
    Red as a flame  
    it slowly burns through melting ice

Its warm red sheath  
                    drips relentlessly  
discoloring the disfigured cube

Ice cube; now a crimson red  
Enfolds burning fruit; untouched until now



The Scent Of Spring

As if it came as no surprise  
Summer and the heat of independence  
Sent the scent of Spring  
To search for you alone.

Nothing ever came my way;  
No fire, no lasting glance  
Just smoke  
From the eerie feeling  
Of knowing you too well.

Like a bullet wound,  
Emotions tumble, tearing me apart inside.

My mind has doubled over in pain  
My head is whirling in confusion

Why is more than a question -  
It is an eternity  
That has found its way into my brain.

No answer could stop me from asking,  
Do you think? Do you care?  
Do you do whatever it is that you do

While I just wonder  
If Evian water  
Is the last funny thing  
We'll ever laugh about.

Fake Woman

Don't keep talking about  
The things that you've done lately  
There's no need to define, justify, redefine  
The things you're doing to me

Living alone is an invitation for another to come along  
And you were right when I said that I needed someone around  
But now you're giving what's mine to someone else

There's nothing less real than a woman on the run  
There's nothing less fake than a man standing alone

You say it's not what I think  
While you're his entertainment til dawn  
Still  
I'm digging my nails into a tree  
As  
You carve your name in another man's back

I'm not going to plead  
I'm not going to fight  
I'm not going to beg you  
To come back

Laugh and call me a fool  
Because it took me until now  
To realize;

I thought you were  
A hundred dollar woman  
But girls like you  
Are a dime a dozen  
You counterfeit bitch

## Things You Can't Forget

Black man will rise  
Revenge will seep from his mouth  
Like blotting ink from a pen

He won't dry up, he won't forget  
Worse than an ink spill on paper  
He won't be crumbled up and thrown away

White man thinks he's got him in his back pocket  
Ruined trousers will be the least of his worries  
Black man's gonna explode  
Raining vengeance on the white man's world

Fast-Food America

Flash the 80's in my eyes  
And watch me grow  
A biodegradable biproduct  
Of a planned parenthood  
That crumbled like the wall

Watch my mind expand  
Like microwave popcorn  
As I eat the news  
Off my satellite dish  
-lunch time is no time  
to read the newspaper

Move my appointments back  
To make time for  
A 3D re-run of "Generic Hospital"  
Just don't interrupt  
To tell me the world  
Will soon explode  
-I don't have time to worry  
about non-communicable diseases right now

'No  
I don't wish to subscribe  
to "A Lifetime Devoted By Shakespeare"  
I already have insurance'-  
'What's that, my American Express  
is overlimit, here, use Visa-  
I've just got to hear  
the president snooze on compact disc'

By the way, it's true  
Everything gives you cancer  
But don't worry;

Lay me to rest  
Beneath the "Golden Arches"  
where c-c-coke is the surreal thing  
not just a sugar substitute  
Rush me out the door  
In a Gucci paperbag  
To make room for  
The new improved model:

A kinder & gentler disposable diaper

Jazz Improv

Hey Jack, Slick-Slack  
Skiddle Dap  
And lay one down

Dim the lights, Don the shades  
Light one up  
And let your fingers keep time.

Blow the horn, Act real cool  
Lean back  
And lose yourself in the rhythm...  
yeah!

## Rails

Rails run side by side  
In the middle of nowhere  
Moving man forward  
Towards his destiny  
Black man laid them tracks  
Finished  
He is handed a mallet  
To drive the stakes  
As white man boards  
The train to freedom

Letter To Bob Dylan

11nov90

Hey Mr. Dylan  
Saw a bin full of your albums  
Yesterday  
And if you don't mind me wondering  
Please tell me,  
How is it that you've got so much to  
Say?

I flipped through all those records  
Then slowly flipped  
Back  
I took out one or two  
Looked through the titles  
And returned them to the  
Rack

Highway 61 Revisited, Bringing It All Back Home

You've had one-hundred fifteen  
Dreams  
Doesn't it seem strange  
That after twenty-two years  
I've yet to have even  
One

You see, this life I've been living  
It's been a little too much at  
Ease  
And if you don't mind me saying,  
Excuse me Bobby D.,  
But I ain't never experienced  
The visions you keep singing to  
Me

When Boys Grow Up

Two boys travel away from home  
One off to the big city  
The other he just roams

That boy in the city  
He lives alone  
Looking out the window in self pity

That boy that travels  
He's so alone  
Hoping somewhere the plans for his life will unravel

That boy there in the city  
That boy there on the road  
One's a salesman  
Spends his life on the road  
One's a travellin'  
Spends his life in different cities

Two boys travel, they meet up again  
Both are more grown up  
More aware of there friendship  
A better understanding of where the other has been



If You Will

I'm coming to you so humbly  
If we could bring it down  
To my level  
I know we could get it right this time

If you will,

I'll meet you where  
The hills roll out  
To meet the horizon

I'll wander to where  
I hope you might be

my arms are open  
my eyes are closed

Is it possible at night?

I could live a lifetime  
In the patience of  
Your whispering sleep

Stretching Humanity

The world turned slowly,  
One notch at a time

The waxing and waning  
Of the moon  
Cut through the darkness  
Like a pendulum

Insanity creeped  
Into the backyard

Humanity -  
    strapped to the chopping block  
    of every day life

Study Break at St. Scholastica

Friday morning, 2 a.m.  
Five study  
For another religion exam  
Given every other Friday

Zig-zag rolling paper,  
Roach clip,  
Ashtray full of seeds

There we sat  
Around the hot plate  
Grilled cheese, no bacon  
(after all, it was Friday)

- we were such good Catholic kids

Nice Boys

Walking back to my house  
In the rain  
I saw two lovers kissing

He held her in his arms  
And whispered  
Nice boys, they want to meet nice girls

She threw her arms around him  
Thinking  
Nice girls, they want to meet nice boys

I wondered how they'd feel  
When they realised  
They were in love no longer

Sitting on a park bench  
In the sunshine  
I watched two lovers passing

She stopped and stared and smiled  
Giggling  
Nice girls, they want to meet nice boys

He pulled her to him gently  
Confessing  
Nice boys, they want to meet nice girls

I wondered how they'd feel  
When they found out  
They no longer loved each other

I sat alone and cried  
Hating  
Nice boys who want to meet Nice girls

All the while I was still hoping  
That  
Nice girls would want to meet Nice boys

## Child's Play

Dancing along the path  
That we grew up on  
You dashed across my mind  
I thought and then I sighed  
I spat and then I cried  
Oh Why

Dancing along the path  
That you fell down on  
You slipped and cut your lip  
The warm blood did drip  
I skipped on past  
Oh Why

Dancing along the path  
That we broke up on  
You said this is the end  
But could we still be friends  
How easily you offend  
Oh Why

Dancing along the path  
That we first kissed on  
I must confess this  
I truly do miss  
That feeling of bliss  
Oh Why

Dancing along the path  
That we grew up on  
You were so shy  
I laughed until you died  
Why did we even try  
Oh Why

Fantatising At 25

Little boy goes  
& goes & goes  
And he wonders if  
He's ever coming back

His mind it grows  
& grows & grows  
He wonders what  
He's meant to be

His thoughts they flow  
& flow & flow  
His imagination gets wilder  
All the time

His eyes they glow  
& glow & glow  
They dance with the excitement  
Of a ...

Little boy that goes  
& goes & goes  
Never worrying about  
When and if he is ever coming back

Remnants Of A Nightmare

shattered glass  
    jagged edges  
        glistening sidewalk  
            sunlight

    and  
bare bottom feet

step, step, step,  
                    hop,

Scream!, foot in hand  
dripping  
    blood

A Conversation Yet To Take Place

Until that time  
And I'm still waiting  
- say  
  did I ever tell you  
  about the time  
(well, never mind that)  
You know,  
You really have changed  
What ever happened to  
The big city woman  
With little girl's eyes?  
Does she lie dormant  
In a gutter  
Like so many lawyers  
Or has she shattered  
Like an empty gin bottle



Higher Education

Homeward bound on a greyhound bus  
Just got back from four years worth  
Of higher learning.

I played charades  
And learned how not to tell time

They handed me a paper  
(though I can't pay the fare)  
To defend myself against  
Society's immediate demands.

dan franch  
124 south wisconsin  
addison, IL 60101  
tel:(630) 530-5774  
fax: (630) 980-3654

TERMINUS

2 a.m., driving rain  
black trench coat and  
umbrella seen  
walking away from Grey  
hound bus  
parked on side of road.

Passengers, disembarked,  
safely in  
arms and cars of loved  
ones that have come to  
greet them at bus stop.

Bouquet of dying roses  
lies dormant  
drinking lugubriously  
from puddle of  
muddy footprints.

i'm growing up  
being your daughter  
as you grow older  
being my dad  
both of us  
never really sure  
how to act.

you whisper words,  
the very same words  
i've uttered to girlfriends  
i no longer speak to.

i snort a smirk ... 'whatever'

silently thankful  
you didn't say  
what those words really meant.

Fistful of face  
Stings open backhand  
Chunks of fresh cheek flesh  
Wedge between  
Ring finger and the band  
Wrapped around

Blood, Tears  
Pool together near  
Feet on the floor

Telephone rings,

"It's your wife"

## The Sway

Willow strands whisper  
like air  
leaking from a tire  
as head  
sways  
to & fro

Stray locks shuffle  
like the  
lisp of a toothless child  
as hands  
drift  
within halcyon sounds

Bough tresses sweep  
like a  
swingset in the park  
as body  
bends  
to befriend the breeze

Loosened wisps flutter  
like chalk  
dust from the blackboard  
as feet  
plant  
themselves firmly to the ground

Today  
I saw  
my first snowflake  
soon followed  
the first snow  
delicate and pristine  
like the  
silence surrounding

MADNESS

Stark raving mad

Lashing out at  
Anyone who will  
Come near

Heaving heavy huffs  
Of frustration  
Seeping viscous  
Strands of spit from  
The edges of my mouth  
I am seething Enraged

Smashing dinner plates  
Off my face  
To ease the pain  
I rage into the night

The smell of blood  
And the taste of it  
On my tongue  
Sends me into  
Rapturous fits of delirium



I dance  
    (let dancing be the word  
    to describe the way I feel)

twists & turns.& pirouettes

arching as I fall  
diving deeper

and deeper I emerge  
                                    -wet  
dripping glistening droplets  
beading on my

face & hands & arms

...your image ripples away  
    your presence felt by the applause of the crowd

I'm working on a  
Diary without Days  
It's done in black & white

When it's been completed  
You won't know when it began  
Nor why and when it stopped

'lemon-yellow sun', you say  
what did you expect  
people say the obvious  
just so they can talk

"clocks tell time; six plus three is nine"

now i'm doing  
the same as you  
just to shut you up

somewhere  
on  
somebody's shelf  
sits an empty jar

hopeful as  
a piggy bank  
waiting  
to be filled

dusty, rusty  
lid screwed tight  
preserving  
what's inside

unable to be  
opened up  
it's contents  
stay the same

your voice  
a brushstroke  
on  
a frozen child's cheek

bristles  
like  
quilted matchsticks  
illuminate and warm

my world  
a  
cracked egg shell  
rocking on  
both orbs  
egg yolk  
          oozes  
swallowing  
broken fragments  
                  ecru

Suicide Note #619

If I could see myself die  
And still be surprised  
I suppose I would  
Dangle  
From the ceiling  
With a green wooden chair  
Kicked over on its side

it would be daylight  
and I would be facing the door

But that it's not possible  
And if it's okay with you  
I will just take this gun  
And splatter my brains  
Over these ecru walls  
-either way I won't be here

So tell me ...  
what do you prefer?

my mind  
,still redolent of you,  
sways in  
the rocking chair  
that is  
your smile

gliding along  
memories  
that are  
no longer relevant

rolling past  
pasts  
that are  
no longer present

and although  
Paris will  
never be the same  
and  
the Mississippi will  
<sup>always</sup>~~never~~ be just more than just mighty  
a winding river

I will  
one day revisit  
them both  
and linger  
in their  
reminiscent air

## Your Voice

Your voice  
Comes crawling along  
Crest of an ocean wave  
Caught up in the wind  
Of a callous February day  
Crashing down  
On the Eastern seaboard

Intrepid swirl  
Tangles in clouds;  
Fidgets with destiny;  
Laughs out loud;  
Leaves  
Like a pigeon  
With a message in its talon

Ceaseless sound carries on  
Confronting wind  
Cajoling Appalachia  
Howls down its Western side

Parting with the coastline  
Still dripping salt from the sea  
Across the open country  
Your voice  
Concealed behind my smile



I  
am  
sinking

like a waitress  
falling down

grasping, gasping  
swallowing air

taking in water  
like a boat  
going down

I  
am  
die  
ing

I wish my life ran  
more like a movie  
rather than  
discombobulated photos  
in a box

layer upon layer

never quite  
aligned like  
a freight train  
on a straight track  
but more like  
piled-up cars  
in a scrap heap

gathering pasts

remindful of  
gumballs in an  
arcade machine  
instead of  
three cherries  
in a dollar slot

There's rumours  
going 'round  
ugly, vicious lies  
more subtle than  
dead flowers  
yet more destructive

They're talking about  
you 'n me  
and our  
inevitable demise  
speculating why  
we even bother  
hangin' on

I don't know  
what it is  
that they're saying  
about me  
but I've heard  
some of what  
they suppose is  
true about you

And  
So help me God  
if any of it  
is true  
I won't hesitate  
one second  
to kick your  
dead corpse  
once I get  
through with you

Lightning staggers  
like a drunkard  
across  
slate grey sky  
sending scar lines  
through the night

Clouds  
as brittle as ash  
hang  
like thumb prints  
on a police blotter  
refusing to move on

Thunder collides  
like  
barstools in a bar fight  
spilling tiny droplets  
of rain  
in the dark

Puddles of  
dark shadows below  
run like  
beads of mercury  
toward shelter  
fleeing the charcoal sky

black top hat  
perched atop  
head of a  
moustached man  
seen  
chatting up  
a pink parasol  
and  
the woman  
dangling from its  
curved, wooden handle

as

black iron table  
set amid  
onlookers  
seated around  
upholds  
a solitary  
snifter glass  
and  
the green substance  
sipped from its  
curled, glass lip

while

black-tied waiter  
stands beneath  
awning overhang  
pondering  
what remains  
of a  
blue Magritte sky  
and  
the billowing clouds  
hanging from its  
arced, ethereal setting

## Prophets In Jerusalem

"These are times"  
bellowed the preacher  
and I knew  
what was soon to follow  
does it always have to be  
wild eyed youth  
drinking cheap booze  
wearing funky clothes  
or sometimes even  
a lost middle aged man  
who needs someone to talk to

I sat with a friend  
(yeah, just met her last week)  
and she thought  
I had gone mad  
telling her I was  
the deacon's son  
though I never read the Bible  
then I told her  
about my plans  
for notoriety in the Arts

She just laughed  
and went on about  
animal rights; people's rights;  
and I gave her  
the right of way  
all the while  
doing little  
to dispute that  
which I did not  
agree with

What came to follow  
wasn't more rhetoric,  
a chance to go on  
about myself; herself;  
the two selves in our room

We just listened  
trying hard not to  
look so disconcerted as  
one preacher turned to the  
other preacher and said,  
"Your full of shit"  
the noble manner of his voice  
doing little to stop  
the rooms flow of ideas



Dilapidation

Festering sore  
Grows  
Into humanity

Cookie jar crumbles  
Smearing  
Chocolate swirls  
Around  
Fence post

Picketing  
Cigarette box  
(flip top)  
Skewered atop

Graffiti drools  
Lead pipe glides  
Beyond  
Glass fragments

did he break the habit?



Warburg '91

Girl tied to the train tracks  
cried, "Please, Please"  
"Please don't stop that train"  
There's only one life for us to die  
And I want to make mine now

Girl tied to the train tracks  
Blessed by a god she never worshipped  
cried, "Leave me alone to die"  
That's the way I want to  
Spend my last day

Girl tied to the train tracks  
Kicked despite herself and  
cried, "Please"  
The rails shook her last request  
No one knows how she put herself there

Hat & Feather

Hat & Feather tremble  
His head rolls half in despair  
    could he touch the ground?  
    could he find his way home?

Shot glass swirls empty  
Whiskey bottle upright and ajar  
    should he pour himself another?  
    should he be drinking on his own?

He staggers to the juke box  
Selects a song to sing his mind  
    would he remember what he was thinking?  
    would he remember why he chose this song?

Hat & Feather tremble  
Daylight wraps around his head  
    did he get to hear his song play?  
    did he know where he was now going?

Oriental Mirage

Child eyes explode like  
Raindrops in an endless ocean  
An inescapable abyss  
Of one thousand fantasies that glow in the dark

Seeking reason  
For reactions that for actions  
Are delayed

Making paper cranes  
Never stopping to wonder why  
    ,building blocks  
Breathe the smile  
Of another new born baby

An emotional refuge  
That has never seen a shipwreck  
Nor been afraid to dance alone  
At the bottom of the sea

If I could only climb inside your eyes  
I could find a way out of here

Suicide Note #1

Close your eyes and think  
It's a long way back to yourself  
See clearly,  
Away from a wide eyed crowd  
That sees in one direction  
Ease your mind with a dull hatchet  
That grazes the skin  
Sending spider chills down your spine  
Breathe deeply

Are you alive?

What Is Life For

Lying along the roadside  
among the rocks and crumpled debris,  
a newspaper without headlines

Timeless breeze flips through  
a faceless Tuesday  
whose pages have been marred  
by a crowd of passing feet

Nothing seems significant; a  
rose loses its thorns, two bees  
mingle in the woods

Another day rushes towards the curb  
As a car drives by with its headlights on  
Never to notice the shadow of a dead man.

Full Circle

Building on a love  
Still always being discovered  
Comes acceptance to learn a friend

Step and listen -  
Revolving eyes  
are the heart and mind  
Open within eachother

Take my hand through  
An understanding that takes time

Self not alone  
Can I grow up to again fall in love

Mosaic

Arbitrary woman  
lived the girl  
and her iridescent life.

Like confetti on a wall,  
each little you  
an intrinsic work of art  
worked on in shades  
that provoke envy in a clown.

Prismic kaleidoscope,  
the many-sided you  
extracts mystery and a desire  
to be viewed  
in such color schemes.

A multitude of curiosities  
whose hues are a canvas  
Ever changing when left alone.

## Dreaming While Asleep

It's dark,  
much too dark  
to turn on the lights  
and you're gone.  
Melancholy dogs  
howl at the moon;  
a shimmering glimpse  
of a statuesque shadow  
that hides between moonbeams.

Star filled sky  
trickles atop  
bridges beckoning to be built.  
Mystic babies  
dash along streets lined with  
fictitious adult  
in a reverent attempt  
to undermine what is real...



## Like Spiders

Blunder and stumble along  
through another today -

Immediate pain, Emotional game  
that sends your mind  
reeling through tangled cobwebs.  
Daylight offers  
another night to spend  
alone  
cowering about what could have been.

Crawl between the sheets  
and breathe yourself to sleep

.., memories last a lifetime

Transmutations In My Mind

I can dream of  
Effervescent violets  
Growing from my fingertips;  
    green, red, yellow raindrops  
    make me grow  
    in the mindframe of my existence.

I can live  
Among dancing bears  
Habituating a mushroom field;  
    one, two, many transmutations  
    in my mind  
    whither away in the blistering sun.

I can die  
In a make believe world  
Where that's all I ever do.

Not Much To Look At

I'm sorry for the way I feel  
I'm sorry I can't be your friend  
You're just so brutally gruesome  
You're so sickeningly sad  
That even if you were  
The sole provider in a homeless shelter  
I still couldn't be your friend

When I saw you looking in the mirror  
I wondered how it felt  
To hate yourself  
Not even your mother could love you  
Not even your father would hold you  
And I hate you  
Not for who you'll never be  
But for who you already are

I'm sorry for the way I feel  
I'm sorry I can't be your friend  
You're so morosely grotesque  
You're so violently vile  
That even if the you were  
Beaten by a band of crooks  
I still couldn't forgive your awful looks

When I saw you sitting in the corner  
I wondered how it felt  
To be alone with yourself  
To never know how to love  
To never know how to be loved  
And I hate you  
Not for how you'll never be  
But for how you'll always make me feel.

I'm sorry for the way I feel  
I'm sorry I can't be your friend  
You're just so deplorably hideous  
You're so pitifully poor  
That even if you were  
The last human contact I would have  
I still couldn't be your friend

As if it came as no surprise  
Summer and the heat of independence  
Sent the scent of Spring  
To search for you alone.

Nothing ever came my way;  
No fire, no lasting glances  
Just smoke  
From the eerie feeling  
Of knowing you too well.

Like a bullet wound,  
Emotions tumble, tearing my insides apart.

My mind has doubled over in pain  
My head is whirling in confusion

Why is more than a question -  
It's an eternity  
That has found its way into my brain.

No answer could stop me from asking,  
Do you think? Do you care?  
Do you do whatever it is that you do

While I just wonder  
If Evian water  
Is the last funny thing  
We'll ever laugh about.

Murder on the far West side  
Some young boy  
Done in by a rival street gang  
The cops were nowhere to be found

Pot roast, yams, corn bread, and apple pie  
Warmed up and ready to be eaten  
While mom and dad waited for  
The relatives to arrive  
The table was set for ten

I rushed to beat the traffic signal  
I was running a little behind schedule  
I pressed on the accelerator  
Wishing I had taken the train

Car wreck  
On the corner of  
53 and Army Trail  
Bright lights were flashing everywhere  
I drove by to see  
If it was anyone I knew

The toll booth was one mile ahead  
I searched frantically for more change  
I headed towards the manual lanes  
I was short by fifteen cents

Two men stood at the corner of Michigan Avenue and Ontario. The light flashed, "WALK". Once on the other side, they exchanged glances. One man continued west on Ontario, the other stopped turned and cried, "Taxi".

Grandma and Grandpa rocked peacefully on the porch swing. It was a sweltering afternoon. They sipped lemonade and wondered aloud when the heat would let up. Nothing else was said.

A boy sat in the kitchen, his face pressed against the window. The outside pane was wet. He sighed. The rain continued to fall.

A mother and daughter stood in the doorway of a small boutique on Clark Street. Pedestrians strolled by oblivious to the two of them. The mother grumbled something about her umbrella. The daughter stuck her tongue out, trying to catch more raindrops.

Your Voice

Your voice  
Comes crawling along  
Crest of an ocean wave  
Caught up in the wind  
Of a callous February day  
Crashing down  
On the Eastern seaboard

Intrepid swirl  
Tangles in clouds;  
Fidgets with destiny;  
Laughs out loud;  
Leaves  
Like a pigeon  
With a message in its talon

Ceaseless sound carries on  
Confronting wind  
Cajoling Appalachia  
Howls down its Western side

Parting with the coastline  
Still dripping salt from the sea  
Across the open country  
Your voice  
Concealed behind my smile

Suicide Note #619

If I could see myself die  
And still be surprised  
I suppose I would  
Dangle  
From the ceiling  
With a green wooden chair  
Kicked over on its side

it would be daylight  
and I would be facing the door

But that it's not possible  
And if it's okay with you  
I will just take this gun  
And splatter my brains  
Over these ecru walls  
-either way I won't be here

So tell me ...  
what do you prefer?



A Computer Sketch Of My Own Death

Is there laughter  
In the body of a dead man  
Can he smile  
When there is no breath  
Are two heads really better than one  
Even if they are both empty

Is one really the loneliest number  
When I look at what there isn't  
When I see two  
Can I tell you a secret  
Although when I do  
You'll probably turn yourself  
Into a lie

You know,  
you can read it in a book  
you can watch it on t.v.  
you can hear it in a song  
you can look at a picture in a magazine  
but the only life you'll never see take  
is your own

Escape Art

I write to satisfy the me  
That otherwise would stay hidden

I speak in broken english  
So even the least fluent in that language  
Will understand  
does it catch your ear?  
When I laugh out loud  
Do you hear the cries that stay  
Kept inside my pillow  
does my weakness entice you?

I dream in sleep  
Even when my eyes aren't shut  
that way I won't miss  
The world that goes by

can you see what I am thinking?

Aquarell

If I were to paint you  
I would prefer to close my eyes  
I would select the colors  
That every child would choose  
    - yellow cheeks and a purple nose  
      two eyes orange ; two ears blue  
      green hair and lips  
      as bright as the sun

Your face would grow  
Outside the lines  
Your body,  
The sway of all colors  
Running into one

My fingers  
Circle; Scribble; Glide  
With laughter and bright hues

    The tips still wet  
    Dripping with your smile

Looking Back At London

Point blank  
Where you stand  
Now the canvas is bare

Mona winks  
Then hides her smile  
Beguiling in her full room stare

Aficionado  
Breaks David's toe  
Even beauty wears a scar

You slipped from the  
Pedestal to the paint brush  
And back into the jar

And

If I could  
Close my eyes  
And count to three  
I'd split the sky  
And watch you pour through  
I could catch you  
with my eyes  
And place you  
In the seat sitting  
Next to me

Three Fingers High

Gasping, Kicking,  
Splashing,

Surviving

## Contemporary Conversations

Hey  
    What's new  
And you  
    Oh yeah  
That's great  
    Um...  
Guess what  
    Oh really  
Did you hear  
    No, tell me  
Well...  
    What  
You see  
    Not really  
You k(No)w  
    I don't  
Well anyways  
    Guess what  
I gotta go  
    Me too  
Nice talking to  
    You too  
Maybe we can  
    'T  
    alk later

Autumn

The leaf  
Reddish-brown in color  
Extends from the bare limb  
October's breath  
Rustles the unprotected branch  
The abandoned leaf  
Brownish-red in color  
Floats freely  
Captured in silence



Crooked Wind

I'm a woman  
I'm an old woman  
My old man, he's a mother  
Been that way  
Since his old lady died

Never thought I'd die  
Thought I'd live forever  
So  
Sang the singers in the street  
So  
Spoke the poets in the alley

I'm a woman  
I'm an old woman  
Though little boy's not been born yet  
Someday too  
His momma's gonna die

Like the sound  
Of a baby's first cries  
Is the way I remember  
The words my lover once spoke to me

If I put the last two minutes  
Of my life in a box  
Would I live forever

Stretching, Reaching,  
    Extending,  
    Developing,  
        Changing,  
    Expanding, Broadening,  
Grasping,  
        Blossoming,  
    Growing

I'd loft my body into the sky  
If I could fly  
Instead  
I'll throw my body into the ocean  
Though I can't swim

Spiral staircase  
Spirals down  
The turret  
Rising upward

I wonder if when  
I look in the mirror  
I wonder if then  
The mirror made an error

In the mind of each and every individual  
Is an idea whose time may never come

Swimming through  
The thoughts on my mind  
As shallow as they are  
I still might drown

We've overstepped the bounds of reality  
What once was as clear as black and white  
Is now as distorted as 3D without glasses

## Heroes

The war dissolved  
The dead returned victorious  
In some twisted scene  
Carried by;  
Those who survived  
Killed by liberals  
In a rebellion  
That will last their lifetime

## Punch-Pressed Person

Speak out  
Rebel  
Fight for the cause  
No one else will

Stand up  
Lead  
Or get knocked down  
Everyone

Someone else will do it  
Wrong!  
You can make the difference  
It's up to you

Step out  
Enough standing around  
Watch everyone  
Follow

Be the same  
By being different  
It's not so new

Be really different  
They're waiting  
We're waiting

Fight for the cause  
Believe in it  
Or you may become  
Another walking dead man

## Black Roses

Close your eyes  
And let me in  
I'll take your places  
You've never been  
This may not be forever  
But then again  
A black rose never dies  
you can't kill  
What is already dead

Like the sound  
Of a baby's first cries  
Is the way I remember  
The words my lover once spoke to me

If I put the last two minutes  
Of my life in a box  
Would I live forever

Stretching, Reaching,  
    Extending,  
    Developing,  
        Changing,  
    Expanding, Broadening,  
Grasping,  
        Blossoming,  
    Growing

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If I could fly  
Instead  
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Is an idea whose time may never come

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As shallow as they are  
I still might drown

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What once was as clear as black and white  
Is now as distorted as 3D without glasses

I swallow hard  
And fill myself with emptiness

History is a daily event

Time is forever held bound  
By perpetual motion

I tossed a penny  
Into the fountain  
And watched my dreams  
Sink to the bottom

A figure in my mind  
An element of my soul  
Is that blood; or just  
The pain of denial

If an individual decides to  
End his attempt  
To become a well rounded person  
That individual may one day  
End up as a square

The older we get  
The more we look for love  
The older we get  
The more we dislike ourselves

Time ticks ;  
Wheels spin ;  
I believe my vision  
Has become distorted.

Details become distractions  
Amid the demise defined as  
Another day

Whispers

Slow wind blows  
Under the trees  
Slow wind blows  
Over the water  
    leaves fall  
    ice forms

Slow wind blows  
Under the trees  
Slow wind blows  
Over the water  
    ice breaks  
    leaves blossom

slow wind blows



## Heads

Heads, Heads  
So many heads  
Dead, Dead  
So many dead  
Could it be  
That so many heads  
Will one day  
All end up dead

Never Giving Up

I QUIT! I QUIT! I QUIT! I QUIT! I QUIT! I QUIT!  
I QUIT! I QUIT! I QUIT I QUIT I QUIT I QUIT I QUIT  
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I quit  
...

Fall From Grace

Swaying, Swooning, Wavering,

Slip

ping, Reeling,

S a e in  
t gg r g,

Stumbling,

Tossing, Turning, R

G

ockin , Jerk ing, Twist

ing, Slumping

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Lurching, Crumbling, Tumb

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and the only thing I can say is; 'oops'

Topcoat & Polyester Pants

Huddled in a doorway called home is  
A guitar and the man that it plays-  
"topcoat and polyester pants"

A lifetime  
Hidden beneath shades  
He found at the Lost & Found  
Won't let you see the blues,  
just feel 'em  
From fingertips picking guitar  
As his speckled beard sings from the soul  
A doorway dinner he's still waitin' to have.

They walk by, seeing in their eyes  
The way he feels inside  
Earning quarters to make himself a buck  
He just shakes his head and sighs  
knowing

He got old before he could grow that way  
,Beatin' the soles  
Out of his beat up ole' shoes  
As his soul beats on  
The beat up ole' guitar  
That plays him to smile the blues.

The People's Inaugural Address

Do you hear the words you speak  
Do you know what you are saying  
Are you sure that you agree?

How long have you rehearsed  
Are you just reading from a card  
When and how will you incorporate these ideas?

Mr. President;  
Do you write your own addresses

Faltering Rain

Breathe the air  
Of a dying ginkgo tree  
Tormented  
By its own reflection -  
    Trickling water  
    In the moonlight

Crumbling asphalt  
Crackles like brittle branches  
Under falling leaves

An innuendo of a whispering crescendo

Fair Warning

After numerous warnings  
Of the evil hunters' ploy,

The dying deer  
Finally delivered its message  
To the unsuspecting fawn.

Good-Byes

"No more flowers for you"  
I whispered  
As I turned towards the door

"Don't forget these"  
She said, choking  
And handed me a dead bouquet



Miles And Me

slash here  
semi- colon there  
dash and a  
period  
comma down to  
colon  
lead me back  
to quotes  
and now I'm on my own  
exclaiming  
with a question mark  
the dangling of  
a phrase prepositionalised  
by the unscathed glamour  
of italics  
underlined in bold  
and a made-up  
word  
that won't show up  
on  
spell-check  
leaving me  
hyphened and compounded  
by the end of this  
Miles Davis  
number  
that phases, then folds  
on a  
fragmented sentence  
just  
like  
incorrect grammar

I came this morning  
I was fantasising  
                    about  
you.

I was licking  
strawberries and ice cream  
out of your ass  
your cheeks quivered against mine.  
My tongue grazed over  
the undulations of your  
goose-pimpled skin. Then I  
fucked you from behind with  
a banana.

Come spilled over the fingers of  
my left hand.

SPRINGTIME IN JYVASKYLA

I saw the thaw  
and  
the shit that winter  
had concealed

spit floated like oysters  
along the pavement  
beneath the bottom of my shoes

I also saw  
a drunkard's dick  
drip beads of amber ale  
from the tip  
of its uncircumsized head  
the walkways pockmarked visage  
kept translucent by the yellow flow

He shook and tugged  
His torso propped up against a pole  
the last few drops  
carried away by the gutter's constant trickle

Desperate Isolation

Alone in retrospect

I stood over you

(Time cannot be counted  
by seconds on a clock )

Outside,

Faceless nations solve problems  
That no longer exist

(Agent Orange and  
-the issue itself-  
slowly eats away at  
the decaying vet )

A cigarette hangs from  
The grimy mouth of  
A bag lady who  
Flashes her left breast

(dirt stained).

Bar hoppers

,the rats,

Send her scurrying like a mouse  
After quarters - sometimes more

Black, White, Red, Yellow, and green  
Change hands in some run down building  
On the South side

(Phil Lynott died  
as well as  
the girl next door)

Inside,

Menard's bricks move closer every day  
Sunlight struggles to reach

A dead man (does his time  
living his life  
the best that he can)

Niggers, Spics, Crackers

All stick together

In three separate blocs

(This fucking nation's  
ablaze  
entangled in its own  
race riot )

You at my feet

A chalk mark

Washed away by dolorous tears

For the last time

(As I grow older  
this I realize;  
time is an abstract)

Halloween Horror Stories

Blood,  
a broken hammer,  
and a smashed pumpkin  
that resembled the vandals  
little head

- I told you that bastard  
wouldn't get away with it  
this time

Living On The Edge

A raccoon lies  
On the side of the road  
Its head no where in sight

Further down the road  
A car lies on its side.  
The driver still laughing

Black Coal Daddy & His Alleyway Paradise

Black Coal Daddy crawls out  
From beneath a cluster of cardboard boxes  
Shuffles into town wearing soleless shoes  
And tattered trousers tied to his waist  
    he stands where he always stands  
    paper cup and grin extended for spare change

Black Coal Daddy fidgets in his own foul stench  
Then tips his hat to the last coffee cup quarter  
Before reaching into his beat up ole' trenchcoat  
That struggles to hang on  
    his head tilts up, his eyes look down  
    he smacks his gums and sighs

He shifts his eyes from side to side  
Jangles the few coins in his cup  
And mumbles something about wanting to survive

Black Coal Daddy, rippling his way back home  
Stops to eat what's been thrown away  
Takes one more swig  
Then scurries back to his alleyway paradise

Last Train Down The Line

Streetside musician plays on  
Despite the bitter cold  
Of pedestrians passing by quickly  
And a lifetime that moves so slow

Collecting money at his feet  
In a guitar case that still don't shine  
Playing songs that he's heard on the radio  
Writing others that don't always rhyme

His clothes are dark and hollow  
His soul is raggedy and old  
The only things that keep him going  
A turquoise scabbard in his front pocket ;  
Hopes of one day one of his songs going gold

Wind whirls at his back or  
Is that the draft of the last train down the line  
Leaving him alone with his guitar case  
Those final lyrics chasing after the last commuter  
Whistling without even sparing a smile



Circles

"Nonsense," I screamed  
and hauled off with a backhand  
that belonged to my father

-my boy cowered in the corner

I crawled opposite,  
looked across at him  
then up to where my father once stood