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While I wait  
I have the time and nothing to say.  
My mind is preoccupied with something that can wait  
And I'm anxious and pounding  
    on the edge . . . Wondering  
—There will be no climax  
If there was  
    I wouldn't be waiting  
    I'd be excited  
    And time would be meaningless  
My World would be real and I full  
    Full of color  
    Full of spunk  
    Full of temptations  
With a silent rhythmic heart.

**Quietly Thrown**  
**Unused Bandwidth**

The table before me represents my life:

Cluttered with organized stacks

Strategically placed

Left: books, journals, and papers—relevant

Right: magazines and things waiting for a decision

Center: movable computer

table or lap

table feet on ground

lap feet on table between novel and calculator

Far Center (behind space for computer): bills

Near Right: mail to be tossed

and sometimes exposed round, clay coaster with cork bottom

Near Left, but right of novel: blank checks but not

checkbook and pen

Right of table on floor: disposed mail and envelopes

Left of table on floor: newspaper, some old some new, recyclable

Around table: a few dogs, asleep, but always ready to go outside

or chase a ball or the cat,

or fight for space under the table with my feet

The calculator is black and solar

The book, novel, is green and poorly written

Another book, in a stack, is white and well worth the money paid

A magazine sporting a cover of whitewash

from a tremendous breaking wave

Partly covered by a journal discussing the finer

aspects of information retrieval

My life. My life missing something.

What would I like to do?

Never name a musical group with “super” as part of the name, and  
lay a beautiful woman on my cleared tabletop.

And massage and kiss her body before fucking her.

## **Tabletop Life**

Just scream—!  
Aloud come your feelings,  
Push through the air, force currents of dust to part.  
So loud, so free, so not turning back;  
Heavy words, slicing the recoil of return.  
Let your eyes widen and relax,  
Survey the sight of vision, as it has new meaning,  
Hate what you want and be sure of that,  
And discover that love is intangible—  
When they merge, find strength to scream.  
Scream; scream as if virgin and eyelashes alert.  
There are no bounds, only forgotten liberties.

### **Stood Two Meters Alongside the Middle**

Straight up  
As only they can be  
    coerced by intense  
    shimmering  
    moist eyes.  
    flanking  
    lashes  
    wanting—

Come down  
Twins make an entrance  
    those two  
    rough all around,  
    so simple  
    to engage,  
    light breath.

Up and Down  
Up and Down  
Up and Down  
    There is so much more—  
Up and Down  
Up and Down . . .

**Simple Reason**

Look, I say  
All the many stars have poked holes  
In the sky to light the patterns  
That guide my dreams through the terrain  
Otherwise quite transparent, pitch.

Utterly confine a life within solid mental boundaries  
Constructed by man of steel and glass and concrete  
and asphalt and smog and light and hums and sirens  
and automobiles and manhole covers and hanging wires  
—no escape, when one need only shift their gaze and look.

Look, I say  
Set your thoughts free  
Replace your restrictions  
Above, in the star light sky  
You are no less than any other  
That stood as you  
Transcending dreams.

**Remember the Milky Way**

Peoples in their cars  
Squealing their wheels  
Reading their papers  
Neglecting their mirrors  
But not their vanity  
In their tomb of isolation  
Among hundreds, thousands more  
Just like their TVs  
Who give them their best friends  
And become ever so intimate  
Screaming and whining  
Flashing and strobing  
So totally captivating  
Always there, attentive  
And their death is real  
And their life is dead.

One can fuck in a tomb but not the TV.  
The world as your witness to contest the act  
but so lonely is the absence of you and the TV.

**Potpourri**



She threw her arms up in the air  
Screamed so loud "I hate this place!"  
and took her shirt and bra from her body  
with a rapid motion of self-respect,  
Her focus not veering, her subject not noticing  
—"I hate this place!"

## **People Who Don't Know**

Piss me off.

Hear speak that rips the bark from seedlings  
coming, spurting from mouths

Receiving signals traveling sacred airwaves.

TV so dangerous. TV only the messenger. Don't shoot the TV.

Language—but are they expressed ideas? Of the verbatim of sin;  
regurgitated over and over selling the foundation of fear.

If some would stop . . . Stop to speak from feelings

Think.

I could vent my conception to a receptive audience.

**Not the Default (temp)**

Look at me look at her  
Find that the road has shifted  
And the granite house fell in the stream  
Where the cars are dead, but the people live  
My she freaked  
Bringing love back to me  
And she is beautiful  
And my eyes are blue  
And kissed my life  
So the breeze told all  
And I was on the road  
Fucked.

**Kissed**

Peeper.  
Let me look;  
Please let me see.  
Must I see too late!  
Just a glance, a glimpse  
Before I lose interest.

## **Infatuation**

Slave, as I have, totally your concern  
My hands are tied, bound between your thighs  
My legs are spread, loose and shapely for your gaze  
It is all that I need that you tender  
Is it all that you need that I surrender?  
Unearth my soul, heavy upon your breast  
And give it flight—let me go  
And let me go and discover you.

## **Head Ache**

Creatures in my pants  
Please leave me be  
Go!

**Go!**

Over there: gallant and striking  
She walks harnessed to her wealth  
He walks with a skip high on his prize  
All the clothes and all those shoes  
Four I see.  
behind and in front  
None near, but I'm sure  
They can be found everywhere  
Happy, cocky, oblivious  
Their insecurity pressed and just right  
Colour matched  
A watch for every occasion  
How dare they walk  
Why do I stare?  
Into their eyes  
And fight the familiarity  
That very little separates our lives.  
Stopped in front,  
An unknown reason to Pause—  
He glances at the reflection of his timepiece strapped to his wrist  
Partially exposed from under his white starched cuff, and  
She tosses her hair and catches sight of herself within his crystal time  
Protector, and they part their mouths and smile at one another.

### **Everywhere Freaks and Hair**

I'm here . . .  
. . . for the same reasons as every galaxy.  
To question why is unreasonable, pointless  
as the Universe, as the atoms swaying in sync  
Everywhere one glances is a zebra lurking.  
I'm here to listen to music.  
I'm here to justify Love and Rockets.  
Everything exists to warrant itself  
—here we are, play it loud.

### **Colorful Spectrum of Existence**



Wake up!

    Come out of your numbness,  
    And stand some distance from me.

I am simple.

    My life is one, and only one, bumpy circle,  
    Bland skin, Bald ambitions, Blah thoughts.

My boyfriend is queer, thinks he's gay.

This life sucks,

    The vapor from Dry Gin,  
    That lines the shelves of my kitchen.

I'm lofty in my ideals,

Softly laid on puffy pillars,  
    Of steel and tender flesh,  
    —They all want breasts.

I want love, experience,

    Slip from this dream,  
    Risk no more years,  
    Years of endless dreams,  
    Dreams of tranquility.

Might just wake up.

**X Towers** (Can You See My Breast, Can You See My Nipples, Can You See)

X Towers (Can You See My Breast, Can You See My Nipples, Can You See **My World**)

X Towers (Can You See My Breast, Can You See My Nipples, Can You See **My Life**)

Sometimes the leather on the page  
Glistens with envy from the wants of my eyes  
Ears alerted from the smell of wet hide  
But my fingers glide over reality  
And plunge deep...

Fine

Blind

Get off

Get off

Get off

Get off

Get off

Get off.

**Thought I Was**

## The Closet

Obviously hidden treasures—  
Some that lurk  
To avoid sight from some,  
Others completely forgotten;  
The reason for placement  
Misplaced in some other closet;  
But most items, even the shirts,  
    will be lost to time, stacking,  
    and the continual flow of new treasures,  
Some just outright too good for public show.

## The Naughty Beast

(The Wishing Well)

The beast within flings with fury the tainted thoughts of mortality

We love ...

We hate ...

We remember ...

Before our existence was our death

One in the same—We are gods!

Immortality, by nature, is our reality

We live forever

We know no other

Always conscious—Before and After

The beast sleeps with a clean paralyzed mind.

## **Tender Loving Care**

Wish upon you my every happenstance of anger  
The fungus that creeps and covers my pleasure  
It's all yours.

Look at the wave  
Should I go to work, to school  
But my monitor is set  
And I can view the surf  
Boards bobbing and gliding  
Young happy people out in the early sun  
Good thing I have color on my set.

## **Surf Tube**

Temptation to slaughter  
Minds that differ  
From the way I want to see  
It is life that's (the) variable  
So it is life that shall be deviated.

I want to destroy  
—Walk on some flowers  
—Yell at some trees  
—Spit into some dirt  
I have not the time to create  
And I loathe those with the energy.

There is no warmth found within me  
Rage has set blaze to my temple  
Empty feelings escape between my lips  
And I lose . . . expecting no pity  
All my life is dead  
There is nothing to slaughter  
Which has not been so done.

**Superior to Nothing**

I could start something new  
    But that would be expected  
I should go cry and feel as if I were somebody  
    But that would be too easy  
Some nice black kitty took my tie  
    It was a valiant effort  
Which day was that  
    But it was a day  
Banging on some pottery  
Almost began something new  
Showed an ounce of spirit  
Perhaps the effort is wasted.

**Something New** (but not so good)



This little Cat drove home a car  
A big, fat blue silver luxury machine,  
Christ, it was a dream erupting on polished pavement,  
It howled pride peppered with sexual allure,  
Laying it cool on ice blue pearl leather seats,  
The clock ticking silently,  
And the mood of the passing evening  
Dancing secretly, seductively  
    from the center of the galaxy,  
For that Cat was one bad motherfucker.

**Quite the little Cat**

Precocious nipples I wear  
Every night, every day  
Under cover  
Just for wear  
Just for see  
My pinpoint of glee  
So swell  
So wow!  
I'm free

## **Poppy Pop**

When the building falls  
Far from viscous, floating fenders  
And Gas bubbles, puffing  
Clogging its winding path  
To the Skies above and the Heavens beyond  
Crystal meth in the gutter  
Water blocked with garbage and trash  
And my eyes are large, pumped  
Bite and feel some pain  
Belong  
Banish your shadow from the flesh  
Find your cultural language  
Believe the images reflected  
Lost in plateglass  
Destroyed in blued steel  
Catch them and respond  
Belong

### **Peeking Around Plateglass**

Thump goes my chest

Pain

from pressed lips

Thump goes my chest

Red

from desires

Thump goes my chest

Thump goes my chest

Thump goes my chest

Sad

from too many mirrors

Too many desires

Too many fires

Thump goes my chest

Petals fall

On cacti perforations

Dripping droplets of love

Thump goes my chest

Split open—Frozen.

**Pain**

I'm not your bitch  
so take your latex and flix  
And find a woman walking the street  
Dressed all fine  
Prancing along  
Singing a tune  
Glossing her lips.

## **Not Your Bitch**

Rule my thoughts  
Your direction is best  
I have no focus, no greed  
to control, no control  
to support to my view  
Your force is my wisdom  
Your laws are my peace  
to stay lazy and complacent.  
I have no thoughts  
other than those of consensus  
I will not beg, beg for what  
unless you suggest I beg  
to your god, for my lack—  
Lacking insight and purpose  
and no purpose to think  
No creation, only an excuse for your failure:  
Your success to rule within your context  
and destroy my cover for ineptness to discover.

**No Insecurity to Beat the Shit Out of Someone's Will**

Got to run fast  
Find my head, it's lost  
If only for the moment  
While I listen to classical  
Just like the imperfections in my life  
I will love someone more than myself  
And I will love someone  
On the plain I love the angry ocean  
Turmoil and confusion  
    absent from our peace;  
Someone will find my love  
—Riveting beat back into my heart  
—Clouding my eyes with ad nauseam lust  
—Repairing the stake in my organ  
Got to run fast  
Find my head, it's the pain  
That persists jolting nervously throughout  
This moment in my life.

## **Music Elicits**

My body is not correct,  
    and I hear others voice their own concerns.  
But my body is not right,  
    and I cannot see their perceived errors.  
Yet I live with my body,  
    and wonder how they can live with mine.  
I like their bodies,  
    and see no problems;  
The problem is mine  
    and my failure to understand  
what it is I know.

**The Mirrors Are Too Close, Step Back**



Multi-vitamin in my body—  
Run a quarter mile,  
fall flat,  
can't catch a rabbit.  
Some smooth road,  
hopefully no pebble,  
to the store for some food,  
canned food, frozen food . . . .  
Nothing alive.  
All packaged.  
Where did it all come from?

## **Minerals**

Clock on the wall shows me the time  
But lacks the correct answers to my questions  
As does the idiot tube beaming its radiants to my eyes  
Flickering dead ends, past events, already lived  
I must move on  
Get away from these dead pictures  
Create my own history  
Discover my click, my click, click  
And the groping of my thoughts shall  
Settle  
Leavening my ideals  
Making answers not so pert  
Inviting lies into my home  
Disregarding bliss for a piece of ass  
god, please get the fuck into my life  
I'm delighted they've given me sight  
For belonging with Thee: My cherished and damned  
god's newest devout for mediocrity.

**Mediocre**

Luck, Luck  
Oh, my, I've found luck!  
What now?

**Luck**

Take this shit from my face  
Feed it to some soul far away  
Get it out of my space  
Do it today  
Nothing nice here  
Just bullshit and a little more  
Some anger, some confusion  
Severe lack of guidance  
This is my generation  
What is history  
What is compassion  
What is empathy  
Something observable in old movies.

## **Loose Direction**

Steel shaft  
Little fingers  
buzz, a vibration

Steel shaft  
Little fingers  
buzz, a vibration

Steel shaft  
Little fingers  
buzz, a vibration

Steel shaft  
Little fingers  
buzz, a vibration

More little fingers

## **Little Fingers**

If I could take my cock in my hand  
and just hold it  
Perhaps watch a cat or two play  
Finding a tree leaf erupt with life  
Just holding  
Watching a jetliner fly overhead silently  
Cruising to a place beyond my view  
Just holding  
Experiencing the foreign warmth  
Tenderness reality  
Absolute control  
Just holding  
I could slow down to discover something . . .

**Lame or Death**

When the sun hauls itself out  
with the room becoming light  
The sheets and blankets fly forward  
releasing the last remnants of comfort  
except for our pampered feet  
so smartly wedged between all the bedding  
at the end of the sheets.

It is a solemn period  
just before all involved  
grab and yank back their excuse  
To nestle with their perfect life  
for a few more fleeting moments.

### **Just Before Another Dream**

Big curved bright glass.  
I sit in front.  
Thousands of stills (static images) flash  
I see none but All  
How fast can my life pass before my eyes?  
What if I was blind, would my ears buzz?  
I sit in front—I don't care.  
Please, I beg of my other senses to forgive their neglect  
Sit closer and you can feel the damage  
Sit in front—I don't have the time to think  
I sit, I stand, I stare, I want to be captivated  
Oh the color is grand  
And the sound is surrounding  
It all reminds me of a National Geographic Special I saw—  
The forest alive and totally engulfing with life and depth  
Luscious trees and playful birds and bees  
It was all right there on TV.

### **It's Only the Beginning**



Dig my thorn from my mind  
That society has frozen before  
It decided it was right to be  
Wrong  
So fucked bending vision  
Projecting electrons flat  
Warping magic crystallized saints  
Confirming created disgust  
Bleeding fires ignited by leading  
Thinkers with causes with cause  
Pump you full slice your skull  
Determine the connection  
    find out why  
Who you are  
Don't hear the magic  
    And create a myth  
It owns only you, and you it  
True ownership  
    No title  
    No deed  
Nothing to loose  
Implant an idea, a rose  
A Red Rose and Polka Dots of White.

**It Should All Be Free**

At 103 stories atop the Sears Tower  
    looking out over Chicagoland  
With the Sun no higher than I—  
I feel dead.

### **Is There a Difference**

Like it for me, go ahead  
I'm OK, kindda find it good  
When we look back I see you  
Proud and beaming, so pleased  
Come be by me  
I like your dress  
What is it—  
I would like a dress  
To cover my breasts  
And release my sex  
And be with you  
Back at our place under the night  
Show me that star  
The one that twinkles,  
    but really not because it's Mars  
    Or Venus, but not a star  
Take us there when we look forward  
And you see me.

**Happy Moving**

Lollipop gumming up my flesh speakers;  
Why it's so sweet . . .  
When I have nothing to relay,  
When she has nothing to say.

Bars are tall and wide, thin and bone  
On the other side  
    I plead with the sight of my memory  
    Make it go away . . . it's only phantom pain.

Sucker swirls with glossy sugars between my lips—  
It's apple sweet and tainted love,  
Not capable to reach my desire,  
My lollipop on the other side.

### **Further Than My Reach**

Rub me raw, and beat me dry  
Turn the table over, and nail my leather  
You and I, under the sky  
Wrapped in a tether.

### **Four Legs and Nothing Between**

Look up at any particular moment—  
Above is the Universe,  
The realm of make believe,  
because it is unreal.  
Look below, at your feet, towards the thin veneer  
    between your soul, your thoughts, your emotions  
And there's the Universe—  
All there is to know  
    ALL history  
    ALL expressions  
    ALL death  
    ALL of everything, inclusive  
Be it Earth or beyond  
    Really doesn't concern us  
It's in my head, my mind, behind my eye  
ALL gone when I depart  
I, really do care, but that too  
    will vanish, as will time.

**Feel Safe**

Curly hair dripping wet sparkling with every drop.  
My hand raised hits your face spraying your moisture.  
It is with grace that your bare knee finds my tense crotch.  
Our silky (finer) hairs intertwine much like Velcro.  
The transition just as harsh and jerky.

## **Embracing Spit**

## Crystal Waters

Press my spout with your thrill for the unknown,  
Behind a door constructed from fragments of sands,  
All around the globe in and through time, and here,  
Now your skin on edge discovering the wait,  
Only causes expressions to titillate the finer hairs,  
And ease the glide of my thumping, throbbing heart—  
But we back off, step back  
Exposed  
Open for the kill  
Nothing hiding  
Our Spirit unbound and divorced of fabricated shame.



Firm, sound breasts  
The hallmark of the other sex  
As perceived by the other sex  
Warm, round breasts—  
Chagall knew of them.

## **Comfort**

Moon . . . Moonlight, starlight, specks of light  
The feeling is distant and my heart is so close  
To gaze at one is to long for the other  
And the two will never touch.

## **Cold Light**

I want to jot a drawing of the city  
but, it would be wrong.

## **Chicago While Seated**

Above the root of my hair  
is the source of my problems.  
How can two lungs deliver such anger  
to make me cringe from the lack of question . . .  
Why don't I question  
My own deaf emotions, blunt from neglect.  
See, I have no eyes, I have no body  
There is nothing to see, nothing to hold,  
I cannot be hurt,  
I'm not here,  
Not anywhere.  
If you look for the wimp,  
the emotional lizard,  
I will appear, and you will not be pleased.

### **Camouflaged Mirror**

## Beautiful Breast

Tickle my breast with an apple stem  
Kiss my breath, full of anxious sensations  
Nibble on that...  
Oh !  
Yes!  
Why? Because I love you—Again  
A little harder, pucker  
Make them firm, full of lust  
This is bullshit  
Love is quite different than Fuck  
Fuck me.