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Christopher A.P. Fitts

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Electronic Edition

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Cover: Sandy Parrish and grandfather Maxfield Parrish at Cornish, N.H. about 1954.

July 21, 1988

Watch tower

Electric chair
Gas chamber

Public executions
on the lawn of the
Plaza of Americas.

\$15 admission ADVANCE.
\$20 at the GATE.

Human rights.
The right to life.
Body Parts.

The Wall

As I lay in bed I closed my eyes and began searching the vast eternal space that was before me. I was not looking for a specific object or a thing that can be physically described, but for something that would put me to sleep in a pleasant but not too obvious way.

Laying there with eyes closed beginning to fade away the thoughts of the task of drifting off to sleep I began to travel faster and faster, seemingly to avoid hitting all the giant blotches of colours that were indifferent to the darkness of space. I was moving faster than I had ever thought I could move in actual life and in dreamland. I was moving so fast that everything began to merge into a light colour of blackish brown. Then all at once I was no longer moving, or I was moving so fast that I thought I was not moving.

Anyhow, I looked around for a bit, and to my discovery found that I was looking at a wall made of different sizes of very small bubbles. After further examination, I realized that I could not determine the shape of the wall. Whether it was a straight, concave, or convex wall eluded me. Actually, the wall was so large that it really did not matter one way or the other.

My Dead Dog



My dog died yesterday. How do I know this—his body was delivered to me this morning with a note explaining what happened to him.

The note read, “We found your beloved pet dog a few days ago laying very peacefully in front of your front door all cuddled up in his electric blanket. We couldn’t tolerate the sight of your dog not watching us walk by after walking past your house sixteen times in one hour. So, on the fifteenth stroll by, we sidetracked up to your fucking dog and pried his eyes open. He wouldn’t keep them open so we had to shove tooth picks between his eyelids so as to keep them very much open without the worry of him accidentally closing them eyes of his. As we walked away, I assumed your dog was not in a good mood. Your dog got up and started walking towards us. He walked ten feet behind us for the next two days. On the third day he moved an inch closer. The next thing you know I pulled out my sawed off 45–70 fully automatic 106 rounds per minute rifle. After about a minute

of withstanding my attack, your dog was no longer able to stand under his own power; so, we dropped him off here. Love, The Smiths.”

And, this is how I know that my dog died yesterday.

Four A.M.

Silky shadows filled the room,
The sheets cool against
My body,
I reached to touch
The one beside me,
The mattress warm against
My palm,
But he was not there...

Alone

The coldness of death flowed through her veins. She screamed at the thought of her getting there first. They had done this for months.

Together. Always together.

Veins were now becoming hard and stiff. She could feel the harsh truth her body was revealing. They should have experienced this as one, as they had planned.

Together. Passionately together.

Her body was cold and tight. She caressed her firm breast for the last time. No pleasure, just admiration. She herself was now becoming weak as she settled her nude body next to hers.

Together. Together for the long trip.

Warmth

The Mother has come home.
A blue sparkle shines from her eyes.
She smells of perfume and perspiration.
We fear her not tonight.

TV WasteLand

TV
TV Wasteland
Sitt'en in front of
the TV
I felt a Blue Haze
take me
I knew I was gone
far from
TV Wasteland
The Blue Haze groove
vibed through my body
My bones rocked to the beat
Blood gushed through and through
TV wasteland
The Lyon is fierce
The Lyon is cold
The Lyon is going to get you...Too.

Play

Play, play, play all day
We will have fun, you and I
If we play, play, play all day.

December 1989
Indialantic

Oldmold

I am young I should know.
Then why am I so slow?
The day is young but I am old.
So, today I grow mold.
Then I will grow and I will grow until I am old.
Then I will snow with knowledge
 on the young mold.
Then I will grow fat and large
 and will be known as the
King Mold that grew too old too slow.

Moon On the Water

So sweet, make my mouth water,
I'm in the mood to be blue,
I feel so blue I'm in the mood,
I want to be all over you,
I want to,
I'm in the mood to be nude,
It sounds so rude,
I wish that I was nude,
I wish we had a big brass bed,
Some candles and effects,
 and no rules.
Wet my lips and make me want you,
Nothin' I can say when I'm kissing your thighs.
Not much I can hide when you look in my eyes,
I'm in the mood to make love,
Bring me a single red rose,
And kiss my wet petals,
Wilt,
Water my flowers,
I would love to love your lover,
I would love to kiss you there,
All night candles.

Joy

Hac en hora

These are the times most dreaded.
I'm in pain!
The oil is gone.
The solar streams on
 as it has for millenniums.
They were told, we were told.
We all were told!
The time has come to find us none.
The black oceans...
If only we had listened.
Prepare! Prepare! Prepare!
The girl, the innocents.
The white dress clinging her body
 whoring precious memories.
The trees, the frogs, the snowcapped
 steeple.
All now, but not...
Only if we had the power.
The power of the oil.

Relentless

My youth crashing, pounding on the shore of her
tolerance; she is incredible.

Enemies

The day is old and i have flown.
I don't plan to fly low,
 but spread my wings and
 sail below my enemies.

Crap

My mind is made.
I had it my way.
Today I feel gone.
So far to the wrong.

Her friend was the maid.
She whined I was gay.
I fell to Fawn.
So far to the wrong.

Sweet Lady all paid.
Smelling fresh from the lay.
I was born into dawn.
So far to the wrong.

The game was played.
I proved my slay.
I showed my brawn.
So far to the wrong.

Complex

We stood around.
The man in the yellow shirt told us “NO.”
The alarm rang from all directions.
Running, running very fast.
We stopped to look at the guppies
 playing in the storm ditch.
The boy in black asked for his atlas.
He took the wet atlas.
The brass couplings were still hot.
If only we had the screen for the bamboo shoot.
The lights went dim.
It was her, her breast against mine.
Her skin and my skin as smooth as one.
Waves formed causing an ocean to roar.
We ran to the station wagon.
The lights were gone.
We looked to the sky.
Our heads arched backed in amazement
 at the octagon.
We sped through town and asked the snake
 where life came from.
He bit the boy on the head.

Hot Night

Look high, look low, where are you to go?
The moon is high the sun is low you are cold.
God is buried in the snow.
Where are you to go?

Bubbles

The bubbles popped up
 through the soft pine floors,
Earrings lay next to the bed post,
Moonlight gives life to the palm trees,
Their shadows dancing on the sheets,
The woman stirred from her slumber.

October 24

Boredom

Time for a long thought,
You might want to get a shot,
To calm the nerves a lot,
So, to be in the mood,
The day is new upon the groove,
Road in hand we set a sail,
Aim high look back see the sea,
The Sea of Asphalt,
Adrenalin racing through the veins,
I feel the feet below the meat,
The hand in the road the sail in the toe,
Day turning to dawn,
My head feels the shot,
Oh, what an explosion of thoughts.

Blurrrr

I've a fuzzy load to mow,
My mom was a bro,
And my dad was a foe,
when he wanted to blow...

Life was good,
so I was told,
My mom grew old,
And my daddy was never told...

In the mood I could—
Flutter my eyes in a pink blue dress
And catch a sniff of your curling breath.

Window

Window in the mirror.

$10 \cdot 2 = 20$ $21 - 14 = 7$

Pathetic Dreams So Real

In reality where would we be with instant travel? Vivid colors super power. I'm just crying to be where I'm not. There is so much better than here. I want to be there where the water is blue the sand is platinum. I don't want to be here no more.

I want to be there where the breeze is cool playing the trees opposite the crashing waves. The cars screaming along the highway trying ever so hard to go fast, faster to be in England in the summer time. Why?

Why am I here and you are there. When there is so much better than here, yet, you say here is much better than there. My point or yours.

What the hell should I know?

Wishing

What I feel this cloudy moonless night is hard to put to words. I feel like a firm shit with a golden tan. If I possessed nipples, which I might if I were to tear my skin off, I would resound my feeling as if my erect nipples, swollen from anticipation, were inverted.

“Elizabeth! Where did you come from?
I was thinking about you!”

The Race

The car is red.
The road is long and dark.
The car is fast and very sleek.
The road is bordered by tall palm trees.
The car hugs the road.
The road turns hard to the east.
The car has new high traction tires.
The road has new bright white lines
down the center.
The car holds tight in the turn.
The road suddenly dives down.
The car sails through the air.
The road races past the rapids.
The car touches down with a loud scream.
The road bends to the South.
The car breezes through the mist.
The road glistens a blur of red.
The car feels the pavement.
The road becomes red.
The car feels the earth.
The red road vanishes before the ripe coconut.

Snow

This is the time when the young folk all come out to play in the early morning snow cover. I am no longer young. I watch all the little people play all day in the snow. They make things that they throw at one another. They roll the snow into a ball. They call this ball a “snowball.”

Stuffings

Dear fellow women
and men of the state of florida,

I have gathered all of you here today to share with you the most interesting development I have seen materialize in many a year, and at this particular time I have in my power the opportunity to share this experience with everyone here tonight.

Thank you, thank you.

Quick Decision

This is when I feel that you might explode all over my brand new tiger lily fluffed carpet. I must remind you that such an action would be quite detrimental to one's health. I am not saying that your life could be in danger; it's just that I have been known to leave sometimes a bigger mess on my new rugs than the foul kind of person that made the first ugly sight to begin with. Just be careful.

Paper

The joy of a blank sheet of paper. The sheer luxury of having a blank sheet of paper. A blank sheet of paper made from pure virgin pine pulp. A blank sheet of paper.

Lost Realities

The death of a child;
The loss of one's ignorance;
The endless search for true love;
Fast cars without insurance;
To be a child again would not life be great?

Hot Women In Heat

If you can stand it this hot, then you have
the future in the palms of your hands.

Earth

This is the way
the earth might
end in the near future.

Sincerely,

Bad Day In May

Oh, how I hate getting out of bed in the morning.
The sun beams through the window panes
warming the floor.
I dance out of bed careful to step only where the
sun has shone.
I do not want to have cold feet.

Nancy Luca

Nancy is her name. She is about five feet and five inches. She has smooth jet black hair that shines in the moonlight, when the moon is shining. Her skin is soft, dark in the summer and, almost, pale in the winter. Her body is a perfect creation that anybody would give all to possess.

The principle of fusion and the desires of eternity are instantly defined upon greeting Nancy!

Bad Ass Dogs Don't Do Ballet

Badass dogs don't do ballet: Haughty, huh!

Czu Czu

Legs of beauty never seen.
She makes waves that crash on a beach of glass.
Her quiet voice pulsates from beneath the hazy
sea mist. Bright moonlight disperses through the
mist revealing a flow of breath leaving her lips.
She is all mine, except for those beautiful legs
that belong to the sea.

Steam Over Storm Grove

The dew-covered grass
 flattens under the rabbit's feet.
The air is heavily laced with orange blossoms.
The trees gently sway in the light ocean breeze.
Above the Palms and Pines a rich blue sky waits.
The sun, at its zenith, leaves few shadows.
The clouds, full of the sun's labour, roll in.
The sky darkens from all corners.
Puddles turn to ponds then to streams.
Singing frogs line the rising banks
 of the storm ditches.
The clouds sail west.
The sun, lower in the heavens,
 begins the cycle again.
The grove is like a jungle
 with steam emanating from everything.

If I Had A Bed...

I lay in her bed gazing at the moon,
The air full of musty sweat, a tinge of perfume,
We had mated moments before for eternity,
Our skin glistened from the passion,
I tended to her swollen elbows and knees
 with my loving mouth,
She is fresh and moist, and quivering just a little,
Her long black hair glued to her hidden breast,
We kissed, our lips full of blood,
Our tongues wrestling, exchanging
 tastes of salt and honey,
The moon, low in the misty sky,
 sparkled on her teeth,
The sheets, soaked, stuck to our
 bodies as we tired,
The cool summer air enveloped us,
We fell to sleep.

Happy Hooker's Mansion By the Sea

Happy hooker's mansion by the sea.

May I help you?

Distaste for Bath Water Perfume

The faucet pours by the gallon
To fill the tub with hot, very hot
Bubbling, steaming, deafening
Perfumed bath water...
All, for a Mortal.

The Big Game

Be the Night Before

De big game.

Awl me frends will be cumming

To thee hawsa for sum snacks.

Myon telvison will attract thiem.

I'll be havin all de fun with me frends.

For Susanna

Many, many years ago
You began a journey
Thinking not of yourself
Nor of monetary gain
You looked to enrich our culture
To nurture and protect and advance
The things we see not
The foundation now complete
Your true task is now at hand
To serve the Plants and Animals
of earth... and perhaps the Universe.

In Reality of the Reality

When 26 men clad in armor,
Stack 5 feet high,
They—God in Heaven—hope
there is a ball under them.

When My Mouth Waters For Pussy

All the muscles in the body are tense,
Lungs heave small, concentrated
 currents of air rapidly,
The abdomen is pulled tight over flexed muscles,
A powerful tongue squeaks
 while passing over dry teeth,
Lips moisten each other with an effort,
The mouth, parched, cracks a hint of pleasure
 from the sight of the approaching spring.

Specializing in Archaeology

All at once everyone in the classroom had doubts of their reality and threw their pens at the corner of the room. No pens ever hit the corner due to the conforming restraints of our comprehension of our reality. Our paradigm does not permit us to violate it. Therefore, everyone's pens appeared to never leave their hands.

Life on the edge is a nervous life.
Wishing for a life is not a reality.
A life within the confines of the societal
paradigm is a life
that is lived far from the edge.
Life at the center is a reality.
Wishing for a life at the center of reality
is a nervous life on the edge.

Looking at Living Outside the Mind

Out of Sight...Man!

My hands are a fading green-blue from
fertilizing my watermelon seeds which are in the
front yard next to the rotting watermelon.

What will the airline attendants think when I
ask them, "When will the plane be here?"

To Be Completed

The fraternity of Life.
I have a love yet unknown.
I ask myself—
Will my love recognize me when the time comes?
Or is it my responsibility.
I have a fear of that which is gone
—Have I missed my love
Am I to go on alone?

I float here nude as a bumblebee
Putting words in my fingers
Thoughts that are mutated
when etched on the screen

Aloud I fondle my manhood
Am I my skin
Or would I rather be in hers...

Who sits a cloud dangling feet of flesh from
shiny rocks
Is her skin the glassy flow of the stream
Or the green pearl of the cat's eye in the sun

My skin is warm
I am responsive to the water's touch
I am a man riding the rapids conquering the "v"

She is the key
I am the lock
As I fondle her womanhood
I realize we are one
The same skin
The same needs.

Love

An Outline

Liz (Elizabeth)

The Party

The Stairs

The Bed

 The Van Primer

The Next Morning

 Gone

The Day After

 Winn-Dixie video rental

 MeRose

Long Talk in Bedroom

Back Massage

Split Bed in Half

 Rub butts

 Who Me? Touch you, Never?

 Kiss-Kiss-Kiss-Kiss-Kiss

 Make Love

 Make Love

 Sleep Nude, always

The Secrets of Love (or—anything loved)

The Passengers Don't Have My Radio

I jumped high out of my seat as the wings of the plane fell 12,000 feet to the ground. We dive-bombed the 747 through the towering skyscrapers and under the interstate. We taxied along a local four-lane commuter path that lead us in the direction of the airport. We felt that the airport was our best destination even though our circumstances had changed greatly since our last communications with the tower.

As we began to decrease our speed, we neared the stop light at the intersection where we lowered our extra stabilizing wheels (the ones that are never mentioned which are used just for emergencies like this one).

I didn't have much time to take notice of the gauntlet of cars and staring people along the road as we drove through. We tried our best to keep to the original time schedule. At this time we were running 7 minutes ahead of ETA due to our rapid decent from 12,000 feet.

As we neared the terminal, the passengers calmed down realizing we were in no danger, and I noticed my car. At once I realized where I had parked my car was not on the expressway's emergency lane leading to the airport. I stopped the plane.

The passengers did not mind taking a quick stop. A few asked to exit the plane in order to stretch their legs. I obliged and exited with them to go inspect my car.

Upon arrival at my car I perceived a major alteration in the rear door. It looked like a dog door. I decided not to enter my car through this new sixth entrance. I used my car keys to open the front driver's door.

I sat down in the driver's seat. On careful inspection (I am an aircraft pilot) I noticed my radio was gone. So, I got out of the car and torched the fucker.

Hater (short version)

She hates!

She hates the world!

She wants to hate!

She can hate!

She will hate!

She should hate!

She shan't hate until she is good and ready!

Legal and Illegal Rooms

I was shooting a cum wad up a pretty girl's pussy when the police came bouncing through the front door. I was pissed. I was forcing a rock-solid-hard-on of pure steel into this babe. She was flexing every muscle she could command control of in her pulsing cunt. My essence of Eros exploded into her frothing snatch of molten honey causing our organs to weld together in a viscous fluid of pure hot pleasure. Then we did it again, and again ignoring the silly ass police. We fucked, and screwed, and hollered to the pleasures of our orgasms. The police left after watching for 67 minutes. As they walked out over my violated door, I overheard one say, "It don't say nothing about it being illegal for superhumans to fuck in the living room!"

Playing Mixed-Up Syllables for Fun

Woooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
oooooooooooo

oooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
I'm in looooooooooooooooooooooooovvvvvvvvve
To the store I shall go
There I will purchase a rubber

Woooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
oooooooooooo

oooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
I'm in looooooooooooooooooooooooovvvvvvvvve
In my room is my Lady
I know my Lady naked under the sheets

Woooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
oooooooooooo

oooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
I'm in looooooooooooooooooooooooovvvvvvvvve
My pup caressed by the moon
Guards my loft from the heavens

Woooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
oooooooooooo

I'm in looooooooooooooooooooooooovvvvvvvvve
Skyscraper atolls in a sea of love
My woman and I safe in our rubber

Possible

The river runs through the mind,
Like a rapid through a frosted spider web.
The insolation bakes the mind,
Like a parched bowl of jelly.
The regolith fills the mind,
Like an empty library.
The mind is clear,
The mind is a cloud of nuclei,
The mind is prepared,
My mind is mine.

Pink Silk Panties

Underwear. I like the smell.
The odor of the soiled panties.
Panties of the naughty... Awe.
So sweet to the olfactory membrane.
Naughty soiled panties warm and moist,
Fresh with taboo perfumes of nature,
Perfumes for the elite,
For those who dare to venture,
Dirty women with lips of red,
How rude! How rude!
You weak beware, beware
With your generic underwear.
Only the finest, the silkiest, with cotton liners
Deserve the highest recognition of FILTH.
Underwear, the soiled brand I like best.
Red nails and black lips adorn pink silk,
Pink silk panties
 soaked with pheromones of the naughty.

Down By the Stream

Down by the stream,
The stream that flows through town,
The stream with the cold, clear waters,
The stream that keeps no secrets,
The stream with the hanging tire over head,
The stream that smooths rocks to pebbles,
The stream with frogs, fish, and snails,
The stream that old Ms. Higgins claims,
The stream with holy water for the church,
The stream that drowned the mushrooms,
The stream with hidden treasures,
The stream that swallowed four,
The stream with thundering rapids,
The stream that waters the Forest of Elms,
The stream with no children,
The stream that loves life,
Sat a little girl
 dressed in white reading Dr. Seuss.

The Hot Concrete

My toes are in love
They tingle with pleasure
Blistering from the excitement
THE HOT CONCRETE
Minutes ago the woman
Her from the airport, the surf
Had stood in this very place
Paused for a memory—a reflection of love
THE HOT CONCRETE
Relayed my vibration of toes in love
She pressed her coolness and walked on
I quickly interpreted her imprint
We were in love
THE HOT CONCRETE

The Unmentionable

The dagger glided through my septum,
and I was...

One-Hundred Dollars

“Do you have a hundred dollars?” she asked of me in a girt voice.

“Why do you enquire?” responded I, with an efflorescing pain in the crotch.

She says, “I have something for you. But, it will cost a hundred dollars.”

How could I refuse. I thought of all the varied ways I could inspect her body as I walked up to her holding five twenties firmly in my grip. I was feeling good.

She held out her hand. I eagerly placed the money in her palm. She put the cash in her black leather wallet which hung from her shoulder. Her wallet was an aphrodisiac. I could see her electrical aurora sparking with every pass of the wallet. Every back and forth motion of the rawhide gliding across her black silk dress mounted my appetite. My terse pinings belonged to her.

She bellied up to me. I could feel her warmth radiating from beneath her silk dress. Her hot breath popped with bursts of jet energy into my ear as she spoke, “I would love to sleep with you

right this moment, right now, right here, on this concrete slab, but I cannot. My husband—I could never cheat on my husband.”

As she walks away becoming a subfusc figure in the dimly lighted street, I comment to myself that that was worth well over two-hundred—I always respect an effrontery minx.

Plaid Skirt

Will you score?
The dog in the alley; an overturned trash can.
My mother boiling eggs on a grimy
porcelain stove.
Starry-eyed sister gazing into Heaven.
Junky down at the street corner dipping
a tin cup in the gutter.
A lost earring—somewhere a missing tear.
High heels and silk fifty stories up in the night.
My American Hero shovelling pitch,
Invisible, except for crevices of white
sweaty skin.
Blades of truth, of wisdom, sit as a shrine
for all, for me.
I, for the family, must score.
Knives of sharp, gripped firmly,
Score the tender flesh of my feet.
Next my palms, already covered in blood,
filet open effortlessly.
For the last time I read the evil book
with hands and feet.
I have scored.

Feeling Sad

Kiss the daises for me, my love...
Look over my shoulder, my love...
Did you spill a tear, my love...
Is that a glassy pond below, my love...
Will it grow cat tails and guppies, my love...
And babies, many babies, my love...
No, it will dry, my love...
Kiss me in the evening light, my love...
I will tend your tear, my love...
And Love you forever.

Bottom of the Lake

Living in the lake,
I see my friends,
They are tall and blue,
I hate them all,
Long hair and ripples,
Tingling the clear water,
I feel their despair,
They feel not for me,
The sandy water knows more,
Of dirty toes,
I am free,
I hate them all.

When O'clock

When O'clock!
When O'clock!

My friend, the dog, goes wild with barks
when this is spoken.

When O'clock!
When O'clock!

Mind Caught

The deep blue waters of the flowing spring lifted my body high above the horizon, and my fears of death were alleviated for the time being while Paula demanded the most trust to be intrusted in someone; for me, to slide down the tube into the depths of the blue water below. My legs were of rubber, and my energy to walk the distance back to the farm along the deep blue waters of the river was trivial compared to the thugs that were charging down the hot asphalt road with their blades glistening in the early morning glow.

My legs felt the path underfoot as its heat from the long night melted and tore at my flesh as I was rushing past a house with four ugly hill people smoking on their tubs laughing that I had already been down this route. I was feeling the glue of my deforming body take on a new shape when passing by another junction fresh in my mind from a resent interlude, a rest from the warmth of the impending danger and the rising heat-blob in the dark blue sky.

The thoughts and security of the farm and the foolishness of taking the long paths were beginning to take a toll on my mental ability.

If I had not been so macho and intimidated with Paula and her nose girl friends forcing my actions to be other than my own, I would have

walked or swam up the stream and now would be safe in my wading pool appreciating my beginning tan.

Now as it stands, I am blanking out from exhaustion not really knowing whether anyone is pursuing my slimy body, or if this is all just some hallucination from sliding down the short tube into the shallow water of comfort and perhaps hitting my fragile head of a thinker on the tender bottom of the deep blue water of the cool spring fed river.

One Pussy and One Penis

Pussy

Penis

Such hypocrisy

She Wore No Pantalets

She walked in before me, paused for a moment, then tore off her blouse and Bermuda culottes, leaving an effulgent nude body. Her breasts were firm and alert, but her second oscular captured my attention. Between her golden thighs, a plump pulsating chiffon of pink flesh was eagerly awaiting my deftness. I could smell her scent, and feel her moisture from half a meter. I watched the formation of sweat below her breast as the reflected glistening candle light came to my eyes. The room was becoming warmer as our bodies ruptured with energy from anticipation. Even with the window cracked and a brisk sea breeze, we were hot and sticky. Her long red hair clung to my back; her breath moistened my dry mouth; her nipples were live poker-irons pressed hard against my chest keeping my vim elated. She straddled my legs and thighs leaving a trail as if she were a snail, and finally positioning herself with her legs wrapped tightly around my waist—a form we kept until our bodies were pasty and salty, and the early morning sun rays broke through the hazy weathered glass window.

Knowing Something Important

I drift to sleep
 in the arms of my love,
Faint but energetic—Alive!
Slipping in and out of dreams,
My companion slipping in and out of me,
Absorbing the day's glory,
Stabilizing fleeting memories,
Altogether feeling worthy; desirable,
Intrinsic to the life around me—
The life in me.

American Violence

I was having my picture taken by a professional, at least that is what I was led to believe. He was focusing his camera, and becoming quite irritated by my suggestions. I was standing in front of a fireplace that was adjacent to two very large crystal French doors, and behind these glass barriers was a woman. I could see her figure, somewhat distorted, but, nonetheless, the shape of a beautiful woman. Maybe my noticing the woman disturbed the man with the camera. I'm not sure; but something happened because the girl and I killed the man. We knew this for sure later when we were trying to position his body into a box; we were in the darkroom, a very large darkroom. Then my woman, for she was mine by this time, walked out to the cathedral size living room and sat on the wide stairs that led up to the next floor. She had on a white brushed cotton dress that was split on both sides. The slits ended just above her hips. I knelt before her and glided my hands up each leg. Her legs were muscular and slim. She became tense as my arms passed her knees and my fingers slipped under her underwear straps. She tossed her head back arching her chest directly into my face. I pulled her stockings down. We made passionate love forgetting about the strange dead man with the camera.

The Little Man with the Little Penis

The little man with the little penis undresses at the foot of the bed. I lay on the teak bed covered with cotton sheets and matching firm pillows. I am naked, with my healthy athletic body stretched out waiting for the little man with his little penis to pleasure me. He steps onto the bed and gently kneels between my legs while lowering his head to my breast. I quiver slightly as his strong lips release my nipple. Raising his head from watching my breast flush with color, he breaks a smile. He senses my wonderment as to the size of his penis. It is no bigger than my thumb; and my hands are definitely feminine. His confidence reassures me that not all is to be lost—he has secrets betrayed by a smile. We comfort and play with each other. I am excited, and every time I think of his little penis sharp pains of pleasure jettison up my spine. He seems not in a hurry to make penetration; I'm ready to explode! I send signals that I'm ready for penetration by thrusting my pelvis into his thigh with orgasmic force. The ploy works. I take hold of his little penis directing it into my vagina. My vagina seemed larger than I had ever thought—his penis was little. It was so little, and so hard, and I had never had anything like it in

me before; my responses were escalated. It did not fully expand my labia, it would part the lips as he moved around, and I could feel the lips coming back into contact with each motion. Then as if I was beginning to climax again, I felt his little penis become hot, then throbbing. His little penis was growing. It grew expanding my labia and pushing hard against my vaginal walls. It was sliding in and out of me, reaching to my inner depths with every thrust. I could hardly breathe, and then I remembered his quaint smile. I knew then as I screamed under my breath, "Little man with the little penis!" that we were in for an incredible orgasm.

Judging History on a Grade of Film

I'm falling, veering to the left
Falling through Black and White TV's
Watching baby trees
Seeing those trees vanish—no more
Blink of an eye
Flash of a life
Photographs and motion pictures
Devouring the apple
Destroying our linear grace with life
Blasting, questioning, shaping our memories;
—Make us what we were not.

Trivial Matters

Hold me, I don't know why,
Be near me,
I want to cry.

Tunneling

The living surf,
The sun, The sun, The sun,
In my eye,
In my nose,
Red-eye,
Clean skin smooth from the sanding,
Fresh,
Cool and hot,
Energy, the curl...
Walls of water,
Echoes of the forceful past,
Clear uninterrupted tranquility,
Peace... Freedom... Alone...
With the millions of fizzing bubbles.

Unwanted Love

My love for you is—

Deeper than an ingrown toenail,
Not as shallow as where the ringworm borrows,
Thicker than a dead, bloated cat,
More wide than the vanishing Rain Forests,
Stronger than the exotic Columbia River,
So full of holes as to be complete,
Brighter than a black hole,
Hotter than a lightning bolt,
Not as fearless as Superman,
Bigger than Fat Albert,
Stickier than pine sap,
Harder than dried snot under school desks,
More understanding than roll-on antiperspirant.

Dry Ethics

Timid little assholes all sleazing from hall to hall,
Room to Room—Making motions,
 empty guarantees;
A speck of light with sludge down my throat;
Wasted lives in through the door to the hall
 to the hall to the door,
To preserve a life for a healthy humanity.
To fuck us up the rear without a mirror.
Onward we must flow...the sight
 known to those with the badge;
Tell me, order me, where you want it,
Tell me, order me, when you want it,
Tell me how, tell me how—my feeble mind
Yours for the filling
Wrench my identity, smash it blunt and
 give me authority!

Pissed in my tea, thought it was cream—
 It was good and went to work.

Hunger

Breast of temptation—
I look to find an egg
For those days gone by
That I have lost...
Need to survive, to rejuvenate!
Spread your thighs.
Show me I'm welcome
To forgive my past and continue
Time as one with you.
Squeeze my life into your depths,
Deplete my soul, fill it with yours.
Eat my hunger, Eat my hunger.

Slats of Love & Drops of Acid

The sweetness of her lips
Tender flesh passing signals
Our solid reflection alive on the river's surface
More real than us
Somewhat sure of what is—is
I could cry and feel the tear meander
 across my cheek
And all would be lost
In the flow of an expression...
Such are the stoics above the river.
Funnel my love to the moon—
Gusty winds return it to the ocean
Close but far, away but near
Missing from the atmosphere
Tear a hole in the sand, and
Let it erupt when I'm no longer land.

Forgotten Moves

He's a half-crazed man licking
the walls of roadside bathrooms
on his way to hell.

Perhaps It Will Be Blinding...Perhaps

When does one find that it is too long
And that the world is not on fire
With an angel of god somewhere hidden
Beyond the spectrum of all we comprehend
Lost in the anvil bursting outward
Blocking the rays of life
Taken so much for granted in the flesh
Whose only eyes are water under pressure
Somewhat related to god in the cloud.

Non Terra (RPOM)

Water in the Solar,
Clouds of heaven
How far above...
Suns of Suns
All within the void
A ceiling, A belief
True to its limit
My skull the forgotten vizard
Atoms, zinc-halo
Crystal clouds congress in my eye,
Put it away—
 Private dreams
Put it away—
 Concealed perceptions
Put it away—
 Open up
Believe me:
Canopy of projections.

The Idiot I Am

I'm an idiot.
I brush my teeth with dental floss,
I find my car parked backwards everyday,
I comb my hair with my roommates brush,
I eat peanut butter sandwiches when I'm thirsty,
I'm cold when I sleep sideways on the bed,
My teeth are always white from the toothpaste,
I don't mix the canned cat food with the dry,
 and I don't understand why there are so
 many cans in the back room,
I listen to the hi-fi in mono so nothing gets
 separated and lost,
I construct an elaborate array of mirrors so when
 I type '7734' on the calculator
 it reads, 'HELL,'
I read each letter in a word for accuracy,
I eat frozen food frozen to preserve its taste,
I read letters through the envelope just in case
 they were accidently addressed to me,
I listen for the dog scratching at the door to
 remind me I need to go to the bathroom,
I listen to music I hate,
I love to reach into unknown places,
I carry my luggage out to the plane's cargo bay
 for added safety,

I drive on the highway
with all my car's lights on, lights are pretty,
I think it would be fun to blow up
100 balloons on Mt. Harvard.

0925 hours

Is the 'time' really all that important?
I'm sometimes tired regardless of the time.

What Would Happen?

Hey!

In eight minutes
we will know
if the sun
exploded. I hope it hasn't.

Sassy Afternoon

“Like my mouth for your yogurt flavored tulips. Like my thoughts of destiny for some of your cream of life. Like my strive, my strive for your yen. Like like for like.”

“When did that come into style?”

“About four minutes ago just as you walked in the door.”

When she wanted to tease the tongue there was no way to find the back door. You just kind of stand for awhile massaging your fingers between one another waiting...waiting for her to ripen. Then she explodes, just like clockwork! You can feel her energy, and if you dare to stare for sometime you might notice an extra sense of presence floating snug, wedged firm between her thighs. Sarah always orgasms when I wear my weathered leather jacket and show up during an afternoon downpour. Just the way she is, and I hope she never deviates from her habit.

“Tandem. Will you do it...the way I...”

“Sure, wet one.”

Death always has much to do with sex, and a good relationship. Sarah, we have a fundamental understanding—if it’s good and you’re alive when it’s over, then life is sweet and we’re flexing our life potential. Dangerous sex is not

what we do. What do we do? I'm not sure but it sure is fucking fun!

“Sarah. When are we going to pick out new panties for you. That party is only a few days away. And I don't want anyone thinking anything. You know?”

“I got these today.”

“Nice! I like the way they contour up your butt.”

“I'm so fine...I'm so fine, fresh in my mind...”

Sarah can go on for eternity dancing and swirling with her reflection in the polished wood floors when ever I openly admire her. I think it's her way of dismissing herself from something she finds embarrassing. Why is a mystery only Sarah will never share; it's hers to do as she pleases.

“It's not me—I'm sure it must be God.”

“You're so full of shit...”

I have a God complex. I'm the first to know, but it still makes me sick when someone says it to me. I don't need anyone telling me I'm not God—how the fuck do they know. See, I figure when someone has the audacity to question my sense of being, I know right then they're weak and frail. They're afraid of hidden forces. Power they know everyone commands but themselves; they must taunt those, be they God or not, to actually try and witness the elusive force.

Intrinsic Thoughts of Life

I'm so fucking Hyper—I just want to scream.
This computer does a lousy job of multitasking.
Fucking. Fucking crazy. Fucking crazy people
all over this planet. These fucking stupid people
are all ready to rid us of our home; suicidal
creeps. Goddamn motherfucking assholes!
Blink...Blink...Blink...

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Christopher A.P. Fitts

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