

djkgitoeowowo

Doug Baker was here on the fifteenth of well no it is actually
the Eighteenth of July

THE HEADSTONE ARCADE is a poem about death.
but is as much about that as it is the life in between
that is I mean to say that when you talk or write about death
you have to touch on the life that comes beforehand
and what was done with it.

7/18/2001

MAYBE IT'S NOT ABOUT ANYTHING
BUT WHAT IS? I CHALLENGE YOU...

Monday (late afternoon)
 is in good shape
 (for the miles it's seen)
 and theyawning echoes
 of the catering ambitious
 (when YES MEN aren't saying yes
 they are usually saying something
 stupid)

THAT SOUNDS ALL TOUGH

(but let's face it -
 there's ~~xxx~~ each day
 more of them and less of me)
 trying to drag me out of paper worlds
 (but I don't care
 if I ever get there)

constantly out to occasions
 to which I usually rise

the tedious return from oblivion
 is at times a grueling one
 LIKE: the last time I broke the E
 key on this Royal was in 1996 after which
 I packed it up with the rest of the paper
 and told myself that I was going to LIVE
 and trotted off to join the others on the
 sidelines hoping to get rotation on the next play
 but (you know what happened then) the game
 got away from me and I ended up benched
 eventually and at some point stopped
 holding onto my ~~xxxxx~~ helmet

So in a way there I was waiting
 to be sent into the game of life on
 terms formed by some commission or popular culture
 or some other do-gooder ~~xxxx~~ order but then
 it came to me like slowly as though hearing the
 carnival cranking the pump organs of the carousel
 of the next ridge pulling me away from all that

all the while time is mixed up in all this mess
 and can I tell you what happens to time when it
 is not appreciated for the vast opportunity
 that it is: those months speed away like clippers
 in a trade wind to quickly form an armada of years

"How they ~~xxxx~~ blow by us
 chuckling ignorantly with little
 knowledge (or care) of who we are)...
 with a cackling missing tooth
 Eee Hee Hee Haww laugh...

Considering this: "In a given lifetime
Homo sapiens will cover ~~the~~ a range that will
cover the world or never leave the county"
it is clear that the game has no meaning where it is
played but of course rather that it was enjoyed

It is as simple as:
"Ensure that you will be
more than they will ever see"

...but I can tell ~~me~~
when it is going wrong
for every misdirected beat of my heart
causes me to breathe deep and reach for it there
towards the center of the thing that for some
reason has me continually burning the bridges
behind me (all too often I know that I will
never be going back)

(If an action is neither reprimanded
or endorsed, it is at the very least
condoned)

But when it is right
it is like sitting in a barn typing
this poem having beers and cigarettes
with a little ~~music~~ coming my way from *Jon Sebalus (sp?)*
a transistor FM stolen from my 3rd
group house away long ago in the District
and I am staring over a candle with the
moths coming in from outside making their
own confused swoops at the game

"... and I guess I'll drink a little more
to forget the problem I couldn't do before
and, my friend, I guess
this is the only way
to be done with the things
they did to me today!"

For I too was reared in heaven
and now like you am dispensed
an angel here to help (Don't
we all find ourselves adorned in our own
regalia?) Never assume a current state
is a permanent one

The Headstone Arcade then is a mass
repositroy of the ghost of things to come
when ~~we~~ finally chalk up our final score
and burn it into some granite, but ironically
in spite of all the sifting and singing we may do
damn it all comes down to a date and occasionally
thoughtfully placed flowers of remembrance

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I know you may not even
give a lick ~~knutixhaxexhaxx~~ (but I have been known to take one)
and you maybe likely didn't even get
this far, but all the other poets are dead
so LET ME IN (may not make final cut)

Something else: "I fully believe in
independent thinking - for it makes agreements
all the more satisfying." ...cause you know
what I am saying like if everyone was running around
thinking the same thing there'd be no discovery at all
but when you spend your days hammering things over
when another indy thinker pops up - yes then connect
(take a serious look at page 5 her brother)

Now for the night
the keys slow (or more likely
the wrong ones are hit with greater frequency)
and friend bladder is asking for relief so
for now I must go (or forever hold my pee)

There was time not too long ago
that if I was out here in the barn
doing this that old dog motor puppy ~~xxx~~
would have been at my side

7/24/2001