

Strange

(you would never know it)
 for I have given up my career
 for wage and hours becoming salary
 so I can leave the building
 like I did all of this week
 singing my song to myself
 whistling to myself
 my job no stress
 when there my mind at rest'

I have probably had too many beers
 already to start typing these lines
 but I don't really care and the royal
 again is bouncing backwards rear left
 from the impact of my longing rants
 and I don't even know what to say next
 but it doesn't really matter for here now too
 my heart is anew with some rejoicing text

So as I was saying earlier
 there was a day not so long ago
 that old friend Finney dog would have been with me
 in these less than idle mind adventures of type
 but now he is gone from this scene and it is almost
 two years ago that I held his tired head in mine
 and he knew he was breathing his last (what with him
 all having some blood anemia cancer - man I wish they
 would have truly diagnosed him, but after all he is ~~sknx~~
 only a dog - but then again as my Dad would say -
 'He's smarter than most people I know - so anyway
 his blood would not carry the O2 any longer so I
 was there after they had connected him to the tricle drip
 and Deanna and Evan had left the room and when they said
 'whenever you're ready I eventually said 'ready' and the
 pink ~~drip~~ entered his forearm (leg) and how heavy his
 head became in my arms and never in the eleven years that
 I'd known him was he every tired enough that I had to hold
 the whole weight of his glorious noggin in mine -
 how it was heavy and how repugnant the moment that I had
 to lay it forever back onto the table (for dammit
 my glasses were all ~~skx~~ splashed up from my vain attempts
 to suppress the tears that wanted to ~~sknx~~ splay all about the
 walls of the vet office and the inner most strong holds of
 my blustery heart. Farewell friend Finney. And if all those
 folks who expect to see their pets in thy next life - I
 relish the moment when I tackle you next.

(God dog you know I am sorry and forever lament the times
 that you pissed me off - or rather I got pissed off at you -
 even so unjustly and did terrible things like curse and kick
 and do you know what? You never wavered and perpetually
 would come running at the chaotic beckoning of my whistle
 for you never knew what it meant only that I needed you)

PASTE

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Well anyway

you know that each night on my way home now
I thank God for the place that He has guided me to
(so it goes without saying in those tougher moments
that I should have been doing that along)

Funny thing is this: when on the Royal and the passion
swells up in your chest your darn fingers are guided right onto
the exactly correct keys in a tempo that could almost chime
from a keyboard without any error whatsoever (course thing is
with typewriter all the words you pound out will forever hang
on the floor of the hall like some cheap flyer of the number of acts)

So you know that the breastpocket notebook says
(positioned over the classic placement of the heart)
next:

The Headstone Arcade asks not how
you will meet death but
how will you meet the next day

(of course wherein may surely reside
the maker)

Your

Sometimes I get on the interstate and
breathe into the microcassette recorder....

You seem so tiny
and frail but
you're really
a dozer in the field
of my sentimentalities

I went after you
for your slender curves and
sultry looks but
now it is all I can do
to stand on my feet
as you move the
earth beneath my feet

So now my girl is
like a dozer
and every time that
I come over we
sit for hours and
I'm just hoping
for a kiss

And even waiting
'til the sun rises
I usually leave
another miss

I guess I was the fool
to think
that I was the one on top

the way you threw
 your dust all
 over me keeps
 me coming back and
 I can never stop

and I don't know ~~where~~
 where you got it
 or even what it is
 but it keeps me coming
 over to lay prostrate
 in front of your dozer

Now I lay here in
 your earth listening
 to the distant purr
 of your dozer
 rolling off to
 destroy another

and every now and then
 I rise from my tomb
 to drive in my car to peer
 at the light in your room
 to wonder what you're up to
 and wonder which
 piece of earth
 you next plan to move

(damm I had just stepped out
 to take a piss and somehow the
 ever-persistent moths had slipped in
 to ~~the~~ visit the dangling 40 watt
 bulbs over my table - but that's okay
 for I have them, the smell of barn wood
 and aged mouse piss to keep me
 further company)

So next vision from the road goes:

(But first -
 poets are tough
 they keep you dragging through
 the scruff)

Where goes time
 behind me
 it all returns
 to find me

Now I'm ~~up~~
 up in the clouds
 rushing towards you
 through a fog of shrouds

Birk used
 the swaying symphonies
 to guide his pock-marked heart
 I now empty them
 to restart my art.

For what I mean is
 it was an innocent time
 just like after waking
 (or being born)

Now the days
 find me old
 looking though
 like some twenty three years bold

and in those times
 when I feel I'll never see
 my soul again
 I turn off the interstate
 to breeze fill my hair
 with the winds of dazy lane

God makes us
 God takes us
 God damn man are you thogghtful
 or just antoher thoguht fool
 like me I mean
 are you looking for
 a mantra
 or just another new El'antra?

(Stir it up
 with a listening to Heinrich Geretsky
 symphony number 3
 for surely that will blow the
 lichens off the soul as surely as
 and sand blast)

Like Tirezings tread
 and three rings though
 are quite different thingsx
 but circular things

Now surely I and the poem
 are getting ripped but none of that matters
 while the transistor radio continues to endlessly pound out
 the chords that reach out and in their fading waves
 reach out to thrump my pounding heart for you know what I mean
 about music being the most important thing

but you also know that the sun
 begrudgingly or not will rise again tomorrow
 and sometime during those days
 with the way things go I don't know whay
 the flags ever make it to full mast

The damsell in distress
Has seen nothing of the burning itch
of my yeast inflection and the terrible shirt
that I must don that cries out
(no matter ~~what~~ the fashion) KICK ME
for I love your disparaging embraces

Operating note: For after each of these
key slapping rants ix on the old manual
I without delay scan them into the windows and
emailage them off to my friends and brother so
that they might read and comment and frankly also
that all of this useless work doesn't go up in smoke
tomorrow when our old house fiannly torches

For I love you old friends (and brother)
for what we had (maybe not so much of what we have now
but that's okay - anything can be changed) and
for what we may have tomorrow - I know you know
it surely will be amazing

And is I was going to start a novel
on each of our tremendous relationships
I would start each of them:

Before we were ~~blxxxx~~
all blown out of each other's lives...
THIS HAPPENED and filled another
void in the glorious slice of *BETWEEN THE*
american cheese

I was almost ready to be done with this
(cause whn you are tanked like this (
the keys go nowhere) but again with the fire thing
- ~~xxxxxxx~~ anything might burn
we everyday might be on fire and I think that
for surely we are, but also our stuff
and you have to keep it safe or better
give it all up forever (for that is what
eventually happens) and then of course rather than
lowering usx into tasty ground we may have
bequesthed that they should finally slide us
into the hottest oven to send us into sky
~~andxxx~~ or some toher spot..... (OF COURSE
just please remember what you have to do before the
moment when the game pops your fianl score -

give life meaning - smile all the while

8/1/2001

SIGNED:
BORIS

I WANT WRITE IMPORTANT STUFF- Not _____ STUFF/FLUFF