

and aw it seems
 all of our activities of late
 have us running around declaring
 that the heavens for bid
 jumping one rock to the next

like:

when I am not so dutiful
 sometimes I break from my routine
 and look in my rearview mirror
 to see the rig bearing down on me
 reminding me of this his divested crea tion

maybe sometimes those things that I hate
 doing after their behind me I realized
 looking back over my shoulder that
 it is what I needed all along

Since it has been five years since the last poem
 surely you understand that it has been weighing
 heavy on me all that time until just this past
 spring on a road alone bound for Erie PA that
 somewhere around the desolate stretch around Clarion
 when it was nothing but me the woods the road the cavalier
 as I aimed for the farthest spot in PA that the
 lines started coming again.

How many hours of listening to salvation
 debate talk shows did it take? Whatever
 it takes my friend friend then
 you should do it

Then the word started
 seeping in again
 like the calvary coming into town

that's when
 life gets nice
 like you know it should
 and I get funkxud up
 when the beer tastes good

but I aint no one special
 and probably less than a good example
 and at times go through my days consuming the
 things that are mailed and in-boxed to me
 bying into it like a dog wolfing down the old burger
 but then it was funny just this past week
 at church (when I listen I always get zsomething cool
 out of it - like for instance the whole word of God thing)
 but I was digging on this thing in the pre-printed mass-distributed
 bulletin and my eyes took to the listed psalm and if you
 ever get a spare chance that you're going to throw away
 anyways then check out Psalm 49 for a good snibbet about
 the way all this material is figment and firvality and
 sand castles bound for flat beach next day

1A
and it purely echoes the great line in Psalm 33:17 the ways
it says 'a horse is vain thing for salvation, neither shall
any be delivered by their strength' which really just
gets down to the fact that we really can accumulate all
or none of the comfort, but it isn't going to avoid Psalm
49:14 the way it lays into you with 'like sheep they are laid
in the grave; death shall feed on them; and the upright shall
have dominion over them in the morning and their beauty shall CONSUME
in the grave from their dwelling'

and surely you know by
now that I know very little
about all this but something has stirred
in me and caused the bum who cowered outside
the church for years to eventually don the
cleanest rags and try some kind of dialogue with
the savior

for what is clear to me
is that this old world is
no more gonna last forever than
your first lay did; as it all comes down eventually
(but that is the thing about old world is that it will
outlast all of us and maybe that really is
what should be realised is that we won't last forever here
but if not here then where - you know what I submit
it is that until we join eternity then we are here to live
this crooked life and swat against the suffering
with our broadest darwinian smile (use it or lose it)
and then land in the grave like in your bed after one of the
best days you ever had and so that your headstone best
a head rest from which you will rise the next day hey!

Rest in peace
beautiful you

so remember the joy and
every now and then think back over what
was and recall what the face of joy was to you
like the memories of my distant
life every days forced
into smaller and smaller
allocations of my head drive

but one thing I do recall is
being on an inner tube with
Mike Lingenfleter towed behind fast
enough boat to have us trying to hold on
with all our might and all we could do was look at each other
and laugh harder and harder and you know the more
you do that the weaker the fingers become
until one then both of us slipped into the
lake water

so when you recall
 try to remember it all
 only to discover
 that everything that has ever been loved
 is all fragmented and splintered
 and still moving across the floor
 and there still stooped over
 are all of us
 trying to piece together what was
 into some semblance of a whole
 with our crazy glue

still,
 remain unflappable
 for you are the continuation
 you live off the land
 like a wild man

bundle all your plans
 and put them in a vile
 then shake them shake them
 shake them all the while

(watch it fizz)

like when
 I lay on my back
 laughing back at the sky
 for a moment I find happiness
 just before the dogs all rush in
 licking the smile off my face

(that's one loco motive)

So
 Dear God
 let me keep
 my idle vices
 in a sack around my neck
 pulling them out
 when I need a little more
 to get through this world

Dear God
 Let me be frank
 Let me be pure
 Let me go behind the planks
 and wack out some more of the yore

Let me send out
 these words jamming
 the ~~kk~~ streaming cell phone transmissions
 so thick the birds and planes
 can't even make it through the mega hurts gale

So let me thank
 that dead rat Evan discovered
 when we were kicking around the soccer ball
 in the clouding August afternoon
 when he said 'Daddy what's that' and I
 walked over to see the dead rodent rotting from
 inside due to the d-con bounty I had left there
 for the mice to feed on and I quickly noticed the
 hole in its throat and head chewed open
 and it must have run around like that and finally came to
 rest its exposed skull on the cinder blocks outside the
 barn

For the rats last laugh
 had me running around then
 the rest of the afternoon cleaning out the barn
 and dumping the rat attracting items like
 the blankets and rolled up carpets and the
 things that are doing no service to anyone
 anyway and while I was at it I got the
 writing desk more situated and ready
 and defended against the rodents
 (I mean why should that rat be able to
 do us all a favor and eats this poem up
 and sleep and piss on it and ~~own~~ and push
 it out to its utilitarian end)

a writer first
 a writer last
 a writer always
 fuck the past

drag me out to the city
 take me to bad shows
 make me meet your family
 let me where my shoes
 in your house

I mean the deal
 is only as big as I make it

for if I said
 I did nothing wrong
 surely don't think for a second that
 that I did everything right

for when
 I am with you
 we cheer the breaking of the dawn
 (the very same dawn that will send us
 back home in different directions
 challenging us to keep it all together -
 but beer is runny mortar so...)

will we prevail?)

8/18/2001