

9/25/2001

The world has turned a corner
since I last typed the words from my head
and is heading down a dark alley
not to see the other side
for the fog of anger

and it will lift
or we will fall
throttling each other while our eyes
search for the point of it all

for it is greed and it is love
one in the same from either side of the book
and maybe this is saying something
or it is all just...

Just another foggy notion
soaring at me over the ocean

and why not let the mind wander
while staid body occupies the same
chairs and beds and car seats

why not?
I can think of a thousand
reasons not to
but none of them
very compelling

these are things
racing around inside
dying to be let out

Still these days
when I pull up at the gas station
and get out of the car
to the smell of pumping gas
and the noise of the engines
starting and stopping doors slamming
the beathing feet of the travelers
passing through...
reminds me of the days
at Breezewood (Gulf)
working hot summers on the pavement
all days exchanging cash for gas
I used to think and wonder
where the travelers were going
today it's still the same
and I still wonder where the road may go
every time I turn off of it

Like on
sunny interstate
driving by
her car the hair seemed to invite me along
but upon fly by
my head shot quickly back to the matter
of steering the car as I saw
Her learing buck teeth grin back at me
so I guess that goes to show you
all this Home-goer daydreaming
can take you too far away from reality
and too close to Woody Woodpecker's
veiled love interest and all those
other whose faces can't be helped

But before too long
later that day
later that morning
life is too glorious
to spend the rest of it
in a back-breaking endeavor
hunched over
the sand-in-my-eye-machine

You know
it is true like when
we are swinging at hate confounded
like trying to drop the whizzing mosquito
only to hit our own head
Love is there all around abounding
and rampant waiting to be scooped up
it is everywhere
it is around us
but there are still spaces to occupy
for love wants to rush in
like water
to overtake the most stubborn vacuum
and of course then
we must drill holes in the
deepest hateful chambers in our hearts

Once there it sets
like a good portland cement
hard to beat apart and quick to offer itself
for service like when Joe stops by
and all the hours days
that have gone by
are compressed acordian style
to their thinnest point
as though the seperation never occurred
and we pick up where we left off
on the journey
on the road
of joy

I guess for the most part
this is me knowing nothing
just a bunch of hunches

hunched out loud

Now our time
 is most often spent
 standing outside the barn
 walking around sharing where we been
 kicking stones
 picking berries
 he holding my daughter
 in his arms
 my son crawling up our arms
 begging me to push him ^{us}
 on the swing
 heedless really
 of the times Joe and I shared
 as though clamouring for new ones
 little champion of a new day
 little at first
 eventually larger than my ~~ta~~ highest noon

Apart from that
 then it seems that man
 always want to run feverishly
 between misery and evil
 foresaking the smiling statue of love
 and the only thing saving us
 is Chrsit's message
 and his benevolent tractor beam
 always trying to pull us in
 then this is the struggle
 really as simple
 as lo sci-fi

You lowest man
 you were the ripest berry
 plucked from the very top
 of the butt hedge

~~Atxxxx~~ And you may be glorious
 in terms of your overflowing check book
 but in case you didn't realize it already
 don't you know
 that we already know
 that you are
 super successful

These times claim to never hear
 the violins launch crescendo
 but they are here now
 that's all I know

still it makes me wonder
 what became of the others who
 heard them with me before
 (see other section pulling all the names)
 and the other wondering characters
 from the beloved cast of life
 who showed me things
 right or wrong

(wrong not necessarily being bad)
 where we all went
 I do not know
 nobody ever left
 it just went that way

and now
 with God leading my movements
 I feel I can leap
 tall buildings
 in a single bound

and all these technologies
 and magic tricks
 and things making our lives easier
 are just the slight of hand
 turning around to slap
 the face of man

(probably not so much
 thought provoking
 as provoking)

The Headstone Arcade
 is a poem
 about all of us
 as we await our final moment
 and what is done
 up until then

(clearly overstated objective)

I used to have a dog
 bye now my buddy

and I am probably
 pretentious enough to believe
 that I have shed
 all pretensions

my heart
 has been bitch slapped enough
 after having felt so compelled
 and the tremendous feeling
 of having to follow
 the majority rules

So much of this then
 becomes us trying to work things out
 while we play the game
 of death and dying
 it's dying to live
 it's beyond the urge
 to feel amazing grace

like when they are saying
"You need to buy in sucker
and stop trying renegotiate the terms
to your lease on life"

but I dance along still anyhow anyway
I'm in love with alot of people
I'm in love with everyone

Good lard in heaven
I guess wherever love may take us
we are bound to follow

The days,
despite my murderous attempts
continue laughing in my ear
and I kick and strike out
and yell "Awh come on Steve,
let's get back to the way
we used to be!"

But not possible
on this junk start
this globe of lovely junk drawer
where there's so much more
than ~~xxx~~ what's floating at the surface
there's tears on a sunny day
there are clowns at the circus