

In times like those
 old thoughts awake to again
 make themselves heard
 and in my travels
 I can be guilty
 of slipping into distant past
 to visit gone joys
 and wish I could re-visit
 any number of the beauties in Jordache
 who once made the walk between classes
 so lovely

So I banged a long one here
 and it ain't fucking even done yet
 and it has gone on and on and the
 summer half-started when begun
 now very definitely over so
 nights are colder and the leaves are
 considering a change

I had to reach in deep
 to pull this one out
 I had to enlist the plumber of my heart
 to snake out the diamond of joy
 lodged clogged in the inner recess
 in a chamber
 in my heart

I mean it is no breakthrough
 and surely is no breakfast
 with Kerouac and Christ
 But surely somewhat's holder of some meaning
 than the recent placard on the bumper sticker
 of the random alley bastard that said
 HORN BROKEN WATCH FOR ~~YOUR~~ FINGER
 or of course the pissing calvins
 (though you have to admit the horn broken
 one does kind of crack you up - but remember
 if so signaled, relpy with an old fashioned
 thumbs up)

On the 'morrow
 in the marrow
 you will feel it
 coming on like and uncontrollable giggle
 and you will ask yourself how can I be laughing NOW
 and I can only offer that comedy
 is the only thing
 that's gonna get us through
 the end of world

(The thing that smells
 like glory
 is really
 someone else's glue)

so drop the covers
and get some fresh air
into you)

Like the
BIG ASS WRECKING BALL
(of our future
our tomorrow)
is a huge
sourer fruit
looking to ~~be~~ grudge
or be grudged

Are we blips
on the radar?
or farts in the church?

BLIP BLIP RIP

So journey
to the center
of the mirth
and don't worry
- we have a lifetime
to screwit up
and finely slice
the dried white crap

(you experimented
but they employed
to the sound of
army giddeon
rising from the void

So now today
when it is all moving too fast
seem so stuck in SLOW MOJO
and all the while
are you keeping time?
(and refusing to share)
are you stock housing your gifts
while my little boy
runs around ~~the~~ being the needle and thread
pulling this town
back together

(is he in time?)

Still
all this drama of today
makes me a little weary and
kind of makes me want to sling the back
on the back and head off to old rag
(whatever I did those 10-11 years ago
left on me...
- indelible mark - banded that day
and marked for all my future movements
and migrations)

but, I guess
 all this evil will end when
 all the horrible hydra heads
 are singing out of the same hymnal
 (yeah, when will that be)
 as the trip and kick over themselves
 in their fervent worship of God
 FOR WE ARE MAN
 forever proud and opinionated
 but never truly understand

So I sink comfortably into
 this degenerating world
 and when I was young I used to ask
 of the stars: "How far can they be?"
 but now the stars
 seem so far away from me

Maybe perchance I only saw
 the bugs dancing over the meadow
 LIGHTNING BUGS or FIREFLYS
 (are the same difference
 but I don't know why)

Maybe the simpler questions
 really need answered
 like whatever happened to Bubbs Daddy
 or the cinamon toopicks that had me
 riding my bike for miles
 to the Majik Mart
 (of course also picking up
 packs of baseball cards still chewing
 the mini plywood bubble gum as it
 cut into the roof of my mouth searching
 for a couple more members of the 1979 Pirates
 - "Maybe I'll get Al Oliver today)

The thing
 that's wrong with him
 is the thing feeding
 what's wrong with you
 and so you must lose
 the repugnant love of self
 and replace it with
 under the tree
 with respect merely of self

Be the hoodwink
 lingering on the corner
 for something to happen
 ready to catch forever the
 BIG CORN FRISBEE
 and finally realize
 the body is a bag
 when ~~xxxx~~ left of life
 it wants to rot

but I hang on infinitely too
and I never know when to leave
THE NEXT BIG BEER EVENT
all I know is
I end up wishing the GAME
would have lasted
all day

(it all end up
dropping me off
a little closer to
the headstone arcade) **hold this as the ~~anyx~~ first
ref to title

Like just recently
when I was out back of Jim's house
on the patio looking up at the stars
but talking of things of gravity and the
things that hold us to the earth and make
us miss the times in between when we
will next see David fall asleep too early (again)
on the couch and I will also lament a little b it
that we never did get to scrap that might
or any other for my ribs are weakened by it all
So Jim and I talk about stuff so familiar
that it seems we are dialouging with ourselves
I say Jim: How's the yard? He replies: Fine,
How's the moon? ... Same as ever I guess...
Lovely as ever.

(Do you have any sense of humor
ANY SEMBLANCE OF HUMOR?)

Are you
falling from the sky
through 100 foot trees
and boughs are breaking
they can't even stop me

It is those times
that it sorrowfully seems
when you get so far away from home
that it's shorter to keep going
than to turn around

So onward

(and I know
all the folks
with the afghans and kleenex
in the rear-view window
will think the same of their cats
but dogs are people
well some like the one
rob and I saw yesterday
hanging his head out
the window made me think
of old Finn's head
heavy in my hands)

Now it nears
 it is time that I go
 for my discontent save my joy
 its casting a larger shadow

but before that
 thanks be to the band
 for when I hear them sing
 I think of sunny summer days
 waking up hungover again
 in washington DC

(like the time that Johnny Mel
 and I got baked in his back yard down there
 -it didn't take long for me - about the time
 that it takes to fill a glass of water -
 but even more after he walked away leaving a smoldering bowl
 I grabbed it and sucked on it thinking of Koerber
 the way he used to say "you can't pass out from the weed"
 and I pounding the rest of it and proceeded to fall
 onto some bed with Johnny in my ear pleading GET UP
 IT IS TIME FOR THE NEXT PARTY
 but it was no good and I headlessly passed out on
 with my contacts stillin and woke early before the
 sun exposed anything more and scrounged enough for
 and rattle trap bush back down to dupont
 giving my my skelton its just reward)

So when the happless times end
 it is time to realize that
 there is no balck and white
 NO WAVING CHECKERED FLAG
 in this dull grey world

(all men are created equal
 it's immediately after that that
 things get fucked up

OR

all men are created equal
 but don't necessarily end up
 that way)

So armed with nothing more
 than an UNCOMMON PALOR
 we must now move past the blast
 as we all hope if we're going to have one at all
 that is is the last.

oh blasphemers woes
 now pushing past
 the battlefield believers
 and bunker lovers

we're all a little sharper now
 we're all a little more awake

we watch the shadows now
and the spirit in our face

but now to hope that
the fire in us
continues to burn
not to fall back asleep again
in the poppies and snow flakes

So-
stuck-
in-

THE WORLD OF HURT
THIS WORLD OF HURT

plodding along through the
headstone arcade

watching out for
looking out for
each other

we must know
this is only temporary
this is not forever

we are flickers
GLIMMERS

We're ALL

stars in heaven

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