

Yellow Eyes of the Past

Yesterday I changed my life
for good.
Not necessarily in moral terms--
but in terms of
permanence.
And now I see yesterday
as the yellow eyes
of the past;
viscid like glue and
obscured
like a cracked lookinglass.
I know that it is
impossible
to turn my head fully
around because it will
break my neck.
But I still try.

Bourbon Cowboy

his fingers are stained black
like moving tobacco smoke
and a cough that sounds
like a flushing gutter
his face is tanned like whiskey
beneath a mat of unkempt
straw hair
he moves in and out of the desert
like a ghost
reappearing occasionally
for some food
or a drink
around the house are
his artifacts
welded into conspicuous shapes
some of them moving with
the aid of an electric current
he is fantastic
and free
and motivates us all
to live like a pirate
or a cowboy
with the
bourbon
colored
face

Death of the Finch

Some are lucky.
They can coast
through life
without many cares,
but the fork
can go both ways.
Like flying full-
speed into glass,
falling down and
twitching
while the old
yellow dog
snatches him up
in his jaws,
chews on him a bit,
spits him out
on the lawn,
then grows tired
of the wet, saliva-
covered carcass,
and decides to
piss.

That finch never
saw that coming
when it woke up
to the dawn's light.
I wonder if that
dog named *Myth*
is comfortable
sitting in the shade,
waiting for the death
of another finch.

She Said, Then He Said

he said
hey
do you want
to get out of this church
and raise some hell?--
because I sure do--
so hike up that skirt
and show me
what
makes you

tick.
She did
and it was good--
good enough to have
a smoke
and think....
what the fuck?
this is really living.

Rampage

you know when
you are on a
rampage
when
you fill up the pages
like a fucking madman
and your hand
won't work
as fast as that
cerebral cortex.

I have to catch up--
so I have a smoke,
one beer
and I can feel
my heart palpate
like a human--
then I feel like
I should have never
stopped
in the first place.