

CARDS ON THE TABLE

is a staircase more
useful than a ladder?

is turquoise prettier
than blue?

is a knife more decisive
than an axe?

a cloudy sky has
a different meaning
from a clear one.

such as? You might ask.
well, it's your life –
& you must decide.

BREATHING TRICK

the siege engine will carry us thru, like all those before.
it was built in God's own auto shop / breaks the speed of
light.

where we're going, fear is surely a mere hat –
blown from a head;
human philosophy a shit argument.

anger? only a worm under a hot blue sky –
while these auras of inevitability will soon be glowing
like Hiroshima!

when that last coffee is finished, we'll leave the others
slumped with burden, or happy as hell –
still gasping.

the sparrows are coming with us because every
cliché is about to die.

beauty will break apart completely;
inquiry will not exist.

we are going thru the wall of time.

PERMANENTLY TEMPORARY

for Jay

it seems to me now –
looking back,
how temporary everything
really was.

I watched a flake of concrete
fall off a verdigris-laden wall,
& flutter to the ground.

it was now part of
the ground – no longer
part of the wall.

what is there to fear?
not being able to hold on?

it is our destiny
to eventually tumble from each apogee,
to slip off the ledge
 & crash
however softly, through the branches
of the very trees
 we grew!

landing
 where
 we
 must.

it's okay.
this is merely
how the game is played.

THE FREAKS OF VENICE

the roar of the jets
is the roar of the ocean –
& that's all you need to know about
God's plan.

the freaks of Venice Beach
meant to write that down & sell it
in day glow paint –
but they're too busy, being freaks

chewing the scenery – with the status of
movie-stars, who never sold out,
spewing confessional sound bites

which bounce off cruising black & whites
& slide all over the body of tattooed Marilyn –
who leans against walls, everywhere
in assured, iconic empathy.

ah – their screams:
drunk, stoned
or straight as an arrow

they snuggle neatly around that lizard tongue
which still licks Ocean Front Walk
clean of irony.

Here, You Know Where You Are
& What You Know

as you wander around
feasting on coffee & cinnamon rolls;

digging:

that Chuck Norris only ever has two speeds –
walk & kill;

how forty bucks can get you a 'legal marijuana'
certificate;

observations of kinetic malfunction
at Muscle Beach – are free;

& the beachfront apartment sign that says
I can make it to the fence in 1.5 seconds – Can you?
is not a joke.

it's while you're checking out t-shirts of the dead &
spectacularly over-rewarded
you realise fame just might sink into the sea
here at Venice –

leaving fundamental humanity.

but we'll still have the freaks –
who always have their shit together –
even when they haven't.

even though their humanity is
a pure karmatic truth of often haunting
pictures –

psycho-derelict shadows, sparkling filth
& shifting registrations
etched deeply into the lens...

they understand that

Everything in Your Life Led
to Where You Are Now

& when they're tired? they just lie down
a little bit harder than most
on the concrete pillows of a system they are deeply
rooted in.

the freaks of Venice:
life-splattered players & jittery receptors
playing out their moment, by the waves

beneath that year-round Los Angeles sun
as if it was some divine beach ball – set on fire
& kicked into the sky –

& because they know
the Pacific Ocean has already
swallowed them all.