

Postage Stamps

Now in my twenty-first year

brick vaults

function against me

O loomtazark and blip-foo

I think it's the end

people

and I must say something

or do something

So I run thru it all

down the Mall

and Bank Street too

my head covered

with postage stamps

crying

mail me!

mail me!

And the crazy people ask

and where

Billy

and where

And I say

O anywhere

Mysteriensonaten No. 1

for *Maestro*

To do the beautiful
thing, without hesitating,
is best confined to art.

More so to anticipate
your destruction
in art
& never life.

The firecracker
in a world of bombs
waiting for the right moment.

5

how can I describe the anger
a filled bus overcomes me with
or to, how to, justify
hatred of fellow man?

Just one of those
impossible but frequent
happenings ...

I want to toughen
my attitudes
on mediocrity

& make a few statements
on values
to the crowded busload.

I reach my stop
& get off—silent
& frightened by visions
of mad house Brockville
& me in real tears. inside.

Suicide Note

feeling old, knowing
it is happening;

beginning to miss that
foolish boy I was upon
a time once.

Getting curious,
perhaps insane, about
the curve, the corner—
around the bend.

My life has had
sordid details;
real associations
with things obvious,
dark and wrong.

Perhaps I do not believe
in God—but I entertained
great expectations.

And hopes, hopes nourished
by many contradictions.

Somebody has been cutting
the quality of life.

Anonymous

Another Day

for Marilyn

Nearly, no let us say every
Day when I think of you,
Hoping you stay well,
For you enclose my old
Man love/lust in your shoulders, in your arms;
As Jesus said if lustily looking
You become, commit & remain, as
I am, adulterously yours
Darling girl.

I'll see you in my schemes.

Thinking of Cobwebs

for Nelson Ball

When they came they were huge,
Spinning crazily downward—large
Like a giant's hand—
Grabbing folks
And calling them spiders.

Snowflakes, snowflakes,
Evil mutants
That are inclined to melt.

Untitled

There really is a secret success to life
Things live that are simply called poems
It appears that the whole thing
is just talking and listening
on a number of levels
I just now referred to them all as
confusing
and I cannot
comprehend it

* * * * * *

I want to write the poem again
I want to hear the song in my ear
I don't really think
I'll ever get what I want, just yet,
But I can't help stop my wanting

Memories Memorial

I am old, I am fat
& I am poor & all of that.

But I remember the day.

I have pain to keep me
careful, in these constant,
horrible times.

But I remember the day.

Strobe lights flashing,
beat of the music increasing
as we laughed the time away.

Sure, I remember the day.

With mini skirts,
worn by young flirts,
who danced their blues away.

O yes, fuck oh dear,
I remember those days.