

# LIFE

poems by ron androla (c)

some of these poems have appeared  
online at the-hold.com, babel  
magazine, & other cyberspace places.

2407 raspberry st.  
erie, pa 16502

## life

i think i'm 48 & a half  
but i may be two thousand  
years old. i vaguely

remember  
childhood,  
just a sense of infancy.

maybe i'm  
a goddamn  
clone, who knows

what  
reality  
exists behind

this current  
realism.  
aliens impregnated

my mother  
in 1954  
on lover's lane --

her memory  
is blank  
it ever happened.

something  
seems a little  
fishy,

something  
has always  
seemed a bit fishy

about  
being  
alive.

## realization

i have never  
ever fully realized  
the fact of the female  
clitoris as something  
tensed like antennae  
tense against  
a fleshy pre-storm  
wind

whack me  
shake me to my senses  
ron ron are you ok  
no i am not ok  
no  
it's like  
a very little  
cock almost

hard protruding  
gristle  
from the  
guts of  
love  
how surreal  
is sex  
or that we  
have  
limbs of touch

## **bart smoking camel reds**

it's around noon on a strangely  
warm 50-some degree pittsburgh  
day early march, cloudy, sunny,  
cloudy, sunny, it changes like  
that every 30 seconds or so,  
& i notice bart's patio,  
shaded, is still filled  
with ash-tipped mounds of  
snow -- & the deadness of all  
the trees & vines,

brown grass mat matted  
down from a long winter.  
everything outside is either  
brown or a shade of blueness  
& how blue can get  
crazy  
& i feel crazy  
somebody else

another person  
is inside my body  
another mind  
is in my head  
other words  
drop from  
my lips  
& nothing i say

sticks.  
well,  
the  
let's  
go,  
let's  
go,  
ready  
for the  
road  
again.

what a  
drive  
thru  
all the seasons  
for years  
& years  
100's of miles  
on interstate  
79  
ann knits  
i'm a swahili  
terrorist conked  
on 12  
horse  
ale  
now  
home

bart  
that  
was  
fast  
did i  
say  
hello  
did i  
say  
thank  
you  
did you  
listen  
to the weber  
cd yet  
crime poems  
& jazz  
from his  
albuquerque  
radio  
show

there's mark  
there's todd moore  
neither drink  
anymore  
isn't

that different  
than what  
we  
do  
day  
after  
day  
after  
decade  
& various lifetimes

tami chain-smokes  
capri cigarettes  
bart does  
camel reds  
man i want a smoke  
i breathe it  
second-hand  
like a  
spy  
but i won't  
ever smoke  
another cigarette  
unless the NEAT  
comet does,  
indeed,  
blast into the sun  
this august  
& we know it  
& all cigarettes  
are free  
everything  
everywhere  
is free

we're listening to  
arab music from the  
HIDEOUS KINKY cd  
there's a good  
film for  
the folks of  
pressure  
press to wit-  
ness  
& the soundtrack

takes us  
home  
in a land of dramatic  
events & allah  
moans beneath  
miles of sand

fuck that  
we're amerikans  
we're amerikan poets  
we're baby-boomer  
products & consumers  
consumed by the  
dreams of amerika  
memories of amerika  
horrors of amerika  
sadness of amerika

middle-aged  
i'm guzzling  
a longneck 12  
horse ale  
at 4 in the after  
fuckingnoon  
& it tastes  
delicious  
like william  
carlos williams'  
plums  
a dollar cheaper  
than rolling rock

we're home  
we're drinking  
12 horse ale  
& listening to the  
HIDEOUS KINKY soundtrack  
ann is fixing supper  
something with chunks of  
beef in it  
& i think i smell  
mushroom soup

## interstate 79

the sides of the road aren't  
supposed to be so brown, so bare,  
barren, dead & pressed down; there  
ought to be green somewhere,

where's a stray pine,  
a slash of cucumber like  
paint like my own fluorescent  
cum shines in our black  
bedroom  
last night  
how BLACK the night was  
in our bed  
the street-light must be out  
or the vapor-lamp on the side  
of the adjacent apartment-  
building is busted  
it's never been so dark  
in the bedroom  
& my cock is richie  
havens  
my cock is richie  
havens  
southern gal  
shut that mouth  
upon this pole  
of peace  
of peacefulness  
of a dream  
maybe  
i am richie  
havens  
my entire  
6 foot  
body is  
cock  
or a sheer  
snake of  
sperm  
nodules  
shimmering

hissing

the road  
goes on  
but erie  
is the furthest  
interstate  
79 can go  
then it's  
just fresh  
water  
40 miles  
across

canada

## what i smell

certainly mushroom  
soup  
yes absolutely  
& the chunks of brown'd  
beef, garlic, generously,

like living in a generous  
soundtrack,

onions & butter  
popping in a pan  
with ann standing  
stoned on hashish  
like a syrian  
woman stirring  
a pot of  
rice  
an appalachian  
syrian woman  
is making us  
a meal  
fit for  
kings  
queens  
of the  
universe  
the entire  
drunken universe  
of couples on an  
early saturday night

right  
i can imagine it as  
midnight  
i cannot

i want food

i smell biscuits baking

i smell under ann's

arm

her ass-  
hole

special  
places of

us  
what

we  
flesh

we  
accept as unity

look how  
reality is

a linear  
line from

baby-dribble  
to alzheimer's-drool

grace slick  
was edible

her fat  
fingers shove

pills  
thru my fat lips

## the old buick

i've been meaning to start  
it up since we haven't been driving  
the buick. jeep, instead, what with  
snow & ice. single digit overnight  
temperatures -- i don't want

the old buick's engine-block to crack;  
so i try to run the thing  
idle in the parkinglot. well,  
my intention hasn't manifested into  
action until just a little bit ago.

key in, & vrroom, like a pro.  
it's been a damn good car  
even if the driver's side window  
ought not be down  
because it won't ascend

again. & yes, the body  
is very much shot, holes,  
whole back quarter-panel  
is another shade  
of rust. inspection-sticker

until this august,  
& the tires are about  
at their inner-tread limit.  
still, only 88,000 miles  
on a 1991 buick skylark.

it starts.  
it moves.  
if the gas-tank  
is filled to full  
it leaks gas.

oh well.  
i went down  
into the parkinglot  
on a cold afternoon  
& turned the ignition.

sit there  
in my freakish  
slippers  
& heavy winter coat  
& cars are driving

everywhere.  
i sit there.  
damn myself for  
wearing slippers  
& not having my wallet

else i might  
rent us videos  
for this evening.  
that idea's  
shot.

i return  
to this warm apartment  
after letting the old  
buick warm up about  
15 minutes -- i imagine

it's like blood-flow,  
keeping the  
blood  
flowing  
& heart pumping

by  
simply  
being  
able  
to sit here, idling.

## standing in a side-yard

grandma? i call out  
as i enter her kitchen  
noticing only about  
half of a wall resembles  
the real kitchen.

it doesn't matter.  
entire rooms expand  
into cluttered ballrooms,  
then the rush of familiar  
& strange people appear.

i see priceless paintings,  
crystal prisms cutting  
light-rays, a glazed  
fresco. i touch  
the smooth surface

as if pollock  
splatterings were  
thickly,  
coldly,  
laminated. i veer

out a back-door where  
my mom has a bee-hive  
hair-do & she purses  
her red lip-stick lips  
very quickly pretending

to kiss aunt gloria  
who just arrives.  
aunt gloria is smiling  
at me,  
at everyone.

bill boy is at my side  
altho i am sure bill  
does not look like  
this dream  
bill, but we talk

& i even catch a glimpse  
of sue ellen, who looks  
like bill only as a  
girl with longer  
hair, smaller.

waves of conversations  
all around,  
waves of conversing  
people i weave  
around.

then i'm alone  
outside  
in weird cloud-cover  
sunlight  
thinking this is where

we played  
wiffle-ball games  
& football  
with all my cousins as kids  
i begin spinning in place

i look up into  
the sky  
as i  
spin  
& spin

grandma  
androla  
died  
in  
1985.

## **cousins**

i want to phone  
all my cousins  
on both sides  
of the family

just say  
hi  
how are  
you

it's been  
30 years  
& not much  
is new here

just life  
& the various  
tragedies  
& overall comedy

of existence  
packed with  
these same  
genes. a family

tree  
branches  
are  
everywhere like a

lawn of  
weeping-willow  
& intense  
gray clouds of march

over  
ellport  
over ellwood  
city

over new castle

over beaver  
falls  
& every sunday

we gather  
at sitto's  
in new castle  
or grandma's

in ellport  
& anthony  
& me used  
to sneak away

drive around  
getting high  
get back  
to the clan gathering

& eat  
& try  
not to  
look stoned

i see my cousin  
bobbie for a  
flash in  
a dream -- just

his face,  
suddenly  
startled  
with recognition out of a

crowd.

## drop the bombs

this very well-informed government  
gentleman is saying yes  
yes this is the most precarious  
point the united states of amerika  
has been in ever, that very  
threatening forces are moving  
against us simultaneously  
from so many directions  
we must not panic  
stay calm  
& true to the course  
of freedom  
we'll win  
the future will be  
prosperous

the future  
will not  
be prosperous  
in fact  
worse than  
this  
we'll wake  
from the drugs  
in the water  
& notice  
we are  
slaves  
we work  
we consume  
like always  
but for  
real  
all along  
we've  
been wrong

## **jim beam black**

i've just returned from a rainy  
afternoon trek in the jeep. mailed

some bills, picked up my prescription,  
purchased five \$1,000 a week for life

instant lottery tickets  
because i thought of it

& thinking of it  
is maybe a sign of luck?

of rainy day fantasy?  
well, next i hit

the state store  
since it's friday.

jim beam black  
on sale even,

bottle in a big black  
collector's tin too.

sits on the kitchen  
table, uncrack'd,

awaiting  
the calm flurry of

ann in an  
hour.

i'm having coffee  
now.

i'm biding  
my time.

picture us  
throwing back

shots  
toasting the war,

toasting peace,  
toasting toast,

toasting jim beam  
black, toasting

the first day  
of spring.

& yes,  
later,

we'll  
be very toasted;

yes,  
twin pieces

of black  
toast.

## first day of spring

it's a toledo gray day,  
drizzle or just wetness  
in the shadowy air.  
i'm going bald up on top  
& behind my head, i  
say look doc i'm losing  
my hair he laughs  
he grins big  
says yeah  
we all are  
i say don't they  
make something  
for baldness now  
he laughs  
he grins like  
he can't stop  
grinning  
let's not worry  
about it  
he chuckles  
stethoscoping  
my chest  
for a longer  
time than  
usual  
a perfect picture of  
health! he announces

i laugh  
yeah

maybe i  
blush

that was  
yesterday

& today  
suddenly

it's

today

& i'm getting  
balder

& fatter  
& crazier

than  
ever

## why

why don't we strip  
no first let's hit all the lights  
one candle somewhere  
then strip our clothes off  
be fat & old & walrus-like  
nude

after that, i don't know,  
sleep  
sleep good & deep  
enhancements of  
rem ga-  
lore

somewhere  
we cum  
sap  
-like  
liquids  
of love

& people  
whisper  
people  
whisper  
about  
everything

nobody  
cares  
half the earth  
away  
allah  
is decapitated

sloppily  
a woman  
moans  
her children  
are pieces  
of children

# dead

grandparents are all dead

great-grandparents dead

a slew of dead relatives

strange dead faces witnessed when an infant

there are dead infants

bukowski is dead

wallace stevens is dead

most poets are dead

dali is maybe dead

warhol especially is dead

jim morrison is certainly dead

the dead mount in iraq

millions of humans are dying

this very moment fuzzy with the dead

from wild variations of dying

jfk is half a head dead

the aliens are dead & green

on ice dead as lost doors

walt disney dead? houdini dead?

billionaires dead?

me dead?

i'm not dead

you're dead

## **a thing about death**

you feel a dead person  
spread thru you  
altho they chill  
in a morgue's  
wall of vaults.

cold stone.

you blink, sway  
with vision, frame  
of focus shifts  
on somewhat of a face.

you feel wet  
with active biology,  
electric brain  
activity sizzle of thought,

of awe.

as if the dead  
fly  
up & become  
air, they're here,

somewhere  
close.  
a burial  
but the dead watch

from the trees  
or in clouds  
or over yr  
shoulder.

after  
some time,  
natural morphine,  
time,

things

become easier

& the dead  
fade

with the rest  
of memory --

a life ends.  
all lives end.

suspend  
from the thought  
of eternity's  
hook-like moon

kick back

be stars & the swirl of the milky way

the swirl of the milky way

## 5 a.m., eternity

up, out, up, out,  
that's how i live  
weekends,

out being asleep,  
up, awake,  
a few hours at a time

i'm up now  
chugging a second  
glass of molson's

30 degrees outside  
in black  
night

furnace blows  
hot  
heat

ann is  
asleep  
naturally

up at 3:30  
in our black  
bed she twitches

twitches  
snores  
mumbles

i'm half-  
hallucinating  
kangaroos bounding

across a grassy culvert  
& folding-chairs  
fall into a mud-puddle

so i bounce

my brain up  
into the center

of space  
fill a beer  
then the cellphone

beeps  
hello?  
talk for an hour

to someone in texas  
who has a vast  
supply of cocaine

whiskey  
kind-bud  
xanax & crack

his sweet  
girlfriend  
is a little concerned

there's a mexican  
drug-dealer  
crashing there

she has to  
hide her  
purse in a closet

& i'm to tell  
mister filipski  
hello she misses

you  
otherwise  
jellybelly

wants me  
to tell cait  
he's sorry he didn't

submit to the hold  
altho it's the first

time in four years

cait  
under-  
stand

maybe i can  
squeeze a  
third full

glass  
of  
beer

from the little  
5 liter  
keg-like container

in the  
fridge  
tilt it forward

gulp  
it  
down

as  
dawn  
spins gray light

across  
our  
red eyes

thousands  
of miles  
thousands of miles

## the beginning of this poem

i finish washing the dishes,  
pans, silverware, glasses,  
& cups -- 2 day's worth for  
2 old people might not seem like  
much, but it is, it is

when you eat like us.  
a big, fat pork-roast  
sizzles in juices & potatoes  
in the crock-pot, smells  
so good. the sink-top

is clean & lemony.  
the silver jews strum  
loud this late afternoon.  
this late, gray afternoon  
in eternity, rotating,

roasting in april rain-mist.  
i don't even look like me anymore.  
i'm someone else, almost  
50, plump,  
balding, jaded.

it's a sharp world out there  
& when one spins from here  
to there it's as if  
time is a sloppy  
lathe. clean dishes,

citrus-odor'd kitchen  
welds to the smell of  
pork-roast & onions &  
the silver jews  
sound somewhat lou

reed-ish.  
"we've never been promised  
there was  
a  
tomorrow".

oh hell yes we were.  
ann shld be home  
in half an hour,  
& between then  
& now i'm taking the garbage out.

this poem  
will be complete  
or what i deem  
complete  
'd.

**you**

you don't expect this poem,  
this unveiling of actuality.  
it isn't right,  
exposing reality to the masses.

truth is subjective,  
of course, & variables  
octopus out a  
thousand tentacles

like mouths of  
big-mouth bass,  
suck life & all the worms  
from us.

that's the thing,  
every insane moment  
is a suction  
cup,

gulping  
what  
we  
even think,

& what  
do we  
think?  
christ, it's

incredible  
we feel  
hate  
regardless love

& loveliness.  
you see the big  
dipper thru yr car's window-shield  
& inhale.

you

are  
always  
inhaling.

## **this is one of those poems**

there isn't much to say  
about anything in particular  
nor are there nails  
tacking a grand statement banner  
about eternity against the stars.  
there really isn't a point  
i'm trying to push  
even if you feel pushed  
down to this  
next line

way  
down  
here.

sorry,  
this poem  
is uncalled for.  
a poet must always  
speak  
& speak  
well  
because  
language  
is the tool  
of truth  
& poetry  
is truth.  
fuck that,  
poets  
are  
loose-  
lipp'd  
fools  
& truth  
is more  
momentary  
than any  
moment.

## last night

i'm bundled on our old recliner.  
ann is snoring on the couch,  
has been for many hours. television

merges into dreams. i mean  
my eyes are shut but things  
appear visually, audible

too; it's past midnight.  
rain pelts the window over my  
shoulder, across from my left

cheek. a black, wet, windy night.  
that's all i know: it's a  
black, wet, windy night outside

& i am half  
hallucinating,  
half not, wrapped in a

blanket  
back in a brown  
recliner. that's when

the power  
goes  
out. no tv, no light at all.

ann continues  
her nasal, beery symphony,  
& i rouse up, stand up,

reach for & find a lighter  
& light one of the 5 or 6  
tall glass candles we have,

one with our virgin  
mary offering  
us grace, it's lit,

red wax, flickers

as i walk to the other  
window & peek out.

across the street  
the world is dead  
too, not just our little

apartment is affected.  
i make sure i got that  
much straight. then i wonder,

a response  
to baghdad's  
loss of electricity?

a terrorist  
attack on the  
northeast u.s. power-grid?

i wake ann  
& lead her  
to our bed.

i walk out with the candle  
& obtain a quick bottle  
of busch beer from the fridge,

return to our bedroom  
with the candle  
& the beer

& go prone too. i tell ann  
about the power  
going out, she flutters

from sleep like an owl  
spins & lifts from a  
dark rafter in a cold,

broken barn. she is  
flying over nests  
of hidden rabbits,

nests like cotton  
pillowing

a palm-sized twirling of

twigs & brown grasses.  
it's that ear  
we hear, as ann

wakes, 1 a.m. friday  
night. i gulp  
a strange angle

& my stomach  
gurgles like a  
deep, country well.

then the sirens.  
sirens & beeping  
approach, blast

outside speeding  
down west grandview,  
descend, disappear,

re-appear, others,  
more. that's when  
i really consider

terrorism.  
the place is getting  
cold with the furnace

unable to  
operate  
in luxury.

i rattle on  
about some wise  
ideas in the candlelight

& ann mmmmmm's  
& shifts &  
hugs my free arm.

conspiracy  
theories, jfk's  
gist of a set-up,

wait,  
oswald  
was nuts.

ruby  
was  
nuts.

i'm imagining  
nuclear  
mushrooms as red

& as  
black as  
hell on the surface

of earth.  
i'm waiting  
for the great, vast

wind of  
a bomb  
blowing us away,

everything  
in erie,  
crumbling, peeling

away  
like wood-  
paint & fire.

about 3 a.m.  
electricity  
returns

& when i  
check the internet  
i see it's an ice-storm

knocking  
down  
power-lines,

accidents  
at over-  
passes where it's

most  
slippery,  
branches breaking

under  
the weight  
of glazed ice.

this  
isn't baghdad  
i remind myself.

this isn't  
nine eleven  
ever again.

i blow  
out the  
flame.

## how we die

cotton  
candy  
spins  
around a tube  
of soul  
angel-wing strands  
of pink & blue sugar  
spinning  
thicker like  
a bee-hive  
hairdo  
like an evening  
cloud across lake  
erie like  
fabric of the  
milky way

a sun bursts  
for a trillion years

we ejaculate  
one brief moment

gnats  
are not newts

nor is a cow  
human idea

human  
humus

heaven  
garlic

varnish  
vanish

a  
vacuum

cracks  
like

dead  
poets

## bukowski's ghost

he hangs at his house  
now -- 9 years have passed

& he didn't dig heaven at all  
& hell got so boring one can

scream for only  
so long then it's just

a sizzle of  
infinity. bukowski's ghost

blends into the paintings  
on the walls, molecules swirl there,

the rest of all molecules  
spin faster

than his  
ghost spins

he feels  
pelted by

thick paint-  
whips of

paint  
he lingers

drenched  
within the fabric of canvas

his mentalness  
filters upstairs

to his  
room

his typewriter  
his books &

papers  
& half-smoked

cigar  
with the ash still bridging

time  
& breath in a glass ashtray

## where the world is

song-sprinkles of birds as dawn  
brightens the blackness gray

english sparrows  
great dog-size'd crows

waddle like charlie  
chaplin down a quiet city street

wet with early  
april chill

people are  
yawning all over town

bend into  
their colorless bubbles

of cars  
george jetson violins up

into heavy  
star traffic

putters  
along

oblivious  
he's a dream cartoon

we're like  
that, oblivious,

puttering along  
dreaming

as a friday  
begins

on the dewy  
surface of concrete

& black-top  
earth

## **black saturday**

don't i wish.

unfettered sunlight 5 p.m. blue  
white afternoon 46 blocks above  
the plateau of lake erie -- ice  
is disappearing on the horizon.

day of prolonged torture, hopeless.

as spikes rip up wrists  
one must rise to  
exhale, one cannot  
constantly inhale, things

go very fuzzy with excruciating

pain involved, serums  
fill the lungs,  
ya gurgle, moan, hallucinate  
& try to rise which only

shreds thru wrist tendons more

plus involves furthering  
the wound thru both feet  
spiked knee-rise -- raise up  
& flesh rips more, & you

must rise, nobody gives up,

completely decapitated  
people, headless, pull  
the trunk of the body along  
searching for the upper torso

grab at grassy yard for a few

minutes until hopelessness  
says fuck you  
fuck you  
fuck you you're done.

then don't this fuck

ascend & materialize  
as ghost tomorrow a couple  
thousand years ago  
it's all very angelic

magic that continues into

our normal world of whining  
& no wine, ann is getting  
her shit together  
not me i'm spreading my shit wider

circle of swirling light

visual spectrum we see & recognize  
as reality -- nothingness, actually,  
a very tiny experience  
of monstrous existence.

what do we know but things

sprouting from our skin  
that know our names  
some of our secrets  
& nothing about singular mas-

turbation turbo-powered technology

our skin rots off us like  
wet red rags  
when we are most  
beautiful.

## across the street

portishead is what i want  
playing on my death-bed, please.

portishead & morphine  
& an insistence on poetry

tho i am very  
bed-ridden: dictation please,

sweet-heart, shut up  
& write it,

don't argue,  
spin from yrself &

record  
this intense, immense history

of a man  
in the world,

across the street  
a sun-glassed 30-something

successful large home-owner  
is washing his large black suv

tinted black windows  
with a green hose rolling out

cold erie water  
on a 70 degree late afternoon

in the center of april.  
i hate that fucker --

that suv costs more than  
i make in a year busting

my sweaty balls  
in a whirl of fiberglass dust &

poisonous resin shit.  
fuck him, in green shorts,

long white socks,  
black shoes,

a better-grade  
t-shirt

with his wallet  
in his back-pocket,

credit-cards  
thicken it,

& cash.  
he can afford a few luxuries

over & above  
my breaking dreams.

i just want  
a shack in the woods,

electricity,  
modern plumbing,

paid-for,  
a few acres of land.

no neighbors.  
a good road.

a good jeep.  
a good supply of

essentials &  
plenty of booze --

a pound of kind-  
est bud

& the rest of my  
physical life while

still functionally  
sane.

every reader  
add me to yr wills.

send me  
lottery tickets

or the winnings.  
will me stocks & bonds &

left-over  
drugs. everyone has

left-over  
drugs.

## freedom

sitting in checker'd boxer-  
shorts writing this poem.

it's a curious supposition  
what our great amerikan poets

were wearing as they  
changed history to

this,  
me, drunk off molson's

on easter sunday evening,  
thelonus monk absolutely

is going nuts  
in the surround-sound livingroom

what?  
ann keeps cooking & cooking things

she is always cooking  
something

turnips garlic horse-

radish radishes celery cumin

romaine lettuce leafy stuff lean

beef-cubes water chestnuts

olive oil canola oil green peppers big

yellow-gold onions red potatoes

half-whole carrots cauliflower-flowers

canadian beer i keep gulping down as ann keeps

filling my mug up

between stirrings at the stove!

as i write in my boxer-shorts!

a most special poem to you!

## **i want to cry**

i haven't wept in  
a very, very,  
very long time.

there are times  
i shld have,  
but didn't, backed

the tears  
up like a  
man. maybe

i'm  
so  
dry

now  
i  
can't cry

level'd  
on  
pills

level'd  
on  
tenuous awareness

horror  
is  
beauty

sadness  
is  
love

fuck  
what if i  
write a bad poem?

what if

earth's  
spin shakes electro-

mag  
net  
ically?

let's  
all  
burst into tears

simultaneously  
look away  
let yr eyes lavishly water

## **bela**

let's get lost in cyberspace night  
the pirates are playing the dodgers  
in l.a. in the tv-lit livingroom while  
whirling here in our playroom  
i come online -- ann's sound  
asleep, exhausted in our bed  
in the other room, door mostly  
shut.

it's an especially black night,  
wet, chilly, a little  
death in tree-shadows hollows  
what echoes for  
life blistering in my  
head: boil of brain.

boil of brain &  
all poets die  
all of us  
dust & worms  
words the dead don't  
ever hear

earlier plan nine  
from outer space dvd  
plays  
we howl  
we pause it  
to do things  
then return to ed's dream

bela  
oh bela  
bela lugosi  
alive in 1955  
leaves a state  
hospital for morphine  
addiction, cured, & the

questioning reporter  
is a jerk

& the cameraman is  
obviously  
drunk  
but bela  
he smiles  
black teeth

## **distance**

from here to you  
is different than  
miles or a new  
town beginning  
another life with  
another night-shift  
factory job  
maybe in maine  
maybe a marilyn  
monroe poster  
is stuck to my  
bed's head-board  
& i call all  
girls betty

a kid of me freezes  
in the 1950's,  
duck-tail'd,  
oil'd,  
curling a smile  
like elvis  
at life

i think  
large eels  
are whirling  
around inside  
my intestines  
they gum  
my stomach  
open  
i  
leak  
lady-like  
menstruation  
cancer of  
the mind  
enhancements  
we see similar  
ways  
to be happy

it all means  
money  
it does  
i don't care what  
anarchists believe  
or don't believe  
capitalists  
catapult  
over  
amerika

## overdosing

if i want  
or if ann wants it more  
either way  
we can depart  
consciousness  
this state of gracelessness  
& ingest  
things  
to stop the  
heart more  
than 4 minutes  
eternally  
it's slightly  
comforting thinking  
it's possible  
not to think  
at all  
ever  
again  
consciousness:  
god  
death:  
god  
or not,

nothing

a ghost  
world we  
slither  
between  
atoms  
& buckling  
molecules  
& winds of  
quarks

or not

a dead brain  
thing

blackens  
shrivels

as lives  
continue  
all around  
what we  
were  
& we're  
rubbed  
away  
we  
disappear  
nobody  
conscious  
cares  
generations  
from  
this  
moment

earth  
sours  
yellow

disperses

us

disperse

us

