

Fuck This

poems by ron androla (c)

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

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dead letters of air

call me golden
golden courser

golden human
being ascending

depths
old men

tell me stories
i see pictures from their words

then they
die

here's
me

with a
bursting prophecy

& them
dead

one dream

all our old folk medicine
will be flown from chile
in yearly supplies
without fail -- we are healthy,

saner without the saturation
of society soaking our souls
with drenching consumeristic
kerosene:

living with six billion
other humans
simultaneously
dying in flames

of fire,
screaming,
thinking,
loving. we decide

we've had enough.
we have a fine hut
in a small green valley
on easter island,

& my hemorrhoids
are the worst thing
in this civilization
of aloneness with ann.

hemorrhoids,
& the pain of being
far, very, very far
from the rest of our family.

otherwise,
i don't
even
write, i hang in a hammock,

listen to eerie birds

& insects slice
black
night.

i never
remember
much of the
past. the world

wide web
sputters,
my old poems
go flinging off --

dead links.
decades pass.
both ann & i
grow beautiful stones

along
our
coast
line.

offerings for uncle tony

come hell or high water
was a phrase my father often
declared. i imagine him

meeting my uncle tony
at the end of the white light tunnel
of death & they are smiling &

laughing & maybe my dad has a
fifth of kessler' s in his
fist offering it to uncle tony

& uncle tony,
new wings & all,
guzzles hard & long.

then my grandfather
materializes from the
sands of obliteration &

he slices a
cucumber,
salts & peppers it,

offers it
to uncle
tony on a tiny plate of cloud.

julie's art show

my niece is a high-school senior
at a private girl' s school here in erie.
she' s like a 4.0 girl, real smart.

once i took julie to the roadhouse
theater to catch an avant-garde rendition
of macbeth. once we saw julie smoking

a cigarette at a stop-light
& she never did see us,
she looked so happy driving with a

carload of girls. julie is dave' s
younger sister, if anyone realizes
what any of this means -- dave is already

in college
in a groove
of tenuous existence. in half an hour

villa maria has a student
art show, it' s down on 8th street,
we' re on like 48th & slept in;

i look absolutely
despicable
& portishead is playing in the livingroom

on a cloudy sunday in march.
i' m remembering funerals
& grave-yards -- dad, grandpa, sitto,

grandma, uncle ernie, uncle tony,
stones in the air,
their voices.

thinking otherwise

it' s imperceptible degrees of sensory
fluctuation we think we recognize when really

we' re black dust settled a good 3 feet
deep on the moon phobos. if not sensory

differences, then spiritually
nothing fucking matters -- not one' s

flowering head,
especially. the mind thinks

& spreads like a plateau
of cream-lit smoke. oh what swirls

within consciousness
within death.

in 15 days

judy retires in 15 days. she' s been
counting down, aloud, since 30.

her car is inspected for another year.
her work-clothes are tattered & just waiting

for the fire. she' s got ~~ev~~erything
ready & she' s got plans:

the son who lives with her in a lake
city trailer will pay half the bills now,

because otherwise, after all is sd & done,
she' d have to live on four dollars a month.

so she handed keith a list & he didn' t
say a word. i' m envisioning judy in 1972

with 3 boys (a set of twins, keith & kevin)
in a lake city flat -- she works two full-

time jobs back then.
then the flat burns down

& they lose everything but the
clothes on their backs -- the boys'

father never even offers
to help them get back on their feet.

judy drove a harley.
judy smoked pot (once she wore

pot-leaf ear-rings to work) &
drank a lot of beer. she never touched

another man after her ex
left. she was crew-leader

at marx toys,
drove jitney at niagara plastics,

& raised those 3 boys
on her own. in 15 days judy

retires & i might
cry -- i' ll never

see her
again.

no other poet
on this goddamn planet

has known
judy like i know judy.

judy retires

tonight at three o'
clock in the morning
a caterer is coming to the lunchroom
with the fruit-flies & mice.

judy' s last night of work
is next thursday, but they' re
having the one hour lunch-break
a week early, for some reason. most

of the guys like the idea
of a one-hour lunch-break
& can' t even vaguely appreciate
the glory of judy -- twenty-one years

in this bleak fiberglass factory
where assholes on the floor
rule by conspiracy & baseness
& assholes smile. bosses

love assholes.
the bosses & assholes
have easier jobs than judy
can even imagine -- she' s sweated

& her entire dilapidated body
has been broken out in red splotches
so she lives like that,
suffers with the old, sore knees.

i think of things assholes
have spouted all these years about
judy -- these assholes who make up
houses on the streets,

farms,
trailers,
these assholes with new suv' s
with a big bank-roll savings

these assholes

who cushion themselves with the
baseness of the union,
who then create the union.

judy has been one of the lowest
paid workers in the plant --
an injection operator,
dinosaur injection machines...

assholes drive jitney
assholes have 2 hour cure-times
& spend free time fucking with
us sitting ducks -- i' m a press operator,

i' m like judy.
it' swhat judy does
but won' t do
anymore -- after her body

has been
ravaged by age & industrial
management & union
games...assholes

are everybody but us
parts operators
i say it
loud & nobody wants to listen

but tonight
at 3 in the morning
i' ksit with
judy but not for long,

i' ll walk out of there
by myself
& meditate upon
real life.

the plain truth

it is 4:15 a.m. &
i' m making a good manufacturing wage
for erie. i' ve been doing this,

working 3rd shift in an erie factory,
one of two, over 20 years,
& shit not only flies it loops thru

hoops of stratospheric fire ignited
from prelapsarian gases some
400 trillion years ago. at the same moment

the same ignorant workers think
crass ego walls them from
bosses fish-tailing upwards

who grow so resentful of crass ego
industrial hatred
is civil war, is class war,

& amerika is doomed.
amerikans are doomed.
this is a good thing,

this doom.
stupid kid employees blind as idiots
& old, jaded, angry workers will

not unite
no fucking
way -- it' s a wide abyss,

it' s
useless,
useless.

judy

i' m half-lazed walking big strides
from the time-clock to the back door
with judy to my right waddling
on bad knees wearing her bright, yellow hat
with black words TAKE THIS JOB
& SHOVE IT! jackie gave her,

& i realize never again will i
walk with judy inside this ugly, stupid factory.
retirement -- judy at 62 looks 82.
we' re the first ones out the door,
she opens it before i can open it for her.

it' s daylight late math.
at the end of the sidewalk i whisper
her name, reach to touch her hand,
& we suddenly kiss there
as i whisper bye.

taking tonight off work

thinking how i intentionally
let the image of delbert leaving
the shop burn in my mind,

never again to see delbert
except possibly in the obituaries,
remembering that final, strong handshake.

my last image of judy
this morning being
the side of her face in her

little red car leaving
the factory parkinglot
forever. then i imagine

the rest of the shift,
a few of us with 20 years
to go before such a thing like

retirement,
& all the fucking
ignorant amerikan factory-rat kids:

those without history
& pain &
meditation,

& cons,
union
liars -- they stay --

it' s like a
concentration camp
& the good, true,

honest,
ethical prisoners,
for the most part

are first

slaughtered --
who remains, who endures

are those
who say
yes yes yes

when the
gun-barrel is
kissing their asshole.

what a disappointing
array of
hanger-on employees --

nobody is left
to cheer
for --

not hillbilly,
that old
country-suspender fuck

with a mouth
spitting
snuff-juice -- retired --

no more heroes
exist
in the near future

just old losers
& young, brash
retards.

men
& women
have lived whole lives

in jobs
these shits
desecrate with idiocy.

no poem is required

no poem is required to evoke
the timbre of this exact, sensory moment
with my eyes on a 17 inch screen in a small
room plateau' d over night expanse of lake
erie -- my fingers on the keyboard

banging.
laughter from downstairs.
ann knitting amerikan girl doll
clothes for addison. sound
of this computer hard-drive like
grinding automobile transmission
heard by a head on lsd.

hollow reader,

no poem is required
for anyone' s real
benefit. nobody wants
the intensity of personal truth
blaring into human language.

it' s too much
for a creature to
carry too many centuries into earth history.

look,
god
is dust.

somebody says
jesus
then we atom-bomb hiroshima.

gray column
puffy gray cloud column
of human ignorance.

what
a
cock

man
really
is

a
piece
of hard shit

shit
from a
star,

a face,
a noble voice saying
"poetry..."

old age

i think there are things i' m forgetting
what i want to say. i' m not saying

forty-something is old.
well, maybe i am if we consider

cave-dwellers thousands of years ago
crabbing up sandstone cliffs for safety from

tigers & lions &
bears -- goddamn babies dropped

accidentally,
off backs of girl-mother cave-dwellers

oh neanderthal panic instinct
when we lived into our teens, if so very,

very lucky,
or not -- if the experience of life

is pain & abrupt
ending -- view of slaughter,

then blackness
of the galaxy.

my teenage mind of mentalness.
my diseases, my decaying sections

of flesh,
my natural deterioration.

earth day (part two)

hip people chant
oh mudda erth
oh mudda erth

earthquake rumbles
swallows thousands
& there is screaming

from the gates of hell.
we spray the area with
disinfectant.

the black dirt
is slightly
green.

slightly,
every so slightly,
numbs the tongue.

beware

beneath the title of this poem
one cannot imagine what might be
written except it can' t be
something gentle. expect a sinister
attack into yr thinking.
an infection.
a green vein in yr brain.
what can a poem do?
fuck you, that' s what a poem can do.
a poem can fuck you in the ear
in the tunnel cunt of yr head
& hell, men, you might like it.
ladies, oh, just
close yr eyes...

wake up, old world

friends, i am wearing one dollar
reading-glasses. plastic black ones,
don' t laugh. they work just fine.

i can see clearly now tho i do not see
much to crow about. oh, the amerikan
government, surely, certainly,

is more enemy than friend
& we must live in an underground
cave, but that' s ok,

they know we can' t bite.
poets are ineffective
because poets read poetry, &

few, if any,
others of
our society

have
the least
if any

interest
in what the poets
of the land say

this is the way
it is.
we are free.

hangovers

i think i remember my name, my face,
my self. yes. not opening my eyes
i realize i am prone in our bed

& it is dark. crack eye, 5 a.m.,
& i definitely attest
to a barrage of clear bottles

of newcastle brown ale:
i breathe the ale from
5 hours ago, & cheese

& anchovie pizza,
sex-site surfing
& stumbling, too drunk at midnight.

christ,
look at all the poems
surfacing this morning.

is soberness
a goddamn
dam? shld it all be continuously

dam --
dam the virus
of amerikan plenty,

yes.
turn away,
rise all damaged &

wrecked,
sore & stupid,
& compose amerikan versification.

just move fingers
zombie-moving
fingers.

gulp coffee.

gulp water.
gulp medicinal smoke.

& buddy,
write
glorious, unfettered poems.

everybody
eventually
recovers, & we

do it
again
& again,

thousands
of hangovers
& poems.

the president of the company is coming

oh christ, i surely sigh,
it' s a sigh of such wisdom the thought hurts,

& suddenly there' s oil
around bottoms of dinosaur machines

as if somebody
beyond the poor fuck (like me) who

cld so easily slip
into the 300 degree presses

cares. who the holy fuck
are they kidding --

but another fuck
blind, deaf, & deadly with power.

i' m reminded of the little plastics
shop i worked in in the 80' s,

big news,
mister fuckme, the owner, is flying

into town
& they' d give us buckets & brooms

& squeegees
& we' d spend 3rd shift simply

cleaning for mister fuckme' s
appearance in the morning.

mister fuckme didn' t come around
much, but when he did, the office boys

stocked up on his scotch,
acted all happy & friendly.

as soon as mister fuckme left,
he' d stay a few days,

hell wld break
loose again. it was a horrible

hole.
scum of

erie
passed thru,

hordes
who pass thru

plastics shops in
erie

for a little
better than minimum wage

it' s a
wave of scum,

but these kids now:
i swear my generation is

last
of honorable factory-workers.

we are the
end.

worst of old fuckers,
worst of new idiots,

& we' re
trapped in the middle.

we make a
living making

things
against multitudes who

do everything
but

& they
fuck us because

of it,
because we' re the end fthe line.

well, fuck you,
at least i am, & a

few others
who carry on

despite all
futility -- futility,

there' s
a worker' s nemesis.

fuck christmas

don' t even call me scrooge.
don' t smile that christmas smile,
that soft silver icicle shine
of a smile from 40 years ago.
the holiday is damaged beyond repair.
i am damaged beyond repair.
jesus christ was a broken man.
christianity is economic.
santa deep-throats a roomful
of amerikan businessmen.
snowflakes shoot from penis.
then they gangbang santa
on a big table. in return,
santa is meek & a voracious
consumer. jesus is a frozen
toddler. coins & bells &
insects the size of deer.
japanese marketing. strings
of deepest blue lights wrap
a white house at night.
inside that house
ridiculous sodomy occurs.

9:37 a.m. on the eastern front

bombs simultaneously explode
in each state capital of our nation.

there are no injuries
inflicted -- not one animal is even harmed.

well, some worms & ants
& bugs & microbes & paramecia

are
vaporized,

but otherwise,
simultaneous bombs explode in each

state capital of the united
states of amerika one day a year.

the fbi
is reading this poem.

the fbi is checking
our yr computer files

firewall
or no firewall.

we are all
so guilty.

four & twenty blackbirds

four & twenty cups of ACTUAL coffee.
we laugh thinking back to instant
crystal days. maxwell house,

dark brown sand. taste of distant surf.
sound of very distant waves,
little lappings like a puppy drinking

while wagging its excited tail.
coffee is a dog like that,
young, a fur rectangle with legs

& big paws:
wet, alert
eyes, tongue big as a hand

swings, it' s tarzan,
soaked & swinging &
dripping across the floor.

four & twenty bluebirds

django reinhardt on a saturday morning.
we rise, i' ve had one coffee. ann is fixing

breakfast i see,
kind of dancing at the sink.

cold air has returned to erie
overnight. we had all our windows open

& i vaguely recall half-rising
in bed pre-dawn since the wind was gusting

the curtains open like really
loud ghosts -- we had ghosts hovering

over our feet
& snuggled up. you' re like an

oh so warm water bottle, ann.
a warm water bottle of soft flesh.

django is a holiday continuing
on cue, with sunny eggs & buttery

baked
potatoes, wheat toast,

et
tu.

four & twenty redbirds

we haven' t clicked on the news yet.
saw a breaking-story alert about an
earthquake in the northeast overnight,

but look, it' s april 20th,
raining, chilly,
& i' m hungover from gulping

green bottles of grog
yesterday evening. we went prone
with a fan blowing over our nude,

walrus-like bodies
because it feels so good
when drunk, when happy, when celebratory,

but next thing i know it' s night
& we're both shivering
& it' s storming outside.

i gotta piss.
shut off the fan.
piss. decide to check the board

in the nude after closing all
windows -- well, you know about
that. eventually slip

back to ann
who sleeps a solid
14 hours! she' s fill@

my red cup of coffee.
things are obviously
cooking on the stove,

cracklings,
is she making us
homefries?? aha!

i thought baked

potatoes,
but no, HOMEFRIES!

oh baby
turn me the
fuck on.

i' m
getting
hard.

i' m hungry.
i' m waking up.
let' s eat.

we' ll watch
cnn -- maybe
the whole appalachian

range
split
open.

four & twenty yellowbirds

nineteen seventy-five
franconia new hampshire
behind the college acres of
white mountains woods
knee-high snow i trek without direction
morning, before i meet ann in that
white light flash of fate, i heave

thru snow thru trees i' m so alone
i am making my slow way up the side
of a hill
when i decide to pull a joint from
my coat & i lean against a tree
& i light the joint & begin smoking
when a little yellow bird suddenly

flies onto a branch near me.
i look at it, it looks at me.
i suck my dope thru slitted eyes
thinking this is something:
just me & this yellow bird
me stoned on the side of a hill
in the white mountains of new hampshire,

it' s something, i remember thinking.
i' m surprised how long the yellow bird
seems to stay, nearly a whole doobie,
then it tweeps away, down the hill.
pretty cool, i recall thinking,
goodbye birdie.
then a few other yellow birds

flap down to the same tree.
more follow, & more, more, it' s
like a swarm of yellow butterflies
flying thru the woods overhead.
i' m stoned kneedeep in snow
leaning against a
tree.

four & twenty greenbirds

the parliament of birds
is a sufi quest

ann informs me.
we are synchronicity

with our weavings
of minds. two ropes

of skin touch,
electrify, light up

within the darkness
of human biology.

phosphorescent
eels: we are really green

really
glow.

end of the world

we' ll be the ~~last~~ to know.
behind our walls the world will drop
& shear down like world
trade center towers.
gray ash instead of air,
but our curtains are closed
& we haven' t looked outside.
portishead is playing very loud.
ann is washing dishes.
besides the devastation
of losing our family & friends,
we are ok as the final
adam & eve --
old dope poet & his plath-like lover:
we are cocoon' d
for eternity,
wrapped in cotton,
boxed in wood:

there is no world,

no end.

four & twenty orangebirds

give us bad eyesight
to watch oranges rolling
thru black-green trees

high
wealthy
in Cancun

notice
creative
decay begins to abound

upon mint-blue
waters of
a wasted day, sea-foam,

sounds of scissors
& comings & goings of
trucks,

bills we haven' t
paid -- our meek
power of money, the world

rolls
over
us

don' t
look
close yr eyes

four & twenty fuckingbirds

four & fucking twenty fuckingbirds
ooze from a black tree

like robin-shit on a pine-branch.
pine-sap in yr hair, on yr cheek,

on the back of yr hand.
it' s the 1960' s & you can' t read this

poem -- i' m a little kid.
i can barely write sentences.

once my sister kathi & me
wrote on a wall with crayons

then had to scrub
it all off -- other details

i don' t remember.
it doesn' t matter.

life was a whole
different experience,

indeed,
a whole different life;

we' ve been dozens of
people.

afternoon shadow prayer

it is a clear day
with ann refusing
to a tonal refusal
of explicit intent
she is NOT going
outside today
come hell or high
water, whatever.
she' s out there every
other day & she likes
saturdays like this,
busy cooking,
cleaning the place
a little, maybe
doing wash.
if i want to go
to walmart to buy
work t-shirts,
i can go myself,
she insists.
i throw up my
catcher-mitt hands
in a pose
backing off.
a pan bangs
in dishwasher.
all the way
from here
i hear her
breathe --
no, that' s
the fan
on the floor
billowing
her flowery,
thin,
ripped,
sundress.

"fuck," she
snaps, wiping

puddle islands of
spilled soapsuds
up.

intellectual laziness

press triple dose tiny triangle
egg-shell white pills onto palm
of my tongue in low-light kitchen,

swallow like swallowing chirping
canaries, fan of tail-feathers
clump from side lip. i' m a skeleton.

you' re a skeleton too.
we' re lucky we cum
or at least remember the electric feeling.

soft bone drips yellow butter droplets,
& salt sifts across us all with the breezes
of daylight. i' m a movie.

you' re a movie too.
it' s a miraculous situation
being poets, being wide-eyed,

being
here
listening.

nobody
needs to lift
a finger,

life
is all
morphine' d & incredibly slow.

motion
has
stopped, our hallucination

has frozen
earth' s
spin -- & everyone

everywhere

is holding
their breath

this
exact
moment now.

exhale.
the worst
is over.

tell me what
you think
you see.

before a word
forms jaw-
bones break off.

e.s.p.

imagine you
looking at the television
in our dark livingroom
perched on an old brown recliner.

nick nolte film. i forget
its title, i hear it, i hear
nick' s cigarette (the cigarette)
dialogue. a smooth-voiced woman

soothing his admission.
that' s us. i' m a roughthroated
cop on that edge of recklessness
& you are julie christie,

you are the softest bardot.
you scratch my balding head
until i drop
to sleep. life is a movie.

we are a long, epic movie.
we are the three stooges
& there is just
us two. spread out.

i' m moe.
i' m groucho.
i' m andy kaufman
pissed off.
i' m a paper photograph

amidst trillions of paper
pictures. a man,
a woman,
tumbling towards 50 years/revolutions

around the particular sun
which is our eye.
we are so specialized
we might as well be human,

creatures of error &

beauty. ripples of flesh
tumble from my ribs,
sag like a walrus over my belt.

i' m alarmed
but i' m no spring chicken,
nor are you.
earth is old, but sturdy & strong.

we continue.
we carry on.
we step or we
stop. we look around.

it is a regular
day in heads of
surreality -- only we note
what clashes, what meshes,

what drips from glands
of golden stone &
blue sand into
tree-tops scattered with cows' quarters,

bleeding like rain
mist in darkness,
in the chill of late
march. nick nolte is always

whispering.
he' s always
put on the spot
isn' t he- he' s got FORTITUDE.

fortitude
is the molding
of one' s life
into an oyster.

not a slug,
an oyster
with a
perfect pearl.

it must be a good movie

or else you are
sound asleep.
i am using esp:

yeah yeah yeah

look, if i' m writing this poem
as a means to make money or be famous
in amerika, it' s a pretty
miserable poem. i think cyberspace

is the heaven of poetry,
land-bound by paper &
people with buying
power. i think admitting

our illusionary
truth is a form
of religion: formless design
of sufi. accidental

perfection. happens all
the time, the snapping
of things in their right
spots.

poetry
shld be
in the
air -- tenuous, dangerous,

as lost
as moments of
death &
breath human centuries long.

next thing

next thing i know there
are tomato seeds still
slimed under my tongue

& i' m tent' d
under a hot,
heavy blanket

birds
tweep
jets growl

glowing,
i think
about being wealthy

my hand
wipes
the grass like a small rake

i hope catholics don't think this is the end

i hope catholics don' t think this is the end of the world, this is the time of apocalypse. i hope catholic-believers scoff at references to the book of revelations as reflective of modern time, & the end is here very soon. rapture. amen. that sudden swelling of light within each of us either bursting white or turning to a torture of flames. christ, let' s lighten it all up. let' s float stoned upon a layer of stratosphere, ~~orb~~ of self like a spinning ring of saturn. no catholic vision of god exists, it is all illusion -- as much as all human mental activity is illusion. miracles occur. we all know the next moment might be horror, but most naturally will simply continue like this, aloft over earth on a saturday evening.

sunday morning blues

we have a thin, blue-yellow box of fish-
sticks in the freezer, & not much else.
we' ve bought single rolls of toilet paper
these past 2 weeks
as things run out & tho we can afford
to shop, we don' t, we hold off, we
work hard, stay exhausted, find excuses
not to venture within quality market
pushing a big silver cart.
yes, we' re a little eccentric, ok,
it' s true. soon we' ll emerge
from our red jeep on a rainy april
sunday morning, waddling thru
the supermarket' s puddled parkinglot,
grabbing two carts,
& it' s ann to the right side of the store,
me far left,
& we more or less
need everything.

you sit here

you sit here
you think what in the fuck am i doing
you shake yr head, bad-eyes-&-sore-teeth head,
you have yr shoes on

you' re ready to go
you sit here
more than astounded
by existence

you have to rise
you have to stand, balance' d
you have to walk
you have to drive

you sit here
more than
astounded
blasted by the future

time

chris is almost 7 days old.
big black baby alien eyes
peep open -- eyelids of an infant
like the purple skin around the yolk
of a boiled egg. meanwhile
yellow, yellow sun drips from trees.
crows screech-chalk dawn' slick blackboard.
there' s a daylight moon,
somewhere. ice-chip in blue-mint sky.

all this & i' m still slow with two mugs
of italian roast caffeine, corrugated
caffeine. horizontal corrugated caffeine
walls when the floor is a wall, & the ceiling.
well it is. an hour is a wall.
everything is inter-related,
ticks, tocks, a time without
end until the human brain
is blown dust. revelations are throw-

away.
nothing is as important
as the concept of importance
& who gives a flying fuck about that?
we manage
with sore joints, some mental anguish,
middle-aged insides,
especially intestines of middle-
aged amerikans. good thing

we remember
better, younger days.
baby we have lived a luxurious
janis joplin life -- a jim
morrison existence of
eventual honor.
respect is absolutely
mutual,
a balanced universe

where things

work
out.
yesterday
ann
says the phrase
"our 2 grandkids"
& i feel
one hundred & forty-eight years old,

& those are revolutions around
the planet jupiter years.

ori on a 747

scotch,
he says softly
when questioned
by a smiling stewardess,
please.

she nearly asks for i.d.,
but smiles wider,
softens her blue eyes
as ori displays
a fatten' d moneyclip of new

one hundred dollar
amerikan bills
from his zipped shirt pocket.
scotch,
the stewardess

repeats,
smiling very
wide as
the moment
stretches

to ori
sipping
scotch,
one after another,
all the way across

the atlantic ocean.

poem for the workers

the union is a piece of shit
manned (ahem) by those less
honest than those they supposedly
represent, & baby, we' re talking

the brownish scum in a bottom-filled, wooden
rain-barrel. look how they
pad the jobs: listen to them reason.
look what they do on the job.

well, we of course have exceptions,
there' s grace there, but overall
us who sweat & run production
are the sitting-ducks, the abused.

the company
simply
licks its
lips.

the company
is a
piece of
shit.

poem for the workers (part 2)

amos is a god.
i' m surprised he doesn' t seem to realize
running the 600-ton

is basically physically handling
a ton of mix & parts
a shift. a couple THOUSAND pounds.

no,
few men can
do the job -- & amos has

for decades.
he' s had all the assholes
as his helper,

& if amos doesn' t originally
break you he' ll
eventually break you --

few men
can do the
job as helper, too, on the 600-ton.

i was amos' helper
10 years ago
& now i run the press

& i have survived
such ridiculous, scum-boy
helpers, too.

i like they
still fuck
with me, the ones still remaining,

because i
am master
of patience.

i owe

a few pieces of shit
total hell.

oh yes,
they' d
love me on first shift!

all those
old fuckers
like dan...tom...(i' m just

using
first
names,

fictious
first names
& this poem is a fiction too

tho
amos is
a god.

men
stand
alone.

what
has the union
ever done for amos?

mother-
fucking
fuckers.

poem for the workers (part 3)

they have their
conspiracies, alliances,
symbiotic concerns.

i don' t give
a flying fuck
about them. they know

what
i
think of them as men.

it' s
a goddamn
shame it comes

to
a poem
here.

put a working-class poet
in a backwards factory
of retards & back-stabbers

& look.
this
poem.

this
is not
slander,

nor is
the issue
freedom of speech.

i stand
with you,
un-united.

get

over
it.

30 years
in amerika' s
factories

& i don' t
want to
talk --

i look around
me & see
pieces of shit.

not so
much
lately -- a few new

guys
are
pieces of hope

if the creepy
union assholes
don' t get to them.

they
usually
do -- well,

they
always
do.

ha ha
it' s so
funny.

it' s
intense
reality is

what
it

is.

keep
yr anal sex
jokes up yr asshole.

& the logics
of conspiracy
can minus me

out of
the e-
quation.

there' s the
buzz
of realization

i
am
old,

& the
other old
fuckers

moan
& groan
too -- what' s the point.

a moment

patti smith
loud in the livingroom
ann i can see in the kitchen
looks like she' s sauteeing mushrooms

"i' m kicking into june
cleaver mode," she announces
in the doorway.
"look out."

she chuckles
with a bottle
of newcastle brown ale
in her fingers like

the top
of my
cock
she

dibs
me
like a
baseball bat

i conclude
it' s the electricity
in her
hands

peppered
within her
skin
& mind

makes
me
hard
like this

it used to be

it used to be
old people crack' d

discarded in
amerika --

our silver hair
is sparse

i want to
constantly

wear old
man' s fedora

we search all
erie for a

fedora
the one i have

is like
indiana jones'

perfect for
erie autumns.

life is glum.
we aren' t even

mammals,
we' re glands.

we' re not
harmonizing

hunter &
hunted,

prey
or pure murder.

watching arnold
on tv

i believe
we are all

safe
forever.

after waking
i don' t know

where
i am.

in a room
2nd floor

sick
too sick to work

i might
upchuck

i might
spew shit

i don' t
feel right

not right
at all

i wonder when
the mental whips

will slash
across my

anxiety
as a production-worker

in a fucked-
up company.

it used to be
i cared more

about the honor
of industrial employment.

it doesn' t matter
all the honor of a poet

is at-
tacked

it' s not
my game. i think

about my father
at my age now.

the marriage
to my mom disintegrating

like maggots
of minutes in saucepans

of foreverness
that hate stink

that screaming
that pounding of things

horrible
he found happiness

again
with helen

for that
a blessing

five years older
than he was

when a third
of my dad' s heart

petrified
into dead muscle

steel-mill
stress

he sent me
to college

but i am a
fuck up.

how wld i
approach him

man to man
age to age

& i' d be a
poet

buried by
amerika.

ghosts

i' m hugging my syrian grandmother,
sitto, i *feel* her as i
embrace; her peppery cumin smell,
her hands smelling of butter,
her hair, mushrooms. she' s
sitting in a low chair
& i bend.

two days ago my dad
in a hospital bed,
tubes & machines
everywhere, opens his
eyes
looking at
me -- that' s how i
wake

these days
my dead relatives
spin
into
my
daylight
dreams
& stay
thru gray october
hours

then
it rains
cold rain
spattering
hundreds of
thousands
of fallen
leaves in
grasses &
on concrete

might
snow

i see
grandpa
androla
& uncle
tony too
they don' t
seem very
different
dead

admitting this

there are more admissions
of truth than i as a poet
recognize or accept to burn
into paper, brand into skin,
tattoo dozens of eyeballs

it isn' t necessary
i purge it all any
more --
that was my previous downfall,
i was not
ashamed

i sat in a small
dark room
slamming cans
of beer & inhaling
pipes 6 in the evening
with the 6-speaker
stereo pounding out
old bob dylan

i' m always
behind
the times
always
i don' t know fuck
what the thrust
of new amerika
is
east-coast lag
is like
10 years
15 years in erie
we might all
already
be ash