The Romance of Homelessness

Richard P. Gabriel

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As A Year Approaches

long ago I imagined
not being able to imagine
being this old
I never saw beyond the century mark
not 100 years for me
but the then next turn of 100 years
I imagined
being gone by 50
which is right at the boundary above
now I'm here
my self is pounded to a blunt heap
what now
Balanced

I asked myself how to be happy
the answer came back in orange
I tried to change the white balance
blue it came back blue
I asked myself how to be sad
black and white
January 3, 2014

As The Russian Says

what I must remember
the farm was small but all
I needed
the horizons were hidden
the woods crept close to the house
the barn and buildings
I read briefly during the day
evenings some tv watched through failing eyes
then the record player or simple tape
the same songs over and over
a tube radio then light sleep all night
the size my world expanded to was tight
dark at the edges
the sky never was high
my fate was to go nowhere
I went further and now afraid
I want to crawl back
Let Me Tell You

I tell my story
to people who don’t laugh
they might cry later
or snicker under the covers
we are most alone when naked together
because we are only what we are
In A Cold

cold and furious
the filaments can't heat enough
fire is taking the day off
there is a run on whiteness
the river knows no bounds
ice cracks itself to pieces
I remember how hot the house was
that day from wood fires in stoked stoves
and buckets of water boiling and fuming
like all demonstrations of love
Quick 1

hard day
hard to think
don’t want to speak
let me sleep
Funny

sore and tired
tomorrow a hard day
our friends from NSF
but with a better grade
Poems 2014

January 8, 2014

Lemma

the lengths we go to
to figure out what makes us tick
and all it means is how much light
we use before dark
Unguent

I want words
when I lose them I’m lost
help me find the little marks
that spell incredulous
I am hungry for a new hunger
one with no kills
Transformation

find something pretty
to say and I’ll
say it ugly
Watson

a gravy train
with my name
printed on it
passed by
and I got on
January 12, 2014

As Bill Y Always Says

I am alone and afraid
of the work and things breaking down
small matters but they add
one by one
the center does not hold
Retrograde

when young I stared at photos
of electric guitars
so metallic
so untouchable
only the special could play them without injury
so cold
I can see it now again
the feeling comes back
Puzzled Models

puzzled by what I don't know
confused and scared
nothing concrete to respond to
need to learn alone
Bright Blue

I told her she would see blues brighter
if she wrote one verse
she did
she did
A Listen

I make small things
little poems
small essays
nothing to show off about
I like to dream
just lay back and let it
over me
I always was
like this
and will be
no doubt
I want to play with no limits
and harbor my passions
January 17, 2014

**Dobie**

the old shows  
watched them in the 50s  
can’t remember them  
didn’t like them  
I think  
or I was simple
Hard At

work on a new dictionary
little different but usable
with a few day’s work
it will make things better
Helpless Terror

last night I had the most
horrid dream of my life
they told me that I would executed
in two weeks by agents of the government
since I was a good person I was trusted
to appear at the appointed time
I was terrified
I visited all my friends and family in the dream
visited all the places important to me
and I told everyone my fate and when
I tried to teach people what I was working on so they could carry on
I told my friends about my wishes for my remains
the dream lasted all night
I woke up several times and tried to stay awake to throw off the dream
but when I fell asleep it resumed
the clock winding down
my terror rising
at the end I went into the appointed room
an cocktails of tranquilizers and poisons awaited
I asked to go the bathroom one last time
when I returned the government executioners were outside in the parking
lot of where I worked trying to steal shipments
I took a gun and killed them both
there was to be no execution
only a plot
god the fear of it still hurts
Forgiveness

if I don’t stop soon
I will have no time left to live as I wish
unlike my parents
I’m conservative with my future
I will die unhappy about that
With The Woodstove Going

some of the reasons are buried
I find the fear fills out
I remember her eagerness and excitement
the thought of me she
said / I like her heat
all gone now
everything but how hard I have to shake
my head to forget
Deep In Snow

think about a heavy snowfall
and the roads that lead slowly
to closed places
then the silence
Too Many Teardrops

always a curve
odd bugs to fix
puzzles really
wondering how it will go
sigh sigh sigh
Spot On

a road plowed high on the sides
with heavy snow after a long
storm / the road not fully cleared
and snow still on the pine branches above
and sticking to the sides of young maples
leads down to the bridge where I found
my fame and enjoyed the colors
Cold and Short

I want a hot woodstove
on the coldest night of the year
in a cabin piled high around by snow
that fell for days to make this time
and someone willing to strip
to share it with
When I Feel Blue

I walked into the woods
while it was snowing
so hard the snow made
buzzing sounds in the pine boughs
I stopped under such a tree
and lit a fire
proving I was a frontier’s man
Snow on the Bridge

slow and ill
coughing and congestion
tired
working slow
not much to say
no good words tonight
maybe some other night
not tonight
Off The Bridge

some grand ways of thinking
are really excuses to sob
like when the cormorant dives
and comes up with two fish
in its gullet
Not For Me

I find the constraints too hard
the love just gone
I want to relax and live softly
from now on
I have nothing more really
to give back
my high tide mark
is way up there and not
approachable
One I Want

praise and caution
all at once
I want to be right / do right
get right to
work
I Can’t Tell You Why

still on the line
the singers say
the most beauty is sad
what makes the distorted guitar
the sweetest
it’s not the distortion alone
by the reverb
the echo
Today Is One

everyone heads for the same spot
some get there quick
others linger
leapfrogging is common
each day marks an anniversary
of achievements many mourn
Feel The Pain

I've crossed the plains my last time
already I miss the yellow autumn carpet
a warming filter to the low sun
I've imagined myself lost
from everyone here on a small farm or abandoned-looking
bungalow with those seeking me passing by
just after I've passed by the open window
what luck
the heat and hay itch my skin
Nothing Changes

like now when I was young
I’d sit late into the night in a dark room
listening obsessively to just one song
while paging through pictures
of lives not likely
to celebrate PLoP's 20th anniversary

we are planning a nostalgia-filled
and sentimental look back
at each precious year
complete with sunset haywagon rides
and slow, tear-wrenching background
music
What Ineptitude Is

the advice of poor writers
is to do things that have made the poor writers
feel powerful
often it's boring
Elephant Rock

we climbed well
for poor climbers
we were brave but not too
we were cautious and therefore safe
we taught people at the ragged pinnacles
today we sit in sofa chairs
able only to shuffle
Sometimes A Small Mind
the slick refuse to admire
critics take the short way home
we can fight evil without reveling in it
Goes Away

the tired one
is last to know
last to come
the trees above know all this
for what’s under them
Snow Scene

right now
it's cold at the cemetery
snow is deep
clouds low
I wonder about sitting in a car
all night
whispering questions
checking the windows
for signs
Wonderful Life

we live for a time
we say the rest of my life
just words
one day the hospice people show up
that is if
you have a family with money
Mad

my favorite sweater
she threw it out
On a Bank

days go by
nothing stands out
all my dreams are of code
the way that first night ever in Europe
all my dreams were of German voices stating babble
I need to stop this someday soon
and live a little longer
February 13, 2014

**Heavy Snow In Haverhill**

she took a photo  
of snow in a small city  
near where I lived once  
she stood in the middle of the street  
a train bridge was down that street  
stuff was hard to see  
the blizzard you know  
she was out in the blizzard  
she would rain such down  
on all who loved her  
one day
Dozing Awareness

pictures of cute girls
erased by zealous betrayers
the sky has funny colors today
tonight I plan to snooze by the river
plan to listen to what fish are left
jump for flies as the sun rises
I plan to run out of life to live
parked here
On The Farm

stone walls
faint trails
signal a past vibrant life
gone long before me
February 16, 2014

Sheesh

she maddens me
working for her is insane
can I wait out one more year
I should find something or change something
help
Reviser Strike More

so what is icky about this situation?
dogs! one thing
is it makes it baffling for kids
to walk to school without being hassled
by ten to fifteen dogs
From 1937

when the snow comes
it’s time for civilization to shine
the roofs
the fires
the warm places
dry
people hunker
and huddle
cuddle under
blankets
all fine
February 19, 2014

Forgive Forget Fortunate

I’m glad they’re gone
I want to ask them many things
but they cannot judge and criticize
I force that lesson into my head
when my daughter visits
she is who she is
her life is not mine
But It's About Dogs

so what is passionless about this sexual love?
adult male bodies!
one thing is it makes it utter for adult female bodies
to listen to discussion without being encouraged
by ten to fifteen love children

so what is shitty about this damned?
pissers!
one thing is it makes it shitty for shits to
suck to terrorist attack without being violated
by ten to fifteen killers
Passing Fancy

(our) animals plan our saving
they dimly understand
but they understand
they tell us little
and everything
we made them
or they made us
when they go
their goodbyes
are silent
Even The Dumbest

so what is perverse about this pontificate
one thing is it makes it long lasting for tail
bones to roll over to raisin nut cookies
without being turned back
by ten to fifteen crab eating dogs
as I watch
the world I knew as a child
is killed
I still want to hear the sad music play every night
I still want the darkness just beyond where I sit and read
as I listen
the music I loved as a child
grows sadder
when I was nobody
I could sit in my cold dark room
read and listen
none expected me to
anything
Partially True

how many days can I sit here
work
having no fun
same music over
understanding creative
thinking of new
over
Finding A Way

many days like this one
make the past more glorious
and the future more glorious
Problem of the Day

how to figure how rhymey
a text is
randomly?
thorough sampling?
all algorithms seem wrong
Wonderment

we make the world as we want it
unless it decides on
something entirely
else
Enigma

day knew what I was
how far I would get
day kept me away from challenges
day must have wept when I left
failures were no surprise
the lived on the farm for decades
believed perhaps
I would too
but so lazy
when asked she told friends
I was a plumber
my years of success
all hollowed out
Past Time

I have properly given up
I have no ambitions
I view my past as just a story
I wish I had never made it even a little
I want to have been just an ordinary person
my only fear
I had no skills
In Recall

doing the farm in snow
maple branches encased in ice
pine boughs silent under the weight of snow
little pools of dry pine needles at the bases of pines
a little clearing with a favorite stone
all of it tinged blue in the retreating sunlight
green pines
my love dissipated
March 3, 2014

Jolene

love song slowed down by
25.925928%
incisive to sweet
with the help of a computer
that doesn't care
Up A River Tonight

fog drifting
upriver
flooding banks and homes
soon towns and cities
the battle’s with the sun
warmth against a wet cold
everything green rejoices
Work Problems

code not working well
random debugging
under pressure
why me
Setback

today I was learning something
and my faith in my own work dropped
to near zero
now I need to recover
or cover
my tracks
And The Sand

we drove to the market in Haverhill
my mother had friends there
I stood by her side and I
remember being low
and they talked for a long time
probably minutes
before we went home
and the grass was there
for me some more
March 8, 2014

Alone Some More

I fight to keep from being forced out
I don’t know if I’m ahead or behind
behind I think
Sample Sized

the sunsets behind tree skeletons
I believed my future was there
future is what
again
In A South Long Here

grass green amid brown patches / sand
behind it all thick and twisted pines
soft light green needles
air humid / air hot
sun washed in light thin clouds
the graveyard's on a low hillside
the two have stopped to place a weed yellow flowering with stem
on a headstone they almost
passed by
beloved father it says
nov 12th 1837
dec 10th 1874
no one is related to him
they passed w/o issue
all's left
sand and the wet warmth
March 11, 2014

**Last**

someone by my bed
reading me to sleep
reading me
reading
sleep
Blackbird Song

for the first time
the zombie show has me
concerned about the people
not the plot arc
why
how
questions writers crave
Weather

we pray for bad
weather so we
can hunker down
with all that means
for the walls and warmth
for the quilts and down
for the fires in special cabinets
for this we would risk all
we would bear the chill
of getting in in time for the start
of the swirling snow
then the still as it came
straight down
buried everything up
to their tops
we pray for bad
US of Eh?

ruled by cranks
we are about to pivot
into stupidity
March You Slave

I am marching toward a wall
or cliff / something not getting
over around under through
I find the way filled more with brambles
every day / I beg for mercy
let me take a breather
just once before
/
so tired
so bent down
so slow and low
/
my march is now a crawl
To Ashes

dust to dust
envelop shape
started out not much
rose to a pinnacle
fame and some success
a couple of small awards
fell back to the trough
no animals though
I find it sense
ashes and etc
With A Pro

looking at the past
reflected in broken glass
contours are abstract
details deliberately non-focussed
I squint and my eyes
water / the colors
are off by a non-computable function
it will never be clearer
Mystery Lunch

each day the challenges
are more boring
but more of them
they come in burst
separately
sparring
dancing
I have no shame
I want my life to have been something after all
Leaving and Alone

we march as best we can
through it
swamps / brambles / shards / thickets
then the river no one can pass
the bridge has no bed
I have no bed
I can picture all that will go after
as best I can
anyway
March 20, 2014

Extreme Pain Tonight

today everything
hurts / what hope
was left is departed
what a nobody
Home and Here

warm night
fan pulling cool into my room
Snooks barking away into the woods
I can't imagine being in hell
What Fear

progress is hard but makable
my dreams are horrible
some are real
breaking down
why can't I find a home
Throwing Voice

I march ahead
even though behind seems
more attractive
finding my voice
find others
Return

quiet tonight
long night ahead
I am ready to leave it all behind
I remember who I was
and who I was before that
I am becoming one of them again
Returned

took me aside
described my successes
mentioned my losses
it sounded mysterious
I teared up laughing
I visited my parents’ grave
I pictured the faithful gathered
and leaving
cut grass—its smell
the liquid sky
I returned one day
to a silent somber welcome
Good Night to You Future

I keep thinking back
to when I had my own world
you / reading this / long from now
will wonder what I found in it there
if you visit the place it won’t seem whole
but pieces chopped from maybe something whole
you won’t see the fields linked into a map
the woods with small roads dug deep in them
you won’t picture my mother lying by the deep
rock in the main field crying
for her father dead by her mother’s feet
everyone after that was no one to her
not me
not even
I would wander the woods / the fields
the streams we had and the little ponds
and I couldn’t picture what would follow on
how I would leave
leave and leave to a dream I fooled myself into believing
now I stare at the maps
listen to the droning music
write things like this
to people like you
Snared

I found her once
she passed by first then I caught her
she had been the most beautiful
she shunned all love for forty years
at least
she turned me down many times
I was famous for years
now like her I am not findable
I live in a world sexed by narrow passions
or did
she find me once
Paragraphs

fixating and blinking
my fate is at least as old
I stumble from word to word
The Music of Last

so I listen to the old songs
filled with melody and sap
I was not ready for the sights in my eyes
of yellowed grass and greyed barn boards
the side delivery rusted and never moving
the Sears radio we had for decades
nothing rose above a whimper
no one drove down our road
I should have stayed
made no ripples ever
My Father Would Love This

a pretty song on the turntable
the needle skims the sides and sings
something orange turns the singing toward you
the silk covering your legs rustles
after you have refolded them
outside past the cold air
the cold water reflects orange
riverside lights
all this spells something
to me it's simply a scene
Pretty Works

each hurdle is hurdled
each barrier broken
the dreams I have sometimes
wake me out of the dream of life
strangling me
Merrimack Dreaming

I take it the water is high
running cold
as usual for this time of year
I'd like to be sitting there
listening to it
I imagine the water rolls
doesn't slide
and a burger later
Amiss

figuring out
what works
puzzles and all
too much doing
not enough brewing
Compiled

the fanboy comes out of his shell
congesses & slinks back
to wait for the hapless reply
he knows ego compels
April 4, 2014

Mostly Instrumentals

small and a slow grip
I grew up / grew apart
wasted years thinking happiness was right there
I never understood anything
someone this week said look where you are now
I thought no where near where I ever was
not big / but not small the same way
Who Indeed

who wrote it
a program helped change words
to be like another's
you can listen or not
did you write it?
Myth or Hoax?

sluiced sprucely on its cut
is catapulted across its case dumpcart and berthed
in an aisle while its screw sucks
April 7, 2014

Last Times

the lure is set
I’m pulled slowly toward the last boat
once on it I’m a goner
I hope to remember a lot then
Will To Go On

I just want to give up
hassling with this company
makes me tear my hair
gnash teeth
maybe just hope for the end?
April 9, 2014

No Advice

some are made to fly fast
slow is my thing
ponder and reflect
special is a different time zone
April 10, 2014

A Fake

the distance
lights on water
night time
but a picture
seen at night
April 11, 2014

Nothing

tonight a bug grips me
too much to do
time to sleep
Filtering

want to go back
can't
the old places
the things I would try now
I mean then
April 13, 2014

Down That Grooved Road

even the sand pit
jumping down from the top
my father filling the pickup
did we have the right
it was a dark time
so less ever important
Refuse

too many people demanding time
it's just me people
I have no staff
I have no helpers
I work slow too
Nothing

so there is a crack
by relaxing I cough less
I still cough though
I remember the hotel in Aarhus
last time with the warmth at night
the nights were long
wet tears on the windows
I slept just at times
the rest I tangled up
everyone saw love
I see nothing
Go Back

little scenes
I remember them
I was unnoticed
unnoticeable then
my head by the stones
in the late afternoon warmth
or early twilight
just one last time
Longing for Sense

just wait for it to happen
the likes are happening tonight
I wish I had a way to dance
everyone should pay cash corn for store cheese
Report Today

today lots of confusion
lots of work
some progress on senses
word senses
not as tired
paper to work on this weekend
then the talk
and a letter
April 19, 2014

Crapola

you know
everything sucks like nobody's business
how many mistakes can I make
no limit it seems
A Day Alone

find my way east
spend some days roaming
I need to be lazy
a warm place and a little damp
problems to solve here
April 21, 2014

Hard

I work on silly things
but hard
I work hard
the task is hard
Form of Content

which factors are important
how to mimic them
instead of a warm story to write
or a relaxing revision
April 23, 2014

My Day

imagine how to talk
how hard it is
spending all day at the computer
typing figuring
so so so
By The Bridge Twice

sometimes the calm water
comes to a halt by the banks
under the bridge
there a contrast to it all
the reflections are dramatic
the greens so strong they're yellow
sometimes I feel I can listen harder
hear her steps nearby
she must have been here so many times
touched the stones now hidden
behind brush
she looked out once over
this same place
breathed air the same as here now
the impressions in her head
where are they now
Back Monkey

weight of getting it all wrong
the vacation swings further away
insights dawn slowly
Fatal Occupation

move from topic to topic
exploring more what the data structure means
tune what works to working better
all indoors
I need to be outside to live
when do I get to live
Won't Answer

now it's time to pack
get ready
it takes time because I'm not decisive
work to do
talk to polish
My Title

she holds the sadness of a generation
where she lives is only cold and botchedness
her face has lost its battle
she once was spectacular
I’ve decided to make her my title
When Will It End

I sit here trying to fix things
worrying about tomorrow
fear of the trip
my body just a heap
pain and sadness
long way to go
I am ready to wander everywhere
drive in circles
I can cross the bridge now
so resting is easy
I want to just nothing
to drowse
Promise and Nothing Else

dreamt of many things
my small dreams when young seemed right
I did crazy and sometimes it worked
many people saw potential
I realized none of it
explains why they all left
one at a time
sometimes all at once
To Find

find a way home
stay there
end there
haunt there
Hard Light

if there is a misleading analogy
it’s that rising is light
when in fact it’s hard
On a Ride Back

tight leather skirt
long dark ponytail
she is stark and not there
she passes out the Metro door
just as it closes
disappears among French bushes
she is not pretty
she is though mine
Near The Marais

here beauty is a whim
here it poses as grief
I’ve watched them paying attention elsewhere
tonight they are taking themselves apart
where the only who can watch
are the women themselves
and those like them
La Seine

by the river men gather
to watch their fortunes
drift farther away
the sea is heartless
boats passing by shine their spots on them
they weep as the river makes
its going away sounds
a downpour scatters everything
Perfect Ribs

in the Blues Bar B Q
restaurant plain French women
pass by to the toilettes
the ribs are perfect but stun their insides
their makeup and clothes shine
make appear of desire
they glance like trapped foxes
at me while I gnaw a rib
it is all so primitive
in the brick-walled whitewashed enclosure
In A Long Line At M’O

of all the women it could
be the one with the green skirt
whose rear was nice until she
moved and then
ay-yi-yi
May 9, 2014

**Louvre**

they flowed from room to room
looking at beautiful but so-so paintings
they stared at brushstrokes
sometimes at the naked
in the end they sat and stared up
I watched them walk away
watched until the sun was down and lights out
alone in the museum
I refused to sleep
but stared instead
at brushstrokes
sometimes at the naked
May 10, 2014

Leaving The Moveable Feast

above the streets rain rains down
on the streets cars smear puddles
night or day it can be like this
the constant is the groovy walks
the hips hugged by suede
a constant reminder of who you cannot be
with
out
Late Night Latte

losing things
finding them a problem
I was a darling once
now just a losing problem
May 12, 2014

A Careful Bit of Thinking

places we’ve seen but don’t recall
the steps / the place where cars arrive
part of the life of the mind
places where what you have
who you are I mean
fall back into place
the place where you started
finally it rains and you can forget
these thoughts and let them pass
for folly / for falling
KBT

I fell for her
she was the first
she made demands
so interesting
I couldn't fathom them
had I I'd still have her
Every Poem is This Poem

when love is a danger
we do it anyway
need to know why
look to the sky at night
see the stars so hot so far
so drenched in acid cold
that
doesn't love us
that's we seek the heat of others
Tearful & Regret

I look at myself
I am repulsed
so sad that it will end like this
Like Me

some simple reasons for returning
again and over
the cut grass smell
the ocean warmth in the air
clouds that mean something
a river undecided for decades
think of it
they all are
Facts and Boredom

today's statement is simple
lobsters are basically giant sea-insects
May 18, 2014

Hey Baby

I must move
must revive my will
to live like this is vexing
I must change
must make it quick
or forever slow
Who Are We Anyway

I read today
her daughter searching her
out from 2009
now 45 years old
my Meredith gone all to hell
I wonder and wonder
May 20, 2014

Lumped

if you compress it to 90
minutes any life
becomes a short decline
May 21, 2014

**Them Up**

all the world’s a waiting wagon
pulled off down the road by a pair
of belgians rose and gray
sticked up houses rattle as they pass
if you’re patient and wait or watch
the dark bread will drop out the back
and dogs will snatch
Timely Bugs

when the time for bugs comes
the bugs keep coming
I type back at them
May 23, 2014

Reading Alone

find me a place to rest
place flowers there every
week / cry for the first year only
then start reading
May 24, 2014

Misplaced Optimism

after all that expense
it still doesn’t work well
the setup
I’ll try some things tomorrow
then spend more money when I return
it will work
Out and Away

fixed it
maybe / loose power plug
something so simple
maybe / all day no problem
no sign on the console
tomorrow Boston
Want

on a warm sprinkle night
I ate and ate
then moved to Hodgies
some better than I remembered
some worse
I wanted to be wanted
No Compromises

put it down to luck
the great pizza from the little joint
accent and NY attitude
so predictable
I cried the joy
Upstate

woods here are over green
vines brush branches over and underwhelm
I mean the brush grabs low
granite under moss
moss on trees
sun filtered to green everywhere
except where it’s yellow
trust me on this bad truth
May 29, 2014

In Newburyport

I watched her
couldn’t stop
really / her shorts were loose but short
uneven hang down
she stood on one leg
she was
DisEast

today a long drive to Tamworth
and a nap at Linwood
tired but now all the things I need to do are done
except work things
I will rest tomorrow
get photos of the sea
Hampton (Not Beach)

the sea greeted me like a traitor
I drove past the site of my first proposal
I wondered why I recalled it that well
the women who were fine WERE FINE
who was the traitor you wonder
the proposal was accepted
then many years later rejected
surfers know traitorous thoughts
Rid Getting

too many things
sometimes go wrong
what is paid is sometimes not owed
I am filled with a dread as I swirl down
give me the rid of all my stuff
River Bying

by the river today
I felt the fear of leaving
of being not of the world
it was warm and I dozed
the river made its small noises
like birds fishing and fin jumping
I am getting ready to go home
I thought once that this was home
Driving Constant

why is I wander the roads
driving everyplace over & over
stare at the same things
miss what is not constantly delivered
it’s an obsession to get back to innocence
to be a child and not guilty
I want to be an unacknowledged nothing
from now own
Anniversary

five years ago at a beautiful riverside
we married through the pain in my back
and extreme bad state
with really just a few friends and etc
all the usual things
we laugh at them when they stand aside
but we really care for them
we call it sentimentality
we call it honest feeling
Bye Success

funny how each failure
feels less
I was thinking someone
said of me in the band
he is carrying them
as if I was doing something right
and important
June 6, 2014

Waning

want something new
need some relaxation
I’ve shown what I’m not
now to not care
June 7, 2014

I Get Worse

the option of quitting is real
my demeanor gets only worse
my sentimentality needs an outlet
I need to retreat more
I need a warm place that doesn't question
Pegging

small progress
who would imagine it
bright colors
bright sun
bright shade
all for want of good writing
Job? Right

today I interviewed a job seeker
a researcher
a young woman
I had nothing
I sounded like a fool
I laughed all the way home
Duck Down

like
I need to duck
down / hide
from the crowd
be no one
noticed
dislike it all
but smile as happy
Deserter

this song playing on an AR turntable
through a Dynaco transistor amp
into my father made speakers
alone on Los Robles
dark at night
all women vanished and what did they know anyway
there was no repeat
I got off the couch after each play and moved the tone arm
I never knew what their warmth meant
the places I could go
Joy Drops

have you noticed
the best songs are sad
sad songs sung in a constant beat
the best songs line up to drop
their tears into buckets
labeled joy
Eyes On You

almost fully given up
energy can't drop more
tired and reading how my death approaches
rapidly now it seems
when people tell me of my past
I giggle
inside
but just stare
And Stupid Too

look at my grades
the comments teachers made
I was made for menial labor
I was born and raised lazy
I made a splash somehow by spewing hard
now the young don’t know
me don’t care about me
how retro
those teachers
so right
Something Special

hard to reckon what will work
to make me want
I am tired and don’t even think
of myself as self
more modular now
less alive

June 15, 2014
Flat Sea

the sea is just two colors
a blue and green that bends toward yellow
it moves
always
at the shoreline it’s a pinkly white
how many is that
where does it end
Sleep Arrest

the best way to sleep
by a confused river
near a wrong color bridge
down the street from a woman who hates your pants
in an era when you are nobody
and no one can tell you different
when your grades are bad
and when you get up in the morning
you move to your mother’s bed
the best way to sleep
June 18, 2014

I Am Now

I caught me gaze
out the window where
she would soon return
keep me safe from all
and just wow how
fragile I am
June 19, 2014

It's Really Amazing

the beautiful pictures
he remarked
so many pictures of the same thing
and each beautiful
how can it happen
I told him I see the place
I told him the place is there to see
In 1937

she lingered
as the men
shoveled the earth back over the casket
with her permission / they needed home soon
the cemetery wasn’t hers or her family’s
the one that was was forbidden
cool after stifling days
everything around smelled bad
she watched and noticed
a hill spare of headstones
if time were a ribbon she’d see herself there
time and again
later her dressed soiled and stained
a man drove up and drove her home
the farm needed her though
she didn’t need it
Ride Home 1937

in the car she smoked a cigarette
but the man had all the windows down
the air brushed back by the river and then Kenoza
smelled of fertility
if only the songs she knew were melancholy
one would be playing in her head
but none did
none could
she wore no makeup so it couldn't smear
her elbow on the door and fingers by her mouth
then ear
she could close her eyes but she couldn't
the man left behind said not to cry
her won't tell her more
For Years 1937

when she got home cows
were waiting and near them the pile of manure
after
she wheeled a barrow with two bushel baskets
of chicken feed past the artesian well
her glance there was to where he lay
for a long time
maybe two days
before she returned and drove
him to his hospital stay
she would work hard
Poems 2014

June 23, 2014

Mother Watched Her 1947

her mother
Nana
was ugly as they come and fat
no one could understand it
she spoke a different language some say
and danced nude around the farm
nights but sometimes twilights
she worked hard I heard
riding on the mower while my mother drove the jitney
Hoyt baled the hay / they loaded it
after the horses were gone they torched the horse barn
made it look good / like the story was true
the black horse with the bad name
yeah he did it
Nana laughed when she was drunk
kicked up her heels
Like The Past 1937

out in the woods she found
the buried jars of liquor
they made / she dug them up
and drained them into the swamp
threw the jars into the farm dump
breaking them / she thought
if events had fell in a different order
the present would be more like the past
William Cook

finding out something purely sad
what we’ve been thrown into is a fake heaven
why would we choose this
watching the hapless trip
and stay down
in 1936 the flood
in 1937 the heat / the death
in 1938 the hurricane
what a time to not be yet alive
but to have a mother live through that
what would she do to everyone who
passed by her
June 27, 2014

Tax People

those people are dopes
they deserve horror
and poor sleep
Bad Saturday

unable to sleep
fearful
weeping
horrible night
Bad Sunday

after so much worry
I forgot for two days
to write my poems
never noticed until half through the night
not well
Be All Right

how can I skip from faithfully writing
every day to forgetting about it totally
the colors blue
me and you
Luck Ahead

I find it hard
to plan since plans
are for people with hope
I just want to sharpen into the background
I want nothing to be everything
Sleeping in the Field

I don't even get the rejections
only no calls back
they act like I've punked them
don't want it to happen again
but for me I
take it hard
then find a way to sleep
InkWell

first is figure out what words go in the cloud
then how much weight they have
and how to measure their contribution
how to measure them in comparison
then how to combine
and finally the background contribution of context
weeks of exploration
Fiendish Fidelity

find a way to leave the field
without making a mess of the fence
find a way to deliver a message
without saying words that offend
like a tree just cut down
only roots are a solace
Heading

some problems make one wonder
make me ill to see them
patience and a hard rock will solve all
I am waiting for a long trip
to tire me out
July 6, 2014

Write More

outside crickets are uneasy
a worried chirping
nonstop like a breaking bearing
speaking of which
I’ve lost mine
I want just one thing
I won’t get it
I need to write
John and Paul

a lone genius was at work one night
he got nothing done
people applauded
he was the best
Unlinked

Billy Scherbon died
my last connection
his memories exhausted
I'd lost nothing there
but he was a link
snapped and deleted
when I spoke to his wife
she cried
I cried
she for her love
I for my link
Last Pickup Line

I am thrilled but unruly
the beauties we know are off duty tonight
whomever I follow into the lobby and into the lift
is too heavy for me to pick up
then there's the agreement
no one agrees
I sleep spread out once again
So Right

the nights I drove round and round the towns
down all the roads
looking for something
waiting for someone
Grins

looking into the woods past midnight
what I see is looking back out
standing there is a stare
the whole world is made of a sad sound
trapped and bent to songs
I Remember the Worry

I imagine myself everywhere
every time everyplace
I am alone looking at the women walking past
they keep their silence up
nothing to pretend comes to mind
eyes that pass quiet voices over me
are the joy of deep grief
I rejoice in it through mist building from the west
coming to wrap me every way needed
for the walk home
Fireworks or Thunder

too soon too sad
too soon too sad
the vernacular of responsiveness is ripe
my body is not able to do more unless I do more
I am tried and ready for a cool stop
July 14, 2014

**Vacation Factory**

today we traveled to the Baltic
found bad light and a roughed up sea
I hope for a good night some night
tonight not
the voice is gone or fading
I've exhausted my capacity to make things new
today the sky filled with the shape of smooth Summer
I sit on the banks of a lake once teeming with hate
Poems 2014

July 16, 2014

Hurt Locker

I failed to write sat night
this the next day
I have suffered another attack of bad
I want to find an alone place
stay there
All of It

find me a place where I am no one
just a simple nobody
I am tired of
it all
Forever

I believe I’ve ended a friendship
I never expected that
the same flaw as ever
I saw no signs before it hit
now I travel away from Germany forever
Less Me

I hope this means I’m home
I hope I can forget this dead week
I must be more careful
which means less me
After Berlin

I am aligned with the tired
I miss where I've been
because I will never go there again
many things like this will begin to happen
it's how it ends
begins too
Up

lots of reasons to be excited
I am bone tired and desperate
I have some writing assignments ahead
time to deflect or is it reflect
I am beat
Whatever Happened

I need an outlet
I am steaming slowly
the colors around me are too vivid
I need to tone them
kill them maybe
exile them
I am like a small mistake
Highly Paid

the end of the book
a lame sentence there
on the last page
the writer had passed on responsibility
for the ending to his friend
he thought could write
they all thought they could write
a lame sentence
I Won’t Tell You

today I found myself tongue tied
trying to explain a simple idea
I need to write it
more and more one of these channels
works not well
and my mother would say
And What Else?

sometimes I believed
I spoke through my guitar
but we recorded everything
turns out I muttered
mumbled stopped and started
in short
I sucked
Taking Hits

tonight I found the first
map with Teremcy on it
I know with certainty where it is
my friend said for someone
“pretty smart” I’ve taken a lot of hits
he’s wrong
Janis

a sweet woman once took me to the graveyard
where she kissed me / one of my first
then time grabbed us / she married / she lived
she had a daughter / she died young
years ago / today I took some time
to miss her
Medicare

need to apply for old age tomorrow
I have a couple of days
but it seems like a simple online process
might have to go to an office
for the other part
Who Am I?

under the wire
more problems with SS
maybe solved maybe
not my cup of joe
I will keep working on it until it works
Shadow Fast

dozens of years past
I'd sit on the brick of a fireplace
watch the sun just gone down past
pines and oaks
never imagine a crowd
a following
an importance
between times I believed I had those
now I know it was just a shadow
coming at me fast
Simple Aphorism

I thought once that speaking smart meant being smart
how else could I “learn” to be smart
I learned smart was something else
I can write though
All The Melancholy

people pace the causeway to the bridge
they are spoken for
there is something inside them
something not their skin and heft
I watch from inside my camera
people there have never seen me
Possible Finally

I plan to walk the trail
along the river it seems
to strange sites / sights
my memories are all that still work
I am fearful but ready I think
for the possibly finally
are all of you?
Days Still Left

the stranger met me after customs
she knew my name and welcomed me to
not her country nor mine
I was tired from 20 hours of travel
she bought us train tickets
I thought it was just for me
we boarded and she played me a song
on her iPod
it sounded like a love song
sung by a clear voiced woman
to a man
when we got there
she stayed the night
and then some
Foo Some More

always something breaking and wrong
my plan always is to give up
and let everything go
Drain Away

a lot done
a lot to do
I watch Summer drain
I've lost most of it to random things
today I tried to rescue myself
Poem About

this is a poem about someone else
who looked like me but couldn't look back
how what he wanted wasn't what he wished for
he looked away looked away
this is a poem about someone else
hiding by a curtain and hiding out of sight
I looked away I looked away
I am someone else
Old Age

I am listening to new age
sets the mood
I wonder what song will be running through my head
the moment it stops
In Front of Draeger's

tonight I sat on a bench at twilight
waiting for my ride
warm night with some cool breeze swirls
I remember sitting like this many times
when I was first in California
when I was nobody at all
familiar / scary / all that's left
Gnags vs Soul Poets

where are you sex
in your blue rain cover
with a burger in one hand
a pink rose in the other
fits well to the music
multiple colors
I so don't you
standing in the Arizona Food at Rytmehans
Catching Out

I speak of tramps / like a tramp
someone who's hopped a train to a fine town
hopped off / spent a bit
then hopped on a train to any town
along the way I watched beautiful women walking away
I've rested along blue water rivers / blue from excessive sky
heard the eagles / the fish leaps' splash
seen the rings expand
now the tree at last / to lie beneath it
all is black dark and gone
Dying After Laughter

as you’ve all read
my gloom deepens
today someone who rose much higher than me
was engulfed in more than I
he didn’t make it
my mind was quick
Dave Waltz once said
you have the fastest mind I’ve seen
it takes me minutes to see what you’re saying
and then I realize you were there way before me
Robin Williams was more
I think it’s a disease
Ear Covering

so who's to stop you
you shut your ears
who you are is who
you say you are
it's no joke
the old tree welcomes you
Outcomes

I have little reason to expect a good outcome
I am again in the midst of calamity
all I can do is speculate and keep inventing
I cover up and cover all
uncover my small heart
the way to thinking is moving
Crazy Chinese Woman

I have fear for the future
working may not work out
there is nothing specific
to my fear
just a lack of connect to the boss
I keep working
hard
maybe that's enough
Learn Better With A Different Partner

he's no friend of yours
then he wouldn't say
we repeated
later I had a Skip's burger
and in between reading words
I cranked on the puzzle
year later / no progress
I had some ideas for pictures tonight
Against Method

I used to walk the same fields
along the same stone walls
the little streams and swamps
blueberry bushes near them and trimmed by cows
there were small roads in the woods
I wondered who made them
he like my mother
would think me lazy
would know it
still I can dream through my mind there
listen to wind in the pines
walk over the cold dead grass before winter
the rocks that ring like bells when hammered
he walked here and dreamt of his faraway place
his is the only story I’ve made up
Topos

I lived in places
on our farm
sometimes down to the pond
another time walking the electric fence
the back field
the long swampy field
the roads running place to place
on our side
the short road with a bend
my favorite clearing
the blueberry patch with its low trees and waist high bushes
the big field and its hidden hiding rock
the pear orchard
the barn
the abandoned chicken coops
other places not as much
and nowhere now
I have nothing
August 18, 2014

Under All

I am afraid for my future
my support system weakens
all I can think about is the river
and summer trees
I’ve made progress on my program
but not enough maybe
I feel under it all
August 19, 2014

Heavy Walker

she walked heavy down the ramp
hostess at a fusion Thai place
in Newburyport
I had just bought a book
her skirt was dull floral but slit
a metaphor I suspect so close
to the bookstore
she bothered to walk heavy not lady
later that night she forgot about my stare
Even Remaining

families who've known each other
for 120 years
what can it mean when one family is mean
are there battle lines
are their feuds
how can families be so familiar
and remain even
At Scherbon’s

they loved him
they hated him
they wanted him gone
they wanted him back
they cried
they yelled
they said truth be told
Stop Lost

I have reasons to worry
I want to drive through
everywhere and all the time
I want to be lost
I want to just stop
She Was Cold in Her Dress

always write down your best ideas
memory likes to fuck with you
I had a great title and it's gone for the moment
but tonight it was Natalie
she pretended interest in what I was reading so hard
she became interested in what I was reading
she shook my hand
Suffer Fear

I was afraid of the narrow dock
my balance is shot
I fear
I was treated well and to good food
I saw houses and talked to men and women
the views were great
I suffered fear
By The Merrimack

I stood by the waters
unsteady and scared
mid water line
grass that can grow out of or under
no one expects to see me there
when I’m gone it’s just as surprising
Circle

then I left and I
wish I were back
to watch everything change and change
until it's back to same
except me
August 27, 2014

Giving Up

the irises grown thick
finally / a signal of acceptance
I need to accept me too
Home Bound

the raven stepped away from the ground squirrel
lump on the road gathering rot
after I passed
he aimed his beak at me
it was too hard to smile
Baby

the fire burned out years ago
the ashes blown
I have many ways to say this
experience baby
Photo Op

the photo of bridge / night
the warm air up river / cold down
I want a quiet ending around there
around now
Last Stand Off

even from her I've given up
I am my father
the one who faced the brace of woods
wondering what he had done wrong
Bee Flower

many ways to slice it
the bad feelings are more and more
I suppose it's like this everywhere
broadly taken
every day I wonder
whether the bee that lifts from the petals
will lift once more
Following Bird

the weather coldens
things get darker
my fury is that I didn’t grow wilder when young
and it could have made a difference
too cautious
too cowed
a bird flies away
I follow
September 3, 2014

Sign and a Half

bad week
packing
hacking
car hit from behind
reading
teaching
can’t meet an old friend
Minus

mother didn't believe in me
she loved me my wife
said tonight
be defending my bad habits
love minus belief
September 5, 2014

Lament on Cement

she walks away
each one down the crowded Paris street
plainly beautiful
cloth has more than me
Abrasive Regret

tonight a great storm slammed a small place
people there see no farther than two towns over
it’s a dark place / secrets all around
they toil to make it to nightfall
to the end of the work week
their tears just stain their pillows
but salve nothing
but salvage nothing
I of them circle
the river flows not caring
Powel

he is standing in a field
holding a scythe / cutting tall grass
swampy grass
behind him the pines are fresh and robust
he doesn’t know that soon he would be fated
I wonder sometimes what he would tell me
something like
I was killed like this
Tomorrow

tomorrow I drive
like an old animal pacing his territory one last time
I won't travel alone like this again
I planned it to be easy / low stress
but I will fear along the way
the silence beauty / a downwardness
tomorrow
Day 1

the long drive fell quickly
I was not perfect but nothing happened
now in Wendover
the Utah side with no casinos
I am so tired
Day 2

people are friendly in Cheyenne
woman stopped to ask how I was
(from another table on the way to the bathroom)
another yelled are you traveling?
from Germany? Switzerland? Sweden?
I ate my dinner without looking up
Day 3

today in 2001 I was heading to
where I am heading to now
tonight I am in Des Moines
I am driving
then I was flying
many flags were low today
people otherwise crazy can be friendly
go figure
Day 4

today is Kathy’s birthday
older than me by a bit
I spent a lot of time today
listing the ways I am nothing
I think maybe it’s time to
count on a short life and retire soon
so I don’t have to be confronted
with my failures all the time
just less of the time will do
Day 5

such a day
blue and green Allerton
green and red Allerton
tonight the room where I sleep is musty
I will sleep fitfully
I will program up the treasure hunt tomorrow
Goner

I can't be anyone
my nightmares kill me
I wake in tears
I need to stop
I need to stop
Loins

I disappoint / the thunder
clops upon the wind about
me / I find the seat by the pond
and wait for tender loins
to stand astride these lines
Romanciful Luster

musical mistake
or advanced search party
what is left to wish for
no problem is worth my dish
Safe?

she said it again
now I remember
it would be too dangerous
her way of signaling
my way of passing by it
the deep voiced other
seemed questioning too
but I leave
every way possible
In St Louis

forgetting stuff at hotels
need to be more careful
time to make it more
it all sounds wrong
Till

anonymous / in the corner
people walk past
some are old friends
I imagine
who recognize me not as I don't recognize them
I'm happy now that my work time is done
and I can play till I drop
Then

when I return I
will be in a bind for
what to do and how to act
work for the preso and some other things
code up a storm on Inkwell
then what
what then
September 21, 2014

Static South

pin your hopes on the hopeless
losing is the result
instead just enjoy the static
tomorrow we drive home
four days southern route
Soft Spoken

drab colors pretty in a red sun
heading west toward the seat of dying
we all wonder what it means if meaning means at all
I am sleeping one town over
when there are only two things that can happen
we are the wind and the wheat
Devine

aspen sun yellow against blue spruce green
sun leaden with sporadic clouds
blue otherwise
we made it with some strange maneuvers
I am dead fatigued and worried for life
onward to Kingman / devine
Encircled

I’ll find a place
on the southern end of a northern sea
a place where the water and wave never show blue
where roads soften to green with earthy delights
I’ll find a woman kind and warm
who will set my soul on a driftwood raft
and watch my passing out of her sight
the first touch of woman
the last touch of woman
Catch Out

in Kingman trains always move past
they are heavy with poetry
earlier I would have caught out
now I watch and as they move away listen
Snarls

home / long trip
tiring / seeing familiar places
and new ones / rain / sun
never past dark
sleep early / wake early
home / trip over
Gorgons

I wish I didn't have to beg
and then mope when nothing is granted
do I need to change my habits
ask elsewhere
instead I'll find ways to promote myself
to the world of gorgons
September 28, 2014

Return to the Cabin

I am so tired tonight
the long drive and stress finally leaking out
some parts I’ll remember with kindness
but most will pass into the trash bin I’ve become
it seems I always turn those who love
me into those who don’t
For Home

as fall rolls on
I pine for home
the needles / the colors
the warm days on top of cold nights
how at evening the cold rises from the fields
how the trees sigh as the winds slow
I spend time remembering
wishing for the simple
wishing for the river again
She Before Me

she danced while we played
she moved across in front of us
and I could mark her progress by the mistakes
she of little cloth
today I walked to her resting place
my fingers recalled the bends and notes
when stood in my eyes / staring in my eyes
now she feels like grass beneath my feet
I drive into a dusty twilight
In a Hotel

my finger is right
here next to you
as they say you
are a woman-smelling warmth
by a window
dark and cold
the city out there
doesn’t care about lovemaking
my finger is pointing
at you
Ask Not

what do we do about
the missing problems
we dodged
how lonely we are knowing
the softness we could have swallowed
instead I toss on my bed
away from some of it
because I cannot ask
Care of Life

been reading about care
at the end of life
you can count how many more poems are after this one
I worry about decay
loss of will to live
something out there
I need to
find it soon
Bad Everything

hard for me to upbeat these poems
when now my body is failing
at least falling
I suppose I'll fight on a while
until the writing is ended
Inner Outside

he sat outside at the café
his coffee was low in the cup
his danish was crumbs and flakes
blue sweet on the plate
he was watching a fabulous babe
a table over and reading / her hair blowing sweetly
into her eyes
after a while she stood / brushed everything off
walked away her legs tightly bound in her office dress
he reflected on all this and had a lengthy inner monologue
about his feelings and his life
but I’m not the sort of writer who reports things like that
because apparently I don’t experience them
Not Far Expressions

we connected by Skype
I in Berlin she in Copenhagen
I traveling far from home
she only a day trip
her mic didn't work
so we just sat there looking
as each moved small
as each felt a love
as the trees behind me wiggled in spritely wind
as the traffic behind her moved in her slightly darker scene
toward hearth and home
I decided to stop and quit the app
what she saw she never said
Dentist

today I faced the face of the future
for me / decay and falling apart
harsh truth as Morgan Freeman said
in Shawshank
nothing was a surprise but
the frank telling / no sentimentality
I went home in pain and lay in my bed for hours
then the pain was gone
and I could eat
Lessons

the stats aren't on my side
I need to regroup or give up more thoroughly
I need more time left not less
I need to find a way to reflect
Be Mine

after watching the Addams Family
I walked out of the house
out of the garage into the air
misty or fogged and the road was damp
I saw nothing but I smelled the leaves rotting
in the fall of the year
I walked up and down the road
but you can't imagine it because
both sides of the road were our farm
small in New England and wooded
in fifteen years I would become known
and operate in the high reaches of a technical world
but all I ever wanted to do was write about this
walk / make you feel it / because what
is beautiful is what is melancholy
feel it please feel it
Disappearing

my dream way back
to live with a beautiful woman
in the least appealing place
in Kansas I thought
I pictured the house
an old barn
cottonwoods around
a long dirt driveway to a small road angling across the grid
I saw myself holding her hand
long very long dirty blonde hair
I would make her what she was
she would make me what I was
I pictured people trying to find us
in my picture our backs were to me
the sun fronts us
disappearing
Up North They Say

what it meant to me
what it meant to her
she saw me as a future
I the present
we spent cold days outside
nights warm under feather comfort
she was warm too
something about her
pulling / pushing
she came to hate me after those days
she came to like me after the hate
we were like lonely people
holding through the night to our selves
we forgot the other
I mean I did
not too much beyond me
Fall Early

the woman in the yellow skirt
turned her head as I passed
not me / no
she kept walking
when this happens I wonder the life
that could be had
how long would the yellow skirt keep it up
how long before love teaches hate
she wasn't a straight walker
all of her moved
she put everything into it
her hair the color of Kansas in early Fall
I could see her
Contra Message

I never speak of the coast
here / the high bluffs
blue water unlike green of home
the grass is yellow and the cypress a deep green
it’s all so hopeful sitting where the sun sets
unlike the metaphors we’re taught
the East starts early
the West ends late
the two combine for a long day
isn't that a hoot
Driving By / Driving Snow

in the western part of Kansas
during a rare heavy snow
a charging set of engines powers west
through a town where once
innocence went to bed early
and got up only to die
before the train the whitened ground is flat
and behind there're two rails shining bright
with hints of cross beds marching in strict rhythm
two stories in this / which is the one you prefer
Caffeine Dream

in my haste to find good coffee
I roamed down Romance Road
which I thought was ironic
but every café table housed a chick
so superb the last one seemed a frump
and each turned toward me as I walked past
after coffee I walked back
something had changed
In Lingering Too

New England is a dark place
trees surround you
when darkness rises you are engulfed
dark sets in early
persists beyond dawn
with everything bearing down on you
the air fills wet
pavement shines
or would were there light
but there is
streetlights showing us ways to give up
windows at night before lovers make the dark
headlights of cars carrying people who believe
where you are is better than where you are going
becoming dark is the blessing of seeing old age
from the haunches of youth
sit on the stone wall and weep for the red sky
Kansas West

on a day like one coming soon
a murderous thing happened
where murderous things should not
no one was there who is here any more
but we all read about it
such a joy of writing
horror of fact
what I want to say is that
the modest man who wrote it
was worth far more than the richest man
not along ago I happened by
all that’s left are artifacts
Right?

I favor small roads
long stone walls
sun filtered through soft green leaves
a river that can’t leave you alone
a lonely woman sipping expresso
a man who wants to follow but feels another urge
this leads me to a tiny conclusion
just starting to form in my body
something I don’t mind telling
it’s about what we write
Portlandia

the river outside my window hovers
like a still life settling downriver
many people have made themselves nearby
this place appeals and repulses
the friendly are too
I was puzzled as things rolled by
and you?
Conference Wear

tonight it rains
the river reflects
the lights are crazy
people have forgotten me
Onward?

what do we do when a man of power
uses that power to bad will
what disruption can be tolerated
I don't care much any more
but those who have followed do care
I want to not be part of it
but I want to publish there
and the powerful force is building
Insult More

you can’t count on me for anything
I am beholding to you
you insulted me and I am done with you
get that through your head
The Friends You Made Along the Way

rain / coming around and filling up
the tapas we ate while the girls outside shook their hair
you tilted your head up the street
we ate more and your eyes were the green of consumption
we fought a mirage
a danger beneath the breathing
when we finished the table was cleaned
the rain came
the tattoos shone blue and red
the backs of your legs light in their walking
The Books You Read

she laughed an opening
she was longing for living space
I told her what I could
it wasn't enough and I thought
fly up for the day now and then
does it make sense
sense?
does it make a love
You’ve Cooled My Desire

my warm hands spent the night alone
I almost cried and then I did
the cold air swamped my sleeping room
why do they drive all night
why do trains sound lonely
why do the doors far away close so quietly
when I’m all alone
I left the curtains apart so the orange lights
from a nearby iron bridge would shine off the ceiling
and onto my blanket
I shivered I think
Went Away

we walked through the rain
when one reckons the days of rain
the crowds through the past
that we would walk together that night from
point A to point B
nothing else / only one next to the other
river to our left
bridge just ahead
when we parted something went away
October 27

today is a day
we rarely spoke of
rarely celebrated
why?
my mother's birthday
what I remember from then
the sweet-sour smell of fresh hay in the barn
fermenting to yellow
the cows in their stalls / necks held by slats
my mother sitting by their sides
one by one
their tails tied to their legs
her hands pulling milk from their udders
I lay in the hay while my mother filled the buckets
on the night of the anniversary of her birth
a day never spoken of
Kodak or Something

we didn’t celebrate mine much either
only one birthday gift I recall
a Kodak camera / cheap / twin lens reflex
I took pictures around the farm
I was 12 or so
I remember no other gifts
a card maybe
maybe some cards from classmates
I still don’t celebrate
what’s the point
O Long Ago

no kids came around on Halloween
the farm too far
from town / too few
kids around on the farms around
ours / we stocked up a little
I went around a little
once I went into town with a classmate
we were around 12
we gots lots of stuff
made some trouble
but just the once
I had bad blood in me then
there still?
too old to tell
Last Day of Youth
	sitting by the computer
waiting for the day I’ve feared
the day I am officially old
the birthday when I’m beyond repair
like the day of my birth it will rain
it will be dark
my mother loved intermittently
occasionally
tomorrow I will write stronger
I will reflect the day
if only the farm and I were together
65

in school I worried of aging
being unable all the time
I planned to die at 50
nothing works as planned
I'm here
today was like the day I got here
cold cloudy rain a bit
dark and low
what does it mean
what should it mean
Fields

coming down the escalator in Copenhagen
aiming for the airport train station
I plan to buy a ticket to Aarhus
while riding down I search for the ticket booth
at the bottom a woman walks up
and says are you
I am
she has a ticket for me
one for her
in the quiet train car she pulls out her iPod and says listen
I hear “in the days still left”
Blackbird Song

I read the names
familiar but mixed oddly
combinations as if the choices were few
I mean the people in the town I grew up in
were there only a dozen families?
aren’t there places nearby?
or even far away
marriage / births
I read of deaths and before I know it
the death is of the child of a classmate
not someone older than me
pictures are posted
I witness the loss they tell
smiling faces of the passed
dull colors of the past
Pussy Play

so it’s dark
the black roads shine
something warm is nearby
later the pond will freeze
children will skate there
I remember my first pussy
feeling it
seeing it
we played games to pretend we were pretending
Joanne
funny how that works
our house was a cardboard box
did our parents really not know
I came home to her with my pants down
it wasn’t cold that day
nor dark
The Waste Land

days are long
dark
cold
rain sometimes
even where it’s advertised as better
as things wind down I worry about the time left
I work hard but what for
time is a waste
That City

you know that city in Denmark
the one that gets dark early and where
it rains a lot
the one with the hotel high enough to see the harbor
sometimes I wish I could be there again
for just three days
three days to explore and remember
but to have never happened
so no one could discover the truth about it
it would be something not to have happened
like fiction always recalled
Janis and All Them

too often we picture our old loves
with the wrong shade or with bad whites
blurry / sometimes faded
make up a better story
develop a better photo
discard the bad time does
make it a shiny white with stimulated colors
Old Photos Some More

looking at the pictures taken years ago
what can it be
the looks on faces
just the light and no light
far away
far in time
each one was thinking when the photographer snapped
they are all dead though they likely lived long and cried many times
the shoes they wore have all worn out
and their smiles are permanent
Downtown Affair

tonight a pretty woman sat nearby
dark shiny shiny hair
bright eyes and all that
but her mouth and face were alive and so alive
I was laid low
she probably was bad for everyone around her
there was more to her than this
she expects no less
I have all I can get
Paid For

pay for what you need
no more no other
I can't find the way
it was through some trees
it was past a pond
I didn't find the sway
but I heard someone mention it
Speaking of Tongues

the river that borders my old town
is worrying its neighbors tonight
or maybe I made that up
perhaps the level's too high
gone dry
filled with deadened fish
speaking in toxic tongues
too calmly reflecting a super moon
forgetting its several bridges
becoming ordinary and so disappearing
Appeasement

nothing would make me as happy
as being to just sit by the river all day
read / write / doze
eat less often but feel filled
buy books at dusty bookstores
grab a lobster / why not
think about the differences
between green and blue
while forgetting yellow on principle
appeasement
Careful Friend

one thing after another
goes wrong
my thinking is too soft
a friend is in bad shape
after a health thing
he is still sharp but afraid
I think
of losing
himself and the ones he loves
Good Bye

I wanted him to be better
but we weren't friends
not really
he came after me many times
I dodged mostly
those around him play nice
he has much
I waved goodbye nicely
and meant it
An Electronic Device for Losing

A man I knew had a big butt shaft.
I thought he was a big nut case.
I thought he was a big generalized anxiety disorder.
I thought he was a big insult.
A man I knew had a big cockspur hawthorn.
A man I knew had a big law of partial pressures.
I thought he was a big pain in the neck.
A man I knew had a big fundamental law.
I thought he was a big sex offense.
A man I knew had a big contradiction in terms.
I thought he was a big snake in the grass.
A man I knew had a big case law.
I thought he was a big embryoma of the kidney.
I thought he was a big prickly ash.
A man I knew had a big screwup.
A man I knew had a big transurethral resection of the prostate.
I thought he was a big mental case.
I thought he was a big adult respiratory distress syndrome.
A man I knew had a big screw bean.
I thought he was a big pricking.
A man I knew had a big tree of the gods.
I thought he was a big fruit of the poisonous tree.
A man I knew had a big bill of sale.
A man I knew had a big war whoop.
I thought he was a big false lily of the valley.
A man I knew had a big bastard pennyroyal.
I thought he was a big breach of the covenant of warranty.
A man I knew had a big war hawk.
I thought he was a big case.
A man I knew had a big prisoner of war censorship.
I thought he was a big man of the world.
A man I knew had a big defensive measure.
I thought he was a big quality.
A man I knew had a big dumb bomb.
I thought he was a big range pole.
I thought he was a big crank.
I thought he was a big part.
I thought he was a big color.
I thought he was a big sound film.
I thought he was a big wind gauge.
I thought he was a big display.
I thought he was a big seat.
I thought he was a big lift.
I thought he was a big simple leaf.
I thought he was a big personation.
I thought he was a big viewer.
I thought he was a big blue star.
I thought he was a big negativist.
A man I knew had a big tail fin.
I thought he was a big suck.
I thought he was a big glass.
I thought he was a big tenth part.
I thought he was a big radioactive decay.
I thought he was a big blues.
I thought he was a big winner.
More

a lot of places in Europe are yellow at night
when it snows people weep and carry umbrellas
my eyes / on nights like those / water
and like a camera lens the lights are blurred
iced branches are fearful on such nights
they have no warm place to sleep
aside from yellow there are no colors
a woman has taken off her clothes
hoping for me
the snow loves me more
Rain & Anger

if I walked the streets back there at night
I’d fall into the rain and would slip
into a persona
I know why now
I lose friends rapidly
a bad part of personality
anger of sorts
I know where I get it
my mother’s side
her father
on those streets I forget those things
I think of things to say
wrong things
if I’m right the yellow lights will catch me walking
leaves stuck to the sidewalk
I need to be someone else
maybe here
Quick Quick and Dark

so I thought about the nature of yellow leaves
against a blue background and have concluded
the more northerly the site the more delightful the sight
I’ve studied the women there
I mean northern Europe / but study in a distant manner
from afar is what I mean / I watch them
but not like a stalker / like a writer I hope
they dress darkly and in winter
in layers of dark over light
and shades from grey to black
they wear booted heels and walk cautiously on cobbled sidewalks
they wrap scarves around their necks
I can only guess how they hold you on a cold night
I imagine their touch is quick or frantic
they smell I imagine of unusual soaps and lotions
when they exude erotic pleasure their accents are still in place
something learned acting where instinct should take hold
when they talk to me they are wary
what I might say is a worry
I could be something evil holed up in a fragile frame
when I watch the leaves I watch out of the corners for them
tyhey walk past quickly
I wonder about them just as quickly
On Our Bellies

many words have been written
explaining how love cannot be explained
I have a hat in my hand and a road beneath my feet
all far away / all farther each day
I want what we all want
a slow walk to the end of the road
Square Lands

in the farmland in the midwest
the dirt is like a lotion
the horizon is a circle we live inside
the sky everywhere
the trees are low most places
cottonwoods / streams in death throes
smells of crops and hogs
I started to learn there
I was still broken
I am
now it's quiet and all I want
North Again

quiet and still cold
I wonder who's waiting in bed
a fire in the pot belly is a reminder
the streets are empty aside from one dog
a motorcycle peels out
the smells of fires hang low in the cold
how many times has this happened
a woman is brushing her hair
to the sound of music made centuries ago
a time she will not read
Streets Yes Streets

a garbage truck leaves tracks
in the shallow layer of snow
left earlier in the night
in the city no one wants to live in
they are sharp going almost to the pavement
for the snow is savage in its tenacity
I’m standing at the curtained window
watching earlier tracks nearly refilled
along the sidewalk that leaves from the door downstairs
she was neither beautiful nor successfully warm
but we kept the universe above out
for another night on a cold rock around here
Feel the Pain

we take pictures of the sharp day
blue in the summer / green in the grass and trees
the brights days / good days
what of the snowy and blurry
the days too dark to make out
nothing with color
someone watched me take the picture
watched the slow care I took with the tripod
how I waited for a nice time
let the camera open for a minute or more
then they walked away
around a bend or behind a bush
she / let's say / wanted me for those minutes
an artist she thought
not looking for the common
then she thought better
And Am

when I got here I fell
for the dusted golden late afternoons
where insects and odd smells blended just before
the sun went behind the Coastal hills
eucalyptus trees / tar weed
I was once then exotic so attracted many strangers
I came believe I was smart but I was just adaptable
flexible / a good talker sometimes
none of that was in my head back then
only now do I recognize how undistinguished I was
Ferguson

we learned again tonight
that evil likes to smile
when it wins but shouldn’t
people making the rules favor him
the evil
the scared cop was a coward
or a wimp
the law says that cowardly cops
and wimpy cops should never go to jail
November 25, 2014

I Expected More

we drove to Southie for Thanksgiving
we passed my father’s father’s
ground / unmarked
no one knew it was there
everyone said
but I found it
I
found
it
the turkey was always good but overcooked
and brazil nuts
and sour cabbage
I was bored and slept
they all talked
sometimes in Lithuanian
I was bored
Back Then

we walked to the bay
then down to the castle
talking like I never did with mother
we talked like adults
what he thought I can't imagine
we stayed until near dark
we ate more then drove home to the farm
for the next days I'd gather princess pine
for wreaths and we'd make them
we'd plan for the town forest and a snuck out tree
these rituals seemed permanent
instead I am transient / fragmentary
I wish for just one year of those old rituals
with a notebook in hand
Phoney Niners

how silly to pin your self worth
on a sports team
you are not they
they are not you
they work for money you can't imagine
how they perform is up to things unrelated to you
how you perform is unrelated to them
when they lose a lot it's easier to watch
so there
It Is

everything about me is wrong
the best I’ve had was the most wrong
staying on the better side is a chore
easily botched
listening to my leads I can hear the issues
enough raw talent and beauty to note
but enough mistakes to make it all a joke
when they said life is but a joke
I guess they’re telling it
Reality and Religion

hunting for the snow that hits the river
looking for a place to lie down
a place where it will feel warm
even in the coming storm
people I imagine will read these poems one day
and be surprised I was once alive
I won’t know anything then
didn’t know anything before
Asshole They Told Me

something messed up
I am shedding my lights
I have little to say anymore
no one listens nor should they
lots of people have concluded the same
I have wasted my life being the bad person
I
apparently
was taught to be
by someone
or by genetics
I hate having to reconsider every single thing
Lokhvysia

digging up facts from 100 years ago
not so easy when the people are unimportant
they nor their children made one but of difference
for me it’s passion curiosity
my plan as always is to make up what I can’t know
and what’s made up becomes what’s known
reinforcing the story
because we are people
people
Neither Is She

she found a lot of reasons to sway
while she sang
but slow for the music was down / chill
I am reminded of the central valley in a hot dustup
driving through it
down it really toward Tehachapi then Mojave then Barstow then Needles
finally Kingman and the Dambar for steak and nuts
she sang with a bit of sadness or resignation
I imagine her sleeping in a hot bed in a hot room
I imagine trains pulling past the hotel all night
heading up / heading down
I am not for her
Special Captured

the desert is layered flatness
you might think not much colors
or perhaps not many colors
they are all there
and a lot
everyone takes a picture
of the straight road from the vantage
of the passing stripe
creosote and strange clouds
a model was driven up to me
she asked directions
her name was Nicoline
I snapped her great
FTB

I hate this state
I will dissolve Dream Songs
when I can
damn them
Fundle

I am itching all over
lots of work to do
that is no fun
I wait for the world to back its phobias
like a lake out of luck
with only a dam to keep
Mommy

she told me tonight
she thought my obsession with cemeteries
was silly
I wonder how many other things she doesn't much like
many have a list
little mistakes a long time ago add up fast
Farmland

in the end we all worship our pasts
because back there is where all that went between
is about to happen
but we only construct those middles
they seem so innocent
even for the worst of us
I remember the soft fields before the first snow
the hollow yellows almost brown
the ground hardening under
leaves piled along stone walls
shagbark sharp still and hard birds only
I want it again
No Wonder

then there were not many houses
the road was narrower
the air was more filled with wood smoke
in Autumn we could hear gunfire booming in woods
where hunters were roaming
I could see only poorly then
I understood little and was lazy
I didn’t have much upside they all said
the farm was broken down / not much upside
we were all nobodies around there
Dance Class

I remember the time my mother dumped me at Stephen Kimbrell’s to walk over to the elementary school for dance class / around 6 or 7 I think the school is two blocks away
Stephen was not home / no one was
I walked there alone in the dark crying the whole way crying so hard I still remember it vividly / my mother sensed something was wrong and came back
I went home with her
any wonder she thought me feeble minded
any wonder I still can’t travel well alone
Left Alone

she had left
on the early train
back to her unknown home
I stayed back
went back to my room
wrote some / slept some
I resumed
she too
now it's now
Nº 5

when Meredith was on my mind
at Christmas I would think of
nº 5 / young
I was thinking old
my mother knew of this
I don't recall her comment
but I recall her commenting
I would look at our tree
think of how to do it
I never did
never could
still can't
or couldn't
Heh

so what’s to say tonight
about using my program to help create a good name
for a program I don’t care about
my program’s cool and demos well in some cases
I like playing with it at night
like just now
and I called it work
December 13, 2014

12 13 14

another one of those days
a sequence or pattern
it's hard to like days like this
they are artificially interesting
but is language too
around now I want to stop doing things for a bit
no coding no writing only reading
thinking about snow
wanting something new
along with my skin tone
Deceased

we tobogganed everywhere we could
put up mush blocks to toboggan through at the bottom of steep hills
aimed for narrow pathways between fields
took a movie camera with us sometimes
the film developed blue from the snow
we watched those movies over and over
then our family ceased
My Legacy

today a man retired where I work
who had forty foster children over his long life
many of them attended his retirement party
some were still young / one in a wheelchair
in front of all his scientist colleagues
who stood to praise him he
talked to the young ones
made faces at them
calmed them down
plainly loved them
I stood / watched / wondered
Is She A Porn Star?

if you have a good point
don’t lie / don’t exaggerate
don’t invite people to question your motives
your point will be lost
you will appear a fool
Myself

it comes down to beliefs
I guess / I am chagrinned by my silliness
I want people to tell me I suck
so I can justify throwing it in
I weep
I Like It Smooth

calm black water smoothed
by watching over time and remembering
people like this too
smooth and uniform
the places we lived um loved
slick and sleek
time rubbing away the quirks and uniquenesses
like a soothing massage after a long
time
InkWell Wrote These

dark gravity—
an orphan drifts drunk
into the pink

a drop of holy water—
as if the world had been filled
Staring at a Mountain

one of the funny things is how
unlike earlier times I think
it’s possible to revisit the things
of our youth
like music
music I thought long gone
on tapes not likely to have persisted
digitized and I listen on the road
from my computer
everywhere
like a bad dream revisiting in the day
a memory I hoped to forget
all that and good sound quality too
In A Motel Room I Once Slept In

a poor motel in a low town
a woman with a deep desire that floats away each morning
has checked in and is checking on dinner joints
the people who live here work hard jobs
they are not literate but they are not lonely
faith is their milk
the town is divided into the strip
and the homes
the strip the former main road
the homes down in a wide valley no one thinks is a valley
trains follow the old road
really the trains cross the continent
the woman has too
she wants sleep and sex
but settles for a tough steak in onions
she logs on to read mail
the motel room just keeps on smelling
Far Over the Sea

am I dead
there are too many roads left out there
one of them passes through a town
where a woman with good lips might be waiting
in a diner by the highway that hijacked the town
she was once homecoming queen and now just a woman
I was once dead
Marriage Number One

only two marriage dates I recall
this is one
my first
a cold day but clear
we stayed in an old inn in Sturbridge
she stripped for me
it was an adolescent fantasy
we weren't shy
many ways we were perfect
but crazy dreams got in the way
I thought I was more
she thought I was less
as time went on
no we are nothing
as if nothing like that ever happened that day
or any other day
Eight haiku

a man
steps out
of the old woman

a route of steel:
as if the nature had left

a game—
this play in play
best not a game

morn light:
a cicada killer comes to the fore briskly
into the bitter orange tree

a bitch,
this piece in school
for the first time not a relative

a bee fly
eases up out
of the flower

a patch of ice:
as if the roof had followed up

a snail
gets out
of the box
Nine hAIku

a boy
this moment in time
for the first time not a bird

a city of marble:
as if the sun had changed

a two year old
breaks out
of the violet

ephemera / a ray of light—
a bird of prey travels
toward a common oak

a source of preservation:
the roof had popped

a lion
this night of change in life
is not prey

a yellow jacket
starts up out
of a tree

this winter of winters
close to the wind
is not a bitch

a source of bitter principle
as if the sun had changed
Perilous Journey

we would play every week
a night with 2 or 3 hours of music
we never got any better
recordings are sometimes sweet
mostly inept
only one or two of us took it seriously
the others / just social times
archeology brings it all back
how we can dig things up
how well we preserve them from then on
Finding It

you can read a sad story
of an evil man and his insane wife
he was executed on death row for a bad crime
she married him while he was in prison
in his execution she found humanity
in his execution he found humanity
no one else who read the sad story of it
found humanity
Squaw Ways

sometimes I pretend to be a writer
everyone knows better
one word in front of the other
easy peasy
for example
for many years I could not get into Squaw Valley
even with Brenda Hillman bugging her husband about it
finally I made it
but why
nothing good came of it
December 29, 2014

Goodbye All

I never can remember what other last weeks of the year were like
cold and I read a lot
maybe
worked too much
maybe we went up to Tamworth
for the snow and cold
back then not many went up in the winter
we would stay warm with a furnace and a fire
each other too
nothing great to eat there then
I find the past too long gone
Resolutions It Seems

year about to end
cold tonight
the rigors of figuring out work
is an enemy to happiness
next year will be better
do less
get back health
Taking Stock

when people are tied to their land
they are settled and all is good
when they have little or what they have
could fall away easily / without much warning
untethered / fear grows / life seems less
every day seems far away from the farm
my mother hated it / her father gone in her arms
was it simpler / did she work harder
was I feeble minded / why am I