

# Poems

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## Creativity & the Fool

Dreamscape is the scrape potential of frozen forms  
peeks like the swirl of a lemon meringue pie up  
and over the sidewalk distorted in a looking down kind of vista  
by the soothe curves of ice hidden in full sight  
in the cracks and the creeping flakes  
settled individually together to create such a clutter  
as to be the white tight surface that covers everything and is  
the outside in winter

On that very sidewalk only a foot away or two

Only a winter ago or so

On that sidewalk

by a street light aggressive shadow in the night of heavy sky  
a blackness of sensuous grays curling sweeping swirling  
was the backdrop of this dried brown curled foetus like  
of a leaf how else would it be in the cold and snow of Minneapolis  
representing birth out of death in the most cogent of visions  
concise and beautiful and I... wanted it  
to co-opt it is what we'd say now

to build its image out of wood and wire and newspaper covering and covering the newspaper  
the wet plaster drying

a dappled surface rests the makeshift leaf and its shadow a stone embedded in the wood a  
continuous surface

two precise lines on two borders are where the wood rises  
painted black and shiny and somehow hinting a white icy  
nature belying the real wood but not really its wood and  
paint is all it is and nothing more than that

# Dreams of a Fool

Red barn sitting quaint back from the road  
in the middle of apple trees fragrant from rot  
of the apples fermenting soft and tangy  
Red barn red apples red air fragrance

Out of it is a dream  
inside the air is ripe with ideas  
the hollow space echoing the cries  
of performance blasting full bore  
not too boring one would hope  
actors launching into monologues  
while biting down on the crisp apple  
pilfered from the trees outside

Actors acting characters are characters  
the very kind to pilfer thy neighbor's tree  
giving out that red demon glare of glee  
for the absconding

We precious few who spurn the outside world  
as we enact it in the red barn all its silliness  
holding a mirror molded to one's own character  
to distort what's seen  
repeat it back at you in just such a way  
as to thoroughly entertain

One would hope

Driving separately inside one on bike one  
on foot for the three or so miles  
one driving in in his Daddy's present  
a Beamer of only the highest German engineering  
another crammed together with another and another  
inside the cheap version a cheap Porsche a Karmon Ghia  
and one dressed up in a cheap gray linen suit with thin black tie and white shirt  
riding in on his cooler than cool Vespa

We gather in the vast wet echoes and buckling boards  
gather at one small spot within faraway and faded walls  
enclosed beneath the red painted lumber of the barn  
a bounce off each other literally and figuratively  
with words and bodies bouncing off and responding  
and creating a clamor with a pleasant if slightly  
acidic aftertaste for those discerning pallets  
who have chosen to show up for the monster's creation

They are the ones to get stirred up by all  
the actions and responses and movement and counter  
movement and verbs to be sent off on a view  
finder's journey a sort of tourist's tour  
of the vast emptiness of the barn and being  
with its twisting viscera that rubs and sings  
at the place of the rubbing and finds a place  
to rub inside the accidental viewer like  
playing a spinal column and the vibrations  
of each vertebra combined strikes a chord  
inside that poor skeletal mass of them and moves them

Is my dream of continuous existence but alas  
It is twenty years since passing that old barn  
and in that twenty years I have not made a stir  
in there

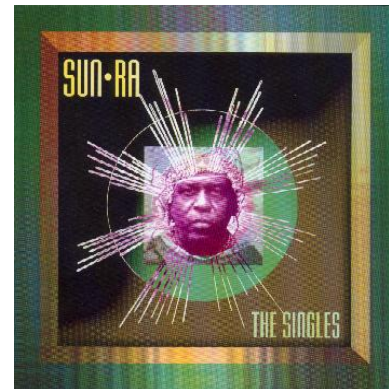
## OH MY GAWD ITS SUN RA

Just purchased the history of rock'n'roll in dementia  
a wacky racket of love lorn nonsense symbols in 4  
part harmony and blasts of Gilmore tenor sax or  
righteous messages from a sun man Yochannan  
sent forward through the jump blues steady beat  
of Arkestra's virtuous sonority, a generous fat organ  
of the generously fat Le Sonny'r Ra filling the depths  
with the toxic though somehow soul enriching wisdom  
and beauty of planet Saturn and all that space in between

Oh what unexpected nonsense and a Christmas and New  
Years song too

Sun Ra "the Singles" 2 CD set on Evidence (21642)

I have a white label 45 with Sun Ra written in ball  
point pen on both sides of it and on it is  
his soulful solo free floating excursion into rarefied  
space on the stratafiric organ backed/with  
a full formed backtrack with a futuristic head  
of good ole multitudinous beautifully rendered  
noises tangled up in a straight beat and tight  
little melody once called big band music or even  
swing Cause as Sun Ra has proclaimed  
in endless chorus parades through the playing  
space (along with at other times Space Is  
the Place Outer Spaceways Incorporated and  
Calling Planet Earth) at the end of the show  
in a tribal and celebratory and Swing cadence  
"It Don't Mean a Thing If It Ain't Got That Swing: Doo Bop Doo Bop Doo Bop"



So now my 45 is magically surrounded by this new  
acquisition which blows up all hints of the imagined  
other cells of brain imaginings which would possibly be suggested  
wherein the imagination far strips any sense  
of reality it is so far so far gone it is gone daddy gone

The history of rock'n'roll in dementia:

You got the doo wop the big band swinging some Chicago Blues with Buddy Guy  
accompanying then bashing out some organ from some basement (Ain't no suburban  
garages downtown) rock like concocting the most wacky pharmaceutical in the  
basement basin and slipping out through the plastic having translated to music the  
material on it then subverting my poor innocent ears with its concoction and/or  
confection sending me off on Sun's rarefied and never quite finished exploration of  
the stratosphere so off I am hanging out in space when the rug 2 to 3 minutes  
through is lifted then I fall on the cushion of a Lounge love ditty with sky of the  
sound full of the jangling notes of Sonny's newest wacko organ with me and my love  
looking out from our particularly unearthly view at a Sunrise In Outer Space

# Marguerite

**Flaming leather flare another time and place  
Here stretched long and lean a raven  
Hair beauty pixilated eyes and smile  
Preparing the way to the ultra  
Wavelength**

**Rapturous smile unwrapped  
Over temptress words only saying  
What needs to be said at the saying  
Flung back supple shoulders  
Holding ground for the night  
Hair ringing back the night  
Crash of turbulent clatter  
Ringing around my blessed ear  
Cavity the clash of night tresses  
Against night passages hidden the earth  
Beneath sun playing night passages  
At the rub**

**Beautiful insect rubbings  
Loud and thought provoking  
At the star reflecting pool of night  
Explosions of noise at the center  
Ripple out gently at the side  
Caressing my thoughts  
Thoughtfully  
Yours**

**Your soul  
A surprisingly Japanese flower arrangement  
Just suppose the juxtaposition**

## A Message to Martine

In the turned around projection of memory  
In a rotogravure of my soul  
In the whispers sounding deep  
Embedded softly in the hard thought home  
I see you squirting painfully into my eyes  
The gas that spills out tears as chemistry tears  
In the moments there of forgiving kindness  
You nursed me in your arms in my arms I nursed your remorse  
And we fell into a physical play of interconnectedness  
A manifestation of my desire held closely and conjoined  
Proved to be a brief detour of our friendship  
Surprise

Remembering the soft curl of your black hair  
The twisting of your smile and laugh  
Your pale soft skin and sweet pleasant  
Odor and sweet pleasant presence  
Was a lot of Bard to me

And when I journeyed out from Manor Annex  
From my room just up the hall from yours  
Through the field of grass that rose thick and hiding  
On one side was the enchanted forest remember  
Everything covered in a rich blanket of a light green leafy vine  
That despite the tree canopy night seemed to glow  
One could live forever outdoors in the dark lightness of it  
And I'm not one for camping

(Remember Bruce Baillie's hut out there like some mythic gingerbread forest home where mysteries of the mind and body were cooked up the smoke or steam a magical intoxicating vapor rising stretching and contracting a terpsichordian muscular performance amusing to us out there for us to learn to create leitmotifs of wonder)

and then there was the hard black tar path leading around to the right  
bringing me through trees and then along their edge and along  
or near the edge of the Hudson where once were houses were naked  
broken foundations except a garage looking house where the man  
with plans of a concrete sail boat sat tinkering with his dreams  
and past him then suddenly emerging into the highway  
our little highway of civilization a winding two lane to bring  
all of us back to some city or town houses where dreams instead  
are kept potted canned or bottled in the cupboard for occasional  
libation

But when I think of you I think of our dreams left growing natural in the woods  
I think of removing ourselves from hard floor and wall performance enclosures  
And entering the god spirit flows of air wind projected on our faces and into  
The depths of our lungs and through to the heart and veins and brain  
Seeing and hearing your celebratory face and body incant to me your audience  
Is what is in back of my eyes your black hair soft white skin and smiling  
twisting laugh

# GOTH LOVE

I dream of your sarcophagus  
Chrome reflections of my undoing  
Satin padded to make a pillow for your death

My tongue licks your damp face  
Hot red that fades but soon  
I can make it reappear again full bloom

I have licked away the make-up  
The death white pallor so exact  
You had painted on over soft white skin

Though still a corpse beneath me  
I have felt your tell tale heart  
And the wind of your breath on my face

While your big fat eyes stare up  
Fixed to a spot far away  
Your thighs and your belly are alive

Cushion my relentless entrances  
With the soft lively skin embrace  
My scrapings at your womb I invade

What death is it you celebrate  
spirits cold flesh or stillness  
or a rebellion that says life is dead

I am bouncing in the dialogue  
Between those lively loins  
And death you represent up above

I feel a rush of vibrations  
Surrounding my welcome inside  
That shakes me and makes me shiver

Must we whisper of dead things  
When all we have is living  
Thrusts thrills and sought after convulsions

Yes the death vision convention  
Has brought us shared identity  
It has brought my life to be beside yours

I dream you in your sarcophagus  
That could only make you happy  
As my lips press in the pale cold flesh