

Poetry

SUCH A COMMON DENOMINATOR

it inevitably comes
with the stereo-type;
sparse room
wooden round table
unshaven beard particles
bottle of vin rouge
burning eyes
shaky yellow fingers
cigarette butts
syphillis or lice
half-broken type-writer
cock-roaches
fornicating in potato-chip dip
singing
"New York New York how'z by you?"
melted t.v. dinners with bite marks
piles of unfinished thoughts
alternatively used
to collect snot
broken glass
year old vomit stains
incorporated into the floor's design
but most of all
emptiness
with luck
an arrogant rat will say
"Good morning you jerk
still writing what's already
been covered in my Ph.D. thesis
concerning waste?"
why even rats are critics
they are experts on waste
the flow of life
that swirls down the sewers
to
always dumping
never remembering
till one day
it all comes back
in one magnificent
fateful conclusion
with a knock on the door
why let him in
do you recognize him?
his long robe and hood
hint at only a skeleton-like outline
but see his yellow teeth
grinning
look, he's pointing a bony finger
towards the heart
his greyish-blue hand
is placed on a shoulder
there is a sudden burst
of intense all consuming pain
it clings
burning through the shirt
through the skin
smell the burning skin
the rat says goodbye
the cock-roaches sing
"I'll see you another day . . ."
and don't you see
it inevitably comes with the stereo-type
the messenger comes
and there is but a brief
unceremonious
exit . . .

EZEKIEL/FUNERAL-FUN

IT'S 4 O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING

It's 4 o'clock in the morning
the tiny room seems to get smaller
as I look out my window,
Oh what do you see out there, now,
silk n' satin and big tier bows.
See the sky open up and fold in on me
and the Earth move under my feet
with kaleidoscope pools vibrating from the sky
to lurid masterpieces in the street.

Oh I know it all seems crazy now,
so I'll head on to a quiet place
to paint castle walls and draw bridges
and damsels in distress.
Knights in shining armour, from bottom foot to face,
a whole story book fantasy coming through in picture,
no not a story teller rather just the paint of your scripture.
Look into my scrapbook,
Multi-coloured dimensionals surround
the boarders of delirious paintings.
All are my song, my words, my story.
Looking like disillusioned objects done into satin.

It's 4 o'clock in the morning
the tiny room seems to get smaller
living in harmony with nature
and watch the shadows race across the wall.
But it'll all end too soon as the last light falls
wiping away with the memories and fading calls,
AND the clock stops ticking - at 4 o'clock in the morning.

JANIS

You poured you mixed
and like the fool I
trusted you to be reasonable
and fair like I'd trust
any bartender at 3 a.m.

But you had something
up your sleeve and it
wasn't a hankie. You thought
maybe you'd get the little
lady the sober
way or the other way.

A spade is dark
card a ditch is a ditch
and you figured you
could dig it.

Then something gave
beneath you plan
than bird in hand
flew past the blind
The ground seemed solid
until it withdrew.

Morning come I come
unplastered wondering did I
fake like a you know what
or tease or wait too long
before I told you
that you were digging in
the wrong place
for pirates treasure
and that
you'd better reread
the map.

JAYNE CLOWATER

Listen to the buds on the trees
blooming,
Listen to the winds over the mountainous deserts
howling,
Do you see any squirrels out there.

WOLFIE

You can, too, tell they are smoked. Ham . . .
. . . The guy, the butcher, he can tell
ya . . . and also it can say on the
packaging.

WOLFIE

Some people go to no lengths to
STEAL A PIZZA

BOBBIE