

Like Moonwake, Like Mindlight

I sit and look
at the lake
and my mind
is as
still and clear
as a mirror
and I'm sure I'm
about to have
a sudden, spontaneous
epiphany, experience
squished into
an infinitely tiny nutshell
of timelessness . . .
but I'm wrong.

The dragonfly
that was
about to land
on the silver lily pad
of the summer moon's
reflection on the lake
has changed
its dragonfly mind
and darts off
into the darkness . . .

Confession

There are no skeletons in my closet.

Well, okay-- a couple skulls,
a few accusing fingers,
and some pelvic bones--
but nothing that would
shock an exorcist,
nothing that would be enough
to convict me
under existing laws . . .

A Movie

The tense lonely teen in the white T-shirt slouches and scowls in the doorway as Buicks go by, and motorcycle gangs, and the homecoming queen, who won't talk to him.

Leggy dames sing and dance on the marble floor of the ritzy hotel while the shy, pretty aspiring showgirl in the chintzy dress looks on with envy:
"I'll be back! I'll show them!"

Healthy, fresh-faced, All-American, WASP, black, Chinese, Jewish, Italian, Deep Southern, ~~Hispanic~~ ^{Mormon} and Serbo-Croatian soldiers in ~~the~~ flak jackets fly toward the planet Plasma, when suddenly their ship is strated by high voltage zap guns.
"We're hit! Help, Captain! Our fried spleens cry out for vengeance!"

And indeed, he has taken about all he can take. He walks down the dusty street one lone man against the verminous muggers, who blatantly taunt and flout the young lass lawyer. They've passsed her, and tied her up with red tape to the railroad tracks.

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Tap dancers, and, big band crooners
parachute down, toward Broadway, singing
"There's no business
like multi-national mega-conglomerate
business!"

Witty repartee pelts Los Angeles.

A Chicago gangster, repents and founds
a home for, retired,
hard-drinking, tough-talking
Irish priests and nuns.

Atlanta burps and, Isaiah,
who's pretending to be an actor in a Biblical
epic,
shakes his head, and says,
"I told you, so! You can't say I didn't
warn you!"

They're saying goodnight.
She pretends to be angry with him,
in her special coy way,
which men find so compelling,
but he's frustrated and confused,
and starts to leave.
She grabs him.
"Oh you big fool can't you see that I love
you I've always loved you ever since
we first met!"

His eyes open wide
and their mouths, now the size of mountains,
meet.

Rich red wet motions

and flashes of white, white teeth.
 Her face, his face.
 Tinkling piano, swooping strings.
 The moon emerges and shines on the lake.
 Silvery happiness gleams ~~as~~ ~~they~~ gaze
 into each other's glistening eyes.

THE END

Directed by
 the cast of thousands
 starring in a screenplay
 based on some boring book
 nobody ever reads
 and produced on a back lot
 near a swimming pool, where,
 over drinks,
 handshakes and contracts,
 and ~~secret~~ pacts and winks are exchanged
 and the cynical cinematographer
 sells out to the powerful pornographer
 and the sex goddess
 sticks a needle
 in the arm of the head of the studio
 and the gossip columnist
 who's much too young to die in a car crash,
 doesn't, she lives to be 102,
 but discreetly never reveals
 that the key grip & the gaffer are secret lovers
 ("and they both seem so... virile!")
 and the vampire
 drunk on Bloody Mary's,
 nibbles on the neck

④

of the willing, but only 16 years old
daughter of the choreographer,
who wards off the vampire,
with a left cross to the chin
and the savior
lays a hand
on the mute mouth of the downtrodden
comedian
and the comedian speaks
and the cameraman
shoots
his own death bed scene
preserving his image
for as long as film lasts.
He journeys to the void,
of memory, celluloid, and light
again and again and again...

The Last Surrealist Remembers His Lost Youth

In a little outdoor cafe, bearing
little or no or some
resemblance to a cathedral
where one could sip
coffee on the sacrificial blood of the lambs,
as if there were a difference,
I sat, surly and quite, sure of myself,
having barely entered the thickheaded,
tangled, underbrush of public testiness,
and waited for the waiter.

They were nearby, I knew most of the faces
from their various magazines and manifestos,
so when the waiter came, I spoke very loudly,
so that they would be forced to pay attention.

"How do you like your violence, sir? Random,
or Gratuitous?"
"I don't suppose," I said with languid but
very audible insolence, "you have any-
thing in the way of Senseless, now do you?"

"I'm afraid not, sir"
(how I hated being called "sir" by my elders,
it always had a mocking quality,
I was just ~~the~~ a schoolboy,
their "sirs" were not sincere!)

"I'm afraid our cook badly butchered
some dead babney this morning,
they led him away, in chains and tears,
to the Bastille.
We don't expect another shipment
until Wednesday, when the suicidal swine

make their traditional lemming-like leap
of demonic possession
off the white cliffs of Dover...
if you'd like, I could reserve something for you -
perhaps a bristling, gristle-covered snout?

"Never mind" I snipped,
"I'm really not hungry,
just give me some humor
to wet my grinless lips."

"Very good, sir, we'll bring you
a cup or a pot or a barrelful.
And how do you like your humor?"

"I want it, black or not at all!"
I said, with great clarity and vehemence.
The waiter scurried off...

~~Then~~ Then a man from their table
approached my table,
I knew that it was the Pope,
I had seen his face gasted
in many unlikely locations.
He said, "Who are you?"
with authority, with intent
to put this slide punk in his place.
I was frightened, but feigned calm.
I said that I knew my last name,
handed down to me through the family,
like a hereditary disease,
and I knew my first name,
given to me, ~~before~~ against my will, in the
first blood-biting wake of an after-
birth,

and, I knew my ~~a~~ baptismal name,
stolen from some so-called saint,
who shall remain phony, bony, and unresurrected,
~~but~~ but I did not know ~~a~~
my nocturnal name
and how was it ~~possible~~ to wander
through the dark woods
without even a symbolic map to see by?

Then the stern features of Andre Breton softened
and he said, "Won't you join us at our table?"
and I knew that I was now someone else...