

For When Will I Be Cured Enough?

From boners in the courtroom
From goofballs excited
from corner-store lattes
Milk slightly sour,
a beating at the trough
Put my legal pad in a lake of fire
from asphyxiation
from Acker, Wrath Of God
from nickels in the garbage
from hearing children sing
for every child dies
And the Mississippi Delta shines like a Nissan

Everyone feels better
with a tattoo'd potato
a hurricane resting on their bottom lip

Everyone feel better
I will always love you
I will lick the drool from your magic face

Foem

Pine trees feel like shit
gnawing on goose flesh
ponytail and flats
unemployable swag
Werner Herzog walking
from Munich to Paris
giving piggy back rides
to your emotional rescue.

Rachmaninoff's Birth Part 2

Put your nimble fingers into Norman's eyes
let him paint everything blue
from the windows to my jumpsuit
Tie my tubes into a Windsor knot
For Rachmaninoff
For Method Man
I hypnotize orphans to wash my Hyundai
Never take a boat ride with Christopher Walken
For Jimmy Cliff
shooting movie blanks on the beach
towards a hocus pocus pecker-wood
an ever glare sun, have you ever been bored?
have you ever licked spit from your neighbor's wig?
For Ali McGraw
I'm in love
smoking bowls, a poet reborn
in the blue light of the rain.