

Dreams of a Mad Dog

by
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Misshapen

Giant hands, giant feet
acromegalous face
Where does he fit?

Staring from a shell
of monstrous grotesque
his frailty emerges
tender thoughts of love
never fulfilled
never to be fulfilled
for this misshapen mien
of human suffering

Who would love this unhuman form?

He never had any pride
always hiding his hideous face
from stares of shocked fascination
he avoids mirrors

His only foreseeable goal
suicide?

Or perhaps
reborn
to a new
less than perfect
but less than terror form
so that he might love
at least the ugliest
who would now reject him

Driven to suffering
driven to death
yet he lives
Experiences each moment
for its wholeness
never to be repeated

His mind
filled with beauty
although not his own
it is enough for him
He loses himself, loses his ego
to become
so much more
than what we are

Alignment

Death may not align itself
with poetic fulfillment
of a perceived paradise

Death may fall
with ax in hand
of demon lover
serving jealous rage

Or death may come
rushing up from ground
where I imagined
the shadow of
my unopened parachute

Death may come crashing
sideways
rock truck through red light
a tangled mess of metal and flesh

Or death may sneak
through furnace vent
with carbon monoxide suffocation
leaving a crimson-tinted corpse

Death may be drawn out
to suffer through dragging years
swallowing more pills than food

Or death may come
bizarrely
from ruthless psychotic
rice krispies
snapping crackle with pop
in a layer of creamy
cow udder exudate

Death for me is
as life
but the briefest transient
on an infinite line of time

As I Watched

As I watched the endless hours pass
From

my soul

into a morass

Confined within this crystal shell

I pondered

my pure hell

My spirit lost within this canyon

Needing love of youthful abandon

Her walls too steep to climb

With mortal limb and mind

So I stalled in midstream

pondered no reward

yet dared to dream

a rare event

within the stream

her flow to mine

mine to hers

But as I watched

in fascination

our endless hours pass

through tubes of my limbs

into her crevasse

I pondered yet another canyon

with crystal shell of glass

Auschwitz

A switch is thrown
 gas emanates from a vent
 disperses
 settles to floor
Feet shuffle in panic
 beneath cries
 and whimpers
 the soft sob of a child
Their last, utterly personal comments
 uttered without thought

In rapid acceleration
 a realization of doom sets in
Desperation ensues
 as clawing hands
 rake upward
 to the remaining
 breathable air

The strong prevail
 climb over the weak
 forming
 a tangled
 pyramid
 of corpses

Each struggles to be the last to die
 though they are but seconds apart

Back Up

After treading
back

The narrow path^{up}
from death

I once again embraced the world

Bimbo

Frizzy blond bimbo
sucking on cigarette

Her mind
an empty space between ears

Beautiful of face
erotic of form

Lacking no stares of lustful eyes
of both lesbians and men

Her simple desires
to pamper and please
are traded, measure for measure
For flattering sighs
that heap mountains of abuse
on her tender thighs

Her final wish
to not be a dish
And finally end up
as a smelly old fish

On The Brink

Bum cigarettes
and change for booze

Bum cigarettes
and change for booze

Brink

Flashing red lights
on the brink of orgasm

Let it come, let it come

Fill me with its numbing passion

Suck me in

to a near-death encounter

erecting statues of martyrs to gods

to engulf me in her chasm

disintegrate my soul

explode my brain

a million fragments

to coalesce in the afterglow

of our mutual release

Based

only

on the casual

glance

she cast my way

but 20 seconds ago

signaling

her ready, willing desire

Chained

In my loneliness and disgust
 I dreamed of her pure lust
Her fingers to my horn
 flowing over hair and scorn

As the pain of past loves
 poured from my groin
She liberated me from
 heart chained to loin

Competition

In competitive evolutionary self-fulfillment
lies a hole

of infinite dimension
into which fall

innocence

lust

honesty

perversion

reason

and detachment

Dance

The passion in your eyes
 lips gently puckered in air kiss
Transmits to me
 signal of ecstatic lust
 vessel of your desire
Were I to respond
 with suggestive wink
 or loving stare
 a reflection
 of my lust
 in perfect mirror
 of my soul
Perhaps stars would align
 to provide
 a rare instant
 of mutual erotic interest

Your lips to mine mine to yours
As I caress your face you bite my earlobe
Your tongue to mine mine to yours

Knotted tongues
 a tightening bond of love and fulfillment?

You unbuckle my belt lower zipper
Reach in to the treasure
 of your desire
Feel its fleshy mass rise to your touch
A heat of primal urges
 like heroin addiction
 not to be resisted
Your holy secretions without gifts of kings
 now fulminate in orgiastic dance
 so close to death
 yet
 so close to life
Your blush
 now encompasses your neck and chest
 ready for my next move

I share with you

my mortality

therefore

becomes so much more

than a celebration of life

The product of this love

another being

for generations

carry elements of our

substance

far into future

to develop new culture

new science

new species

As those greater and greater grandparents

with their joining lust

Gave birth to the generations

of our consciousness

Glance

Your inviting glance
stimulates my urge to speak
Not knowing what to say
I recite well known sonnets
Hoping to entice your heart

Your reply
with ambiguous hesitation
sends to my heart

Chaos
waves
of embarrassment
and pain

A love, built up too quickly
now
parched
in a desert
where
like water
your presence
is ever scarcer

Doves in Leather

Her sleek white wings beat in rhythm
to feather frequencies approximating radio
She is tubular neon in neoprene slacks
antimony in a plain wrapper
Neckline, naked, hangs in vee
over ankle, chained to lust and air
Arcing in graceful step, she approaches the threshold
of a church, with leather candles
Where tattooed iron altar boys
serve wafers and wine
In a mass for the holy seductress

Eat My Face

You eat my face
with juicy
secretions of love

Let me
lap this tide
tasting every drop
your pleasure
dripping
from my tongue
to my agent
of delight

I can see and taste a
faint field of hair
around your navel
see the curve
of your breasts
eyes to nasal openings
mouth to mound

Languishing in the essence of you

You are
more than real to me
here
now
with no contrived future
nor conceived past
In this singular awareness
we perceive
our presence
everlasting
to our dreams

End My Life Now

End my life now
 in the lush paradise of your love
My last moments spent
 in the heat of your desire
Kissing your lips, both high and low
 engulfed by your throbbing breasts

Let me perish in this perfection of moment, where
 closer than closest desire
I am locked to your soul
 by an island of flesh within flesh
Our captured freedom of spirit
 dancing to lustful
 here
 and now

While we were driven
 by an unborn consciousness
 of a yet-unconceived soul
 to climax this act of carnal abandon
Our bodies
 of themselves
 had already pursued their own course
 to rhythmic, pounding fulfillment

Ends

Universe ends
when bullet strikes brain

But, suppose
another method were chosen

Hanging, throat clenched
breath starved
loss of world

Or poison
nauseous, heavy limbed
writhing to the end

Or arteries severed
feel the warmth
of fresh blood
a red tide to nothing

Or knife into chest
where I could cut
your love
from my heart

Experience

Riding the train of experience
Peering from its windows
We see a landscape of desolation
Youthful vegetation
 stripped of its pressure
 bud and shoot
That could once have pushed it
 skyward

Through the smoke
 and clamor
 of the locomotive
Pierce cries of flowers
 ripped from their stems
 by ornamental aged desires

Greedy hands
 plucked these flowers
In roughest fashion
 tearing them
 petal from stem

And
 with withered hearts
 greedy pricks
 planted their seed again

Fatal Flaw

You see
I have this fatal flaw

When I love someone
I get so embarrassed
By future portent
of ecstatic fulfillment
That I live the act
from beginning to end
As if it ever occurred

So much is felt
that I must divert my eyes
to avoid her tension of
eye
to
eye
breath
to
breath
in this space of love
never realized
as I writhe back in to my shell
where no one knows who I am

A Fitting End

From the prospect
 of so bleak a future
 in her absence

Arose the overwhelming urge

I tied surgical wire
 into a noose
The other end
 fastened to garage post
So fine a filament
 would surely
 sever my neck
I lurched car backwards
But at the critical moment
 it stalled
And I reconsidered

Once I drank, rapidly
 bottles of whiskey
 in huge draughts
It burned its way down
 but then burned its way back up
And so, after a three day hangover
I reconsidered

Once I cleaned and polished my gun
 and, loaded with bullet after bullet
 in a fit of desperation
I raised the barrel to my head
 and pulled the trigger
But the safety was on
Once again, I reconsidered

Once I filled a syringe with poison
 stuck the needle in a major vein
In nervous expectation
 I prepared to press the plunger
But before the act
 some small amount leaked out
I became violently ill
 but soon recovered
And again, I reconsidered

At the top of a tall building
 I leaned over the edge
 and planned
 a clear path down
But then I imagined
 my body
 at the bottom
 in a ruined
 twisted
 mass
 and
Once again, I reconsidered

In a fit of hysterical anguish
 I slashed my wrist
Saw red squirt from wound
But the knife was too sharp
 the cut too clean
The gap resealed itself
And so, I reconsidered

All these efforts
 were they in earnest
 or mere gestures
 sent as affirmations of my love
 that, in their crippled imperfection
 so failed to move you

And so, as I reconsidered
I took pleasure in each leaf and blossom
My heart found serenity in pastel blue skies
Found the free-floating futility of life
 enhance each sense and moment
Finally, I suffered
 until I died a natural death
 in bald, wrinkled embarrassment
Clinging to that I
 that never existed
 outside my awareness

(schlock ending))
In my clumsy embarrassment
 and disgust
I inadvertently
 stepped in front of a bus
Now my love for you has turned to rust
 while my body lies mangled with bus

For Your Love

For your love
I would give anything
Divest myself
of all past and present ties
To ponder
your perfect presence
embodiment of my desire

Who knows where this would lead?

To fulfillment in fleshy kiss?

To marriage in carnal bliss?

It required only your desire

To pull me from this mire

To reconsider prospect

Of plunging deep

Into the hole

Of my

I

Grey

Grey is to grey
as distant landscape of grey
Form in every feature fashioned
What is red yellow blue
to this shape
a filler of varied dimension?

As the color of my love
flows
to fill
your erotic form
Your body merges
with a grey
mist
of mysterious shit
Stinking my presence
with
putrid
nasal
insult
Must I bear
the indignity
of this
offensive
odor?

When I Grow Old

Behind your eyes
 an adolescent love
 with image of me
Eyes that peer
 from a skull
To which
 I am closer
 than you

Eyes which, questioningly
 ask for my love
 my devotion

Eyes to which I reply
 when I so quickly grow old
Would you find another
 much younger
 than me
One who would satisfy your needs
 when I could not?

Guitar Love

Your body as guitar

sometimes
 Les Paul
sometimes
 Stratocaster
sometimes
 freakish mod

My pick
 to your strings
on keys
 of lustful desire
Strum in rhythm
to await
 that piercing
 but delicate
guitar solo

In rapt anticipation
 of the next song

Evergreen

For me
She is that exquisite evergreen
with swollen red berries
poison if eaten

She followed me one night
back to my car
And stood there
with expectant hesitation
While I, heart frozen
to stunned silence
hid behind
meaningless, polite phrases
locked behind a facade
of formal unconcern

Shall I forever walk this tightrope of friendship
never leaping to the place that is her
A place
so perilously high
my fall would surely be fatal

And so I tread, now
a narrow fiber
through this high wire limbo
lost in the middle
no platform
at either end
weary
from perpetual advance
and retreat
I ponder
the leap
to certain death

While she is there
ever
green
with berries of red
venom to my tongue

I This I

Let us

now

drop these questioning looks

Take me as I am

I, who see your love

so bared of inhibition

I, who am so proud of your attention

I, who have so little to lose

I, who would sacrifice all

I, this ever-questioning I

that resides within my flesh

Boundless I, who would love you

let this I not follow

a narrow path to bitterness

let this I not perish

in its desperate longing

Love now this I

with your immediate need

This I which I alone possess

which is all I possess

that is all I

this everlasting I

An I

that longs

for everlasting you

I Am Nothing

I am nothing

I drain blood from my veins
Tear skin from my arms
Pull muscles from my legs
Disembowel myself
 slice my entrails to ribbons
Grind my bones to dust

I am nothing

This, my brain with its everlasting
Feelings of love turned to disgust
 would be better off disconnected
With its myriad parts
 disintegrated
 and thrown to the wind
Never to again be reassembled
To the oneness that was me

I am nothing

This, that was once my painfully longing soul
Groping through eternal
 blackness of night
Existed for nothing
Should never have been formed
Should never be reborn
Its essence to be caged in spiritual void

I am nothing

All my goals
 have been too perfectly thwarted
I can't say that I was ever loved
 that I was ever happy
I can't say that any time spent
 in the spaces on this earth
 was ever worthwhile
That anyone ever cared
That anything ever mattered

I am nothing

This poem, flowing from my last thoughts
 soaked in my blood
 should be shredded
 then burned
 and the ashes scattered

I am nothing

I Left Her

I loved someone a third my age

And then she opened to me
her chest of stored misery
To reveal her writhing
adolescent
frustration with love

She gave her essence
to another
with expectation of fulfillment
of her desires
immediate and distant

Only to be thwarted
by shallow thoughts
of the one she chose

He, bent on physical relief
from macho ego-expectation
damaged this beautiful, pure soul
who yearned
with every cell of her body
to fulfill her expectation of Eden

While I, a poet, could have filled that space
what would have then transpired?

My love for her fulfilled
her love for me
cut short
by my death
so much sooner than hers

A death
dictated by my striving
for perfect poems
through heavy drinking and drugs
All that could be mustered
to muzzle
the cruel beast of reality

and so, I left her
before she loved me
Not able to tolerate the thought
of her
alone at middle age
yearning for her youth
lost to an old man

Illness

To see you now
makes me ill

But, there once was a time
when, with eyes focused to you
my heart skipped beats

More than my dream
you trumped my desire
stole my heart

All I had imagined
replete in your form, which
accompanied by your innocence
and delicately phrased letters of love
Pierced the fragile barrier
of my fractured heart

See me now
in silent solitude
contemplate
an easy escape in death

To leave life
for you to ponder
in a vacuum
of self
that was me

Islands

In the shoving
 press of flesh
Others
 grasping
 possessing
 my possessions
Me
 grasping
 their possessions
 fondling
 their possessions
Who
 owns
 who?

The MACHINE

Looking UP, we See maSSive StructureS
of SkyScraperS as MoNuMeNts
BUILdinGs fiLLed with turninG Gears
in a metropoliS of enSlaved BIOSouls
Steam, Powering ProceSS, eScapeS from ventS
PreSSeS Punch ForM FroM Metal
Computer-Brained mind diRects cuRRent in wiRes
controLLing artIficIaL, goaL-Seeking proCeSS

Looking DOWN, IT sees ITs body
mEcHaNiCaL
eLEcTRoNiC
digiTal THougHTs from InfnIte lIbraries
Of Optically stOred media
EMotIoNs INgraINed IN chaoTic haRD-wiReD
AnAlOg nEUrAl nEtwOrks

A meLOdiOUS
HEART-RenDing Song
DODges
BETwEEen
DOpeD aND uNDopeD
Silicon cryStals

Life is but iNforMatioN iN space
ON a NoN-lINeaR diffeRentiaL RoLLeR coasteR
THrouGH DisTanCe and Time
MOrphing To frAcTAL TempOrO-spATiAL
aTTracTiOn TO CHAOs
Some of this iNforMatioN is theN SQUASHED
past the iNterdiMeNsioNal Mesh

into the likes of YOU and ME

Moon and Sun

While even the moon and sun
sometimes
appear together in the sky

I am always alone

My Illusion

My illusion
 that thoughts put to paper
 could have swayed you
Now but smudges of ink
 in the rain

Old Shit

Over and over again
 it's the same old shit
Turd falls into bowl
 plops
 with drops
 splashing sides
 sometimes
 splashing bottom
Either firm and floating
 or sinking in dissolution
 coloring bowl water brown

Paper slung from roll
 wadded or wrapped
 each to his preference
Wipes clean from back to front
 or, if female
 from front to back
Cleansing the orifice
 of superficial excrement

But, there persists
 in that thin shell of adsorption
 a film of irritating fecal matter
Which, if not washed within several hours
Generates a festering
 raw-skinned lesion
 responding only
 to talc
 and tenderness

Once I was

Once I was child
with simplistic, selfish nature
eagerly desiring
to learn from every form
My pursuits guided
only by significant others
who loved me
gave me sustenance

Once I was adolescent
driven by
new hormonal awakening
to my organic, biologic sexuality
My gratification exceeding the barriers of
love
and social acceptability

Once I was young adult
wondering where and how
to achieve success
To sling out of that
broad margin of failure

Once I was in my thirties
wondering how to bring
family to fruition
To support the next, and then the next generation

Once I was in fifth decade
trying, vainly, to recapture my youth
Pursuing lustful adventures
to which my body was no longer equal

Once I was middle aged
pondering future death
of myself and my spouse

Once I was past sixty
reflecting on fond memories
of love, grandchildren
and the perpetuity of life

Once I was very old
 spending the last of my savings
Remembering youth and middle age
 but barely
 remembering yesterday
 last month
 last year

Once I was near death
 with aches and pains
 one medication after another
Coronary bypass surgery
 left me with less than a mind

Then in my nineties
 a frail form of skin and bones
I remembered
 plucking flowers from a meadow
 eighty two years ago
 the fresh succulence of love
 seventy five years ago
 the bitterness of reality
 sixty eight years ago
 the plodding pulse of time
 fifty six years ago
 the realization of death
 forty four years ago
 the acceptance of death
 thirty one years ago
 the meaninglessness of life
 twenty three years ago
 the frailness of flesh
 eleven years ago
 the journey to death
 here and now

Paper Tears

My pen scratches these rain-soaked sheets
as I write

in search of your soul
The paper now scarred
by the absence
of our fluid-filled
nourishing dreams

Red Roses

Red roses
for my love
The color of
my spilled blood

Fruitless

As he sits in the midst of her splendor
 with his self-indulgent obsession
He ponders a narrow margin
Between fast restraint and lustful abandon
Lest the careful balance of her trust be tipped

With gentle gesture of hand
 he beckons her
 to his separate reality
 of frail-hearted devotion
 to his ideals of love
 higher than lust

She accepts his token
 of soft-hearted bliss
Intended to fulfill her
 as well as him

While both savor
 in ignorance
 the futility of
 their life together
in the absence
 of her fruitfulness

Retreat

This was it
 this was what I needed
A solitary retreat
 my mind
 to ponder
 silence
 removed
 from babbling masses
 begging my attention
 with their empty, polite phrases

Were my words to paper
 dictated by their desires
 not mine?

I was almost drawn down this spiraling abyss
 to write for return
 from those women
 that would have had me
 for my poetry
I rejected the prospect
 and cut this heart of desire
 from my chest

Put thoughts to paper
 to pull all
 those ever-drinking listeners
 from their
 cycling rut
 of blind continuance

Ruined Past

It's hard to live in the past
when your memory fails

Once I was ...
once I was ...
once I was ...

Knight in shining armor
to her

Once I
once
once

Loved her
What was her name?

I still remember her
her beauty
Her red
no, brunette hair
Or maybe she was blond
Not so important
she was beautiful

In her absence, now
how unfortunate
that I have forgotten
forgotten
her imperfections

Scars

The luster of her face
 slender curve of her body
Goddess incarnate

Myself, so many scars
 of dashed youthful expectation
 mired in emotional anguish

Her
 now searching the same path

Once I was bound in a web of social acceptance
Not daring
 to move forward or back
 under threat of loss
 not knowing whom
 or when to love

Now
 with my approaching death
 I could easily dare
To let her thrill
 in my body
 with its willing desire
Until I care not
 whether I live or die

Separate Realities

Gentle, warm gusts of breeze wave
 palm trees under deep blue sky
Skimpy bikini girls silhouette
 fast and foreign, shiny sports cars
Takanaka mellow guitar wails
 through high tech stereo horns

Rusty cars with bumper dents lumber
 under cloudy grey
 down concrete city streets
Poorly drawn graffiti frames
 litter strewn on
 grass bare patches of earth
Pounding rap vibrations beat
 through tenement walls
 rattling windows, ears, brains

Sweeping, flowered meadows stretch
 between dense forest
 and neatly tended farmhouse
The aroma of freshly baked pie
 navigates sniffing noses
 to its perch on the sill
Cheerful, shrieking voices chase
 collie around barn filled with
 bales of sweetly scented hay

A wrinkled, arthritic World War II veteran
 waits interminably for a VA elevator
Stench of incontinent bowels is fanned
 diffusely through the cancer ward
Parched lungs and throat of a long-comatose
 soldier-victim wheeze out their last breaths

Teenage lovers gorge themselves
 on cola and potato chips
 in a suburban-style ranch
Their sink belches sewer reek
 beneath a pile of
 week-old dirty dishes
Television rapidly flashes
 images of channel surfing
 through music videos game shows, cartoons

Lotus posture monk in deep meditative trance
 breathes in controlled Zen rhythm
Weathered floor of wooden shack clicks and creaks
 beneath the step of well-scrubbed bare feet in clogs
The gentle ping of a bell signals a dinner
 of sparse vegetables and rice

Scowl-faced men with briefcases battle
 escalator crowds in a skyscraper lobby
For two, a dinner of beef filet, lobster, and wine
 served by tuxedoed waiters with open hands
Nervous, attentive faces encircle a large, oak table
 to babble about profits, market shares, dividends

Sandal-footed village chief kills and skins stray dog
 for sumptuous evening feast with family
Microtonal melodies are plucked from hand-made
 musical instruments, strung with cat gut
As rough, calloused fingers weave floor mats
 from mountains of sun-dried grasses

Studious eyes peer through centimeter thick
 lenses, working equations of physics
Dust-covered volumes lay scattered on desks
 in corners amid lint and pencil shavings
Silence and the scent of freshly bound paper give
 time and space to an intensely toiling mind

So many live
 in the smaller spaces
 of awareness
Focused on this woman
 that man
On this bulge
 that cavity
This period
 that comma
Never perceiving
 the simultaneity
 of our myriad interconnected realities

Silly

Sometimes I feel silly
 sometimes I feel sad
Mostly I just want to free willy
 from his prison of a pad
Set him bounding out
 to jump into the stream
Of lovely bitches passing by
 so seductive I could scream

While in this shadow of a life
 where sex has never been
And I have never had a wife
 or love on which to dream
I count my last few hours out
 as I pull around the bend
But do not wish to frown or pout
 as my life comes to its end

Slavery

A mindless sea of faces
 with empty
 hollow
 stares
Behind each
 was once
 a living
 feeling
 being
Now, empty shells
 of drives
 desires
Motivation
 shaped
 by endless barrages
 of billboard
 television ad
 soundbyte
It was the consumer principle
 harnessed
 to serve
 the carnal
 crack
 addiction
Those few
 who grew wealthy
 from the boundless
 increase in personal debt
Enslaved those
 already so lucky in this world
 to perpetual employment
While robbing
 those less fortunate
 to wither
 in economic demise
 to extinction
But, in the last moment
 convulsing
 on their street of desire
 even the poorest
 most damned
 still managed to pluck
 their last pleasures
 from earth

Slug

Like a dehydrated slug
you crawl
on all the raw surfaces
Scraping your brain
against sandpaper reality
to feel
that you are alive

This raging desire
unfulfilled longing
in your breasts
Which, on your austere path
to extinction
Presses you
to limits of sheer exhaustion

Your voice, through your letters
writhes with a starved absence of love
Not filled by devotion of family or friends
you travel a narrow path
to obsessive depression
Idolizing he who was, but never lived joy
with agony ringing through every song
He, who so painfully ended his short life
with piano wire and a block of ice

However much you struggle, now, to fulfill your lust
following a distorted path to surrender
I fear you will swim out past the tide
to drown in your ocean of sensual night

Sorry

Sorry, piss-brain, flea-sucked poet that I am

If you had only
given our love
a chance

So This Is It

So this is how it ends
After all the anticipation
After all the expectation
 that somehow
I could grasp vaporous odds
 to win your heart

So this is how I lose you
Your calm exterior
Relaxed to extreme
No flushed face
 or trembling hand
No quavering voice
 or surge of jealous heat

So this is what's left of our love
 this bland reality
Crimson residue on a coffee cup
Ashtray full of dead roaches
Wine glass-stained counter top
Dried blood on the cupboard
 where I tried in desperation
To cut myself from you
 and failed

So this is how I continue
 now, through empty days
No one with whom
 to pass the endless hours
In this dread silence
I conjure phantoms
 of your voice
 ringing through the halls
 of your slender body
 moving through the bedroom
while I writhe
 in the concrete basement of my soul

This Space Beside Me

There is an emptiness
 in the space beside me
Where once her lips
 whispered sweetly in my ear
Some unimportant comment
 now forgotten

Where once her face, with gently smirking smile
 graced this space beside me
Her eyes dispatched to mine
 a language I could not decipher
To discern the thoughts behind her gaze

Once her body filled this space beside me
 with the energy of her perfection
A field of force pressing my intent
 to lustful abandon
Tempting an escape
 from my prison of chained restraint

And so I pondered on this space beside me
 were we but casual friends?
Sharing only a discovering interest
 for an affair we both desired?
Unable to breach, for lack of definition
 this nebulous gap between us
Possessing, neither of us
 courage of first touch
 in this vacuum of uncertainty

For me now there is never a day, never a night
 without this space beside me
This space that was hers for but so brief a time
A space I keep
 empty
 waiting for her return

Suicide

Some will wonder, at his death
 why did he do it?
He had so much to live for

While his friends wandered streets
 in search of food and cigarettes
He had a house, two cars
 a large collection of books, records, CDs

Endless distractions
 to wile away hours of loneliness
Not corrupted by ego or wealth
 generous to a fault

He had vast knowledge
 expounding on every topic
To many of his friends
 he was larger than life

Why, then, did he blow his brains out?

It wasn't a matter of material possessions
 nor lack of praise from his friends
Nor lack of concern, or love
 from his parents or closest friends

You see, there was this girl
 he met her eight years ago
Much younger than he
 she pierced his fragile heart
Turned him inside out
 ravaged his composure

He began to imagine
 began to dream
Of their perfect union
 an ecstasy of flesh and soul
An erotic obsession
 yet contained
 within the narrow social prison
 of marriage and commitment

But it was not to be
 his dreams of perfect love
Not letters, nor flowers, nor adulation
 could breach the space between them

Rather than look at another woman
 she filled his mind
Became a part of his every experience
 every movement of his was for her

In his anguish and self deprecation
 seeing no value in fame or fortune
He wasted his years
 drank and drugged his mind away

In nihilistic Kevorkian bliss
 he ended his tortured life

A simple death
 to end longing and pain

And
 his friends were left to wonder

Why?

for none knew his fatuation for her flesh

And time passed slowly
 for his family
 and friends
in misunderstood guilt

Survival

Beneath the thin polish of civilized comfort
 lies a writhing sea of primal urge and desire
A genetically-programmed pressure of
 chemical force
 molecular reality
 that drives our species forward
Helps shape and form
 those patterns
 of ever-adaptive pursuit to
 secure food
 and preserve life

The selfishness of family bonds
Primitive feelings
 that take most precedence
 in moment of most need

To him
 were still-captured
 fragile moments
of his elusive desires
 for his mother

And then for another
 every other
 every woman
 every man

There Was

There was a time
 in history
 when thieves ruled
and sucked their wealth
 from increasingly
 poor masses
Accumulated property
 in telecommunications
 intelligence
 armored in their shells
Our only effective defense
 was to build massive bombs
 to terrorize masses
 And move them to action

To overthrow
 the evil incarnate
 a massive breathing entity of
macho American Malehood
 manifested in its relentless
drive
 toward superficial goals
 of fraternity longing
plunging them
into that stream of here, now it is real
"which bitch can we fuck next?"

Unlike them
 I am drawn to your face
 to your demeanor
 to your body
to the nakedness between your breasts
 the cleft reality of your thighs
 the touch of skin to your flesh
 the warmth of your love
to my lips
 the press
 of my genes to merge
 with your genes
 personal you
 behind the flesh
Imagining this flesh
 mine and yours
 together
was flesh enough
 for my fantasy

Water To Drink

Misty veins

throw trees

across meadows

distant to my heart

paler than distant trees

Faint shadows

of inner presence

in constant din of raindrop

driving inward

to the endlife

insane

with its incessant

attention patterns to

the pain

of my loss

at your never

even having

loved me

a little

Torso

My torso
 you skinned
 to reveal the flesh of your desire
I bled freely
 with the lust
 of your touch
In my mind a demon of fire
In your mind not so perfect

We two
 could have shared
 a less transient reality
 with intensity of new marriage
Yet, within space of experience
 still liberating us
 to pursue
 other dreams
 of sadistic possession

But, in the absence of your bondage:
 I would still have embraced your desires
 let you borrow my athletic torso
Which, in its lustful thrusting
 could bring you the pleasure
 you desired

With my love for you complete
 I could never have denied you
 out of selfish jealousy
Those pursuits
 that have now
 severed your mind and body of me

And so,
 as I fade away
You are never here

The elements of your love
 most sacred to me
 ultimately denied
To dwell on my birth
 end in my death
 and in this vision
 I rationalize my existence
to not wish that I had never been born
 being so betrayed

Transient

We live in transient spaces
With unwashed feet
 borrow money for food
Pass from one day
 to the next
Happy in our freedom
 we make the most of our time
Live with the earth
 evolve by the minute
Grasp each second
 for its precious presence
Bum cigarettes
 and change for booze
See beauty
 in stain and ugly
Now, let us be
 the Buddha
 is our reality

Tripping

Tonight we worship a chemical god
Dissolving the invisible barrier
that separates us from the world and each other

From every leaf and stone
unearthly brilliance emerges
Water, cascading with crystal clarity
obliterates tedious, dreary paths

Cotton candy clouds
shine eerie in dim moonlight
Part now to reveal
a stellar pincushion of cosmic dimensions
Eyes closed, colored lights course
along myriad webs of interconnecting capillaries

Once I was
moon
alone in the sky
emanating dim iridescence

Now I am with you
your face in my eyes
reflects feelings
from the never before revealed
mirror pool of your soul

Timeless
dimensionless
we disrobe our bundled hearts
see the color of our love
taste the sound of each others words

As I am slowly sucked
into your pillowed womb
You ride my parapet high
until we are both winners in this race

Savoring each others illusions
we linger in lush green Edens
Hoarding memories of perfect bliss
until the leaden weight of time
Pulls us back down the abyss
to confront
once again
our bland reality

How I Long For Death

How I long for death
which will part me from this world

To let me forget
the hours
of your agony
as you died

Your flesh slowly eaten away
by spreading cancer

Never realizing what fragile shells we were
we danced in the sun and leapt into streams
making love at every available private moment

You were sucked down those cascading rapids
that flow away from this world
Pulled by a physical reality that chained our spirits
in a way we were never aware

The look in your eyes
of unrequiting love
as I said

I'd remain with you
in this dreary twilight
awaiting your death

That look has stuck now to my heels
haunts my every shadow
Sucking me back
from our former joy

As I look at your grave
with the freshest flowers
my fingers cry out for your touch
as my mind yearns
for the hours
of bliss we shared
in the stream

Your death, now a choke hold on my life
I drag through moment after moment
Of searching for that
singular stream of life in death