I’ve become frightened!

By the sound of my own voice

Car horns, bird songs, friendly greetings

And box cars, singing on the tracks of hot soup.

I believe in this valley, but the weather contradicts itself from all directions.

A cold wind blows and it never leaves, so I focus on the breathing traffic that goes up and down like the highway of American dreaming.

Flowing in and out like the ocean, or a movement of the 1960’s youth

March has failed me, as I walk around this TOWN.SQUARE.GHOST.TOWN.

Eagerly guilt stricken, I stare at the big thermometer in the sky.

The painted word is white, as I sit and watch the snow stack up like cards while 52 thoughts run the track of my mind like a racecar. This time, I’m going the distance.

In the passage of the years, my life has become a slow paint; dripping onto the interior walls of my sanity- like molasses on a cold day

A stale shadow in the afternoon or an old stain in the furniture

Where I no longer sleep on the beach, in the Coney Island of *my* mind.

I contemplate Ferlingetti, and the flattering falsehood of sleep.

Out of body- trapped in mind.

Fixating on the hiccups in my head-

A dream!

Of obscured images, colors, and shapes

Where I am then a circle, at the center

Of the universe;

There, I am the unsung prophet with a new hairdo.

I am the running girl, who never gets tired

I sing and dance with myself in the shower

I am the poster on the wall

I am the 5th Beatle

I’m the 7th member of the Velvet Underground

I am that girl, I am that guy, I’m that guy, I’m the guy, I’m that girl

And always will be

Excuse me, while I pour myself another drink.

I celebrate myself at midnight.

Like Jackson Pollock

I am Clement Greenberg

I am Ringo STARRR

A mistake!

Perhaps I am not he crowned headed fat cat of heaven

The breath within breaths-

Perhaps I am merely the person who stands beside the pearly gates

Holding your coat in hand- handing you your keys and a mint as you leave.

Perhaps I don’t really understand the four agreements

Perhaps I am not Amadeus reincarnated

Perhaps I’m really not a 22

Perhaps I really do need a shower.

The house is left quiet and my thoughts are this weird combination of also being so quiet but loud at the same time, just a quiet loud weird internal swarm of letters falling off of words that are hovering in there wanting to be something actual, sentences that tell me what I think, but they aren’t together at all, they move towards one another and then they break apart again and drip all down inside me, and I can feel it and kind of hear it like a light buzzing.

Staggering between my life and yours.

Doing the dog-

The successful orgies of Hell- I am zip-lining through

Space and time

In what feels like Dante’s subway

The soul has it’s ranges, temperature, and color palette

I paint a different kind of monarchy,

In which the people would be naked in heaven.

All these words have been selected by the CIA, and translated into 9 different languages

But one would be happy to know, that they all sound as American as apple pie.

Am I blissfully withering away?

Am I trying to temporarily leave my existence?

Sometimes I do still have dreams of Sunday drives

With John Lennon, and singing Christmas carols with Yoko Ono

At times I feel God radiating through the dusty pockets of my pants-

Between the darkest crevasses of my fingernails

And this makes me feel cleaner than a brand new whistle for $5.00. Plus tax.

Sometimes I do hear my master’s voice

If the door is open and her mouth is wide enough

Holy are you, the divine being of celestial shit

I understand now that I am more afraid of the God in me than the one I curse to every night

I now spend each day opening the door for her waiting patiently for her to arrive

Patiently waiting, and waiting

I am patiently waiting for the rediscover

Of childish wonder

And the straight and narrow posture of the renegade- we have all been waiting for the time to act.

The time to blossom is now! Welcome to the blackboard jungle motherfucker! Let’s relearn together the importance of pure and unconditional love and tolerance. Time to kiss cowardice. A bud is not a false flower. This is our young American Mesopotamian dream!

This is our time to kick out the jams. The distant non-existant jazz that plays over and over in our heads

As we dance under the big Arizona sky!

But instead I keep wondering aimlessly

Like a blind sculptor hacking away

Slowly chipping at what my life could be

Running around like a chicken with no head, looking

I sit here patiently

And I sit here patiently

And I sit here patiently writing this poem!

Because I’m really not sure what else to do or how else to tell you

Because ultimately I want to be alone, but I want to talk to people

Because I thought I knew something, but I guess I didn’t

Because I really would like to have this poem formulate a symbolic middle finger to whoever believed I couldn’t do this

Because I’m still dreaming of Babylon

Because it’s the only thing I can do while I wait here in the fucking cold for the bus to get here!

Because I don’t know what else to do with the 10,000 thoughts in my head

Because I truly hate myself, and I believe this is the way I am working it out.

A nightmare!

One can only know if she wants to

But in the meantime,

I will destroy all good poems in America

And stay foolish.

Discuss more of what I feel and less of what I know

And continue to fall in love too fast

Always stand up to against my mother and father

Governments and Gods

Believing is seeing

Never lose my salt

The sale of art= capitalism

Advise only to myself, remember the future, and live my life in 3’s

And steal like an artist! Because these days we all must steal everything, in order to get what we need.

And understand that the only true power that the lower class has in our society anymore is our language, so let us use it for good, and keep it immortal

Sometimes there truly is beautiful things happening-

change is coming, so let’s stick with it

And keep burning- sometimes from both ends if we must

And continue our lusting love affair with the in between

You’re family are the people that are in front of you, so treat them well.

Take care of you, and that finely tuned soul that’s inside of you

And perfect those slightly off-key tales of when life was simple

The truth is subjective and that’s the truth

Practice productive procrastination, chances are its probably what you should be doing for the rest of your life

You are clean, you are holy, you are beautiful, you deserve what you’re getting, unless you don’t, so change that. Be who you are, say what you’re feeling. Be kind, careful, and creative. Don’t be scared and keep pulling up that stone

My universal hello, I love you!

This is my cosmopolitan greeting.

Through the static and distance

This dessert never ending- I listen

The big dead star in the sky is about to fall.

The whole place will be dark soon

But you all will be shining brighter than a cops’ light

You are beautiful, you are clean, you are holy, you are special

Real truth about it is, we never get it right

WE NEVER GET IT RIGHT

WE NEVER FIND THE ONE

We all come and go as islands

Trapped by singular fate

But we’re all supposed to try

Don’t wait till you know who you are before you get started

We all go away sometime- but not forever

Sometimes you just have to keep looking

Keep running

I’ll resurrect it- I’ll give a good go at it

Before my ink runs out.