

Of Course

How I miss you  
And wish you  
Were near me  
How I miss you  
And wish you  
Were with me

Instead your drunk - passed out on the couch

I told you to talk to me  
Months ago  
You said you would  
But it's never been so  
Did you lie to me like so many before you

Of course.

How I miss you  
And wish you  
Were near me  
How I miss you  
And wish you  
Were with me  
Tonight

You're so cool  
When you're not smashed  
Why must you be so weak and let your mama's fault  
Keep you on your ass

*"say this is all you want,  
But I don't believe that it is true  
'cos when you least expect it  
Waiting around the corner for you..."*

26apr06

"Mr. Delicious"

Silver satin midnight breezes of april float over california king white cotton quicksand

I cling to the forked trunk of smooth brown puerto rican tastyness

After our sounds there are no more sounds  
Except

Except  
This rain

The pitter patter of a thousand hungry baby ducks racing to their mama in the pond

Diamonds drizzle down the downspout  
Diamonds drizzle down the downspout

It's just the rain

Close your eyes - what do you hear  
Diamonds drizzle down the downspout  
Diamonds drizzle down the downspout  
Diamonds drizzle down the downspout

Angel's tears crash on the sidewalk mourning the losses of the innocent and make room for  
better memories,  
Hopefully  
But death and heaven and hell have no meaning to me on a night like this with you and the  
midnight rain

Afterglow, moon glow,  
The street lamps are not impressed –  
They only nod in indifference  
But I'm grateful to them  
Their illuminated gaze  
Compliments your skin  
Fire-roasted mango peach glow wrestles with the air in old oily Grecian poses and saunter  
through our bedroom window molesting the vertical blinds

And I'm immediately starving for my eighth course of you

"Close your eyes – what do you hear?" I ask

"Calmness", he says to me as he tries to steal a look at this poem during its birth  
And I pull my book back saying , "It's not finished."

He says, "So?! I can look", and I give him my old man artist frown

He grins and in the glow his teeth and eyes shine brighter than the diamonds in the downspout  
and he says, "Mr. Delicious".

And then

his stomach grumbles

22apr06

Bis wir uns wieder treffen.  
(Until we meet again)

It matters not the colour of ones' skin  
It matters not the colour of ones' sin

Hitler was in my bed last night,  
And I was showing him a couple of things.

He still has that ridiculous moustache.

I really wonder what the barber shop in hell is like.

Hitler told me he was enjoying being brought back to life.  
And as I looked in his eyes I was seeing with my own eyes for the first time in centuries.

The blood of the world competes with the oceans  
there are killings every day  
the order of the Klan is alive and well  
and the bombs are still being made  
Green line girls  
Make fun of the Yellow line girls  
IPod head phones ensure our segregation  
Inside our own mad worlds  
Strangers tell us who we are  
And put us in our place  
And when I speak my mind and ignore the rules  
No one can seem to look in my face  
White bosses in DC  
Step meekly around brown and black employee toes  
I hate to tell you, it's not one's colour  
But lack of work ethic that causes one's employment woes  
And no generalizing the Latin Generals  
Here is a crime I never knew  
Segregate the Castaño Sea  
Get the classification right or you'll get the crap knocked out of you  
My Northern Italian Southern Italian brothers  
Italians in between by the millions  
Put please stick with just one Family  
heaven forbid you should marry a Sicilian  
And aren't I still your gypsy slave  
Your childhood golliwog doll  
And you still crave my ouzo injection  
Which, by the way, needs to be reinstalled  
64 years later it's still race against race  
Buildings are on fire and minority children take the bait  
Agnew and Lott, Mooney and Mencia  
Do we bless the Politicals and comedians for their shiny hate?

And before I woke  
Unto me Hitler spoke:  
"phoenix fires will make you choke

'under the spreading chestnut tree  
I sold you and you sold me'  
read any good old books lately?  
Or do you only notice what's up your ass or on TV?  
I'll just twirl here patiently

I've all the time in your world you see"

And with that Hitler grinned

That

grin

"Auf Wiedersehen vorläufig, mein Schatz  
Bis wir uns wieder treffen"

Your empowerment  
Should not deny someone  
of their empowerment.

03/06

Love was right

Even when

At a loss for words

At a loss of words

When music made the best lover

When dancing made the best fucker

When painting made the best seducer

When cooking made the best use of my mouth

When the only way to enjoy love safely was to write it down in ink (oh dear god yes, I remember those

days)

The only way to enjoy love safely was to write it down

The way to enjoy love was to write

The joy of love was to write

The joy of love was *wrighte*

The joy was right

The love was right

Joy was love

Love was right

03/06