

MAIL CALL

finally got a letter today

they told me all about the weather
what it's like out there
well
i already knew that
they let us have weather in jail
sometimes

they said

"you just can't break laws
and expect nothing to happen
everybody has to obey laws
remember you brought it on yourself
no one asked you to go to jail
you've been a real disappointment
to all of us"

they said

"we really miss you
things aren't the same without you
why just last week at our party
someone asked whatever happened
to the big fella who wore glasses"

they proceeded to write

3½ pages of their latest problems
"joe can't get his car running
mike lost 300 dollars at the races
uncle tom died for real this time
mary's diet isn't working
bobby's dog ran away
it's really rough out here
lucky you don't have our problems"

they said

"don't forget when you get out
we need a color tv
same deal as last time no questions asked
we could use a new tape player too"

they said

"behave yourself so you can get out soon
and don't worry your being a convict
makes no difference to us
sorry we didn't get an attorney for you
but we didn't want to interfere with justice
we didn't want to get involved
remember though god loves you
just as much as he does good normal people
if there's anything we can do for you
just let us know
we're here to help as much as we can
after all that's what friends are for"

well after i read all that

i became furious to the point of tears
and decided

i'd tell them a thing or two

i'd really give them a piece of my mind
really tell them where to get off

i wrote

"dear friends

the weather here has been just fine
i'm trying to behave so i can get out soon
it's a real shame about joe's car
it's a real shame about mike's money
it's a real shame about uncle tom
it's a real shame about mary's diet
it's a real shame about bobby's dog
i'm glad i don't have your problems
thanks for your encouraging letter
it's great having friends like you"

then after i mailed it

i got out a fresh razor blade
cut more flesh from my face
and fed it to the carnivorous bats
lurking near the fatal edge of night

MAIL POUCH

when i was young
thirteen or so and just gettin' started
the old man would get us together
every sunday
for ritual rides in the country
to see amerika while it was still
here my sister and me in the back seat
playing the games parents always instruct
kids to play to keep them occupied
she'd count the billboards on the right side
of the road and i'd count the ones on my side

she always won though
each time i saw a cow or horse or
a pretty farm girl feeding chickens i'd lose
count not playing fair at all

but i got to see amerika while it was still
here long ago rides
through the country on superhighways
my sister taking accurate billboard census
on the right side mom and pop arguing
about whose fault it was
about something or other i did wrong again

i never counted enough billboards though
no matter how hard i tried my sister
won the prize
of naming the next game
which was always billboard counting
while i cheated watching trees and streams and
big red barns slightly leaning to the wind

man i never even had a chance

POEM BEYOND TEARS

we each have known
the infinite pomegranate pleasures
trapped beneath the bitter rind
fragile bulbs sweetly protecting
minute seeds of promise

we each have sadly
embraced the sweet betrayal
of pressed flower memories lost
in lost pages of an ever-logical mind

static beauty

calm in pomegranate structure
yawning in the opening of flowers

but only with time

and now
trapped beneath your own rind
sufferably sweet
in the pages of your heart
bubble tears
protecting your ever-delicate joys

you turn and rage
you turn and cry
you turn and sigh

and in the growth of a moment

so your time will come

and you too will know

the subtle reasoning
of pomegranate structure
content with the promise
that pressed flower memories
never need bloom again

POEM FROM READING POETRY AT LUCKY'S WHOREHOUSE

a whore is a poem if you can dig it man
i mean if you can think about her that way
a whore is a poem
if you aren't trapped by the labels
and the myths and the stereotypes
if you can ignore the drunken desparate men
screaming from their nightmares you slut
you tramp you pig
a whore is a poem
if you can play past the crude words cunt
and snatch and pussy
if you can learn the magic language of people then

a whore is a poem

and when read with sensitive eyes
gently brings to life all the verse whitman
blake and wordsworth
could never write because some poems
just weren't meant for words man and

a whore is a poem

a secret language of salvation and rescue
uncluttered with all the proper punctuation
and all the correct spelling
and all the good grammar
yet richly accented with french and greek
a whore is a poem reciting herself

and a poem can be a rose
and a poem can be revelation
and a poem can be a brief pause in a hectic life
to stop and enjoy a soft moment or two

a poem can be almost anything man

and this poem just happens

to be a lady

SUPERSTAR

today
in an obscure german village
named gersfeld
about a hundred kilometers from frankfurt
and about ten kilometers from the communist border
an amateur magician
named nicholas j. schmidt
perfected an old family trick
in which he turns three fish
and five loaves of bread
into service for eighty-seven people
twelve of whom are homosexuals
wearing white gowns sandels and painted toenails

and the service for the eighty-seven included
a complete seven-course meal
the main course being stuffed virgin pork chops
dinner plates
silverware
place cards
candleabras
banquet tables and chairs
twelve playboy bunnies
and one communist prostitute
who
handicapped by a rock-throwing festival
will wash your feet
and oil your hair
for the modest fee of
thirty pieces of silver

WHAT TO DO WITH YOUR COCK IN PRISON

well
if you're smart
you'll check it in at the front gate
when you come here
pick it up
if you leave

but if you're gonna be here for a long time man
you'd just better keep it
may wanna stick it down some punk's throat
or up somebody's ass
or you can fuck your mattress filled with raw liver
or you can fuck your hand
or the pillow
but don't stick it between the bars
'cause it'll get stuck
and you may never get it back out

sound sick
maybe but i hear folks without food
eat their own kids

besides
you'll need something to piss blood with
and you'll piss plenty of blood

be good to have too
in case those people upstairs
wanna cut it off
doing
what they've always dreamed of doing to real men

or maybe you'll wanna cut it off yourself
and send it along to your judge
and the parole board
and society at large
telling them "look i'm rehabilitated
i've sure learned my lesson
i promise i'll be good
please man i want freedom"

but it won't mean anything
'cause they'll just turn their backs on you again
callin' you a disgusting self-destructive pervert

one good thing though
you won't go blind or get pimples
or stunt your growth if ya play with it too much
i know that for sure
christ
i've done full symphonies with mine
but it's a good tension relief
and that's about all
it's good for
in jail

besides
you'll need something to piss blood with
and you'll piss plenty of blood

and when you're not pissing blood
or relieving the constant tension
or fucking your mattress filled with raw liver
or fucking your hand
or the pillow
and when you're not contemplating the bars
and when you're not sticking your cock
down some punk's throat
or up somebody's ass
well
you can just take it off and hang it up
in front of your cell
as a declaration of your controlled unblooming
manhood
and the guards going past will see it hanging there
and they'll know you're not doing anything wrong
and they'll know you're behaving yourself
and they'll know you're maintaining good self-control
good self-discipline
and they won't have to stop at your cell and ask
"what the hell are you doin' in there"
and you won't have to answer back
"11 to 22 years motherfucker keep rolling"
they'll see it hanging there
big as life
your cock
overly ripe
and throbbing
with that useless hardon that's been throbbing
and haunting you
for years and years and years

and if ya really wanna show those chumps
that your mind is no longer in the gutters
you can take your cock
and paint it up with stars and stripes
that glow in the dark
and you can electrically wire it
so it plays the first four bars
of the 'star-spangled banner'
while ejaculating 'star-spangled' pictures
all over the goddamn place of
george washington
abe lincoln
fdr
richard m nixon
assholes without hemorrhoids
apple pie
hot dogs
and chevrolts
and then they really won't have to worry about you
anymore
state baby
they'll just safely ignore you
as they permit you to continue stagnating
more and more
while you wonder
more and more
about what they want you to do
next

KENT CLAIR CHAMBERLAIN

WHY ALL SHIPS
ARE STRICTLY
IN THE FEMININE

and you may wanna keep your cock too
if you're the sentimental type
so you can slice off little pieces
each day
and send those little pieces off
to all your old sweethearts
who forgot your birthday
and christmas
and thanksgiving

again
and you can tell them
you still remember them
and you can tell them
you still think of them
and you can tell them
you still love them
and you can sink back
into oblivion and wish to god
that someone
somewhere
sometime

would still remember you
but they never do
they always forget
and the little pieces of your cock
would show everyone
how sincere you really are

but you'd just better keep your cock

you'd better not give it away
or throw it away
or mutilate it
or sell it

because

you're gonna need something
to piss blood with

and in prison

my god

you're sure gonna piss plenty of blood

LADY LUCK, your fuse- -Lage

Makes

Some THINGS

Large, and your

Wing- -Tips

Blip my

Very Heart Off to Olde Brest- -Litovsk!

And yer Horizontal Stabilizers

Kinda

Get me

Going, Too....