

# The Romance of Homelessness

Richard P. Gabriel

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January 1, 2014

## As A Year Approaches

long ago I imagined  
not being able to imagine  
being this old  
I never saw beyond the century mark  
not 100 years for me  
but the then next turn of 100 years  
I imagined  
being gone by 50  
which is right at the boundary above  
now I'm here  
my self is pounded to a blunt heap  
what now

January 2, 2014

## Balanced

I asked myself how to be happy  
the answer came back in orange  
I tried to change the white balance  
blue it came back blue  
I asked myself how to be sad  
black and white

---

January 3, 2014

## As The Russian Says

what I must remember  
the farm was small but all  
I needed  
the horizons were hidden  
the woods crept close to the house  
the barn and buildings  
I read briefly during the day  
evenings some tv watched through failing eyes  
then the record player or simple tape  
the same songs over and over  
a tube radio then light sleep all night  
the size my world expanded to was tight  
dark at the edges  
the sky never was high  
my fate was to go nowhere  
I went further and now afraid  
I want to crawl back

January 4, 2014

## Let Me Tell You

I tell my story  
to people who don't laugh  
they might cry later  
or snicker under the covers  
we are most alone when naked together  
because we are only what we are

January 5, 2014

## In A Cold

cold and furious  
the filaments can't heat enough  
fire is taking the day off  
there is a run on whiteness  
the river knows no bounds  
ice cracks itself to pieces  
I remember how hot the house was  
that day from wood fires in stoked stoves  
and buckets of water boiling and fuming  
like all demonstrations of love

January 6, 2014

## Quick 1

hard day  
hard to think  
don't want to speak  
let me sleep

January 7, 2014

## Funny

sore and tired  
tomorrow a hard day  
our friends from NSF  
but with a better grade

January 8, 2014

## Lemma

the lengths we go to  
to figure out what makes us tick  
and all it means is how much light  
we use before dark

January 9, 2014

## Unguent

I want words  
when I lose them I'm lost  
help me find the little marks  
that spell incredulous  
I am hungry for a new hunger  
one with no kills

January 10, 2014

## Transformation

find something pretty  
to say and I'll  
say it ugly

January 11, 2014

## Watson

a gravy train  
with my name  
printed on it  
passed by  
and I got on

January 12, 2014

## As Bill Y Always Says

I am alone and afraid  
of the work and things breaking down  
small matters but they add  
one by one  
the center does not hold

January 13, 2014

## Retrograde

when young I stared at photos  
of electric guitars  
so metallic  
so untouchable  
only the special could play them without injury  
so cold  
I can see it now again  
the feeling comes back

January 14, 2014

## Puzzled Models

puzzled by what I don't know  
confused and scared  
nothing concrete to respond to  
need to learn alone

January 15, 2014

## Bright Blue

I told her she would see blues brighter  
if she wrote one verse  
she did  
she did

January 16, 2014

## A Listen

I make small things  
little poems  
small essays  
nothing to show off about  
I like to dream  
just lay back and let it  
over me  
I always was  
like this  
and will be  
no doubt  
I want to play with no limits  
and harbor my passions

January 17, 2014

## Dobie

the old shows  
watched them in the 50s  
can't remember them  
didn't like them  
I think  
or I was simple

January 18, 2014

## Hard At

work on a new dictionary  
little different but usable  
with a few day's work  
it will make things better

---

January 19, 2014

## Helpless Terror

last night I had the most  
horrid dream of my life  
they told me that I would executed  
in two weeks by agents of the government  
since I was a good person I was trusted  
to appear at the appointed time  
I was terrified  
I visited all my friends and family in the dream  
visited all the places important to me  
and I told everyone my fate and when  
I tried to teach people what I was working on so they could carry on  
I told my friends about my wishes for my remains  
the dream lasted all night  
I woke up several times and tried to stay awake to throw off the dream  
but when I fell asleep it resumed  
the clock winding down  
my terror rising  
at the end I went into the appointed room  
an cocktails of tranquilizers and poisons awaited  
I asked to go the bathroom one last time  
when I returned the government executioners were outside in the parking  
lot of where I worked trying to steal shipments  
I took a gun and killed them both  
there was to be no execution  
only a plot  
god the fear of it still hurts

January 20, 2014

## Forgiveness

if I don't stop soon  
I will have no time left to live as I wish  
unlike my parents  
I'm conservative with my future  
I will die unhappy about that

January 21, 2014

## With The Woodstove Going

some of the reasons are buried  
I find the fear fills out  
I remember her eagerness and excitement  
the thought of me she  
said / I like her heat  
all gone now  
everything but how hard I have to shake  
my head to forget

January 22, 2014

## Deep In Snow

think about a heavy snowfall  
and the roads that lead slowly  
to closed places  
then the silence

January 23, 2014

## Too Many Teardrops

always a curve  
odd bugs to fix  
puzzles really  
wondering how it will go  
sigh sigh sigh

January 24, 2014

## Spot On

a road plowed high on the sides  
with heavy snow after a long  
storm / the road not fully cleared  
and snow still on the pine branches above  
and sticking to the sides of young maples  
leads down to the bridge where I found  
my fame and enjoyed the colors

January 25, 2014

## Cold and Short

I want a hot woodstove  
on the coldest night of the year  
in a cabin piled high around by snow  
that fell for days to make this time  
and someone willing to strip  
to share it with

January 26, 2014

## When I Feel Blue

I walked into the woods  
while it was snowing  
so hard the snow made  
buzzing sounds in the pine boughs  
I stopped under such a tree  
and lit a fire  
proving I was a frontier's man

January 27, 2014

## Snow on the Bridge

slow and ill  
coughing and congestion  
tired  
working slow  
not much to say  
no good words tonight  
maybe some other night  
not tonight

January 28, 2014

## Off The Bridge

some grand ways of thinking  
are really excuses to sob  
like when the cormorant dives  
and comes up with two fish  
in its gullet

January 29, 2014

## Not For Me

I find the constraints too hard  
the love just gone  
I want to relax and live softly  
from now on  
I have nothing more really  
to give back  
my high tide mark  
is way up there and not  
approachable

January 30, 2014

## One I Want

praise and caution  
all at once  
I want to be right / do right  
get right to  
work

January 31, 2014

## I Can't Tell You Why

still on the line  
the singers say  
the most beauty is sad  
what makes the distorted guitar  
the sweetest  
it's not the distortion alone  
by the reverb  
the echo

February 1, 2014

## Today Is One

everyone heads for the same spot  
some get there quick  
others linger  
leapfrogging is common  
each day marks an anniversary  
of achievements many mourn

February 2, 2014

## Feel The Pain

I've crossed the plains my last time  
already I miss the yellow autumn carpet  
a warming filter to the low sun  
I've imagined myself lost  
from everyone here on a small farm or abandoned-looking  
bungalow with those seeking me passing by  
just after I've passed by the open window  
what luck  
the heat and hay itch my skin

February 3, 2014

## Nothing Changes

like now when I was young  
I'd sit late into the night in a dark room  
listening obsessively to just one song  
while paging through pictures  
of lives not likely

February 4, 2014

to celebrate PLoP's 20<sup>th</sup> anniversary

~~we are planning a nostalgia-filled  
and sentimental look back  
at each precious year  
complete with sunset haywagon rides  
and slow, tear-wrenching background  
music~~

February 5, 2014

## What Ineptitude Is

the advice of poor writers  
is to do things that have made the poor writers  
feel powerful  
often it's boring

February 6, 2014

## Elephant Rock

we climbed well  
for poor climbers  
we were brave but not too  
we were cautious and therefore safe  
we taught people at the ragged pinnacles  
today we sit in sofa chairs  
able only to shuffle

February 7, 2014

## Sometimes A Small Mind

the slick refuse to admire  
critics take the short way home  
we can fight evil without reveling in it

February 8, 2014

## Goes Away

the tired one  
is last to know  
last to come  
the trees above know all this  
for what's under them

February 9, 2014

## Snow Scene

right now  
it's cold at the cemetery  
snow is deep  
clouds low  
I wonder about sitting in a car  
all night  
whispering questions  
checking the windows  
for signs

February 10, 2014

## Wonderful Life

we live for a time  
we say the rest of my life  
just words  
one day the hospice people show up  
that is if  
you have a family with money

February 11, 2014

## Mad

my favorite sweater  
she threw it out

February 12, 2014

## On a Bank

days go by  
nothing stands out  
all my dreams are of code  
the way that first night ever in Europe  
all my dreams were of German voices stating babble  
I need to stop this someday soon  
and live a little longer

February 13, 2014

## Heavy Snow In Haverhill

she took a photo  
of snow in a small city  
near where I lived once  
she stood in the middle of the street  
a train bridge was down that street  
stuff was hard to see  
the blizzard you know  
she was out in the blizzard  
she would rain such down  
on all who loved her  
one day

February 14, 2014

## Dozing Awareness

pictures of cute girls  
erased by zealous betrayers  
the sky has funny colors today  
tonight I plan to snooze by the river  
plan to listen to what fish are left  
jump for flies as the sun rises  
I plan to run out of life to live  
parked here

February 15, 2014

## On The Farm

stone walls  
faint trails  
signal a past vibrant life  
gone long before me

February 16, 2014

## Sheesh

she maddens me  
working for her is insane  
can I wait out one more year  
I should find something or change something  
help

February 17, 2014

## Reviser Strike More

so what is icky about this situation?  
dogs! one thing  
is it makes it baffling for kids  
to walk to school without being hassled  
by ten to fifteen dogs

February 18, 2014

## From 1937

when the snow comes  
it's time for civilization to shine  
the roofs  
the fires  
the warm places  
dry  
people hunker  
and huddle  
cuddle under  
blankets  
all fine

February 19, 2014

## Forgive Forget Fortunate

I'm glad they're gone  
I want to ask them many things  
but they cannot judge and criticize  
I force that lesson into my head  
when my daughter visits  
she is who she is  
her life is not mine

---

February 20, 2014

## But It's About Dogs

so what is passionless about this sexual love?  
adult male bodies!  
one thing is it makes it utter for adult female bodies  
to listen to discussion without being encouraged  
by ten to fifteen love children

so what is shitty about this damned?  
pissers!  
one thing is it makes it shitty for shits to  
suck to terrorist attack without being violated  
by ten to fifteen killers

February 21, 2014

## Passing Fancy

(our) animals plan our saving  
they dimly understand  
but they understand  
they tell us little  
and everything  
we made them  
or they made us  
when they go  
their goodbyes  
are silent

February 22, 2014

## Even The Dumbest

so what is perverse about this pontificate  
one thing is it makes it long lasting for tail  
bones to roll over to raisin nut cookies  
without being turned back  
by ten to fifteen crab eating dogs

---

February 23, 2014

## Simpleton

as I watch  
the world I knew as a child  
is killed  
I still want to hear the sad music play every night  
I still want the darkness just beyond where I sit and read  
as I listen  
the music I loved as a child  
grows sadder  
when I was nobody  
I could sit in my cold dark room  
read and listen  
none expected me to  
anything

February 24, 2014

## Partially True

how many days can I sit here  
work  
having no fun  
same music over  
understanding creative  
thinking of new  
over

February 25, 2014

## Finding A Way

many days like this one  
make the past more glorious  
and the future more glorious

February 26, 2014

## Problem of the Day

how to figure how rhymey  
a text is  
randomly?  
thorough sampling?  
all algorithms seem wrong

February 27, 2014

## Wonderment

we make the world as we want it  
unless it decides on  
something entirely  
else

---

February 28, 2014

## Enigma

they knew what I was  
how far I would get  
they kept me away from challenges  
they must have wept when I left  
failures were no surprise  
the lived on the farm for decades  
believed perhaps  
I would too  
but so lazy  
when asked she told friends  
I was a plumber  
my years of success  
all hollowed out

March 1, 2014

## Past Time

I have properly given up  
I have no ambitions  
I view my past as just a story  
I wish I had never made it even a little  
I want to have been just an ordinary person  
my only fear  
I had no skills

March 2, 2014

## In Recall

the farm in snow  
maple branches encased in ice  
pine boughs silent under the weight of snow  
little pools of dry pine needles at the bases of pines  
a little clearing with a favorite stone  
all of it tinged blue in the retreating sunlight  
green pines  
my love dissipated

March 3, 2014

## Jolene

love song slowed down by  
25.925928%  
incisive to sweet  
with the help of a computer  
that doesn't care

March 4, 2014

## Up A River Tonight

fog drifting  
upriver  
flooding banks and homes  
soon towns and cities  
the battle's with the sun  
warmth against a wet cold  
everything green rejoices

March 5, 2014

## Work Problems

code not working well  
random debugging  
under pressure  
why me

March 6, 2014

## Setback

today I was learning something  
and my faith in my own work dropped  
to near zero  
now I need to recover  
or cover  
my tracks

March 7, 2014

## And The Sand

we drove to the market in Haverhill  
my mother had friends there  
I stood by her side and I  
remember being low  
and they talked for a long time  
probably minutes  
before we went home  
and the grass was there  
for me some more

March 8, 2014

## Alone Some More

I fight to keep from being forced out  
I don't know if I'm ahead or behind  
behind I think

March 9, 2014

## Sample Sized

the sunsets behind tree skeletons  
I believed my future was there  
future is what  
again

---

March 10, 2014

## In A South Long Here

grass green amid brown patches / sand  
behind it all thick and twisted pines  
soft light green needles  
air humid / air hot  
sun washed in light thin clouds  
the graveyard's on a low hillside  
the two have stopped to place a weed yellow flowering with stem  
on a headstone they almost  
passed by  
beloved father it says  
nov 12th 1837  
dec 10th 1874  
no one is related to him  
they passed w/o issue  
all's left  
sand and the wet warmth

March 11, 2014

## Last

someone by my bed  
reading me to sleep  
reading me  
reading  
sleep

March 12, 2014

## Blackbird Song

for the first time  
the zombie show has me  
concerned about the people  
not the plot arc  
why  
how  
questions writers crave

---

March 13, 2014

## Weather

we pray for bad  
weather so we  
can hunker down  
with all that means  
for the walls and warmth  
for the quilts and down  
for the fires in special cabinets  
for this we would risk all  
we would bear the chill  
of getting in in time for the start  
of the swirling snow  
then the still as it came  
straight down  
buried everything up  
to their tops  
we pray for bad

March 14, 2014

## US of Eh?

ruled by cranks  
we are about to pivot  
into stupidity

---

March 15, 2014

## March You Slave

I am marching toward a wall  
or cliff / something not getting  
over around under through  
I find the way filled more with brambles  
every day / I beg for mercy  
let me take a breather  
just once before  
/  
so tired  
so bent down  
so slow and low  
/  
my march is now a crawl

March 16, 2014

## To Ashes

dust to dust  
envelop shape  
started out not much  
rose to a pinnacle  
fame and some success  
a couple of small awards  
fell back to the trough  
no animals though  
I find it sense  
ashes and etc

March 17, 2014

## With A Pro

looking at the past  
reflected in broken glass  
contours are abstract  
details deliberately non-  
focussed

I squint and my eyes  
water / the colors  
are off by a non-  
computable function  
it will nev-  
er be clear-  
er

March 18, 2014

## Mystery Lunch

each day the challenges  
are more boring  
but more of them  
they come in burst  
separately  
sparring  
dancing  
I have no shame  
I want my life to have been something after all

March 19, 2014

## Leaving and Alone

we march as best we can  
through it  
swamps / brambles / shards / thickets  
then the river no one can pass  
the bridge has no bed  
I have no bed  
I can picture all that will go after  
as best I can  
anyway

March 20, 2014

## Extreme Pain Tonight

today everything  
hurts / what hope  
was left is departed  
what a nobody

March 21, 2014

## Home and Here

warm night  
fan pulling cool into my room  
Snooks barking away into the woods  
I can't imagine being in hell

March 22, 2014

## What Fear

progress is hard but makable  
my dreams are horrible  
some are real  
breaking down  
why can't I find a home

March 23, 2014

## Throwing Voice

I march ahead  
even though behind seems  
more attractive  
finding my voice  
find others

March 24, 2014

## Return

quiet tonight  
long night ahead  
I am ready to leave it all behind  
I remember who I was  
and who I was before that  
I am becoming one of them again

---

March 25, 2014

## Returned

took me aside  
described my successes  
mentioned my losses  
it sounded mysterious  
I teared up laughing  
I visited my parents' grave  
I pictured the faithful gathered  
and leaving  
cut grass—its smell  
the liquid sky  
I returned one day  
to a silent somber welcome

March 26, 2014

## Good Night to You Future

I keep thinking back  
to when I had my own world  
you / reading this / long from now  
will wonder what I found in it there  
if you visit the place it won't seem whole  
but pieces chopped from maybe something whole  
you won't see the fields linked into a map  
the woods with small roads dug deep in them  
you won't picture my mother lying by the deep  
rock in the main field crying  
for her father dead by her mother's feet  
everyone after that was no one to her  
not me  
not even  
I would wander the woods / the fields  
the streams we had and the little ponds  
and I couldn't picture what would follow on  
how I would leave  
leave and leave to a dream I fooled myself into believing  
now I stare at the maps  
listen to the droning music  
write things like this  
to people like you

---

March 27, 2014

## Snared

I found her once  
she passed by first then I caught her  
she had been the most beautiful  
she shunned all love for forty years  
at least  
she turned me down many times  
I was famous for years  
now like her I am not findable  
I live in a world sexed by narrow passions  
or did  
she find me once

March 28, 2014

## Paragraphs

fixating and blinking  
my fate is at least as old  
I stumble from word to word

---

March 29, 2014

## The Music of Last

so I listen to the old songs  
filled with melody and sap  
I was not ready for the sights in my eyes  
of yellowed grass and greyed barn boards  
the side delivery rusted and never moving  
the Sears radio we had for decades  
nothing rose above a whimper  
no one drove down our road  
I should have stayed  
made no ripples ever

---

March 30, 2014

## My Father Would Love This

a pretty song on the turntable  
the needle skims the sides and sings  
something orange turns the singing toward you  
the silk covering your legs rustles  
after you have refolded them  
outside past the cold air  
the cold water reflects orange  
riverside lights  
all this spells something  
to me it's simply a scene

March 31, 2014

## Pretty Works

each hurdle is hurdled  
each barrier broken  
the dreams I have sometimes  
wake me out of the dream of life  
strangling me

April 1, 2014

## Merrimack Dreaming

I take it the water is high  
running cold  
as usual for this time of year  
I'd like to be sitting there  
listening to it  
I imagine the water rolls  
doesn't slide  
and a burger later

April 2, 2014

## Amiss

figuring out  
what works  
puzzles and all  
too much doing  
not enough brewing

April 3, 2014

## Compiled

the fanboy comes out of his shell  
confesses & slinks back  
to wait for the hapless reply  
he knows ego compels

April 4, 2014

## Mostly Instrumentals

small and a slow grip  
I grew up / grew apart  
wasted years thinking happiness was right there  
I never understood anything  
someone this week said look where you are now  
I thought no where near where I ever was  
not big / but not small the same way

April 5, 2014

## Who Indeed

who wrote it  
a program helped change words  
to be like another's  
you can listen or not  
did you write it?

April 6, 2014

## Myth or Hoax?

sluiced sprucely on its cut  
is catapulted across its case dumpcart and berthed  
in an aisle while its screw sucks

April 7, 2014

## Last Times

the lure is set  
I'm pulled slowly toward the last boat  
once on it I'm a goner  
I hope to remember a lot then

April 8, 2014

## Will To Go On

I just want to give up  
hassling with this company  
makes me tear my hair  
gnash teeth  
maybe just hope for the end?

April 9, 2014

## No Advice

some are made to fly fast  
slow is my thing  
ponder and reflect  
special is a different time zone

April 10, 2014

## A Fake

the distance  
lights on water  
night time  
but a picture  
seen at night

April 11, 2014

## Nothing

tonight a bug grips me  
too much to do  
time to sleep

April 12, 2014

## Filtering

want to go back  
can't  
the old places  
the things I would try now  
I mean then

April 13, 2014

## Down That Grooved Road

even the sand pit  
jumping down from the top  
my father filling the pickup  
did we have the right  
it was a dark time  
so less ever important

April 14, 2014

## Refuse

too many people demanding time  
it's just me people  
I have no staff  
I have no helpers  
I work slow too

April 15, 2014

## Nothing

so there is a crack  
by relaxing I cough less  
I still cough though  
I remember the hotel in Aarhus  
last time with the warmth at night  
the nights were long  
wet tears on the windows  
I slept just at times  
the rest I tangled up  
everyone saw love  
I see nothing

April 16, 2014

## Go Back

little scenes  
I remember them  
I was unnoticed  
unnoticeable then  
my head by the stones  
in the late afternoon warmth  
or early twilight  
just one last time

April 17, 2014

## Longing for Sense

just wait for it to happen  
the likes are happening tonight  
I wish I had a way to dance  
everyone should pay cash corn for store cheese

April 18, 2014

## Report Today

today lots of confusion  
lots of work  
some progress on senses  
word senses  
not as tired  
paper to work on this weekend  
then the talk  
and a letter

April 19, 2014

## Crapola

you know  
everything sucks like nobody's business  
how many mistakes can I make  
no limit it seems

April 20, 2014

## A Day Alone

find my way east  
spend some days roaming  
I need to be lazy  
a warm place and a little damp  
problems to solve here

April 21, 2014

## Hard

I work on silly things  
but hard  
I work hard  
the task is hard

April 22, 2014

## Form of Content

which factors are important  
how to mimic them  
instead of a warm story to write  
or a relaxing revision

April 23, 2014

## My Day

imagine how to talk  
how hard it is  
spending all day at the computer  
typing figuring  
so so so

---

April 24, 2014

## By The Bridge Twice

sometimes the calm water  
comes to a halt by the banks  
under the bridge  
there a contrast to it all  
the reflections are dramatic  
the greens so strong they're yellow  
sometimes I feel I can listen harder  
hear her steps nearby  
she must have been here so many times  
touched the stones now hidden  
behind brush  
she looked out once over  
this same place  
breathed air the same as here now  
the impressions in her head  
where are they now

April 25, 2014

## Back Monkey

weight of getting it all wrong  
the vacation swings further away  
insights dawn slowly

April 26, 2014

## Fatal Occupation

move from topic to topic  
exploring more what the data structure means  
tune what works to working better  
all indoors  
I need to be outside to live  
when do I get to live

April 27, 2014

## Won't Answer

now it's time to pack  
get ready  
it takes time because I'm not decisive  
work to do  
talk to polish

April 28, 2014

## My Title

she holds the sadness of a generation  
where she lives is only cold and botchedness  
her face has lost its battle  
she once was spectacular  
I've decided to make her my title

April 29, 2014

## When Will It End

I sit here trying to fix things  
worrying about tomorrow  
fear of the trip  
my body just a heap  
pain and sadness

April 30, 2014

## Home Back

long way to go  
I am ready to wander everywhere  
drive in circles  
I can cross the bridge now  
so resting is easy  
I want to just nothing  
to drowse

May 1, 2014

## Promise and Nothing Else

dreamt of many things  
my small dreams when young seemed right  
I did crazy and sometimes it worked  
many people saw potential  
I realized none of it  
explains why they all left  
one at a time  
sometimes all at once

May 2, 2014

## To Find

find a way home  
stay there  
end there  
haunt there

May 3, 2014

## Hard Light

if there is a misleading analogy  
it's that rising is light  
when in fact it's hard

May 4, 2014

## On a Ride Back

tight leather skirt  
long dark ponytail  
she is stark and not there  
she passes out the Metro door  
just as it closes  
disappears among French bushes  
she is not pretty  
she is though mine

May 5, 2014

## Near The Marais

here beauty is a whim  
here it poses as grief  
I've watched them paying attention elsewhere  
tonight they are taking themselves apart  
where the only who can watch  
are the women themselves  
and those like them

May 6, 2014

## La Seine

by the river men gather  
to watch their fortunes  
drift farther away  
the sea is heartless  
boats passing by shine their spots on them  
they weep as the river makes  
its going away sounds  
a downpour scatters everything

---

May 7, 2014

## Perfect Ribs

in the Blues Bar B Q  
restaurant plain French women  
pass by to the toilettes  
the ribs are perfect but stun their insides  
their makeup and clothes shine  
make appear of desire  
they glance like trapped foxes  
at me while I gnaw a rib  
it is all so primitive  
in the brick-walled whitewashed enclosure

May 8, 2014

## In A Long Line At M'O

of all the women it could  
be the one with the green skirt  
whose rear was nice until she  
moved and then  
ay-yi-yi

---

May 9, 2014

## Louvre

they flowed from room to room  
looking at beautiful but so-so paintings  
they stared at brushstrokes  
sometimes at the naked  
in the end they sat and stared up  
I watched them walk away  
watched until the sun was down and lights out  
alone in the museum  
I refused to sleep  
but stared instead  
at brushstrokes  
sometimes at the naked

May 10, 2014

## Leaving The Moveable Feast

above the streets rain rains down  
on the streets cars smear puddles  
night or day it can be like this  
the constant is the groovy walks  
the hips hugged by suede  
a constant reminder of who you cannot be  
with  
out

May 11, 2014

## Late Night Latte

losing things  
finding them a problem  
I was a darling once  
now just a losing problem

---

May 12, 2014

## A Careful Bit of Thinking

places we've seen but don't recall  
the steps / the place where cars arrive  
part of the life of the mind  
places where what you have  
who you are I mean  
fall back into place  
the place where you started  
finally it rains and you can forget  
these thoughts and let them pass  
for folly / for falling

May 13, 2014

## KBT

I fell for her  
she was the first  
she made demands  
so interesting  
I couldn't fathom them  
had I I'd still have her

May 14, 2014

## Every Poem is This Poem

when love is a danger  
we do it anyway  
need to know why  
look to the sky at night  
see the stars so hot so far  
so drenched in acid cold  
that  
doesn't love us  
that's we seek the heat of others

May 15, 2014

## Tearful & Regret

I look at myself  
I am repulsed  
so sad that it will end like this

May 16, 2014

## Like Me

some simple reasons for returning  
again and over  
the cut grass smell  
the ocean warmth in the air  
clouds that mean something  
a river undecided for decades  
think of it  
they all are

May 17, 2014

## Facts and Boredom

today's statement is simple  
lobsters are basically giant sea-insects

May 18, 2014

## Hey Baby

I must move  
must revive my will  
to live like this is vexing  
I must change  
must make it quick  
or forever slow

May 19, 2014

## Who Are We Anyway

I read today  
her daughter searching her  
out from 2009  
now 45 years old  
my Meredith gone all to hell  
I wonder and wonder

May 20, 2014

## Lumped

if you compress it to 90  
minutes any life  
becomes a short decline

May 21, 2014

## Them Up

all the world's a waiting wagon  
pulled off down the road by a pair  
of belgians rose and gray  
sticked up houses rattle as they pass  
if you're patient and wait or watch  
the dark bread will drop out the back  
and dogs will snatch

May 22, 2014

## Timely Bugs

when the time for bugs comes  
the bugs keep coming  
I type back at them

May 23, 2014

## Reading Alone

find me a place to rest  
place flowers there every  
week / cry for the first year only  
then start reading

May 24, 2014

## Misplaced Optimism

after all that expense  
it still doesn't work well  
the setup  
I'll try some things tomorrow  
then spend more money when I return  
it will work

May 25, 2014

## Out and Away

fixed it  
maybe / loose power plug  
something so simple  
maybe / all day no problem  
no sign on the console  
tomorrow Boston

May 26, 2014

## Want

on a warm sprinkle night  
I ate and ate  
then moved to Hodgies  
some better than I remembered  
some worse  
I wanted to be wanted

May 27, 2014

## No Compromises

put it down to luck  
the great pizza from the little joint  
accent and NY attitude  
so predictable  
I cried the joy

May 28, 2014

## Upstate

woods here are over green  
vines brush branches over and underwhelm  
I mean the brush grabs low  
granite under moss  
moss on trees  
sun filtered to green everywhere  
except where it's yellow  
trust me on this bad truth

May 29, 2014

## In Newburyport

I watched her  
couldn't stop  
really / her shorts were loose but short  
uneven hang down  
she stood on one leg  
she was

May 30, 2014

## DisEast

today a long drive to Tamworth  
and a nap at Linwood  
tired but now all the things I need to do are done  
except work things  
I will rest tomorrow  
get photos of the sea

---

May 31, 2014

## Hampton (Not Beach)

the sea greeted me like a traitor  
I drove past the site of my first proposal  
I wondered why I recalled it that well  
the women who were fine WERE FINE  
who was the traitor you wonder  
the proposal was accepted  
then many years later rejected  
surfers know traitorous thoughts

June 1, 2014

## Rid Getting

too many things  
sometimes go wrong  
what is paid is sometimes not owed  
I am filled with a dread as I swirl down  
give me the rid of all my stuff

June 2, 2014

## River Bying

by the river today  
I felt the fear of leaving  
of being not of the world  
it was warm and I dozed  
the river made it's small noises  
like birds fishing and fin jumping  
I am getting ready to go home  
I thought once that this was home

June 3, 2014

## Driving Constant

why is I wander the roads  
driving everyplace over & over  
stare at the same things  
miss what is not constantly delivered  
it's an obsession to get back to innocence  
to be a child and not guilty  
I want to be an unacknowledged nothing  
from now own

June 4, 2014

## Anniversary

five years ago at a beautiful riverside  
we married through the pain in my back  
and extreme bad state  
with really just a few friends and etc  
all the usual things  
we laugh at them when they stand aside  
but we really care for them  
we call it sentimentality  
we call it honest feeling

June 5, 2014

## Bye Success

funny how each failure  
feels less  
I was thinking someone  
said of me in the band  
he is carrying them  
as if I was doing something right  
and important

June 6, 2014

## Waning

want something new  
need some relaxation  
I've shown what I'm not  
now to not care

June 7, 2014

## I Get Worse

the option of quitting is real  
my demeanor gets only worse  
my sentimentality needs an outlet  
I need to retreat more  
I need a warm place that doesn't question

June 8, 2014

## Pegging

small progress  
who would imagine it  
bright colors  
bright sun  
bright shade  
all for want of good writing

June 9, 2014

## Job? Right

today I interviewed a job seeker  
a researcher  
a young woman  
I had nothing  
I sounded like a fool  
I laughed all the way home

June 10, 2014

## Duck Down

like  
I need to duck  
down / hide  
from the crowd  
be no one  
noticed  
dislike it all  
but smile as happy

---

June 11, 2014

## Deserter

this song playing on an AR turntable  
through a Dynaco transistor amp  
into my father made speakers  
alone on Los Robles  
dark at night  
all women vanished and what did they know anyway  
there was no repeat  
I got off the couch after each play and moved the tone arm  
I never knew what their warmth meant  
the places I could go

June 12, 2014

## Joy Drops

have you noticed  
the best songs are sad  
sad songs sung in a constant beat  
the best songs line up to drop  
their tears into buckets  
labeled joy

June 13, 2014

## Eyes On You

almost fully given up  
energy can't drop more  
tired and reading how my death approaches  
rapidly now it seems  
when people tell me of my past  
I giggle  
inside  
but just stare

June 14, 2014

## And Stupid Too

look at my grades  
the comments teachers made  
I was made for menial labor  
I was born and raised lazy  
I made a splash somehow by spewing hard  
now the young don't know  
me don't care about me  
how retro  
those teachers  
so right

June 15, 2014

## Something Special

hard to reckon what will work  
to make me want  
I am tired and don't even think  
of myself as self  
more modular now  
less alive

June 16, 2014

## Flat Sea

the sea is just two colors  
a blue and green that bends toward yellow  
it moves  
always  
at the shoreline it's a pinkly white  
how many is that  
where does it end

June 17, 2014

## Sleep Arrest

the best way to sleep  
by a confused river  
near a wrong color bridge  
down the street from a woman who hates your pants  
in an era when you are nobody  
and no one can tell you different  
when your grades are bad  
and when you get up in the morning  
you move to your mother's bed  
the best way to sleep

June 18, 2014

## I Am Now

I caught me gaze  
out the window where  
she would soon return  
keep me safe from all  
and just wow how  
fragile I am

June 19, 2014

## It's Really Amazing

the beautiful pictures  
he remarked  
so many pictures of the same thing  
and each beautiful  
how can it happen  
I told him I see the place  
I told him the place is there to see

---

June 20, 2014

## In 1937

she lingered  
as the men  
shoveled the earth back over the casket  
with her permission / they needed home soon  
the cemetery wasn't hers or her family's  
the one that was was forbidden  
cool after stifling days  
everything around smelled bad  
she watched and noticed  
a hill spare of headstones  
if time were a ribbon she'd see herself there  
time and again  
later her dress soiled and stained  
a man drove up and drove her home  
the farm needed her though  
she didn't need it

---

June 21, 2014

## Ride Home 1937

in the car she smoked a cigarette  
but the man had all the windows down  
the air brushed back by the river and then Kenoza  
smelled of fertility  
if only the songs she knew were melancholy  
one would be playing in her head  
but none did  
none could  
she wore no makeup so it couldn't smear  
her elbow on the door and fingers by her mouth  
then ear  
she could close her eyes but she couldn't  
the man left behind said not to cry  
her won't tell her more

---

June 22, 2014

## For Years 1937

when she got home cows  
were waiting and near them the pile of manure  
after  
she wheeled a barrow with two bushel baskets  
of chicken feed past the artesian well  
her glance there was to where he lay  
for a long time  
maybe two days  
before she returned and drove  
him to his hospital stay  
she would work hard

June 23, 2014

## Mother Watched Her 1947

her mother  
Nana  
was ugly as they come and fat  
no one could understand it  
she spoke a different language some say  
and danced nude around the farm  
nights but sometimes twilights  
she worked hard I heard  
riding on the mower while my mother drove the jitney  
Hoyt baled the hay / they loaded it  
after the horses were gone they torched the horse barn  
made it look good / like the story was true  
the black horse with the bad name  
yeah he did it  
Nana laughed when she was drunk  
kicked up her heels

June 24, 2014

## Like The Past 1937

out in the woods she found  
the buried jars of liquor  
they made / she dug them up  
and drained them into the swamp  
threw the jars into the farm dump  
breaking them / she thought  
if events had fell in a different order  
the present would be more like the past

June 25, 2014

## William Cook

finding out something purely sad  
what we've been thrown into is a fake heaven  
why would we choose this  
watching the hapless trip  
and stay down

June 26, 2014

## Dreams Unwind 1937

in 1936 the flood  
in 1937 the heat / the death  
in 1938 the hurricane  
what a time to not be yet alive  
but to have a mother live through that  
what would she do to everyone who  
passed by her

June 27, 2014

## Tax People

those people are dopes  
they deserve horror  
and poor sleep

June 28, 2014

## Bad Saturday

unable to sleep  
fearful  
weeping  
horrible night

June 29, 2014

## Bad Sunday

after so much worry  
I forgot for two days  
to write my poems  
never noticed until half through the night  
not well

June 30, 2014

## Be All Right

how can I skip from faithfully writing  
every day to forgetting about it totally  
the colors blue  
me and you

July 1, 2014

## Luck Ahead

I find it hard  
to plan since plans  
are for people with hope  
I just want to sharpen into the background  
I want nothing to be everything

July 2, 2014

## Sleeping in the Field

I don't even get the rejections  
only no calls back  
they act like I've punked them  
don't want it to happen again  
but for me I  
take it hard  
then find a way to sleep

July 3, 2014

## Ink Well

first is figure out what words go in the cloud  
then how much weight they have  
and how to measure their contribution  
how to measure them in comparison  
then how to combine  
and finally the background contribution of context  
weeks of exploration

July 4, 2014

## Fiendish Fidelity

find a way to leave the field  
without making a mess of the fence  
find a way to deliver a message  
without saying words that offend  
like a tree just cut down  
only roots are a solace

July 5, 2014

## Heading

some problems make one wonder  
make me ill to see them  
patience and a hard rock will solve all  
I am waiting for a long trip  
to tire me out

July 6, 2014

## Write More

outside crickets are uneasy  
a worried chirping  
nonstop like a breaking bearing  
speaking of which  
I've lost mine  
I want just one thing  
I won't get it  
I need to write

July 7, 2014

## John and Paul

a lone genius was at work one night  
he got nothing done  
people applauded  
he was the best

July 8, 2014

## Unlinked

Billy Scherbon died  
my last connection  
his memories exhausted  
I'd lost nothing there  
but he was a link  
snapped and deleted  
when I spoke to his wife  
she cried  
I cried  
she for her love  
I for my link

July 9, 2014

## Last Pickup Line

I am thrilled but unruly  
the beauties we know are off duty tonight  
whomever I follow into the lobby and into the lift  
is too heavy for me to pick up  
then there's the agreement  
no one agrees  
I sleep spread out once again

July 10, 2014

## So Right

the nights I drove round and round the towns  
down all the roads  
looking for something  
waiting for someone

July 11, 2014

## Grins

looking into the woods past midnight  
what I see is looking back out  
standing there is a stare  
the whole world is made of a sad sound  
trapped and bent to songs

---

July 12, 2014

## I Remember the Worry

I imagine myself everywhere  
every time everyplace  
I am alone looking at the women walking past  
they keep their silence up  
nothing to pretend comes to mind  
eyes that pass quiet voices over me  
are the joy of deep grief  
I rejoice in it through mist building from the west  
coming to wrap me every way needed  
for the walk home

July 13, 2014

## Fireworks or Thunder

too soon too sad  
the vernacular of responsiveness is ripe  
my body is not able to do more unless I do more  
I am tired and ready for a cool stop

July 14, 2014

## Vacation Factory

today we traveled to the Baltic  
found bad light and a roughed up sea  
I hope for a good night some night  
tonight not

July 15, 2014

## Griebnitzsee

the voice is gone or fading  
I've exhausted my capacity to make things new  
today the sky filled with the shape of smooth Summer  
I sit on the banks of a lake once teeming with hate

July 16, 2014

## Hurt Locker

I failed to write sat night  
this the next day  
I have suffered another attack of bad  
I want to find an alone place  
stay there

July 17, 2014

## All of It

find me a place where I am no one  
just a simple nobody  
I am tired of  
it all

July 18, 2014

## Forever

I believe I've ended a friendship  
I never expected that  
the same flaw as ever  
I saw no signs before it hit  
now I travel away from Germany forever

July 19, 2014

## Less Me

I hope this means I'm home  
I hope I can forget this dead week  
I must be more careful  
which means less me

July 20, 2014

## After Berlin

I am aligned with the tired  
I miss where I've been  
because I will never go there again  
many things like this will begin to happen  
it's how it ends  
begins too

July 21, 2014

## Up

lots of reasons to be excited  
I am bone tired and desperate  
I have some writing assignments ahead  
time to deflect or is it reflect  
I am beat

July 22, 2014

## Whatever Happened

I need an outlet  
I am steaming slowly  
the colors around me are too vivid  
I need to tone them  
kill them maybe  
exile them  
I am like a small mistake

July 23, 2014

## Highly Paid

the end of the book  
a lame sentence there  
on the last page  
the writer had passed on responsibility  
for the ending to his friend  
he thought could write  
they all thought they could write  
a lame sentence

July 24, 2014

## I Won't Tell You

today I found myself tongue tied  
trying to explain a simple idea  
I need to write it  
more and more one of these channels  
works not well  
and my mother would say

July 25, 2014

## And What Else?

sometimes I believed  
I spoke through my guitar  
but we recorded everything  
turns out I muttered  
mumbled stopped and started  
in short  
I sucked

July 26, 2014

## Taking Hits

tonight I found the first  
map with Teremcy on it  
I know with certainty where it is  
my friend said for someone  
“pretty smart” I’ve taken a lot of hits  
he’s wrong

July 27, 2014

**Janis**

a sweet woman once took me to the graveyard  
where she kissed me / one of my first  
then time grabbed us / she married / she lived  
she had a daughter / she died young  
years ago / today I took some time  
to miss her

July 28, 2014

## Medicare

need to apply for old age tomorrow  
I have a couple of days  
but it seems like a simple online process  
might have to go to an office  
for the other part

July 29, 2014

## Who Am I?

under the wire  
more problems with SS  
maybe solved maybe  
not my cup of joe  
I will keep working on it until it works

July 30, 2014

## Shadow Fast

dozens of years past  
I'd sit on the brick of a fireplace  
watch the sun just gone down past  
pines and oaks  
never imagine a crowd  
a following  
an importance  
between times I believed I had those  
now I know it was just a shadow  
coming at me fast

July 31, 2014

## Simple Aphorism

I thought once that speaking smart  
meant being smart  
how else could I “learn” to be smart  
I learned smart was something else  
I can write though

August 1, 2014

## All The Melancholy

people pace the causeway to the bridge  
they are spoken for  
there is something inside them  
something not their skin and heft  
I watch from inside my camera  
people there have never seen me

August 2, 2014

## Possible Finally

I plan to walk the trail  
along the river it seems  
to strange sites / sights  
my memories are all that still work  
I am fearful but ready I think  
for the possibly finally  
are all of you?

---

August 3, 2014

## Days Still Left

the stranger met me after customs  
she knew my name and welcomed me to  
not her country nor mine  
I was tired from 20 hours of travel  
she bought us train tickets  
I thought it was just for me  
we boarded and she played me a song  
on her iPod  
it sounded like a love song  
sung by a clear voiced woman  
to a man  
when we got there  
she stayed the night  
and then some

August 4, 2014

## Foo Some More

always something breaking and wrong  
my plan always is to give up  
and let everything go

August 5, 2014

## Drain Away

a lot done  
a lot to do  
I watch Summer drain  
I've lost most of it to random things  
today I tried to rescue myself

August 6, 2014

## Poem About

this is a poem about someone else  
who looked like me but couldn't look back  
how what he wanted wasn't what he wished for  
he looked away looked away  
this is a poem about someone else  
hiding by a curtain and hiding out of sight  
I looked away I looked away  
I am someone else

August 7, 2014

## Old Age

I am listening to new age  
sets the mood

I wonder what song will be running through my head  
the moment it stops

August 8, 2014

## In Front of Draeger's

tonight I sat on a bench at twilight  
waiting for my ride  
warm night with some cool breeze swirls  
I remember sitting like this many times  
when I was first in California  
when I was nobody at all  
familiar / scary / all that's left

August 9, 2014

## Gnags vs Soul Poets

where are you sex  
in your blue rain cover  
with a burger in one hand  
a pink rose in the other  
fits well to the music  
multiple colors  
I so don't you  
standing in the Arizona Food at Rytmeahans

---

August 10, 2014

## Catching Out

I speak of tramps / like a tramp  
someone who's hopped a train to a fine town  
hopped off / spent a bit  
then hopped on a train to any town  
along the way I watched beautiful women walking away  
I've rested along blue water rivers / blue from excessive sky  
heard the eagles / the fish leaps' splash  
seen the rings expand  
now the tree at last / to lie beneath it  
all is black dark and gone

---

August 11, 2014

## Dying After Laughter

as you've all read  
my gloom deepens  
today someone who rose much higher than me  
was engulfed in more than I  
he didn't make it  
my mind was quick  
Dave Waltz once said  
you have the fastest mind I've seen  
it takes me minutes to see what you're saying  
and then I realize you were there way before me  
Robin Williams was more  
I think it's a disease

August 12, 2014

## Ear Covering

so who's to stop you  
you shut your ears  
who you are is who  
you say you are  
it's no joke  
the old tree welcomes you

August 13, 2014

## Outcomes

I have little reason to expect a good outcome  
I am again in the midst of calamity  
all I can do is speculate and keep inventing  
I cover up and cover all  
uncover my small heart  
the way to thinking is moving

August 14, 2014

## **Crazy Chinese Woman**

I have fear for the future  
working may not work out  
there is nothing specific  
to my fear  
just a lack of connect to the boss  
I keep working  
hard  
maybe that's enough

August 15, 2014

## Learn Better With A Different Partner

he's no friend of yours  
then he wouldn't say  
we repeated  
later I had a Skip's burger  
and in between reading words  
I cranked on the puzzle  
year later / no progress  
I had some ideas for pictures tonight

August 16, 2014

## Against Method

I used to walk the same fields  
along the same stone walls  
the little streams and swamps  
blueberry bushes near them and trimmed by cows  
there were small roads in the woods  
I wondered who made them  
he like my mother  
would think me lazy  
would know it  
still I can dream through my mind there  
listen to wind in the pines  
walk over the cold dead grass before winter  
the rocks that ring like bells when hammered  
he walked here and dreamt of his faraway place  
his is the only story I've made up

---

August 17, 2014

## Topos

I lived in places  
on our farm  
sometimes down to the pond  
another time walking the electric fence  
the back field  
the long swampy field  
the roads running place to place  
on our side  
the short road with a bend  
my favorite clearing  
the blueberry patch with its low trees and waist high bushes  
the big field and its hidden hiding rock  
the pear orchard  
the barn  
the abandoned chicken coops  
other places not as much  
and nowhere now  
I have nothing

August 18, 2014

## Under All

I am afraid for my future  
my support system weakens  
all I can think about is the river  
and summer trees  
I've made progress on my program  
but not enough maybe  
I feel under it all

---

August 19, 2014

## Heavy Walker

she walked heavy down the ramp  
hostess at a fusion Thai place  
in Newburyport  
I had just bought a book  
her skirt was dull floral but slit  
a metaphor I suspect so close  
to the bookstore  
she bothered to walk heavy not lady  
later that night she forgot about my stare

August 20, 2014

## Even Remaining

families who've known each other  
for 120 years  
what can it mean when one family is mean  
are there battle lines  
are their feuds  
how can families be so familiar  
and remain even

August 21, 2014

## At Scherbon's

they loved him  
they hated him  
they wanted him gone  
they wanted him back  
they cried  
they yelled  
they said truth be told

August 22, 2014

## Stop Lost

I have reasons to worry  
I want to drive though  
everywhere and all the time  
I want to be lost  
I want to just stop

August 23, 2014

## She Was Cold in Her Dress

always write down your best ideas  
memory likes to fuck with you  
I had a great title and it's gone for the moment  
but tonight it was Natalie  
she pretended interest in what I was reading so hard  
she became interested in what I was reading  
she shook my hand

August 24, 2014

## Suffer Fear

I was afraid of the narrow dock  
my balance is shot  
I fear  
I was treated well and to good food  
I saw houses and talked to men and women  
the views were great  
I suffered fear

August 25, 2014

## By The Merrimack

I stood by the waters  
unsteady and scared  
mid water line  
grass that can grow out of or under  
no one expects to see me there  
when I'm gone it's just as surprising

August 26, 2014

## Circle

then I left and I  
wish I were back  
to watch everything change and change  
until it's back to same  
except me

August 27, 2014

## Giving Up

the irises grown thick  
finally / a signal of acceptance  
I need to accept me too

August 28, 2014

## Home Bound

the raven stepped away from the ground squirrel  
lump on the road gathering rot  
after I passed  
he aimed his beak at me  
it was too hard to smile

August 29, 2014

## Baby

the fire burned out years ago  
the ashes blown  
I have many ways to say this  
experience baby

August 30, 2014

## Photo Op

the photo of bridge / night  
the warm air up river / cold down  
I want a quiet ending around there  
around now

August 31, 2014

## Last Stand Off

even from her I've given up  
I am my father  
the one who faced the brace of woods  
wondering what he had done wrong

September 1, 2014

## Bee Flower

many ways to slice it  
the bad feelings are more and more  
I suppose it's like this everywhere  
broadly taken  
every day I wonder  
whether the bee that lifts from the petals  
will lift once more

September 2, 2014

## Following Bird

the weather coldens  
things get darker  
my fury is that I didn't grow wilder when young  
and it could have made a difference  
too cautious  
too cowed  
a bird flies away  
I follow

September 3, 2014

## Sign and a Half

bad week  
packing  
hacking  
car hit from behind  
reading  
teaching  
can't meet an old friend

September 4, 2014

## Minus

mother didn't believe in me  
she loved me my wife  
said tonight  
be defending my bad habits  
love minus belief

September 5, 2014

## Lament on Cement

she walks away  
each one down the crowded Paris street  
plainly beautiful  
cloth has more than me

---

September 6, 2014

## Abrasive Regret

tonight a great storm slammed a small place  
people there see no farther than two towns over  
it's a dark place / secrets all around  
they toil to make it to nightfall  
to the end of the work week  
their tears just stain their pillows  
but salve nothing  
but salvage nothing  
I of them circle  
the river flows not caring

---

September 7, 2014

## Powel

he is standing in a field  
holding a scythe / cutting tall grass  
swampy grass  
behind him the pines are fresh and robust  
he doesn't know that soon he would be fated  
I wonder sometimes what he would tell me  
something like  
I was killed like this

September 8, 2014

## Tomorrow

tomorrow I drive  
like an old animal pacing his territory one last time  
I won't travel alone like this again  
I planned it to be easy / low stress  
but I will fear along the way  
the silence beauty / a downwardness  
tomorrow

September 9, 2014

## Day 1

the long drive fell quickly  
I was not perfect but nothing happened  
now in Wendover  
the Utah side with no casinos  
I am so tired

---

September 10, 2014

## Day 2

people are friendly in Cheyenne  
woman stopped to ask how I was  
(from another table on the way to the bathroom)  
another yelled are you traveling?  
from Germany? Switzerland? Sweden?  
I ate my dinner without looking up

September 11, 2014

### Day 3

today in 2001 I was heading to  
where I am heading to now  
tonight I am in Des Moines  
I am driving  
then I was flying  
many flags were low today  
people otherwise crazy can be friendly  
go figure

---

September 12, 2014

## Day 4

today is Kathy's birthday  
older than me by a bit  
I spent a lot of time today  
listing the ways I am nothing  
I think maybe it's time to  
count on a short life and retire soon  
so I don't have to be confronted  
with my failures all the time  
just less of the time will do

September 13, 2014

## Day 5

such a day  
blue and green Allerton  
green and red Allerton  
tonight the room where I sleep is musty  
I will sleep fitfully  
I will program up the treasure hunt tomorrow

September 14, 2014

## Goner

I can't be anyone  
my nightmares kill me  
I wake in tears  
I need to stop  
I need to stop

September 15, 2014

## Loins

I disappoint / the thunder  
claps upon the wind about  
me / I find the seat by the pond  
and wait for tender loins  
to stand astride these lines

September 16, 2014

## Romanciful Luster

musical mistake  
or advanced search party  
what is left to wish for  
no problem is worth my dish

September 17, 2014

**Safe?**

she said it again  
now I remember  
it would be too dangerous  
her way of signaling  
my way of passing by it  
the deep voiced other  
seemed questioning too  
but I leave  
every way possible

September 18, 2014

## In St Louis

forgetting stuff at hotels  
need to be more careful  
time to make it more  
it all sounds wrong

September 19, 2014

## Till

anonymous / in the corner  
people walk past  
some are old friends  
I imagine  
who recognize me not as I don't recognize them  
I'm happy now that my work time is done  
and I can play till I drop

September 20, 2014

## Then

when I return I  
will be in a bind for  
what to do and how to act  
work for the preso and some other things  
code up a storm on Inkwell  
then what  
what then

September 21, 2014

## Static South

pin your hopes on the hopeless  
losing is the result  
instead just enjoy the static  
tomorrow we drive home  
four days southern route

September 22, 2014

## Soft Spoken

drab colors pretty in a red sun  
heading west toward the seat of dying  
we all wonder what it means if meaning means at all  
I am sleeping one town over  
when there are only two things that can happen  
we are the wind and the wheat

September 23, 2014

## Devine

aspens sun yellow against blue spruce green  
sun leaden with sporadic clouds  
blue otherwise  
we made it with some strange maneuvers  
I am dead fatigued and worried for life  
onward to Kingman / devine

---

September 24, 2014

## Encircled

I'll find a place  
on the southern end of a northern sea  
a place where the water and wave never show blue  
where roads soften to green with earthy delights  
I'll find a woman kind and warm  
who will set my soul on a driftwood raft  
and watch my passing out of her sight  
the first touch of woman  
the last touch of woman

September 25, 2014

## Catch Out

in Kingman trains always move past  
they are heavy with poetry  
earlier I would have caught out  
now I watch and as they move away listen

September 26, 2014

## Snarls

home / long trip  
tiring / seeing familiar places  
and new ones / rain / sun  
never past dark  
sleep early / wake early  
home / trip over

September 27, 2014

## Gorgons

I wish I didn't have to beg  
and then mope when nothing is granted  
do I need to change my habits  
ask elsewhere  
instead I'll find ways to promote myself  
to the world of gorgons

September 28, 2014

## Return to the Cabin

I am so tired tonight  
the long drive and stress finally leaking out  
some parts I'll remember with kindness  
but most will pass into the trash bin I've become  
it seems I always turn those who love  
me into those who don't

September 29, 2014

## For Home

as fall rolls on  
I pine for home  
the needles / the colors  
the warm days on top of cold nights  
how at evening the cold rises from the fields  
how the trees sigh as the winds slow  
I spend time remembering  
wishing for the simple  
wishing for the river again

---

September 30, 2014

## She Before Me

she danced while we played  
she moved across in front of us  
and I could mark her progress by the mistakes  
she of little cloth  
today I walked to her resting place  
my fingers recalled the bends and notes  
when stood in my eyes / staring in my eyes  
now she feels like grass beneath my feet  
I drive into a dusty twilight

October 1, 2014

## In a Hotel

my finger is right  
here next to you  
as they say you  
are a woman-smelling warmth  
by a window  
dark and cold  
the city out there  
doesn't care about lovemaking  
my finger is pointing  
at you

October 2, 2014

## Ask Not

what do we do about  
the missing problems  
we dodged  
how lonely we are knowing  
the softness we could have swallowed  
instead I toss on my bed  
away from some of it  
because I cannot ask

October 3, 2014

## Care of Life

been reading about care  
at the end of life  
you can count how many more poems are after this one  
I worry about decay  
loss of will to live  
something out there  
I need to  
find it soon

October 4, 2014

## Bad Everything

hard for me to upbeat these poems  
when now my body is failing  
at least falling  
I suppose I'll fight on a while  
until the writing is ended

October 5, 2014

## Inner Outside

he sat outside at the café  
his coffee was low in the cup  
his danish was crumbs and flakes  
blue sweet on the plate  
he was watching a fabulous babe  
a table over and reading / her hair blowing sweetly  
into her eyes  
after a while she stood / brushed everything off  
walked away her legs tightly bound in her office dress  
he reflected on all this and had a lengthy inner monologue  
about his feelings and his life  
but I'm not the sort of writer who reports things like that  
because apparently I don't experience them

---

October 6, 2014

## Not Far Expressions

we connected by Skype  
I in Berlin she in Copenhagen  
I traveling far from home  
she only a day trip  
her mic didn't work  
so we just sat there looking  
as each moved small  
as each felt a love  
as the trees behind me wiggled in spritely wind  
as the traffic behind her moved in her slightly darker scene  
toward hearth and home  
I decided to stop and quit the app  
what she saw she never said

---

October 7, 2014

## Dentist

today I faced the face of the future  
for me / decay and falling apart  
harsh truth as Morgan Freeman said  
in Shawshank  
nothing was a surprise but  
the frank telling / no sentimentality  
I went home in pain and lay in my bed for hours  
then the pain was gone  
and I could eat

October 8, 2014

## Lessons

the stats aren't on my side  
I need to regroup or give up more thoroughly  
I need more time left not less  
I need to find a way to reflect

---

October 9, 2014

## Be Mine

after watching the Addams Family  
I walked out of the house  
out of the garage into the air  
misty or fogged and the road was damp  
I saw nothing but I smelled the leaves rotting  
in the fall of the year  
I walked up and down the road  
but you can't imagine it because  
both sides of the road were our farm  
small in New England and wooded  
in fifteen years I would become known  
and operate in the high reaches of a technical world  
but all I ever wanted to do was write about this  
walk / make you feel it / because what  
is beautiful is what is melancholy  
feel it please feel it

---

October 10, 2014

## Disappearing

my dream way back  
to live with a beautiful woman  
in the least appealing place  
in Kansas I thought  
I pictured the house  
an old barn  
cottonwoods around  
a long dirt driveway to a small road angling across the grid  
I saw myself holding her hand  
long very long dirty blonde hair  
I would make her what she was  
she would make me what I was  
I pictured people trying to find us  
in my picture our backs were to me  
the sun fronts us  
disappearing

---

October 11, 2014

## Up North They Say

what it meant to me  
what it meant to her  
she saw me as a future  
I the present  
we spent cold days outside  
nights warm under feather comfort  
she was warm too  
something about her  
pulling / pushing  
she came to hate me after those days  
she came to like me after the hate  
we were like lonely people  
holding through the night to our selves  
we forgot the other  
I mean I did  
not too much beyond me

---

October 12, 2014

## Fall Early

the woman in the yellow skirt  
turned her head as I passed  
not me / no  
she kept walking  
when this happens I wonder the life  
that could be had  
how long would the yellow skirt keep it up  
how long before love teaches hate  
she wasn't a straight walker  
all of her moved  
she put everything into it  
her hair the color of Kansas in early Fall  
I could see her

---

October 13, 2014

## Contra Message

I never speak of the coast  
here / the high bluffs  
blue water unlike green of home  
the grass is yellow and the cypress a deep green  
it's all so hopeful sitting where the sun sets  
unlike the metaphors we're taught  
the East starts early  
the West ends late  
the two combine for a long day  
isn't that a hoot

---

October 14, 2014

## Driving By / Driving Snow

in the western part of Kansas  
during a rare heavy snow  
a charging set of engines powers west  
through a town where once  
innocence went to bed early  
and got up only to die  
before the train the whitened ground is flat  
and behind there're two rails shining bright  
with hints of cross beds marching in strict rhythm  
two stories in this / which is the one you prefer

---

October 15, 2014

## Caffeine Dream

in my haste to find good coffee  
I roamed down Romance Road  
which I thought was ironic  
but every café table housed a chick  
so superb the last one seemed a frump  
and each turned toward me as I walked past  
after coffee I walked back  
something had changed

---

October 16, 2014

## In Lingerin' Too

New England is a dark place  
trees surround you  
when darkness rises you are engulfed  
dark sets in early  
persists beyond dawn  
with everything bearing down on you  
the air fills wet  
pavement shines  
or would were there light  
but there is  
streetlights showing us ways to give up  
windows at night before lovers make the dark  
headlights of cars carrying people who believe  
where you are is better than where you are going  
becoming dark is the blessing of seeing old age  
from the haunches of youth  
sit on the stone wall and weep for the red sky

---

October 17, 2014

## Kansas West

on a day like one coming soon  
a murderous thing happened  
where murderous things should not  
no one was there who is here any more  
but we all read about it  
such a joy of writing  
horror of fact  
what I want to say is that  
the modest man who wrote it  
was worth far more than the richest man  
not along ago I happened by  
all that's left are artifacts

---

October 18, 2014

## Right?

I favor small roads  
long stone walls  
sun filtered through soft green leaves  
a river that can't leave you alone  
a lonely woman sipping espresso  
a man who wants to follow but feels another urge  
this leads me to a tiny conclusion  
just starting to form in my body  
something I don't mind telling  
it's about what we write

---

October 19, 2014

## Portlandia

the river outside my window hovers  
like a still life settling downriver  
many people have made themselves nearby  
this place appeals and repulses  
the friendly are too  
I was puzzled as things rolled by  
and you?

October 20, 2014

## Conference Wear

tonight it rains  
the river reflects  
the lights are crazy  
people have forgotten me

---

October 21, 2014

## Onward?

what do we do when a man of power  
uses that power to bad will  
what disruption can be tolerated  
I don't care much any more  
but those who have followed do care  
I want to not be part of it  
but I want to publish there  
and the powerful force is building

October 22, 2014

## Insult More

you can't count on me for anything  
I am beholdng to you  
you insulted me and I am done with you  
get that through your head

---

October 23, 2014

## The Friends You Made Along the Way

rain / coming around and filling up  
the tapas we ate while the girls outside shook their hair  
you tilted your head up the street  
we ate more and your eyes were the green of consumption  
we fought a mirage  
a danger beneath the breathing  
when we finished the table was cleaned  
the rain came  
the tattoos shone blue and red  
the backs of your legs light in their walking

October 24, 2014

## The Books You Read

she laughed an opening  
she was longing for living space  
I told her what I could  
it wasn't enough and I thought  
fly up for the day now and then  
does it make sense  
sense?  
does it make a love

---

October 25, 2014

## You've Cooled My Desire

my warm hands spent the night alone  
I almost cried and then I did  
the cold air swamped my sleeping room  
why do they drive all night  
why do trains sound lonely  
why do the doors far away close so quietly  
when I'm all alone  
I left the curtains apart so the orange lights  
from a nearby iron bridge would shine off the ceiling  
and onto my blanket  
I shivered I think

---

October 26, 2014

## Went Away

we walked through the rain  
when one reckons the days of rain  
the crowds through the past  
that we would walk together that night from  
point A to point B  
nothing else / only one next to the other  
river to our left  
bridge just ahead  
when we parted something went away

October 27, 2014

**October 27**

today is a day  
we rarely spoke of  
rarely celebrated  
why?  
my mother's birthday  
what I remember from then  
the sweet-sour smell of fresh hay in the barn  
fermenting to yellow  
the cows in their stalls / necks held by slats  
my mother sitting by their sides  
one by one  
their tails tied to their legs  
her hands pulling milk from their udders  
I lay in the hay while my mother filled the buckets  
on the night of the anniversary of her birth  
a day never spoken of

---

October 28, 2014

## Kodak or Something

we didn't celebrate mine much either  
only one birthday gift I recall  
a Kodak camera / cheap / twin lens reflex  
I took pictures around the farm  
I was 12 or so  
I remember no other gifts  
a card maybe  
maybe some cards from classmates  
I still don't celebrate  
what's the point

---

October 29, 2014

## O Long Ago

no kids came around on Halloween  
the farm too far  
from town / too few  
kids around on the farms around  
ours / we stocked up a little  
I went around a little  
once I went into town with a classmate  
we were around 12  
we gots lots of stuff  
made some trouble  
but just the once  
I had bad blood in me then  
there still?  
too old to tell

---

October 30, 2014

## Last Day of Youth

sitting by the computer  
waiting for the day I've feared  
the day I am officially old  
the birthday when I'm beyond repair  
like the day of my birth it will rain  
it will be dark  
my mother loved intermittently  
occasionally  
tomorrow I will write stronger  
I will reflect the day  
if only the farm and I were together

---

October 31, 2014

## 65

in school I worried of aging  
being unable all the time  
I planned to die at 50  
nothing works as planned  
I'm here  
today was like the day I got here  
cold cloudy rain a bit  
dark and low  
what does it mean  
what should it mean

---

November 1, 2014

## Fields

coming down the escalator in Copenhagen  
aiming for the airport train station  
I plan to buy a ticket to Aarhus  
while riding down I search for the ticket booth  
at the bottom a woman walks up  
and says are you  
I am  
she has a ticket for me  
one for her  
in the quiet train car she pulls out her iPod and says listen  
I hear "in the days still left"

---

November 2, 2014

## Blackbird Song

I read the names  
familiar but mixed oddly  
combinations as if the choices were few  
I mean the people in the town I grew up in  
were there only a dozen families?  
aren't there places nearby?  
or even far away  
marriage / births  
I read of deaths and before I know it  
the death is of the child of a classmate  
not someone older than me  
pictures are posted  
I witness the loss they tell  
smiling faces of the passed  
dull colors of the past

---

November 3, 2014

## Pussy Play

so it's dark  
the black roads shine  
something warm is nearby  
later the pond will freeze  
children will skate there  
I remember my first pussy  
feeling it  
seeing it  
we played games to pretend we were pretending  
Joanne  
funny how that works  
our house was a cardboard box  
did our parents really not know  
I came home to her with my pants down  
it wasn't cold that day  
nor dark

November 4, 2014

## The Waste Land

days are long  
dark  
cold  
rain sometimes  
even where it's advertised as better  
as things wind down I worry about the time left  
I work hard but what for  
time is a waste

---

November 5, 2014

## That City

you know that city in Denmark  
the one that gets dark early and where  
it rains a lot  
the one with the hotel high enough to see the harbor  
sometimes I wish I could be there again  
for just three days  
three days to explore and remember  
but to have never happened  
so no one could discover the truth about it  
it would be something not to have happened  
like fiction always recalled

November 6, 2014

## Janis and All Them

too often we picture our old loves  
with the wrong shade or with bad whites  
blurry / sometimes faded  
make up a better story  
develop a better photo  
discard the bad time does  
make it a shiny white with stimulated colors

---

November 7, 2014

## Old Photos Some More

looking at the pictures taken years ago  
what can it be  
the looks on faces  
just the light and no light  
far away  
far in time  
each one was thinking when the photographer snapped  
they are all dead though they likely lived long and cried many times  
the shoes they wore have all worn out  
and their smiles are permanent

---

November 8, 2014

## Downtown Affair

tonight a pretty woman sat nearby  
dark shiny shiny hair  
bright eyes and all that  
but her mouth and face were alive and so alive  
I was laid low  
she probably was bad for everyone around her  
there was more to her than this  
she expects no less  
I have all I can get

November 9, 2014

## **Paid For**

pay for what you need  
no more no other  
I can't find the way  
it was through some trees  
it was past a pond  
I didn't find the sway  
but I heard someone mention it

---

November 10, 2014

## Speaking of Tongues

the river that borders my old town  
is worrying its neighbors tonight  
or maybe I made that up  
perhaps the level's too high  
gone dry  
filled with deadened fish  
speaking in toxic tongues  
too calmly reflecting a super moon  
forgetting its several bridges  
becoming ordinary and so disappearing

---

November 11, 2014

## Appeasement

nothing would make me as happy  
as being to just sit by the river all day  
read / write / doze  
eat less often but feel filled  
buy books at dusty bookstores  
grab a lobster / why not  
think about the differences  
between green and blue  
while forgetting yellow on principle  
appeasement

November 12, 2014

## Careful Friend

one thing after another  
goes wrong  
my thinking is too soft  
a friend is in bad shape  
after a health thing  
he is still sharp but afraid  
I think  
of losing  
himself and the ones he loves

November 13, 2014

## Good Bye

I wanted him to be better  
but we weren't friends  
not really  
he came after me many times  
I dodged mostly  
those around him play nice  
he has much  
I waved goodbye nicely  
and meant it

November 14, 2014

## An Electronic Device for Losing

A man I knew had a big butt shaft.  
I thought he was a big nut case.  
I thought he was a big generalized anxiety disorder.  
I thought he was a big insult.  
A man I knew had a big cockspur hawthorn.  
A man I knew had a big law of partial pressures.  
I thought he was a big pain in the neck.  
A man I knew had a big fundamental law.  
I thought he was a big sex offense.  
A man I knew had a big contradiction in terms.  
I thought he was a big snake in the grass.  
A man I knew had a big case law.  
I thought he was a big embryoma of the kidney.  
I thought he was a big prickly ash.  
A man I knew had a big screwup.  
A man I knew had a big transurethral resection of the prostate.  
I thought he was a big mental case.  
I thought he was a big adult respiratory distress syndrome.  
A man I knew had a big screw bean.  
I thought he was a big pricking.  
A man I knew had a big tree of the gods.  
I thought he was a big fruit of the poisonous tree.  
A man I knew had a big bill of sale.  
A man I knew had a big war whoop.  
I thought he was a big false lily of the valley.  
A man I knew had a big bastard pennyroyal.  
I thought he was a big breach of the covenant of warranty.  
A man I knew had a big war hawk.  
I thought he was a big case.  
A man I knew had a big prisoner of war censorship.  
I thought he was a big man of the world.  
A man I knew had a big defensive measure.  
I thought he was a big quality.

A man I knew had a big dumb bomb.  
I thought he was a big range pole.  
I thought he was a big crank.  
I thought he was a big part.  
I thought he was a big color.  
I thought he was a big sound film.  
I thought he was a big wind gauge.  
I thought he was a big display.  
I thought he was a big seat.  
I thought he was a big lift.  
I thought he was a big simple leaf.  
I thought he was a big personation.  
I thought he was a big viewer.  
I thought he was a big blue star.  
I thought he was a big negativist.  
A man I knew had a big tail fin.  
I thought he was a big suck.  
I thought he was a big glass.  
I thought he was a big tenth part.  
I thought he was a big radioactive decay.  
I thought he was a big blues.  
I thought he was a big winner.

---

November 15, 2014

## More

a lot of places in Europe are yellow at night  
when it snows people weep and carry umbrellas  
my eyes / on nights like those / water  
and like a camera lens the lights are blurred  
iced branches are fearful on such nights  
they have no warm place to sleep  
aside from yellow there are no colors  
a woman has taken off her clothes  
hoping for me  
the snow loves me more

---

November 16, 2014

## Rain & Anger

if I walked the streets back there at night  
I'd fall into the rain and would slip  
into a persona  
I know why now  
I lose friends rapidly  
a bad part of personality  
anger of sorts  
I know where I get it  
my mother's side  
her father  
on those streets I forget those things  
I think of things to say  
wrong things  
if I'm right the yellow lights will catch me walking  
leaves stuck to the sidewalk  
I need to be someone else  
maybe here

November 17, 2014

## Quick Quick and Dark

so I thought about the nature of yellow leaves  
against a blue background and have concluded  
the more northerly the site the more delightful the sight  
I've studied the women there  
I mean northern Europe / but study in a distant manner  
from afar is what I mean / I watch them  
but not like a stalker / like a writer I hope  
they dress darkly and in winter  
in layers of dark over light  
and shades from grey to black  
they wear booted heels and walk cautiously on cobbled sidewalks  
they wrap scarves around their necks  
I can only guess how they hold you on a cold night  
I imagine their touch is quick or frantic  
they smell I imagine of unusual soaps and lotions  
when they exude erotic pleasure their accents are still in place  
something learned acting where instinct should take hold  
when they talk to me they are wary  
what I might say is a worry  
I could be something evil holed up in a fragile frame  
when I watch the leaves I watch out of the corners for them  
they walk past quickly  
I wonder about them just as quickly

November 18, 2014

## On Our Bellies

many words have been written  
explaining how love cannot be explained  
I have a hat in my hand and a road beneath my feet  
all far away / all farther each day  
I want what we all want  
a slow walk to the end of the road

---

November 19, 2014

## Square Lands

in the farmland in the midwest  
the dirt is like a lotion  
the horizon is a circle we live inside  
the sky everywhere  
the trees are low most places  
cottonwoods / streams in death throes  
smells of crops and hogs  
I started to learn there  
I was still broken  
I am  
now it's quiet and all I want

---

November 20, 2014

## North Again

quiet and still cold  
I wonder who's waiting in bed  
a fire in the pot belly is a reminder  
the streets are empty aside from one dog  
a motorcycle peels out  
the smells of fires hang low in the cold  
how many times has this happened  
a woman is brushing her hair  
to the sound of music made centuries ago  
a time she will not read

---

November 21, 2014

## Streets Yes Streets

a garbage truck leaves tracks  
in the shallow layer of snow  
left earlier in the night  
in the city no one wants to live in  
they are sharp going almost to the pavement  
for the snow is savage in its tenacity  
I'm standing at the curtained window  
watching earlier tracks nearly refilled  
along the sidewalk that leaves from the door downstairs  
she was neither beautiful nor successfully warm  
but we kept the universe above out  
for another night on a cold rock around here

---

November 22, 2014

## Feel the Pain

we take pictures of the sharp day  
blue in the summer / green in the grass and trees  
the brights days / good days  
what of the snowy and blurry  
the days too dark to make out  
nothing with color  
someone watched me take the picture  
watched the slow care I took with the tripod  
how I waited for a nice time  
let the camera open for a minute or more  
then they walked away  
around a bend or behind a bush  
she / let's say / wanted me for those minutes  
an artist she thought  
not looking for the common  
then she thought better

---

November 23, 2014

## And Am

when I got here I fell  
for the dusted golden late afternoons  
where insects and odd smells blended just before  
the sun went behind the Coastal hills  
eucalyptus trees / tar weed  
I was once then exotic so attracted many strangers  
I came believe I was smart but I was just adaptable  
flexible / a good talker sometimes  
none of that was in my head back then  
only now do I recognize how undistinguished I was

---

November 24, 2014

## Ferguson

we learned again tonight  
that evil likes to smile  
when it wins but shouldn't  
people making the rules favor him  
the evil  
the scared cop was a coward  
or a wimp  
the law says that cowardly cops  
and wimpy cops should never go to jail

---

November 25, 2014

## I Expected More

we drove to Southie for Thanksgiving  
we passed my father's father's  
grave / unmarked  
no one knew it was there  
everyone said  
but I found it  
I  
found  
it  
the turkey was always good but overcooked  
and brazil nuts  
and sour cabbage  
I was bored and slept  
they all talked  
sometimes in Lithuanian  
I was bored

---

November 26, 2014

## Back Then

we walked to the bay  
then down to the castle  
talking like I never did with mother  
we talked like adults  
what he thought I can't imagine  
we stayed until near dark  
we ate more then drove home to the farm  
for the next days I'd gather princess pine  
for wreaths and we'd make them  
we'd plan for the town forest and a snuck out tree  
these rituals seemed permanent  
instead I am transient / fragmentary  
I wish for just one year of those old rituals  
with a notebook in hand

---

November 27, 2014

## Phoney Niners

how silly to pin your self worth  
on a sports team  
you are not they  
they are not you  
they work for money you can't imagine  
how they perform is up to things unrelated to you  
how you perform is unrelated to them  
when they lose a lot it's easier to watch  
so there

---

November 28, 2014

## It Is

everything about me is wrong  
the best I've had was the most wrong  
staying on the better side is a chore  
easily botched  
listening to my leads I can hear the issues  
enough raw talent and beauty to note  
but enough mistakes to make it all a joke  
when they said life is but a joke  
I guess they're telling it

November 29, 2014

## Reality and Religion

hunting for the snow that hits the river  
looking for a place to lie down  
a place where it will feel warm  
even in the coming storm  
people I imagine will read these poems one day  
and be surprised I was once alive  
I won't know anything then  
didn't know anything before

---

November 30, 2014

## Asshole They Told Me

something messed up  
I am shedding my lights  
I have little to say anymore  
no one listens nor should they  
lots of people have concluded the same  
I have wasted my life being the bad person  
I  
apparently  
was taught to be  
by someone  
or by genetics  
I hate having to reconsider every single thing

---

December 1, 2014

## Lokhvytsia

digging up facts from 100 years ago  
not so easy when the people are unimportant  
they nor their children made one but of difference  
for me it's passion curiosity  
my plan as always is to make up what I can't know  
and what's made up becomes what's known  
reinforcing the story  
because we are people  
people

---

December 2, 2014

## Neither Is She

she found a lot of reasons to sway  
while she sang  
but slow for the music was down / chill  
I am reminded of the central valley in a hot dustup  
driving through it  
down it really toward Tehachapi then Mojave then Barstow then Needles  
finally Kingman and the Dambar for steak and nuts  
she sang with a bit of sadness or resignation  
I imagine her sleeping in a hot bed in a hot room  
I imagine trains pulling past the hotel all night  
heading up / heading down  
I am not for her

---

December 3, 2014

## Special Captured

the desert is layered flatness  
you might think not much colors  
or perhaps not many colors  
they are all there  
and a lot  
everyone takes a picture  
of the straight road from the vantage  
of the passing stripe  
creosote and strange clouds  
a model was driven up to me  
she asked directions  
her name was Nicoline  
I snapped her great

December 4, 2014

## FTB

I hate this state  
I will dissolve Dream Songs  
when I can  
damn them

December 5, 2014

## Fundle

I am itching all over  
lots of work to do  
that is no fun  
I wait for the world to back its phobias  
like a lake out of luck  
with only a dam to keep

December 6, 2014

## Mommy

she told me tonight  
she thought my obsession with cemeteries  
was silly  
I wonder how many other things she doesn't much like  
many have a list  
little mistakes a long time ago add up fast

---

December 7, 2014

## Farmland

in the end we all worship our pasts  
because back there is where all that went between  
is about to happen  
but we only construct those middles  
they seem so innocent  
even for the worst of us  
I remember the soft fields before the first snow  
the hollow yellows almost brown  
the ground hardening under  
leaves piled along stone walls  
shagbark sharp still and hard birds only  
I want it again

---

December 8, 2014

## No Wonder

then there were not many houses  
the road was narrower  
the air was more filled with wood smoke  
in Autumn we could hear gunfire booming in woods  
where hunters were roaming  
I could see only poorly then  
I understood little and was lazy  
I didn't have much upside they all said  
the farm was broken down / not much upside  
we were all nobodies around there

---

December 9, 2014

## Dance Class

I remember the time my mother dumped  
me at Stephen Kimbrell's to walk over to the elementary  
school for dance class / around 6 or 7 I think  
the school is two blocks away  
Stephen was not home / no one was  
I walked there alone in the dark  
crying the whole way  
crying so hard I still remember it  
vividly / my mother sensed something was wrong and came back  
I went home with her  
any wonder she thought me feeble minded  
any wonder I still can't travel well alone

December 10, 2014

## Left Alone

she had left  
on the early train  
back to her unknown home  
I stayed back  
went back to my room  
wrote some / slept some  
I resumed  
she too  
now it's now

---

December 11, 2014

## N° 5

when Meredith was on my mind  
at Christmas I would think of  
n° 5 / young  
I was thinking old  
my mother knew of this  
I don't recall her comment  
but I recall her commenting  
I would look at our tree  
think of how to do it  
I never did  
never could  
still can't  
or couldn't

---

December 12, 2014

## Heh

so what's to say tonight  
about using my program to help create a good name  
for a program I don't care about  
my program's cool and demos well in some cases  
I like playing with it at night  
like just now  
and I called it work

---

December 13, 2014

## 12 13 14

another one of those days  
a sequence or pattern  
it's hard to like days like this  
they are artificially interesting  
but is language too  
around now I want to stop doing things for a bit  
no coding no writing only reading  
thinking about snow  
wanting something new  
along with my skin tone

---

December 14, 2014

## Deceased

we tobogganed everywhere we could  
put up mush blocks to toboggan through at the bottom of steep hills  
aimed for narrow pathways between fields  
took a movie camera with us sometimes  
the film developed blue from the snow  
we watched those movies over and over  
then our family ceased

---

December 15, 2014

## My Legacy

today a man retired where I work  
who had forty foster children over his long life  
many of them attended his retirement party  
some were still young / one in a wheelchair  
in front of all his scientist colleagues  
who stood to praise him he  
talked to the young ones  
made faces at them  
calmed them down  
plainly loved them  
I stood / watched / wondered

December 16, 2014

### **Is She A Porn Star?**

if you have a good point  
don't lie / don't exaggerate  
don't invite people to question your motives  
your point will be lost  
you will appear a fool

December 17, 2014

## Myself

it comes down to beliefs  
I guess / I am chagrined by my silliness  
I want people to tell me I suck  
so I can justify throwing it in  
I weep

---

December 18, 2014

## I Like It Smooth

calm black water smoothed  
by watching over time and remembering  
people like this too  
smooth and uniform  
the places we lived um loved  
slick and sleek  
time rubbing away the quirks and uniquenesses  
like a soothing massage after a long  
long day

December 19, 2014

## Ink Well Wrote These

dark gravity—  
an orphan drifts drunk  
into the pink

a drop of holy water—  
as if the world had been filled

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December 20, 2014

## Staring at a Mountain

one of the funny things is how  
unlike earlier times I think  
it's possible to revisit the things  
of our youth  
like music  
music I thought long gone  
on tapes not likely to have persisted  
digitized and I listen on the road  
from my computer  
everywhere  
like a bad dream revisiting in the day  
a memory I hoped to forget  
all that and good sound quality too

December 21, 2014

## In A Motel Room I Once Slept In

a poor motel in a low town  
a woman with a deep desire that floats away each morning  
has checked in and is checking on dinner joints  
the people who live here work hard jobs  
they are not literate but they are not lonely  
faith is their milk  
the town is divided into the strip  
and the homes  
the strip the former main road  
the homes down in a wide valley no one thinks is a valley  
trains follow the old road  
really the trains cross the continent  
the woman has too  
she wants sleep and sex  
but settles for a tough steak in onions  
she logs on to read mail  
the motel room just keeps on smelling

December 22, 2014

## Far Over the Sea

am I dead  
there are too many roads left out there  
one of them passes through a town  
where a woman with good lips might be waiting  
in a diner by the highway that hijacked the town  
she was once homecoming queen and now just a woman  
I was once dead

December 23, 2014

## Marriage Number One

only two marriage dates I recall  
this is one  
my first  
a cold day but clear  
we stayed in an old inn in Sturbridge  
she stripped for me  
it was an adolescent fantasy  
we weren't shy  
many ways we were perfect  
but crazy dreams got in the way  
I thought I was more  
she thought I was less  
as time went on  
no we are nothing  
as if nothing like that ever happened that day  
or any other day

December 24, 2014

## Eight hAIku

a man  
steps out  
of the old woman

a route of steel:  
as if the nature had left

a game—  
this play in play  
best not a game

morn light:  
a cicada killer comes to the fore briskly  
into the bitter orange tree

a bitch,  
this piece in school  
for the first time not a relative

a bee fly  
eases up out  
of the flower

a patch of ice:  
as if the roof had followed up

a snail  
gets out  
of the box

December 25, 2014

## Nine hAiku

a boy  
this moment in time  
for the first time not a bird

a city of marble:  
as if the sun had changed

a two year old  
breaks out  
of the violet

ephemera / a ray of light—  
a bird of prey travels  
toward a common oak

a source of preservation:  
the roof had popped

a lion  
this night of change in life  
is not prey

a yellow jacket  
starts up out  
of a tree

this winter of winters  
close to the wind  
is not a bitch

a source of bitter principle  
as if the sun had changed

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December 26, 2014

## Perilous Journey

we would play every week  
a night with 2 or 3 hours of music  
we never got any better  
recordings are sometimes sweet  
mostly inept  
only one or two of us took it seriously  
the others / just social times  
archeology brings it all back  
how we can dig things up  
how well we preserve them from then on

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December 27, 2014

## Finding It

you can read a sad story  
of an evil man and his insane wife  
he was executed on death row for a bad crime  
she married him while he was in prison  
in his execution she found humanity  
in his execution he found humanity  
no one else who read the sad story of it  
found humanity

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December 28, 2014

## Squaw Ways

sometimes I pretend to be a writer  
everyone knows better  
one word in front of the other  
easy peasy  
for example  
for many years I could not get into Squaw Valley  
even with Brenda Hillman bugging her husband about it  
finally I made it  
but why  
nothing good came of it

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December 29, 2014

## Goodbye All

I never can remember what other last weeks of the year were like  
cold and I read a lot  
maybe  
worked too much  
maybe we went up to Tamworth  
for the snow and cold  
back then not many went up in the winter  
we would stay warm with a furnace and a fire  
each other too  
nothing great to eat there then  
I find the past too long gone

December 30, 2014

## Resolutions It Seems

year about to end  
cold tonight  
the rigors of figuring out work  
is an enemy to happiness  
next year will be better  
do less  
get back health

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December 31, 2014

## Taking Stock

when people are tied to their land  
they are settled and all is good  
when they have little or what they have  
could fall away easily / without much warning  
untethered / fear grows / life seems less  
every day seems far away from the farm  
my mother hated it / her father gone in her arms  
was it simpler / did she work harder  
was I feeble minded / why am I