

“even the skyscrapers will fall...”

even the skyscrapers will fall
once judgment calls
Jesus on a mustang
Mohammed on a palomino
Abraham on a stallion
Buddha flying?
and look at Nietzsche chasing behind
 with apologetic bakery goods
 to satisfy their sweet teeth
 and be allowed to sit in the orchestra instead of the
mezzanine
 but even those folks will hear the obese soprano
 belt the final note of the billions-years opera

no point running...just grab some popcorn at the concession
stand
 ,a diet soda for your sweetie
the ushers won't mind junk food at this point
The great drama of history

and next door
the Marx brothers cry a different sort

Some Advice

there is a springtime boom
of daffodils; yet she makes
a boon request for cherry blossoms
in mid-afternoon

I thought any flower would do.

"bright colors, women love them"
said my grandfather
as he lay dying atop white sheets
(later at his viewing wreathes of gerbera daisies
and carnations
decorated the mourning)

Chasing Trains

step lightly onto the
platform

the train will be by soon
through the long tunnel
concrete covering the moon

newspaper pages fly from the trashcan
to the turnstile
to the beggar's feet
to the tiled beam
to the change machine
to the oncoming subway fleet

the winter front manages to travel
down the escalator
greeting your face

it cannot compare to the arrival
of the midnight line as it rushes past
rustling clothes;
then the doors open

Song

boxes for coccyx
shoes with blues
wood all good
paying their dues

lumber no slumber
leather's not feather
books for crooks
in turbulent weather

fleece for geese
dog chase hog
records for leopards
typing up blogs

build a guild
sever the lever
poet who knows it
thinks he's so clever

jokes for blokes
pool of drool
smart a start
to know you're a fool

Amy from Utah

the bartender: with tattoos covering her arms
and back, colorful too, not just green,
black, and blue
probably tough, though not showing it in her
flower-paletted summer dress,
sweet voice in salt lake
and her movements:

at one end, picking up a pair of empty mugs
dropping them in the
sink
draining a tap into a glass gliding
past
making faces at a Canadian whose jokes were none too funny
("fuckin-a"(the way he

talks?

the hem of her dress blows in the opposite direction she walks

(newcomers hesitant in the doorway)

she yells an offer of beers from the tip jar (of
course they'll stay)

once it hits 1am Mormondom, the patrons go home
the bartender stays behind
cleaning, watching out the window
into empty streets

Lady, My Desire is Drunk

i'll start at the bottom of the pyramid
climb up
thinking you might be there.
the sun burns my flesh
until bone and blood show
then again, so do those of
other slaves
working, dying
all for the idea
of you sitting up top
with a filled chalice
to the one who reaches
your throne first.

Here Hollywood...Make a Script...Again

in a corner near the men's bathroom a zoot suit cavalier swallows
his vomit,
he started happy hour a little too early because the pig-tailed
bartender
fed him long island after long island after long island after tequila
shot.
amused with her antics and skill as a heartbreaker while being on
the clock,
as her samurai-obsessed supervisor scanned his capitalist/feudal
corporation/fief
for illegal immigrants looking to work for cash up front, no
hassles, freely.
an undercover detective stared at the mirror behind the bar
imagining
what his invisible badge looked like, perfect in his head, without
fallacy
unaware of the jazz bassist sneaking up beside him taking his
place
next to the sober seasoned prostitute – the most popular and still
chaste,
saving herself for the unhappily-married proprietor - her number
one customer -
also the richest poor man this side of the tracks, a pleasant fairy
tale that occurred
starring an alcoholic actress who threw all awards away off the
plate boundary:
a real abyss unlike the insignificant despair of the characters she
portray-eed.
the clicks and clamor of cameras, blinding flashes, the craving
crowd

and a poor man stooped on the sidewalk ignoring her, snapping
his platinum crown
reminiscing about his foretold betrothed - the promised princess
- despite mother's protest
to allow the courting of the PhD candidate with the initial base
pay to invest
in the one-minute millionaire's idea of making short life last
longer and more fruitful
which is the perpetual materialization of intangible dreams and
relative truths

Dolls

we walked down the Target superstore store hand in hand:
so I wouldn't stray too far from her and

Dad:
pushing the cart, hunched over the handle

a group of bigger kids huddled in front of a flashing screen
above their heads,

praying hypnotized
- only one controller for one player at a time
to test out someone else's life before resetting and returning
back to their own
the next supplicant eager
to be the one to surpass the five minute limit

i skipped past the hot wheels and matchbox cars

Dad's eyebrows raised skimming quickly wondering if a
1978 greased gremlin
sat tucked behind the newer models

triumphant but silent 'eurekas' echoed in the action figure aisle
as twin brothers cried defeated
begging their merciless mother for at least
a vehicle to share

stuffed animals were for babies
insecure constantly wanting attention
even if from a 15-inch plush bunny

as soon as I saw the pink and sky blue boxes
I liberated myself from Mom's grip
and knelt at the sight of Barbie: