

Age Eight

One of the bad guys
became a good guy
and teamed up with a good guy
to fight two bad guys
and the two good guys
beat the two bad guys
and that was very exciting.

After the match
the good guy
(formerly a bad guy)
sucker-punched his teammate
and the two bad guys
they had beaten
returned to the wrestling ring
and helped the good guy
(now once again a bad guy)
stomp and kick the good guy
and that was very sad.

Two other good guys
(formerly bad guys)
saw what was happening
and jumped into the action
and overpowered all three bad guys
and helped the fallen good guy
to his feet.

"Lunch is ready," my mother called.

I walked into the dining room,
prepared for the world.

Wrong Direction

She slurred her words
and made ignorant comments
about the cabbie's turban and
I thought I ought
to boot her ass out of this vehicle
treat the cabbie to a beer
delete my online dating profile
fly to Japan
enter a monastery
relinquish booze
and women
and television
and everything which has brought me
to where I am
now paying this cabbie
entering her apartment
and saying
nice place
you got here.

Remote Life

The game shows
the talk shows
the sitcoms
the reality shows
the sluggish eyes
of apparent lovers
on nightmarishly calm
Sunday evenings.

To think:

Decades before
these were children
STAMPING
their feet into puddles
with joyous abandon.

Now
one of them
reaches out,
changes the channel.

The coffins yawn
in anticipation.

Tunnel Vision

Terrible things are happening to very good people
right now.

A tube up the ass
a breast removed
bandages ripped from burned skin.

And that's in civilized parts.

In other parts of the world
and perhaps in dark corners
of these parts
testicles are being shocked
fingernails pulled
faces being pushed into
puddles of self-made
urine.

Meanwhile I sit
up in bed
miserable.

Work
tomorrow,
again.

Scenic View

The strip joint goes mostly unnoticed
at the corner of Dirtball Drive and Weary Way
as do the rooms above
with their filthy curtains their memories
of so much sad sawdust indifference in the eyes
of the poster girls pinned to the walls.

Now a pigeon lands on the windowsill
a man hunches on the bed edge
a woman spreads herself to the vastness
of the smallness of the moment and
the pigeon flies away.

Christmas Eve

The children of everywhere
lay out their cookies
and dream up colorful gods and gifts
and now *Anastasia* takes the stage
wrapping the pole
with her body
for six separately seated men
aged thirty-seven to
sixty-three.