

ORCHARD ROAD

Treachery afoot!
They feel free and I like slime
In a pit the tender bottom
The rank and reek-hot sides
The smell is tender, too
Last odors, last rites
Chinks of light, voices, mind
Who's in charge anymore?
Together we were sleek, slick
Blown back by panther breath
Wanton orgies of taste
Limping beauty on the wind
A mind, cotton, a trap
The best of days, the knife harvest
Shins and knee-socks kneading our dough
Shaving our plastic limbs
Our hearts and minds
Tattooed with drunken skulls
The floors for walking, the oven for singing
Angry rivers miss their due
Their ribbons blue
The days march, may, whistling rains
And the forgotten sun, returns
Heart's armed uprising
Human romance better left to skunks
Missiles aimed and waiting
Shame, not perfection
A burning engine, American spirits
Patches of road, rain shines
The moon a plop of mashed potatoes
Vague poppies, opening the door
A smear of carpet and two bright lips
Brick and glass estates
Holding the hidden, their secret alms
Called to Evening Vespers, the open road
Rice showers and quilts
This dream, gobs of obstacles
A salutary lie, the houses joined
Company, stinking kind
The mountain pine sublime
Desire, magic fish food

A faint shadow yonder, the hereafter lurking behind time
Do you want to save this day in a box, or a sacred wood?
The riddle of chimes, hushed on the wind
A sprinkle of coolness, our grace
At the bottom of one more glass of wine.
Our indefensible aggression, defused by snap peas
Aimless platters, soaked in treasures
Lapped upon like chop on the dock
The anniversary of rubbish, sorrowful meat
Boxes of blush, golden and beholden
The price of admission, beer and the lion-faced moon
Dips into the salinity of earth blood
Ocean holiday, twinning my mind
My red past, flowery, buried in time
Land plain, the sea sanguine
Clutched close to my chest, polyps of foam
The fond farewell beyond, sardines
A home in the bosom of God
I am old, the booze unfurled
The joy of crying, close
Loving apples, drooping low on branches
I'm wistful and wicked, arching eyebrows
Lubricated promise, the oranges of one more year
Seasons under your belt, tooled into the strap
Holes and glory holes, punctured ether
Her sin and the fickle fire which keeps the sirens at bay
My second family, their home
This planet of worth, four million miles away
Revolving around each other like giant buzzards
Bodies clinging together, magnetospheres
So-called holograms of intrinsic love
Shy borders decreased, troubled and bruised
The shame of speaking light, right or wrong
Healthy and celestial
Sugary, my tears, implanted, don't belong to me
Accursed, assaulted, back-ordered
A song pre-verbal, a homily pre-spiritual
Puck the unholy doodad who inhabits my soul
Who swells my paunch, shivers me timbers
We were a band, our unholy mettle
Licking a pit, tickling the ivories, hair on end
Commie pinko raps the center of the stone
The Christmas miracle happens again.