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Zero Star Hotel (Edge Books 2002)

Integrity & Dramatic Life (Edge Books 1999)

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FREE CELL



FREE

CELL

CITY LIGHTS

SAN FRANCISCO



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CITY LIGHTS SPOTLIGHT

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For Karen

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HAVE A GOOD ONE

Have a Good One

Not bellowing for mercy.

Not arming the donkeys.

Have a Good One

The compatibility of cynicism and conviction would unnerve my foundations were I not conjoined with friendship itself at its staggering wake. I looked up and saw business associates all around. I'd only

risen too quickly before faces set back in. But the gestures in mind, the icing of all personal bureaucracies seemed done. References, references in the deep.

Have a Good One

I didn't come writing

out of the womb

you know.

Have a Good One

You are

what your

record says

you are

Have a Good One

Maybe I can write all poems I should have written tonight this year. Stupid lonely work ethic driving me to puke ant wars

on two-star unusable patios.

Shan't be getting wrecked or how long will I own this porous be? A trick gesture's enfeebled question.

Don't like covers. But getting away from it all is beautiful treason in the land of cheese eating surrender monkeys. I feel ugly and hairless. No, I feel randy and beerless. The
flea-flicked play action as
part of the martial brain.
Lead by screams. I hereby
invent anonymous gods
to look out for the terminally
inhibited. Go forth, and bend
not these ugly fates toward
their piss-ant excuses for darkness.
Don't kill anyone I know.

Have a Good One

My mission tonight is to not get so drunk I can't properly emcee. It's surprisingly easy, because I'm thinking about experience.

Fathom cost by merit of vainly wracked advances to light takedown's mist.

Keeping under wrapped pace with market forces' multi-orbital yet self-revolving mis-circulation

of service's inference. You will have more or less money at less value in the near future. Ideas?

Have a Good One

Choose your own adventure lacked possibility. Try coming home to your wildlife books sold off by adult creep types after enduring Boulder's second grade. You're hopelessly

out of touch with the culture
you use by looking at. You
can be culture, but not
accused of it. Dream giant
cockroach in the wall
dreams, more often
pull endless string
from the mouth.

Have a Good One

history pops
noble usury, redemption
dusting off the rubble
for an unrated peek: cushy, etc.
resistance, etc.
existence threatened
indie section
on demand
street selling a future option:
handing out

poems like the free
cell guy.
That 300 unconsciously reflected
a culture losing its mind
is what I liked
about it.

Have a Good One

Non-identification has its rewards.

Hey dude. In the sightless ocean deep, red-colored shrimp can't see red. Other creatures that emit red light dine well at the expense of such weakness.

```
Missed yr duration
       while streaming
              froth backwards
                    gazing to isolate
                         paunchable staid vitriolic
                              intimacy within
                                 the just purely
                                    not believable
                                       destruction of Troy.
                                        Nope. Now
                                         I'm fusticating flarf
                                         suppositories in my own
                                         bought-into home.
                                        But my truths
                                       equate to
                                    desert holes
                                 secreted in absentia
                              tears. Mine. Boom.
                         It is like that
                    around me.
              Ask the animals.
       Senility managing
back page stability.
```

Have a Good One

Tone Dead, I mean deaf she calls me

with joy.

"Unprofessional" a punk from Hell calls me.

I should

do research?

Have a Good One

It's a comfort to pine for a drill sergeant.

Be eating out yourself some time & smile at me

but don't come to me.

Impressive mind, not in skull.

Have a Good One

Schwag measures the night
meaning I've been through
the drawers of this stranger's house
& found the path
to mild depravity.

Have I not walked it before by anyone's standards? Anyone's high non-exclusionary standards?

Stop telling me I look tired.

I know what I look like.

Tell me how I feel.

Have a Good One

When they kill us they'll find us attracted to their forms

followed by a new Man Vs.
Wild

Have a Good One

Chilled crap garage. For my part its been an honor to be at someone's service, though doing so has diminished my expiration date and my astral selfprojection has already fled in bitter tears having used up even addiction. But my physical self really gets politics, baseball and the art of listening. And I still have friends. More, even.