



MENDES BIONDO
RIVER HOUSE
BLUES

RIVER HOUSE BLUES

MENDES BIONDO

River House Blues
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*To Elena,
my medicine woman*

RIVER HOUSE BLUES

The Charlatan Song for The Great Burlesque

c'mon you fool
get into this circus
I know you want it
I know you're waiting
to see saggy tits
swinging from a martini glass
demons dancing all around
a rock'n'roll song
played by green men
with fat, shining bellies

we love the gonzos
their eyes like velvet gloves
for the curves of our dancers
following dunes of skin
gonzos are the blessed folk

c'mon you fool
you're drunk
you're made
you're sweating delicious
you're bloody horny
we've got all kinds
of lollipops of lust

young girls
thin and smooth
old men in tuxedos
jazzing all night long
mature women
giving you the pulp
of life

RIVER HOUSE BLUES

don't be shy
of this holy fruit
it's not a sin at all
and short of time
you'll find
this blessed show

so open your eyes
and deeply drink
from our lovely
witches' pot

sabbaths are for oldies
we shake the earth
from our rickety
wooden stage

it's burlesque baby
and I'm here to say
c'mon you fool
get in and enjoy

Stockings And Blankets

bettie page crossed my mind
flying through my dreams
she was wearing fishnets
and cackling like a witch
as she flew by
over my head

from the foot of the bed
whistled felix the cat
an old tune
about a riverboat
where wild bill hickok
paid the bill with his life

gotta tell you
something boy
sang bettie from above
if you wanna have fun
with my angel nena
you'd better just
treat her right

an old stuffed beaver
smiled from the nightstand
looking just like
billy gibbons' beard

I said yes of course
bettie blinked and I sat up
sweating and in search of
nena's body next to mine

Cheers

you want to be like me
so you get drunk
like I do
pouring that hooch
down your throat

down your soft white neck
hard sips of rum
seated alone
at a sad cafe
with strangers passing by

I get drunk to meet my gods
when I see your perfect body
I drink rum to toast to victory
or my friends and all
their successes

so you drink to be like me
but those sips
were hard to swallow
and you cried them all out
like poisoned rain

Talented People And Those Who Prefer Paradise

I knew a young man once
we passed a lot of time
together in the same room

we shared the place
but nothing sexual
between us
we both ate pussies
like they were bread

I knew a young man once
and he was just
the best writer
I'd ever read

young
cruel
true

a writer with balls
or at least he had balls
when he wrote

I'm sure he will succeed
in writing I mean
and I know that
he will do it

RIVER HOUSE BLUES

putting yourself out there
while you're dying inside
and the world is
a giant fucking mess
now that is what
I call talent

he would spend
the whole night
joining parties
a social beast
while I am just a bear
who prefers to have sex
and drink alone

I always preferred to die
in my own paradise
made of boobs
alcohol
silence
and the moonlight
shining on my balls

I don't have much
talent of my own
to be sincere
but I'm safe and sound
and that is enough
for me

Have Mercy on Me (I'm Just A Lazy Boy)

my old pal porterhouse
was sending tons
of emails

keep writing bro
never give up
doing your part

I was just having fun
I'm just a lazy boy
thinking of a subject
for my next chapbook

but it is hard when
monsters keep trying
to eat your dreams

I'm not giving up
just taking my time
I lied to him

but porterhouse was made
of thunderbolts and lightnings
he saw through my game
all too well

he was a native warrior
always riding down the valley
in search of custer's head
and the hands of geronimo

one hot summer's day
nena came around
she asked me how I felt
and offered her magic
to chase away
all my demons

RIVER HOUSE BLUES

in my cabin near the river
we played like tom sawyer
and huckleberry finn
if they were into having sex
three times a day
and cooking together

she gave me the harpoon
ahab used to fire
at his nemesis
ol' moby dick

it never worked
for him she said
but you are not hunting
for a big white whale
now are you?

I told her I was looking
for a leviathan instead
some bigger beast to kill
like a cyclops
or a trojan horse
made of wood

this harpoon once killed
a windmill she said
now shut up and look
at these other gifts
I've brought you

Medicine Woman

I revealed my deepest secrets
opened every scar
so you could see
into the flesh
of my life

now I have to kill you
as james bond would say
but I decided
I'd make love
to you instead

I was sure
you were a medicine woman
a shaman with a bag
of magic roots
an ancient spirit
that could heal all
the ripped-up parts of me

so you did
and there was light and darkness
throughout your dancing ritual

I was drunk
but you cured my sickness
showing me the right path
following me into the night
for a long cathartic piss

we got up late one morning
and we talked about our future
we should write a list of proposals
you said and then you sweetly kissed me

Last Night I Had A Dream On The Riverside

woman
you're a sacred fire
you're like a guitar solo
I feel your vibes on my skin
crashing like waves
strong as the tides
of the deep ocean

woman
you're a purple sun
falling into the sea

woman
night is high right now
and your body is my moonshine
in this darkness made of sand
and sweat and moans

Slow Sunday Death

have mercy on me
this sunday sun is hot
the wind is cool
birds are singing
and in love
and all is fine

have mercy on me
if I want to sleep
I don't want to be worried
about deciding to die slowly
on this sunday
full of life

have mercy on me
I have a strange way
to worship my own gods

The Last Summer Sun

there will be farewells and goodbyes
words of reassurance
eyes full of tears
but not now

there will be the smell of train brakes
at some provincial railway station
rivers swollen with fall rain
but not now

there will be our long last hug
the sun fleeing to the west
shining on all windows
but not now

now fingers intertwine
hot and lustful kisses
your breasts still full of summer
and the slow dance of your womb

now there is your skin
now there is your hair
now your eyes surround me
in the warmth of their embrace

autumn will come
with his cap of dead leaves
and the chill of the new season
but not now

now we are here
naked and on fire
burning in the flames
of the last summer sun

Hot Alabama Nights

hey woman
walking birmingham streets
there's a war down there
but you already know it
wear your helmet sister
we need your fists
we need your voice
your burning eyes
you tiger of the forest

hey woman
the sky is burning over mobile
our skins are shining bright
our hearts a jungle village
of agent orange and napalm

night will come woman
you'll be under the watchtower
with torches and strong fists
with which to fight

call your sisters
near and far
call your brothers
they will come
call your children
mother earth
our big mamma
call them all
with no fears

it's war woman
and these alabama nights
will shine as your bright tiger eyes

Jalapeno Kiss Love Poem

jalapeno kiss
that's what she's called
even though she's
a japanese rockabilly

nipples like bullets
point the way to the sun
choppy waves of areola
when the sea winds blow

a tattoo on the skin of life
drawn by a lustful samurai
even masters of bushido
cum on sight of
her bright eyes

she was sucking on a gherkin
her katana dripping red
on the white washi sheet
upon her bed.

she loved to write in kanji
the head of her last lover
punctuates the close
of her haiku

the mantis satiated
she now uses her pickle
to write another love poem
on her clit

She's a Banshee Not an Artist

some dude told me about her
an artist who lived and worked
down in the basement
of her old house

a dark dusty place
lit with candles
books and art
and the potent aroma
of an evil witches' brew

she wore a long gray dress
swollen belly with flat breasts
skin as gnarled and twisted
as birch bark

gotta love banshee mama
her white fingers
her gray hair
she knows a thing or two
about life

hell's a cold place son
she told you
this is a town for zombies
a graveyard for the souls
of drunks and artists

I fell down the steps
leading to her witchy lair
with her dogs barking
biting at my heels

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I come from a far away place
she said
eyes glowing as she speaks
I know a thing or two
about hell

the dude who brought you there
has no idea of what's happening
devils playing with his mind
seeing taxidermied tigers
rabbit's paws
voodoo demons
visions of tiny little skulls
pills scattered on the floor
pumas with their shining claws
roaring from a velvet painting

in the meanwhile
I danced with a succubus
a fairy from another dimension
while her evil dogs played their violins
and the great hurdy-gurdy of the world
turned over for another ghastly gig

'the heck bro
that place was a mess
I would not have fucked
that witch for anything
said the dude
once the sabbath had ended

She Played On Herself The Best Electric Guitar Solo

she was under a heavy rain
a hot one
water raining down from the shower
she decided to direct it
to her most secret place
and she felt just like danae
I'm a goddess now
she said

the pleasure began to rise
with the twilight sun
the high tide and full moon
and the lioness stalking
the gazelle

she wanted that pleasure
she knew it was good and right
because she was a goddess
and all is good and right
when the pleasure
is so strong

she cried
yes
she wanted it
yes
the rain over her
yes
this feeling of immortality
yes

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it felt so right and good
yes
all this pleasure for you honey
yes
the thought of her lover
yes
this feeling of freedom and power
yes

drop by precious drop
the water hit the floor
flooding the white tiles
breaking banks of bare feet
her own rain mixing
with the shower's

at the end
as her breath began to slow
after all her moans of pleasure
the roar of her inner lioness
just the tapping of last drops
and her shining smile
brighter than even the sun

400 Pigs Per Hour

one of those mornings
after the unholy sabbath
buffalo bill and I
were smoking the calumet
and drinking mezcal
purple sun rising
from the east

nena was still sleeping
and the old lazy river
slowly opened its eyes
scaring the ducks

my father worked in a factory once
they killed 400 pigs
per hour there
I said
I wanted to impress
my friend ol' bill

not bad man
it's a pretty good number
he laughed and said
but nothing close to my
4,000 plus buffalo

he tipped his hat
rose his glass
and toasted to the sun

RIVER HOUSE BLUES

there's no honor
in killing pigs
he said
less in killing them that way
that's why I'm happy to be dead
your times have no honor
no will to hunt
no sense of blood
even sex seems flavorless now

I toasted the rising sun
with my own glass of mezcal
I passed the calumet back
to buffalo bill

well
time for me to go back to hell
he said with a smile
gonna hunt me some buffalo
and chicks

then I felt alone
till the sun was way up high
and nena finally woke up
for breakfast

Oinking At The Moon

some people need a mask
to hide their faces
from the mud
all the shit and blood
and other humans

they mask themselves
while writing emails
or a poem
or simply breathing

maybe they just want
to burp or fart
but they can't do it
not without wearing
the right mask

I knew a lot of them
from politicians to clerks
all of them called me a pig

you have no fear of life
you pig
you smell of sex
wine
women

you love eating tasty food
and you don't even care
how we judge
your piggish behavior

RIVER HOUSE BLUES

well it's true
I love the juice of life
it's short the time
I've got to pass here
and there are many
good fun things
for me to do

but

making love to my beloved
she kisses me
she calls the name of many gods
I know that something's happened
something good and oh so right

this pig broke his ribs
pain is in the music
this pig saw the stars
with no mask upon his face

stardust on my gaze
cleaned the dirt
gave me wings
and a fine pearl necklace
just for you

Stiletto Woman In My Kitchen

brian setzer rockin' on the radio
corn jumpin' and jivin' in the pan
chili slowly cooking in the pot
nena was out for her daily sunbath
I was looking at the bubbles
of sauce in the pot
when in came
the stiletto woman

carmen calavera was her name
but people used to call her
many different ways
the reaper
the hell bell
the light at the end of the tunnel
or simply just death

she once told me
to call her carmen calavera
it sounded good and right
so I did

what's up buddy
she asked
it's been a long time
since we've seen each other

yep
I said
hot chili now splattering
the counter

meat and corn huh?

so it seems

RIVER HOUSE BLUES

why so long since last time?

I had issues to solve
my car broke down
and a lot of people passed
another happy day
on this land

bullshit

yes maybe you're right

I saw you were happy with nena
I didn't want to be a pain
in the ass as always

I smiled
she smiled

she dipped the spoon
into the chili
blew on it
tasted with pleasure

tell me honey
it won't change right?

she looked sorry
then took another taste
of the chili

you're gonna die
one of these days
she said
politicians will lie forever
rivers will flood and run dry
and fools will rule the world
along with those who love
stupid parties
cheap beer
and poor choices
big money no taste
do you remember?

I nodded

we stood in silence
till the meal was done
stiletto woman took a dish
of corn and chili with her
as she left

you already gained
another day on this land
she said
blinking before
she disappeared

River House Blues

will you write a poem
about it?
she asked

yes I think
I said

she took off her bra
and knelt down before me
to drink of my burbling
fountain

she swallowed me down
as she played with my butt
we were two acrobats
yet did not know it

there were ducks
outside the window
a procession of boats
the slow and tired
flow of the river

the walls caught on fire
as she rose to her feet
slipping out of her smoking
hot panties

will you really write a poem
about it?
she asked

yes I think
I said

her pussy then enveloped me
trapping me deep
in the blaze of her
molten carnal vise

The B Side of Poetry

if you want to slam the truth
in the face of the people
keep it low

if you want to be loved
even when you're hated
keep it low

don't mind about
the sex
filth
surreal stories

dante became famous for his inferno
people sang his verses
while bukowski was the idol
of many the misfit
they both gave people relief
happiness
a place where they could go
and feel safe

so shoot your best bullets
and keep them low

from the ground trees grow
from the bottom of the pyre
fire gets hotter and higher
from shit and vile things
all life is sustained

RIVER HOUSE BLUES

people always live
into the B side of life
they will understand better
your angry rants than your sighs

write that B side down
make deep furrows with your plow
into the gold skin of life
you'll find truffles
jewels
other precious things
draw a rough path
and then follow it

have yourself a bath
in the petrol of life
and when you strike oil
dance under that shit
those souls of the damned
they will bring you right up
to your highest point

if you want to be like wine
blood
rain
tears
everything simple on this planet

keep it low

The Jordan River Was a Great Shower

I sold my soul
to your hand woman
you blessed me in your church
baptized me in this shower
water falling on our heads
you knelt down before me
your hands tight in mine
a celtic knot

a perfect bond
made of flesh and bone
blood sweat and tears
piss shit and cum
hair and nails

the blues played in the background
and the drops on our heads
were stomping to the rhythm
of our hearts just like drums
the music of our bodies
washing notes
shampoo bottles
soap sliding on skin
then balms and creams
and howling hair dryers

our skin was steaming
we got clean
took care of us

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let the dust fall
from our shoulders
perfumed like ancient gods
in a ritual lost to time
the sacred bull of orpheus
spilling blood
like scalding water

now I know I love you
now I'm sure
you said to me

but you were
holy bread I ate
and I was
holy wine you drank
many times
the night before
already

I sold my corpse
to your hand woman
I gave it all to you
now I am free
now I know I love you

The Walking Salami Is Always Right

rollin' down the river of my mind
huckleberry finn was fishing
with his old trusty rod

I was on a boat playing poker
porterhouse was with me
we were both gambling
with wild bill hickok

I've got something
to tell you guys he said
hickok took a moment
before throwing his hand
on the table

people will tell you
talent is important
but it's how you play your cards
that makes you the man
who you are
never trust fortune tellers
or those who try to
sell you some great future
life always ends with a bullet
in the back of the head

broken nose jack
was standing there behind him
he tried to sneak a peek
up cute little betty boop's skirt
there she sat across the room
but she re-crossed her legs
at ol' cab calloway's
kind suggestion

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so jack lost his view
got mad and pulled the trigger
and bill sprawled forth
onto our table

there were aces and eights
up his sleeve

porterhouse smiled
as I collected the money
tom sawyer was waiting
on the starboard side
with his raft

once home I kissed nena

I cooked beans for dinner
she said

a little salami walked
away from our table
offended for having
not been considered

She Called Me Gringo

oh woman
you showed me neon lights
at the edge of the frontera
you gave me my magic name
gringo
you said
while all the fish were listening
and the eagles nodded yes

you put a spell on me
taking magic herbs
from your medicine purse

eat me
nena the seer
once said to me
then you'll find your way

wandering deserts
could be tough
here's to you my oasis
water for parched lips
gas for iron horses
and a quilt for cold nights
under the stars

RIVER HOUSE BLUES

I walked until my boots broke
and she was right with me
with her eyes of snake sight
shining through the sand

I reached the first saloon
they served distilled sweat
and an elixir made
from dreamers' tears

never drink that stuff
she told me

now I walk free
I'm the horse
the water flask
and the gun

she made a man out of me
bestowed my magic name
she called me gringo
yes
that's my name

Chameleon Tree

trees have a sort of decency
when they near the point
of death

nena was staring at the fallen tree
raindrops beating a savage rhythm
gringo was soaked
and caked with much mud

look at those colors
nena said
they look just like a chameleon
this tree passed a happy life
hosting birds and squirrels
they all gave birth
to their pups within his wood
that tree was more alive
than any human
on this earth

nena and gringo stood like rocks
while a dirty river of rain
grew ever bigger and stronger
all around them

we should learn from him
how to stand for years
under all the force of nature
gringo said

RIVER HOUSE BLUES

that tree knew
just how fast and bright
lightning can strike
the same place
more than once

they looked like lucy and charlie brown
in a comic with no color
drawn by an invisible hand
the hand that knows the difference
between truth and falsehood

except for that tree
he was not drawn
he was real
full of musk
and living creatures
and he was fully
and completely
without sin

Socks And Other Plagues

I've never cared
about pairing socks
an utter waste of time
others seem so worried

what if someone sees you
wearing unmatched socks?
it's a real pity for them
but I've always thought
of it as god's matter

the first time he failed
he lost all his creations
a man killed his brother
fathers killed their sons
and sold their wives
and a great flood came
and fucked the whole thing up
a second time

we faced plagues
and other kinds of sufferings
when god failed matching socks
yet again

but at least we had a story to tell
drunk around the campfire
but never use that one while flirting
trust me it doesn't work

so don't care about your socks
if they never seem to match
just think of it as writing
your best story

Love is for Explorers

love is for explorers
for those braves who need to know
the hidden treasures of this island
teeming with exotic life

love is for explorers
always missing the full map
just an X to mark the spot
and the vastness of the ocean

love is not for bureaucrats
cartographers
or white collars
those well seated at their desks
and so sure of all their flowers
in the garden

explorers have no need
of things like spouses
barking dogs
always waiting
back at home
with open arms

love is for explorers
never sure if their next step
will be the right one
or the end
of a great voyage

Thank God It's Friday

last time gringo thanked god for friday
he was working
and his job was going fine
but now he's unemployed
with his computer screen
casting light upon his dark
and somber face

gringo's hand is on the mouse
it's the trigger used to shoot
his cv into the heart of cyberspace

you've got to graduate
the old people told him
wise men and women of the village

gringo did it
passed all rites
but of course you know
he did it his own way

now time is passing
and fridays
saturdays
sundays
are now looking
all the same

eyes wide open
on the trail of a stagecoach
gently he caresses his rifle

RIVER HOUSE BLUES

you'll find your job
the old wise folks had told him
but you must show less experience
you are scaring them away

besides the coaches are all empty
their gold stashed in other countries
while snakes and lions guard
the precious booty

gringo is still there
waiting for the horses
nena is there with him
his brothers and his sisters
but not the wise old people
they'd dissolved last time
he'd tried invoking their help

clouds of dust
growing nearer
beads of sweat
on gringo's brow

for my folks
he cries

the shot rang out
high and clear and true
in this whole wide canyon
made of jobs

The Smoking Pot

hey gringo
she shouts my name
from beside the holy river
I did not turn my face
to meet her eyes

such would be arrogance
and the gods all hate
that kind of thing

I was walking up the road
nena close behind
but I'm not running
out from hell
to save her soul

it was a cool afternoon
the sun was shining
on our skin
my heart was pumping
hard and strong
like a hot rod engine

hey gringo
do you wanna some sugar
for your dry lips to taste

she smiled
and in that moment
even more light
hit me still

RIVER HOUSE BLUES

I've got some beans
and sausages
she said
do you wanna be
my secret sauce?

I could only grin in response
she was pure as the water
pure as the fire
beneath her pot

but I forgot she was the seer
and I was just the gringo
so she cooked me up
with spicy beans
and tasty little sausages

it's bud spencer
and terence hill beans
she said with a laugh

in no time I was sinking
to the depths of her seabed
made of fishnets
bouncing titties and
those hot smoking beans

Sunset Cock-a-doodle-doo

so I left the river house
thinking all would be lost
nena with her medicine purse
porterhouse and ol' hickok
bettie page and betty boop
buffalo bill
carmen calavera
everyone

the madness of those days
was more than an experience
felix the cat cried when I left
broken nose jack
just sadly shook his head
and fired his best shots
into the air

I was quite close to home
when an old-fashioned gal
with a long giraffe neck
in a light blue dress
and fancy hat
began to crow

cock-a-doodle-doo
cock-a-doodle-doo

RIVER HOUSE BLUES

the sun was now setting
so I answered her
saying

you're a bit late hen
and you're no spring chicken
i'd say it's past high time
for your broth bath

she just grinned in response
purring cooly as I passed
meow meow

so I smiled to the sun
knowing nothing
would have changed
after all those wild times
at our good old river house