



FLANAGAN & MCDARIS
KOMODO DRAGON
TONGUE

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RYAN QUINN FLANAGAN
& CATFISH MCDARIS

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ISBN: 9798277093283

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I'd like to dedicate my writing to Ryan Quinn Flanagan. I would further like to send my love to all of my acquaintances in the Small Press. Peace and Health.

—CMD

To my literary brother Catfish McDaris and my amazing and supportive wife Shona. Big love and respect always!

—RQF

*Dedicated to all our readers. If you keep reading, we'll keep writing.
We'll probably keep writing either way, but thanks for reading our
shit just the same.*

—AG

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TWENTY-ONE GRAMS
CATFISH MCDARIS

Naked and Stoned in New Mexico

Vanilla Fudge opened for Led Zeppelin in 1969 in Albuquerque. No one had heard of Zep. 6 hippie chicks and 3 guys, myself included smoked golden buds and ate Purple Haze acid. Tim Bogart the bass for the Fudge blew John Paul Jones off the stage. Carmen Appice tore John Bonham's drum solos a new ass. Later they would play with Jeff Beck. Robert Plant was scream screeching in perfect pitch to Jimmy Page's axe hacking guitar. We all took more acid and smoked peyote. Then Page took a violin bow to his Fender. It was unearthly vibration tornado sounds. We barely found our ride after the concert. People were doing the zombie stumbles. A guy with us decided he could fly, he got on a garbage can and jumped off until he was all fucked up and bloody. We made it up to the volcano valley above the Duke City and made love and watched the sunrise, all of us naked and stoned.

No sexual content, no vulgarity, no profanity

Aw fuck
Holy shit
Piss and moan
Fart breath
Stinky pussy
Limp dick

Eating vulva
Sucking nuts
Tonguing clits
Licking scrotum
Titty mash fuck
Juicing eyeballs

I wonder if this will
fit their requirements,
Willie thought.

Dolly Parton and Vincent van Gogh

Sniper gets hit by Dolly Parton's tour bus. He passes out and wakes up in her bed, they knock off a good romp and she puts on a movie with Willem Dafoe playing van Gogh. Sniper tells Dolly it's bullshit, Vincent looks like he just stepped out of a barber shop in every scene. She and Sniper go around and around, then he asks her to play Jolene, she says she'll have to put on a t-shirt because her titties are so big, she can't get to her guitar. She removes the shirt after the song and Sniper woke up on a park bench wearing that shirt with her perfume. He hears, Tom Waits singing Christmas Card from a Hooker in Minneapolis.

Five-Finger Discount

Nasty Jack was a greaseball biker from near the Mexican border, he got his name from his Levis being so stiff, he could stand them up in the corner awaiting his reentrance

He was always working on Indians and Harley Davidsons, occasionally he applied his magic to four wheel vehicles, but he preferred the freedom of riding in the wind, unless he was

Pulling a big shoplifting job requiring a crew to cart away the stolen goodies, his hands were invisible fast, I worked with him a few times as a distraction man or driver, Jack knew no fear

I'd entered stores with him and never seen anything, outside he'd unload eight huge Porterhouse steaks, three bottles of Heinz 57 and he'd grab a rack of fifty packs of Marlboros

Situated right in front of the checker, he once walked away with two dollies of booze, one had nine cases of Corona and the other had top shelf tequila and gin

We never knew what Jack would show up with next, but he never came home empty-handed, he wrote a note goodbye and said forget about being thieves, he was going fishing at Boca Chica where the Rio Grande flowed into the Gulf of Mexico.

Amarillo

My brother called from a
town outside of Tulsa, he
needed my help to remove
some unsavory characters

He knew I'd been in almost
up to my neck in Vietnam and
most of my life, he referred
to me as an overachiever

It felt kind of strange wearing
a star, since I'd always walked
in shadows of good and wicked

My first day on the job, I met
a thief, rapist, and child abuser
all rolled into one, I gave him
fair warning, he pulled his pistol

His hog leg barrel traveled straight
toward me, I double tapped his
chest, his lungs splattered the wall

He was dead an instant before his legs
received the message, finally he folded
like a house of cards, he made a sound
like a broken sick accordion bagpipe

I stayed for a week, I didn't have to kill
anybody else, my brother was relieved
when I laid my badge on his desk,
everyone was rested a lot easier

Pointing my Ford west I headed for
Amarillo and a senorita that could make
enchiladas so good, they'd bring tears
to your eyes and a smile to your belly.

Crime in Milwaukee

It's rough all over, for blacks
and whitey in blue and out, a
black man was sitting on a bench in
Milwaukee, whitey popo put 14

Bullets in him, he was supposedly
nuts, he grabbed popo's baton, folks
are walking up and down the streets
waiting for Sharpton and Jesse to speak

And Paula Deen to show up and
cook fried chicken and prove she's
not any more of a racist than any
other God-fearing American

Then we have this 20-year-old black
kid that rapes a 101-year-old lady
and wears a dopey grin into court
and he's bragging to the cameras,
saying how famous he is now

A 10-year-old girl on her way
to school was dragged into an
alley and raped by a 26-year-

Old 300 lb. scumbag, he had his
pants down and threatened to
kill the little girl if she ran

Her screams brought people and
the cops arrived, they captured
the animal the next day, but not

Before he molested the girl and
murdered her innocence and purity,
the baby rapist pervert deserves
a slow wretched miserable death.

Quicksand

Jose's amigos arrived from Austin in a new 4-cylinder Mustang, they said it had no pep, they asked him to destroy it for insurance money

They harvested 20 lbs of psilocybin mushrooms, covered them with honey, froze them, and transported them in an ice chest, 10 lbs were Jose's if he did

The car, he wanted to strip it and sell it, but they insisted he blow it up and burn it he drove out to a caliche pit followed by his lady and soaked the Mustang in gas and torched it, later he called the cops

He tried the mushrooms before selling any, they were strong, sort of like good acid, but they made him laugh for hours, Jose decided to go see Iron Butterfly

With a quart of Coors he ate some 'shrooms,
parking his short a few blocks away, the
hallucinations slowed him into snail turtle
motion, his stomach was grizzly growling

Seeing a dark backyard, he dropped a load
and a rat dog kept barking so he used it for
ass wipe, he gazed up at the brilliant sky

It started raining whores and tequila, he felt
thirsty and stiffer than petrified wood, he led
three senoritas to his car and got a bucket to
catch some cactus juice in, looking in the
back seat he saw the stinky little dog

Jose figured he had been adopted, he asked
"What's your name boy?" The dog replied,
"Quicksand, motherfucker and I need a bath."

It Only Hurts When He Cracks a Smile

Quick was hustling nine ball, shooting with an eagle eye, it was from growing up on snooker and billiard tables

This dude got pissed off and pulled out a Saturday Night Special and shot him right in the ass, his lady dragged him to the hospital, he felt

Like he was between a dream and a nightmare, Quick was laying on a gurney waiting his turn, when they rolled in a fat heart attack victim, the nurses

Peeled off his shirt, the doc said, "Son of a bitch, this fucker looks like a gorilla" they applied the paddles and turned up the electric juice

His body jumped off the table like a fish out of water, he was flopping on the floor next to Quick, they jolted him again and his chest hair caught on fire

Lucky for him his lady had marshmallows and chopsticks in her purse, they were soon having a nice picnic minus the ants.

Red Purse Full of Marijuana, Peyote, and Tears

Kaleidoscope plumbago on a zephyr wind
jasmine, honeysuckle, and lilac perfume
wafting in the vibrating heat wave as I wait

Rivers thunder mellow jazz ravens dancing in
the banana trees, time is wiser than people,
dying is just waking up on another tomorrow

Tears of God the panther ate the rose, a delicious
morsel of ghost, memory, rain, for two months
I waited by the house in San Angel and Casa Azul

Sitting for a cafecito and churro, a red purse full
of marijuana appeared, soft hands covered my
eyes, "Do you like mota, gringo?" she asked
"When I was a hippie, I toked," "What's a hippie?"

I told her as we took a taxi to a park where they
trained bulls for the corrida. "When the matador
kills them I feel their pain, like my accident."

Nailed To A Tree

At first glance I fell on the floor and did a Three Stooges cartwheel move. I thought holy fuck a duck; it got better quick. I had visions of Jefferey Dahmer and Donald Trump, cornholing each other to tenderize their meat. Here comes Wicked Candy with bone dust and a stringer of catfish. I nailed the fish to trees, gutted, and peeled their skin, we dipped them in butter with Pacific Ocean salt. The Proud Boys had a death jizz, fist fuck, and night shrapnel.

Plague Bitch, does not fuck the customers, a Tom Sawyer bump is sufficient. Be content with bricks of cocaine and chopped and lines and glistening green jade.

There is so much fucking, my boner was moaning and groaning after two pages.

This Ain't My First Bullfight, Motherfucker

My lady sent me food shopping and said, "Try and stay out of trouble." Here comes this big ass dude taking up most of the aisle, wearing a red cap. He gives me the stink eye, examining my cap with my yellow Second Armored Division Cavalry Badge with the black horse's head. "Are you a tough cowboy?" he asks. "This ain't my first rodeo," Me bale tu madre, I forgot to take my I don't give a fuck pill. I hit that big bastard in the nuts with a large can of V-8 juice. Then I kept pounding on his whimpering, Trump loving body. I turned the corner. My lady asked, where was the food, about then the cops arrived and we drove away. She said, "You're hopeless." When we got home, I put on some Jeff Beck.

Komodo Dragon Tongue

Pablito never cared much for eating pussy, saying it was like eating tuna through a picket fence. He complained of chapped lips, tired tongue, lock jaw, bushy eyebrows and mustache, and stretched out ears like tortillas. All Pablo craved was the missionary position with an occasional back door approach, but alas his reputation as a cunt gobbler preceded him. I told him repeatedly that he was the junkyard dog of poontang. He'd tilt his head back, grin and howl like a werewolf with hemorrhoids, revealing pubic hair caught between his teeth. "I need to get out of this hole I've dug." "Why don't you try bullfighting or spelunking or ornithology or become a Caliban?" I suggested. He packed a bag, got his record albums, and boogied. The doorbell rang, it was a dishwater blonde in a tight canary yellow dress, polka dot stiletto hills, and French fish net stockings. I rotated my neck muscles, stretched my tongue Komodo dragon fashion, and opened the door. The last vestiges of the sun were a dropping guillotine and an evil pumpkin moon was sneering down.

Ten Thousand Lions

Blood, curdling screams filled the inky darkness. Ravenous hyenas ripped out the throats and played tug of war with the entrails of careless travelers. Venturing into the forbidding forest, death would not be denied, it whispered into the eerie silence. The village worried about the forest of hell, they sent for a special priest to rid them of the evil eyed creature. A meeting was held in the town hall, all goals explained, they wanted their simple life back. The priest blessed them all, then warily approached the church. In the bell tower lived the dreaded monster. It wasn't human, it closely resembled a zombie werewolf with wings and one gigantic eye. The creature craved living flesh, it could smell and hear great distances. The priest had two chances, slim and none. His faith in God gave him the courage of ten thousand lions. He'd been up against other entities of evil like this one in Peru and Africa. The priest heard the animal take flight. The moonlight was temporarily blocked overhead. The creature smelled of an easy meal but sensed something was different about this human. The man took out his instruments and started singing a gospel song, the creature flew close overhead. The priest rammed his crucifix sword upward through the evil beast, it bellowed and shrieked in a hell fired fury. The man of God threw Holy Water upon the atrocity; its skin was scorched and burnt. The beast shriveled into ashes. The priest packed away his tools like a journeyman from God. He went and told the people that it was safe to return to their normal lives. They fed him fresh eggs, biscuits, and buttermilk and he walked east toward the sunrise.

38 Buffalos

Hammering down rye whiskey boiler makers
After eating cheap pig meat tacos was never a
Good idea, I woke up my pockets were inside
Out and underwear was on backwards and yanked

Up into the crack of my ass, a rat was gnawing
On my big toe, I was dreaming of a lady in Saigon
And trying to remember if Geronimo ever went
To the Alamo, I found a roll of 1938 Buffalo nickels.

Walpurgis Night

Life is a rental car
Life is two left sweaty bowling shoes
Life is Cherry Cavendish Borkum Riff tobacco
Life is the arrest of Melquiades Segura
And the jailbreak by Billy the Kid
Life is the nipple game

Witches and warlocks flying
And dancing in the sky

Winos seeking escape from life
Puking in the litter box of life

Agent orange, napalm, and Willy Peter
Catapulting black plague afflicted bodies
Death Death Death, take a nap motherfuckers.

The Poetry Competition

The lady that ran the
reading told me, “You’re
only allowed one prop for
your five minutes”

I saluted her like a good Boy
Scout and said I liked to be
prepared, getting out my one
maraca, a small bag of cat litter,
and a new potty box

She looked quizzically at my
bizarre accoutrements,
remembering my last win

I had done a reverse Tom Jones,
throwing used clean lady’s panties
into the mostly female audience,
raiding the Salvation Army bins
not caring about size or color

The maraca was if I stripped naked
and jammed it up my ass, doing my
poem about the poor gay dude going
to the masquerade party as a rattlesnake

The cat litter and box was for my poem
about the time my lady and her friends
weren’t sharing the bathroom and I had
to shit with the cats, just as I started,
the ladies decided to tour where the
dirty dump was taking place.

Coyote Rain

The gray black clouds full of dirt streaked tears and blood weep down onto yellow withered crops, as the farmers sob for their hungry families. They are forced to leave home, to find work and seek existence far away on freight trains. In smoke filled factories they build automobiles by day and work the stockyards by night. Saving, hoping, praying, and missing their loved ones.

Thinking about the war just fought and promises made for a better life in the land of the free and home of the brave. While years heap up like golden maple leaves in Quebec or snowflakes on a Tucumcari coyote moon night on Route 66. Sometimes the heart is nothing more than a clock measuring life, death, earth, moon, and sun. All moving in circles, like wise nomads, the square corners, box you in like prisoners not free buffalo and wild mustangs. My garden grows dark as I try to make love to the rain and all that is left is dirt streaked tears of dusty fading memories. The plants whisper with poetry. Orange Chinese-lanterns with voices of Li Po and Tu Fu, purple blue Concord grapes with voices of Dylan Thomas and Edgar Allan Poe, juicy blackberries with voices of Walt Whitman and Longfellow, green and red onions with voices of Bukowski and William S. Burroughs, plum and beefsteak tomatoes with voices of Ginsberg, Corso, and Kerouac, dwarf sour cherry tree with voices of Pablo Neruda and Octavio Paz.

Twenty-One Grams

A gigantic seagull soared above
Istanbul, blue diamond sized
snowflakes fell out of the sun

She was a Manchurian beauty
driving a sixty-six powder sapphire
sexy Lincoln with suicide doors

We drove up a curving mountain
road that overlooked the sea cliff
to a mansion, they said "Come in

Where the dark shadows will soothe
your soul, most souls weigh twenty-
one-grams unless you've sold yours."

A Gauguin Dream

“Damn it Nicky, I told you if I caught you cheating on me again, we were through. You come home with some bitch’s lipstick all over your underwear and try to make up some lame ass excuse. Get the hell out of my life.” Mercedes, his wife threw his duffel bag after him as he stumbled off the porch.

Slinging his bag over his shoulder, he headed for the bus station. Nicky had just enough cash for a locker and a couple of drinks. No job, no wife, no prospects, but for some reason he knew he had the world by the balls.

After taking his sketch pad from his bag, he stuffed everything into a locker. Palming his key, he headed for the men’s room. Stepping up to the urinal, Nicky glanced up at the graffiti. It read: “Your future is in your hand.” Up above it, it read: “Don’t look up here, the joke is in your hand and you are pissing on your shoe.”

Nicky smiled, like he knew something no one else could fathom. The smells dilated his senses, fresh garlic bread from a pizzeria. Street walker’s cheap perfume, after shave combined with sweat, above all greed and money. Strolling down skid row, steering clear of hustlers, pimps, and rip off artists of varying degree, he wanted to wet his whistle and sit and straighten his thoughts.

An oily haired Latino with a narrow tie and zoot suit tugged at his sleeve with whispered promises of a pussy paradise. Nicky didn’t put up enough resistance and found himself steered into this strip joint. Figuring it might do his libido some good, he relaxed.

He felt bad about losing his wife, but it had been coming for awhile. They’d been together for what seemed like forever. It hadn’t lasted two years. When they had moved to the big city, things had changed drastically. Nicky

wanted to paint, it was what he breathed for. Mercedes couldn't understand and had no faith in his capabilities. That was only a small part of their differences. The women were hot for him and he could never say no.

Mercedes was a preacher's daughter. Her family stopped at the gas station he worked at every Sunday after services. The reverend would fill up his car, while Mercedes would head for the restroom.

Every Sunday he watched her from his peep hole. She had a fantastic body and from the way she lifted her dress and touched herself, he knew she was primed for love. Her hair was reddish blonde, thick and curly. Long legs and ripe grapefruit sized breasts. A sweet girlish face topped off her generous attributes.

Nicky drew her with her hands inside her panties, a look of wanton pleasure on her face. From his sketch, he made a beautiful painting and showed to her. She was mad and embarrassed at first, but the painting was so erotic and flattering it aroused her. He persuaded her to come to his apartment and pose for him, at first clothed, then nude. Seducing her, they made earth shattering love every chance they got. Capturing her at the height of orgasm on canvas was what he finally succeeded at.

He continued to work at the gas station, the pay was lousy, but his fame spread. It was amazing the quantity of women that started using the restroom. Nicky painted, studied, and made love to Mercedes. They married after a short engagement.

Her Papa had seen several of the paintings of his daughter and some of women in his parish. He thought it would be best for them to get out of town as quickly as possible. Besides, it would be unbecoming of the town's minister to murder his new son-in-law. So, he married them and financed their move to a large city.

The love of women, their smell, their smile, their twinkling eyes, their walk, and their hidden curves all drove him senseless. Nicky painted them all in his mind. He wasn't a Casanova or a Don Juan, but something attracted women to him. Maybe it was because he knew how to talk to them? Maybe they sensed his devotion and it drew them into his magnetic power? His looks were average, dark curly hair, an athletic body, not overly muscular. He could go the distance. He knew how to stroke a woman, her mind and body and put her at ease. They loosened up and wanted to confide their deepest secrets. Nicky took advantage of his charm every time he got the chance.

Painting was his life, capturing the feminine body on canvas. He studied all his favorite artists. Manet's skin colorations, Toulouse Lautrec's barroom women, Gauguin's native beauties, Renoir's exquisite faces, Degas' ballerinas, Cezanne's fruit, Van Gogh's irises and sunflowers. Learning from them all, he still had one main problem, his dick kept getting in the way. His small brain took over sometimes.

Words from a loud song broke into Nicky's reverie and made him smile. "If she won't do it her sister will." The strippers had a small stage with a shiny brass pole to hunch and to hang on to. It was connected to the bar, so they could dance between customer's glasses after their routine and retrieve tips. They bumped and boogied to ear blasting rock, stripping down to G strings and high heels. Shaking their money makers, they were mostly young with big titties and round asses, full of energy. Mostly working class dudes filled their strings with singles.

One lady in particular caught Nicky's eye. She had long dark hair with beautiful amber highlights that whipped back and forth when she danced. Her body was superb. When she smiled, one gold tooth

sparkled like a bejeweled vampire. Nicky sketched her face

and body in half a dozen positions. Every time she danced down the bar, men stuffed both sides of her string.

She slowed as she sidled past Nicky, trying to see what he was up to. He signed and folded his small sketch of her and slid it into her booty string. His other hand slid over her cute ass, copping a quick feel. The bouncer, a humongous black dude with a yard wide Afro headed his way, with head busting on his mind. The lady motioned him off and shimmied and wiggled on her way.

Figuring he had broken a rule or two, the feel of her behind had left his hand on fire. Three or four skits later, the dark haired beauty was up again. She passed him a note asking him to wait for her until closing time. This was perfect for Nicky, seeing as how he had no money or no where to stay. The bartender hassled him once, for not spending more money. He gave him a drawing, which got him a couple of free drinks and no more trouble.

The dancer's name was Chichi Martinez and she was a bundle of smoking hot chili peppers chased with raw mescal.

"All the time I was hunching that pole, all I could think about was my little dog. I left it behind in Juarez. And you know what? You remind me of my little poochie, Peppi," she confessed.

"Thanks, I think," replied Nicky.

He had never felt so flattered. They picked up some chow mein and several bottles of Mad Dog, on the way to her place. As soon as they opened the door, everything went flying and she had her tongue down his throat. Nicky ran his hand up under her skirt and rolled her panties down past her ankles. Her bush felt like a scouring pad, all trimmed for exotic dancing. Chichi undressed him and mounted. She started riding like the Texas Rangers were in hot pursuit and she'd be free if she could cross the Rio

Grande. She gave him the pet name Wolfie, deciding he didn't resemble Peppi at all.

They fucked and sucked in almost every conceivable position. Resting between orgasms for wine, Nicky staggered up and drew Chichi at length.

"Wolfie, baby, stay with me, I'll buy you paints. You can become a great artist like Diego Rivera and Frida Kahlo combined."

"Thanks, Chichi, but I just lost one good woman and right now I can't hurt another. I need to move around for awhile," he replied.

"You lying sack of shit. You just want to fuck anything with a heartbeat and use painting as an excuse," she said.

Nicky just smiled.

After two days of sex and art, the walls of her tiny apartment started closing in. They'd made numerous trips to the liquor store and Chinese joint. It was time to reenter the world. His prick had gone through the agony and the ecstasy more times than, Charlton Heston's movie about Michelangelo. He gave her three of his best sketches. Chichi fronted him a ten spot. He used the dancer's mint toothpaste and cleaned his teeth and gargled.

The azure sky was filled with purple bruised fingers groping the sun. Nicky staggered back into the day. The sunlight hit his eyes like a cop's interrogation torture lamp. His head throbbed and his tongue felt like it was growing green bologna fur fungus. As he took a breath of fresh air, a Santa Fe Chief locomotive blew by screaming its whistle. Feeling like he'd passed out in some alley with his mouth open and a wino had taken a piss in it for a cheap laugh. He finally got his brain strain together so, he could grab a couple of cups of java and some greasy eggs. Then he called an amigo.

Slick, his lifelong pal was a small time cat burglar that graduated from stealing manhole covers to various nefarious schemes. He'd done three years in the big house for getting stuck in a Radio Shack's cooling system. Unfortunately for him, this was at the time of the big prison riots and some unruly inmates cut off three of the guard's heads and set up a bowling alley with them. Slick had never come completely clean about what happened inside. His Uncle Tommy Keys had taught him to steal, before checking in to Club Fed for a twenty count. Their family motto was; "The night is friendly." It almost always had been for Slick, until this little old lady caught him doing his sleight of hand and blasted a hole in his left testicle with a .32 Derringer.

"How are you? You old one-balled horse thief," Nicky asked.

"Where the hell have you been? I thought your nuts would have been hanging from the rear view mirror of Mercedes' cousin's pickup truck." Slick replied.

"What are you talking about?"

"You know, your wife's hillbilly cousins. They are all hunting your ass like coon dogs."

He thought about Mercedes' inbred behemoth relatives, Jim Bob, Billy Bob, Jerry Bob, and the runt Curly Bob. "I don't know why, she's so upset. I gave her the best mustache ride of her life for two years."

Slick replied, "I was planning a vacation to the Jemez Mountains. You want to come?"

"Why not? First I need to stop for my bag and some paints and canvas."

Jack of Jack's Art Supply was to Nicky what Père Tanguy was to Van Gogh. "Jack, I need oils, brushes, and enough canvas for a couple of months. I know I owe you, but I

don't have money right now and I need to blow town. I have a few sketches to add to my growing stockpile. Plus I'll send you something you can sell as soon as I get settled," Nicky explained.

"Fifty years in the business and I have never met a painter with more natural talent than you. I have waited all my life for you to come along, then you turn out to be a drunk and cocks man," replied Jack. As he loaded a box with the supplies Nicky needed, he finished and hugged Nicky. "You just turn out the masterpieces and I'll keep putting them up for sale."

Leaving Jack's, Slick and Nicky headed for the bank. Nicky knew Mercedes would probably have frozen all their assets, not that they amounted to much. Luckily, he kept a key to their safety deposit box on his key ring. He remembered they kept several hundred in there, just in case.

The teller he spoke with informed him there was a flag on all their accounts. Nicky went to the personal banking department and signed in to wait for a banker. A young blond verified his signature and was about to buzz him into the inner office and then take him to the vault. Her supervisor, a gray-haired lady came over and whispered something to the blond.

"I'll take care of Mr. Moon," she said out loud. The woman appeared to be in her late forties, a little over the hill, but extremely well taken care of. If she'd dye her hair it would take at least 5 years off her appearance. She led Nicky into the vault. As she placed her key next to his, her breasts brushed up against his hand. This sent a tingle through them both. The lady looked him in the eyes and sucked in her breath. Nicky gave her his best smile, as she led him to a private cubicle. She opened the door and he entered with his metal box. He pulled her in behind him, the box forgotten. She started to protest, but Nicky was

kissing her full and deep. Any questions about what was about to happen disappeared, as he cupped and massaged her fine ass through her silky dress, pulling her to him. She moaned as he pulled her panties to the side and with a feather like stroke erected her juicy clitoris and nibbled at her hardening nipples through the fabric. He guided her down onto the thick plush carpet and ripped off her lacy white panties. They split at the seams, but they were beyond caring. With her dress around her hips, Nicky let his tongue do its magic. The lady groaned and tugged at his belt and unzipped his fly and freed his stiff boner. Placing soft wet hungry kisses up and down his dick and then sucking greedily at the tip, she knew her business. Almost beyond ready, he mounted and worked fast, banging her head against the flimsy wooden wall of the cubicle, the harder he thrust, the more she liked it. She was so vocal, he stuffed her mouth with her shredded panties. They both climaxed together, wiping off, he checked his box. While she put herself back together.

Mercedes had beaten him to the safety deposit box. Every person in the bank, watched as they exited the vault area. Nicky waited for a standing ovation. The lady blushed right down to where her panties should have been. He made a quick survey of the women, always checking for future fornication prospects.

Nicky walked out of the bank. Slick sat there waiting for him in his Ford pickup, with a camper shell. He climbed in and they drove off, headed west and north.

“What the fuck took you so long?” Slick asked. “I thought you were pulling a stickup or something. As much as I love you, I’m not going back inside without a damn good reason.”

“This silver fox jumped my bones in the bank,” he explained. “Can we find a gas station, I need to clean up?”

Squeezing the Rocks

It's snowing here. Lady put
some of that Parmesan cheese
you sent from Milan in the thick

Tomato soup with little red bird
peppers. My eyes and nose ran
down the street with flames, my

Poor backside will suffer. The
Navajo in New Mexico made dream
catchers, hanging in your windows and
watch your dreams dance in the sun.

Greed and Hate

Mamas crying for their sons
war is for the rich
to pad their bank accounts

There are no sides
no borders
no religions

It's all greed and hate
death songs on the wind
blood and tears soaking the earth

All ancient wisdom is
silent
it's all been written and read

The sky crumbles into
a sheet of fire rain
alive with the killers.

Pull Them Down

Xiu Fang walking away,
thirty years in the land of
the iron horse, laughing at rain

The red blue violent sky is
roaring with cloud howitzers
bombarding forking electric bolts

Luck is tornado double trouble,
learn not to eat with chopsticks,
fortune cookies, always never lie.

Oh Baby Baby

Valentina had a perverted sense
of humor and a wild imagination

That was one of the many reasons
Sniper was totally in love with her

Valentina's sister, Rosita was seven
years older and barely missed being

An old maid, she married a cowboy
looking dude that had been married

Five times and loved to sniff out loose
ladies, he made wine, croquet sets, chess

Boards, metal Civil War men, he was an
interesting guy, but had a wandering eye

Rosita quit a job in Mexico as a bank
manager and moved to Chicago, with

No English, Sniper got bad vibes from the
situation, after two years her cowpoke quit his

Teaching job and moved to St. Paul to sell
hearing aids to pig farmers, Rosita spoke

English by then and refused to return to
Mexico, she was at Valentina's house every

Day, Sniper said this had to stop, Valentina
agreed, she made a meal of mystery meat

Rosita grabbed a tortilla full and took a big,
bite, she spit it all over the table and even

Globs slid down the wall, she said, "What the
hell is that?" Valentina said, "Baby meat."

"Baby meat?" "Yes, baby meat, it's nice and
tender and full of vitamin B," Sniper said,

"The hospitals have plenty and they're cheap,"
Rosita packed her suitcase, bound for Tabasco.

Flamethrowers, Polecats, and Moth Balls

Martha Stewart had a huge basket
of multi-colored eggs, she said she'd
gathered fifty-eight in one night

I watched her on TV as she beat and
blended a cake, she used at least one
unusual word per recipe, Martha still

Looked fine, even as she aged, she was
a model and had a sleek foxy appearance,
I'd never had any sexual fantasies about her

A lady friend from Kentucky wrote on
Facebook, that a varmint had killed one
of her chickens and eaten all her eggs

I recommended a flamethrower and BBQ
sauce, someone suggested moth balls,
I thought about prairie dogs playing

Volley moth balls I'd heard they
were a deterrent, soon I had holes and
tunnels and barking squirrels everywhere.

Blankets of the Night

The fish mongers basked in
the liquid sunlight under the
lemon and lime trees, dreaming

Of flying and falling with magnificent
gorgeous ladies, almost blinded
it hurt their heads to wake up

So, they vanished under blankets
of the night that covered the
mountains, it was ninety-three

Million miles to the sun and the
fee was a dollar mile, just to stay
warm, greed and fear are one
hundred proof habit forming.

Que Pasa Coati

Spaniard crossed the Rio Grande
north after months below the border,
he was sad almost demented, his primo
hung around waiting on him to open up

“I met a lady that saw a beaver get hit
by a car, she wrapped it in a blanket and
went home to get a container for it, thirty
minutes later, she returned to find a man
having sex with the now dead beaver

“I read about a fifteen-year-old in Siberia
that became so distressed about losing a
video game, he committed suicide by de-
capitating himself with a chainsaw

“I became acquainted with a senorita, we
danced all night and I slept on her mother’s
couch, the sister of my friend was sent to
the street to empty the garbage, the truck
smashed and crushed her beyond recognition.”

The Grape Cigar

Mary ripped off the bandage, his brain
tumor was visible, the treatments had
made him worse, she made a blunt

From a grape cigar and some red bud
Columbian, Quick's mouth watered in
anticipation, he told her to put on Tom

Petty singing about dancing the last time
with Mary Jane, he toked hard on the herb
he dreamed of the Louvre and Whistler's

Mother getting out of her rocking chair
and walking like an Egyptian, the Thinker
bumping fists with him and La Gioconda
shedding blue purple crocodile tears.

Elephant Tusk Boogie

Fingers chasing each other, notes
pouring forth like champagne

Horns blowing elephant love
feet tapping snapping bo bapping

Bass booming vibrating magic rhythm
crooning words of desire desperation

Monk said his mama looked like a
gorilla and he could never find

Her nipples for all the damn hair
at least he could bend a note on

His piano like a blacksmith making
horseshoes and all the girls smiled.

Six-Headed Dog

They stayed together way too long
like a rusty worn out El Camino,
they should've read the writing on
the wall and said it was all over

When she broke the strings and neck
on Quick's blue guitar and fed him dog
food meatloaf, that was the final straw

Quick got on a boat sailing for Cuba,
where the mojitos were strong and cold
and the tobacco sweet, and the women
were vanilla and fantastically beautiful.

Moaning Like A Bored Prostitute

Her hair was chocolate mezcaline
and Southern Comfort, she read
Therese Desqueyroux by Francois
Mauriac on the train to Canon del

Cobre, I sipped Bonide for my TB
some fucker was leaving skid marks
on the sun-bleached curtains, my Pink
Panther needed lots of love and upkeep

I gave away Johnny Cash's 66 Lincoln
with suicide doors and his 70 Rolls
Royce Silver Cloud, to my neighbors
to watch my half coyote dog, Wilbur

They needed help, 7 people using one
toilet in a small house, 3 dogs, a girl
with 17 lizards and a snake, Lucky
Louie from Juarez got the brick casa.

The Bakery of the Sex Doll Queen of Eternity

Angel flesh ecstasy, paintings can turn you
into the Queen of Eternity, they can be your
lover, best friend, mother, father, recognition

To the west: Dickens, Moliere, Ibsen, Tennyson,
Oscar Wilde, Julio Verne, Alejandro Dumas and
Edgar Allen Poe. To the east: Galileo, Aristotle,
Hegel, Newton, Schiller. Polanco where I slept

Fascinating tile makers of Coyoacan, the house
where Trotsky was murdered, the cobalt cerulean
and sour blood orange drank in the shade of gum
trees, corn dipped in butter cheese chili and salt

I watch the purple jacaranda climb the brick walls,
thinking of the blood-soaked paintings, A Few Small
Nips, The Suicide of Dorothy Hale, The Wounded
Table, the obvious pain made some people terrified.

Blowing Thru Secaucus

From Gutter Snob Books, Trinidad, Colorado

George Wallace is full of jazz, blues, and Bebop dance. He is a black belt word mechanic in a cloud of fireworks. A chiropractor adjusting your body and mind. “a six pack of fuck you, Tasmanian devil love, marigolds and Jersey grifter pie, a cyclone runaway train.” This book is a treasure chest mindblower wrapped in a peyote dream.

—Catfish McDaris, 9/9/22

A Speck of Carrot in Jesus' Eye

She poured Porterhouse a mug of coffee:

"In 1965 Salvador Dali was sick in NYC
He was supposed to speak at Rikers Island
He sent a surrealistic painting of Jesus'

Crucifixion a monstrous black blob wearing
A crown of thorns on a pale cross splattered
With red and black the painting was four by
Five and sent to the prison's cafeteria, Dali

Said 'With art, you have to always feel free'
Food sometimes ended on the painting in the

1980s it was moved to secure location near
The guards in 2003 someone noticed the painting

Looked smaller and the frame was different
Two wardens and two guards were arrested

The painting was never recovered Warden
Nuzzo said he destroyed it in a fit of panic."

Paola

The spider was yellowish black with stripes on barber pole legs. It couldn't get inside, I told Paola. It spun a beautiful iridescent web, reflecting the sunlight perfectly. With a plethora of food, two green aphids, a mosquito, a centipede, an ant, and some beetles. I removed the glass. They watched as I reassembled the windows. It was difficult balancing the heavy glass in the wet window tracks. The spider jumped on my nipple, I smashed my chest into the wall. Paola screamed, and the windows chopped my hands, like a guillotine. My hands are blue worms in hamburger.

The Biggest Joke is Death

Exploring nature, red wagons, animal love, family, China, the Arabian desert, quiet birds, burning books, condoms, Bibles, poet hats, coffins, cowboys, virgins, ghost snakes, dog tags, and cannibals. There is even some sex, but never enough just a toe dip into the river, shackled by my years, gravity sucking my energy, the sky and ceilings piss on my head, the walls yawn in boredom, nobody laughs at the ugly mother fly.

The Purple Heart

Wilber asked Porterhouse to come with him to examine the newest house he bought, he said it was foreclosed on by a bank and he'd gotten it for a song. The previous owner had killed himself, he had never recovered from the war in Vietnam. All the windows were covered with red paint and blue dots were painted on all the walls and on every item in the house. The only thing without blue paint was a framed flag with a Purple Heart, a Silver Star, a Combat Infantry Badge; Porterhouse knew these were high honors. Wilber threw the frame in a pile of garbage. Porterhouse told him he'd been studying martial arts and he'd recently learned a new move called a pelvic strike. He said if it was done right, you could knock off a man's penis and testicles. Porterhouse retrieved the flag and medals and walked out of the house. Wilber voted for Trump and the Pence.

He went home and sat in his favorite chair in the backyard. He brewed a pot of steaming sumptuous coffee over a hot fire in his hobo pot and wrapped his Navajo blanket around his shoulders. His grandfather from Quanah in the panhandle of Texas had given him a Comanche arrowhead, when Porterhouse wanted a special brew; he added it to the burnt blackened pot. Thinking about the mountains, his ladies, and his cat he wondered about it all. Later he heard that Wilber had found \$30,000 in the rafters of the basement and rather than finding the family to return the money to, he had kept it. Porterhouse called his amigo, Jesus and said he had some poetry reading around Providence and in New York City. He quit working for Wilber, he thought his greed would eat him like a zombie werewolf.

Smoking Them Jugs

This is a cowboy song,
a kick in the nuts,
steal your woman,
screw your dog,
set your horse on fire,
piss in the gas tank of your Ford pickup truck.

It's Pancho Villa and Willie Nelson
on Acapulco Gold and loco juice.

It's Kenny Rogers getting friendly with Dolly's jugs.

The Man That Brought a Violin to a Gunfight

Of all that is written I only love what is written in blood.

—Nietzsche

Surrounded by dead guardian angels listening to “The Mephistopheles of Los Angeles” by Marilyn Manson

Warming hands and face above a hell fire in a 55-gallon barrel dreaming of dancing with a senorita in Guadalajara

Palm trees figs and dates in Damascus driving Thunderbirds through a sequoia and zebras and swallowtails in the Mojave

Shackled by my years, gravity sucking my energy, the sky, and ceilings piss on my head, the walls yawn in boredom,

Nobody laughs at the ugly mirror, guns mean noise and chaos, death should be up close and personal with a lovely serenade.

Master of the Understatement

Dancer decided to start writing:

I'd rather be a testicle than a rainbow
I'd rather be a tornado than a stinky fart
I'd rather be a cherry tree than a vagina

I'd rather be Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart than Sinatra
I'd rather be a buffalo nickel than a burning American flag
I'd rather be a teardrop than a booger

I'd rather be a guitar than a sneeze
I'd rather be a cloud than a flounder
I'd rather be a thimble of love than a ton of gold

I'd rather be tiger shit in Vietnam than an ugly penis
I'd rather be a clitoris than a tomato
I'd rather be William S. Burroughs' amputated finger
than Adolf Hitler's testicle he lost in World War One

I'd rather be a turd than Trump.

Cocaine, Shotgun Willie, and Balzac

Years heaped like golden maple leaves in Quebec or
snowflakes on a Tucumcari coyote moon night on Route
66

Sometimes the heart is nothing more than a clock
measuring your minutes while ticking and pumping in
your chest

Life, death, earth, moon, sun all move in circles, wise
people live in circles, right angles make you a square and
box you in like cattle not free buffalo

If you run a race against death, it always gets a head start,
unless you're on the train to nowhere or unless you can
stab a flying mosquito with an ice pick

When you sleep with a shotgun and machete and wake
with a bloody dog's head and you own no dog and your
cocaine has all been snorted

And your bald-headed girlfriend you took fishing with the
long blonde hair that got caught in the propeller is
pointing a .357 at your dick and huevos

While holding your Komodo dragon, Booboo, and your
copy of La Comedie Humaine by Honore de Balzac, it's
time to quit this nightmare and make some coffee.

The Giraffe That Jumped Over the Moon

Dr. Danny Quick used the last of his Jimi Hendrix stamps to mail off his manuscript to California. Maybe Jimi would bring his screenplay good luck, who knows. Or at least drench it in acid sunshine vibes and ripple it toward a psychedelic future already folded into vast ocean-front properties of all time.

Either way, it was Ernest Hemingway's birthday. Santiago, the Cuban fisherman in *The Old Man and the Sea*, never gave up.

How he felt sometimes about his writing. Never give up. Or always. Life of suicide.

Did Hemingway actually give up? Did Thompson? Did Brautigan? Or did they just need to catch up on some sleep?

Maybe a change of scenery. Live on the moon. All these rich people flying into outer space. All it took was greed, power, and money. Big money.

Dr. Quick had degrees in astrophysics, mechanical engineering, and paleontology. He spoke four languages fluently, had lived in many different countries growing up and as an adult. He could fix anything and he was in excellent physical condition from Tai Chi and martial arts.

The meteorite ALH84001 from Mars was discovered with fossils of diatoms. Required further investigation. Dr. Quick was intrigued. Rumors in the scientific community that ancient giraffe fossils had been discovered on the moon.

Quick had been studying the gaping theory in Charles Darwin's *The Origin of Species* claiming that a horse-like animal converted into a giraffe due to the need to eat from

higher tree branches. The Okapi was the ancestor and migrated to feed.

Paleontologists were split into many distinct groups on the theories about the Sivatherius fossils being from giraffes with a trunk like an elephant. Some scientists believed the giraffe came from a Samotherium from the late Miocene era or 14.6 million years ago.

Dr. Quick had participated in isotope fractionation tests for fossils. Some thought the origins of life could be buried in lava flows on the moon. If a lunar regolith were conducted and organic molecules remained intact, there would be no reason fossils should not be found on the moon.

Quick had studied the knowledge of the Babylonians, the Nubians, and the Chinese about dark matter and dark energy. His vast computer-like mind held information about gamma ray bursts, cosmic microwave radiation, the Magellanic Cloud, and the Andromeda Galaxy. Quick had flown airplanes, jets, and helicopters for many years. He had worked for NASA and had almost gone to space; he was overqualified if anything. He was just waiting for the next mission.

Dr. Quick arrived in Antarctica to aid in the examination of ALH84001, the Martian meteorite. Temperatures there could reach -129 Fahrenheit, it was 98% ice. It was the coldest, driest, windiest, highest average elevation continent on Earth and still considered a desert. There were no permanent residents.

The research facility was in an old whaling building on Deception Island. There were glaciers, an active volcano, chinstrap penguins, and fossilized plants.

The tests conducted there were inconclusive, therefore not considered successful.

Quick's next journey would take him to the Gobi Desert in Mongolia to continue his study of the ancestors of the giraffe. He had been there before and had many friends, Mongols, Uyghurs, and Kazakhs.

Quick believed that the *Aepyryx* or giraffe camel of the Gobi was the ancestor he sought, but he required scientific proof.

The theory that the giraffe came from the *Brachiosaurus* did not seem realistic to him.

In Australia he had a message from NASA, a new discovery. With the Kepler Space Telescope, they discovered an Earth-like planet: Kepler 452-b. It revolved around a sun much like ours. NASA wanted Quick to report to the Lyndon B. Johnson Space Center in Houston, Texas as soon as possible.

Quick notified his crew and they were soon on their way. Quick communicated with NASA in flight, the International Space Center was now fully staffed with six crew members from Japan, Russia, and the United States.

The success of this mission made the moon mission more viable and important. The moon launch was now being moved forward due to the discovery of Kepler 452-b.

The settlement was planned for one of three places: the Imbrium, Nectaris, or Serenitatis basins. That would be determined upon a closer inspection of the moon's surface.

On Quick's last visit to the Johnson Space Center, he and a team of experts designed the geodesic dome for six months' habitation on the moon. It would be an icosahedron lattice shell on the surface of a sphere.

Dr. Quick suggested they use a Buckminster Fuller design of continuous tension and discontinuous compression. With hardly any modifications, two of the six spaceships could be cannibalized into the material necessary for the

construction of the dome. The remaining four ships could be fitted to carry the extra twelve crew members back to Earth once the mission was completed.

Some Washington politicians did not want to fund exploration or the possibility that a space colony could be established on the moon. Others wanted to send unmanned spacecraft to Pluto and Mars, which would do nothing to alleviate overpopulation.

NASA Headquarters in Washington, D.C. had leaked it to the press that they had received two donated telescopes that were superior in every way to the Hubble Space Telescope, and they were being kept in storage. Quick suggested they take them both to the moon and place them temporarily or permanently to investigate and research the galaxy.

Blast-off was scheduled from Japan, Russia, China, the United States, England, and France. The thirty-six astronauts chosen were highly educated in diverse scientific ways.

Dr. Quick was chosen second in command of the Americans.

Just before the launch, Quick heard that his science fiction adventure manuscript was being made into a big budget movie.

The six moon landings were all perfect touchdowns.

The Americans and Japanese moved in with the Russians and French. They lived in the four-space craft remaining until the dome was finished.

Living in the dome was a luxury compared to spacecraft life. Once Quick got situated, he set up the two telescopes they had brought along.

While anchoring the base of the telescope, he found some unusual rock formations. He carried them back to the

dome, and upon further examination, he knew they were fossilized giraffe bones. Quick had been seeking these fossils all over Earth and now finding them on the moon was a most shocking discovery. He thought about his dream and about the script he had written that was now going to be a movie.

The alien giraffes, Glorft and Guzal, looked down at the moon dome from their invisible cloaked spaceship. They spoke to each other telepathically.

“Should we let our human-looking son, Qetazq, know for sure about us?”

“I think not, he could probably manage it, especially since you’ve been sending him dreams. But the rest of Earth is not ready for our advanced technology.” He paused. “Or intelligence.”

POEMS TO FUCK TO
RYAN QUINN FLANAGAN

Narcs in the Oatmeal

Drummond liked to watch the fights from Thailand.
The 120 lbs rakes in ceremonial headdress.
Doing a strange dance-off for the crowd before the bell.

The time difference was perfect,
he could sit and eat breakfast over here
while the Muay Thai munchkins kicked the shit
out of each other on the other side of the world.

And Drummond would enjoy his oatmeal,
always apple and cinnamon.
The other flavours were shit, and the cinnamon
coursing through his body gave him super-strength.

He was pretty sure he could take a few of the fighters
on the television, but he never said that.
Drummond was very careful about what he said
with all those narcs in the oatmeal.

Ratted out to the man by those confidential informants
pretending to be tiny pieces of apple.
But Drummond knew the gig
and never gave them anything.

Spooning the cinnamon power gruel into his mouth
and speaking in code whenever he had to
use the tapped phones.

Drummond never ate any of the apple narcs.
He collected them at the side of the bowl,
dumping them into a tiny Ziploc sandwich bag
which he quickly sealed and tossed in the garbage.

It was the same thing every day.
Setting the narcs to the curb each garbage day,
so their colleagues posing as garbagemen
could pick them up and debrief them.

Drummond thought about waving at the garbage truck
as it stopped out front his place,
but he didn't want to get too cheeky.

That is when they catch you slipping.
Earwig date night and the cries of menstruating yetis.
Drummond knew better than that.

Hedy Lamarr Goes to Space

The heads of Easter Island nod their way down Main Street. Frothing cream pie. Add to Cart girls hooked up to Hismith Premium fuck machines like charging stations for the woman on the go. And I am up on the third floor, jacking off to a picture of Hedy Lamarr in a space suit. She was friends with Howard Hughes long before the Mormons filled his arms with broken needles. Why does everything sound like an unlevel washing machine when I'm trying to get to El Dorado? Long, frenzied strokes like the dirty talk space program trying to get off right there on the launch pad. A grandstand full of binoculars to cheer me on. I feel at home in the great patriotic womb, let out a succession of tiny farts like escaped prisoners fanning out across the county. Snow squalls from Radio Canada, Farley Mowat and the tragic wheat kings. Now, that is a band I would go see, if I were not chafing the carrot with these stainless-steel veggie peelers for hands. One hand really, like someone who refuses to clap. What a royal asshole he is! Probably skins gerbils with an engraved butterknife! Who doesn't enjoy the show? I know I can't enough. Dwarves humping midgets pumping little green men in some sort of evolutionary fuck buddy bouncy castle to bring the bucking big bang cosmos home.

A Murder on the Street

Woke up yesterday to a murder on the street.
A man stabbed to death in the forest
at the far end of the crescent.

Heavy police presence, and the woods are taped off.
Apparently, it may be related to an incident a few days ago
at the other end of the street.

Police had to deal with a guy with a sawed-off shotgun,
threatening to kill everyone in the house.

Early this morning,
the cops raided a rather notorious drug house
right in front of where the body was found.
The giant CSI van is there now investigating.

The body is really close to where a dead woman
was discovered a few months back.

And now, the crazy wood lady across the street
is standing in her driveway barefoot and covered in blood.
She's skinning a giant animal hide, looks like a dead bear.

Fun times up here in the wilderness.

Poem for a Man Who Fucks the Ice Fishing Hole

Was it the auger drilling down that did it for you?
Surely it couldn't have been these freezing temperatures,
so many things become an indoor sport up in these parts.

So imagine my surprise
when I stumbled upon you this morning.

Watched you face down,
pants around the ankles. Slamming into the ice.
Slurring your dirty talk across a trackless waste.
You think you'd be alone for such activities,
but you'd be wrong.

And now, there is this poem
for a man who fucks the ice fishing hole.
Making up with vigour, what he lacks in style points.

A few of his swimmers
turning the local ice fishing derby on its head.
Mayor Kickbacks is going to have to
introduce new standards.

Though this one seems pretty locked to the cause.

Greta Garbo is Bad for the Environment

Felching is bad for the environment, did you know that?
The switch to paper straws just made a bigger mess.

“Man, Greta Garbo is looking rough these days!”

“That’s Greta Thunberg,”
he says.

“Who?”

“That crazy climate bitch that stuffs her bra
with angry Emojis.”

I have no idea what he is saying.
Think about splayed beef curtains
under butcher shop glass.

Glass is bad for the environment.
We should confiscate everyone’s reading glasses
and back over them with a steamroller
like they did with the mop-top Beatles: John, Paul, George
and Ringo – all bad for the environment.

I am beginning to see a pattern.
Walking off to stand behind the gas station
and think about pregnant fire hoses.

Expelling all that water,
and giving it names like Niagara or Fluoride.

Firm in my belief that losing scratch tickets
are just lousy back rubs.

The dumpster behind the QuikTrip
is full of them.

My Friend the Pimp

It happened at that budget hotel
out by the highway.

Popular with travelling hockey teams
and horndog businessmen.

And my friend worked front desk overnight.
Seventeen and very gay, back when it was
far from fashionable.
Had to open the continental breakfast nook
first thing in the morning.

The pay was first job awful, but my friend had a side gig.
Worked out a deal with the girls, so they could
bring their tricks back to the hotel.

They paid him a special rate for a room off the books,
and he pocketed the money.

He didn't even clean the room when they were done.
Just straightened up the bedspread
and rented the room out to unsuspecting guests.

“So, you're a pimp,”
I laughed.

“No I'm not!”
he covered his mouth
in obvious embarrassment.

“How are you not a pimp?
You collect from all the hookers,
and even provide them a venue to conduct business.”

I could see him thinking, my friend the pimp.
He seemed noticeably bothered by the accusation.

But that pocket full of money
was hard to explain away.
All the fishnet girls that kept coming
and going.

He turned the camera around to face the wall.
I was surprised that management never
asked him about that.

But they probably all had their own nefarious things
to conceal, so my friend kept pimping out
all the girls for profit.

And no one said anything.

Wednesday's Child

She put the butcher block knife
to his throat
and asked him to tell her which
child was full of woe.

“Do I get a phone a friend?”

“I’m not Alexander Graham Bell,”
she shot back.

It was true.
Those ripped stockings
were like a cutter’s paradise.

But he had never been good
when put on the spot.

“Can I ask the audience?”
he played for time.

She looked around
the otherwise empty kitchen
and repeated her demand.

And to think he had found this one
on a popular dating site.
Claiming a rigorous vetting process
which he now doubted
with the blade dug so deep into
his panicked jugular.

“What, no 50:50 eliminator?”

“Do I look like Regis Fucking Philbin
to you?”

She kind of did,
that silver fox pompadour
and face like a stretched condom.
But he wasn't going to say that
with the knife still in
her hand.

Sex Doll Bakery

Word travels fast as bullet trains
and hungry appetites flock to the Sex Doll Bakery,
aptly named for the 55 ft. blow up doll
mounted to the roof, so that when the customers
enter they look up at the giant gash,
feel truly inside with all those ovens going
before the sun: cookies and croissants,
date squares, Danishes
with fruit holes in the center, assorted donuts,
designer sheet cakes made to order...
a powdered sugar lust over everything,
icing fingers licked to twitching horndog oblivion,
toes curled in the shoes like unseen cream pies,
no wonder the long lines, that disposable income
throwing itself at everything; even the boys in blue
are regulars, no crime in that! Deep inside those
pink throbbing walls that seem to know when
you are coming.

The Prophet Muhammad Rides a Klondike Bar

“What's that?”
he asked.

He thought it was a child's drawing.
In thick smeared crayon.
Taped to the fridge.

“That's the prophet Muhammad riding a Klondike Bar,
just drew him this morning.”

“I think that's blasphemous,”
he said.

I shrugged my shoulders.

“That's blasphemous!”
he said again.

“So is lipstick on a pig,
but that doesn't stop people from
buying both.”

Then we talked about other things.

But he kept eyeing the drawing
when he thought I wasn't looking.

If only he was as curious
about his girlfriend and the Purolator man.

Someone had to deliver.

Competing Giraffes

I itch my beard
like a mountain man
on the furry.

Piss in double stream
when I'm off to the restroom.

Big black bags under my eyes
as I track this older couple
two tables over.

I can't tell if they are playing footsies
under there,
or if they are fighting.

I feel bad for their feet,
slammed together vigorously
like competing giraffes
for mating rights.

Especially after working all week.

My almond Soo Guy is cold
and smothered in a most questionable gravy.

I can taste the ginger
and think of Gilligan's Island.

That mole on the side of her face
and those crazed forget-me-not eyes.

A three-hour tour indeed!
What a Dirty Gertie I've become
while the tablecloths were off
chasing factory direct patterns.

And the surly Mandarin cook in back,
with the roaches to keep him company.

Snapping rat traps in dark corners.
I have far too much respect for my neck
to ever become a fan of sudden decapitation.

Pushing the onions from my chicken fried rice
to the side of my plate.

And looking out the window,
to another unforgiving
winter.

Buried cars
under that sideways
squall.

The specials on the board
unchanged for almost half a century.

Cheap twinkling Christmas lights
for amateur stargazers
brought indoors.

And the slapping of ankles,
bone on bone.

Yes, the fight seems really
on now.

Dipping Sauce is a Terrible Name for a Porn Star

The first day of Fall always makes me think of John Milton baking cupcakes in Baphomet stilettos, real cockroach killers from the school of entomology. Black lace like naughty place settings poisoning the well with a contortionist's deceptive haste. Dipping Sauce is a terrible name for a porn star, don't you think? Even if such appellations are anatomically correct. And the Live, Laugh, Love crowd is a dunk tank full of piss and piranhas. I watch them get torn apart in reverse collage while the giant Ikea clock on the wall fakes another end times orgasm with pumpkin spice napalm over everything. Amish house skeletons growing erect in fields along the highway. Tailgaters and sodomites rushing up from behind. Looking to pass on the double line with power steering and unsavoury gestures. I throw on my indicator to intimate a great turning to nowhere. Robert Johnson's cigarette breath while the devil plays all his records backwards looking for command-and-control centers with "missiles like sausages." A straight carnivore in vegetarian times, as the swipe left Clantons get cleaned out faster than a bank vault full of expired wet naps.

Pill Mill Paula & Used Gasmasks from the Army Surplus

“Spandex is a right, not a privilege,”
I can still hear that raging air horn of my ex
in the darker moments,
and here comes Pill Mill Paula
busting out of it all,
with those goodies from the whitecoats
that keep you drooling on pillows
and hunched over in parked cars,
pills that become five times the price
once they hit the streets,
just like the girls with vacuum cleaners
for lips used to be, before the great course correction
that turned hijinks to hobos;
no one is laughing now, except perhaps
mommas strolling young lullabies
in muscled wife beaters,
with numbers and used gasmasks from
the army surplus (used by whom,
I might ask the survivalist behind the cash),
but such curiosities never seem to arise:
young and dumb and full of cum
as an Aussie friend of mine is fond of saying.
And she is right as Wild Turkey.
About safe word authentication
and torn packets of extra mayo.
This two in the pink, one in the stink
double act we all seem to pull
under the bright lights.

Snuff the Film/Grease Run

If the dead could dig themselves up,
the cemetery worms would be their shovels,
snuffing out the soul of Papa Legba
in freezer-burned tubs of Rocky Road ice cream,
so that the jobs I work have always worked against me
like an illusionist of flexible deceptions:
the punch clock driving spikes into a splintering
subsistence cascade.

Mechanics on a grease run light up Gasoline Alley
with a release beyond the film:
I am flares from a tinderbox,
I am Baphomet's urine-soaked waterslide.
To worry about your place in the universe
is to run out in traffic, among the roar of a billion stars.

As Resident Subwoofers Eat Out the Trunks of Boisterous
Lease-To-Own Cars

No one has burned a witch to keep warm –
it has been five minutes since resident
subwoofers ate out the trunks
of boisterous lease-to-own cars,
and I walk into a popular shoe store downtown,
wonder how practices of Chinese foot binding
may have stunted the market
while I was away;
the kid with pink hair looks like a grade school eraser,
that jumpy first job fear in his eyes.
He stammers: what size? And I ask for a ten.
Eleven in boots, I guess someone makes up
the difference. And the Muzak pumped in
is straight sonar for crazy dolphins.
While the blubbery rent-a-cop by the door
picks his nose and examines the findings.
And some Antoinette loses her head at the register
over cash or credit. I leave when the eraser
never returns from the back. Stumble four block south
to the inner harbour to greet all the best drugs
that could be smuggled in. All those envelopes
paid to look the other way.

Word Around Town

is Gutless Gus
is on the move again,
took all his cactus plants
and moved for good this time,
went on the run
with a bachelor's stubble,
took a job working the door
at The Hairy Beaver
feeling up middle-aged lunkheads
for drinks,
horse-faced Isobel
who makes the most of
the fog machine
says he's really gone
into hiding,
spooning beans with molasses
straight from the can
and couch surfing until
he finds himself
or something
better.

Dildo-Infested Waters

The beach has been closed again.
Dildo-infested waters according to the sign.
An uncanny likeness bobbing just above the waterline.
Boaters warned to kill their engines
before the thrusting wake.
Giant seafaring phalluses that could split you right in two.
A panicked message from the tourism board:
Don't go in the water! No lifeguard on duty!
No one has creamed themselves yet,
but it is only a matter a time.

The Hair of the Dog is Always Sent to the Pound

Nazareth made its way onto the radio.

“The hair of the dog is always sent to the pound,”

Taylor slammed down his shot of mystery juice.

Velasquez liked Nazareth just fine, but decided to fuck with Taylor.

“Foghat is fine if you are looking for a hand job in a steel mill, but didn’t Alvin and the Chipmunks do a better version, much more true to the original sound?”

The bartender reached under the bar, expecting trouble.

Taylor smiled, ordered a double and didn’t take the bait.

Velasquez decided to switch it up:

“you think my wife’s hot, bro?”

Taylor slammed back his double, started to sing along with the radio.

“I can’t stand this song, is this why Jefferson Airplane finally broke up?”

Velasquez played it straight.

The bartender turned up the music.

The clock on the wall was a non-starter.

Velasquez and Taylor would be at this for at least another seven hours.

The ghost of Donny Osmond sewerer the 8-ball like some little bit rock ‘n roll

Boomtown Rat in the back.

A Poem To Fuck To

Walk up to lot lizards
to ask for lipstick
and the one who says
she's from Fresno
just got back with her
old man, left him in a Coupe
and returned for the fire,
and the tall one keeps checking her purse,
like she knows that things are changing –
the endangered leopard print, those roach killers
that keep her working all the angles...
This may not seem like a poem to fuck to,
but it is: retreating into your pillows,
joyous arching back, those greedy deadpan fuck me eyes
burning a hole through the bloody ceiling
to some of the greatest music you have ever heard.

Z. Cullers' Birthday

Mr. Z Cullers' birthday is next week. Drives a Camry out of town, and returns in a Dodge Caravan. Does dealership runs with all the cars. A real road warrior, this one. Probably licks every mile right off the pavement; Mr. Z. Cullers, toad licker extraordinaire! Wearer of women's underwear in a pinch. What to get a man such as this, does that not seem overly knowing or presumptive? Any hope of avoiding showy went out the window many breakups ago; boy, do the neighbours love a good fight! A real drag out, like at Stalingrad. That's what the people want, who needs a coliseum? Mr. Z. Cullers has this electric train set down in the basement. Tiny guns with red trigger buttons to make the bloody thing go 'round the track. There are rumours Mr. Z. Cullers has worked for the agency. Parks his car on the street even though he has his own driveway. It is that sort of mysterious out here in the sweltering boondocks. The kids leave Cullers alone, though a few have grown older and braver. Do you know how many times I have gone off to work in the morning and passed two garden gnomes fucking along the sidewalk? Positioned with a zealot's precision. That is how you know it is the kids, and not their mindless parents. There is so much passion in the act, must be the kids, before it all gets sucked out. That fervour for life and living, I mean. Say what you want about Mr. Z. Cullers and his impending birthday, but that is a man who sharpens his pencils to a dying moon.

Gas Bag

You know the type,
talks a lot of shit
but never does anything,
tries to make himself important
by yelling into the ass-end
of grazing cattle
and you find yourself fenced in
after a time,
while this gas bag goes off
for anyone who will listen,
and when he goes too far
he turns to you for protection,
plays on your friendship
to save his skin from the
tanning house,
calls in favours he has never
earned through deed
or gesture
until you wise up
and cut the fool loose,
let someone else carry the bricks
for the shitter
and in this one's case,
that someone will likely
be a woman.

Gordon's Geckos

There is no harm in sharing now,
a confession for our dearest reader,
that if I opened a pet shop down on Wall St.
I'd call it Gordon's Geckos,

and all the eager young traders
would come across the street
after work

so I could upsell them on the latest tanks
and those rocks that go
in the bottom

and charge an arm and a leg
so they could take the little
buggers home

and name them all Gordon
because it's a copycat
world.

Each so green,
their favourite colour.

Drunk Tank Ouija Board

They put a Ouija Board in the drunk tank.
So you can call up demons instead of lawyers.

Everyone is trying to get help wherever they can they days.
Best to cast a wide net, I guess.

Trawling the dregs for diamonds.
A true man of the trenches.

Somewhere,
there are labs full of humanzees
learning to sign and doing the nasty.

The future is bright if you stare
right into the sun.

With Friends Like That, You Won't Need Enemies

You could always tell when Mini Mike had been by.
All those plastic liquor mini bottles
he collected instead of stamps.
It was his signature,
would never drink from a real sized bottle.
Littering neighbourhood lawns after each single chug.

“Why you scared of the bottle?”
Larsson prodded.
Taking a deep swig from his 26er of Beefeater
and threatening to take out his
Swedish meatballs again.

“No one wants to see that! “
Mini Mike tried to cover his eyes
with his free arm.

“Tell that to your moms, Mini,
she was all over that shit last week.”

Mini Mike laughed because his mom
was in the ground.

Died in childbirth, a true origin story.

“Larsson trying to raid the cemetery again?”
a voice came from the dark.

It was Greg, with tampons up his nose.
One stuffed up each nostril.
He regretted his decision immediately.
It was fashion week somewhere,
and bold choices had to be made.

But never in the sticks,
where manicured lawns outnumbered
fire-eaters almost 8 to 1.

“What’s that in your schnoz?”

Larsson laugh.

“You’re ahead of the game,
should collect all the blood when
I punch you in the face.”

“Like you did when that asshole Dale
rushed you and you turtled faster than micropenis?”
Greg shot back.

Mini Mike knew that was a sore spot.
Ran up behind Greg and pulled both tampons
out of his nose to change the subject.

“Hey, I was saving those for the apocalypse!”
Greg reached down to catch his blood parachuters
by the string.

Larsson stamped them into the darkened street
to make sure Greg would not want to
put them up his nose again.

“With friends like that, you won’t need enemies,”
Harper interjected from the shadows.

It was true.

Like trying to fingerbang angry volcanoes.

Greg was already halfway through a bottle of London Dry
and didn’t seem to care as much as he should have.

“Evolution has failed, I’m going back to the trees,”
Harper started to climb an old oak
in the front yard.

“Save some for the monkeys, Harp!”
Larsson tried to talk him down.

Mini Mike pulled twin Vodka minis
from his pocket and drained them both
before discarding them in the gutter by the curb.

Harper folded his legs over the branch
and swung upside down.

“You see that Kilbom was busted for kiddie porn?”
Greg laughed.

Kilbom was the high school geography teacher
that could never seem to keep up with
the size of the maps.

“Cops busted him right at his house
with his girlfriend sucking on the meth pipe,”
Harper added.
“Got a 2 for 1 deal on the arrest.”

Mini Mike pulled another Vodka midget
from his hoodie pocket
and downed the smarting contents.

“Hey!”
a voice came from the dark.
“You kids don’t get out of here
and I’ll call the cops.”

It was surprising to hear anyone else
up at this hour.

There were jobs to think about.
Bills to pay, like breakaway states that always
came back for more.

A light rain had begun,
and Harper flipped down
out of the tree.

There was nowhere to migrate to,
but the young herd had to move on.

Kicking at Greg's old tampons
for almost half a mile.

Twins

A lot of twins don't like each other.
To see themselves doing things they would never do.
It short circuits them in some strange way.
Seeing that disassociation, a constant reminder.
That someone was galivanting around out there.
Treading on your face, if not your good name.
Quite the mindfuck if you stop and think about it.
I knew these twins growing up.
One liked me and the other possessed a minor disdain.
Then, the one that liked me
and danced with me at all the school dances
decided she hated my guts, and her twin switched it up
and began showing a new warmth.
Like each was trying so hard not to be the other.
And they said twins shared everything.
Man, did I think about that a lot!
Took up most my wanking hours for a few years there.
Along with the older girls in my father's skin mags.
Some of them were twins, or at least they pretended to be.
Often armed with water guns
or other large squirting props.
Posed in glasses to make them look smart.
It was a great time to be alive, in spite of all the shit.
The pages stuck together, and that was your proof of life.

Nothing is Real

"Nothing is real,"
pronounced Sanderson.

Carlisle turned
and punched him
in the face.

Blood spilling out immediately.
Like an angry lava cake.

"DAMMIT!!
WHAT THE HELL DID YOU DO THAT FOR?"
howled Sanderson.

"I couldn't have done a thing,"
said Carlisle.

Sanderson held out his hands,
covered in blood.

"How could I have punched you in the nose?"
asked Carlisle.
"Noses aren't real."

Flat Sausage

We were over at her place
watching Braveheart
when the idea came to me.

I'd always had a problem
with impulse control.

Walking into her kitchen
to grab the Panini Press from the pantry
and dropping my pants.

Sticking my cock into the middle of the press
and pulling the top down.

Trying to create some flat sausage,
a Scottish favourite, I'd been told.

When I pulled away,
the shaft was steaming.

A wonderful waffling pattern burned
into my squished dick.

She screamed like travelling banshees.
A single uninterrupted wail.

I figured the English must be coming.

“Quick, grab your makeup bag,
I need my war paint!”

She kept looking down
at the flat sausage between
my legs.

Now was not the time
to be hungry.

Greetings from Planet Rim Job

He kept sliding behind the motel door
like going into hiding again.

As though he were melting
into the room.

People forgot he was there,
and went back to talking
over the music.

Everything sounded muffled behind the door.
The LSD from that house across the street
from the Barrie Jail was top notch.

Two tabs on the tongue,
and you were gone.

A boxy television on mute,
scrambled porn beamed in from
planet Rim Job.

Sweaty feet
spelunking down into the
ratty carpet.

A red giraffe trapped
inside a cave painting.

Cigarette burns
through twin bedspreads.

And every so often,
a head would peak out from
behind the door.

And a few would remember,
before forgetting all over again.

Seven Consecutive Graveyards

I sit in pervert's row.

After seven consecutive graveyards
working the box store receiving dock
with some hippie burnout forklift driver
named Dave during the holiday high season.

His girlfriend runs the show, like one of those
free love fakeries turned straight Attila
when the picture wall comes to be framed.
So stoned that he wants his food to stare back at him.
McCain Smiles, with a healthy dollop of Ketchup.

As we casually leer at tits that flop
around like enemy submarines
breaking the surface.
Talk shop as the working man does,
even with consecutive thickets of gyrating poon
in our faces.

This hulking wall of security comes over,
seems excited by the promise of violence.
When I can't hear him over
the rabble rouse coke-nose music
and don't take off my hat.

“A gentlemen’s club,” I am assured.
No wonder the many old timers jacking it
under the table. Behind black sunglasses
at half past eleven in the morning.

Some third marriage
dressed in tartan schoolgirl
told us she had to remove the catheter
so she could grind her way out of the
old age home.

My work buddy Vaz supplies half the joint
with what they need.
A Vaughn Mills Blood if anyone is keeping track
of the city’s gangs.

Mans the Tire Centre on busy weekends.
In those steel toe boots corporate headquarters
mandates us to wear.

To avoid incident report or payouts,
whichever comes first.

Never Play Hurdy Gurdy Man at a Narcotics Anonymous Meeting

Back off Treblinka, no one likes your showers.
The water pressure is shit,
and those silver eggs from the primordial
chaos end up on short orders all across the city.

And that mendacious fuck face that lies on its taxes,
I can hear your avalanche of warnings now.
Never play Hurdy Gurdy Man
at a Narcotics Anonymous meeting.
Limbs will kick and fidget, fleeing for early smoke breaks.
Picking at scars from former openings.

The sponsor will pull you aside, tell you your problems
should probably go somewhere else.
And you will show him the hair under your arms,
how it hangs like past pretensions from a personal gallows.

Run your hand over
snapped chain link the entire way home.
Retreating into concrete burrows in this
starving city of ghosts.

Knockoff Cubans and a Busker with Children Named
After the Spinning Celestials

What can a man
pull out of his pockets,
but his life?

The expired subway
still running underground,
a rolled ticket
of general boredom
and an ever increasing
tightness.

Failed ink across the fingers,
knockoff Cubans and a busker
with children named after the spinning
celestials.

And this most recent sickness
demands a can of soup.
Crushed crackers to provide
a failing texture.

The dining experience of Cannibal Kyle
and patterned napkins of the
devouring mother.

See you out on the esplanade.
Unpanicked and gleeful
as a magpie.

With umbrellas for arms
for the coming rains.

Preggo Non Grata

Edith would wake up screaming that she was pregnant.
At first, the administrators at the long-term care home
gave her tests on the taxpayer's dime.

Even though she was 93, and housed in her own room
at the rest home.

There was no one else to help,
her family had dropped her off and abandoned her
long ago.

So she could scream at others
about how she was crowning.
It's coming! she would throw her legs open.

There was nothing there,
but the nurses medicated her and tried to play along
with the delusion as long as they could.

Even booking her consults with the doctors
who also got dragged into this daily fiasco.

When the docs finally had enough
of the Preggo Non Grata,
they told the nurses to get inventive.

So, the nurses started
wheeling a broken blood pressure machine
into Edith's room and running the blood pressure cuff
over her belly.
When the machine did nothing, they told her that meant
it was negative.

Then they would snore her
and Edith would settle for a couple hours.
Before the screeching mother to be
returned with a vengeance.

And the broken blood pressure machine
would be rolled in all over again.

Lot Lizards in Rags & Sweaty Horndog Geysers

Jolly Green Giant hands
don't always translate to the bedroom,
I remember her telling me that like it was moments ago
even though there are now decades
sprouted up between us,
how she went to school for aviation
and became a bank teller,
it was that Scrabble type of confusion about everything:
how her long-haul trucker father was being swallowed up
by twitchy lot lizards in rags, while her mother sat at
the midnight bingo looking for a big score,
but too cowardly to ever hit a bank.
And that joyous sprint back across the city
in the rain made me think
I was a burst water pipe spewing out
from sweaty horndog geysers
as Dick Dale played surfer music to fireflies,
and Napoleon marched
on a neighbourhood Olive Garden
made of free bread.

Chainsaw Yeyo

The guy
who runs the tree removal
service in town
pays his workers in coke.

More snort off the table,
than paid under it.

No wonder those boys
work so fast.

Could probably clear
a third of the remaining rainforest
by lunch.

Climbing Inside the Cooling System

Generalship is the priesthood with medals,
and I climb inside the cooling system,
growling cattle prod between my teeth,
gingivitis reek over everything that used to smile,
that could carry never forget elephants from
tell to tusk, watering hole larvae that hatch
and burrow deep; that is how I see myself,
a singular instrument of sliming infiltration,
working my way towards the mainframe,
that bruise on the apple's face,
the nodes on pleasure patrol out in
the catch eye glossies – paint jobs jumping
off cars and onto the throbbing fantasy queens;
an avoidance of detection is paramount,
nearer and nearer all the time
like a pushpin through the ranks:
what to make of a relativist's
jiggling waterbed?
A sudden shift in weight?
The truth is killed
by a hunting party
of lies.

Strangled

She was a hooker in the democracies.
Told me she noticed an uptick in johns that wanted
to choke her for money
during the holiday high season.

She figured her tricks just wanted to strangle
their wives, but not really.

"Probably just riding the coattails of all
the suicides this time of year,"
I said.

This one liked to be strangled anyway.
Confessed it to a friend who told me.

I think her friend wanted me to strangle her instead,
and thought that telling me such things
would give me ideas.
Put her in my good graces at the same time.

What a bloody mess we make of things, it's true!
Stones in the shoes and random fire alarms going off.
Blowjobs that feel more like snaking a clogged toilet.
That sloppy drunk argument of slurring slag pits.
Must be a mining town sort of dying.

And Madame Luscious Lips prowling in cat shadow.
A switchblade tucked away deep in her Hello Kitty bag.

Strangled seven times a night each time
the rum and eggnog comes out.

Pocasso Creates Another Masterpiece

The drunk tank had been in need of a makeover for years.
And here came Pocasso, dropping his pants
to create another masterpiece.

No one likes finger paints after midnight,
especially the law and order crowd.

The coppers banging on the door,
but no one was willing to step foot inside.

And Pocasso made these wild
waving swan gestures with his arms.
Stinking brown swirls over all the walls and floor.

Fearful drunks crowded into a single back corner.
Vomiting from the reek of the artist at work in his studio.

And Pocasso took his two fingerbang feelers,
dipped them in some of the vomit
to add to his creation.

Howling like some New Moon werewolf
each time he stepped back to admire his work.

When the coppers got on the phone
with their counterparts down at 51 Division,
they were told that Pooasso did this all the time.

That he was a regular down there.
They took credit for christening him with the name,
but did not offer any advice on how to make him stop.

“You’re going to have to go scorched
earth on the entire thing,” they said.
“Make sure you got enough bleach to pull the tears
right up out of the grout!”

Pooasso began painting himself
and broke into some long-forbidden rain dance
even though they were indoors.

A young deputy from crowd control
racing over to the window
to see if it had worked.