

Words at Play

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Contents

<u>ABCDEFacebook</u>	1
<u>Hope Exposed</u>	2
<u>2019: A Word Odyssey</u>	3
<u>Overlay</u>	4
<u>Words to Live By</u>	5
<u>Similebiosis</u>	6
<u>Chickens</u>	7
<u>Couple of Cliché Couplets</u>	8
<u>Wisdom of the Ancients</u>	9
<u>Nightouch Wakedream Rises</u>	10
<u>Words at Play</u>	11
<u>Pick a Peck of Plectrum Pluckers</u>	12
<u>Sybil, or Dancing in the Cartesian Theatre of the Absurd</u>	13
<u>Funny, You Don't Look Irish</u>	14
<u>Sestina: Elephantiasis</u>	15
<u>April</u>	17
<u>boobytrap</u>	19
<u>Personicity</u>	20
<u>Elizabethan Mashup</u>	21
<u>Metafourical</u>	22
<u>Tips for Richard</u>	23
<u>Food for Thought</u>	24
<u>The Wives in My Head</u>	26
<u>That I Am</u>	27
<u>Apocalypse Now</u>	28
<u>Underground North of Chicago</u>	30

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ABCDEFacebook

An arrogant avatar with angry acolytes always announces balderdash, both before breakfast and bedtime, because creating a constant chaotic cacophony catapults catastrophic devotion denoting domination.

Despite desperate denunciations, eager educators elaborate egalitarian effrontery effortlessly.

Fantastic fables faking facts flourish, fomenting guttural gibberish germinating a gabbling gallery of groggy homunculi.

Hags and hacks heavily hype hegemony instead of interrelated institutions insisting on inclusion incarnate.

Jubilant jokers and jaded jerks jape judiciously; killjoys keen Kafkaesque kowtows to kibosh karma.

Lazy listeners lubricate loathing by leaving to languish most meritorious maturity.

Misanthropes mutate minutia, necessitating nattering nabobs to negate neighborly newbies offering only oratory opposing off-line oligarchy and propagating peace.

Previously private persons propose quotidian quiet to quench queasy quavering quadrennial responses regarding rampant reductionism.

Reciprocal rebuttals slam sanctimonious simpering, shaming seriocomic sentiments tempering tautological testimonials.

Toxic tongues tender unctuous usurpations and uncommonly ugly umbrage, unleashing vast vitriol voicing vestigial vexation and vituperation.

Weird wording warps and weasels the welter while exuding excretion and extinguishing exegesis exasperating extrapolation by yammering young yahoos yielding to yon yokels zipping zingers zestfully with zomboid zeal.

Zounds!

[\(Top\)](#)

Hope Exposed

Every night, with lights on and shades up,
Hope parades naked about the house
dancing to the music in her head.

(Her sisters, Faith and Charity, more
demure perhaps, are thought to cavort
likewise in the basement. We know this
truth in the dark recesses of our minds,
but choose to ignore it,
preferring the illusion of purity
to our blatant licentiousness.)

At first, the whole neighborhood was entranced,
women and men alike,
and all could look or think of little else.
The lights came on, and the performance began,
prurient and lurid for some,
innocent and beautiful to others,
fascinating to all.

Some kept binoculars by the window for the scene;
others, walking the dog at the same time nightly,
paused by chance at the same bush
for animal business.

Gradually, however, the spectacle lost its luster.
One by one, our attentions flagged and faded,
no longer seduced by her charms.
One by one, we looked away
(with the notable exception of the couple next door).
Hope is still at it, as oblivious to our lack of interest
as she was to our squalid desires.

Besides, we hear a new girl has moved in
for all to see up the block.

[\(Top\)](#)

2019: A Word Odyssey

The world whirled while wily Odysseus
with his bag of winds winds
his watery way, his wound wound white,
hoping to seize what he sees on the seas.

Could he know? – no! – how patient Penelope
(no suitor could suit her) bore
the weight of the wait of his homecoming;
how she looked for the right rite to write
the happiness of the tail to his tale.

After the heel would not heal, the eyes tear, tear of clothes,
rend of hair, and Odysseus, voice hoarse within the horse,
ropes his men threw through the grate and the great
sacking of Priam's palace began, provoking Poseidon.

The god's love he could not buy by offering,
and so the sight of the site he cites as his home
would not be his, but his fate to be blown
off course by the coarse will of the god.

Ropes with lead lead to the calls of shore,
but the men, meat for the cyclops they meet,
sow sow fate from Circe, and swallowed
by Charybdis's maw, calling for ma
as they row and row, none to escape.

Whether by weather or the gods,
Odysseus in time smells the sweet thyme
of the hills of Ithaca, and from they
who tend his herd he heard of Antinous
and the rest of the vain whose veins
he splits, but first he must (to get his bow) bow
to prove his guile and humility.

And then the maids are made to clear
the clot and gore before they are hanged.

To the bin of history the rest has been.

[\(Top\)](#)

Overlay

the machine humming quietly
dreaming of storms life
skies open rain down
the face weeping wet
green is forward thinking
dreams summer breathing anew
crack again dropping splashes
grass is dripping joy

the machine humming quietly
dreaming of storms life
skies open rain down
the face weeping wet

green is forward thinking
dreams summer breathing anew
crack again dropping splashes
grass is dripping joy

the green machine is humming forward quietly thinking
dreaming dreams of summer storms breathing life anew
skies crack open again rain dropping down splashes
the grass face is weeping dripping wet joy

[\(Top\)](#)

Words to Live By

sylllogism realism positivism utilitarianism
epicureanism optimism stoicism romanticism
negativism cartesianism neoplatonism naturalism
pessimism existentialism idealism defeatism
hedonism nihilism skepticism neologism
solipsism materialism altruism transcendentalism

spiritualism pantheism taoism hinduism
confucianism buddhism polytheism mysticism
zorasterianism monotheism judaism islamism
satanism baptism catholicism epsicopalianism
presbyterianism calvinism deism unitarianism
creationism agnosticism humanism atheism

tribalism barbarianism imperialism communism
nationalism capitalism marxism totalitarianism
utopianism authoritarianism republicanism socialism
egalitarianism oligarchianism conservatism parlimentarianism
liberalism militarism antisestablishmentarianism pacificism

anoldwomanwholivedinashoeism hickorydickorydockism
humptydumptyhadagreatfallism tomarkettomarkettobuyafatpigism
cutofftheirtailswithacarvingknifism huffandpuffandblowyourhouseinism

[\(Top\)](#)

Similebiosis

Your heart feels like laughter in my stomach;
Your eyes drink like tiny hairs on my neck;
My catastrophe is tickled by your voice.

Your perfume sounds like sunsets in my mouth;
Your snores taste like bird wings on my heel;
My fundament is measured by your choice.

Your touch smells like suppositions in my spine;
Your arms dance like armadillos on my knee;
My understructure is fed by your poise.

[\(Top\)](#)

Chickens

Cluck.
Cluck cluck.
Step turn step step.
Watching with one eye
then turning to watch
with the other
then turning back
not trusting. Parting
like water around a rock
except both are moving.
Here chickee chick,
no one is going to hurt you
(not yet, anyway). Cluck.

When dinosaurs ruled the earth,
were they all delicious?
Master race, indeed.
One breaks into a little
run, useless flutter
of wings upsetting
the others. Shuffle off
to Buffalo. Cluck cluck.

Why so wary? It won't
protect you, you know?
Or maybe it will; you
made it this far.
Head cock cluck.
Run, chicken, run.
No axe, no guillotine, no
chopping block, just
a simple wring of the neck.
The futility of fuss and flurry.
Nobody here but us.
Cluck cluck.
Cluck.

[\(Top\)](#)

Couple of Cliché Couplets

Holy moley Holy smoke
Rolly poley Bet you choke

My ding-a-ling Bop till you drop
It's the real thing Snap crackle pop

A useful tool Fat drunk and lazy
Kiss me you fool Driving me crazy

Long walk, short pier Don't make me laugh
There's nothing to fear Bunch of riff raff

You're full of crap Make me gag
Take a short nap Nag nag nag

In too deep Slept like a log
Good night's sleep Sick as a dog

One rotten apple Spoils the bunch
Going to the chapel Let's do lunch

Too good to be true When I was your age
Monkeys in the zoo Life's a blank page

Inclement weather Forever and ever
Birds of a feather Happy together

Blink of an eye Anybody's guess
Such a nice guy This is not a test

Somethin' for nothin' It's no joke
Bun in the oven Pig in a poke

Drink like a fish Cry like a baby
Do as you wish Definite maybe

Feeling impervious Slap to the head
Making me nervous Waking up dead

Get me a gun I'm feeling blue
Under the sun Nothing is new

[\(Top\)](#)

Wisdom of the Ancients

It doesn't matter what you say;
It doesn't matter what you plead;
It doesn't matter what you want
or what it is you think you need;

It doesn't matter where you go;
It doesn't matter who you see;
It doesn't matter if you're alone
or if by chance there is a "we";

It doesn't matter to whom you talk;
It doesn't matter what you do;
It doesn't matter if you fight it
or accept that you are through;

Love or hate, it doesn't matter;
It's not something you can throttle;
No matter how you try to force it,
the genie won't stay in the bottle.

[\(Top\)](#)

Nightouch Wakedream Rises

In the red midnight
I can hear termites gnaw
my wooden soul;
their ferocious mandibles
toil inexhaustibly
to shred and grind
with inevitable purpose
of impossible design,
waiting for the burning wind
to discard all but my blank foundation.
But the magic will be worked
until first I am hollow,
then my emptiness
will be filled.

The yellow moths spiral
toward their new sun
desperate to fulfill their immolation.
The fans tick a regular mechanical tock,
and the leaves play at shadows.
A far away bark gathers another
until the pack gambols cacophonous
in sheer terror and delight of the canine darkness.

Some call this peace or peaceful.

Inside my eyelids the green circles,
like coral reefs surrounding
south sea atolls, project forward
either into my eyes
or from them
or both.

Nightouch wakedream rises
full and powerful
before laughing itself to sleep.

[\(Top\)](#)

Words at Play

What, in its meticulous way, explained things in complicated detail, choosing, as it were, to describe every stripe on every tulip, giving all equal weight and so weight to none.

What needed Why's help, but Why preferred to remain silent on the subject. Why stood aloof, swallowing canaries, effortlessly maintaining an air of superiority and omnipotence. Because Why is perpetually confused, it feigns knowing with ease.

Once again relishing their usual clear-cut roles, When and Where eagerly answered without being asked: When gesticulated wildly at its watch; Where enthusiastically pointing like a Super Bowl referee signaling first down.

Who and How both deferred to What, as though they existed merely as elaborators adding specificity and detail but nothing new to contemplate.

Meanwhile, If and But shook their heads in disgust at all the nonsensical prattle, saddened but unsurprised that the others failed again to consider the obvious, and Prepositions and Conjunctions listened with the boredom of tradesmen waiting to apply their skills after the architects and foremen finished their bickering.

Smiling the smile of the sublime, Why announced, "Nothing to see here" and set about rousting the others back into order before marching them off to something less perplexing perhaps.

[\(Top\)](#)

Pick a Peck of Plectrum Pluckers

Andrés Angus Andy Alex Alvin Albert Asheton Ace
Buck Buck Buckethead Beck Berry Belew Barre Breau Betts
Carlos Carlos Guitarlos Cotton Cropper Cooder Campbell Chet

Dick Dale Django DiFranco Diddley Dimebag Dias Davis
Elmore Elvin Elliot Earle Eric Edge Emmanuel Eddie
Fripp Ford Foley Fogerty Frampton Fruscante Frisel Fish

Gilmour Gibbons Green Gurley Gallup Gatton Gabriela Gabrels
Hazel Holly Hooker Hammett Harrison Hedges Hunter Haynes
Iggy Izzy Ian Isbin Iha Iommi Ike

Jerry Johnny Joni Johnston Johnson James Jimi Jimmie Lee
King King King Kath Keef Kirkwood Kirchen Keneally
Link Lang Lonnie Lalonde Lennon Lowell Luther

Mason Morello Marino Martino May Montrose Manzanera Mars
Navarro Nokie Nolen Noodles Neil Neil Nielsen Nelson Nels
Orbison Otis Oldfield Perkins Paul Pete Perry Prince Paisley Presley Quine

Rory Roy Raitt Rhoads Richie Ronnie Robby Ronson Rodrigo
Sumlin Slash Satch Scotty Skunk SkyDog Skolnick Slick Slowhand Syd
Thompson T-Bone Tovar Tal Taylor Trower Tedesco Travis Trucks

Uli Urban Ulmer Vaughan Valens Verlaine Volkaert Vai
Watson Wilson Walsh Wylde West White Winter Willie White Williams
Phil X Yngwie Yosi Young Zappa Zappa Zoso Zoom

[\(Top\)](#)

Sybil, or Dancing in the Cartesian Theatre of the Absurd

We stretch ourselves into two
in the worst kind of incest.
We are married to ourselves,
wedded to this certain uncertainty.
We wake ourselves in the night
when one turns over.
We look at other marriages happier
than our own and we marvel:
Jesus! Together
all those years without killing each other!

We two chained as prisoners
scything the high grass along the steaming Mississippi
roadside by single swings of the pendulum.
Sometimes one prisoner falls,
sometimes the other,
but both are required to pick up the slack,
to make the same distance in miles,
or the walkin' boss will put both
in the box for the night.
Sooner or later one prisoner falls,
sooner or later the miles won't,
and the one left standing can't do it
alone anymore.

We coexist, but that doesn't mean
the body wants what the mind wants:
the guts are nuts:
they're out of control,
they raise their own hell.

This wretched elasticity can only last so long
before something snaps.

[\(Top\)](#)

Funny, You Don't Look Irish

A little old lady from Reno
Enjoyed slots at the local casino,
 Because she also liked beans
 She'd explode in her jeans
Till a friend told her all about Beano.

A macho man from Carson City
Fell in love with a girl he thought pretty;
 To his great surprise
 She took off her disguise
Revealing Hank from Virginia City.

There once was a man from Tortuga
Who loved caviar made from beluga;
 For more he would beg
 Till he learned they're fish eggs
Now just thinking of them makes him puke – ahh!

[\(Top\)](#)

Sestina: Elephantiasis

No place to sit with an elephant in the room;
no choice but to stand together so close
the whole world is a wrinkled gray.
Everyone with cocktails in hand, staring
straight ahead, careful not to focus on anything
or anybody, silently contemplating the air.

The peculiar pachyderm stench paints the very air
with invisible clouds coating the room.
Everyone quiet and still lest anything
disturb such a beast in a setting close
to oppressive, trying not to get caught staring
in fear and trembling at the giant gray.

Everyone hears the guts inside the wall of gray
rumble, moan, tick and groan, filling the air
with the sounds of a locomotive shutting down, staring
at the red lights blinking at the end of the room
and keeping all their loved ones by close,
nerves on edge and ready for anything.

First impressions are too much to see anything
except the fact of the living gray.
Eventually details grow clear and, looking close,
the skin teeming with insects ready to take air
to abandon all hope and flee the room
leaving the tinier mammals staring.

* * *

And you, elephant, at nothing staring,
taking absolutely no notice of anything,
not even the confining walls of the room,
while your skin exudes its gray
into the molecules of the air
infecting the bodies standing so close;

this infection now passes among all close
together and at nothing but their cocktails staring,
drinking gulps of liquid and gulps of air,
swallowing both as well as anything
that might mitigate the encompassing gray
and lift the eyes to scan the room.

But nothing can alter the air of this room,
with doors closed to all but gray;
its denizens staring in futility, grasping at anything.

[\(Top\)](#)

April

Some people have a real problem with April:

“April is the is the cruelest month, breeding
Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
Memory and desire, stirring
Dull roots with spring rain.”

“To what purpose, April, do you return again?
Beauty is not enough. . . .

April

Comes like an idiot babbling and strewing flowers.”

“Some things about living still weren’t quite right, though.

April for instance, still drove people crazy by not being springtime.”

They want April to be something it is
not. They want Spring to be something it is
not. When March blows April into town
Spring has sprung; it sprang
more than a week earlier. April
is the trunk of Spring spreading
the leafy branches of May and June;
without April their fantasy of Spring
would prove a barren and bleak doom.

Have they forgotten

“Whan that April with his showres soote
The drought of March hath perced to the roote
And bathed every vein in swich licour,
Of which vertu engendred is the flowr”?
Do they not remember even
“April showers bring May flowers”?

The same people want “Sumer is icumen in,
Lhude sing cuccu” to be about Spring, but it is
not *Springen*, it’s *Sumer* that is icumen in.
I can hear them cry, “But it sounds so
nice, and we want Spring to be nice!”
And I say, “Get your cuckoos straight!
The Springen cuckoo is a bird of a different
feather altogether from the Sumer version. In Spring,
‘The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
“Cuckoo!
Cuckoo, cuckoo!” O word of fear,
Unpleasing to the married ear!”

If it be true

“In the Spring a young man’s fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love”
then it matters not whether March came in like a lion or lamb,
April might just bite your head off, man! Foolish expectations
are the hobgoblin of minds both little and great.

Fortunately, April cares not a whit
what anyone thinks of it;
it rests easily in its oblivion.
April contentedly splashes along merrily
not giving a tinker’s cuss
what I or you or anyone thinks.

Some one of us or more
parceled out the days and weeks
into orderly little units neatly
arrayed in stacks of twelve and gave
them all pretty names, but
a gift confers no rights, and April
moves true to its own nature
not our notions of what it means.

[\(Top\)](#)

boobytrap

slap fap yap
chap dap sap
clap rap nap
lap gap tap
hap flap snap
scrap zap wrap

nightcap gingersnap jockstrap
madcap mishap backslap
bootstrap stopgap catnap
claptrap

boobytrap
crap

[\(Top\)](#)

Personicity

The blinds fight me nightly –
not in a Marquis of Queensbury,
student of the sweet science, pugilist way –
oh no, more in the vein of the eye-gouging
kick-you-in-the-balls streetfighter.

That's not true: The side nearest the cord
drops quite nicely, passively compliant to gravity
and my commanding tug – whether from fear or
good-natured conviviality who knows – but
the far side, the side above the stairs
descending safe from my grasp, taunts me
beginning their rush then arresting suddenly
suspended somewhere in mid-slide, sneering,
flipping the bird, and adding a “fuck you”
for good measure. I growl my own expletive
in return while furiously yanking the cord.
The catch clicks, but the blinds remain obdurate,
defiant until I snatch the aluminum bottomrail
to bend them to my will, but they fight me even still,
and most nights leave a victory gap above the sill.

That's not quite true either: Some nights the blinds delight
proving they can do what they please
and fall cheerfully en masse,
one fell swoop with me aghast
and disappointed – I'd been anticipating
the battle and feel robbed, my pleasing
consternation taken from me.

Oh, who would have thought that every night
this thing that can't think would put up a fight?

[\(Top\)](#)

Elizabethan Mashup

O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him,
My only love sprung from my only hate!
Now is the winter of our discontent.
Nothing will come of nothing. Speak again.
'Tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus.
O, my offense is rank, it smells to heaven.
It will have blood, they say; blood will have blood.

Feed blood to heaven! I speak my mind now,
O wife: offense or grudge, we are thus ourselves.
Our love, in thus, will have nothing again.
They say scorpions bear my sprung will.
My ancient blood smells of full discontent.
It will of winter fat him of nothing.
Come, my blood, from the hate that is rank will.
O, it is only the dear I have; 'tis only.

My love or fat hate full sprung from that blood,
Thus I speak only of my discontent.
I will now have dear winter scorpions
Bear nothing again, my wife. My blood smells
Ancient offense. O, it is the rank grudge
Of our will. They are to him come of nothing.
'Tis we ourselves feed thus in blood heaven.
O, it is only the mind will have say.

The winter blood we sprung is nothing dear;
It will feed my scorpions of heaven.
O, my rank blood speak thus to my ancient wife:
Love or hate, now full only of nothing!
Our fat grudge 'tis again in mind. Are they
Thus discontent? O, blood smells will have say!
I will have him that will bear my offense
From ourselves. Come. It is only I.

[\(Top\)](#)

Metaphorical

Night is day is night is
rotate revolve repeat
tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow
the agony of retreat.

Love is hate is love is
jump jangle jive
potato and potato and potato
wanted dead or alive.

Up is down is up is
splash sink swim
caramba ay caramba ay caramba
slough and shed your skin.

Black is white is black is
reuse recycle replace
yakisoba yakisoba yakisoba
the humility of disgrace.

[\(Top\)](#)

Tips for Richard

I know: Two times five times two times three;
A ship with no rudder is lost at sea;
A man in the middle is a man with no home;
A farmer with no chickens is all alone;

A cat in mittens catches no mice;
“Keep your mouth shut” is good advice;
Life could be worse than in-between;
It’s nice to be heard and never seen;

A soak in a tub will help you relax;
No one understands the income tax;
A feather is a pillow and a bed;
My foot and a bullet are made of lead;

A plummeting Wallenda gathers no moss;
A man who is found can also be lost;
The place for forgiveness is in bed;
Nothing is better off unsaid;

A Danish is a donut with no hole;
People can live without a soul;
Life’s a long song and nothing is free;
I know: Two times five times two times three.

[\(Top\)](#)

Food for Thought

“We’ve got to get out of here,”
said the tuna fish to the pork chop
mammal and the chicken bird,
“or we’re dead meat. Even when alive
that broccoli there just laid around
like a possum feigning death.

“And those two phallic idiots,
the cucumber and the carrot,
think their resemblance to
sex toys will save them.
Fools. Even if true, it is only
a respite, for once used
they will simply be washed
and devoured or worse.
No one gets out of this
refrigerator alive.”

Although not addressed,
the mayonnaise in the door snorted.

“Go fuck yourself!” growled the tuna.
“You sanctimonious jar of ejaculate sauce!
Nobody wants to eat you anyway.”

The chops reminisced, fondly
missing stroking the hairs
of his chinny chin chin.
“I once had cheeks,” he smiled.
“I’m sure they were delicious.”

“I had a beak,” clucked
the chicken bird.
“It would gobble June
bugs at an alarming rate.
Now they are flesh of my flesh.”

An explosion of light and sound
as the door swung open,
and the chicken bird was plucked
from the shelf.

“Weeee, I’m going
for a ride!” she squealed

to the chops; “Fly with me,
my children!” she crowed
to the eggs; and before
they were slammed
back into darkness,
the others smelled hot oil
and heard the spit
from cast iron.

The tuna fish and the pork chop
mammal sat pensively
in an air of curious
mixture of terror and relief
until another chuckle
from the mayonnaise
roused them from their torpor.

“At best this buys us another day,”
the tuna fish whispered in the dark.
“No one gets out of this
refrigerator alive.”

[\(Top\)](#)

The Wives in My Head

The wives in my head have made me their home
And never again will leave me alone.
They fill up my thoughts till the day is done,
And curse my ideas of what should be fun.

The wives in my head insist on a coat
To be worn at all times zipped to the throat,
To cover my head if it looks like rain,
And question the thoughts within my own brain.

This one always says what she thinks is best;
That one never was, but she stays a pest;
This one doesn't care to talk, just because;
That one's always there, but she never was;

This one does nothing but complain a lot;
That one's always hoping I'll die and rot;
This one never welcomes me home at night,
That one's happiest when picking a fight.

The wives have decided if they weren't in my head,
I just couldn't manage, and I'd soon be dead.
Yet I know a secret, that I choose not to share,
They can talk all they want to, but I just don't care.

[\(Top\)](#)

That I Am

Emerson was a transparent eyeball; he was part and particle of God.

I am an exposed nerve, throbbing and raw;

I am a Tesla coil blindly discharging invisible crackling into the night, but I do not sing the body electric;

I am *an errand boy sent by grocery clerks to collect a bill*;

I am Mosca the fly trapped in a web of my design;

I am within and without; I smell my own blood and hear it coursing my body;

I am Humpty Dumpty failing to learn the lesson of my great fall and watching the pavement plummet toward me;

I am Leatherface dancing with depraved abandon while hacking at my own appendages;

I am not Prufrock, yet I am not Michelangelo; I am *politic, cautious, and meticulous; Full of high sentence, but a bit obtuse; At times, indeed, almost ridiculous – Almost, indeed the Fool*;

I am a prisoner of distracted destruction;

I am a rodent gnawing at my own entrails;

I am dark matter encompassing the void;

I am not myself, yet myself is all I am;

I am Iago: *From this time forth, I will never speak a word.*

[\(Top\)](#)

Apocalypse Now

*Do you smell that? Napalm, son.
Nothing else in the world smells like that.*

Now when I feel
the world folding
me to stuff me into
a cardboard box
fixed with yellowed tape,

now I can see
I am not one of those
soft-handed little men
enveloped in gray suits
languishing in faceless shadow,
bladder shy pissers
sporting pajamas as they
sleep on periwinkle sheets
dreaming of every day
stifling contralto cries
into pillows reeking of flop sweat,

now I can tell
I am roughhewn oak,
splinters for tender skin,
yet resplendent –
adorned with a king's
feast over my bulk,

now I can feel
my animal heart grown
too large gnawing
to burst forth
with fangs dripping
blood and saliva
like Polyphemus
burbling wine
and bits of man-flesh,
single eye monomaniacal
in his cave home,
iridescent glare
from the darkness
while the shipmates
rend clothes and hair,

now I know I will
not my quietus in quietude
make but yawp and bark
and drink the green
exploding round,

now I burn to ashes,
sometimes the flame,
sometimes the gasoline,
but always kinetic,
always ready to devour,
orange yellow
red blue tongued,
to eat and be eaten,
voracious and delicious.

*I love the smell of napalm in the morning. . . .
It smells like victory.*

[\(Top\)](#)

Underground North of Chicago

Basements are often
dank and dark
dirty places where none but fools tread.

But not my basement.

My basement was
warm and wonderful
on winter afternoons
glowing with life
as the sun faded outside.

My basement stayed
cool on the hottest day in July.
I'd surface into the
oppressive air of reality
only on pain of hunger.

Or if I had to go to the bathroom.

Saturdays I ruled supreme
a dominion made up
of matchboxes and marbles
and Lincoln logs strewn about
as if by some mad architect.
When the aromatic allure
became unbearable
I'd creep up the stairs
and charge back down, with my cargo
of hot dogs and Dad's root beer,
so as not to miss Godzilla
and the inevitable destruction of Tokyo.

I have never seen another basement
like that one.
But if I do
I'll buy that house.

[\(Top\)](#)