

Confessions of a Smoker

I smoke to feel like I'm somewhere else,
to leave the room and the ghost that sat in my place
looking out windows for Hecate and priestesses
and tarot cards with holiness for the rest
"anywhere but here, anywhere but here"
I breath in the air and I know I'm still there
as soon as I inhale the thing that will eat me
I regret it and wish to be back in my tombstone
in the middle of the party
wishing to dear god or shiva or whoever
to be back on the verenda
the grand charade I conjured out of thin air
that I can't even read;
this Necronomicon I'm too mad to believe.
Let me step outside, dear parasites
and see the world through smokey optics,
bold like Cansino with all the doubt
dressed to be loved but polished to feel alone
the hiss of burning parchment ushers in my reverie
so self imposed and ridiculous it's almost award winning
I want to be there, I want to be there,
just to kill to be here again.
I take a drag and it all blends together.
Aesop and trickery, my lighter betrays me
this pack is Jesus.
Jesus fucking Christ
I wanted Arabia
and the camel took me to my own front door.

This Lullaby is My Retreat

I am Madonna
I am a whore
and I am of this world no more.
My loins shackle me to what you do
I am the lamb. The sky is blue.

I am in love
Anthropic love.
love, love, love
the word tastes like what I surmise you think of me.

Am I to believe
I am to scavenge the heartbeats and find the one?
the one, the one
like finding you with loaded gun
in thread counts, you count the rounds
that knocks me off, cross and ground.

I am with you,
as martyrs do
taking chains I thought back on you
and thought this vinegar is quite bitter.
would you drink for me?

I spit it out and I threw flames
I will not win the kissing game
my lips were meant for better works
I prefer the blood, I am a Turk.

Tapish loves his Judas prize
after three days I will not rise
My red hair washes no man's feet

this lullaby is my retreat

Vanquish now my entity
 there is no more to add to me
 I rather fancy things intact
 this heart of mine...
 I'd like it black

I am Madonna.
 I am a whore.
 And I don't believe in love anymore.
 Until I probe your wound, my dear
 I am a Thomas, not Guinivere.
 Open palms I cannot read.
 Your hand should have close around mine.

Perhaps in time.

Trying to Sleep on Snow

You were a letter
 a person
 a dream I forgot I had
 You didn't fit, you couldn't
 among my ones, and twos, and threes

I would be
 this and that...
 I would have kissed you,
 Of course I would have
 the man I forgot was you
 a summer for the tea roses
 burried under lace and snow
 and ice and cold, cold fact of the matters

I wanted you to do so badly
when you came for me,
or did I run to you?
Shouting, "It isn't you, it won't be you,"
with eyes that make me close mine
to keep you and what I found there

The things I felt-- I felt IT, you see
You see now, don't you?
I made you rise in my Libra house
to share a crown
but I had nothing to offer

These aren't carpenter hands
they only bury those mad monk eyes.
I trapped in you damn wax
and wished for warmth
as I dreamed of you again
thinking I could touch a synapse

I picked your leaves and set you free,
blowing you into my december winds
and I knew one day I would forget you.
All of you.
And rip your roots from me.

You planted, wasted,
on barren ground,
a ground that only gives goodbye kisses.

I shouldn't have fallen asleep on you yesterday
with my black irises on the next day,
and the next day.
I grow frozen

We were never a we,
just a you and me,

you and me
and the seven worlds
I felt under your skin,
places I can't say I've been

Yes, a thousand times yes,
I would have kissed you.
Now I am tired, but I roll in snow
awake, too cold
So I can't dream anymore

I will not dream anymore.

Where are You?

Where are you?
I rub my eyes in morning light
and realize where I am.
I shut them once more,
realizing I am the same man.
Yesterday I hoped I'd wake up
and it would be spring,
and I'd see the rain,
and I would be so glamorous by morning..
perhaps like Kurt Cobain.
Hissing against the sidewalk, in drops by one and two
I would find you.
And we would make love, as lovers do.
I would see Provence and feel all of you,
but the night transmogrified into the night before
I will not leave this bed till four.
The oneiroi left traces of you
and I'll never see your face.
I want the streets to shimmer in the neon beats

that make me pray for you.