

**THE
COLLECTED
SMITHEREENS
OF
A
BLOWN
MIND**

The Collected Smithereens Of A Blown Mind

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The Collected Smithereens Of A Blown Mind

The Identification Of Terminal Diseases By Taste

With my belly full of yellow crow,
the current time sits upright on
my plush sofa head with
dirty lost coins for eyes.

Tranquilized again,
and that figure in the room
could be an ambassador,
could be a representative
ensuring that I return God's hand
to the gilded lock box
when it is finished holding me.

The cold hand of God
that haunts with faith placebo-
not your biblical God, but
the nuclear spirit in every religion of man;

the one we create in order to become,
the one we deny ourselves until
every road left leads to a single point,
the one whose name answers an echo
with the only silence it knows.
It snaps the tension in half to
bring the restlessness to an end,

and here is the reality of it all:

Within one thousand years of DNA,
strands of salt and acid tangle on the tongue
while I squeeze four decades of thought
into one black drop of ink,
fighting off the heat from my eyes and head
(which no longer functions
as a normal head should).

This whole me of half of I, the
individual in a crowd of mourners
that can't imitate sadness in
his own waves of hysterical laughter-
dishonorably mentioned individual
who can't rest in the serenity of defeat
when still so much is left to be lost.

Sacrifice My Lambskin Head

sacrifice my lambskin head, two points of interest between my
hard-lined radars, color spectrum analyzer orbs and aromatic
temple above cavernous slippery maw/my tongue obeys you/
kept in a cedar wood box - hydrated and cool until opened by
a thought shaped into a key - a thought shaped into a child -
a thought shaped into a block of stone to carve with the fist -

carved with metal tools carved with a magnifying glass carved
like a wave on the horizontal portraits of the vertical landscape
overturned - shaved wax debris on candle beach sunset molds
the mountains afar and the rain slips down and absorbs your
feet/the rain slips down and abhors the heat/the vein drips down
and adores the teat (the pain hits ground and contours to the street)

the hour incomplete at fifty nine minutes and sixty seconds
three fourths of a nano and the time-bomb runs out of ammo

sacrifice my headskin lamb, my bronze toddler shoes, my mercurial
hands - appetite of butter bread sands, taste dunes of white wheat
main street, last supper wet castle assassins touch shovel fingers
to the nape - perverted stubbled singers linger for prison bait

ooh la la, are you still there ma - are you proud of me, are you
shrouding me, are you doubting me, are you clouding me, are you
giving me that look with those X-ray eyes from across town in
your pajamas with those X-ray eyes from across ground in your
bandana saying - don't be a moving target
and don't invest in a losing market

- nice advice if happy to be standing still for
the arrows feeding fresh money to the sparrows - here, birdie -

take this wooden nickel, build a shield, a hat, a firestorm, a
better mousetrap, a meal, a rat on a wheel, a wetter house cat,
something is sticking out of my bulletproof chest - sacrifice
my red cupid head - love is on paper the sex is in the ink -

the best is in the sink, the Mexican stinks of wine, the jester ate
the queen - they blessed her virgin ring, sang a few words in
tune with a surgeon's incision who heard with precision the
religious undertones of the saw cutting the mother's bones -

sacrifice my goat-head star, see how it feels to give the knees
the gift of submission and transfer the burden, it's only skin,
it's only sin if you believe hell is real - hunchback relieved
of the face the belltower concealed - sacrifice my Igor guilt -
in the church that these idle hands came together and built

V Or Bunny Ears Or...Some Awkward Exit

I find company where no children live;
laughing with barren mothers, admiring
the shadowy trees my left hand shapes
of fingers stretched at less than perfect
angles - a sad cigarette dangles - drinking
what is left of the best blood around town.
Chasing a spark that may have never been
lit, I follow my senses through the faint
smoke in the endless fountain of city air
& waiting for me is an old vacant stool
next to a Rottweiler named Zoey &
her handler for the evening. We were all
cool inside of the sudden pressure as the
barometer struck midnight (may someone
help us if our lungs are lulled to sleep).
This all plays across my fuzzy pupils as I
felt the drool seeping through my left sleeve
& Zoey was resting on my sleeping arm now,
abandoned by a man she never quite knew
(clinging to another that she never would)

& as humidity forced my sudden departure,
I tied her leash to her chair, frowned a smile
& said "Don't worry. Someone's gonna find
a way to love you" & flashed a peace sign
goodbye, my arm still warm from the release
of her thick broken heart, elbow to wrist
and every sensitive spot in between.

Dwelling Rental Agreement

Safe haven is here - where I store the collected smithereens of my blown mind - where I realize that mankind has less compassion than it does humanity [and there is not much of that going on here either] & I hesitate to use the word *home* & I hesitate to describe this as *mine* [but alas] this *home* is somewhat *mine* if only for the fact that the stacks of magazines & records in the corners are all I own - somewhere under the unread mail there is a worthless contract that ties me to this address for a specified period of time [retaining a specific sum of money as collateral if I should break out] - but where would I go with all these magazines & albums & junk mail...not to mention two or three trash bags of clothing [& WHO will remove all of the empty bottles & overflowing ashtrays? WHO will clean the stains of my living from the carpet & walls?] Would the next contractually obligated sucker adopt the foul odor of this space as their own over time? Have I done enough to *condemn* this place? What lengths must I go to insure that my stamp on this foundation is the last? Or should I just leave it as is so that the next person can fuck & die in the same room that I've been doing it in for years... all for the honor of doing it so close to the big city, the big sleazy blood bank monstrosity that infects the night air with its dirty piss glow & its promises of pure debauchery if you got enough money/guts... so like any other fiend I signed on the dotted line, created my own environment where I could subject myself to varying climates of sound & widen my mind further [my tiny punk eyes were still smallish]

and I lived to satisfy the agreement's carnal desires sweating the lust for bio-electricity right out of me and now all I know is the feel of the hands of the time clock squeaking tighter around my adult neck

Terrain

I was born on a gray rock,
a gray moon rock perhaps,
its core full of skinned worm

flesh...its strange surface was
capable of arousing the vivid
hallucinations of a young

boy in the nexus of a difficult
spiritual transition. I ate away
at the umbilical cord; its

taste was not entirely unlike that
of a wild hare in the desperate act
of chewing off its own snared leg.

Newly ungripped, slightly visionary
and weightless. My first baby step
was towards the sun; my next one,

galaxies behind it. I passed through
the center of its mass and came out
as a blazing dragon tongue, licking

my way through the various planets
as time quickly wound down and
outer space became tighter. No

skin, no bone could dare resist
the burning cold of absolute
freedom. My head filled with

new ideas and abstract plans
for reducing my situation to
comfortable quantum levels.

As I grew smaller, Earth
grew bigger, and once its
gravity sucked onto my toes,

down was the only option
that didn't resemble imminent
death. My feet struck the

city streets, inside my cold
head two wires touched and
a white spark was made to live.

This incident infected the soul,
brought disease to the only
untouched part of my being.

Immediately, I began dying.
As of now, I am less alive
than I was when I was born.

The Saints Came Marching In And All I Got Was This Bullet In The Head

Slow march through the villas of Spain.

Our soldiers are diseased, but content.
Send the rapists.
Send deep darkness, send shallow light and thin shadows.
No Vacancy signs.
Send pillows and credit cards.
Send blood and holy bibles and condoms and switchblades.
Water and bread. Piss and vinegar, dirty glasses.
Death and sorrow. Send mourners after the encore.
Send the Christmas spirit.
Send Fa-la-la-la-la.
Send mothers. No TV on school nights.
Sack lunches. Send drunk fathers.
Leather belts across the cheek.
Send Grandmothers and Grandfathers in retirement homes;
whom unless spoken to,
don't speak.
Send money and whores,
armies of drunks and junkies,
unloaded weapons and fresh coffins,
shovels and liquor,
leather gloves and clean clothes,
lots of magazines.

Company halt in the slums of Germany.

Send the fresh reich,
abort the old skeletal dictators,
drunk and swathed in their white robes.
Deliver unto us new giants of war,
geniuses of historic suffering.
Send lots of enemies, and the seething enemies
of our enemies.
Send a postcard from this future apocalypse

addressed to "Whom It May Concern".
Bring us fury and hatred.
Send evil.
Love.
Send heavy sticks and hard stones to
break our calcium-deficient bones.
Fire away with names that will never hurt us.
Sing the blues, soil the panties, handkerchiefs,
draw a map of Rio, squeal the rubber tires,
make screaming women beg, burn the lifeboats;
escape, liberation, and high hopes be damned..
Route rivers and dirt through cement buildings.
Send civilization so we can spit on it one last time.
Oh yeah...send more spit.

Slow drown through the canals of Venice.

Send more bricks. Obliteration of compassion.
Rats and rabid vermin. Anarchy of the soul.
Grocers and insurance salesmen eloping.
From Rome, send the pope's skeleton, picked clean.
Send bishops. Pawns. Rooks and junkie knights.
Queens and the King. Checkmate on the cross.
Send Bobby Fischer selling thorny crowns,
three for a dollar or press your luck.
Drop blankets. Clothing. Hope on a parachute.
Send a gentle savior. We'll kill him ourselves.
Send redemption and animals, two by two.
Send us down the creek. Don't send paddles.

Deep sleep in the hills of Hollywood.

Our soldiers are restless. Bring cadavers.
Send demons and monsters from under every
child's bed. Send faith's growing lack. A TV Guide.

Spontaneous commerce, instant depression.

Give us moonlight, stars, Hollywood, vampires,
zombies, Frankenstein's monster, King Kong Bundy,
Bruno Sammartino, free tickets to Wrestlemania,
t-shirts and disposable razor commercials.

Give us hot dogs and apple pie, freedom, terrorists,
religious fanatics and the devil's followers.
Lady Liberty's wasted virginity. Democracy.
Throw in some voodoo and black magic.

Abacadabra. Hocus Pocus.

Ship us some legends, a buck an ounce.
No bigger than a sandwich. Bring us Elvis. The King is dead;
the cheese, edible. Treat us like a fool, mean
and cruel. Resurrect John Wayne and a thousand
dead Indians from the actor's guild.

Deep shit in the streets of New York.

Bring the weapons of totality. Kill America.
Kill the North, East, South, and West.
Destroy homes, schools, erase Heaven.
Purify the dirt. Reset humanity.

Long wait inside the bowels of hell.

Send evolution.

Dirty Spoons

"Unthread my flesh. Fit me for a straight jacket made of flames. Strike me like lightning. This is what I came for." Me, 199?

My tools were considered useless despite the miles of scratches on the skull walls, picked clean through Jack-O-Lantern eyes on a few private Hallow's Eves.

Flashing forward: empty coffee cups, pen anxiously swerving over napkin poetry. Listening between the ambient conversations for the cafe door which has

remained silent most of the evening. "Are you good, sir?". A semi-polite nod that I learned from too much television. I ache to scrape the old poisons lingering

in the corners of my veins. Then maybe I could keep this pen from stopping...managing naked corpses and active landmines from the obliterated paradise of youth.

No survivors. But still, this stare knows something. It looks to connect ends to ends, complete the circuit, realize anything. So much to see, so little

to contemplate in this box. I sense my inner slug drawing closer to the beer trap. At least he'll decay in total numbness. C'est La Vie, mi amigo. Ha...

"You sure you're good?" "Fine, and don't ask me again." The door whispers of an older couple in search of shelter from this mediocre night. I don't

want to hear the story, but words can't be taken back like undercooked meat. The couple sits on the other side of ten feet of molecular chaos from

me. I am now a supporting character in their own fantasy world. I write a note and pocket the pen. Pay the bill plus a reluctant gratuity (nosey bitch).

Passing by, a napkin lands on the old couple's table. It says "dirty spoons" next to a picture of an enormous cock because I can't draw silverware.

What Good Is It To Understand Death While Life Is Evading You

Sensations of a tourist curiously sifting through the ashes of my heart,
smoke bleeding from perforated flesh of lips, fingers crawling with
maggots and flies, dissecting the dream like a green jeweled locust

while I feel Sunday's softest gesture -either a child's breath or a waning
soul tornado - touching my cheek (and though I gambled and lost
all of my blood, I still feel love when the tide is low and the newborn

lunar messenger pulls on tattered strings as the old one smiles from afar).

What strange events occur when one writes a poem but crafts an
epitaph instead...the words glowing with crimson fluorescence in

a fantastic message of defeat. "Here lies a poet - bankrupt of his native
tongue, rich in regrets of the world - with white blank lines of debt,
at peace & empty-handed, now mistaken for dead, sleeping in the

grass under shadows of God." Casual mourners disperse as the sun drops
into its nightly cemetery, a poet's body strolls away to paint some
sky on a window, singing "Beat that drum so I can follow you home."

This Poem Is Legal Tender For All Debts, Public And Private

I.

[Yes] I drank the water and it wrecked my nerves. I was hanging
by a fingernail from a skyscraping dream like there was no up =
just down down down; check the record = another month with
only four fridays -sometimes there are five- means no X-tra lube
just my bare back
greasing the wheels
of American Machina
with no Deus

We grew sprockets along our vertebrae to facilitate production
of time and its ethereal components - space being the catalyst
in this formula - I have enough nerve to pull it all off, I think, &
I was once afraid of heights until I learned to sleep deeper [unrest
is the doppelganger of altitude in perpendicular dimensions that
have no relation to aluminum cans
or pencil sharpeners
or paycheck stubs

if we crave sleep we must steal it from the pockets of the living
& the intellectuals that make money with their fingers...not w/
the selling of sweat. WAIT! I have money in my blood, gold
in my semen, a small fortune in my arms! if I sold myself for
scrap this penniless brain could remain unemployed for a while
broke and complacent
like a hobo in July
watching the fireworks
f rom a cardboard castle

II.

but She wants things...She desires things...She needs things...
and being a woman, She deserves things besides the free fun of
/you show me mine
i'll show you yours/
that game that we play when we can't afford other entertainment
russian roulette & you win a child /please allow nine months for
delivery of your reward/ so far, we've won twice and I think I'm
getting too old to play it all the time but I do have fond memories

& every time you hit the bullseye yr. payckeck shrinks by 25%
& the cost of living goes up by 26%
& i'm down to two dimes and a nickel that I bring home on friday
to show my family
"look what your daddy died for this week like
Jesus did for your sins"

and they say "but we wanted a quarter"
 & the meat grinder is looking prettier
 & the bone crusher is smelling sweeter
 & the final curtain is looking like a comfy blanket

but I am here, for now, for ever: this man, never man, working man,
pushing back against the gravity of death & its accouterments
[like Atlas saying fuck this to the world and kicking it into space]
but again, I am too tired to lift a foot so I crawl back into line

& She still deserves things no matter how little of me is left of me

III.

you are tied to your own little intersection of X and Y on the grid
the electricity in your body is not yours; you did not generate it
your mind is a refurbished shell from another individual that got
caught with one foot in the dream like a Pakistani thief...CHOP!
 your outline burned into the wall
 where they caught you dreaming
 not realizing you were doing
 anything wrong /youfool/

is that your painting on the wall?
 is that your song on the radio?
 is that your book on the coffee table?

What are you doing here, friend? We can use someone like you
in the field! Make us dance! Show us color! Tell us a fuckin' story!
No time? BULLSHIT BULLSHIT BULLSHITbullSHIT
look at all the time you had to make all this crap and now you say
its all gone down the drain like blood and you'll never get it back?

COME ON! Make us some art! We'll tear this place down, man!
Every artistic revolution needs its riot song SING SING SING!!!
(hush man, you'll piss off the landlord) goddammit, our animals are
born neutered in cages at the strip mall selling coffee to assholes
 & if Picasso was born today
 he'd learn to color inside the lines
 really quickly or starve until dead

IV.

I found gainful employment alongside an octet of cockroaches that
cannot accept their imminent excinction in this mutating world; they
live for old age [an unpromised era of rest?] & stuff their pillows w/
bread & water while the wine of life is flowing underfoot right NOW...

being too busy to sip from it
they scurry parched and angry around my toes
every time Wall St. has a bowel movement
every time uncle sam borrows a buck
pissing and moaning like old wives

while i remain unconcerned with the state of my current sea
when I reach the age of .9 centuries old - I have none now

had none yesterday won't have any tomorrow either -

the rent is past due so I bought some Camels, smoked 'em till my
throat hurt & forgot to take the trash out to the curb again *yawn*

i use the Money section of the Times to swat cockroaches &
the symbolism doesn't go unappreciated by me.....

everything in my home looks borrowed or stolen, but peaceful;

while they sell themselves for tomorrow's unknown gifts & mine
are right here waiting to be repossessed in the middle of the night
like the world shall be one day when we're worrying about other shit

The Collected Smithereens Of A Blown Mind

we, contoured by what the mind perceives as boundaries;
not imagined, yet not real in any natural sense of said terminology -

pulls us closer together, draped in vines or other growth,
plant life divides the soil, separating the worms from the ants,
the body from the bone in a soft arch of concentrated severance
(w/wistful refrain) & the red powdered air dilutes to daylight again

the poets practice their vacant art audience, director, applause,
inter(racial)mission(ary) postures...

part of the purpose of amusement in this unfulfilled age;
come to expect fun in the hardest of spots

(id est, sexual congress on the punch bowl table)

without which it is necessary to uncreate new versions of the old machines
(apparatus, outdated & obscene like gore in old horror flicks),

snapped bolts in the tired holes weeping out oil & other contaminated fluids

[all still within the normal borders of civility] -

perhaps biting crosses some arbitrary lines but they scream
"dog eat dog"
like it is a benefit to our survival these days

as easy as they belt out *you fucking prick*

once it is understood that prick is a noun and fucking is an adjective
typically followed by a verb which characterizes:

NEGATE

my childhood was sexually religious
often writing poems about my various
erections
and their similarities to the cross
at different stages of the
twelve stations

sometimes it was up
sometimes down
a little in between
almost always

DIGRESS

:motion, or something to prevent staring,
my external pathology extended to
the brains of trees or smoking diesel children,
bi-ped and mad with the sickness of movement

everything is go, lovely,
subjecting the cell masses to new,
less pressurized climates of sound
where the birds are quiet kings &
the kings are sonorous vultures high
in the deserted stratosphere-

listen.

I am the sunless man whose religion is a dream
wearing two horns resonating in
discord under a headstone hat

father of trees sucking the Earth's milk,
unbreakable column of fluid
hot as black lava, clear as rain crystals

the death of emptiness and the mystery of life,
wandering through fields of brick and glass

salute no flag, kneel before none,
listening for the rapture of hell hounds
pulling open the city from throat to bowel

a pill paste to smooth the collected
smithereens of a blown mind,
the nerve nest woven
into the fabric of the bonebag,

wrapped in a fresh meatsack
as hundreds of thin fingers
rush in the salt of sweat
towards bottomless anarchy.

sun, stupid sun,
a guest that breaks upon leaving...

and dawn,
too vague to mean anything real.

daylight,
where fire was discovered.

night,
where sleep dreamed of itself.

the candle transfers the discovery
from dimension to dimension,
from runner to runner,
in a place where one fantasizes
of trapped treasures in bent baby frames
and the mountains of servitude
anxious for explorers.

where one wakes to relish upon
the collected smithereens of the blown mind,
samples of a cinematic reality
washed clean by the first heartbeat
of the morning.

me - retired sheep counter.

unemployed log cutter.

severed dreamer of
darker days & grayer nights,
buying time with words,
peddling my thoughts to you.

and upon a park bench,
two inches from my lips,
the orange center of the universe
is burning alive.