

EP
Allan



The Thing I like the Most
about You

is saying

Goodbye

Table of Contents

Bone Surgery	page 4
The Thing I like the Most about You is saying Goodbye	page 7
Somewhere	page 9
Poetaster	page 10
Glucosal	page 12
The History in the Sky	page 15
They're Out There	
Conspirarcy theory #405	page 16
The Siren's Lure	page 18
The Reason I Don't Draw People	page 19
Blue	page 21
The Countdown	page 22
6 years later	page 24
Everytime You do something you Hate you drag the world that much closer to Hell	page 26
Afterburn	page 28
The Golden Hour	page 29
After the Sleepless Hours	page 30
Scammers	page 31
A Modest Resource Proposal	page 33
Donuts	page 35
Insanity	page 37

Hairbread	page 39
The Grand Illusion	page 41
Impatience	page 43
If	page 44
Scarecrows	page 45
Remembrance	page 48
The Spectrum	page 50
Some Thoughts After Looking at some WWI Photos	page 52
Serving Suggestions: Toss Raisins Over Cereal	page 53
Somedays I Look in the Mirror & Wonder	page 55

Cover Art: Isolation (Pencil & Charcoal Sketch)
Back Photograph: Self Portrait

All poetry, sketches, and photographs by EP Allan

No part of this document can be copied or altered except for short reviews.

Copyrighted 2007 by EP Allan

& drill bit
there was nothing electric
automatic
 or mechanical
everything was done by hand
My father would guide the top
with his left hand
 the arm levered
against his chest
 while the right
ground the handle
in hard tight circles
& with each lunge
the bone would slap up
splattering blood in a vertical
gore shower
 & then the smuck
back down into the gash
sweat riveting down my father's
bald skull
 the white surgical
mask crinkling in & out
as he gasped
 & grunted
a constant stream of blue
words end upon end
& the air in the room
became close
 the heady
smell of after breathed
ether
 as the hours ground
by one hole at a time
for plates
 or worse yet one
long metallic shaft arrowing
down the dark bleeding
meat
 as a frame work
for the bones to grow
back around
 but most I remember
how one day the receptionist
poked her blond cranium
through the white door frame
"Could you please keep your voice

down

Pastor Peterson is in
the waiting room”

& my father raising
his frost marble eyes
framed by metallic rimmed
glasses speckled with hot
steamy blood

& screaming
so loud the room rang
with aftershocks
“Well I’d better watch
my Jesus fucking
cock sucking Christ
LANGUAGE”

The Thing I like the Best
about You is saying Goodbye

It will be a moment
of sublime simplicity
the airplane jerking up
into the languid August
sky

 the ugly cement
boxes dwindling into
grey pimples scabbing
the sleeping earth's face
& to think I've spent
all these years
trundling
down the walks around
vacuous slow moving
chain smoking pigs
guffawing loud shit spewing
laughs so adolescent
& vile

 as to make the stomach
hurl up against the back
of the throat

 in a tight
hard knot

 & for one moment
to breathe the air not
putrefied by rotted green
tea commingled with the singular
stench of a dead fish diet riddled
with slime

 salt

 & so much
MSG that the very flesh
crawls down the spoon
& to drink water that hasn't
passed through a prick
6 times

 laced with so many
antibiotics that genetic
melt down

 slews through the throat
even just brushing the rotted
grit shattered molars

or going to connivance stores
& looking at strange pink
ham that never even saw
the insides of a pig
but consists of some
natty coloring
ground Soya beans
& sewage

not to mention
Frankensteined
human livered rice
& as the airplane bucks
& glides in a mighty
combustined roar
the attendants in their crisp
pressed uniforms

& hard
bored faces will wonder
why the creep
in window
seat 35G keeps smiling
so widely his face is about
to break clean off

Somewhere

Somewhere beyond
these sleep festered clouds
pruning down the oil pitted
walks

the sky is a pristine
spring blue

so deep & pure
one could dive into its
cobalt cotton

& swim
over the lazy curl
of earth

Somewhere beyond
these cement block cities
of gawping roaches

& shrill
cat scree tires

there is a fresh
grassed hill rising up in
a viridescent wave

the lento
sigh of the burst nova bud
breeze swayed trees calling
this tired mind

to sleep
Somewhere beyond these stockyard
packed cattle cars rattling
down splintered steel rails
filled with the stale sweet
breath of early morning
mixed with trundling off
to death paychecks
is a silver lipped stream
welling down slick moss
rocks

the pine resined
air a cool welcome
teasing the senses
back to life

Somewhere beyond these
haunted corridors I pace
down

stiff aching shoulders
humped on their way
to toothless insolvency
there is a place
better

Poetaster

Everyday is a struggle
to scratch tin spider tracks
across the yellow page
Mr. Beret pauses to scratch
his wire gray beard
trimmed in memory
of Lucifer
 and takes a quick
sip of coffee
 anything to put
off picking the pen back up
& actually writing
 one image
into the static hell only
paper possesses
 then hedging
his little finger around
the inside of his ear
he pulls out like Jack Horner
something black
 & crusty
he sniffs his waxy
skin flaked prize & frowns
it is all so anti-poetical
the smell is not in any way
reminiscent of yesterday's
rain
 or any walk through
boyhood fields framed
within the heavy itchy tongues
of sumac flaming a dark
royal purple
 Still not 1
image worthy of effort swarms
up his vision
 as he kneads
his chin between two
fingers
 the stiff hairs crinkling
to some radio jazz piece
almost indecipherable
in the cup clattering
steam hissing

& gawping crowding café
still Mr. Beret knows
one day he will be
famous

& myopic creamy
college girls will throw themselves
upon his singular frame
like caramel coated popcorn
why else would he even
condescend to write
it wouldn't be for the struggle
each day to write something
new & startling
his matchbox soul
flaring in the untrod corridors
of anonymity

Glucosal

Mr. Brittle stands
in his bathtub
 & slowly commits
suicide
 the hot shower
dissolving his burnt
umber skin
 in a long syrupy
stream of sugary brown
scuppering down the dark
drain hole
 it is all so sad
watching Mr. Brittle oozing
ever onward to a sticky
lump
 great salty tears
welling over his tight
candy lips
 & merging
with the pulsing lugubrious
flow slurging down the pink
tub's porcelain skin
but why
 why are you doing
this Mr. Brittle
 what could posses
you to end it
to melt into the eternal
stillness unbroken by a single
heart beat
 or meandering skull
worm
 "Because"
Mr. Brittle weeps "I can never
be anything but some hard
piece of phosphated saccharined
water
 I can never enjoy
the smell of grapefruit
or the curious aroma
of a young woman's parted
& panting lips without the fear
that she's about to bite

my head clean off & chew it
it in hard

 tight circles
because all I have to look
forward to is slaggy
humidity sticking
my candy smooth skin
to the white pulpy
wrapping

 because it all seems
so pointless

 lying awake
night after night afraid
of dog tongues

 & the vicious
pink paws of 5 year old
sugar crazed maniacs
that I've decided
since I can't enjoy
my existence

 no-one else
can either"

 But Mr. Brittle
it seems such a waste
you were made for the sly
tongue's eager ode
or for salty syrupy
comfort after post
traumatic class syndrome
you are not supposed add
to it by committing hot soapy
suicide in the bathtubs
of night

 "Really"
sneers Mr. Brittle

 "& I theorize
you were made for the sport
of flies crawling in &
out of your death gaped
maw

 that life isn't any more
than some procreative
punishment meted out
in the morning commute
down the hallways of despair"

& before I can answer
it is too late

Mr. Brittle
bends & droops in a long
smear of brown rubbery
dejection

even as his
nuts begin to drop
off

1

by

1

The History in the Sky

each bit of star fire
is a dying scream in the night
a spectral tear reaching out
from before governments
man

 or fat bible-thumping
ministers with closed mole
eyes

 & cracked steel hearts
for millions of unfathomable
years these tiny pricks of light
pierced the infinite dark
spearing through space
to rain down on the liquid
irised globe

 the distant
history of their birth
death or midlife crisis
where fat swimming planets
pirouetted distant shores
under which strange alien
eyes peered out wondering
if all the other dancing
points of death ever combined
or will another being which flies
swims or crawls with more
than 1 functional ganglion
linking sound & logic
into a paeon of trundled
joy

 or if the vast
space dark is just a silent
vacuum

 & if all those tears
dotting the mercurial skyscape
is a death cry hurled
by some ancient soulless
star in a now empty
black void

They're Out There
Conspiracy Theory #405

Just try it
sit someplace in a moderately
good mood

 & some idiot
with wide simian teeth
will poke his ponytailed
cranium over your
shoulder & crack the most
utterly inane comment
possible

 “Don't you think
the landscape would look
better with a T-Rex
or a flying dolphin”

Whatever you do don't
respond

 it is much better
to ignore the soil of their
shadow pressing its stench
over your notebook
than to let slip so much
as a no

 it only encourages
them & they stand with their
fat Texas paunch slung
over their belt

 grinning
right down to their ass
glancing around with the ain't
I so witty look greased
over their lips

 it must be
one of those CIA conspiracies
we read about in such
sites as “BeParanoid.Com”
you know the ones that say
toast is out to get you
& will fall butterside down
when the mother hive
ship is directly above
or Baldness is caused by

secret chemicals pumped
into toothpaste
the moon is only a movie
set Disney lost control of
Using dental floss supports
terrorism

 global warming
is a communistic plot
of oaks to take over the world
with acorns of mass
destruction...

Remember how you
used to laugh

 “Yeah right
whose stupid
enough to believe

 that”
& now comes the special
moment when Mr. Inane
keeps farting all over
your world

 “I think I see
a tooth or a claw beginning
over there”

 & looking up
at that hideous vacancy
your realize that yes
the air-force did shoot
down Santa

 that scientists
have been using the Easter
Bunny for the old
sandpaper & deodorant
eye test

 that the president
is an alien

 the robins
are spying on you
& every idiot in the world
just wants to slouch
next to you

 & shit down
your day

The Siren's Lure

Somedays trains have
a particular attraction
it would be so easy
to step off the platform
smack

instant debt relief
no more mindless labor
cleaning toilets
flipping burgers
teaching gerunds to an
infinite sea of slack
eyed faces

or other bits
of meaningless slavery
pissing upon our hopes
& as the great on rushing
wall of iron dissects
you in a great halo
of blood

you realize
that tomorrow no alarm
clock will scatter
the roaches in your
head

that no sun
will tear through
drab cloud bellies
& that the black
void of the infinite
will erase your memory
in a few hastily
printed words
in a newspaper wrapped
around a fish's butt
followed by a few grateful
sighs of

'I never
liked what's his name
anyway'

The Reason Why I Don't Draw People

Every time my pencil adds
another round or pointed star
leaf to the vacant white
expanse my mind is one
leap closer
 to that place
I call home
 a silent place
free of shrill gibbering hoards
& hideous cement coffin
buildings bleeding black
exhaust tears
 down the drab
rain pissed sky
a place where the maple digs
the earth silent
 & the soft
fan bristles of white cedar
stretch tall into the empty
mind sky
 a place where
I can lay on the rolling
waves of hills
 the curious
silver trickle of trout
leaping streams tippolating
down the grass swelled
valleys
 & into the comfort of sleep
where Helios
lulls the tired senses
a place where the hushed
voices of breezes
shiver the dark emerald
pines counter pointed
by sylvan birch flaring
through the dark
umber branches
a place where the strange
dreaming heart draws each
blade of grass
 each twig

& scrap of bark
 as the resin
scented breath expands
the caged soul
into the eternal
earth's welcome

Blue

On this swimming aqua
kissed day

 I sit in my
turquoise striped boxers
with the throbbing vanilla
elastic waist band

 & poke
my blue chip marble eyes
out from the pale thumb
sucking baby blue curtains
and gaze out at the tight
blue jeaned women strutting
down the dark navy night
asphalt

 over night the world
has changed

 it has become
a glorious rich ocean
spinning through the celestial
ballet

 the sagging grey
bellies of clouds
unfurled during the dank
drowning night

 & in the first
stirring of the sun
trilled morning rubbed down
the sleeping curtain's part
the melancholic blue
dream opened into a brilliant
arsenic verdant field
framed by an arch
of sky

 so deep
in its ocean deep illuminance
the whole mind

 stopped

The Countdown

We're all counting
the undertaker as he puts
another tuck in that hideous
purple velvet
 the tax man
as he traces an inky
finger down those thin
spider columns
 trying to catch
you in a lie
 any surviving
parental unit as the anxiously
dread pretending they were
waiting your next
telephone call
 Mr. Reaper
as he hones his soul
blade
 & eyes that terminal
countdown calendar
only he possesses
 your students
as they shift their buttocks
on the hot hardwood seats
& suppliantly glance
at their watches
wondering when Mr. Bore
will quit droning on about
diphthongs
 or infinitives
even the stoplights
are counting
 mechanically
ticking down to the most
incontinent
 time consuming
moment to let the other
side go
 & me counting
the days until the immigration
counter stamps all documents
go
 counting the number of classes

yet to stand before
trying not to hurl
or whipping out my hose
& pissing all over them
for a change
counting the number
of hours

 left pacing down
crowded walks
standing in chockablock
trains where pointed
toed pumps inquist
the throbbing ankles
counting the number of pruned
dog turd faces belching
rancid smoke through
the crowded waiting rooms
of despair

 counting
the shrill squealed brake
headaches yet to come
before the silent birches
welcome me back to their
curious cool solitude
counting the number
of genetically tortured peas
plashing in the olioed
soup

 counting the decreasing
unos in the ever shrinking
bank account
counting the number of roaches
copulating with insectitoid
glee in the ceilings of night
& counting down to the end
of the yellow blue lined
notebook knowing any word
may be the last

6 years later

stumbling

 grey beard full
of the pulpy white orts of cheap
convenience store bread
 the brain slowly
pickled by cheap phosphated
ham

 alkaloid infused apples
with slick waxed skins
I have trundled
 down this cement
corridor wondering where
the end would vomit open
unto day

 the strange viridiant
glow of nude bulbs
casting ghost tracks through
the webbed corners
my pale cracked skin
whitening into a mucilaged
gummed slag

 the fear
of rank underarms canceling
the paychecks of mortality
of not wearing the old
hemp tie at exactly
the true 90° perpendicular
prescribed by anal
retentive inquisitors of worth
of dank underwear clinging
to the abraded privates
the endless clamor & howl
of 2 foot megahorns
shrill cat fight brakes
screeling up to seething
split toothed halts
of full throttled motorbikes
circling the vultures of 4 am
down the 5 mile an hour
streets

 of stupid gawping
TV heads ooping
sibilant knife esses

over vacuum powered
sock dusters

 & finally
2000+ eternal nights
later I can finally see
a hint of wood

stone
& brook
welling up in the not
so distant cement
egress

 if only I can just
hold in the desire
to howl

 one long
blood red smear
down the crowded
train cars

 of twirling
draino

 disinfectant
& alfredo's camel sauce
or doing razors
bridges
& blood hungry bus
fenders

 it is there
the exit I have for so
long

 forgotten

 & for 3 months
3 long impossible months
all I have to do is
wait

Every time you do something
you Hate you drag the world
that much closer to Hell

There is so much loveless
crap plastered over the scab
of existence

airplane
feed trays with the microwave
tortured rice
& the same starchy
taste no matter what the perfectly
arranged parts of substance
are supposed to be

tarted to you
by glamourless bags of tired
hatchet faced indifference
but it is all supposed to be
adventurous
an adrenaline yelled
leap into strange foreign
worlds

not some knee
stiffening 16 hour drone
to blood clotted lungs
in some cement hell
were workers trundle
around you with floppy bagged
eyes looking out from dead
faces just counting down to
retirement

even roaches
have more fun rootling
through your left open
humidity slagged box
of Wheaties

in your new
grey rain cinder block
apartment vomited up
against striated exhaust
slick walks

did one
chain smoking construction suit
actually take pride in creating
yet another grey

abattoir

or the ugly little
prick who designed them
did he ever think anything
but 'I'm glad I don't
have to look at this
everyday'

& each bit of rancid
Styrofoamed food consumed
along with each class
you stand before droning
nothing into uninterested
slack celluloid bags
makes all of life just
a little worse

adds another
point of ugliness in a world
lorded over by greasy monkey
presidents

& fat oiled corporate
bosses squeezing their corrupted
greed hands over yet another
fresh cut 1000 year old tree
as more & more body bags
of human meat are stacked
in mass no name pits
& it is you

& me
you are the cause
I am the cause
as each day I stand there
pretending I am actually
teaching

1 thing of partial
value

Afterburn

Deep in the woods
a burned out
 rain wormed
house looms up in dark
wood bones
 capillary moss
swelling in a green musky
tide
 over the shattered
remains
 of white plates trimmed
by pale Dutch blue lashes
of summer seed head
grass
 & a single decapitated
pink head
 with nightmarish
gaping pink eye sockets
whose black plastic irises
pinged out of the head
as it shot off the melting body
now it has all grown
quiet
 the rancid belch
of radios vomiting corporate
approved drone news
& insipid football
scores containing as much
excitement as the telephone
book
 screaming children
broken glass arguments
lawn mowers
 & rusted
muffler exhaust pipes
gone
 the spindly quiet
of new wood poking
up through its sad slagging
floor
 & now under the open
wound of the stairwell
a black dream flails
out from the shadows
drowning the slick mushroom
caps with a long failed
sigh

The Golden Hour
(Movement 1)

Alone
 in the twisted
sandpaper of indifferent
sheets
 slack drool mouth
gazing upwards
 the hollow
lungs hissing the air
in fleeting gasps
 the mind
gazes up at the pitted
white washed ceiling
 & listens
for the silver sharp bells
stabbing the memory
back to green nothing
all those summer fields
trod by roving impatient
wind
 the silent call
of wood
 the tremelod
chattering mind voice
babbling streams of lists
& would be logic
through the platformed
tunnels of middle aged
employment
 the still
self assured ego driving
the skull
 in front of mirrors
pretending youth
 & flashing
simian teeth
 until the bed's
end
 waiting for the final
bell to unroll life
back to the stars
prickling the haunted
night orb

Scammers

“Dear Sir you’ve
won the lottery & if you’ll
just give us your bank
account # we’ll make sure
you get the prize...”

or “I am
the Ex-something-or-other from
fill-in-the-blank-here
who has to flee the tyranny
of whom-ever-it-is

& if you’ll
give me your bank account
I will personally make sure
a fortune is transferred...”
yeah I get the prize
or the transfer

razored
right down to Zero
& there always seems
to be so many of them

“Dear Sir
your EBay membership
is about to be discontinued
if you don’t respond
immediately

do you get it
Immediately Or ELSE”
which is interesting
since I’ve never had
an EBay account
couldn’t they at least
find out a little information
before trying to rip me off
like I really don’t need
breast enlargements
house insurance
car ditto
a truck load of Viagra
or Prozac

cause I enjoy
being depressed anyway
& it is all so futile
deleting their emails

blocking sender
erecting spam guards
cause this shit
just keeps coming through
sometime I wonder
if all this comes from 1 man
somewhere in Port Harcourt
his pearly ghost smile
bathed in the sheen
of his midnight computer's
glow

 or is it a new company
Rip-off Incorporated
sending all these stock
reports of no-name
non-existent
options
which are about
to skyrocket
right out
of this
globe

A Modest Resource Proposal

Why waste so much tax
forfeitures to suck a cupful
of thick tar crude from
out searing Mesopotamian
sands
 each bob of the iron
pterodactyl head
 is just one
less sploosh of time compressed
tree leaves
 dinosaur parts
& critter shavings slagged
into oil under a heavy
stone sheet
 people should be
used instead
 imagine
fat triple chin sneers
in 4 wheel drives bragging
“I get 12 miles
per gallon of Iraqi”
 or “My economy
people friendly on-road
off-road family transport
gets 37 miles per gallon of
renewable African resource
unit”
 all gas tanks
can be replaced with curiously
coffin-shaped boxes
complete with intricately
dispersed screws
 razors
& mincing devices
guaranteed to extract
as much hot red oil as possible
in one long gore purple ream
bucking
 & kicking
under the hood
divorce courts
become strangely empty
as hot headed exes stomp

on the throttle
 & 6 year old
quip marble blue tears
 “But where’s
mommy?”
 “Don’t worry son
she’s making sure I get you
to school each day
 I swear
I hear her shrill nut-cracker
shrew voice
each time the old speedometer
clicks over”
 unemployment
becomes a thing of past
tense proportions
ditto with prisons
schools
day care centers
as our huge engines race
down asphalted lanes
a small thin smear of blood
dribbling from each tail
pipe
 painting the roads
in one long slick red
scream

Donuts

Round holed perfection
glistening with honey syrup
& crystal sugar snows
spangling the display
counter's light in reflex
inductive points of sweet
heavenly light

it is so hard

to imagine that the man
who invented these magical
yeasty treats did not
receive the Nobel
Peace Prize

for deep

frying curiously stuffed
balls of jelly
or raspberry custard
for inventing bows
& twists

& cruller

sticks perfect for
dipping

the hot coffee

steeping the jagged
bitten end with a dark
brewed munificence
how empty this world
would be without them
if each presun alarm
we arose to the only
option of oatmeal
that maple rings
or the heavy cake type
filled with chopped
cinnamon sticky apples
commingled with sun dark
sultans

never once

was licked from thickly
glazed fingers

& if we dropped

donuts instead of bombs
would not terrorism

& wars

pull up to a sticky halt
as Jihadal beards stuffed
vanilla frosted long Johns
double dipped chocolate fritters
maple walnut rings
nutmeg elephant ears
almond nut delights
& old fashioned sugar glazes
into their sharp toothed
manic mouths as all
religious debate sunk into
'what came first the yeast
or the cake'

or 'how many
holes can be balanced
on the tip of the tongue'
as finally peace descended
not on the wings of doves
nor in the radioactive winds
of death

but on the larded snores
of artery clogged over eating

Insanity

In a pique of insanity
the entire US elects a rubber
ducky as president
“We were so tired of bi-partisan
prostitute parties bickering
over news ways to whore
special interests

& say don't you
think our new president's
squeak is so

cute”
the vice president is a green
plastic Frankenstein monster
with a splosh of crimson
lightening in great ragged stitches
down the side of his brain
damaged sneer

“That'll scare
the be-jesus out of all those
newly elected bunny senators
we've Diebolded in

& yes
hamsters make such better
representatives...”

The world is at first
appropriately stunned
when a voodoo doll
whose stitch tape mouth
declares that Iceland possesses
Ludafesks of Mass Destruction
& demands global sanctions
on the population of Greenland
whose imported can been farts
are the entire cause
of global warming
not to mention
bee swarm reductions
cause the little critters
are too busy holding their thin
stinger noses to leave the mother
hive...

intellectuals don't want

to offend the born again
rubber toy fanatics
by even suggesting
that perhaps schools should
not teach
the inflatable
doll theory of creation
but say isn't the new
president's anal squeaky toy
so cute
we really believe
everyone should have one
installed

Hair Bread

Each time you bite
into a slaggy piece of sponge
white bread
 you eat just a little
bit of Chinese hair
 sold by heavily
follicled women
 not for gold
watch chains
 but for just 1 more
bowl of rice to pit against
starvation
 & as we eat the processed
hair residue we grow a fraction
closer to complete & total
cognitive meltdown
while Mr. Mc Factory gets
that much richer

& just who came up with this
what perverse little prick
thought
 ‘if we take hair
powder it into a fine black
pepper
 splash in solvents
centrifuge it down
until a clear yellowish
serum is siphoned off
the protein solids
we can mix it into
self rising
 self propagating flour
just think not only will
the curd white dough
just slick right off
the spoon
 we won’t have
to use yeast
all we need to do is needle
some hot air into the gluttonous
mass
 & e voila instant

green backs lining the shelves
& no need to worry about
government approval

human hair

is a natural renewable
resource

just ask all those
bald Chinese women
as their thin cracked
mucous covered lips take
in 1/2 a cup of rice
per day

how grateful
they are for the privilege
of getting shaved right
down to the muggins
each month

not to mention
that once or twice each year
we allow them to keep
their eyebrows

& not only
that as long as we don't
raid coffins

it's Kosher
Boy oh Boy I bet you're
smacking your lips already
as you take another drag on
your tobacco

pine oil

beeswax

prune juice

vinegar

yeast

urea

& skatole flavored
cigarettes

but hey
at least we're not the ones
adding insect guts
to your so pearly pink
yogurt

The Grand Illusion

“My life will be a failure
if I don't have over
1 million
 that's a one
followed by more than just
6 zeroes
 smackaroos
designated all as little ol'
mine”

 His blond eyes
water fanatical greed
spangles
 & as I take in
his crew cut paunch
& larded moon face
I think what's the use
I know in the economic
hierarchy I don't even make
it into the tidy bowl
no 5 figure credit cards
no hunting land complete
with the 4 room 2 upper
1 down cabin over looking
my own piece of placid
I'm in so much debt
I can't even sneeze' blue
crystal pond

 I do not own
some fancy European sports
convertible
 with the 2.4
money hungry mammary heavy
bimbos waiting to be drilled
on king sized waterbed lots
I'm just lucky enough
to make it up each morning
brush what grimaced teeth
are still remaining
before rushing off to packed
cattle cars trundling
off to mass cubicle
shower stalls
 before standing

in front of spoiled little
rich kids pretending to be
liberal

but at least I know
exactly my lot

my piece
of existence on the space
spun globe

unlike Mr. Misery
standing before me
his cheap white Chinese shirt
creased with countless
spins in mass used coin
laundries

with the twin
dark garlic & cabbage
slick moons

slagging each pit
sporting the pink elephant tie
hemped around his blue
oxygen crimped throat

Impatience

Some days I use crimson
ink to cross in a wide
heavy fat X one more
murdered day wasted
in front of vacuum dead
faces with the blank soulless
eyes of pitted olives
or racing around fat pork
heads & lumpy suet
potato sack bodies chain
smoking camel shit cigarettes
right dab in front of no
smoking posters & I grind
my teeth to keep from poking
my umbrella into their
eye & grinding it
around in satisfying
red hot smucks
& concentrate even more
on that dwindling
count
down
calendar
so slowly
agonizingly
headed towards point
zero

If

If I continued down this flush
hole path wasting my mornings
huddled in computer trains thinking
of shotguns all that would be
left is the anger burning the lilies
in my brain into black oily
slag

 the sleepless despair
knocking on the palpitating
sternum in the void a.m.
pitch offers

 or standing in front
of a slack faced sea of bored
faces watching with almost
amusement as the bleeding knives
scar the quavering heart
into dead hamburger
or to just keep writing
the same old

 trite
things in the yellow note
books of nowhere
until entropy locked
the ants into a permanent
hold

 maggots eating the droll
flush of life
until oat meal licked off
a spoon accompanied by rancid
Paul McCartney 2 chord
monotony becomes the high
light of another day looking
at more credit card shit
pretending excitement
& if I could continue
to pretend this game
what would be the point
what is there to win
one more hooked carrot
paycheck to keep the bank
account glazed irises focused
on the possibilities of mucilage
scented rice gruel flavored

Scarecrows

Do soggy insect infected
straw stuffed Hawaiian shirted
scarecrows hate the furrows cleaved
through the weedy dank clay
& the heavy bellies of clouds pressing
the dissolution of rain
into a faded

slumped end

Do they hate the hard bone
feet of crows snerking
on their humped shoulders

Do they hate the itch
of crackling paper corn leaves
scratching up their uses
swollen denims

& the smell

of pollen drifting desperately
as mad dog housewives shopping
for toilet disinfectant coupons
from one wind buttressed stalk
to the other

Do they hate
the farmer in his fat
red calicoes

& triple mooned

butt sitting on his tractor's
metallic seat

the machine

gunning pistons shooting
the silence of squirrels

& robins

in combustioned slaughter

Do they hate the shaggy
brown coats of corn husks
ripped out from the dry
cracked loam

splinters of brittle

stems burling through the heavy
late August air

Do they hate

the encroaching autumnal ice
& the burnt umber leaves
snowing down from the skeletal

or do they think
nothing at all
a permanent button
smile sewed to their
decaying wet hides

Remembrance of Dreams Past

I remember the night
you died
 how you came up
to my sleeping
 tossing mind
& gave me your head to carry
“Here
 keep this by your
side”
 & everywhere I went
your head was tired by its ghost
white old man hairs
which reached up through time
& memory to burrow into my pale
tingling wrist
 your old man plastic
glasses staring blank windows
over your old man lips stained
down the corners by over 70 years
of tobacco chewing
 & I knew how
nobody could see your empty
gape dangling below my arm
frowning
 disapproving
 as down
through the repetition
of mops
 & pizzas
 & gerunds
I slaved the empty expanse
of years I forgot what
I was carrying
 the head heavy
load attached to my arm
no longer remotely felt
until last night when you
returned
 “You forgot
you forgot your debt”
& your green plaid shirted
back slumped away down
through a supermarket

of women

& jobs

& bright flashing

electronic gizmotic crap

& as I tried to hold you

back to explain

how time

allows us to forget to remember

the wounds that bind

you led me down an endless

worm hungry corridor marbled

with the searching white snake

roots of trees

& into an icy

clam dark unbroken by

a feeble spark of sun fire

stolen from the still dreaming

heart

the latest school massacre
& lobster dress shirts
between flashes of electronic
heads winking
 & pleading
for another helping of pink
sponge meat
 in the patriotic
day blue can

Some Thoughts After Looking
at some WWI Photographs

A grey splintered woods which once
held viridient spring leaves
& triumphal sparrows darting
to the seed roved ground now
hold the blistered black body
of a past tense man
who perhaps once sang
La Marseillaise
from a Condrieu loosened
throat

now caught forever
in the crook of a once mighty
oak's amputee branches
silent & stiff
over a landscape of slick
mud hell

rotting uniforms
with pieces of maggot happy
human meat
dangling from
barb wire traps
high voltage bare wire
lines stretched across
Belgium to fry the fleeing
poor into hamburger
& the brittle grey of a helmeted
skull crucified to a stake
stares with its peculiar
white ribs out from
the past

gazing over mustard
clouds

flying pig mortars
bullet riddled cinder
villages

into the supposedly
warless now

which is still
haunted by mass no-name
gassed graves
brown burnished skull walls
roughed pieces of armless
headless meat

sloughing down
into a pool of burning oil
red

Serving Suggestions:
Toss Raisins Over Cereal

So tomorrow morning
when your father sits down
greasy spoon clasped
in his right paw
a bowl of terminator
flakes pulsing a brilliant
puce in the white
bowl

 a look of give me
raisins or give me
death

 scrawled over
his sleep pressed face
still creased & mapped
from last night's great
war with the pillow

 balance
the wrinkled dog's bottom
ovoid pip on the clear
ridged plain of the thumb
nail & ping the raisins
right up over the still
quavering milk spitting mush
& bounce one
dab off the center
of the aforementioned parental
unit's bald & sweaty
forehead

 you have no idea
how much this will effect
all future conversations
or better yet spread a plate
of the umber globes
in a wide sticky circle
before twisting the hot
oatmeal laden serving
dish in hard counterclockwise
screws

 mushing the fructose
laden sun dried planetoids
in one long gut brown smear
of mucilaginous goo before
digging into the white pap
& sending little Trevi fountains

off the teaspoon's catapult
right up to the oatmeal
plastered ceiling
as yet another parental
unit joins in a blank
gape stare

Serving Suggestion #3

squeeze as much
as the box as possible
into your right ear in front of
the now silent darting
eyed assembly before
so innocently quipping
"Say did you want
to eat some too"

Suggestion #4

pack the entire contents
into your brother's mouth
before punching both bulging
gofer moon cheeks
the resulting human/raisin
zit volcano is more
than worth a few counselor
visits

with or without
rubber gloves

& always be
sure to keep buying box after
box for more suggestions

about what you can do
to raisin flambé
gofer juiced raisins
hamstered raisins
or of course that age old
paternal favorite featuring
fish hooks

corkscrews
a pound of live eels
nostrils

Micky D's secret sauce

saw dust

fire ants

& of course

wonderful

wonderful

raisins

Somedays I look into the Mirror
& Wonder

Sitting directly across
in the morning commute seat
with the tacky blue
upholstery pretending
comfort

 a passenger
more mouse
 than woman

faces me
& stares out into the shuttering
point clacked corridor
her pale oval face
 & small violently lipsticked
mouth is deadly smooth
& shows not a single
spark of thought or life
except for her eyes
her twin walnut pit
irises twitch snake eyes
but no one seems to be
wining

 let alone see
or even read whatever
pageless script she is so
silently scanning
 & as the flashing

leafy nova scenery pulls up
to a prune cement grey
stop an older woman boards
the train & sits next
to the first
dressed in an unbecoming
dowdy green blouse
& spinster brown plastic
glasses

 while her no frills
slacks & curd white shoes
are sensible enough to do
their own accountancy
& as she sits she pulls out
a black can of vending
machine coffee

& begins laughing
at the white pipe smoking
man on the label
& while the first woman's
eyes continue to shoot
the crap table
the new arrival
begins talking & giggling
at her tin of coffee
sometimes sticking out her fat
pink tongue
& lapping at who
knows what
while just to my right
a mountain of crewcut lard slams
down in a faded vermilion
T-shirt & a black & white
baseball cap
then thrusts his entire
thumb up his nose
& digs
& digs
& grunts
& digs some more
only to pull out something
juicy
on the end of his
yellowed nail
he licks his
snotty prize up making little
slurping farting gipps
of contentment then roots
in his sweat riddled back
pack for a silver square
diet drink with a metallic
colored plastic nipple
& starts sucking
slurping at the grinkling
bag
& with every long wet
suck his elbow flips up
& nudges me in the ribs
So which way do I
look to escape
directly
in front Miss Tongue is

still trying to French
the logo
 as Miss Dice's
eyes rattle nothing in the empty
skull sockets
 or at Mr. McBuger
complete with the triple
rolls of lard bunched up
the back of his neck
or should I just close
my eyes open
 & dream I am so
far from this insane
landscape
 that I become
1 of them

EP
Allan



The thing I like the most
about You
is saying
Goodbye