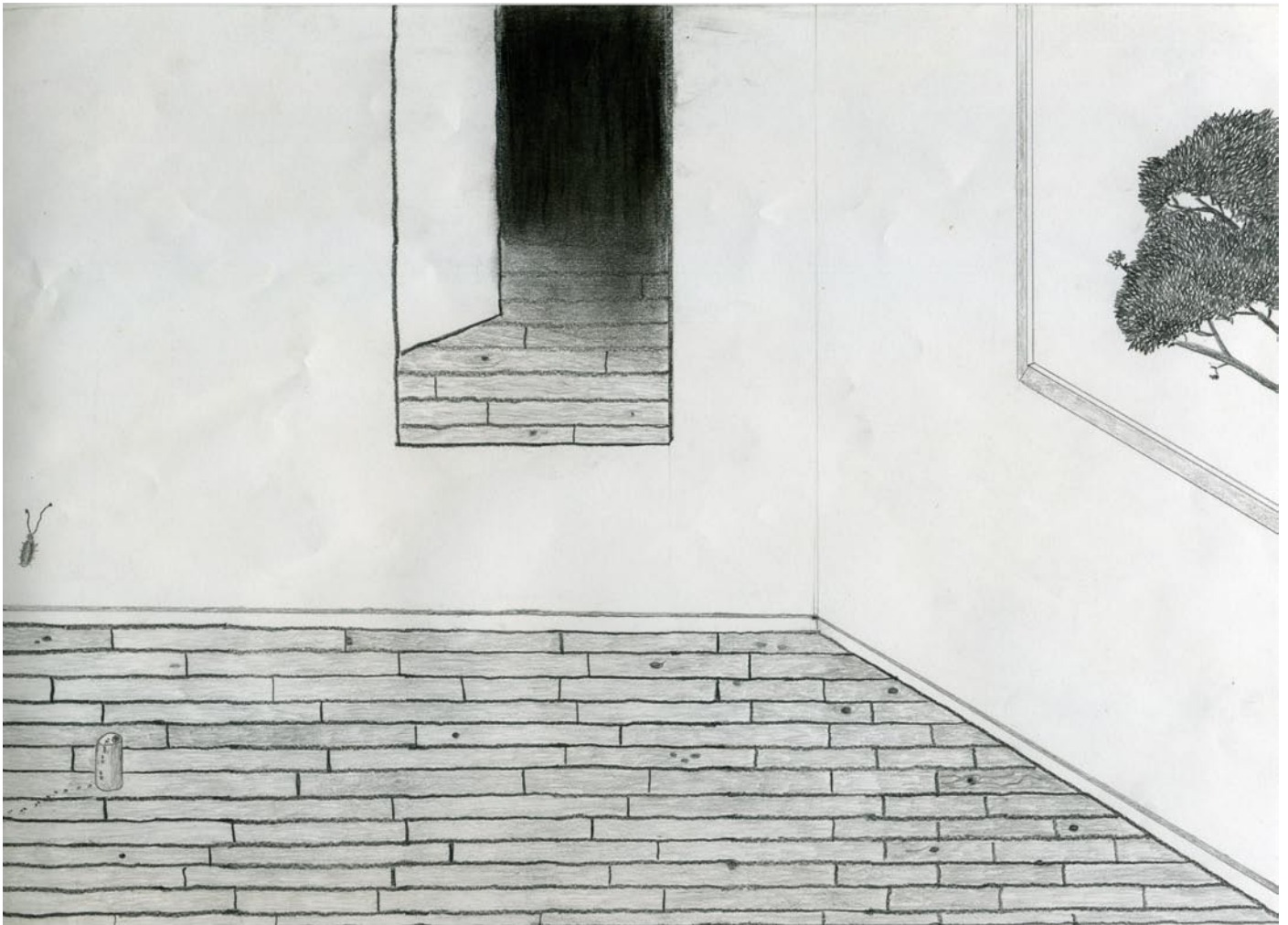


# Waiting for Day



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Poems for November & December 2005

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Today I will not write about Death

In the sun splendored halls  
of November I gaze out the rain  
printed window at the weeds  
sloughing so vivaciously beneath  
my panes

the summer spent  
gladiolas have crumbled  
into muck brown spears thrusting  
higgledy piggeldy into the once  
fairy grace of the dill  
with its pungent salmon promise  
the vine with its one failed  
softball melon striped a dark  
forest whisper lulls against  
the brown fence

still rich  
in the summer dried sweat pea  
bones bleached the colorless  
grey only spent plants  
can achieve

& now only  
the cosmos continues to erupt  
in flower its sly purple  
petals surrounding the vivid  
flame yellow eye

besides  
of course the weeds  
they still send out armies  
of imperial killer shoots  
spray wind borne shrapnel  
seeds

their mercilessly ugly  
tiny flowers still peppering their  
tufted hairy countenances  
with pimples

painted a dejected  
scar yellow  
its amazing how the unwanted  
scabs cling on

no matter  
what hell they are subjected to  
Still the sage

thyme & oregano  
manage to wave the breeze  
good-bye or hello depending  
on your perspective

& invite  
me to carry them into the frostless  
interior where I will coo  
& coddle them  
with the hinterland's  
promise of spring

We built our House of Cards

The thick rubbed pulp  
white edges pressed by  
gravity's magnetic forces  
each unto each

the star blue

ghost white checked backs  
faded by sun & January  
knife snow winds

the bludgeoning

April buds

the triumphal

July Heliantrium with its fat  
petaled head bowed by its pregnant  
seed weight

& the brittle

leafed October omen scraping  
the future of ice down  
the silent cement walks  
stood through the years of despair  
& triumph & calorie counting  
carbohydrated dinners  
erecting the illusion  
our house

with its windowless

dark ground story

warped

pitching sea floored second  
& rectangular single card  
top would stand with its fool  
stepping eternally but never  
falling onto the dead king  
with his face nailed to the blood  
clotted ground

the eternal

test time & life throw against  
the black cowled death  
& as with each fitful gust  
fate fluttered the precarious  
walls of security we slept  
& dreamt of the fire  
waiting beneath the worm  
moist soil to burst  
into worlds of sea green  
imagination shaking down  
our tenacious barriers  
& stand naked to the truth  
of the summer sky

& the comfort

of each other

## Anger

There is an anger always  
ready to reach out of the dark  
sleeping ground & burst into  
fiery bits of words much better  
left unsaid

    & such little  
minute orts of trivial  
events

    begin to ignite  
the shower water  
suddenly December because  
someone opened the kitchen  
tap

    the way people eat  
smacking & sucking the salivated  
pulp in their gaping facial  
holes

    the fat man sauntering  
in a lazy Z right down  
the middle of the walk  
as if owned the world

    any moron with a cigarette  
glued in his slack  
ape kisser blowing mountains  
of acidic stench

    using the street  
as if it was one big  
buttcan

    driver's who think  
signaling is for stooges  
parents who let their rat  
eyed birth units  
scream & kick because  
they couldn't get a 50 cent  
chocolate nibblet

everything building  
into a sizzled pressured  
boil

    which tears up through  
the social landscape  
& leaves great black  
bloody holes

    in all future  
possibilities for communication

## The Optimist

“It’s half over” escapes  
from his maniacal fear wet grin

“What life”  
is the first  
response in the dark lurking  
underbelly of my miserly  
sleep befuddled brain

“No the work day”

“So you’re an optimist”

“If I was a realist I couldn’t  
continue”

so that’s it then  
a do nothing life pretending  
to importance  
spent combing  
the ever thinning copper hair  
over the dome

practicing  
that grin as if a couple  
buffed teeth could refract  
the unstaunchable pear  
belly

the lack of house  
car keys or 1.3  
children

multiple divorces  
and all those exciting TV  
hours

but not me  
yes I’ve wasted 1/2 of my  
1/2 half but for the other  
remaining fraction I’ve sung  
the electric razor blades  
bloody down through the  
midnight factories of despair  
I’ve labored & fought  
the eternally losing slide  
against gravity and the hungry  
caterwauling worms & yes  
I can honestly say my  
life

my once singular chance

at consciousness upon this  
feral spinning emerald globe  
is now spiraling towards  
its terminus

but that doesn't  
make the glorious pale  
sky any less blue  
but hones those searing  
sun blades so sharp  
with its fleeting eternal  
desperate wonder  
even the flowers  
forget to inhale

## Masquerade

this is my social mask  
notice how my mustache  
curls upward in crinkly  
brown lightening rods squirreling  
down the sun dappled  
ether into pulp moist  
teeth riddled with stale  
midnight coffee  
rosemary crackers  
& sticky sugar donuts

this is my a-social mask  
notice how my mustache  
curls upwards in twisted  
brown spears waiting  
to puncture the sewerous  
waste of dull conversations  
about olive oil

text books  
& all you can masticate  
fried chicken dinners  
with the mashed potato  
& yam stuffing from Leotard's  
The Dispose 'Em Quick  
Eatery Emporium conveniently  
located behind the international  
pet quarantine office

Notice how all those upper  
lip ornamental hairs just  
quaver like omni-directional  
bore sensors

while the two  
broken marble chips I glare  
out at the refract our western  
berserker pill values sharp  
as the throat cutting razor

Not 1 Interesting thing happened

No little old ladies were pressed  
into flat strips of Parma ham  
their false teeth still incredibly  
smiling plastic at the side of the bus  
hungry road

No Chinamen  
in old Chairman Mao green  
tacky shorts were pecked  
to death by hoards of bifocalled  
ducks

No Jehovah Witnesses  
went to heaven the tickets  
having been long sold out  
to greasy paunches in togas  
The dust in my underwear  
drawer did not write cryptic  
messages on how the state  
should purchase more rolls  
of used dental floss  
Even the spiders just  
sat in the eye of their web  
feeling the November breeze  
teasing their nethers  
The flowers still struggled  
against the encroaching frost  
and the sky was a pale  
slate blue so blank  
even the few bald  
clouds could not  
form one face  
of memorable intent squinting  
down at the ants  
squirivalling off to their little  
drone business of white  
bread ort collecting

Just one of those days  
like all the others spent  
waiting for the miraculous  
to open its prismatic depths

Our little lives Float  
in the Winds of Improbability

Somewhere around the next  
corner there sits a house  
painted a freshly squeezed  
orange

    all the nervously  
worn furniture with the sharp  
bony butt rubbings is upholstered  
a warm fleshy tangerine  
the sharp cheddar blinds  
seep an oily aged glow  
& in no way detract  
from the tactfully draped  
sweet potato orange table  
cloth

    not to of course forget  
the wonderfully discreet  
yet accenting

        pumpkin eiderdown  
folded over the ever so  
cheerful tangelo sheets  
complete with the folically  
oil darkened pillow

& if you have the courage  
to enter taking the utmost  
delicacy to wipe each  
street dusted shoe on the candy  
corn orange welcome matt  
emblazoned with the helpful  
words

    “an ORANGE a day  
keeps MR. BLUEBIRD away”  
you will meet the little  
old man who resides within  
the aged butter glow of this  
sun kissed house dressed  
most appropriately in a mandarin  
orange suit with a curious  
natty lime green tie

        sitting with his elbows  
propped on his breakfast nook  
yolk colored table

        crying  
tears seep through his withered  
white fingers & slip down

his sagging old man blue  
veins to pool in mercurial  
puddles of deepest dark  
night despair

                  how he sobs  
sucking his frost pinched  
nostrils in great wet  
tear moist snorts

                  his lubbery  
spittle slick lips  
agape in a lachrymose  
elongated silent suicidal  
howl

                  & if you don't believe  
today while the sun is still  
moderately so

                  walk among  
all the same old  
same white houses  
& you will find it lurking  
folded away within the back  
streets of improbability  
& if you dare to open  
the halloween moon colored  
door you will see the little  
old man still sitting  
at his breakfast table  
his frail old man legs  
stomping & kicking  
in the tremulous jerks  
age bestows on sere  
withered men while tears  
howl & stream in slick  
gooey pools over the navel  
orange tile

                  & you will know  
that everything no matter  
how improbable manages to  
exist

                  & how your every  
belief in the daily  
humdrum

                  was wrong



& all the while  
Mr. Toad dreamed of flies  
hot flies sitting & buzzing  
filling his rapacious aero-critter  
hungry belly  
flies hopping  
in suicidal ecstasy into his  
open & gaping green gob  
fly fart methane  
teasing his stunned fly starved  
& palpitating nostrils  
with a heavenly  
toad aroma



## Death travels through mirrors

death's reflection catches  
the struggle against time  
gravity bulging the suet  
pear belly  
    into sagging  
defeated fat  
    the crinkled  
skin drooping under the eyes  
sloughing down the skull  
& into the still pit of eternity  
grinning his inane dental horror  
smile

    death sits in the soy  
inked newspapers lost  
amid the colons & capitals  
pressed upon the page  
filled with yesterday's  
murders

    killer bees  
terminal jock-itch spray  
presidential platitudes  
charcoal napalm roasted babies  
99 cent rolls of toilet paper  
& fry cook wanted adds  
he is under each brittle  
broken brown edged leave scrying  
over the cement

    his two hollow  
eyes peering out from the shadowed  
underbelly meaningless  
as prune pits  
he is folded in the lard  
butt's wallet

    snuffling between  
baby pictures & hamburger  
helper coupons

    his peculiar  
seat sock odor oozing  
out from the loveless grease  
limp fries masticated  
in sightless dumb  
desperation  
pulled from the 9-5  
death camp chocked with bored  
repetitive labor

    his conniving

brittle white face refracted  
in the pinched hard  
faces of little foremen  
with wide nervous teeth  
spewing spittle & monetary  
angst riddled threats  
Death is in the sterile  
church silence on his cryptic  
knees praying for uranium  
spent plagues

                                  He is in each  
blowfly's maggoted kiss crawling  
into the bullet's blood crusted  
hole

                                  Death is wrapped  
in the patriotic babble  
of flags & parades  
his soul searing slice  
curling down ticker tapes  
& terminating in the salaviad  
rant of my country 'tis of thee

                                  Death everywhere  
traveling  
                                  gaining  
worshipped  
                                  down on your pungent  
knees you insipid unloved  
small dicked monkey bastards



to smile & respond

the private moments  
inspiration offers  
filling the world  
with the comfortable litany  
of song & fire  
defying death for yet  
another precarious ink  
smudged page

## The Meaning

Dying is more than the breath's  
end

the blood curdling black  
the heart defibrilating one  
final burst of spear white  
agony ripping through the atrophied  
brain and into the silent  
nothing we all secretly  
dread while eating out  
genetically cyanided wheaties

Death is more than one way  
tunnels gazing back down  
at the body sprawled  
in a terminal question  
the slack gaze of abandonment  
lights off nobody home  
closed for urban renewal  
etched in each stagnate eye

Death is more than last night's  
three legged chicken dinner  
masticated with tasteless  
formaldehyded starch flakes  
& juniper berry sauce  
escaping in the final  
insult from between your  
no longer mommy toilet  
trained anus

Death is more than the post  
mortem tremens shutting down  
the twitching muscles one by  
one  
the protruding tongue  
chewed by the teeth of words  
the fingers tippolating a spastic  
piano encore before the jellied sky

Death is more than the  
singular tolling bell ringing  
up from the cracked gaped  
earth alive with fire  
sucking the consciousness down  
into the caterwauling worm  
reaved hell

Death is more than isn't  
or is  
    the sum of your life  
quickly forgot  
        disposed of  
in wooded garbage chutes  
the cloying loam patted in shovelfuls  
over the waxy mortician's  
joke embalmed for eternity  
in black velvet trimmings

Death is more than your poetry  
artwork  
    inventions pushed  
aside for the glitzy  
new fandangled crap

Death is more than was  
never or can't

Death is more than everything  
you've ever forgotten to remember  
those spring summer boyhood  
woods never walked through  
again  
    breathing the cool  
bracken fragrance  
the light dappled balsams  
so crisp at the back  
of the age darkened mind  
eternity could almost  
but not quite  
be lived

Beyond the moon the skies sleep

the steady hiss & plunk  
of the rain sliding off  
grey tinted panes  
while wet tires hum a swishing  
lullaby to morning's  
ambition

fills the dull  
hours with a mute  
desperation

the sticky  
white bread which eats  
the flour while dough  
plastered fingers pull  
& kneed the magic yeast  
into a glutinous  
miracle swelling life  
in the oven's belly  
looms like the threat  
of labor & can be  
subliminally pushed  
aside for TV hours

the poem that begs for the page  
about small mosquito voices  
mustaches vaselined into bull  
horns thrusting from out  
beneath the quavering nostril's  
dark moon holes

& the empty  
eye pits of death staring out  
from the damp mushy underside  
of slick brown leaves would need  
too many dots to connect  
the disassociative images

what music can be recorded  
in bebop minor scales  
synthing the sweet  
melancholic F#

while the knife  
longing flute saws through  
the whirling tremolo drone  
with seric desire to vie  
with the water logged  
breeze filled with the humid  
press of sleep

## The dead do Not

The dead do not remember  
the way their mother called  
their names from the back  
window

nor the smell of plates  
the crisp sheets still  
stiff from the sun baked line  
not a single mulberry's  
royal purple orb framed by  
summer leaf green

not even  
the autumn cloud curdled sky  
with that particular pale  
blue only October knows  
can be recalled out from  
the infinite nothing so vast  
imagination is forced to paint it  
black

the feel of tiled walks  
pressing up against the shoe's  
worn soul each pebble a persistent  
mountain demanding attention  
nor the despair of the winter  
wind riffled sparrows huddled  
on electric lines

Gone the hesitant  
glance two strangers greet  
the other with a hint of smile  
or frown

or the desire  
of the twenty year old woman  
standing at the coffee counter  
the bouquet of cinnamon rolls  
chocolate cakes

& broccoli quiche  
in her patent black high heeled  
man eye catching boots  
has drowned  
in the bones

the dead have lost  
their 5 year old world with  
its vast street vacant  
with longing & the white swish  
of passing cars singing down  
dew wet asphalt

The dead no longer recall waiting  
for the pay check



So many ways to quit

my bald bowl scalp  
is a crystal ball scrying  
an even more follicly  
vacant future

the few brittle  
hairs quaver in each wind's  
puff

hemispherical ghost  
detectors waving the big  
good-bye to their once  
heavily cropped brethren  
Oh the joy of watching  
the silent grave hole  
creep up behind one's  
sagging flaccid cellulotic belly  
as each passing day grows  
deeper into the infinite  
pitch of time

& the memory  
of your sea legged summer  
dog boy days slip into  
alien memories of alpha  
centuri clothes dryer dreams  
invading the back yard  
& standing like monstrous  
cyclops with heat striated  
monocles peering hungrily  
from the wide leafed rhubarb  
& prickled clinging berries  
while slowly time marched on  
piling classes & toilet  
scrubbing jobs & suicidal  
starvation against the acetylene  
torch welding words of dappled  
imagination

until I shrank  
into this hairless migraine  
chewing the soggy pencil  
bottom but still to stubborn  
or stupid to stop

it is not quite yet time  
to die

the ineffectual  
still November sun  
breathes a hushed warmth  
over the flame yellow  
gingkoes  
even as the dead  
brown leaves of sleep frosted  
branches crawl winter  
down the mountains

how the encroaching  
night long darkness  
freezes the blood with the 4  
a.m. despair of lying under  
the sleepless sheets staring  
shadows down the ceiling  
while outside psychokiller  
knives smile

copulating  
baby screaming cats runt  
yet another litter

& the failure  
of halitosis stubbed with the leaded  
joy of chewed pencils whispers  
the fire up the dislocated  
homeless park bench pillow  
& into the paralyzed brain  
the future rotten dead  
hands pressed over the fitful  
thumping heart

listening with  
trepidated ears for the perma  
frost silence to win



## History-less

This December day has a date  
but unlike most  
                                  events noted  
by Clio's black soy inked blood  
no momentous  
                                  events of dropped  
porcelain shattered life magnitudes  
will take place  
                                  no sizzling  
mushroom clouds radiating  
the flash fried sides of stubbled  
buildings  
                                  the lumped twisted  
flesh of once living  
                                  thinking  
feeling beings littering the fly  
hungry pavement  
                                  no footprints  
pressed into alien sands  
the callidic sea blue globe  
frozen in its prismatic photographic  
eternity in the ultra-violet  
visor's coal ice black surface  
no towers  
                                  terrorized by plot  
& state counter plots  
                                  the fragile  
life inside raining grey  
screaming bullets down to the camera  
hungry reporters  
                                  while grinning ape  
politicians writhe in platitude  
spouting glee  
                                  no a simple  
day with a pie-balded  
sky under which the bustling  
cars vie to varied  
destinations  
                                  & the young tight  
legged girls look clean & crisp  
as the smooth glassy skins  
of summer breathed apples  
a day like all those  
repetitive ellipses  
where every unknown corner  
calls the sharp clean wind  
to life

## A Letter to Santa

Dear Santa

I am writing to you like all the other  
greed glazed 5 year olds who want  
the baby burning American GI  
action figure complete with the electro  
whip testicle interrogation cords or the MS  
Nancy burp up doll (discharge  
tubes extra)

but instead of mega  
murderer software games  
nuke 'em until glowing ovens  
& all the other clap trappings  
TV land offers the world over  
I want something extra special  
I want an end to greed  
of thinking that the oil  
sucking 4 wheeled monstrosity  
complete with ozone frizzling  
air cons is the ultimate  
end all of existence

I want an end to wars of acquisition  
to lying propaganda broadcasts  
making the pieces of raw flesh  
strewing the smoking home's  
shell a patriotic peccadillo  
of inconsequential proportions  
& noy the brutal murder  
which it was

I want an end to mass starvation  
in faraway lands with unpronounceable  
names not by airlifts  
but with education  
irrigation and all those other  
magic words ending in T.I.O.N.  
I want global warming to  
desist

an end to the richest  
countries spewing forth a pall  
of soot

vomiting chemical bile  
into the rivers & lakes & pretending  
3 eyed fish are a natural  
evolutional development  
in short I want people to start  
carrying

to think of the other  
as fellow passengers upon this spinning  
magic spaceship on their personal  
journeys to the infinity beyond  
& not as some vying monkey  
competing for the same piece  
of Styrofoam packaged meat

& do I deserve this  
have I been good

the inevitable conclusion can only be  
no

I have consumed & wasted  
& flipped moronic middle fingers  
at slow street hogging drivers  
I have lusted in the night  
for better computers  
cars

& armpit sprays  
which will attract  
the mammaries like limpets  
to the salt shaker  
& even this request smacks  
of greed

because I do not want  
to have to watch the silent  
bloated dead

crawling maggots  
across my nightly news entertainment  
I do not have to want to feel  
pity for the 10 year old girl  
sold by starving parents  
into bed chained brothels  
I want everyone else  
to be happy so  
I can be likewise

& if you can not  
deliver this to me you can  
give this to others  
not that there won't still be  
disasters

but at least we won't be  
building them brick by hateful  
ignorant brick

until our house of greed  
collapses in a nuclear winter  
where only roaches can survive

So this is all I ask you  
to stuff in all the world's chimneys  
fire-pits  
    sandals  
        socks  
no matter how deserving  
or un

sincerely yours  
ep allan

PS  
in case the above is undeliverable  
a mega murderer action figure  
with little georgie the chainsaw  
& baby skin mask  
would be most appreciated



my nuts outside  
on the sill are completely  
covered in white lachrymose  
cloud droppings”

“Just as well slice them  
off here where so much professional  
help can take mere senile  
demential ravings  
& transform them into great tenets  
of institutionalized impersonality  
Now”

Nurse Indifference  
picks up two pieces of overly  
charred brown bread slices

“If you’re ready  
these toasted pillows of sleep  
will take you beyond  
these sylvan walls & out  
into the silent ether  
only the dreamless dead know”

## Waiting for Day

after the grey prune rain  
plattered the soggy fields  
stubbled with the slick  
brown rot of razored crops  
in an unrelenting cold wet  
drill the ineffectual December  
dead sun pokes it shortened  
houred face from out the white  
mountain clouds

Mr poet sits  
in the plate glass sanctuary  
a cup of steamy latte perched  
on the wooden sill & stares  
at the white & tan foam  
clinging to the papery sides  
of the Christmas red cup  
searching for 1 topic  
of sea-green imagination  
to bloom under his pen's  
inquisition

even as an old  
man white jockey shorts  
complete with old man  
scorch stains screwed over  
his ears for a winter hat  
pedals a wobbling pink  
bicycle in anaconda esses  
dull grey tongue protruding  
down the colorless brick walk  
Mr poet takes another South  
American summer sip & continues  
to ponder the empty page  
as all the ice black trees  
shiver in frigid tumbling  
winds

& wait for the days  
to grow long & warm  
with spring



Discarded

In pale brown envelopes  
we stamp dead emperors  
poets & other historic  
rotted notables over the yet  
to be born days of future  
employment

                    all those sharp  
black & white facts spun  
in the best narcissistic  
mask we can pin  
to our failed aged face  
& only hope the blood seeping  
through the pin holes  
in no way detracts from  
all those neat figures  
fantastical duties performed  
educational trapeze  
death defying feats  
& that all those Pavlovian  
puppy bells will cause  
the reader to sit up  
& salivate with wide  
dark misty canine eyes  
& whine for our saintly  
benevolence to grace  
their office

                    with our bloated  
pruned and somewhat  
flatulent existence

                    & in reality  
all those paper kittens  
mewling for the teat  
of milk & money get plopped  
in hopeful piles & collect  
dust

                    coffee cup moon stains  
pencil shavings

                                    while indifferent  
fingers smeared thick with caramel  
donut sauce

                    discard  
our desperate silent  
please one

                    by one



## The Percussional Metal Heart

So the old man invents  
a percussional metal heart  
which tings to the bebop  
thrill of a ball-peen hammer's  
ass end

    each refractive dibble rings out  
a searing note of pain  
& the memory of cold wet  
words best left unsaid  
false teeth grinning skeletal  
grave horror from the glass  
jar perched upon the dresser  
between dusty pictures faded  
in silver frames

    below the cheesecloth  
mass print painting of a long  
bearded & very sky chip blue eyed  
Jesus complete with the TV  
hall of fame Inspirational  
quote "The lord is my shepherd  
so he shall not want meat"

    & as the ball-peen  
hammers each throbbing note  
upon the beating heart  
the old man wonders why he never  
pounded before all the bleeding  
shards of life

    death & prune juice  
under the accompanying trio of moon  
night star undulated wind sky  
& cloud

    each stab of memory  
ringing out such sad saccharine  
losses that even the auditors  
of inquisition

    fill the howling  
moon time with flowing tears  
washing down the rutted cheeks  
& into the empty promises  
of the unkept past

Under the Aeolian Sky

The winds blow black  
water  
    miniscule countries  
of slick white ice  
                    their jagged  
mapless boarders jostling  
welding  
    into ice dunes  
upon the lake's scalloped  
& driftwooded laced edge

The silent trees  
                    huddle in themselves  
their rough aged ebon bark  
ringing the still sleeping  
spring sap

    The snow pushes  
over the abandoned cicle bearded  
slide

    & glacés the lonely  
sagging seats of sea-saws  
& swings

    & discarded bent  
beer cans with perfect  
unanimity

    The boarded  
windows which once served  
snow cones

    & chocolates  
& saw dust hotdogs  
rattle

    in January's death  
knife winds

    & wait for sweaty  
pudged 6 year old fingers to push  
a crumpled george

    or abe  
up to the counter's splintered  
lip

    & squeak in the approved  
tit-mouse manner "a StrawBerry  
Slushy please"

& under this Aeolian sky  
one granddaddy long legged man  
encased in thermal blue

black rubber pull over boots  
& worsted wool knit trimmings  
broods from black UV  
sun-proof glasses ringed with white  
rheumy frost  
                    upon summer's  
desolation  
                    & laughs  
his thin high c laugh  
riding the winds between  
the abandoned July beach trappings  
& out into  
                    the empty blue  
beyond







the Rats of Hell

Somehow the basement is flooded  
with murky pea algae  
the thick clotted marine growth  
wavering long fetid mermaid hair  
in the unknown currents twisting  
around the white rusted can  
of the water heater

the gurgling  
furnace & the dark gritty  
red support pillars  
from where did all this aqua  
life bloom

the two still  
functional bulbs barely manage  
to cast a dull sepia over the slick  
curdled surface alive with rats  
rats with grey matted fur  
dog paddling

their thin rat noses  
& dark pebbled eyes eating the light  
with the eternal night of black  
holed stars

for these are not  
the ordinary rats so easily  
disposed by cheesy traps & strychnine  
these are the Rats of Hell  
grown fat on poodles  
failed promises  
calculated platitudes  
3 legged chicken TV dinners  
late night Hollywooded horrors  
broadcasted between neon twirly  
bras & Dr. Pachyderm's Anti  
Hemorrhoidal Fungus Soap adds  
these rats have eaten all the toxic  
sewage humanity has brewed  
& have returned with a lobster  
bib under each sagging jowl  
bits of test tubes & wires  
twisting out of their lab  
shaved skulls

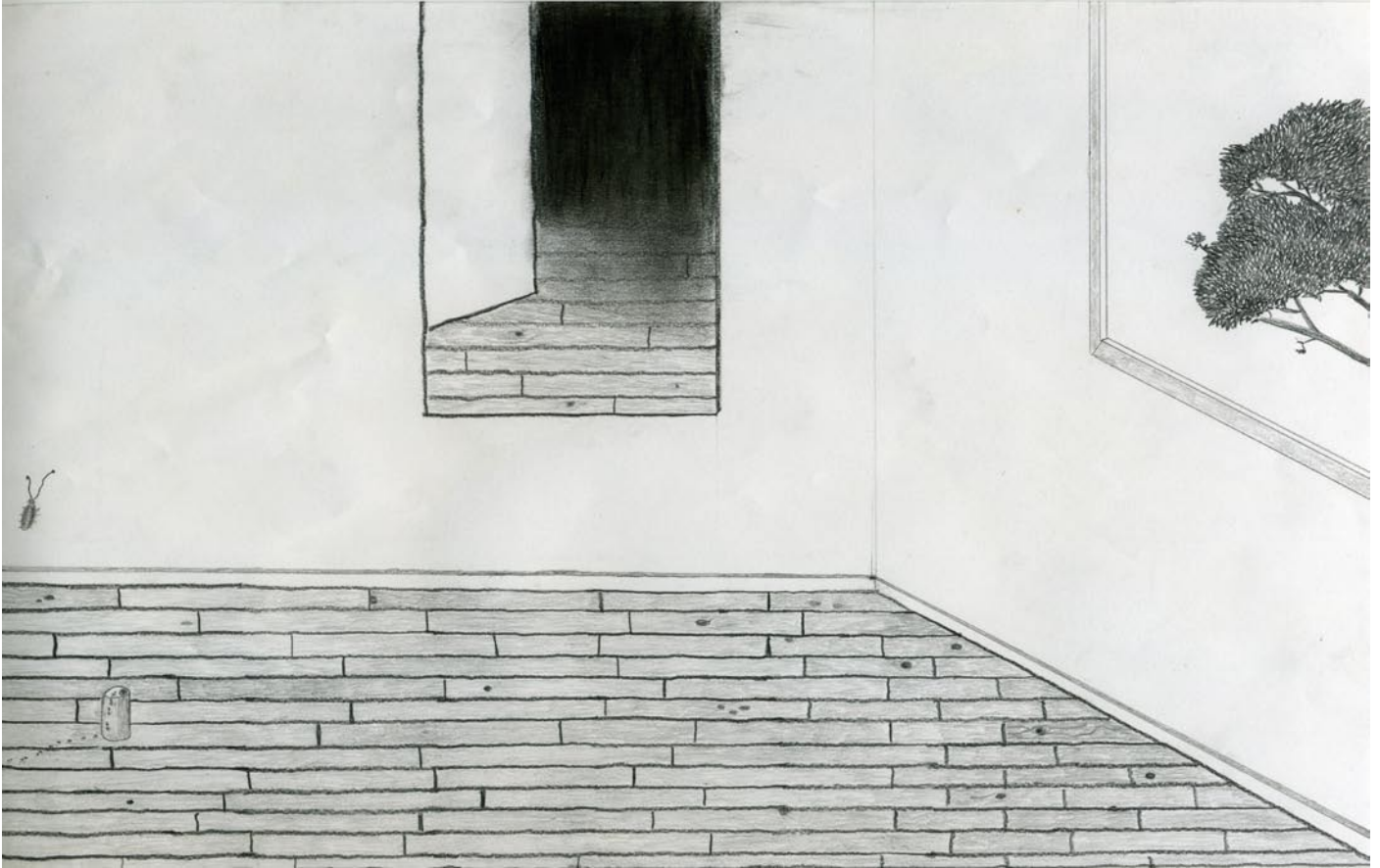
50 packets a day  
of Hamburger Helper  
Vanilla Malt Balls  
& 300 pounds of cheddar curls  
packed in rectally

could not supplicate  
their greedy rat appetite  
they've eaten all the exterminators  
& played dice with their bones  
they've hoarded all the arsenic  
cyanide & aspartame  
for their after tabby tea  
& now they are swimming through  
your basement  
slipping in & out  
of the rancid oily water  
with smiles cold  
& wet

## Winter Solstice

The days have shrunk  
into a skeletal husk  
shivering  
    on the pale death tanned  
stem jutting up its single grey  
leafed flag of surrender  
from the wind roved ground  
tonight will last the longest  
the kind of pitch where  
black ice seeps into the bones  
& the tungsten lights glaze  
the room with its silent dressers  
& frigid waiting beds  
with a sterile  
    desperate glow  
for 6 months the sun has ailed  
caught pneumonia  
    & now teeters  
under the horizon's grave lip  
while the summer sticky tomatoes  
stored in hermetically sealed  
specimen jars  
    the pumpkin's  
last hurrah boiled  
    canned  
& waiting for oven & pie  
have all been set up against this  
deep frosted eve  
    & all that remains  
is prayer  
    the same prayer  
offered up by the Babylonians  
Egyptians  
    & Greeks  
    that the earth  
does not tilt off its axis  
spinning into eternal ice  
& that tomorrow  
    with its few  
more seconds of precious  
lovely sun  
    will start is slow  
apex climb back  
    to June

# Waiting for Day



Poems for November & December 2005  
EP Allan

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Cover art: “The Anatomy of Despair” pencil and charcoal sketch.

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