

finish

the hearse comes through the room filled with  
the beheaded, the disappeared, the living  
mad.

the flies are a glue of sticky paste  
their wings will not  
lift.

I watch an old woman beat her cat  
with a broom.

the weather is unendurable  
a dirty trick by  
God.

the water has evaporated from the  
toilet bowl

the telephone rings without  
sound

the small limp arm petering against the  
bell.

I see a boy on his  
bicycle

the spokes collapse  
the tires turn into  
snakes and melt  
away.

the newspaper is oven-hot  
men murder each other in the streets  
without reason.

the worst men have the best jobs  
the best men have the worst jobs or are  
unemployed or locked in  
madhouses.

I have 4 cans of food left.

air-conditioned troops go from house to  
house

from room to room  
jailing, shooting, bayoneting  
the people.

we have done this to ourselves, we  
deserve this

we are like roses that have never bothered to  
bloom when we should have bloomed and  
it is as if

the sun has become disgusted with  
waiting

it is as if the sun were a mind that has  
given up on us.

I go out on the back porch  
and look across the sea of dead plants  
now thorns and sticks shivering in a  
windless sky.

somehow I'm glad we're through  
finished --  
the works of Art  
the wars  
the decayed loves  
the way we lived each day.  
when the troops come up here  
I don't care what they do for  
we already killed ourselves  
each day we got out of bed.  
I go back into the kitchen  
spill some hash from a soft  
can, it is almost cooked  
already  
and I sit  
eating, looking at my  
fingernails.  
the sweat comes down behind my  
ears and I hear the  
shooting in the streets and  
I chew and wait  
without wonder.

#### FEMALE AND BREAKDOWN AND PEACE

...the automobiles have big eyes and horns and scratch  
themselves and puke black vomit and rot inside very  
quickly, and you see them shining and broken and new  
being dragged in by white-uniformed idiots looking  
angry and calm and final as God Himself, and the  
women paint themselves and tighten themselves all over,  
jack themselves up to the sky CLICK CLICK CLACK and  
they rub their skins with oils and spray them with lotions  
and place them in smooth sheen fabrics and act very high  
indeed and do not talk to anybody and they wait and they  
tease until everybody gets all HARD and then they wait on  
the biggest MONEY and then they  
give way, they give themselves over like vomit into a  
bowl, and they age  
quickly and they are forgotten and they spread their days  
in supermarkets  
wrinkled and officious and angry  
arguing sniping spying  
praying for the death of everyone  
meantime taking up everybody's time  
and they have the blues  
the most terrible blues  
but the brain they never used  
now too far gone to  
cry.