

Notes on a Bluebird Flying Past My Window:

firebird... Spring of 1910  
"among the musicians of my  
generation"

I don't know how to spell the  
names and I guess it didn't  
happen, although  
I am not sure...

so excuse the way it was really  
spelled out  
only --

leonov, I imagine  
cut his throat  
while Dhalegev looked  
watching the patches and screams of  
blood  
drip and drool and drool  
itself  
console itself in the  
jellygla  
ss.

or it could have been Smith and  
Mortensen?

anyhow, this is the first bluebird  
I have seen in many years  
and its frightened rush past my window  
makes me thing these dark black  
funny things.

one more and I'm  
finished.

In This Place We Eat Apples and Cut Our Fingers  
On Beercans

it's where a man walks a while  
then falls  
it's where a man smokes in bed  
and smokes himself --

BLAMM!!

it's a head in the sights  
pants on the floor  
armies marching on radiated freeways  
or a fuck at the side of the freeway dressed in  
green