

40 Years of Pure Hell

we sit down
at times of insight
or internal revolution
& write a few lines
chopping off fingernails
of thought
to prove we are still
alive
like tonight

I remember

the faces on the men at work
as they presented the president
of the company
with a camera
for retirement.

they were amazed
that anyone could actually
get out of this work mess --

I also remember

the look on his face
amazed

that we could honor him
after he tried to kill us off
with lousy pay, long hours
& poor working conditions.

he rambled off a few
words of thanks --

the peasants played their
parts admirably --

& then he mentioned about
how he would use the camera
on the hunting trip he was
going on --

guess he intended to kill a few more
before he went for good.

A Girl Made of Sand

Her breasts were green olives
with long stems
altho I should say she had short stems
because she was small
with beige thighs
sphynx mouth
& a cramped rumple bag honeywell
that churned
in organ-spasm giant clam shell
candy-weeded high connection!