

10/2/78

dying; a vision (#2)

my mother was talking to him.
it was important, i could tell
by the tone of her voice.
but he never looked up from
the squat-like stance he used
when watering the front yard
on warm summer nights.

he just stared at the spray of water,
which looked like a smashed
mirror hanging, suspended in mid-air,
reflecting the lights of night
back into his face.

11/9/78

the simple things

i used to do it once in a great while.
but lately, i've been doing it every weekend.

i drive the freeways like other people
cruise blvds.
like a freaked-out neutron gone haywire,
i cut across the landscape on concrete and asphalt,
leaving trails of loud fm rock and whisps
of exotic marijuana smoke. i live on a diet
of STP and shell super-regular.
my pulse quickens as the sun finally sets,
me becoming a metallic and rubber seed
cushioned in neon darkness.
my cock hardens as the tail-lights of the
lane changing cars in front of me
become a floating horizon of
patterned light and graceful speed.

my heaven will be an endless freeway,
a car that never runs out of gas,
commercial-free rock n roll radio stations,
the eternal joint,
the night that never ends.