

HEADING HOME

Winding down thru Nevada Country
on way home from Ananda
Brent asked was I
disturbed by way Americans
use land ... way we build
it up selfservingly
oblivious to nature's
rhythms & patterns?
I said not really.
Which isn't true.
I just put it
out of mind.
Working with high school kids
(as a group as messed
up as the land)
cuts me pretty thin.

A FAMILIAR ADDICTION

Giants swoon September
instead of June
& piss off fans
who suddenly see
players playing for
too much money
coach as ignoramus
stadium a jammed wind
funnel & far too
many ghosts come
home to roost.
Under this pressure
minds stray across
bay wonder how
Raiders are doing.

-- Phil Weidman

North Highlands CA

JALAPENO PEPPERS

are what I would like to support.
Smell them on the vine,
and clean your sinuses.
Lift them green and peeled
from the can,
like large green slugs,
and put one in your mouth.
Hotter than any otherwise
unknown hell
they are, and good for the mind,
thrilling at a time when booze,
or women, or the lack of women,
or the lack of life in general --
that time of ennui and angst --
is upon you, and you need.
Let it sit on your tongue,
then bite, chew it,

and that bit of hell that you've taken
just moves through you,
like a fifth column, to clear those
webs that have blocked your collective past.
And if it is all fire in your mouth,
what will cure it?
Sugar, granulated, powdered, cubed.
Just like everything,
the sweet can vanquish that hell,
for a while.

WITTGENSTEIN, JASPER JOHNS, AND ME

Having read that Jasper Johns
is indebted to Ludwig Wittgenstein
for many ideas in his enigmatic paintings,
I decided to pick up one of Ludwig's
books -- just to take a look.
Sure enough, there were the colors
that were not colors:
R for red, Y for yellow, B for blue.
The rest of the text read something like:
"If someone named Bill looked at the anus
of a chicken
and called it a horse,
and the other person that stood beside
Bill, called Fred, from then on told his
children, friends, acquaintances
that a chicken's anus was a horse,
then a chicken's anus, to them,
would truly be called a horse."

I thought about this for awhile,
and, I must admit, that I do know
many assholes that are called
by another name.
But I read on and saw a drawing,
which I promptly reproduced;
it is called the duckrabbit
and can only be described as looking
like a duck, from one angle,
and a rabbit, from another.

From that day on I cannot help
but to look at things, always,
from a different angle.
Instead of this being a poem,
for instance,
to me it is a poem.

