

better
 to
 be
 free
 better
 not
 to
 fit
 in
 better
 to
 be
 alone
 separate
 weird

want to sit around
 sugarmommy's pool till the
 grim reaper comes for me
 want to spend my time rapping
 with a linda evans
 lookalike drinking ice tea
 but if she's a boozier
 ill be a boozier too

looks like it's going to
 be a jackoff day can't
 seem to keep my hands off
 myself this morning but
 will hold off for awhile
 might see some horny chicks
 at the grocery they
 can always sense when my
 bag is full of love juice

if	you	jumped
off	the	empire
state	building	holding
	a	grappling
would	it	hook
possible	to	be
yourself	by	save
	throwing	by
it	through	an
office	window	?

— Les Cammer

Santa Barbara CA

DRINKING TEA AMONG CRAGGY PEAKS

(An imaginary translation from the Chinese written
 to accompany an imaginary Chinese painting entitled
 "Drinking Tea Among Craggy Peaks")

Silence of mountains and streams.
Higher than clouds, finally reaching
The peak, we spread out teapot and cups
Then wait for the water to boil. A steady wind
Blows the first few autumn leaves.
Finally, the serving boy hands me the pot.
Filling each cup a little at a time,
The brew becomes richer with each serving.
Stretching out, we chant poems until the tea
Is finished. Our talk never turns
To the affairs of men. After a while,
You take out ink and paper and begin painting
The ancient face of a mountain rock. In an instant
You have captured ten thousand years.
As you hand it to me, a sudden gust of wind
Carries it off, and we laugh. Since the immortals
Left, what does it matter? There are only
These mountains and rivers without end.
Getting ready to leave, we gather up the cups
And tray. The wind blowing harder now swells out our
sleeves
And we are almost carried away. You joke
About the return of the Yellow Crane.
Looking below, the Yangtse is only a winding thread.
Halfway down the mountain, you tell me how much
You enjoyed the tea.

WRITTEN AFTER READING THE TANKA OF TACHIBANA AKEMI

"Happiness is when"

1.

Happiness is when
You come home from work
And something good is ready to eat
And after you eat you sit down
And take a long nap
And wake up the next morning
And it's Saturday.

2.

Happiness is when
You wake up very early
And don't have to go to work
And the kids sleep late
And before you even have breakfast
you've written a new poem.