POEM FOR PAULA
Here is the crate of last summer's pomegranates you forgot to make into jam.
Now they are dry and empty almost weightless covered with dust.
Nevermind love. Nothing is lost. Brush them off and bring them upstairs.
The colors are soft as your hair. There's just enough to fill our Christmas tree with ornaments.

— Kevin O'Neill
Los Angeles CA

KARATE
if you just stood still in a doorway say facing in the asshole who'd taken 10 karate lessons couldn't do very much

THE ECONOMY (1989)
based on weapons squares off against the one based on drugs the problem being they're the same

STATUS SYMBOLISM
furriers do to animals what the rich do to the poor

COULD IT BE
many who come down with 'mental illness' are simply more civilized than whatever retarded area of 'civilization' they've been condemned by chance to live in