

so ahead of their time
no one knew they were art
not even him

I do now
40 years later
& so does my typewriter

COCKROACH ART

left volume 27
of my journal out
overnight unprotected
in cockroach haven kitchen

thus it was vulnerable
i.e. patches of dye
devoured from sky
colored cover — like
fleecy off-blue clouds

#29

I found a honeyeater
in the bushes
mauled by a cat
a scarlet honeyeater
with a hurt wing
hanging loose
& fanned out

my girlfriend's son
nursed her back to health
fed her honey on the tip
of his finger that she
lapped up hungrily with
long brush-tipped tongue
bright eyes glowing
like tiny black pearls

I felt her life-force
tingle my nerves as
I held her softly
in my hands like
a wounded heroine

a week later she flew away
with a flash of orange
under her brown wings

little creatures like this
mean more to me than
most people do

RAINY NIGHT

"straight
no chaser"
red light
rain-speckled windscreen
car radio jazz poem
scrawled as I wait
for green to go

poetry
can happen
anywhere
anytime
anyhow

JAPAN

I liked the way
colored guys said
motherfucker in Japan

it was good getting
to know Negroes
in the Marines
in Japan

& Mexicans
Polacks
Jews
etc

I know it ain't
fashionable but
a lot of good
things happened
to me in the Marines
in Japan

I discovered Whitman
Dostoyevsky
cherry blossoms
streetgirls
whores
bars