

Poetry Series

Floyd Crenshaw

- poems -

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Floyd Crenshaw()

it is what it is.

my heroes:

popeye

frank zappa

and

mike campbell.

24: 1

smoke constantly
to pass time
in this bubble

over-thinking
analyzing
pointless

wasted time all wasted

for a few lines
here and there
some realization
i would otherwise
forget or suppress

if heroin were easily accessible
might i have attempted
some silly crusade
and become a creation of fire?

the supernova
ohh'd and ahh'd
into the atmosphere
but in reality a
bottle rocket
in an abandoned field

perhaps a sparkler
fading
a temporary tattoo
on the night sky...

it's that fast
within time's
inconceivable reach.

...flashes of pleasure in the darkness...
...chemicals interacting...

...energy displacing...
...atoms colliding...

like cells
dragged through a film reel
it goes.

Floyd Crenshaw

A Feeling For All Ages

today
i experienced
some thing.

few words, labels
or explanations
can portray

the calm in happiness

paranoia lost

positive perspectives
people perceiving
endless
progress and opportunity.

but all good things efface.

Floyd Crenshaw

A Seashell For Your Hair

she looks like
she just came
off a three day binge
or
some nice cruise
never bothering
to wash the
ocean away.

that dazed
but satisfied look
pleased with all
that crosses her path

she does not take part
in my sorts of abuse.

she will share the space
with devils and spirits,
but kindly refuse.

a simple girl with
outrageous beauty.

what is it that she knows?
where is that spot
deep inside?
that spot where she
stashes strength?

does it even matter
with lips like that?

Floyd Crenshaw

A Seemingly Normal Afternoon

the town fire alarm sounds.
there is an emergency somewhere.
someone needs the volunteer fire department.

i sit in plastic hands
on Satchmoe's porch
staring up the
forest green,
shingle siding.

smoking,
absorbing,
soaking.

a roller coaster
writhing with banshees
high on adderall-laced
sno-cones.
a dull rhythm
heightened by fried senses.
The screams shrink,
the screams climb and
on the scariest part, near the end,
these banshees
higher than ever before,
these banshees
hold their spiraling note.
forever. just a moment.
their breath spent.

the sky still beautiful
no gray,
no ominous signs.
then
a seamless mesh
an airplane over head.
the buzz grates against
what idea of the world
i thought was right.

i think
shall i be poisoned by
pesticide or
run down
in a
bombing run.
were the frightening howls
of the siren warning
'there is
the possibility of
impending doom.'

i could
run for shelter
my hands over my head
determined to deter
v-two rockets and
Lufthansa bomb blankets.

but my head stays cool
the trip runs strong like
a low-altitude creek after
the first truly warm day of spring.
snow melting,
rushing downhill.
over-flowing,
one hell of a flood.

i have an idea for a calender.
from the ground to the sky
up the side of my house
for every season.

Floyd Crenshaw

A Sunday Afternoon Without Glasses

i write in fits.

they come and go like clouds or infatuations.
when they arrive
too often i am near r.e.m.
sedated and saturated.
pen and pad elsewhere
this wit wanders wayside.

most truths lack honesty
answers are opinions.
lies and speculation
disguised as
wisdom
and direction
run this machine.

where ghosts reside and
barbed wires tangle over tops of
fenced borders.
bodies, bits of clothes and flesh, too.

satellites, gps and cell phones,
9/11 and 24, closed circuit cameras and a
man-god with a spider's head -
the face of fear mongers.

it is a home with no key
locked from within.
your own reality show plays daily.
keep enlightenment away,
protect the progress made.

The loathing behind
cheap balsa wood doors with
loose, aluminum knobs.
They lead
into other rooms,
with cloned doors and

caulked windows,
a chair, pill bottles, whiskey,
tv and cigarettes.

the scenes are beautiful all around
presumed happiness abound
people smiling posing
faces.
exponential pullulating astound.
it looks like fun.

i would love to be
immersed,
but there is no knife.

instead, find the door
to the sun's room where
the walls are pristine windows.
i inhale the inebriating aromas
windex,
pledge and
pine sol
thick in the atmosphere.

the polished glass knob
turns with ease,
the prism disperses a rainbow,
light simplified
the last bits of normalcy.

empty and calm.
the ground is moist,
it is what i have and have not imagined
mixed with more than all the noise
lead me to believe.

the wind then rises
crashing the door.

my shelter, my home
a place for tired bones.

shatters on my lawn and
revert to sand, all alone.

join the race
the end is no place.

step bravely on to that moving
side-walk-a-lator.
enjoy a slide show of
commercial insinuators,
soap box platform emulators,
vain political party imitators,
oiled and dollared decision makers,
paparazzi sideline haters,
scientists hushed and burning alive on ice caps, the equator,
g.e.'s new line of power savers.

the world is run by greed and terror.

and i know
i have lived fairer
than those supported
by ninety-nine cent prayers.

i can not help, just stop and stare.
my world refusing to care.
as humans claim humans
for specks of space
beyond their fair share.

love hides, faceless, in all homes
some nameless pain did efface
repressing the love once given away
and the adversity of hope fearlessly embraced.

we are soft spots in a Seurat.

i entered through the cellar door
exiting out the side.
no more reason than before,
no more reason to run and hide.

A Thought

and they run your lives.
yes, they do,
yes, they do.

with money,
yes, and interest.

circulating concentration
of power.

they started religion

they understand the
human mind, the conditions.

you understand the
conditions, but
do you recognize
your condition?

they lounge and laugh.

we push and wonder...
innocently.

money never created us.
love created us.

currently, currency
curbs society
from becoming humanity.

you must do this.

you must meet
a self-inspired
hyperbolic
vision of self.

you must meet
the individuals
we offer
on t.v.

you must.
you must.

or else you will lose
and fail to pay
all those numbers
we gave out.

we will take your home
we will take your freedom
we will take you from here,
so oppressed but content,
into a hell
we have created.

unless
your fellow man
realizes
we can be defeated
by the love
created after
a global affair.

until then...
you know the rules.

Floyd Crenshaw

Adequacy

in the land of excess

the
man who
understands

- enough -

is king

Floyd Crenshaw

All Around

line of sight was unobstructed
our eyes flicker
communicating through
years of practice

i break the gaze
a weak move you might feel

instead i inspect
your slender figure
with fitted, mid-shin,
brown boots
black see-through stockings
a black petty coat
begins above your knee
that supple knee
beneath the coat
around your lower thigh
starts an armless,
strawberry sundress
your hair the color of cherry wine
your skin the color of peach cream

i was terrified by
your beauty

the flower lady strolled by
a picnic basket
a random assortment
safety pinned in her right arm
no sales pitch necessary

i gave her five
she gave me one
we argued
i received two for four
then
drunkenly presented
the proclamation of

my interest in you

said my name
said my state
said your beauty
then walked away.

you kept me
in the peripheries
i felt the eye
i felt the heat
i could find them instantly
underneath cherry wine skies

i desperately wished for sobriety.

the spirit's stench
all around me.
i kissed my drink
and forgot about you.

Floyd Crenshaw

All I Need

nice weather
interesting people
a job to get by
a way to get high
women to make me sigh

Floyd Crenshaw

An Avenue Of Alleys

Just another day my friend....
One more and you'll have yours....

But for today let me get mine.
Perhaps next Tuesday, if you don't mind?

You've seen me in cartoons and alleys.
I've been to the alleys, the cartoon life.

Let's be honest and
Admit to nothing short of everything.

Terms that the new generations bring.
Refuse, refuse, refuse.

New, once old, becomes lost,
But forever en route.

Cycled like dead men's plaid and
Ten-dollar, wedding dress wet-dreams.

Editing is for the news,
Not for life.

Floyd Crenshaw

Andy Was Right

To become famous
in america
without hard work,

To rely on some
fifteen-minute hypothesis,

To become the whore
on TV
that they all
know we are,

Is to sell the soul's lot
to a red, white and blue
pimp suit
in audience search mode
standing proudly
beside a billion dollar,
computer operated,
lasso tossing
machine
wrangling retards at the rodeo.

Floyd Crenshaw

Anxiety

a situation
a thought
the presupposed future
that future's paralyzing past
and
the failure
that occurs
presently

Floyd Crenshaw

Aristocratic

the day wore on
time turned after noon
my shower is late
my clothes in the hamper
i outline my ear for that smoke
it is gone

look around...nothing
how about the shirts? nothing either!
which rooms hosted my body today?
living room, kitchen, molar, and can
none of these rooms offered solution.

upstairs
to the molar
my camels, my friends
thirteen incinerated
five on-call
one missing
one in my ear.

the can
again
a neck of warm taffy
to the left of my foot
m.i.a.
but now found.

how common and played out, Fate!

Floyd Crenshaw

Attendance Is Vital

strained ears
decipher the accent
of an ancient language
paraphrasing
html and ip and url

virginal course
we devour her fruit
ripened credits
bumpy and holey roads
passengers with a secret food cache
and a love for flat tires

she stumbles through power points
witnesses with caring and supportive eyes
because
new classes offer possibility
a strong grade in exchange for
attendance, minimal effort
and positive comments
for fifteen weeks.

oh, how we love thee
immigrant professor.
we have patience and hope.
you must learn the american way
within fifteen weeks
and concur.

Floyd Crenshaw

Billion Dollar Baby

interest rates
.325 percent.

next month
.3259 percent.

loan debt
equals
interest.

money
in the bank.

community
every one and their aunt
indescribable suffering
diseased loins
lions refuse
half moon bellies.
tattered towels for shallow shame
useless in death and
front page frame

every one and their aunt
and their mother
and their child
and their brother
every one and their aunt
leave their fathers
leave their sisters
leave their families
every one and their aunt
statistics
statistics
statistics
of death
of disease
of suffering

bright as a curtain covered morning revealed
liquor bottles round
pulsating cranium veins.

shades of luck
and
morning mace
or
sun light rays
truth bring pain

the eager child in the room:
a blind billionaire
with no cares...

or you or he or i.

Floyd Crenshaw

Bit By Bit

give what you will
to the lions
the tigers
the bears
the flowers
let the coyotes
scrape you down and
the vultures pick away but
make sure
you stash something
special for
the maggots to
find...

otherwise
stay in the house...

Floyd Crenshaw

Capitalize

There are
Certain things
That become easier to
Discuss
As life
Extends
It's reach latching
Our tongues
And wagging them
In uneven and sorely rehearsed
Prose that
Feel strange offering a
Unique fear that
Strangles our intestines
Knotting and twisting
The logic that
Has refused these sorts of
Encounters time after time again
And a foul
Is the worst
When we leave
With out a word
After the fall
But a success
Is the greatest
When we leave
With out a word
Ready to experience
The distant departure
And enjoying the time
Until we discover
Our faults
That cause us
To find another
And twist and turn
And swear and curse
And promise and lie
And hate and love
Until our counter's

Down falls
Are no worse
Nor better
Than our own.

Is that love?

Floyd Crenshaw

Car Park

sitting in a car at a park
a comfortable seat for
a comfortable scene.

a bubbled filter of
a world too hard to
(mis) understand.

i hear life is what you make of it.

life is a mix of
fate and perseverance.

fate brings opportunity
and
perseverance ensures it.

Floyd Crenshaw

Character Suicide

this mask
i put on
for you
and
that one
you put on
for me
is happy-go-lucky,
nothing is wrong.

well,
it's all
been wrong
and
i'm sorry
to have deceived you...

how's this look...?

Floyd Crenshaw

Chicago

I watched the Chicago skyline
Become bright at the height of twilight
On a rooftop twenty-nine flights
I felt the daily fight
Die down as the world around
Changed from day to night.

The darkness fell
But failed to consume.
The lights were on with
Humans in full-bloom.
The drinks then poured
That freedom to assume.
On that lonely walk home
You just whistled a pleasant tune.

We watched the Chicago skyline
Until dawn switched on the metro lines
And a million people began moving in time
To their improvised versions of life
Their life, their lives.

Follow the rhythms throughout the day
but only in it's time should you ever stay
Otherwise create one all your own and
prepare to dance with a few or to just dance alone.

Floyd Crenshaw

College-Ish

the beginning of
a new semester
all of you look
so happy
so hopeful

oh why?

do you have a plan?

an idea of where you
might want to be

i sat in the offices
i walked the halls
i wandered the grounds
i watched it all

some have heads down
college is about me
and my education

some have heads high
college is about me
knowing all of you
in all sorts of ways

some are eyes deep
in debt for several measly attempts
at betterment
betting on themselves
in a long jog that could end today

some are years older
ten, twenty or thirty
with more expectation
than myself at
a fifty dollar cover charge
strip club

some are stoned
some are beefed
some are beautiful
some are hideous
all have one thing in mind
a future

i can not see myself
enjoying a class
at the moment
there is too much faith
in these eyes
as i witness with skepticism
all the warm what-ifs
and smiling debtors
debating
doing the minimum
learning to lie
and all in all
becoming well rounded individuals

you can not learn it all
out of a text book.

Floyd Crenshaw

Communicable Confusion

what happened?

we had this feeling
from all the calls and
attention we were
receiving that we would
be spending
the evening
together.

yet,
when we arrive
we are treated
indifferent
like
the mailman or
toll booth worker.

like
grease monkeys
to your social machines,
we repair and
openly present
our smitten smiles.

we ignore
the creeping conclusion
of our place.

a convenience store -
stocked with
loneliness,
lust,
fear
and surrender.

a desperate pup-eyed slut
in the throes of
a love recession, .

take what you need.
take your fill.
motor on for more.

Floyd Crenshaw

Congratulations

you've won a wii...

well i don't want another one
the last one
gave my grandmother
tennis elbow...

or at least
put some weights
in the controllers...

a work out ain't so bad...

Floyd Crenshaw

Cornfed

Corn fed.
We are corn -
Sweet fodder.

Invest in the farmer
Who's got the talent and tools
The books and smarts to
Turn the fields to yellow mush.
The bought out land
Left the farmer nothing,
But upset siblings
Taco bell, QVC and the WWE.
Now he wishes for card games
Quiet nights, milk and honey bees.

Feed that cow
Green grass gravy
Just passed half-calf then
Corn meal bones for life.
Frame that cow.
From under the udder,
Tasered nipples sputter
Branded bouillon braze.
Convenience is a lopped tail.

Order that beef
Swift and sublime
consume in record time.
Sweet, electrolyme corn ice.
Sugar topped salads,
Cherry bombed kidneys,
The desolate, cratered ureter.
A stoned toilet.

Cornfed.

Mass produced to produce
Produce and consume produce.
Fortified with lies

Advertised with you in mind.

Floyd Crenshaw

Coward

right now
as they drink,
sweat and eye their
potentially profitable prospects
i sit drunk and alone.

as they take shots
and cheers to a
frivolous hope
i sit drunk and wondering.

does she even know?

the harm is in restraining
my truth.

why can i only picture
tea parties in
gaudy gardens where
women discuss faults
of past loves and encounters?

narcissistic, paranoid,
self-centered and
a possible
sociopath.

i'm tanked with jealousy
reeking and thinking
about what you're not
and what i am....

Floyd Crenshaw

Crutch

propped up
grabbing chins
and esteems
quickenning ascension
to an
equal
pleasant medium
to fight infinity
and
this imminent passing

Floyd Crenshaw

Daytime Reality

a man stands on his hands
three foot six inches
he has no waste.

occasionally,
a bell goes off and
he has to scuttle away,
like a cheap wind up
toy man-penguin,
as two women grapple
each other ripping hair and
tearing shirts, revealing
blurred breasts
that once impressed,
but now depress.

they fight for a shirtless,
skinny white man
with a thin mustache
who raises his arms
fists clenched
flexing his biceps
beneath his right
'let's get'
beneath his left
'it on! '

he brags of
moonshine escapades
a convinced
kung-fu master
self-taught from
steven segal
on vhs with
hours to kill
and meth to wear off.

wearing a native american
head dress he dances

to the audience
'ohh-wee-ohh'
tomahawking him on.

the host stands in awe.
the bell rings.
the man flexes.
the women brawl
the audience is the audience.
the manguin urges us
to stay tuned.

Floyd Crenshaw

Default Democracy

we are happy
we could share
we are ready
we are fair

open to any thing
any thing but them
open to peace and love
love any thing but them

my logo is catchy
catchy enough for the indecisive
indecisive enough for opposition
my logo is freedom

freedom is partly what i offer
i offer you what ever in means
i mean you get what ever i offer
i planned for office to forget my planner
and remembered about my friends
my friends would remember me
and
you would do the same
if you were me
wouldn't you
therefore
by the grace
of you
i go.

Floyd Crenshaw

Diddy Bop

there are fires in the west
typhoons in the east
socialists live in the north
with reds in the southern heat

concrete tattoos the land
exhaust scratches at the atmosphere
so, mother earth
sends a hand to
brush away her only tear

let us overload
let us think we know
let us push forward to
our hindsight dredged
and
indifferent ends.

Floyd Crenshaw

Drunkard

i'm-a
beat ya
until
yer fixed...

Floyd Crenshaw

Drunken-Stumbling And Foghorn-Mumbling

in a search for you
all I found was my rotten self.
the pavement swerves
i trundle along.

through a parade of fools on concrete
from one place to the next
i watched a dozen failed campaigns of conquest
contests to find which nation was best.
i vomited.

a new view
ripening it's
a puzzled view.

reality television places society on a retrograding scale of ethics.
a starved news feed craves attention
capturing fearful eyes.

those ignorant
of twilight and
eternal scenes.

all the profitable
knowledge
of this world seems
suspect on the screen

at night we process supposed truths within frantic heads.

we surmise, stamp and seal, then send -
latent and lurking in a chest at the end of the bed.
purple pills before breakfast to contain internal riots, a
a reaction to how life remains bent.

just a trace of truth for troubled minds, please.
a proper dose that every person can find simply.

there are the lucky ones

in this world.
their faces shine bright
like nearby satellites.
guided by fate.
gliding across
gold-paved boulevards.

there are confused souls
with no control.

they believe those
lucky bastards
know something
and decide to
let their story
become
their story.

they blindly pave a path to
many breathtaking means,
until that anticipated end
offers no validation for their stubborn stalking
of some american dream.

selfishly sufficient – the ones entertain any want.
totally driven – a soul designed to flaunt.

but behind deliberate, belied expressions
each soul experiences that life-long barrier
the same loneliness that visits you
alone in time, in space, this cold and lonely human race.

annoyingly acquainted with our imminent end
silently repeating our haunting truth
for everyone to hear
the creation of fear.
mortal disquietude.
endeavoring savoir faire.

when we were young,
you might recall,
the nights we'd hold hands.

stung by love,
we made great plans for
a not-so-far-away-land.
plenty of work
get high, and sometimes, off the porch
watch squirrels zig and zag.□

lightning flash
a new view
flickers ghostly blue
our faces
our land
the porch where we dance
coffee, cigarettes and conversation till dusk
our drinks stay strong to better ease us into the night.

"why don't we chase our dream? "
she asked.
"baby,
isn't this a dream with out spending your time in worry?
sharing in this progressing system of envy and greed?
amongst all this playground materialism?
to deal with some constant bemoan?
when all you could ever want was some-one
who would share their love with you and you alone? "
oh, if only you could feel the skylark in her heart.

the first cries of one bell.
promises simplicity, liberty and freedom.
try not to feel
the constant weight.
the cycle of debt,
the fear in mistrust,
the hopelessness
looking for love.
instead
know that it is there
waiting
and you
have some plan.

Dyslexic Relations

you are no book
i can read with ease
like i developed
over night some
severe case of
a.d.h.d. or
dyslexia...

a book of daily jumbles
chapters of contradiction
passages of pointlessness

the optometrist
says
'all's well'

i don't trust
professionals much.

Floyd Crenshaw

Each Damned Time

each time

i

awake alone

i

assume the rest

of the world did the same

each time

i

awake with some one beside

i

assume the rest

of the world does the same

each time

i

awake alone but some one beside

i

fear the rest

of the world might do the same

Floyd Crenshaw

Egotism

some days
i throw my
phone away.

well,
in my sock drawer...

some times
the next day
i get this
real feeling
that i am not
wanted
or needed.

the ability to set the
ego aside
and sober up.

it is embarrassing
to think it
and admit it,
but the truth is
this happens weekly
and sometimes,
i feel,
it should happen
daily.

some how it will
make me better
appreciate
the few times
i go for socks
and the drawer
vibrates with possibility.

Floyd Crenshaw

Ell Aye Wooman

we spoke for a
few minutes
you asked me
what i do
i said
what do you want me to do?
you said
seriously now
what are you?
i said
i live lamely
you said
you make no money?
my friend said
he's a writer
i shrink some
i guess i am
i said
if that's just it
why don't you?
i had no answer
she's right though.

what wonderful legs you have
and your wrist is thin
your hands soft
your fingers so graceful
as you stick the bamboo
between my nails
and discuss your great ventures

i am content
to apply topical accomplishments
on polite conversation
i am happier
to chat
over nothing
that is
but never was

and could
never be

Floyd Crenshaw

Fact

radiohead and coldplay should never be in the same sentence

Floyd Crenshaw

Fair Enough

i want a girl that plays the violin, man.
oh, so well, won't you know?
she drives the crowd absolutely mad
but she's only playing for me, won't you know?

the kind that cooks for our loved ones
a hearty meal made from one animal's
scheduled end, our bellies filled with wine so red
you know I've got the dishes, go and mingle with our friends.

white and black holes
yin and yang signs
some understanding wormhole
role reversal pay it no mind.

Floyd Crenshaw

Fancy Pants Can Dance?

i'm not one
for fancy words,
but on occasion
i take chances.

people speak
in prose,
but occasionally
i've noticed,
they unknowingly
garnish it
with poetry.

it's the potential
poem
of some poet
that we
should love
not the potential
poet
of some poem.

Floyd Crenshaw

For The Defense

the good guys
are not always right
and
the bad guys
are not always wrong
it depends
on the side you take
in your own court of law.

Floyd Crenshaw

For You, Dear

oh dear
you slay me

i sit there
eagerly
never knowing
when you will
come to me.

these lame words
and
lubricated emotions conceived
drunkenly.

each alphabet
amalgamation
demands a
tune up
presently.

i refuse
to comply.

you attach yourself
unwittingly
to my heart
so tightly
i am alone
consecutively
wishing for you
to come home.

the sheets give off
the sweet smell of you
the pillows are saturated
the sweet aroma of you
the sleep comes easily
the drink helps immensely
as i lay and inhale

what science demands
is you.

i could enjoy you
until that day
happiness
becomes
realization
we enjoy,
enjoy,
enjoy.
enjoy!
all
of
each other

let me down
in your own way
i will let you down
in my own.

baby doll
sweet heart
doll face
stinky
you're original coca-cola

Floyd Crenshaw

Forgive Or Regret

I
Am a fool
Continual improvisation
Actions without thoughts.
So long with no idea,
Full of naivety, anyone trusting near.
'If
You
Please be kind
I
Will, too.'
Oh, what a chump
I
Turned to be.
I
Shot you.
In the shoulder the bullet bore.
The charge's sound quickly damages then retreats.
Heated lead punctures an enormous wheel of cheese.
A dead thud.
My hand drops trembling, my watch rattles against the gun.
You
Are on the ground occasionally screaming, but
Mainly angrily mumbling
I
Proclaim my innocence. Choosing imbibed ignorance
Over sober logic. The fault is mine
I
Admit, offering
A hopefully satisfying opportunity at retribution. Handing the gun to
You
A smile creeps 'cross and
Eyes dart up with body erect.
We
Jump startled and excited.
Holding the gun as a dictator in his parade
Conductor with a symphony
Child with a balloon
You

Uncock the pistol and surprisingly
Trash my face dark, bloody rare.
You
Look so lovely even after
The first highs of consciousness.
'I
forgive
You, '
You
Say kissing my punctured cheek and on
Grabbing my chin a ring catches
My
Stitch, ouch cringe, unraveling like active vacuums near string.
The further
You
Move away
The further
I
Decay...

I
Have never been in Love before.

Floyd Crenshaw

Free Entertainment

time passing
mass transit
break-dancing troupe
horn-honking hobo
vile smelling violinist
entertain for a full cup
or until
one of us
starts to look suspicious

Floyd Crenshaw

Frills

TV
has an answer.

a day
passes
quickly
stoned, impatient,
wired.

i watch dreams on TV.
convenient, full of information.

something to buy.
something to strive for.

a goal, like love,
demands all attention and resource.

disregard the frills, the
meaningless threads on a rug.

ignore them like the hair of a lover
occasionally brushing your face
the windows open
the map spread out
on a shotgun
cross-country relocation....

something i've never done,
meh. maybe?

Floyd Crenshaw

Functional

the pool of vomit
over the curb
beside my right shoulder
my freshly skinned
friend
laying slowly dissolving
in stomach acid
bourbon
and high alcohol beer.

there was food
but i found that out
the next day.

life was easier
when i never knew
what family
could possibly become
at this point
i've had it all wrong
as this woman
my aunt
walks me down
and holds my arm
just asking to walk
i was shot
she asked me why
i broke down
no idea why
a slight release
to a side that never was around
after some time
why?
it doesn't matter any more
these times will not happen
much longer
what will i have to say
in five years?
will it be the same

as today?
i hope not
they certainly hope not
the god of conversation
frowns on self-deprecation
with out income
after the ball

i
make the effort
to know much more
an effort i have not taken
in years
actual affection
actual need
actual satisfaction

i
slowly bled
with bare feet
my heart spurts

i
am happy
to have found
this type of life

there is hope still
in the art of
continuing conversations
and to become
the anti-thesis
of dysfunction.

Floyd Crenshaw

Grace

you called me
early this evening
to say you were feeling great.

an untangled spine
and a few drinks had you
spinning those stories
you tell so well.

i was happy for you.

i withheld my disappointment
withal within
about this dying economy,
fear of the future,
the diseased american dream
and how in the world
the way this world
still swallows pre-chewed lies.

the way you handled
with grace and tact
my stinking mouth
the paranoia and doubt
rambling rage like a buffalo stampede
with orthopedic shoes.

i fell for you.

answers.
i never had them.
i will never expect them.
your guess, baby, is as good as mine.

your lines
simple and robust
contain possibilities
and strain to calm
your failing man.

this is the first time i felt special.
the first time i felt loved.
i felt at ease.
fell for you
over and over.

i am full of vinegar.
i am full of tomorrow.
yesterday's bile is
in today's toilet.

i intend to find it
amongst the liars, the perverts, the religious, the cruel, the dressed, the masks,
the smiles, the impressions, the good and the bad
that leave most
going out for whatever
instead of taking it all on and in
the most proud,
colorful
and attractive
feather
sticking out of my cap
a picture of you
the corners cling to the
inner brim.

i fell for you
over
and over
again.

oh, Grace.

Floyd Crenshaw

Haiku - Fort

Chicken wing greased air
boiled asphalt haze
Clings cloth like cold smoke

Floyd Crenshaw

Happiness And Longevity

My love lives a timeless life.

Her happiness is key to my success.

And when she comes near she stands on her toes and we put our
Arms around each other like the earth's tilt. We create a marked spot.

X. Here is security. Here is trust. Here is love.

Here we embrace for embracing's sake letting
All sorts of time slip away.

Floyd Crenshaw

Her

Love drenched statements
Tumult acid splashes
Instinct takes hold

Blood rushed veins
Energy spent sweat
Bodies known so well

Cascading curves cull the bull
Eyes large, dark, beautiful
Deliberate blinks,
Crinkle-creased, crow-track tease
Big eyes: tired, seasoned, mistaken

Floyd Crenshaw

High Noon

the summer
was
a place and time
now
it is as it was always:

just another season

Floyd Crenshaw

Home

home
is safety
home
is naked
home
is soul
home
is where my truth lies

Floyd Crenshaw

Humanity

i have been
kind
to everyone
i have met...
what
a
crime.

Floyd Crenshaw

I Knew Her Before She Became Miss Guy-Did

oh,
how awful it felt
watching
each other love
some one else.

the truth was that
we could never be
as much as we needed
regardless of the pleasure
being held in
familiar arms.

there have to be others,
we said.

and then you found one.

it seemed so easy,
but you tell me
it was hell.

i doubted it.

but
now you smile
now you laugh
like he saved you
from riots
and tear bombs

he discovered continuous happiness
then made a lock and key set.

something
i could never do.

some
would rather

believe in deceit
and be happy
living awkwardly aware.

i love you.

i still do.

i am happy for you.

and you said,
'me too.'

Floyd Crenshaw

Insomnia

i think
i'm afraid of sleep
because it brings
tomorrow on
faster.

Floyd Crenshaw

Invincible Until Death

he thought he was -

after the bombs dropped
after the bullets dodged
after the blood spilled
after the b#\$tards sentenced

he thought he was -

after the life taken
after the love tarnished
after the law decreed
after the line terminated

but before midnight
but before pardons
but before apologies
but before disposal

he thought he was -

Floyd Crenshaw

Job Satisfaction

the point
at which
i know
i like
my job
will be
when i
don't feel
like stealing...

Floyd Crenshaw

Last Call

at first it was
adolescent curiosity
that gave me legs
and the inability
to understand fear.

then 'man'-like impressions
for pride and recognition
disregarding lines or borders
braincells were not an issue
when women were around.

moments of inebriation
slouch on memory's display case
or shamble about
shame's shaded,
shoe-box-moment
cemetery.

then at some point
it happens
a cigarette is just a cigarette
a drink is just a drink
a high is just a high,
and sometimes,
sex is just...
not love.

and the youth
and the fun
and the curiosity
become
bad experiences
lame 'older dude' lessons
awkward moments
denial
annoyance
and the need for a new
cycle of life...

and i know
a different ship
is leaving every second....

Floyd Crenshaw

Let Down

'it makes me think
i've done a bad job.'

i always wanted
to hear those words
but when they came
there was nothing after
just
shameful silence
because
he had
hope
in
you.

Floyd Crenshaw

Lies

don't tell me
what i want to hear.

how could you know?

why would you try?

don't tell me
what you think
i want to hear

all i want is truth
in any form
anything else
would be censorship -
a very basic
and
dull shape

like lying to a child about
the stork, santa,
easter and it's lucky bunny,
the president, war,
a bunch of other
misrepresented
taboo topics.

maybe having dinner
with parents
after a two day bender
traveling two hundred miles
popping caffeine
fending off that thief sleep
to speak about internships
and jobs that would
never happen.

lies make some worlds revolve.

spare the feelings,
spoil the perception.

Floyd Crenshaw

Love

Replacements are every one
Reads strange but true
Your muse moves on
But you must cope
Roles are nothing
But subsuming silhouettes
Ideals with bodies, mouths and air
There is something between us
It's in you, me, nothing and everything
Travelling generations, tribulations and constellations
Simpler than destruction
Purer than creation
Stronger than you or titanium
Symbiotic magnetic souls
Unknown but traversed many a-time.

Floyd Crenshaw

Love-Sleep

she never bothers to worry
i will be there soon
i have learned through time
she will be here soon

her eyes large as plums
her lids crinkle over
time is numbers and
calenders are calculators
eternity crusts in the morning
consequence of love-sleep

Floyd Crenshaw

Mehh

in old age
will i still believe
in good fortune?

will i have a kind demeanor?
will i judge without doubt
everything that i see
like some black rimmed critic
at a movie store?

will i receive the worst attention
when i reminisce to
an audience of pity
with tedious tales of
puffed successes and
other's tragedies, but
never my own?

will i speak of women
with lust smothered detail
or just have a baked potato?

will i have a worthy past?
will i still write or give up?

meh, maybe.

Floyd Crenshaw

Merchandising

i waited and waited
denied every instinct
fell for every trap
and all i got
was this shitty poem

Floyd Crenshaw

Middle Ground

if
i
have to yell
to prove a point
i
must be hanging
with the wrong crowd....

Floyd Crenshaw

Mind Your Mouth Over All Matters

i ruin your good mood
before it can get to you
a few words not thought through
my mind two steps behind my mouth

infectious little wound love
a gaping diaphragm, netherhole
the efficiency in mindlessness on a large scale
filled with nothing
but
filling with everything
dying everyday
the same way
but
yeah i know
we all know...

you are right here
in my pocket a phone call that's all
a blind conversation with a myctophobiac

the further you are away
the more i hate you
my irrationality ruptures our humor
the more we talk the less we produce
there is love in solitude and in waiting

Floyd Crenshaw

Moldy Bread

oh, it feels good to hear truth.
truth that pollutes the roof of my mouth,
in a petri dish, it grew and grew.
indirectness is the mold
and it grows and grows.

Floyd Crenshaw

My Holy Grail

woman

the infinite
within women

procreation

life

love

longevity

happiness

oh, holy grail

truth within lies
lies within truths

worth fighting for
worth working for
worth living for
worth it all
no matter the ending

god is a woman
and
an awful mother

Floyd Crenshaw

My Honeysuckle Moon

i
found a love
her name
is...
she lives above me
and takes all my waste
with a quiet, constant
'screw you'
in the back of her mind.

well,
the past few days
i've been having
that same
quiet, constant thought.

remember
honey moons
never last long enough

Floyd Crenshaw

My Keys

that night i threw my keys
into the lake
thinking i found a home.

last night you told me
to find them.

i almost drowned.

tonight i hope to find help
a woman with a dryer
or a clothes line,
sunshine
and a warm breeze.

i still haven't found those keys
and as desperate as i feel
i don't want them
or to stand alone soaked again.

Floyd Crenshaw

My Weakness

lavish them with
attention
like
some puppy in a box
but
be prepared to
get no where
when they realize
how to trot like the fox
they are.

Floyd Crenshaw

No Control

dear doc,

each day feels the same
because
the transitions are becoming
too easy.

there is
a lack of transmission
in here
i feel it without any influence.

there is an air pump
in my spine
attached to this inflatable brain
occasionally my head'll detach
and i do not feel myself.

- floyd

: reply:

dear floyd,

you were
wired by some devious south paw
with an absolute understanding
of probability
and
the infinite workings
of the phrase
'if this... then that....'

my advice -
enjoy what you can
from this ride.
it ain't that long.

gotta go.

- doc.

Floyd Crenshaw

Note

We are the same. Blips of consciousness in this sparkle-specked glue spill construct.

We are microorganisms in poo or in compost, whichever euphemism you prefer.

A bum with a sign is the equivalent of an unemployed blogger.

The key in drinking throughout the day is a healthy amount of water absorption. Otherwise, how do you expect buoyancy or health in the desert or the sea? Expect substance mirages or drained hallucinations.

You should consider yourself lucky for having your fleeting consciousness occur in these times.

A monsoon. A volcanic eruption. A swarm of cicadas. A car crash. An honest answer.

Someone calming like Andrew Bird in your ear
Building a wall of sound, a safe soothing sway
A vibrant veil fluttering in the wind
The tea-tinted lenses,
The rose colored transitions
Beautify, cultures built on stilted lies
Society's curbing of humanity
questions only once
Your potential worth
What we can make off you, forget as the
Bloated belly baby weakly bleats
To be fed or
some answer for all this sorrow and death,
Innocent, a birthday never known
their epidermal balloon with
A bacterial filling, while
Viral maniacal tycoons
Rub one out on some third world's worth
Found in their fifth pocket.

Floyd Crenshaw

Notice

Today I almost hit a car.
Well, the car almost hit me.
Barreling through the commuter lot,
At least twenty.
I'm backing out slow.
Real slow.
But my head
Shoulder over shoulder
Right, blur, left, blur, right, blur, left
premium increase, cops, paper work,
a real stupid situation
vroom the pick up truck sped by
my brother didn't even notice.

Floyd Crenshaw

Oblivious

i hear them talk about you.

they all find your portrayal of
innocence your
true beauty.

'better than a whore'
is what you told me
and
i wish you
would believe it
and
come here.

Floyd Crenshaw

Oh My Honey

I miss my honey
her sweet smell
delightful morning dew
lingers day long
after her away.

And here come the old fears.
I know them well like
former neighbors/flatmates.
They cause that overwhelming
self-loathing for assumed disadvantages,
some silly anti-social tendencies,
awkward, weird, omnisciently comical situations,
the constant acceptance of underachievement
and the failure to experience life.

I miss my honey
her good love
keeps old fears away
I find delight in her waking eyes
a view only I can lay claim.

Floyd Crenshaw

Our Weight

born to live
live to die

Floyd Crenshaw

Paps

there is a hot coal in my father's palm
he takes them from our hearth
his hands unscathed to memory
scorched layers crust over once tender flesh

the garbage can overflows
the sunken dish-mold
the hearth under constant use
asphyxiate on ash addled air

the coals he takes
from fires,
he will claim,
he did not create.

glowing cherries swallowed whole
no pit.
they extinguish, bathe in acid
my father his insides are black
hatred coated cancer

those who do not practice introspection/empathy
will never understand love
those who hate others hate self
those searching will never find answers
punctuality will become timeless

let lives happen
love what loves you
out of body into your mind
watch the world as a
perfect ball of visual absorption

angles and angels will cease
all worldly busy work to keep man kind
away from suicide

Floyd Crenshaw

Paranoia

i have an
obsessive urge
to know where i stand
and i hate it.

Floyd Crenshaw

People, People, People

and through out
this life
a million people
may pass
but it is only a few
that make
time pass
in an easier way
all those that
interfere
with time i.e.
slow it down
deserve reverse cards
and i'm sorry's
all the stuff you'd say
if you deny
a wedding
or funeral

Floyd Crenshaw

Pest Control

i am man
annoy me
and i will
destroy you

Floyd Crenshaw

Poem Found Beneath The Sofa Cushion

tree conquering
challenging one another to
'monkey-up that tree'
do it
before
your friend does and
makes you look weak but
pride's a hard thing to break unlike
branches, which begin
falling indiscriminately...

daring
girls with skirts
to do cartwheels,
hand stands and
touch elbows behind backs...

we are oblivious to
our damage and
laugh like children
because we were.

Floyd Crenshaw

Poly Abuser (The Lonely Window Of Time)

jump.
just jump.
there might be
nothing.
there might be
everything.

jump.
just jump.
trade pills for
powders.
witness money
turn into dust.
one more
and i am done.

why not?
jump.
just jump.
but what about...?

soon
the aching
and familiar voices
can stop worrying.

why?
why do i do?
what else could i do?
how else should i do?

answers.
answers.
every one has an opinion
but
no one has an answer.
no answer.

none. one? none.

you -
me -
i -
we -

exist in different worlds
fight in different wars
live in different lives

jump.
just jump.
the marketplace
has opened
i am off for bread and wine.

jump.
just jump.
the florist
has called
he said your flowers are ready.

jump.
just jump.
the chemist
next door
flew out of the window on fire again.

jump.
just jump.
the woman
in 12-b
committed suicide with sleeping pills.

jump.
just jump.
i never really knew her.

jump.
her groceries were light.
just jump.
she never had visitors.

the breeze feels good
and freezes my cold sweat.

the sidewalk below
lay like concrete arms.
suspiciously
inviting.

i decide to sit
and forget
the almost
incident.

i go in
for dinner.

another day...
not again...
which high this time?
none.
one? none. one?
none.
done.

just water for me, please.
don't worry, lady,
i can leave a
decent tip now.

Floyd Crenshaw

Possibility: A Worry-Free Death

God, if true and real,
resembles a human-being
in any way
God should understand
those who
could not believe.

atrocious scenes
fallible faith
truth all around
numbers and bodies
pointless politics
genocide

money enables the
natural distractions of
vanity and power

the gravity of greed
a product of fear
studies of our species
tested on air-waves

fear
defined and designed
living death on cnn
for a moment then
a letter complaint
reality is ruining my falsity

humanity's destiny is controlled
by too few and
big money movers putting one
on the world over a bet.

we must find a new universal goal
strength in our convictions
dignity for the race
we must find a new universal thought

only
on the internet do
humans truly coexist

freedom, compassion, empathy, understanding
and patience
but this world, consciousness and the fear created
have been here, evolving, ever since.

Floyd Crenshaw

Reaching...Almost...Got...It....Whaa?

what's up?

god is music.

well, the feeling you get from music.

unexplainable, but it hits you beautifully.

to me jazz would be god's groove.

i don't think god exists

in country music

or modern rock

or rap

or anything thoroughly

thought out

to sell immediately.

cause i don't think

god has this whole thing

figured out, yet.

Floyd Crenshaw

Rolling Back

rent me...
buy me...
all the signs say

lease me...
own me...
an inviting trap

i was once....
but am now....
right up your alley

a lie - i'm new
the truth - just used

excellent
good
fair
poor

conditioned air
surround sound
a robot in the trunk

new cut of hair
life's taking leaps and bounds
i'm not who you thunk

advertised pretension
everything is for sale

Floyd Crenshaw

Romantic Runaway Song

she lives in a simple home
wanting everywhere to go
waking up countless times before
to some emptiness

following her mother's steps
barely knowing when to take a stand
led by fear of the new frontier
she'll stay back at home

where am I going?
should I leave a note?
what if I'm lonely?
will I find a home?

caught off guard by a strong fresh face
he offered to take her away
she gladly accepted and threw away
her last name

they took a train to cali
and found a friend she'd known before he
he with her and her with him
she felt free for once

where are we going?
I never left a note.
I doubt i'll be lonely.
we're out to find a home.

searched and found that perfect city
bright and green with love to give.
now
she lives off a street named lake
and never bothered to write home

she lives with him
sublime on their happy hunting ground
It's all she'd ever need.

Floyd Crenshaw

Rotten Riddle

my parents always said
think before you speak.

i think i have s.a.d.
selective attention disorder.
it's new...

i wonder about the belief in god.
is it that scary to think we are alone?
i know it is,
but it could be true.

i doubt there is a being
allowing us propulsion...

we are selfish creatures
who give ourselves too much credit
for having a thumb...

well, some are.

others realize this gift of knowledge
and the warmth in goodwill.

learn and love continuously
could be their motto.

so, religions are a decent idea
if used kindly.

i get it -
a couple of sensible
people
took a good hard look
at human potential and
foreseeing the end of humanity
with immorality,
gave it some guidance.

or a well thought out
get rich slow scheme...

so, they sat and
wrote stories
that people could
read
learn
and vibe with.

they wrote lots of books
for lots of different genres.

there are also expansion packs...

and
there are always
some people that take it
the wrong way.

misinterpretation is a devil...

you know it might not be real,
but who really cares?

the idea is the glue
without any sort of ethics
we are sharks
who kill
then gorge
then bop around looking for a screw.

at least now we have the decency
to converse in between....

Floyd Crenshaw

Sandwich

two slices
of
bread with

some thing
in
between substance

peanut butter
brain
jelly blood

bread bones
creme
brulee soul

Floyd Crenshaw

Secrets Don'T Make Friends And...

I
Am a fool. A
Continual improvisation of
Speaking without thought.
So long living a fantasy, an
idea of truth. A hollow head
A scheming man. The reformed infidel

I
Am the hypocrite
I feel the shame, raised one brow becoming
The requesting Spitzer. Instant remorse and shock.

No reflection. Bring the foil plague. It comes
Every so many years,
When life is good.
Losing the only one trusting near
The subconscious destructive self.
'Some times, things happen
I black out, but if
You
Please be kind
I
Will, too.'
Oh, what a chump
I
Turned to be.

The charge sounds unexpectedly.
I shot her In the shoulder.
Straight through the shoulder.
I am sorry, Love...
A dead thud. The silence after popping a down pillow
On the unsuspecting. Substantially less happiness though.

She dropped
To the ground, screaming.

I proclaim my innocence. Choosing imbibed ignorance
Over sober logic. The fault is mine.

I admit and desperately
Give her, propped up against a file cabinet, the gun.

A smile crept 'cross her face, a slight belly shudder. Her eyes shot up,
She shot up. Healthy.
'For a moment there I lost myself'
And was happy she was happy.
She held the gun like
A dictator in a parade.
A conductor to her symphony.
A child with a kite.
A temporarily insane woman waving a handgun
During her pre-revenge monologue.

Uncocking the pistol she caressed my face.
'I always liked your hair the best.'
'Huh? ' She began to beat my head with the pistol.

I expected some quiet time after this.

(momentary lapse of time)

Then she was above me, stitching my left cheek together. The gun went Straight
through my cheek.

She kissed my forehead and told me
I forgive you.
'You look lovely, ' I gurgled as the bottom half part of
Cheek blocked my airway.

Finished sewing skin she heads to the kitchen. Her ring
Catches her hour long stitching. Unraveling like active vacuums
Near balls of string.
The further
She moves away
The further
I decay.

-

'Love should be trusting and free. This we did agree. Disrespected by you. Oh,
how foolish could I be? I thought you really did love me.'

'But I do! I asked without intent, but still the idea remains the content.

Instantaneous pain. I felt hollow. Regret sickened me and I ran to love you to no end.'

'I've heard that before. In not so many useless words, but I get the gist.
And no! ' Like the gun, again.

No searing pain, no puncture wound.
Just tears. Smeared, bloody tears.

Floyd Crenshaw

Selfish

who have i let down
with my habits
if i am still
happy?

Floyd Crenshaw

Senseless Revisions

I am not a poet.
Just witness to this misplaced empathy of Our generation.
A tragic inability to identify with others.
A societal alien.
Idioms, customs and personal spheres; I offer
A thousand pardons for my unconscious
And unconventional inconvenience.
Please understand that I am still learning -

These days just go by,
And each night I try and try
To grasp it all in my time
To hold just what-footing
Continues to stay strong.
And each day I'll just stroll along
With no one to be fooling
You know it's a fine reason to be booing.

And it's hard to maintain some semblance
When my thoughts remain alone
With no enabler to enhance them
Studied steps with no music to dance with.
Bemoan, bemoan, bemoan.

And I try to simplify
All the thoughts flowing in my mind
Where do you start?
How do you stop all that's wrong
And turn it all around?

Take what enjoyment you can from every experience,
And take what you can from everyone
And give what you can to everyone.
Because soon enough it will all become old
Because soon enough you will become old

Floyd Crenshaw

Serially?

and you sat on that beach
lost in your loneliness
staring over that empty sea
not realizing
the potential beneath
then you felt that
3 a.m. breeze
the kind that makes
you grab your triceps
and you called me
cold and alone
to tell me reasons
why
but like
some one who has
over heard his own
terrible
description
i listen with
doubt sound tracks
and
cynical reactions

family is important
you are right
but some times
loyalty
born of
selfishness
leads happiness
astray

'so, he didn't have
a problem
until
he hit my car? '

'i know,
he's an ass

like that...'

Floyd Crenshaw

Showers After Noon

there is work to be done
always
little one
know that not a day
should pass
with out
work
other wise
you waste possibility

there is love to be had
always
little one
never let encounters
depart
with out
allowing or
searching

there is passion to embrace
always
little one
in all of life's offerings
use it
in all facets
an absolute witness
to billions of
singular moments

there is evil to dance with
always
little one
know it's limits
and never
bring it over
for dinner or
loan it money

there is beauty

every where
little one
never feel
out of place
for
you are
an equal part

now?

i guess
just
go around the block
a few times
and
tell me
how it goes.

Floyd Crenshaw

Simple Pleasure Number 1...

is when
real life
spontaneously
syncs with
my music.

Floyd Crenshaw

Simple Pleasure Number 2...

putting thin
slices of
fruit and
vegetable
up to a light.

Floyd Crenshaw

Simple Pleasure Number 3...

catching a glimpse
of people singing
in their cars
while driving.

Floyd Crenshaw

Simple Pleasure Number 4...

seeing
former loves
fall in love.

Floyd Crenshaw

Simple Pleasure Number 5...

whistling
while going under
a yellow light.

Floyd Crenshaw

Simple Pleasure Number 6...

wearing
dress socks
with sneakers.

Floyd Crenshaw

Simple Pleasure Number 7...

when
freud
slips out
during
civil conversations

Floyd Crenshaw

Simple Pleasure Number 8...

the joy
in
watching
bob ross
paint

Floyd Crenshaw

Simple Pleasure Number 9...

when sharing music
some one becomes
absolutely ecstatic
with some song
you love.

Floyd Crenshaw

So Far

each one
got a different thought
each one
got a similar need
hell if i know
but honesty
works occasionally.

i spent time with
one
who had too much love
she smothered
me with attention,
sandwiches,
lasagna
and fellatio.

she was a swell lady,
but she
couldn't understand me.

she picked me up
stinking of some girl's perfume,
who bought me a drink,
and fermented sweat,
from denying such a kind exchange,
which
vacuumed out,
along with reason,
of the speeding car
and
frustration she
yelled
about
my lack of direction.

'i'm going to yer house, '
i slurred.

i was left at the gas station
pissing...

i spent time with
one
who understood,
but couldn't stand my inconsistencies
and that
annoying wish
to be
'ensconced in velvet.'

she didn't get it
and had to go.

i spent time with
this
other one
who was afraid to love.

she gave a
weak hug
and a
tired kiss.

she is still my favorite one.

because
when sought
hard enough
her smile became
a bit wider.
her hug
a bear tighter.
her kiss
a buxom fighter.

no worry
or doubt.

we went our separate ways.

a rain check
in each pocket.

Floyd Crenshaw

Some Way

my way may not
be the right way
but it is the same way
as all other ways
because
any way is just
an option on
the many ways
to pass this time.

though i have no idea
what i want
i know i will get
what i need
and at most times
that is enough
there is no shame
in mediocrity.

Floyd Crenshaw

Speak For Your Self

God
is real.

religions
who
need the receipt
are phony.

Floyd Crenshaw

Speech! Speech!

thank you
thank
you
but i am
just as normal
and crooked
as everyone else.

Floyd Crenshaw

Tactless Vacuum

the house needs to be clean
i have guests coming,
oh my,
i must prepare for them.

too, too busy.
a headless white rabbit
a bullhorn count down
won't bother with peasant work
stupid money can clean house

button 'Clean' pulsating green.
utilize.
depress big toe.

the silence destroyed is
supposedly necessary.

the sensitive robotic disc
size of a medium pizza
hooks left and
woodpeckers
the loose, wooden-door handle
against hollow tiled walls.
cracking like weak wrists or
dark, eerie fence gates in the wind.

lessons never learned
munch away the christmas needles -
rumpha-rumpha-rumphra-rumph.

a white tassle swings from below.
flagellum.
cling on -
take in -
swallow whole the life you own.

binary imprinted blind faith.
pressure sensitive wet nose.

cold, emotionless work logic.

static headphones blaring.
ironic sunglasses.

continue this mess.
finish that intention set.
beside, among, within
blind as sulphuric fish.

every choice supported by
penny-rigged fuse or
imperceivable bliss.

.
you were created
to be orphaned and
denied outright,
continuously.

roam aimlessly
upon the pine-rice paddy,
new year juggernaut,
and choke on those holiday blues.

Floyd Crenshaw

That Great Faith

i am scared of commitment
of choosing a path
of staying a course

life is not one river or road
but a delta
a lane less highway at rush hour
a race to some
vague idea,
that we have learned to believe
will be better than where we are now,
waiting
over the horizon

and whenever en route
i find myself feeling
that there are only

more cars, more water,
more water, more cars,

unidentifiable dead ends,
off ramps to bad neighborhoods,
global warming
and drought
to evaporate us all
into
nothingness again.

Floyd Crenshaw

The Artist And The Poet

he looked to me
'what do we have to drink? '
i looked around
'not much, but we have
enough cans for a few bored goats'
he smiled
'it's time we do something
and not sit around
sober.
this is too much...'

he is right
it is too much
too much to sit with
too much to live with

'we need love, '
i said.
he agreed.
'but i want sex, '
he added.
i agreed.
'either would be nice, '
i concluded.

we sighed.

the artist plants
in oiled hides.
the poet plants
in a subtle cottage.
existence is
some what futile
to both.

still they
inhabit the land and
bury mines.

to protect and promote
nature
found by the most
childish of men.

their bodies launched,
landing unharmed
on the edge
of desperation
and the calm
of all this
nothingness

oh,
so
close.

Floyd Crenshaw

The Back Room

let's go to the
molar
and slowly decay
they joke
where smoke
attacks youth
logic takes
a break
and i write
and cope
and live
slightly

i am not
insulted
when called
a zombie
i do
the same
as you

i have witnessed
in this molar
grotesque
beauty,
space
collapsing,
presidents
hand holding
field skipping
war lords right along,
eternal truths
written on
the skin of women
with lemon ink,
character duels,
touche,
objects with
bottoms

any where to vomit?
sketch comedies
transmitted through air
words slap-sticking
dancing on the coffee stained
table
waltzing by ash
butts
powders
flowers

some times slow
some times fast

some times it

pays to
play to
pay to
play to
wiggle this way to
stay away from that fray

during this slow decay
amongst pseudo
subliminal smoke
and liquor rain
it's centuries old
as i slowly decay.

Floyd Crenshaw

The Beauty In Travel, My Dear It's

you arrived on time
but left too soon
for a few days here
to witness our
once-assumed spinster
marry

you came with few bags
unlike visits of the past
accompanied by excess
accustomed to some
princess or
fifth avenue chick

two bags
raven dyed hair
covering grays at twenty-three
and those damned chavs
you complain about in your class
but there is
a seasoned traveler's air
countless nights in hostels
unimpressed by
the gory porn of
the silver screen
she rolls with it all
as simple as a girl
transforming a mess
to something beautiful
with a few flicks of
her wrist
to her hair

what with
wedding hell
breaking loose
she strolled through like nancy sinatra
asking for another drink
dancing with the family

the traditional wrists and
circle pounding steps
claps and yells
chairs above heads

god knows what they are
saying or how old
the song is
but it sure as hell
sounds cool.

and at bars with me
away from family
hounded by friends
she smiled and with
dry british wit
defended herself from
classic american cliché questions
watching hokey cowboys
singing karaoke
and the
countless ski-doo skanks
bopping round

she never leaves
without a story.

i need to save some money.

so, i can have a story.

Floyd Crenshaw

The Fault Of Existing

living so aimless
figure it out
to the next
positively thought through
step

never truly
understanding
climbing
some oiled rope ladder
dropped off
by a hurricane

so what is the use?

the use in finding the faults
the use in finding the truth
when they are there always

no thing
i
searched for with passion
initially
made sense.

only
in those rare
moments where
synchronization,
alignment
and
beauty
were found
by accident.

live with
blind love,
stumbling.

a chance it still will
stink
and you will find
cotton covers
from shit-carrying bacteria,
but it still will never feel right.

the fastest
roller coaster
on a black out,
new moon
night.

he has felt this before,
he has been here before,
but
he refuses to believe it...

Floyd Crenshaw

The Formless Waltz Of The World

the conventions,
yes.
the group love
of one man
but,
yes,
he seems to be...
well,
he used to be
but,
no,
now he is revised.
he is taped
and
coached.
the people argue
about
his record
and
his family.
putting down one
over the other
for
petty points
when never
will you know
this man
truly

i
used to believe
in plenty
until
the gift of war
was offered
as relief.

offense
humility

step back
regroup
reflect introspection
twist out like a
mad dervish.

i
heard one country
not known for power
but a mushroomed olive tree
say how
a country of
militaristic might
forgot himself
and
cut in to
his form
of abandonment

no body was too pleased.

Floyd Crenshaw

The Fourth

found you, july, on the beach
the sun-glazed-protection slicked across your skin.
the water spotted breeze poked holes
through your cream white skirt
wet hair covered your face like tribal tattoos
a veteran to the elements
you wore it well.

conversations driven by beliefs in the earth and moon - that inexplicable push.
compliments drawn from past affections – do you remember when?
cohesiveness decided by elements earth and water - one feeds the other.
connections derived from cheshire smiles.

weathered but willing eyes
blame the syndicated chronicles of daily life
trivial and pointless
inverted eyes with a natural shadow
tireless beauty.

young bodies, old souls;
kindred spirits –
We will find Us.

Floyd Crenshaw

The Possibility Channel Is Nuts

from what i've heard
this is how it could be...

with a little twist...

the universe
is blowing up
constantly
expanding
collapsing
exploding
sprawling
sucking the gut
resetting time
probability
connecting it
to c4
expansion!

again
and again
as fast
as a heart beat
and we all
keep changing roles
and bodies
and planets
and knowledge
but time is crazy
and we are
not multi-dimensional.

...rat tails...

Floyd Crenshaw

The Ripening Of Sophia Jacobs

sultry messages

'come over and we'll screw'

'this isn't you'

he said

'this isn't her'

i thought

but it was

it was

the girl i knew

was

never

this straight forward

or venturesome

but

as i grow

i learn

subtlety

is for love

while

blunt offers

are for other fun

'well,

it is and

i think it would

be fun'

sophia enticed

he receives honesty

at ten cents a message

i'd pay a million times that

just give me a loan

sophia's promiscuous promises

hooks his tongue and cheeks

tugging and tearing him
away to his car
testicles swelling
his phone vibrating
purple pledges

the battery dying
he retreats to his car
he is recharging
he is smoking a cigarette
he is passing the time
and thumbing the possibilities
waiting for her response

her needs
his needs
i feel
emptiness
in future
good deeds

as sophia coerces
and this man's nature
conflicts the very few bones
that god threw him

his attempts at
abandonment
become increasingly
pointless
as her skin
and her hair
flood his mind

trying hard to
remember
the recently known
tanya durham
who is,
as he often says,
'god's break from loneliness.'

discord
dissonance
disruption
for it all seems too good
but so bad
all at once

a cigarette in my kitchen
my shame
my weakness
indirectness

i hear his car door shut
he is singing saint stephen
back to the house

'the lucky bastard, '
i mumble

nature's demands
and
this need
to see enough
of whomever we can
just
to find the one
leaves me
confused
and
alone,
yet again.

'can't wait to see you,
good night.' she ended

'you believe that? '
he asked
'why couldn't i? '
i answered

no use rummaging
through this

worn case

some day
sophia'll come through
the same girl
i always knew

even in my dreams
i don't win
so when you say
'in your dreams'
it's doubly insulting

though over worked
my p.r. firm
works diligently
protecting the
ego that grabbed hold
of the controls long ago
in defiance
i have been
poisoning it with small doses
of reason

Floyd Crenshaw

The Room Around Me

i
have stared at this screen
for long enough

the beer cans
are loitering on the corners
of the coffee table

the zig-zags have been
torn from the package
too many pocket transfers

the ash trays are falling apart
butts jut and topple out
my fingers extinguish another seven minutes

notebooks hold scribbled needs of one time
years of study
compressed by gravity, stained yellow

the many sandwich bags
once filled with transmogrified money
strewn about the shelves and carpet

x-rays of nothing

art from a friend

a calendar with the cartoon from april
it is august

'return to eden' by sandra bierman
framed in plastic
for four dollars at a garage sale
held up by tacks and the corner of a book

the books slant with the house:
left or south
kafka, thompson, palahniuk, adams,

vonnegut...
other people's work
are my only sense of pride

the empty desk and squeaker chair

the type writer in its case
sketches and 'the graduate'
extension cords and chargers
bind it to the floor

the fan cools the guitar
omit the oscillation of chinese motors
amongst complete silence
and hear a faint compilation
of what ever the hell this mess is.

Floyd Crenshaw

The Truth About Unicorns

i once heard
from this friend of mine
that unicorns had dignity.

i think these
unusual equine
are just
wonderfully deformed,
pompous asses.

Floyd Crenshaw

The Whopper

Years have come and gone.
It used to take decades
for one year to pass.
Then it took weeks.
Now it takes days.

If
you worry minutes
and
fear seconds
then some sort of action should be taken.

To slow it down:

Do not succumb
to the general madness
of your fellow man.

When humans do
human things and
take human actions
do not worry.

Situational upbringing.
Environmental shaping.
Natural nurturing.

All displayed within our
human actions.

Do not worry.

Some answer is here.

Some answer to some question
you pondered
long ago.

And when squirrels jump from

branch to branch fighting or getting ass,
or when crows skirt the white line
to pick at a freshly flattened carcass,
or when salmon slap stones
struggling up stream to get that nut off,
or when otters decide to part hands taking stones
to shell fish,
simplicity's warmth
might
envelop your senses
might
dissolve those
dreaded
seconds and minutes.

Your day becomes a day
Your day becomes a week
Your day becomes a year
Your day becomes
any
damned
way
you want it.

The king
has nothing on this.

Floyd Crenshaw

The Worst One Yet

so let's all get drunk
and write pretty words
or plain words
or weird words
or fancy words
or petty words
or aggravating words
or happy words
let's all get drunk
on poetry
and love
and health
and that very first freedom
and booze
but before all that
let's stop huffing
that ego-soaked rag
you're starting
to imagine
far
too much.

Floyd Crenshaw

There's A Difference

i'm becoming
more of
a staple
than
a paper clip...

and i don't
know how to feel
about that....

Floyd Crenshaw

There's One Behind Me Right Now?

god is on
every one's
side
and
every one
is on
god's side.

good thing
god's not
claustrophobic...

or that
we know
he's around...

it's getting
crowded...

Floyd Crenshaw

Tiger Kills

we see you're hard at work
always thinking about the future
always striving for the ideal
we look forward to you

there is strength in your stubbornness
as annoying as that is
we still admire you

for 6'3' your only physical fault
are large holes for a nose
us shorter people can see right up there
like mt. rushmore but
we still like you

you got dreams weaved in the seams of your brain
an entire society running rampant on celluloid roads.

you got ideas for the world's all important i-self
but understand that some games may require assembly.

my brother is chasing elusive tiger kills in bangladesh.
i'm waving down cobwebs in a dark room.

i still love the guy and his couch.

Floyd Crenshaw

Tip-Top

sitting on my mountain's top
snorting like some pig eating from a truffle trough
rounding like some vulture over valium's vault

it's 4: 10 a.m.
i'm spoiled again.

depressed and alone.

idiotically
planting a bouquet of
'forget-it-alls'.

hard to sleep
with the wind cutting
slits through the blankets.
i induce
restless leg syndrome
to warm up.

too damaged to create
anything other than ugliness.

at the top of my mountain
i hate myself.

the journey was quick
and
i've been sitting here for hours
plenty of fire,
but nothing to cook
or anything to do.

i came for some answer, but
i realize now
i left her hours ago.

the wind holds no congratulations
no scent of victory.

the view stands simple and cold
like a photo
jaded in some shoe box.

the silence carries no remedy
no ailment for my heightened doubt
just paranoia.

when i return
i will be sick.

not bed ridden but something close.

walking pneumonia
numb sounds,
information delays and
poor circulation.

a chemical imbalance
stone neurons
speed towards
flower-petal receptors.

pummeling
not addiction but its close cousin.

i chose this spot to
escape shame,
debt and
failure.

how very mature....

Floyd Crenshaw

Washington's Ave.

washington's ave.
a gun on the sidewalk
between two men
armed robberies
old hats.

washington's ave.
a pedophile lives
tediously at the border
of his restraining order.

washington's ave.
a woman watches
her man beat her boy
thinking it's for the best.

washington's ave.
a teen sneaks pills from
his cancer laden mother
college kids go wild
make a buck
pay her bills.

washington's ave.
a teacher fucks his wife
on his front porch
the blinds are shut
but the windows are open.

washington's ave.
a veteran polishes his guns
while his wife writes letters
to her sons
dead in the sand
letters with no postage.

washington's ave.
a couple buy a hummer
without the thought of

rising gas.

washington's ave.
a council member
writes his speech
while popping his son's
ritalin.

washington's ave
hidden shakedown st.
an 'in-the-know' road
each door leads
new paths.

certain doors to
temporary relief
out of sight
but never
out of mind.

a variety of cars
and people
buzzing in and out
some teens, some college kids,
my accountant, that guy from
monroe muffler.

later, expensive cars
arrive, idle and leave
dressed for dance clubs
the men leave
the women stay
heads over the center console
most likely
breaking snortable substances
into the powder slug of columbia.
water up the nose
a telling sign.

they all come and go
but those that go in
are the only that come out.

washington's ave.

Floyd Crenshaw

We Could Get Along (Repost)

i sit
on a bench
at inauguration station
toe tapping anxiety into elation
i am waiting for a woman so fair
a content time wasting extraordinaire.

all i hear
the wind and
the fountain and
dogs and
'catch! ' and
kids and
'you're out! ' and
'no, i'm not.' and
my so-so sighs.

waiting for
pleasing lies and
a few awkward moments and
those cute rebounds and
cigarettes and
beer and
food and
you getting sauce all over and
asking for extra napkins and
me taking shots of bourbon
on a full belly and
sneaking out to vomit and
you finding me and
not caring and
handing me one of the many napkins
you stuffed in your purse...

Floyd Crenshaw

Wedding

my cousin
will marry.

i'm in the ceremony.

congrats,
but i hate you...

just kidding...

unless
i'm charged
for drinks....

Floyd Crenshaw

What You Make Of It

awake in the morning
to this overly-documented
earth and rejuvenating scents of may(be)
enjoy the porch and birds
and smoke and life and simplicity
prime-time tv, tea and toast
maybe some cinnamon
then work
to do it again
tomorrow.

awake in the afternoon
to those frustrated combustions
on the rust-belt
and the lack of a hangover
and the day begins
with the screams and shouts
of the early birds
waiting to be fed
you work for them
and drink for yourself
then do it all again
tomorrow.

awake in the evening
to a lighter shade of life
a naked and revealing
a truthful side of life
behind business suits, ties and gold rolexes,
behind the 'customer-is-always-right' smiles,
behind intelligence posing glasses and
chapter-by-chapter power points and
mature, got your shit together facial hair
when life gargles liquor
and spits out emotion
all over the bar and those near you
begin to see you
for you
but it's all relative

and it's just life
so we work
just to do it again
and again.

Floyd Crenshaw

Which Way?

When you see those headlights
Coming round the bend
You belong to each other

Dont blink
Come to

Half blind crossroad choice
Fear or joy either way a toll
This mind is I
Countless faiths spelunked
To the bottom
Search teams not needed

A GPS life overlooks
Diversions never updated
Pit stops are normal
A tourist at home is at home on tour
Lost is a place where
No refunds are given
Booked in advance back at happenstance

Floyd Crenshaw

Would You Push Daisies With Me After All This, Too?

Every thing I touch
Feels nasty
Because I don't like me
Slippery, slimy, rotten
Scared of the world and how big it is
How small I am
Infinitely
Enough about me.
I am the love of alteration.
Smoke screen distractions
Stolen scenes from tv
Brilliant ideas, ambushed by akimbo grabbing globs
Engineered to squirt and neutralize.
Cinnamon buns - gooey and warm deception
Like all these friends and years, which burn quick.
Where have I been? Who have I been?
Under Jane and her lovely ways of living life?

I found Laura my love in my backyard.
Of course, there she was all along.
My love lives a timeless life.
Her happiness is the key to my success.
And when she comes near standing on her toes to hug me she puts her arms
around me like the earth tilts I do the same and both squeeze.
Embrace for embracing's sake and
All sorts of time slips away.

So, come on, buddy.
She could be it.
Why not sober up?
Play the Game, trust the gut, try the right lane for a touch
And stop wearing these ridiculous goggles.

Floyd Crenshaw