

## Poetry Series

# Cretan Maineiac

- poems -

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### **Cretan Maineiac (April 29,1961)**

A strange vagabond.....

Within you is your native land.  
So search none other, never more depart.  
You are never homeless in your heart.  
-Tempest Livesey

As one might surmise from viewing my writing, i'm far more of an appreciator of great poetry than i am an exponent thereof. My name derives from a combination of genetic ties to the Greek island of Crete and geographical ties to the great United State of Maine. I believe poetry to be the most genuine of art forms. Although it is easy enough for anyone to scribble a few vague lines and name it poesy, true appreciation of the genre is strictly a labor of love. Among the literary food groups, poetry is the red meat, with short stories ranking as potatoes and novels representing salad. It is sumptuous, savory, satisfying, and takes a lifetime to digest.

Even if blood appears  
    pink,  
or black  
    it's red,  
coruscant through my  
    veins  
as i mess  
    with your head.

'Everywhere I go I find a poet has been there before me.'  
-Sigmund Freud

'I have never let my schooling interfere with my education.'  
-Mark Twain

'I have seen all the works that are done under the sun; and, behold, all is vanity and a striving after wind.'  
-Ecclesiastes 1: 14

'And what can be foolisher than this? '  
-William Blake



### **30 Rock: The Writers Strike Back**

Marching Leno's wit & Colbert's  
wisdom in  
rat-wheel circles, gagsters &

fictioneers picket for their share of the  
Programmer's Golden Goose  
Egg. 'Irresponsible!' says

the Programmer (wonder what scab served that line)  
- cover blown-  
squinty fall sun distracts, redirects,  
reveals, thought stirs,

yawns, revives, graybox & silverscreen  
Volume drops to  
zero-

gypping us all out of right-on-cue tears  
landing where Content has settled for years.

Cretan Maineiac

## **A Wall For The Dodgers & Dropouts**

Let's commemorate the  
Souls  
lost to the Vietnam Era, notme

resistors using their status but not their  
knowledge, quick to  
demand and slow to command respect, & their sorry

sisters, raising babies on tips, fighting the refugees for  
handouts, rejecting  
Progress and envying Industry, who doth protest too

much the endless lockstep march, seeing all but the  
obvious, blaming  
any but themselves for a lot so independently cast.

Many were called, and a few chose a burnt draft card  
offering, boomers  
unwilling to go Boom! over the Gulf of Tonkin. Let's erect a new

wall, in the shadow of that which honors those  
sacrificed, without  
material, visible only to those turning their backs on

it while seeking shelter from the  
light as they  
move on, get Cronkhite to name each resistor, Jane by his

side (finding 'Nam on a map) , and post a personal note to  
all from  
Jerry Rubin:

'Resisting in haste, repenting in leisure  
enlisted for life in heretoday pleasure.  
Thanks for contributing to the VC  
Yippie! it worked out just fine for me.'

Cretan Maineiac

## **Absentee Landlords**

The General's report on the  
surge takes  
a back seat to Britney's

mother-of-two paunch and lip-synch  
malfunction, on  
the alphabet channels, slick diversion from

crumbling drywall, cracked windows, un-  
locked doors &  
even the fire escape's broken. Whose

minding the House &  
Senate? The  
critiques were written ahead of the

facts, general and mother harpooned, each loath to  
blame our  
duly elected scapegoat-in-chief in our rose garden. We

absentee landlords,  
housed in  
denial,

fashionably ignorant plebes pleased to know  
the shadows wild weeds of neglect will throw.

Cretan Maineiac

## **Adopt.Euroclick.Com**

The offer never ceases to be  
tho i strike it down relentlessly

free dinner for two  
for shooting ducks in a row  
but i just wish to comment  
courting favor, you know?

If i do slay the twenty  
(which some call a score)  
will the popups un plenty  
'ere my pointer grows sore?

Cretan Maineiac

## **Aroma Therapy**

Smoke signals call for Philip  
Morris, Nicationa  
the Klamath called it before chasing down wild

horses, put Jamestown on the  
map (payback for the  
land grab?) , social rituals embraced, refined, commodified

jones for faux-Turkish blends, later

cured when  
fashion  
intervened, cult of (obsessive compulsive)

personality kicking the habit to the  
curb,  
regulating it like natives to

designated outdoor reserves for their own  
sake, destiny  
manifest in legislated evolution, self-anointed

saviors resurrecting Joe  
Camel, invoking  
secondhand science & vanity cloaked in health concerns to

justify  
jizya from  
tobacco to tolerance profiteers, curing

custom and refining history to suit their  
taste, the oldest and  
most particular Aroma Therapy congregation locked

out, air rage, hypochondria, slave labor smoke  
screen Arabs  
bearing Hispanic surname gift, TB,

MRSA & every strain of  
Asian flu waved  
in, PC cops dispersing the curious crowd:

'there's nothing to see here.'

Cretan Maineiac

## **Baseball: Opening Day**

Muggy today, a  
pop of the mitt, a whiff of  
the grass, swish of the  
bat in the April air,  
and two little words: 'Play ball! '

Cretan Maineiac

## Baseball: That 'Ol DH Debate

'It's absurd to expect the fans to pay good money & watch a guy who can't generate an average in three figures, ' say some, while balancing a bullpen

deep w/ a bench full of old guys who can man a stick, fit  
guys w/ football-addled shoulders who

bloop singles and slice doubles &  
run the bases, or a  
big, 'ol homerun guy, a DH who can

come in, bop one or walk & preserve the  
Rally, then  
put on a glove and maybe bat again.

DHs all over the bench, good-hit/no-  
field or  
move-'em-up/good-field. Or,

maybe, something so simple as a  
pitcher  
who can hit? But the

roster's not long enough & the player's association has no  
use for  
two-dimensional players who can generate an average in three figures,

fill the scorecard w/ able hands, &  
please the patrons in the stands.

Cretan Maineiac

## **Baseball: The Cardinals**

The Wizard

'Nothing is good enough, if it can be made better, when inducted.  
\*\*\*\*\*

Cretan Maineiac

## Baseball: The Phillies

-for sjg

Garry Maddox, cf

Two-thirds of the earth  
is covered by the oceans  
the rest by Maddox.  
\*\*\*\*\*

Mike Schmidt, Third Base

In a game of inches,  
Mike Schmidt often connected  
4800 w/ one swing.  
\*\*\*\*\*

Steve Carlton

Over the top, Lefty  
won 27 games for  
a team that won just  
58 all year, plus the  
clincher in '80.  
\*\*\*\*\*

John Kruk

'I'm not an athlete,  
I'm a ballplayer.' Walked a-  
way @.300.  
\*\*\*\*\*

Larry Bowa, shortstop

Sleekly stalked the turf,  
each grounder bounding true  
Larry ruled The Vet  
\*\*\*\*\*

Shane Victorino, RF

A gun (they call it)  
in the field. Makes things happen, to  
on base & at bat.  
From Maui, thy name is victory, no?  
\*\*\*\*\*

Cretan Mainieiac

## **Baseball: The Red Sox**

Curt Schilling, Pitcher

In a bloodied sock,  
Schill' reached up for that something  
extra, stood and de-  
livered the Olde Towne team from  
the Curse shadow to the sun.  
\*\*\*\*\*

Manny Ramirez, LF

A Yankee killer,  
showing off the do-rag 'round third  
each at bat a treat.  
\*\*\*\*\*

David Ortiz

Big Papi, such an  
object trouve (from the 3rd spot)  
& one great hombre.  
\*\*\*\*\*

Terry Francona, Mgr.

Knew there was more than  
how much he made us be-  
lieve. Champagne was sweet.  
\*\*\*\*\*

Brian Daubach, 1B, LF, 3B

Brian Daubach made  
runs, hits, errors and Great Ex-  
pectorations.  
\*\*\*\*\*

Orlando Cabrera, SS

Cabrera chased out  
the curse in '04, then chased  
down Anaheim cash  
\*\*\*\*\*

Jason Varitek, C

Jason Varitek  
manning the pads at home plate.  
Stealing? Think again!  
\*\*\*\*\*

Julio Lugo, SS

HOO-lee-oh Loo-go  
getting on, going, and e-  
ratic in the field.  
\*\*\*\*\*

Tim Wakefield, P

Can Wakefield get it  
to knuckle, for @ least a-  
nother year or so?  
\*\*\*\*\*

Bring On The Rockies, '07

Came in hot, ready  
met a bullpen that said 'no! '  
Champs again,4 to 0.  
\*\*\*\*\*

Stephen King, fan

All the literary  
types love 'em, so said Cheever,  
said he, explaining.

And that's about as literary as he gets.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

Cretan Maineiac

## **Be What You're Not: an observation**

'You know, ' Weekend Update anchor Kevin Nealon once observed, 'a lot of people think they're something, and they're not. Be careful, because one day you may find yourself being something you're not.'

As long ago as the 1930s, author and social critic Aldous Huxley (Brave New World, The Doors of Perception) noted that it had become fashionable- for reasons beyond the future hallucinovore's comprehension- for 'ladies of high social class' to be seen drunk 'on cocktails' at a gathering, the more exclusive the gathering the better.

By the 1980s, we had ads pitching designer jeans to children with as much (and far less subtle) sexual innuendo as a beer commercial or dating service plug.

Now we come to the 21st century, the decade of 'the Naughties' (00 in British) . Who cares if it's the middle of February? Let's all get a tan! At one time a tan implied healthiness because one could assume the subject spent a lot of time breathing in that healthy, ozone-free air of the great outdoors. Today, in an era well on its way to being known for a collective hysteria over UV rays and second-hand fryolater smoke, nobody seems to have a problem subjecting their only body to an oversized toaster oven or sprays made up of chemicals of as yet unhyped toxicity, all in the name of vanity and/or conforming to the high standards of defiance.

'It's exhilarating just to be something that you're not, ' pop diva Britney Spears was once quoted as saying, insisting her sexy on stage persona- like, presumably, her tongue wagging with the grande dame of fake, Louise Ciccone- was merely part of an act.

Is it any wonder the fastest growing crime in the country is identity theft?

Brown eyes too plain for you? Try colored contacts (as if the clear ones didn't already hide enough) . Want to live on the edge without facing the consequences? Use condoms (only sailors used them in Austin Powers's time) , preferably of latex, a petroleum product even the most passionate tree hugger can't resist, and if you happen to be past your prime, there's always Viagra, perhaps the greatest enabler to identity theft so far devised.

Okay, so it is cool to be a rebel. Apparently, nothing says rebellion like appearing to be what everybody else appears to be. Drink, curse and swear like a sailor (one who uses condoms) or a dead-ball era baseball player. Ladies, you are now free to discuss sex in the break room just like the pre-wined-and-dined poseurs of Riki Lake Nation, with all the descriptive raw talk necessary to make even the most brutish country club libertine blush.

And don't forget piercings. Earrings on guys have been cool for years, but who could've witnessed Captain Lou Albano, c.1978, with rubber bands hanging from hoop earrings attached to his cheek, and not have foreseen that one day every defiant teen and teen wanna'-be would want to make a similar statement? Sorry, Sid Vicious. Just sticking a safety pin in there between junk fixes is just too tame for these radical naughties.

Author Mary Gaitskill once remarked about being with a woman (on Prozac, a kissing cousin to Viagra) , 'who was supposedly so horny...yet when we got our clothes off...her body was saying DON'T TOUCH ME. But it was desperately important to her to feel she was 'sexy, ' so much so that the natural drive...had become buried.'

Wrestler/published author Amanda Storm, on being asked about her character during MTV's True Life: I am a Pro Wrestler, replied: 'Character? That would imply it's not real, right? I don't have a character. I'm just myself. I came to the arena like this.' With several strength competition trophies and the aforementioned published work of original poetry under her belt, Amanda comes off as one of the few people today with any evidence for their claim, beyond the claim itself.

Has it come to the point that Weekend Update anchors, fiction writers and professional wrestlers- pliers of trades that are inherently make believe- are the only links to reality our culture has to offer?

Catch that Britney spirit. Drink it in drink it in drink it in.

Cretan Maineiac

## Birthday

I was born

On an elevator (Otis)  
In a hospital (St. Mary's)  
On a full-moon night (Saturday)  
in Springtime.

My folks (John & Florentia)  
had to leave a party (@Old Orchard Beach) .  
The itchy ocean

Air drew me  
out  
& (after a trip up the 'pike) dropped me into

Dr. Lynn's hands (female)  
in the smoky mill-town  
shadows (tough love?) , &

You won't read about that  
Anywhere ('less you know my mother)  
'cause isn't life meant to be  
enjoyed  
endured

Entertained,  
To live  
&love  
then leave  
w/ or  
entirely w/out

Documentation?

Cretan Maineiac

## **Chicken Hawks And Ostrich Doves**

'Bring 'em home alive, and now, '  
fires liberal table pounder.  
'Put the welfare slobs to work, '  
the fat cat shoots to counter.

'It's corporate sloth that keeps us down, '  
comes lefty's pat response.  
'Stop whining!' commands the righteous right,  
'show gratitude for once.'

'Let's harness the sun, spare the critters  
& hammer our swords to ploughshares.'  
'We've mastered the atom, put fossils to work  
& as for the arts, who cares? '

By the red-neck reckoning  
Life's sacred from neo-conception  
while blue-blood necro-liberal  
begs further interpretation.

Chicken Hawks and Ostrich Doves  
grown flightless on points to ponder  
assuming the world's split red and blue  
& capital to squander.

Cretan Maineiac

## Columbus

A failure at best, say some (clad under cover of  
the present) , genocide at  
worst, tho his sail across pitching hungry waves required

balls that today might prompt one's flight to  
Venus in a  
hot-air balloon, w/out a compass.

'[L]ike Paradise...' he sd. of his  
find, but for  
the fact that the

Natives (\*in Dio\* = 'in God')  
insisted on walking about  
naked.

Cretan Maineiac

## **Criminal Record**

Step right up and  
view the  
print out, trumping

up the touchiest  
parts  
like a fun house mirror, itemized

matter-of-fact, with  
'on or  
about' precision. Step

right up, take  
a  
peek.

Did you have any idea your head looked so big to the Law?

Cretan Maineiac

## **Crisis**

Crisis nags like a baying hound  
at those who wear it as a crown

who drink its sorrow long and deep  
and spit up wisdom on the cheap

forming mountains from every spill  
girded by misery broker's pills

and tax incentives for reported abuse  
afford the weak a pat excuse.

The anatomy of crisis forms  
from birth 'till feed for hungry worms

we watch, listen, recite, 'oh, well...'  
descend by bounds through Dante's hell

while some persist to keep it 'round  
peddling Souls for a day's renown.

Cretan Maineiac

## Diamond Tradition

\*'They go together/ in the good ol' USA/ baseball 'n' hot dogs/ apple pie 'n' Chevrolet'\*  
- ad jingle

Stolen bases, stolen signs, 'cheating toward  
second, ' spit-  
ball scuffing emoryboard Vaseline and

glancing back at the catcher's fingers & from John  
McGraw's curled finger  
hangs the belt most lately associated w/ the

waist of the runner taggin'-up @3rd, as easy as deceiving an  
ump by cutting  
short of second base or breaking a treaty, none of it

sudden out of  
left field &  
all the while the

old concerns:  
team (that invests so much)  
city (that depends so much)

bettor 'n' family...

Human Growth Hormone, corporate tax  
breaks, Juiced  
balls, dead balls, muddy base paths, the hit-and-

run, in the age of Botox  
Rogaine & Cialis, Diamond  
Traditions, going,

going,  
gone Hi-  
Tech, &

They go together,  
in the land of Pros and Cons  
big bucks 'n' hot doggin',  
humble pie & Barry Bonds.

Cretan Maineiac

**Disconnected: For T**

No reaching out  
no touching

No more punching out the numbers  
that once rung you

No more wireless command  
that all last summer brung you

I hope you're doing fine  
reaching out, in theory

My eyes no help to you  
whether peering bright or squinting teary

Like 1999 again  
wondering's the best i can do,

ride the hours 'till earned free time  
red-eyed, the better to see you.

~October 7,2006

Cretan Maineiac

## **Doe, a Deer**

They bagged her in the yard,  
    one arrow  
    through the heart. Her eyes were wide and

dark as never. "First of the season, " said  
    one hunter,  
    "we just gotta' tag her, " said another.

"Two little ones  
    come by  
    later, " said a third.

Cretan Maineiac

## Each Night She Prays

She'd steal her husband's, if he didn't disgust her  
so, vulgar  
and ugly (even Omar laughed at that) . She

Supervises as we Stack it wrong, just to  
show us  
who is Right. At

the meeting she  
laughs dutifully  
with upper management, punches-

out sternly at five of, &  
verily, shaking  
the day from her hands into the

sink like a rite of  
passage,  
never a nod of 'good night.'

Each night she prays  
for one  
that both Omar and i got standard, &

each morning Stacks her disappointment on top of ours.

Cretan Maineiac

## Election Day

Fill in the line  
in Maine  
another Bond issue

may qualify you for a  
sticker  
not the purple finger

so many suffered for, but  
just as dear,  
a Duty and a Privilege and a

Right all at once, all the friction contained in the  
felt  
tip.

The  
new bridge &  
that old road &  
Mr. (or Mrs.) Smith's pension need that  
vote.  
And- unlike that repair or  
that check-up or  
that personal responsibility or  
Holy day of Obligation-

if the pebble in your shoe eats into  
your time  
to fill in that line,  
somebody else Will do it.

Cretan Maineiac

## Elvis And The Babe

Both left this plain on  
8/16, first  
number doubled up in the  
second (per the  
Yankee  
method) , the Sultan of  
Swat, & King of  
Rock 'n' Roll, one  
captivated many w/ the  
Swing of a stick, the other  
Swung his  
hips. But Babe could also  
pitch with the best, &  
Elvis could  
belt out a tune. Excess  
born of greatness,  
built up  
for tearing down (per the Yankee method) , records  
surpassed tho never  
equaled, literally &  
figuratively larger than life, as  
sweat-soaked summer  
Time  
raged on, each  
packed the Pop and impact of a nuclear bomb, &  
collapsed under the weight of his earned aplomb.  
Cretan Maineiac

## Endearing Indira: An Ideal

Who's worthy? of an echo of fond  
remembrance  
enso's extended summer (once called Indian summer in the States)

that little something that lies  
beyond  
pristine glory

laughter under the heart (and over)  
a \*je ne sais quoi\* key to the mystery that  
spoke to me  
    this morning

illusive notes in words elusive as the horizon but  
solid as heaven in  
my palm

on-night  
    -enlightenment  
    - the art of living  
    - that pavement prophet

endearing Indira, poet  
teacher,  
translator

ethereal &  
all-too-  
Real

conjuring up that timeless aroma  
joy and pain  
that returns in turn alongside  
the rain.

Cretan Maineiac

## Eracentrists

My wispy coworker double-checked his

Concert

Kit as i pulled up to the sooty

bus stop, happy to have remembered his

ear plugs.

'In my day (did i say that?) they'd 'a' called me a f-'

\*If it's too loud/y're too old\*-

his 25 way too old for Metal when i was 18,

even if

it seemed only my cohorts w/ kids or in The

service still cranked up

Sabbath 'n' Zep' over

'Rock 'n' Roll High School' & 'shake yr groove thing' &

'Truckin"' & 'weeeeeee may

never

pass this way again.'

'Who cares what anyone thinks?' he said,

stepping onto the curb, satisfied he was

seeing Rob Zombie,

sound optional, equally pleased with being

willfully ignorant

about the Ramones opening the show as he slammed my door.

What a fag.

Cretan Maineiac

## Esplanadia (a song)

\*with a reggae beat\*

(Chorus)

Esplanadia  
we border on the Androscoggin River  
Esplanadia  
we suffer from cirrhosis of the liver

Memere and Pepere were Acadian  
they tried to teach us all Canadian  
it was always an obvious decision  
to live and die in Esplanadia

(repeat chorus)

The AWAP bimbos are furious  
ev'ry little boy's leer is injurious  
snapper 'n' snails & ex-wives' tales  
we let leeching dogs lie in Esplanadia

(repeat chorus)

We used to make living in factory  
lost it to NAFTA and global usury  
now we do what we can  
to satisfy tax man  
& maintain our lives in Esplanadia

(repeat chorus)

Bridge:

enjoy our generosity  
ethnocentric ferocity  
enjoy our generosity  
xenophobe ferocity  
enjoy our generosity  
don't pass on the cost to me

& je dit, 'ja-- yah-yah  
ma vie est tres very hard  
I don't want ja-- yah-yah  
Jihadists in my backyard

(repeat chorus)

Somalis flooded from Georgia  
& Tennessee but never from Africa  
we've got enough lazy ass  
from Connecticut & Mass.  
Mayor sez 'no vacancy' in Esplanadia

(repeat chorus)

(last chorus)  
Esplanadia  
we border on the Androscoggin River  
Esplanadia  
our generosity does not always deliver  
Esplanadia  
we border on the Androscoggin River  
Esplanadia  
our hearts have been whittled down to a sliver.

Cretan Maineiac

## **Even Denny's Was Closed**

Christmas eve caught me short,  
late in the week. Sales  
clanged, rung and beeped

Through the joyous  
season even as  
Inventories &

Resources shrank, ebbed,  
Exhausted. My  
dance card was full, & you

all left me  
panting  
the radio and TV couldn't stop  
ranting

accepting the Onus &  
singing the praise  
spending their bonus  
on the Programmer's raise

Time ticking per order, persistent & frantic &  
pitiless  
amid the din of merriment,

drowned my resolve  
under  
icy stars

'twas the season of giving, but by the time I got  
paid,  
even Denny's was closed.

December, 2005

Cretan Maineiac

## **Fetus**

An inviable cell mass (w/ a pulse) , says  
Science,  
the same that casts

the Moon as a big dead rock  
orbiting  
a crusty, whirling water balloon.

The Sun is just  
a ball  
of hot gas, at most a nuclear reaction

that happened countless  
light years  
ago. And the offender,

pregnant woman, so much  
skin &  
bones & frayed hormones.

The Moon inspires, illuminates  
smoothly tides  
oceans the world over. The Sun

warms, nourishes, makes the  
grass grow, and  
the Pregnant woman,

Mother, Wife, Daughter, Sister,  
- life beating time in her uterus-  
was more than just a pretty face

long before the Programmer said so.

Cretan Maineiac

## Gravity

It's always been  
there,  
historians lawfully agree,

like the God of  
Moses  
everywhere but

Space, the  
Studio, &  
the Laboratory, jealous as a drunken lover.

Time's variations unknown, unchecked,  
doubted &  
sensibly unchallenged, the

proverbial  
Captain  
Bring-Me-Down &

proof that the  
world  
sucks.

\*Do you understand the  
Gravity  
of the situation? \*

Everything from Law to  
Order to  
-sagging skin  
-alcoholic stupor  
- the aging thrill-seeker's squandered

Wisdom,

what we put up with  
& just can't  
stop

waiting for the other  
shoe  
to drop

the elevator that can't seem  
to reach  
the top

owes gravity a favor.

Cretan Maineiac

## **Hanging At The Tree Of Knowledge**

(Inspired by William Blake's 'A Poison Tree')

Let's hang all day at the tree of knowledge  
Nurture it as we learned in college  
protected from all hate and wars  
by heroes we tag corporate whores

who got angry with an ally  
loath to share our war dead tally  
all anger oozing from our foe  
the world projects on GI Joe.

Though happy when the US tool  
preserved the market for their fuel  
But sweat and toil as cost of freedom  
proved tedious, 'please pass the condom.

'How fruitless such dread toil and sweat,  
mere Cowboy tales, this terror threat;  
al Qaeda's not our enemy  
it's you, driving that SUV.'

And so our allies party on  
trash the Cowboy in show and song  
screw GI Joe and Uncle Sam  
whose arrogance concocts this scam.

"Tis global gas threatens our way  
of life, for carbon credits pay!  
The end is near, unless we act! '  
The Programmer supports this fact.

'This foe you've labeled, longs for peace.  
All aid to Israel must cease! '  
Such allies feast on worldly mirth  
viewed by our foe on Google Earth.

Let's hang all night at the tree of knowledge  
Think wishfully as we learned in college  
Weave rope from strands of Tolerance  
And hang 'till dead from Ignorance.

Cretan Maineiac

## Hephaestus

(Inspired by 'The God of Impertinence' by Sten Nadolny)

How that fire warms, forged tools  
comfort, enable,  
utile as physics, reason, & the average man Diogenes

never sought, bulwark against child-based instruction,  
as if molecules &  
viruses perform for the naked eye. Reason, reduced to

refutation of old testimonials, Jesus speciously  
aligned w/  
unfiltered wrath. Hephaestus's utility, salvation- tho

no one invokes his name after stubbing his toe or  
sees him (or his mother)  
in pancakes- forges ahead of Momus of ridicule &

handsome Dionysius w/ weapons of  
mass deception &  
instruments quantifying Vanity and the

striven after Wind, girding one last-ditch  
defense against  
all threat of prophesied second act or profit-

less sequel, morality and mortality gold-plated-  
out in  
deference to a baseless-yet-somehow-higher

moral ground, embracing gratuitous  
upgrades, trivializing  
momentum, obscuring & out-

sourcing memory, the Fire that  
warms, burns, melts & molds for  
Hephaestus, father of

Pandora, w/ Faith that only the warmth will intrude.

Cretan Maineiac

## **Homo Urbanus**

for cia

Most days staying in is  
best, no  
need for the clamor & crowd, outside

my cloudy window. Everything's within  
walking distance,  
bus stop on every

corner (it seems) , familiar  
cabbies  
everywhere, & nice to have

Ethnic food  
nearby,  
just in case. Anybody

wants me, i'll be here,  
my side  
of a locked door,

or at the after-hours club.

\*Dedicated to the memory of Thomas Lawrence O'Rourke (1961-1987) , who coined the term Homo Urbanus for a person naturally inclined to city life.\*

Cretan Maineiac

## How Well? for Allen Ginsberg

I, too, saw the best minds of your  
Generation  
sell their collective soul to

Free love  
Free verse  
Fairness  
Casualness &  
casualty, but,

say, did you see, Mr.  
Ginsberg,  
how well the best minds of

My Generation-

-as you eyed the stock-  
boys @  
the A & P, or sold your twisted

vision to the girls, unshaven, chafed, w/  
out  
underwear- moloched into defiant

Submission under Demonic  
interface  
Chronic fatigue  
Islamofascism  
SSI &  
Oxycontin

'narrative psychology'  
victimization  
tolerance  
bare-minimum parenting &  
NAMBLA, political

art pirates who gift but never  
read  
their Whitman, gratuitous upgrades

whole-ing cripples &  
crippling  
wholes, snakes turned

snails (Escargots) &  
ex-wives'  
tales, in Broad Daylight,

hard scowls  
All  
gone limp, the

School of  
Hard  
Knocks, training gimps?

'We'll bury you, ' sd. Khrushchev, see?  
It never happened, see? See?

Moloch the landLord of Creation,  
Artificial Inseminator,  
-w/ spankings begat beatings  
-w/ marital discord begat no fault divorce  
-w/ base desire begat need  
-w/ baggage begat life experience  
-w/ depravity begat virtue  
-w/ extortion begat truth.com  
-w/ lust begat Love &  
-w/ all (even verbal) contact begat sexual contact  
-w/ radicalism begat self-indulgence  
-w/ health consciousness begat hypochondria  
-w/ awareness begat fashionable skepticism  
-w/ social responsibility begat unearned cynicism  
-w/ marijuana begat horse tranquilizers  
-w/ freewill begat free-basing  
-w/ women's lib begat Lynndie England  
-w/ morality begat sanctimony  
-w tolerance begat redirected prejudice  
-w/ language begat doublespeak  
-w/ opportunity begat willful ignorance  
-w/ social enlightenment begat ideological bigotry  
-w/ infinity in a grain of sand  
~begat~  
\$22million for a coffee burn, &  
-w/ the Programmer begat the programmed.

Oh say, did you  
see, Mr.  
Ginsberg, and how well,

the best souls of the generations that  
Followed,  
sucked like unwanted babies through

the abortion clinic vaccuum tubes  
of  
Queer Nation?

Cretan Maineiac

## **In Another Reality**

Others seek my  
intervention, miss  
me when i'm gone &  
need me to sign a form.

I stayed in school, made the  
grade, my mantel's heavy w/  
trophies, & i  
own a mantel.

A ruffled friend needs my  
blessing, the  
show can't start 'till i arrive, &  
a distraught child demands

cheering up from  
nobody  
else but me.

In another reality  
we all feel, hear & see  
just how much worse it all could be.

Cretan Maineiac

## **In That Other Reality**

In that other reality-  
regardless of the slope or slant-  
one cycles looking much like me  
& Scales each hill w/out a pant;

his title states he made the grade  
& lessers seek him to sign a form.  
He managed his financial aid  
stayed in school, endured the dorm;

commands particular stadium seating  
while mantel sags w/ just rewards,  
can smoke but doesn't @ those meetings  
presentable in jeans or cords;

flustered friends await his blessing,  
the show can't start 'till he arrives,  
a frightened child craves his caressing,  
that reassurance he Provides.

In that other reality  
the sun shines brightest on my street.  
We all feel hear & plainly see  
(each standing on our own true feat)  
just how much worse it all could be.

Cretan Maineiac

## Iron Horse

So they called it in  
The Movies  
whistle sometimes hoarse as a dying studio Injun'.

"Where it come from, where? " Mike  
asked.  
Rigby.  
Portsmouth. Boston. New York. Mexico?  
Boston  
&Maine  
runs through the Backyard. "I hate that train  
too  
Loud."  
The federal government incurred record  
Debt  
feeding  
That Horse. "Where it going, where? "  
Back to  
Boston.  
Up to Waterville. Bangor. Canada? The  
loons  
trudge  
Along the wet land surrounding the  
Gazebo  
(behind  
the group home) , dewy nibs and footslog ballet `til she  
unfurls  
destiny's  
nares, chasing them much as a hungry  
stray  
cat  
Scattered them day before yesterday, temporarily  
Shouting  
Down  
the mellifluous brook song, rolling, rattling, snortin'. "Where that  
train  
going,  
Where? "  
Cretan Maineiac

## Jury Duty

Dead White Males

Supervise  
from another era's wall,

oil stained  
Brothers of the  
Constitution. The ladies

concurred, with group laugh  
delight, on the  
Aging, ex-jock lawyer's

"pants dance ('can't he afford a tailor? ') ." I offered  
a light  
to the smart lawyer

at recess. "He  
smokes? " Madame  
Foreman asked.

The smart lawyer won,  
said the six  
Ladies and two

Gentlemen constituting  
a  
Civil Jury.

By order of the Dead White Males  
hanging, preserved,  
inside the courthouse wall.

Cretan Maineiac

## Know Holds Bard

To fix a headlock on a  
metaphor, or  
clamp a full nelson on a

simile, body slam a weak  
double-entendre &  
choke the life out of a

forced rhyme. To get a toe hold on a  
trochee, apply an  
armlock that brings a

cliche to its knees, dropp an elbow on  
trite alliteration, or  
execute a powerbomb as easily as

coining a phrase. To lay the smackdown on  
doggerel, and fling a  
timeworn platitude from the ring, bridge

out of a writer's  
block, pin  
down

that cringing flowery sentiment &  
celebrate that  
seamless rhyme as the

referee slaps the  
mat with that triplet coda &  
calls for the bell

fresh and sharp as a sapling sprouting new  
looming over your flattened foe  
as the oak stands awesome and true.

Poetry and wrestling, each an art  
not easily mastered,  
like shaping a schooner from fresh-cut wood  
or a god from alabaster.

Cretan Maineiac

**Lewis Lapham Senryu**

Under the rubric of  
Editor, irascible  
writer saved Harper's

Cretan Maineiac

## Looking For You On 9/11

Was you convinced me, 'get off your  
ass and  
do something', pursue a career you'd

deem less 'beneath' me- w/ pinch-faced admonition- seein' how  
i hadn't been subjected to the  
same cruel whims of fate that left you a divorced

McNanny, struggling to keep up  
ex-hubby's mortgage  
payment and getting 'the kids' to counseling on time, nor

the Commitment level necessary to  
achieve  
ex-spouse status.

'A hijacked plane...' sd the  
rock'n'roll Programmer,  
later confirmed on another station.

-'A gunman in Monument Square in Portland, '  
-'one plane still unaccounted for (Flight 93) ...'

the building where my interview was scheduled  
engulfed in  
flames on every channel, the

promise of a position (not 'just a  
job') on a lofty floor, the higher the  
better, still a palpable page in my cranial phone bank &

Neil Young there too won't drin' 'how many more? '...  
'school under lock down...'  
and me at Rooper's saying 'looks like i picked

the wrong week to quit smoking' right after they'd been robbed &  
calling the daycare &  
'I'm sorry she's not in today.'

The address scribbled in my date book now a  
toxic-dust rubble on  
every channel, my interview on a calendar, still unaccounted for.

It was D.H. Lawrence's birthday, &  
144th anniversary of  
the Mountain Meadows massacre,

'howmanymore? '

\*...I'm not able to take your call at this time...\*  
neglected ambulances lined outside a hospital  
'...cause the Victims are all dead...'  
'howmanymore? '

\*...please leave your name and number-\*

-gunman later a cabbie playing with a cap pistol,  
- plane unaccounted for 'now in theaters, rated PG-13'  
    'howmanymore? '

\*...and I will get back to you...\*

That night one of the kids picked up and said you couldn't come to the phone.

Cretan Maineiac

## Losers' Lament

It all seemed so promising, as the  
season progressed, streaks &  
slumps & 'no way's, 'who'd'a

thunk it's & 'did you see that? 's. Peaking at the right  
time, rallying to the  
top, defying all odds & preseason forecasts, in the

end only to be absorbed by a streaming  
crowd of our  
foes' faithful, storming the field after

the Last Out, one last,  
long pan of the  
dugout confirming the pain,

loss,  
finality,  
'till next year.

Cretan Maineiac

**Mrs.Frome AKA Zeena: Warrior Hypochondriac**

Cut her husband down  
w/ big Greek words from Boston  
ill-health empowered.

Cretan Maineiac

## **Music Radio Senryu**

24/7  
manufactured emotions  
smug self-promotion.

Cretan Maineiac

## **Nixon**

'They (American public) look @  
him (JFK) & see their  
Hopes.

They look @  
me  
& see their

Fears.'

Cretan Maineiac

## Nixon Revised

'They look at him (JFK) , ' he once mused, 'and  
see their  
Hopes, ' and lent us

Amtrak (subsidized mediocrity)  
Cambodia (illegal invasion)  
Affirmative Action (legalized racism)  
Wage & Price Freeze (creative marketing) &  
Watergate (exalted muck-raking) , phoned

Neil and Buzz bounding about  
a bid dead rock, in  
keeping w/ JFK's promise- on

our dime- & a Tax Hike that

financed Mr. Johnson's war, also on our  
dime, shook  
hands w/ Elvis the king, Gerald Ford &

Chairman Mao.

'They look at me, ' he said, 'and  
see  
their  
Fears.'

In 1994 he met the  
judgment  
that awaits us all & waits for no one.

'No one will ever write a  
Book about my  
mother, ' he said, 'and

my Mother was a saint.'

Cretan Maineiac

## **Our Ms. Brooks**

Meredith glibly penned a ditty  
of dubious veracity,  
& narcoleptic dramaturgy.

She's:

- a bitch (says she)
- a lover (to what other?)
- a child (no more)
- a mother (per her druthers)
- a sinner (aren't we all?)
- a saint (neither now nor ever)

singing- to the Programmer's delight- like a lark  
on the stand  
tales of Drunkenness &

Cruelty, all of which  
took place  
in the midst of a Blackout.

And tomorrow, it will mean  
A Thing, &  
the next day, too,

and long after the Programmer is done w/ you.

Cretan Maineiac

## Our Snoring Consumer

'Of all tyrannies, a tyranny sincerely exercised for the good of its victims may be the most oppressive.'

-C.S. Lewis

It's when he's quiet  
he's most likely  
to strike, biting himself, a crude form of

rumination \*qua\* ruination. So says the  
book, the same  
proclaiming 'mind of an 8-yr-old'

('Me forty-four, ' he rebuts, helpfully) .  
Forbidden  
to sleep off lazy Sundays and

gray Mondays alike, so as to  
Facilitate  
his nightly rest and recharge

The steady,  
grinding  
rhythm of

acceptable behavior, drug-  
induced dreams of  
motocross, & comfort

c/o a Chinese family, produced &  
directed by  
\*shenkui\* & relentless,

tethered masturbation, asleep  
as a  
log thru the

Sawmill, alerting  
all who  
Care @

3AM that  
all  
is well.

Cretan Maineiac

## **Oxi Day\***

Skirt-chasing Mussolini's delusions of  
expansion followed  
up his desert conquest of Ethiopia w/ an  
ultimatum to her ancient colonizer, Homer's  
land turned over to  
Cavafis, dirt-poor shepherds & primitive  
Orthodox mendicants whose Achillean  
muskets hadn't  
felled a Turk in years. Il Duce dreamt a  
dream, foisting  
fascism upon the  
scorched rocks & ethereal elevations from which  
democracy once sprung like an angelic augury of  
Liberty, sponsored by  
the Fuhrer's swagger & Chamberlain's  
concessions.  
'Oxi! '  
answered Metaxas, echoing thru the Pindus  
mountains and into  
Albania, 'Oxi! ' affirmed the  
Hellenes, in the face of Nazi wrath, an  
echo ringing on through the  
generations, in a  
tone still audible amid & aloft the  
noisome swirl of libertine distractions.

\*- Oxi Day is the commemoration of the Greek resistance to Italian invasion on  
October 28, 1940.

Cretan Mainiac

## **Pain Co-Op**

It's so guilt assuaging to say, 'this is gonna' hurt  
me a  
lot more than it will you, '

so hard to savor your  
rebound lover while  
ruing the promises you honestly meant to keep, so

hard to forget, and so  
unfair. How easily that big heart of yours  
breaks, and so

soon after celebrating every  
sunset and  
spring rain -wet nosed- with

a previous love-of-your-life.

Blame -society  
-culture  
-the President  
trade guilt for justification  
-too many hours at work,  
-too quick to anger,  
-too many movies to be seen and made, &  
not enough  
baggage to  
suit your Special needs.

\*'You just Can't understand. I've been to hell and back [likely as a tour guide- Ed.].  
You can't Provide! '\*

Co-opt the pain you've  
wrought  
(you earned it) , and

cling to the safety remorse provides.

Cretan Maineiac

## **Passion: Now A Movie**

Mad Max tried to warn us about the  
Programmer's  
lust for power &

tedium, that need to single out the  
heretic among  
us. Craven Programmed critics

shrugged off that stunned silence & indelible  
sense of  
awe, longing for mindless mirth & prefab indignation &

canned mayhem (i'd sooner believe the actor who played Jesus emerged from the  
tomb than that skinny blond could take out even aging fake-Asian Carradine in Kill Bill  
-ed.) and

dubbed it anti-Jew revivalism that  
reared her  
ugly head like studio Satan in

her old familiar haunts in western Europe, the  
middle east, & Hollywood before the all-  
men-are-equal program cast Max on a

passionate  
roll to  
hell.

One drunken rant against the man  
landed Max in the Paddy-van.  
Quoth the craven, 'yes we can.'

Cretan Maineiac

## **Pulling Muscles For Michelle**

I would've quit anything to  
get inside  
that long purple coat ('it's supposed  
to get real cold tonight') , taken a night  
job driving  
taxi ('you drove a cab? ') just to hear  
that phone ring ('you'd better call  
me') , and then  
beyond the shadows that Squeeze song came on & i  
sang along... skipped out on work  
just to share  
lunch, lied about  
that number on the phone bill, even got  
caught- behind the  
shadows- that almost something that wasn't, singing  
along, even as the phone hadn't  
rung in days, weeks,  
months in work-worn (not stone-  
washed) jeans & awaiting her soft-brown-smilin'-Irish-  
(trebly) baritone to  
chime along 'you're just a big ol' money tree &  
need  
someone to Shake it  
all  
out of you.' But behind  
the shadows- X-mas eve, New Year's, Labor  
Day, the Day  
After Thanksgiving, cold drizzle at the Neil  
Young show- nothing was too good to  
quit for  
those eyes & that voice ringing along w/ the  
misheard lyrics, in the night before or  
morning after, 'good  
talking to you...I  
thought about you for...other things...I'm  
getting in the  
bathtub to osmose...' unlisted, now, officially  
licensed/maine.edu-Brand  
master & mother, nor

ever Scheduled to to be

Bothered to  
Ring me  
again.

Cretan Maineiac

## **Red Sox Haiku #1**

Brian Daubach made  
runs, hits, errors and Great Ex-  
pectorations

01/07/2007

Cretan Maineiac

## **Reflections On A Very Moving Haiku**

Angie's emotions  
folded & packaged away.  
May i add a bow?

Cretan Maineiac

## Road Sign

This Constitutes New Hampshire.

Discount liquors, first in the  
Nation  
primary, old man written in

stone, 'till lately Preserved, now  
extant  
only against the lawful

green backdropp along the Interstate:  
KINGSTON  
SEABROOK  
1 MILE

LIVE FREE OR DIE

TOLL PLAZA AHEAD.

This is what Common Sense  
Declared,  
tax-free

New Hampshire.

Cretan Maineiac

## **Robins Return to Lewiston, March 3,2005**

Robins Return to Lewiston, March 3,2005

Crusty crows voiced displeasure,  
    swooping &  
    cawing a murderous thunder in vain

defense of their lot, which is officially a  
    parking lot that  
    belongs to the Career Center. It

turned out to be just a pair of them, & the chubby,  
    red breasts,  
    rusty by nature not winter-long nurture  
        -\*turdus migratorious\*  
        -shit 'n' run-  
        held firm 'neath the gallantly

streaming (state and federal) banners,  
    feeding off  
    spindly Asian transplants 'till

feed was done, then w/ a lusty chirp off  
    scouting higher ground  
    in the cold, bare oaks, the

last notes of Winter's swan song.

Cretan Maineiac

## **Sadness: Now A Disorder**

That raw-wet Tuesday afternoon  
in April,  
a menu item ordered and prepared  
to taste, in theory. The renewal/rebirth  
of a spring  
snow shower, innocently simplified:

'it shouldn't stick.' (Sigh!)  
Experience lusted for in youth, even as it's  
shunned in the  
old-fart personification of a life  
skulking from new luggage to tagged baggage.

Renewal, a re-death,  
crackling  
undergrowth of a golden

October Sunday, the low sun at once  
a message  
from Winter ('thanks for the  
warning') & altered fiction &  
old regrets,  
still-kicking-around remains of  
(some-sum) Summertime fun,  
frolic, and  
sweat.

Cruel April's new-love promises  
- prescription and co-pay-  
Crisp October's apologies  
-police report-  
-court document—  
-that éclair you were saving for breakfast, gone-  
and those plums, 'so cold and so delicious'...

all now eligible for  
Treatment, under  
Depression's gray umbrella,

illegibly endorsed in the THONK! of a rubber stamp.

Cretan Maineiac

## Sanity Falls Somewhere In Between

It's the misread second act that  
F.Scott was  
really talking about, when

all is well &  
God is great &  
all systems are Now.

Sanity falls  
somewhere in  
between, 'twixt my

Talk that won't stop, even for a  
Pause, when  
everyone yields to my own

observations on the human condition, &  
incantations against the state, &  
'you shoulda' seen me win the cribbage match...' 'tween

Listening to your she sd./he sd, &  
'according to prophecy' &  
'I [heard] the news today oh boy...' that no other will

request, hear, or even deign to  
know, in  
hanging dialectical.

Sanity falls (an aged tree) somewhere in  
between the  
two (green shrub) extremes,

with the same menacing thud as what everyman has to say  
with no guarantee of clarification, salvation, or (laughs) a day's pay.

Cretan Maineiac

## Six Feet Under Nothing

Every year  
that long  
weekend just before Summer

burned off in  
the back seat,  
hot-chafing-crowded, waiting for

Mother to gather those weeds-  
\*spharangia\*-as if  
Bird's Eye and

refrigeration never happened,  
so tasty, washed & boiled &  
soaked in olive oil...

Burnt, incensed offering at an  
unmarked grave in  
Somersworth, NH, hissing w/ inactivity-

- Never served in the military (no flag)
- Never needed to be bailed out (no teen years)
- Never hit by a pitch (sick, poor)
- Never known in the Patrida ('Amerikanaki')
- Never got a headstone (family moved on...)

The first nice weekend of the  
year (i  
whined) spent chasing down almost family &

Daddy's vestigial Memory.

'We shared a bed. That morning he was cold. Yaya said, 'Get up! Go! '''

His heart was too big for life support.

NBA playoffs &  
RedSox &  
April love songs on

the radio; black flies & sweat all over; and Theo Christo,  
cold  
alone

six feet  
under  
nothing

Remembered, if only today.

\*For my uncle and namesake, Christo George Mendros [1923-1931]\*

Cretan Maineiac

## Skewed Bell Curve

My brother majored in history,  
& manages an S. and L.,  
my sister, in biology  
now toiling in phone bank hell.

Myself it was English, became a courier  
explaining it proved quite a chore  
made troubled friends, the more the merrier  
scribbling 'till my hand grew sore.

The bell curve tells that some have it  
and some decidedly have not  
some libs laughed, & called it bullshit  
and proceeded to nurture their snot.

When fate sees fit to throw you a curve  
you swing, or heed the ump's call.  
When a cat invades your lane, you swerve  
or not, and pray for/curse them all.

I've another brother. In school he studied  
creative writing and computer science.  
His current prospects are somewhat muddied  
still, he struts with a studied defiance.

They all made children, my siblings that is  
while i had none in the offing  
now earning my keep in the crazy biz  
serving behaviors and scoffing.

'What comes 'round goes 'round, ' is what you'll hear  
though nobody knows if that's true.  
Each curve paves the way, however you steer  
whether you're Arab, Greek, gentile, or Jew.

And up ahead in the road an incline or dip  
will surely mark your way  
'cause we all like to think we map our own trip  
so if nothing else, enjoy your stray.

(inspired by cia frizzell)

Cretan Maineiac

## St. Joan

Your echo lingers, calling all who hear to  
stand and  
fight, saving Orleans from England amid a

century of bloodshed, echoed in every  
stomach-growl of  
a hungry laborer, each

moan of a lonely leper &  
kick of an  
unborn child, tho not in the

mocking Brahmsian fallacy who claims to  
speak thru  
you, holding her feet to an unlit fire, snug in

wool socks atop a subsidized  
ottoman, warbling  
glory to the misguided

Moores & their eye-for-an-  
eye sediment sans  
Messianic filter & Heaven-on-

Earth delusion bent on  
mundane doctrine &  
agreed-upon lies, seeking to steal our generous

civilization as they  
hijacked then  
crashed our culture,

edutainment, Sensurround, the  
quick cutaway melting  
away the pages of history like flames

thru a library, in the spirit of their  
Lilliputian kindreds, uprooting  
pillars burning bridges planting

minarets, minds engulfed in Brobdingnagian  
smokescreens  
fanned @ the Academy of Lagado

& seen thru the blurry saltless  
tears of  
afternoon TV. Your echo rings on in the cries of the

-forgotten mother,  
-accused father, &  
-the censored scapegoat's bleat, the

sob of the self-fulfilling prophet child turned  
state property. It's  
buried deep in the plea of a tax-free sidewalk

preacher, the sizzle of uncleared  
brush in a  
wildfire's path, tho not in the bellow of the

tax-backed pavement professor or mendacious  
mendicants exploiting the  
needy to overfeed the needless, survives down the

lineage of Benedict XV who cleared &  
canonized  
your name, carried by

the acrid smoke that set your soul home free,  
an aroma which endures the lies that mark each century.

Cretan Maineiac

## **Tattoos**

Body art, say some,  
rooted in slavery &  
totemic culture.

Cretan Mainiac

## **Ted Sheridan, Warrior**

Ted Sheridan fought for our soil  
he woulda' done it just for oil.  
Today he turns a phrase so well  
it drives the moonbats back to hell.

Cretan Maineiac

## **The Battle Of The Sexes**

Programmed to divide  
pat generalization  
studio folklore  
not Rooted in history  
just forced reiteration.

Cretan Maineiac

## The Busies

Interests too diverse to  
itemize, pursue, or  
even  
Enjoy, chronically late but  
defying the  
24-hour yoke, time to  
work on the house but not  
Home no  
time to savor just  
suck suda-fed restlessness  
Passing  
as energy, 'got work to  
do, ' engraved in  
multi-task mediocrity  
myrmidic depart-  
mental, sowing but never  
nurturing  
seed  
Running errands run-  
ning be-  
hind running on empty &  
facing everything  
but  
Memories.

Cretan Maineiac

## **The Children Of Iraq**

Three thousand died  
monthly  
in the shadow of ornate

palaces commissioned by  
Nebuchadnezzar &  
U.N.I.C.E.F.

Before the U.S. 'invasion'

~Forgotten~

primarily by those who  
claim to  
Care the most.

Cretan Maineiac

## The Good Doctor

You look just like  
him, some say, that  
spartan frame oddly augmented by

lordosis gut, glasses, & those leaky  
kidneys. I  
had to move his obit to

the bottom drawer, or be  
reminded each  
time of that permanent absence, out

of the very Way he helped  
Pave.  
"The good doctor, " one teacher

called him  
once, pausing  
for laughs, getting

none. Two thousand babies delivered &  
over a hundred  
trees planted. Even strolling through the

woods had purpose: firewood for  
winter, KEEP OUT  
Signs to be erected against eminent

domain, trail bikes & snowmobiles ("They say  
they love the  
Ecology and then run their machines all over

It.") and a loaded.22 to protect the  
Garden from  
vermin all the while helping aged patients remember what year it was.

O Pateras, we called him (Anglicized: Daddy) , who by Chasing me kept me  
Moving  
toward the next

base \*we'll show those Mutts\* even if it meant running my team out of a  
big inning, &  
when I said I can't he said

"Well CAN! " & told me the only reason to  
Slide was  
to avoid being tagged.

"He's a good doctor, " said some, as  
if to  
convince me. "First, do no

Harm..." stood posted in his  
Office, next  
to the NO SMOKING sign (not

one mention of his role in  
Liberating the  
Patrida of Nazis) , the Caduceus, Christos kai

Panagia, the examining table (w/  
stirrups) and  
that fading Polaroid of

Mummy & all the  
children  
on the D.C. Capitol steps, no

awards for manning the  
ER, 'he saved  
my life, ' sd. many, charts

scattered & blowin' in the  
wind, names &  
addresses unknown to nominators of paper honors, until

That Day in 2001 when the state  
benched him,  
permanently, for bad eyesight. Later

that year those kidneys  
Liberated him  
from further obligation to family,

country, & the  
whole  
earthly realm.

The obit (i wrote) stated he was a war  
hero, defender  
of The faith & he still gets bills addressed to

him, & Invitations to  
events  
from the Archons, incidental reminders

of the man the church bulletin limned 'tall,  
elegant, dignified, ' richer in  
spirit than bankbook, always 25,

a byzantine intellect &  
dry, backyard garden  
wit.

"...just like him, " some say  
of me, &  
I can only wish.

Cretan Maineiac

## **The House The Bank Lent You**

Sign the papers, you can move in  
tomorrow (be  
sure to have an attorney present when closing) .  
Savor all that  
Space for all the  
stuff you could never afford, knowing- w/ a  
mortgage- anything is possible.

That backyard guarantees you'll  
never waste another sunny day. Entertainment  
center hides two walls, (do i hear four?) fills empty  
hours where a vacation  
might've been,  
and wait til the folks at work hear about it, every  
day, till the note is passed.

Then your life will be  
your own  
again, so long as  
the house-  
& you-  
remain standing.

Cretan Maineiac

## **The Pic You Sent**

Since then you've ground  
my sincerity like  
an old smoke under your heel, scoffed

my legwork aside like a  
used crutch and  
stared clear past Favor to

fault, kicked me from bottom  
rung to the  
floor, and cringed at my

britches even as i  
filled them out, all the  
while filling my

passenger side so snugly, window  
down, soft  
hand wafting in the

wind stream (as when we  
shared your  
lizard kiss) . I stood

what you're doing apart  
from what you  
call your doing & you, jealous of

all who ain't  
you, sucking in just to  
blow off, plopped my

Words like a loaded trash can on  
my chest, as I lay,  
waiting.

Still, when I look at  
the pic you sent I see  
Beauty in those eyes.

Cretan Maineiac

## **The Pixel League (Mogul99)**

Pixels run  
    Into  
Runs-Hits-Errors.

Three outs per inning,  
Nine innings per game,  
a chip in the puter

does the math. Established  
players give way to  
Rookies. Through the

Unwritten years and  
Unforeseen tears, the  
Digital What-ifs and Why-

Nots neatly unfold around  
the contracts and  
concessions, Technologically

expanded, too  
slow, already out-of-sync  
with The Show.

162 games a year  
best-of-seven World  
Series, plowing ahead

with no mind  
for details  
outside the box,

And by all appearances  
    its me  
playing the Pixels

with no rush to get anywhere.

Cretan Maineiac

## The Toilet Seat

The bubbles form like North and  
South America on  
a map in the flush's eddy. It's an easy

cover for what's really wrong, and what's really good, so tantalizingly close to  
perfect as to  
force a demand for as much, failing to look before

sitting bareassednaked &  
prompting another  
outburst you can

brag to your heretoday friends about,  
flushing us  
away like the natural resources of two continents.

Peace 'n' Love are such lovely buzz-  
words, &  
so fashionable, too, but

Conflict is Sexy, a fashion so  
fascist as  
to render resistance impotent, while

Resentment  
    tops 'em  
        all, even

after I spent all that  
money on  
your cigarettes and Midol.

Cretan Maineiac

## **The Void Hour**

Sixty minutes, like any other  
Hour  
throughout the year, we

all live & Breath, Love &  
hate, work &  
idle, eat sleep burp

fart shit & rot as on  
our best &  
worst day, unwinding from

the clock in that ancient  
order accepted in  
the first, second, &

third worlds, a tacitly absorbed  
imposition on  
circadian rhythms

~~simply passing~~

in hopes of saving an hour of  
daylight like a dime  
to no IRA, Christmas Club, piggy  
bank, nor the annals of time.

Cretan Maineiac

## **The Women Of Afghanistan**

Some of them remember Soviet  
strafing, an updated  
Blitzkrieg menace, followed by

Taliban 'liberation', from foxhole/tomato plant  
provisions, up to  
a flameless pit & burqa'd subjugation.

Up from the pit & into the  
kitchen, the street &  
schools, but conspicuously absent from

the nightly news, the  
View &  
Oprah's book club. More

savvy than a party  
planner, stronger  
than a gold medalist, stomping barefoot on

spiders, rats & epidemic  
malnutrition, still  
no match for

that burqa called studio censorship.

Cretan Maineiac

## Thirty Years Behind The Wheel

That fall morning after an  
Ali fight on  
Free TV, all was

crisp, raw, October  
gold & burnt  
red. Got a permission

slip to leave school early, returning only to  
offer my shocked  
friends a ride home. No one

there to instruct me into taking my  
lefts too sharp, step  
on it, or keep both hands on the

wheel. 'Looks like you finally learned how to  
drive, ' sd.  
the uniform, pen in hand, Secretary of

State Gartley's autograph  
making it  
all official, just

thirty years ago  
today, i think, pacing  
the curb in the

low sun & stiff  
breeze, waiting  
for a lift to work.

October 16,2007

Cretan Maineiac

## Thirty-Two Souls Plus One: Terror At Va. Tech.

April showers were unseasonably cold,  
that morning, the  
dripping blood of a forfeited soul with fixed motives.

Chronically late Buddinsky laureate had stepped  
in, elbowed-up to center stage- words louder than  
action- self-anointed arbiter deeming him

'unfit' for class, his  
Alienation  
unfashionable, not

-literate psycho shrilly blaming Daddy-Bastard, nor  
-Jezebel snapping hormonal on Angry Johnny, nor  
-'the thunder rolled' or 'earl hadda' die.' \*Ismail

Ax\*, wrong tattoo, a self-anointed martyr fighting all  
Liberty, not just  
that the Founders dubbed Creator-endowed, yellow

monkey out of sync w/  
n-word  
ethics, not

pissing on whitey from an ebony perch, not  
even eligible for the  
Writing Cure, due

soon enough to  
graduate to  
the out-side world, sealed in artistic irrelevance &

lined up along the altar of  
universal injustice  
somewhere between

global gas, sexual harassment & snoring, way out-  
side Prof. Nikki's  
tolerance threshold (her catalogue

celebrating many  
lives, saving  
none) .

Left a literary legacy, two-hundred shots no  
Boss will  
ever croon about, published by the Programmer (who

misread domestic  
violence into  
measured terrorism) - verse-

less rhyme, sense-  
less crime- w/

funding from the blood of Thirty-two Souls, plus one.

Cretan Maineiac

## **To Alibop the Okie**

Across two time Zones  
    You pecked letters at me  
    off plastic keys  
Pixeling turmoil, Hope, intimacy, Joy.  
    Simple  
    comely ephemera  
rified in poetic perpetuity.

Cretan Maineiac

## United We Stand/Divided We Fall

### I. The Fourth: United We Stand

The Androscoggin unfurled to the left of the dike-  
'fish-curing place' the Algonquians called it, (sez  
Britannica) - more calmly nearer the bridge.

Flailing canvas capped the bandstand/across the way  
A parched breeze creasing the river's surface.  
The Sun lurked, winding

down for the day, yielding like an emcee to the  
Main Event, sprinkling  
confetti upon a family of Loons.

A small girl makes clods of  
mulch, harassing  
big sister, demanding her horsey ride. One vet

limped by, 'Korea' his cap proudly hailed, stopped to  
chat with another, folding his  
director's chair for the bug-out, after

the consultation. Both girls were playing horsey by then,  
astride Daddy and the  
BK bag. 'Don't crawl,' Dad ordered. Two older girls

brought their own morning glories. The vets  
remained Calm, among  
small-town bodies-  
indoor tans &  
blanched 'goths-  
Lilliputians under Brobdingnagian rule

newly reacquainted with UV magic, winter  
coats waning slowly amid  
ice cream and fried dough,

Freedom celebrated in the smoke-free/chem-free air.

Shadows of past industry lined the Lewiston  
side, banners waving each branch of the  
military, the State, and the Fed.

\*you're a grand old flag/ you're a high-flying flag/and forever in peace/ may you  
wave\*

Showtime:

Exploding shells approximate shooting stars, an  
occasional tiny,  
harmless comet goes ^pop^. Colors  
cheers  
subliminal come-'n'-get-its,

bombs-bursting-in-air  
Glory &  
throbbing in the ear.

-'Look at that! ' said one (several times) .  
-'Cost twenty-thousand for this shit? ' asked another.  
-'Screw America' declared a recent refugee.

All the stuff we  
packed strewn  
along the unfurled blanket, &  
somebody's got to pee.

'No, no! Go! I'll stay here and guard our Stuff.'

And the  
~Flag~  
still There.

II. Winter: Divided We Fall

Old-man's hat ~aloft~  
blown along the parking lot.  
Strangers just pass by.

Cretan Maineiac

## **Vanity Plates: Intro**

Come to Vacationland & see  
custom plates proclaim ITZ MEE!

Cretan Maineiac

## **Waking Up**

We open our  
Eyes only  
because  
God  
is giving us  
One  
More  
Chance.

Cretan Maineiac

## **Water Lily I Met At Work**

No thorns, limbs sashay longly, cheetah  
walk toward  
no prey, footloose, her dark blond hair

streaming, no intrusion. (Beer) 'Could I've  
one? ' No  
harm. 'Lotsa' people hang

out here.' No blame. (Smoke)  
'Peace, ' she said,  
in Chrystal clear Downeast, an aroma defying words, &

a smile that lights a soggy  
joint. 'Peace, '  
she says, again,

long as she looks past the sniffing. '...&  
you tell me i've got  
old lady eyes? There's a pebble in my shoe..' (and those feet!) .

Turning twenty-nine today,  
loved me watch her walk away.

7/11/2007

Cretan Maineiac

## Where You Live

'I know where you live, ' he sd. as I trained the wood-cased  
barrel of my  
Winchester (never previously fired nor even loaded) on his

Heart, 'NO! ' she pled & bled from the icy  
sidewalk. The authorities had just  
cut him loose, two months after they'd seen fit to intervene as

prescribed by new regulations aimed @ Domestic  
prevention. 'I can  
come back here when you're not home, ' he sd., his car pouring burnt

fuel exhaust, blackening the snowbank astride the  
cul-de-sac, the  
sun flashing on it all like an old blue-dot bulb. 'No no

NO! ' his co-perp went on, pleas spewing from  
her like life's blood as the  
mother of my children cried from our doorway 'let the police handle it, let

the  
police...'

Domestic prevention & Where You Live  
both points one deems to ponder  
when zeroing in on Poverty's ills  
mulling over which Life to squander.

Cretan Maineiac

## Whose Opinion Is It, Anyway? (An observation)

Whose Opinion Is It, Anyway?

It happens all the time. Something funny happens at work. You try to relate to your co-worker how the incident brings to mind a similar happenstance on 'The Simpsons', but before you can even get started, you are silenced by the proclamation, 'I hate The Simpsons.' □

Or, talking Red Sox with a fellow fan, wondering over the daunting task of challenging the mighty Yankees for Eastern Division supremacy in the absence of key players, a bystander chimes in, 'the Red Sox suck,' as if the discussion couldn't survive without such an epigrammatic resuscitation, even though odds are better that Pedro's back in the rotation tomorrow than that the nay-sayer can name the division the Sox play in, let alone three players on the team, or the fact that the franchise has produced maybe three losing seasons since 1968. □

It is said that everyone is entitled to their opinion. It has also been said that opinions- for all their presumed sanctity- are similar to a certain body part, that everyone's got one and they all stink. In either case, one is led to question the necessity of imposing personal views at every opportunity. From Ronald Reagan's biographer lamenting his inability to 'know the man', to a Charlotte Observer piece demanding to know what Tiger Woods thinks, personal opinions have superseded personal accomplishments as the true measure of a person's capabilities.

Back in 1988, a political analyst observed how 'unfortunate' it was that presidential candidate Michael Dukakis- upon being asked to name a personal hero- made a vague reference to 'our olympic athletes' rather than get into specifics. It was- in that reporter's opinion- a squandered opportunity to give the public a 'glimpse into the real man.' Sure, nobody wants to be labeled an opinionless sheep or lemming, but when was it decided that the ability to prattle on about one's personal feelings qualifies a man or woman to be a better leader? Or, for that matter, a better athlete? Or a better parent? A better ANYTHING? It's as if reality has devolved into an epic production of 'At the Movies', and we're all brothers and sisters in Siskel and Ebert, offering up our views, commentaries and suggestions- preferably unsolicited- as if they were the divine judgement of Solomon. □

The real irony (in case you think there's a shortage of THAT) is that in this age of 'Question Assumptions' bumper stickers and 'IH8NSNC' license plates, this obtrusion obsession comes at a time when fewer opinions can be laid claim to as 'mine'. 'Christmas has become too commercialized' (now that's an original- not to mention timely- concept) , 'politicians are all corrupt' (usually used to explain away apathy or as an excuse for the misstep of a personal favorite) , and the ever popular, 'if critics know so much, why aren't they doing it better' (almost always said by someone who has never

written a review himself) . Every Republican thinks that welfare is bankrupting the country. Every Democrat thinks it's the defense budget. 'Good' music- in almost every case- is the music which the opiner happened to be in to when he first became obsessed with sex, and- on that note- how many people do you know who aren't the world's greatest and, at the same time, most insatiable lovers? □

During an address at Harvard in 1978, Alexander Solzhenitsyn- a Russian writer who was exiled to the U.S. via the Gulag Archipelago in the early 70s after years of oppression for expressing his views in opinion-unfriendly, pre-Glasnost Soviet Russia- commented upon the common trend of 'preferences' within the Western media, saying, 'It is a fashion; There are generally accepted patterns of

judgment and there may be common corporate interests, the sum effect being not competition but unification.'□

So while everything from looks to music to soft drinks to politics to standards of personal conduct is rated according to a pre-existing standard, one agreed upon in advance and way beyond the comprehension of our feeble minds, lets throw a few more truisms into the mix- in the spirit of freedom of expression- as we stumble into the decade of the '00s□

The Stones were better than the Beatles.□

The Kinks were better than both of them.□

John Hiatt is a better songwriter than Bob Dylan.□

Public Service Announcements are a bigger insult to your intelligence than TV commercials.□

Hollywood movies are a bigger insult to your intelligence than TV commercials.□

Nick Hornby is a better writer than Stephen King.□

Tobacco is NOT more addictive than heroin. It's not even as addictive as ice cream.□

The Rock wipes his a\$\$ w/ what you think.

And since we really don't know from whence these 'facts' issue forth, we can just assume they're from one wiser than Cleo and we therefore lack the capacity to question them.□

So while opinions are, literally, like assholes, assholes- figuratively- resemble opinions: they impose themselves shamelessly upon any situation. This is not to say that I wouldn't defend to the death your right to freely express what you honestly believe about something- or have been brought up or indoctrinated into believing- but please, let me tell you what happened on The Simpsons...

Cretan Maineiac

## You'll See

The pine tree rained needles  
and ants  
upon the Somali and me,

misfits among everyman and  
anyman, like fundamentalists  
stuffing ones at the titty bar, isolated by

tobacco smoke, 50 feet from the building, 'for your  
own good,  
young man, ' said the uniform.

'What you are? ' I think Omar asked, 'you  
don't know  
where your people come from? '

The break area hummed, an inexorable, patient, steady  
wind, subtle  
as a whack on the sole ('doesn't leave marks')

on a cold desert night, in the mountains, in a land before  
Time,  
People, In Touch, even National Geographic.

Non-smoking seasonals  
Claimed the  
picnic table, though most of the other

wellness types stayed inside with the  
Merchandise,  
guarding the dust and radon, cardboard cases echoing free trade from

Vietnam, Mauritania, beyond. 'The young girl, she is good, '  
he said.

\*Because she believes whatever you tell her? \*

'Yes! '

A titter rose up among the 'ins':  
lifers, and  
one exceptional seasonal ('works

two jobs and goes, to  
college'),  
snug in their alcove,

Where differences melt away like  
so many  
outdated superstitions in a classless society, un-

willing to share as the natives did  
before the

Pilgrims proceeded to take over the whole kitchen.

'The Christians, you  
place Mary  
ahead of God; you put Jesus

above Allah.'

Cumulus clouds aloft a waxing crescent bespoke  
September along the  
far horizon, remote but inevitable, threatening the

August sun w/ auguries of the stark shut-in cold of endless  
February looming on  
the other side of Christmas's pillar of

Eternal mirth and  
bulwark for  
hope.

'I'm gonna' ask him if he's waiting for  
Allah to  
move that box, ' any-

man said. \*No! You think Jesus  
freaks are  
whacked...\* Omar's friends

pulled up in  
a van,  
well BEYOND THIS POINT, a

threshold fattened by color-blind  
indifference,  
festooned with Ignorance and

enforced by wishful thinking. 'When Clinton is in,  
everything  
is good. Now Bush in, bad.'

\*AK-47  
Murder  
on Minot Avenue slows a Rush Hour throng\*

'...our correspondent is in the Field...'

And the titter rolled, like the  
Fire  
on the Library @ Alexandria

(a threat now  
obsolete:

ty cyberworld, where

Internet Hot Links

Offer every love that  
dareth not  
in [reasonably] polite society-

-all you need is Pay Pal  
MC/Visa  
or Matricula, and a

Modem) . 'I switch to second shift, for  
my  
children.' More laughter, unrelated but

catching his  
ear like a  
pish-noot.

'A man does not laugh like that, ' he said, eyes  
thousand-years-dagger-dark,  
peaceful as submission, Tolerant as dhimmitude.

'You'll see, ' he said, resenting my  
(laugh out loud)  
gut reaction.

The ins stood- as if united in dar-al-harb  
defiance of  
eye-for-an-eye sediment

sans Messianic filter- signaling break-  
time was  
up,

united (untied?)  
in laughter,  
[...echoing~~]

\*...teenage girls found murdered in the  
Back Seat of  
their father's taxi...\*

'...our correspondent is in the field...'

Wave after wave, like Programmed  
ululations  
on vinyl, way BEYOND THIS POINT

at a speed yet to be defined, even in Arabic numbers,  
&

played backwards.

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Cretan Maineiac