

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

.Thirty-two Souls Plus One (Repost)

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

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

'unfit' for class- passive lynching- 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 deemed 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) .

Cho's literary legacy, that frightful pop & thick odor of unfriendly-
fire, cluttering
the wishful repose of a gun-free zone,

published by the Programmer (who misread domestic
violence into
measured terrorism) - verse-

less rhyme, sense-
less crime- funded
by the blood of Thirty-two Souls, plus one.

Cretan Maineiac

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 profiteers to wellness mullahs, 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 Maineiac

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

Crickets & Owls & Bats & Moths: Overnight Shift Tanka

The night is so rife
w/ the sounds of life when the
paper hits the stoop
i wait for it to grow legs
& dance to the melody.

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

the very presence of such pills
behooves adherence to such ills

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

as holding fast the victim role
enforces pleas to salt the dole.

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

For Once, Then Nothing: The 90s Were A Remake Of A 70s TV Show Nobody Remembers Watching

George and Gordon (not
Lord Byron) went
dashing thru the snow from

a Hot[e]l in Baltimore, faithful
neither to
the plot nor historical

Record, Presidential
debates fueled &
fanned Nostalgia but failed to resurrect

JFK (Reagan came closest) , Liberties taken w/ the
Facts, sixty-minute-
man turned who-'da'-man turned where

have all the cowboys gone? Paranoid
President who
Warned of terror-turned-

compassionate Prez- fidelitically challenged- who gifted but
never read
his Whitman, Free

Speech cast as primitive in
Mandarin sub-
titles, Reality to 'too much information' &

trim in the Oval Office, the orgy
raged on- for some- in the
TV lounge and every alphabet channel, as

Arafat stood on the
tarmac,
waiting,

.

In the 70s

-Helen Reddy deified herself @ the Grammys;

In the 90s

-Dishwalla ('... 'cause I'd really like to meet Her...') was deemed "profound" by the
Programmer.

In the 70s

-Uriah Heep sang of Easy Living; in the

90s

-chest-thumping hip-hop & grrrl blather extended That Me Decade into
"and I" decay.

In the 70s

-my 6th grade teacher parroted, "behind every good man is a great woman
(tho never explained her 1st husband): "

In the 90s

-my supervisor thanked me for stepping between herself and a disgruntled consumer.

From streaking to no-
peeking, Reality, locked in the
Back & only transcripts allowed up

Front, nineteen Arabs
Parading thru the
Yard & there went the

Neighborhood, thru the un-
Locked house &
Tolerance redirected Prejudice into

the Lockbox, TMI fitting
everything but
the lavender-fingered dusk &

'w/ this (cinnamon) ring I thee wed, ' & the Messianic
Filter cast in
clay & dunked (but not drowned) in

urine, blurred,
Blottered
out, one Truth, for

all, for
once, then
Nothing.

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

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

The smart lawyer won- so
say we- 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 & ABC's
McFadden...'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
swirling siren song of libertine distractions.

*- Oxi! (No!) 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 heads laughed, & called it bullshit
reassuming their role in the plot.

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 unfinished decks &
'I'll get
back to you' &
kids to pick up @ day
care & add a
new room for

Plans, but none
for
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 Mendacity Of Hype

Emerging from Daley's shadow, Cook
county, generously
sponsored by green gas-

bags & misery's boldest broker, he
can, thru
comely pauses &

flowery syllables, swooning
rhythms, comfortable
cadence & that mellifluous gargle- yes

he can- w/ the policy experience to
cleanse our
crusty pallet of rotting apples, bitter

yams, the unpleasant after-
taste of
History, co-opt hope & subsidize that

dose of Soma prescribed to
liberate
all Yanks of

that onerous yoke
of
Truth.

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 selfish 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- passive lynching- 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 deemed 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- the

sickening pop & thick odor of unfriendly-
fire, cluttering
the wishful repose of a gun-free zone, 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

To Tara Who Goes By TMCh

Known affectionately as T
formerly w/ Mr. Ez

from that Lovely Hilly place
mixing honesty w/ grace

Never Born but breathing sure
words of wit-dom & much more

tho her natural habitat-
not a shoe shop (she said that) -

might evolve from night to day
her comments prompt me so to say

(tho it's painfully corny) ,
'Tara McHale's my cup of Tea.'

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

Vans Warped Tour, Mansfield, Mass., August 9, 2007

Unite

Revolutionary War reenactments and suburban
Angst were
suspended for the day, amid make-love-not-

War sentiment and BuyMe kiosks urging
Licensed
Individuality & ImagineAllThePeople one-

ness. "This is the best weather we've had all
tour; " parents grinning
connecting at the eight-dollar-beer spigots &

four-dollar-bottled-water (no cap) & benches for sore
feet, not as
disturbed by spin-cycle mosh pits as the kids had

hoped. "Does anyone
love
you? " inquired a TrampledUnderfoot pamphlet.

"Anyone from one of those other New
England
States? New Hampshire? Vermont? " Maine? ? ?

Express

The Way To Life Made Plain was handed
Out: "you're in
The wrong place, buddy" money-

Changer armies marching for
Peace &
Someone pushing candidate Clinton thru a Bull-
horn.

React

(Preshow screening)
"Please separate into two
Lines: the men
here, the women, here" (frisking for bottles/drugs/food)

TXT: Where r u?

REPLY: Stage 13 next to the Ernie Ball tent.

Surrender

Under Oath climaxed the
Show, screaming &
Grinding His praises in echoes up to the

Summer constellations, Unite
Express React
Surrender still hanging from the pillars supporting the

Tweeter Center, uniforms &
Flashlights
releasing us all to the American Highway.

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! '

(an angel danced upon my knee...)

>I shop @ Wal-Mart<
>You call me infidel<
>ogle my sister &<
>burn my car &<
>we'll settle-up in Hell<

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 (no El Cid) 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 (nary an El Cid among 'em) 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.

Cretan Maineiac