

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

'It is difficult/to get the news from poems/yet men die miserably every day/for lack/of what is found there.'
-William Carlos Williams; Asphodel, That Greeny Flower

'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

..Ohi 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.

'Ohi! '
answered Metaxas, echoing thru the Pindus

mountains and into
Albania, 'Ohi! ' 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.

*- Ohi! (No!) Day is the commemoration of the Greek resistance to Italian invasion
on October 28,1940.

Cretan Mainiac

.32 Souls Plus One (repost)

April showers fell unseasonably cold @ VaTech,
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

-Sylvia shrilly blaming *pater-nothus*, nor
-Jezebel snapping hormonal on Angry Johnny, nor
-'the thunder rolled' or 'earl hadda' die' or wispy Nova

Scotia Sarah kissing
the breath
out of all of us, *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

pooping a midden on Whitey from an
ebony tower, 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 amid

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
doctrinaire terrorism) - verse-
less rhyme, sense-
less crime- funded
by the blood of Thirty-two Souls, plus one.
Cretan Maineiac

.Chicken Hawks And Ostrich Doves

'Bring 'em home alive, and now, '
coos liberal table pounder.
'Put the welfare slobs to work, '
fat catbird caws 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-libertine
begs further interpretation.

Lorenz found that, tho doves might coo,
they'll bite off a partner's head.
A hawk is a ruthless scavenger
that picks at the weak and the dead.

Ostriches don't really burrow from fear
but still won't see what's around.
Some chickens gaze up @ the rain so long
swallowing precip until they drown.

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

Cretan Maineiac

.Christoffa Corombo

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 to seek out
Mare Tranquilitatis via
hot-air balloon, armed only w/ a sextant.

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

Native brothers & sisters (*in Dio* = 'in God')
insisted on walking about
naked, as tho Adam & Eve sported khakis.

Cretan Maineiac

.If I Ever Could

For TG

If i could lend you my legs for a day, would you

- pour your own juice, &
- wash your own bedding, &
- flush your own Peg Tube?

Could i

- sit in yr chair, &
- crab @ the Staff, &
- tickle my manhood to boobs on TV?

Would you go find a real
pair, to love, honor &
Obey, then laugh your belly laugh for the

Joy you'd rediscovered?

Or would you
find your old

Truck & finish the
Job you started back then, after you found yr
Son's mother in bed w/ yr "friend, " veer off that

Lonely bridge on
Rt.26, meet that
Maker who sent you- having found the eternal buzz- back,

- in a cloud
- no short term memory, &
- Terminal munchies, but also

- half a lung, no
- driving privileges, &
- two useless legs, strike a

deal allowing you to sit out eternity in
cuckold heaven, sharing a bed w/
the Little Androscoggin?

Whatever you might choose, i would still lend you my legs, if
only for a day, if
i ever could.

Cretan Maineiac

.Night of the Iguana: 'They Made It Rain On Stage'

"De-frocked! " the young actress corrected the
erstwhile preacher-man, in
character, & the

Whole campus—including the
President—giggled as if on
cue. "De-FROCKED! " she said, again & a-

gain, & we laughed, w/out a
c[!?]ue. Then came the thunder &
That rain, wet splatter on the

wooden stage, equipped as it was w/
proper drainage by the
Techies, in Hephaestus's name, not a slab warped.

They made it rain on
Stage—spouting forth *au naturel* from Tennessee's
words, the preacher-man cleansing in it- & we
stood—even the President- w/out a

cue, feting the deception.

Cretan Maineiac

.O Pateras, The Good Doctor

for my father

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
White Pines 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 back-
yard veggies from
vermin all the while helping aged patients remember what

year it was during
Wednesday office hours &
Sunday morning rounds before church.

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, & that

Golden rods meant
School was
About to start.

"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. Come

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

country, & the
whole
earthly realm, golden rods batter-fried in the A.M. dew, along the

Way, where vegetables once thrived. The obit (we wrote) confirmed he was a war
hero, defender of The Faith, good doctor. That evening brought

weird stars outside the
sound mind, not
visible aloft the trees in the

Eastern twilight sky, reported as
News amid
coupons by our Sunjournal. 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, the

blue & white Villa @ the end of that long driveway on
Hogan Road – that
left him in the red— surrounded by those white pines, whose

needle bunches stand like
middle fingers
saluting the three-car garage, the church on

the front seven reflecting the
stubborn pride that
both afflicts & blesses over-achievers, a

byzantine intellect &
dry, backyard garden
wit.

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

Cretan Maineiac

.Our Ladies of the Chamber

"I'm a survivor, " sez the
Blond from
AWAP, each time she tells her Ex-Wife's

Tale besmirching miscegenation worse than
generations of
KKK propaganda, drowning unwanted children in self-serving tears, &

advocating:

- a definition of family based on lobby dollars, &
- opening private books to the public while
- closing public books to all.

"I'm looking out for The
Little Guy, " claims
non-trad Margaret, securing a

Raise for lawmakers as
your street cracks &
crumbles, smoldering, refitting suits in the

Crazy biz as clients
scrape together
empties toward tobacco jizya.

"I'm here to finish business, " Ms.
Deb crowed, &
Voted away charter schools, looking into

Taxing DeLorme & Rand McNally for
each crag mapped
along Maine's salty jagged coast. "Me,

too! " chirps craven Margaret, alternatively
pimping Peter to
diversely pay for Paul, taking hellish human sacrifice under

advisement—yessah—for gold-plating the State House & endowing
Concannon's
retirement. Vote early, vote often, trade your job so they can keep theirs, & hail

them, hear them, tho listening be a chore,
our ladies of the chamber, hear ye, hear them whore.

Cretan Maineiac

.Poems That Don't Rhyme

Pick a noun: a Person,
Place, Thing, or
Idea, infuse it w/

Life like it's never been infused
before (make allowances for
the reader's Theater of the

Mind) , & bring it
home, just bring it
Home, alive.

Cretan Maineiac

.The Big Vagabond

Draw me another, holy spigot jockey, and another,
More,
Adorn the space in

my twelve-ounce mug.
Splash a blessed solution on
my Sunday AM head, soothe the ebbing tributaries of my

my tattered
Soul, pump that
Sense-bound (not really heart-shaped)

Cheaply-clad source. I have no new suit of
clothes to boast, nor sins to boast, content to find
Sportscenter behind the bar and central heat—ahh- central heating,
flushing toilet, & a full mug.

At church they- incensed- coldly damn my
Life, pray for death, for ever &
Ever. Amen.

Cretan Maineiac

.The Illness Industry

'I got to the Doctor's office, ' Scarlett said,
'and
THE FREAKIN' PLACE WAS CLOSED FOR THE NEXT FIVE DAYS! ! '

Green couches match the fragrant plants,
fresh carpeting & Prevention magazines whisper
'professional', check boxes while-you-wait,

try & remember every mom & dad malady, sibling
symptoms, & how many cups of coffee & donuts &
French fries...

*One great excellency in this Tribe, * Gulliver
opined, *is Their
skill in prognostics, whereby They seldom fail... *

'So I went flying to the
pharmacy to cry and beg for some
pills, 'cause one of them I am completely out of! "

*...Their predictions in real diseases when
they rise to any degree of
malignity generally portending death...*

"Turns out, they had finally gotten around to
calling it
in. That, of course, is

after I have had two (not one but
TWO) blood pressure episodes today
alone...'

*...which is always in Their
power when
recovery is not...*

'...one when I called the
Pharmacy this morning and found them
NOT called in and

one when I found the
Doc's office
shut down! ! ! ! ! "

*...and therefore, upon any unexpected signs of
amendment ...after They have
pronounced Their sentence...*

'I am finally breathing a bit
easier, but it was
touch and go there for a while, "

*...rather than
be accused as
false prophets...*

"...whether I would
die from a
stroke or a TEMPER FIT! ' (Treat, L.,2008)

*...they know how to approve Their
sagacity to the
world by a seasonable dose* (Swift, J.,1726) .

Pick a vice (any vice) :
Pick a pain (any pain) :
your personal information remains

confidential &
please present your insurance documents
when services are rendered, &

frankly, Scarlett, i don't [believe They] give a
damn! ! ! (Mitchell, M.,1939)
...so long as your Bill gets paid.

Cretan Maineiac

.The Mendacity Of Hype

Blowing in from under Daley's shadow, Cook
county, liberally
sponsored by green gas-

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

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

because you have an individual right doesn't mean the
state or federal
Government cannot constrain that right'- yes

he can- having secured a mortgage from
Rezco as unsung Chicagoland seniors sweltered &
rotted from neglect in

summer haze- yes he
can- w/ the
policy experience & Chicago wind to

cleanse our crusty pallet of rotting apples, bitter
yams, the unpleasant after-
taste of History, engulf Mr. Lincoln's words &

Mr. DuSable's legacy under
Daley's expanding
pall, leave only

change in our pockets, co-
opt hope &
subsidize that

dose of Soma prescribed to
liberate
all Yanks of

that onerous yoke
of
sovereignty.

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

.Waking Up

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

Cretan Maineiac

1821 Hellenic Blues

In Crete and in Mani
No cannon ever finds me...
-popular Greek song

Some call the blues uniquely
American, from the
Muggy Mississippi delta to the

Daunting nighttime streets of
Chicago, repetitive,
Progressive, peaking

& releasing & rife w/
heartfelt woe, at
Once springing from and revealing the Soul.

But the craggy peaks of Hellas cried a
similar strain, when
Ottoman occupants seized the

Cities, songs of loss,
Lament &
Anguish, as old as sin & fresh &

teary as the original composer, &
equally ephemeral, a
song enduring tho neither

Classical nor recorded, of proud people herded to the
mountains like so many
Sheep, never losing sight of

Their shepherd- w/out
Want-
Hopeless but for an indefatigable

Hope, based in
Faith...
Byron and Shelley found no Achilles reaming a musket nor
Alexander severing the Gordian knot, only
hungry, huddled masses waiting a fruitless wait on

great Catherine the blond for liberation, driven to
Fratricides between gasps on
Psiloritis, precursors to the mass exodus to

Chicago not to hear the
Wail, but to
celebrate escape from it, by-

passing the Crossroads &
that bloody john hancock,

singers giving way to
Modern programs, glad to be rid of
Ethnic burdens w/ no time left for tears.

Athlete (from Greek) : to struggle against the self

"Yet, behold now thy sons
With impetuous breath
Go forth to the fight
Seeking Freedom -
eleftheria -
or Death..." &

Tho I never tramped the mountain trails on Ossa or Psiloritis, never saw Minoa, neither
strode the Mani seaside, nor do i own a Cretan dagger, the spirit of '21 runs coruscant
thru me as I amble the sooty, greasy Lisbon St. or sweat the muddy, muggy trails of
Thorncrag's secular spiral, or
Scrape Jack Frost from my
windshield, like the

blood run thru the Heroes of '21 as i
celebrate their sacrifice &
choose to get over the

wail rather than curse that bygone yoke of
dhimmitude, hailing- not
quite

unique but quite
American- ever
hailing Freedom.

Cretan Maineiac

1985: Money Poems I & II

I.

This is my last bill.

Last time I have to

Worry

About being asked for money.

Spent, I think I'll go try to remember what

I did before I knew what

An allowance was.

II.

In your exchange we're

All equal, survivors that-

Even with nothing- must

Be accounted for. It's a

Right,

Freedom's bloodiest gift.

Cretan Maineiac

1985: Barstool Prayer

Draw another, holy spigot jockey, and another
Then some more
Color the space
In my twelve-ounce mug

Splash a blessed solution on my tattered
Soul and thru the
Myriad tributaries of my
Sense-bound being, to my source (not really heart-shaped)

Cheaply clad for all.
At church they damn my
Life, pray for death,
Forever. Amen.

Cretan Maineiac

1986: A Bad Fit: Anti-Sonnet in ¾ Time

Even tho you
Don't like seeing
Me here, i

Come just the
Same, for how
Else to view

Your queenly
Garment, which I-
Well- tossed aside.

You know, real pretty,
Just a bad fit.

Cretan Maineiac

1986: Movin' On

Where to now, slave of
Liberty, who's gonna' ask
You in from

This one? Walk on, it's
Only human, you've been
Thru that, accepted it,

Right? Sorta' like that vacuum
That swells between your
Skull & head after

A one-night stand with everything.

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) & 'you
don't have to pay a plumber every time you flush your toilet! '
- cover blown-
faces squinch in
autumn sun, thought stirs,

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

gypping us all of our 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. Who's

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- 'there

oughta' be a
Law' & 'since
when? -'

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

Are You Globensky?

'Are you Globensky? ' asked the seasoned
man i met
by his wife's side @ Thorncrag, sure he had met that

fabled goon from the old Maine
Nordiques, who
intimidated the mighty Beauce

Jarrows on the Colisee ice under
'70s curls as i
pursued puberty, more lately a

Firefighter who
discovered the
Devil Baby smoldering in a

dysfunctional kitchen as i was
riding Dude of
Life's skinny coattails, &

youth mentoring while i
scribbled toward
literary clarity & aplomb- from

Purchase to Portland- fetching
legal briefs for suits &
blood samples for lab coats to pay the rent before

seeking to return
Common Sense to
Maine USA's political scene, as

his famous fight made the
WHA highlight
reel, immortalizing him on the

net, while i settled into the crazy
biz &
found my heart's desire in my backyard amongst

pileated woodpeckers & dog walkers &
color coded trails @
Thorncrag. 'You're not Globensky? ' he

asked, &
i said, 'no,
i'm Stavros's brother.'

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, congregants labeled pariahs by
panacea fanatics, air
rage, hypochondria, slave labor smoke

screen Arabs usurping 14th amendment reparations &
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

Ask A Simple Question

for Samantha Smith (1972 - 1985)

She raised the question to the
sky, simply asking Why
such a cold absence of comity between the Bear and the

Eagle? Andropov assured her he wanted
Peace as he
ordered strafing on Afghan villagers &

spread the bloodred tide of
Kremlin goodwill. She
was just a pawn in that

global chess match (Daniloff) , propping up a
failed economic philosophy &
glory-gilt munitions &, well... another

chance to make the
Gipper look bad, tho she'd simply asked
Why? &

took it (by invitation) to Moscow, Tokyo, Hollywood &
London under the
shadow of Halley's comet, 'till

Flight 1808 took Hope's boldest emissary on
that ride we're all due a
turn on, into the

wet oaks & pines & golden
rods just short of
Runway 4, 'Lewie (44N/70W)

(i felt it from
the Villa)
' ~ashes-to-

ashes~ all further questions & '...her smile, her
idealism and unaffected sweetness of
spirit' (Reagan) down in

flames, leaving only the
Answer to that
question aloft.

Cretan Maineiac

Barometric Pressure

Twin brass helm wheels, (like Gilligan's) , gilded, not for
steering, Airguide
imprinted in elegant cursive, the thermometer part long inactive.

"It doesn't work, " big brother said, "it's indoors."

Relative Humidity and Barometric Pressure tracked while
seeping thru the screen to the
Sill, the daily variation between black and lazy red finger suggesting- @

least as presciently as Bob O'Wright or Willard Scott- "Nor'easters" &
"thunder boomers" &
those suffocating summer days when

fans and flies hum, dipping in
warning, rising in
relief, spiraling thru

New Year's & Easter, 4th of July to X-mas, back again, ever-
winding, brass (w/ a hint of
rust) auguries tacitly measuring—thru

hopeful, hectic puberty on into harried,
hopeful middle-
age- the pressure that singles each day.

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 e-
nough, if it can be made bet-
ter, ' 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

Dave Cash, 2B

Most at bats season
fielded second, compliment-
ed Bowa nicely.

Shane Victorino, RF

A gun (they call it)
in the field. Makes things happen, too,
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

Construction Constriction

FLAGGER AHEAD stopped up the
Train of
Oncoming Traffic w/ a simple

STOP sign, speared into the gravelly ground in a
manner reminiscent of
Admiral Peary or Neill Armstrong, Flagger's regimental

colors allowing dumptruck and
backhoe their
play, prisonorange barrels &

cones marking the campaign trail ('there's
two seasons in
Maine: wintah and construction') of infrastructural repair &

FINES DOUBLED a firm counterpoint to
scheduling conflicts ('what
took you so long? ') .

*Do i see what i see?
Is Flagger's left hand directed toward my lane?
Daring to assume the authority formerly reserved for the Sign? ? ? *

Dumptruck & backhoe snorted as i
stomped the
brakes, my RUSH-stamped

package & Ramtough
Intimidator on my
rear bumper alike forced to

~~~wait...

\*Whatdafuckyouneedbothlanesfor? ! ? ! \*

Armstrong-Peary Flagger glared like the  
RushHour sun @  
Intimidator, but

\*Howdafuckwesupposedtoknowwegottastopwhenyougotthe  
-SIGN-  
facingtheotherway? \*

>>>I gotta' be to  
-work ('...oversleep? ')  
-home ('Where were you? ')  
-school (at 4 PM?)  
-'the Children! ! ! '<<<

Exasperated & dripping in prisonorange-  
vested sweat drowning

black flies down his neck, Flagger turns the Sign so that

STOP commands the  
Intimidator &  
me as it did the stopped-up

Train of oncoming traffic, which  
took this slue from STOP to  
SLOW as a cue to proceed...

and the dumptruck & backhoe snorted  
~~~~waiting~~~~

Construction constriction less reason than rhyme
Part of the fun of the some-sum-summer time.

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

Discounter Culture

Thanks, Sam, the sacks of rice will keep 'till
doomsday, jeans
assembled almost cheaply enough for the

assembler to fit in & don't forget Coors Light
wishes (don't spare the ice) &
Velveeta dreams enough to feed the

County we're having over for the Block
Party next
NASCAR weekend, startin'

Friday after work w/ lawnmower races around
back, 'till Summer Slam, a buncha'
bunches o' bananas & peanut butter ('case Elvis shows) in a

vat we can empty and use as a swimming
pool later &
yessah', plenty o' pork rinds. We'll

leave the solar-powered patio lights on for ya'.

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 coworker double-checked his Concert
Kit- a snap-open plastic
box small enough to fit in those

bony fingers dangling from a
braced wrist- as i
pulled up to the sooty

bus stop. He was 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? '

'I can't believe it's broad daylight and people have their lights on.'

when the sun's low in the sky it's hard to see what's coming-

'I never noticed...'

*Did you notice them? *

'See that antenna out there? I can ride my bike all the way there and back without a
glass of water.'

'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

Feelings of a Yankee on the Fall of Mitterand, October 2005

Inspired by Shelley

I was indifferent to
you, benevolent
statist, appeaser of thugs, whose

pinch-faced outrage-ala-mode rains Molotovs on cops clad black as scorched earth,
Peugeots, Citroens, Opals, burning in high-
toned pan of Ingres's Odalisque, from the shadows to

the lighted courtyard, Pei's pyramid & the Renaissance sacrificed from
history for foreign
endowments financing foot-washers for the

trees along the Champs-Elysees in sight of
Fitzgerald and Papa Hemingway,
ghosts brooding in ex-pats' haunts, Teddy's "mollycoddle"

charge echoing thru the
yellow night, &
@ home and the non-trad college, not a word...

Marshall green and Greenpeace
green consumed by
Petrol green & Echoes of

Shelley's faith of '89 befouled by
Bonaparte & UN schemes, sans
Lafayette to stand and fight the flames, & Flanders Field drowned in

'68 hate damning Liberty, Fraternity just
another political come-
on, Equality but Socialist envy the foulest Green of time,

pinch-faced outrage-ala-mode rains Molotovs, &
@ home & the non-trad college, not a word.

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 thanked God @ the Grammys, '...'cause She makes all things possible;
in the 90s

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

For Tara On Her Birthday

(to the tune of 'O Danny Boy')

Tara McHale, i love the words you wrote me
you're never stale, your eyes smile 'cross the sea
tho' i stand tall, a happy lowly Yankee
i cannot help but dream of being Mr. T.

The winter's gone, the buds they're all a bloomin'
'tis you 'tis you, whose comments stoke my pride
& whilst i'm drunk, or stoned or even shroomin'
i'd envy any man could claim you for a bride.

Tho never soft, i hear your sweet voice warming
to every heart whose ears might linger near
while 'round your laughter all good souls are swarming
your thoughtful verses merit more than just a sigh.

But if you come, to comment on my word play
from that green, and hilly place called home
there will be joy where'e'r i sit for reading
Tara McHale Tara McHale i love you so (repeat)

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, fidelitically challenged 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, and

with Family Jewels
begat
'my junk, ' &

Reality Sandwiches off the Naked
Lunch menu, per
order of the State board of health.

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, Just
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

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 of
one who equates success w/
the physical altitude of one's

office- 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 drink '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, a

Tuesday black as those that saw

Constantinople fall. They're
here, Cavafy, the Barbarians invited the

Phillistines over, and they paid cash- no
luggage- &kicked us right in our
cinnamon crack, cut down our twin-

Towers of Babel w/ all the
self-anointed authority to
reduce the infidel rabble to

squabble and babble over
Responsibility for the
caved-in rubble of Western Civ.

'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

Mrs.Frome AKA Zeena: Warrior Hypochondriac

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

Cretan Maineiac

My Unethical Rant

(for my coworkers and anyone else who might get it)

Yes i remember from the last time you told me &
Yes yr housemate is "numb" that's why he's here he needs to be he's not just a
feckless system player like you whose mother'd rather spend yr inheritance keeping
you in the facility than put up w/ yr screaming-Beta redneck rants &

Yes i caught you cheating @ cribbage but didn't say anything because i have a life
outside of here & my self-esteem doesn't ride on winning a card game &
Yes i know you're "just joking around" & God forbid you turn up as the object of
ridicule &

Yes, i know, you're sorry, & you won't do it any more...

Yes I "see that" don't need guys like you who make it harder for the rest of us jabbing
me in the ribs each time she shifts in her seat trust me she's not gonna' squirm for you
or me &

You're the only one who cares which set of dice you rolled last just GET THIS GAME
OVER WITH &

Yes i know you can tell the Program Manager you can tell him whatever you want like
when you told him i was stealing yr coffee (which I wasn't) &

Yes of course "that's stupid" everything is we're laying out tax dollars for yr meals and
Staff to make sure you don't hurt yrself doing something any 9-yr-old would know
better than to do &

Yes i see you're forcing yrself to stay awake & urinating in the yard even tho there are
three toilets in the facility but you don't care `cause—as you've mentioned—you can't
smell (tho still say 'pig' when someone farts & don't hold yr own) &

No i don't wanna' smoke &

It's none of yr business who dropped me off &
threaten "I'll lay you out" one more time & i'll
Break yr nosy face &
Kick yr dumpy bottom all the way back to Riverview &

You'll have more to tattle to the PM about and,

yes, i know you're sorry, & You won't do it any more...

that handshake squeeze because you're numb to any pain there &
i work more hours in one shift than you do in a whole month &
i can see how old those van drivers are &
Know you're jealous of it `cause you'll never get to be old no matter how many times
you fire that inhaler like a Luger w/ a silencer into your lungs &
Also `cause i pop your pills and none for me &
No i don't have any kids like i didn't the last time you asked.

And no, i don't need to shave my beard's warmth in winter & cool in summer & not just

a vanity thing &

Yes i would work as a flagger if i needed a job and that's all there was 'cause i'm not a crowned-prince, state-sponsored blueblood &

Yes i know you wouldn't drive a snow plow but not because you'd "take out that mail box" but because the snow would melt like the sugar you demand in your coffee by the time you got out of bed &

Yes i liked that George Strait song the first 40 million times i heard it &
Yes this song stinks it's your CD &

Yes that is annoying almost as annoying as listening to you go on about how annoying it is w/ the highbrow hauteur of a lowbrow stretched beyond his ken &
If you don't like it here i know of a cardboard box on Lisbon Street nobody's using, near that "Adult" store you're so fond of &

Yes i know that GMC stands for
-"Got a Mechanic Coming"
-"Gay Man's Chevy"
-"God the Motor's Crap" &
YES I DO WANNA' FIGHT!

And, yes, i
know it I know
it i
KNOW
IT! ! !

I also saw the old man w/ the sad eyes who hangs out @ Landry's get up & walk away when you sat down to say hello, suddenly preoccupied the same way the cashier @ Dunkin' Donuts was after you'd paid for that coffee...

And, yes, i know you're sorry, &
You won't do it anymore, &
i will see you tomorrow, buddy.

Love ya.

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
- Cambodia
- Affirmative Action
- Wage & Price Freeze &
- Watergate, phoned

Neil and Buzz bounding about
a bid dead rock, in
perfectly clear connection to JFK's promise- on

our dime- inked a Tax Hike that

financed Mr. Johnson's war- 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 followed
Pat- yet again- onto
that ride we all get a turn on, 'fore which there is no line.

'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 his
'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, keeping
him alive
enough to wish he were

dead, 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

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
ruining 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

Prof. Gates Dances to Chinese Drums

"Some ... do not want the Negro to lose his grievances, because they do not want to lose their jobs."

-Booker T. Washington

"The eye altering alters all."

-William Blake

'Do you know who I am? '

Skip, John Harvard's fallen
angel, learnedly defying Protection,
Service- Yankee blight- the Root of

-learned helplessness
-psychological reactance, &
-emoting for the camera.

'I'm handicapped! '

Beijing rhythms skipping over
Tiananmen cries &
Tibetan sighs: Western
Canon firing blanks
+ Higher Education
+ Mandarin English
= Lower Living

'I'll talk to yo' mamma on the porch! '

'I...! I...!
I...! , ' in a
World of black `n' white (`n'

gray) , the altered "I" of an
Endowed ingrate—served by
ivory tower

White, protected by
Blue— sees only
Red.

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

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:

107
KINGSTON
SEABROOK
1 MILE

'Drive courteously. That's the New Hampshire Way.'

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, un-
earned gray hairs dyed away in shame...

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 blue 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
'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, & quantum
mechanic leaps & '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

Senryu: Gender Dysphoria

& just how many
miles have you trod in that pri-
vileged sex's shoes?

Cretan Maineiac

Senryu: Lewis Lapham

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

Cretan Maineiac

Senryu: Music Radio

24/7
manufactured emotions
smug self-promotion.

Cretan Maineiac

Senryu: Red Sox Haiku #1

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

01/07/2007

Cretan Maineiac

Senryu: Tattoos

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

Cretan Mainiac

Senryu: The Church of Rome

That angina ach-
ing your Sacred Heart ascends
from ignorant souls.

Cretan Maineiac

Senryu: The Flowers

Flowers smell sweeter
to those stopping to smell than
to those left waiting.

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
servile to tantrums 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

Some Also Ran

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 in the rush of the hometown
crowd invading the
field otherwise reserved for the Talent after

the Last Out, one last, network
pan of the
dugout confirming the failure,

loss,
finality, '...no
Blue Ribbon for second best...'
'till next year.

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

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

'Every age has its peculiar folly; some scheme, project, or phantasy into which it plunges, spurred on either by the love of gain, the necessity of excitement, or the mere force of imitation.'

-Charles Mackay,

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

Cretan Maineiac

The Busies (repost)

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
swallow SudaFed restlessness
Passing
as energy among
aging thrill-
seekers, 'got
work to
do, ' etched in monument to
multi-task mediocrity
myrmidic depart-
mental, sowing but never
nurturing
seed
Running errands run-
ning on
empty running behind &
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 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, even
throwing that shirt off my

back in my face when you felt sufficiently
warmed by
another, then tossing it around

the next Namedroppers support
group, 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 for

nit-picking &
petty, power
politics.

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 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

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 'horsie 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 &
 -blached '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 (Haiku)

Old-man's hat ~aloft~  
blown along the parking lot.  
Strangers walk on 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

## 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 eluding words, &

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

long as she looks past the sniffing. '...I  
don't think I've ever  
voted... [T]here's a pebble in my shoe...' (and those

feet!) , nature jealously scraping along  
her only  
tan-less feature, limnable as last year's hangups.

She turns 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...'

'NO! ' sd the better half, 'they just let him  
out...he'll have to go  
BACK! I have children! Please! ! ! '

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

## 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, chewing on aches, pains,  
allergies, & 'I only  
got five hours of sleep..'

'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, like

Franco-Canadians liberating  
Yankee mill-  
girls in 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.

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Cretan Maineiac