Poetry Series

Dog goD 8Hate

- poems -

Publication Date:

March 2011

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

Poems are the property of their respective owners. This e-book was created by Dog goD 8Hate on www.poemhunter.com. For the procedures of publishing, duplicating, distributing and listing of the poems published on PoemHunter.Com in any other media, US copyright laws, international copyright agreements and other relevant legislation are applicable. Such procedures may require the permission of the individuals holding the legal publishing rights of the poems.

Dog goD 8Hate

Here we are, after numerous years immersed in the imbroglio, currently anchored in the 'NOW! ' That's right folks, the infallible 'NOW'...beyond the horrendous assumptions and futile quests. Hey, and by the way, the resolution for the ills of humanity! Well, most of them....

Works:

'Fuck goD and the World' never published due to the incongruous posture of 'all' publishers. To bad, it could save the planet.

.....&

The clan,
a shrinking contingent
of Santa's friends,
contended for singular status,
and at giving...
that was last year.
Now, due to apprising
remarks, they're more cautious...
for that derogate cause and vacuity.

I told them: marry Xmas, she's a virgin.

---------->

Dog goD 8Hate

300 Hyde St.

300 Hyde Street will be renowned, soon.
Years ago I opened the wall and hid
a dirty malediction between the studs -
flagrant & presumptive fool,
thought it could use me.
In the end, I used and
plastered it over.
That was back in
the protoplast '60s.

Thenceforth, that house
became a sanctuary
against invasive clamor
and they,
assumptive exponents.

The house is now
safe and
sanctified.

BUY IT!

-

Dog goD 8Hate

A Rundle Inspired Query

The fervent prayers of ritual
Shall be no more!
The program is set…
Is blasphemy less holy?
What about luscious bouts
Of bawdy splendor; the
“Mongers of ecstatic orgies? ”
Is the robber not robbed too?
And Hitler in HIS character, not his…?
What about the assertive Jew and
His terrestrial quest, money…
Is he not Hitler too?
In the end, who is oldest,
Who has turned the soil so red,
Crimson in depths beyond scale?
Who has bleed singular falls,
Blood filling oceans beyond beyond?
Who’s endured the grisly grappling,
As He, colossal ogre confers
Fatal fate…?
Is your nickel worth more
Than mine...
'Friend? '

Dog goD 8Hate

A Vapid Simulation, America

I saw it but they didn't,
they in their sordid view;
the ecstatic wonder receded.
Then...
as the minions procreate
more minions, more and more,
the vision turns to vestige to
very lost -
now...
A Vapid Simulation, America.

Dog goD 8Hate

A Voluptuous Dance in Acerbic Display

The voluptuous dance of a lady can
be seen at this site – various steps:
jigs, twists, plentiful pirouettes and
a curious view of rear-end-swing.

All free to they who seek melody
(and dissonance over consonance)
with a view in bouncy abundancy, albeit,
exponentially acerbic display.

There is a message there, yet, few
see the definitive suggestion or know
inherent cause: self-actualization
of monkeys' mothers' matriarchs

who eat fruit with their tail,
swing through trees with their tongue,
and know themselves as a rail...
from 'San Diego" to Timbuktu.

Alas, they've mastered their business
and know the way through jungles of
Malls, Sprawls & Monkie-e-es -
brilliance in misconception.

(Dec.01,07)

Dog goD 8Hate

Amish Vegetable

Years ago as an itinerate hiker
to undetermined lands, I found
myself walking down an old dirt road;
this in a green-glen clad of eclectic nature,
abounding charm, and farms of earthy Amish.

An epiphany accompanied and
I realized the heinous contrast
modern cities wrought with
malls, sprawls, and glaring
incongruities. Their relished
debacles for design not realized.

Hoping to find a kindred society,
I walked onto an old Amish farm.
Approaching a bearded man
in their mandated garb, I enquired
if a commune for my sort
and affirmed: "aligned with reality? "

"Sorry, uh, well uh...where you from? "
his (circuitous) response. I thought: "I don't
abide in corn fields where compromise
plant's seeds of sour witness shave that
beard monkey business is not my kind of
banana fruit where are your balls? "

It's a special vernacular I've outlined for
certain farmers who plant their corn in rows
of words with no soil and fertilize with the
dung of horse...shit! Seeing the futility, I
'silently' walked away and to the nearest
town.

In Titusville I walked into a crowded McDonald's
and stole a cup of coffee. There I sat and
pondered a cruel dilemma: "compromise
with corresponding pain, or, germane witness
and…integral pain? JESUS CHRIST! "

(Jan.21,08)

Dog goD 8Hate

Clear Water Here!

Enticing forms numerous, even to me,
daily send bait of bane for suckers -
the sea of fickle fools.

Battering irony that cavorts to
weak & well, seeking internal
satisfactions known not to me.

Fishy morsels of baneful shark
tease the pan's fry - blind the eye
to baked bass with large mouths

I seek to speak and care not for
impeding dangers, screaming
intensities of temptation.

Moreover! I'll walk right out of here
If you don't read into the aspiration
conferred my soul - IT'S NOT MINE!

Guileless prowess - Nov.15,2007

Dog goD 8Hate

COMPLICITY

---&---

You've no time for the poignant force
beyond the prosaic assumption, huh?
No time for one who's bit with bite the
rife realities of odious delusion?
I'm a resister, someone who stands
against the invidious notions of
estranged humanity...
And I'll tell YOU this! ! ! -->
I'm the best goDdamned friend/fiend
you'll NEVER have, that is...
'less complicity unfo-o-o-o-olds.....

-------<>-------

Dog goD 8Hate

Compromised Men?

Oh, we listen, we hear,
the invidious and wonder...
why compulsive men,
subject to the plunder?

Cut off a head,
or maybe a hand;
hack their feet if
a Payless brand?

Cheap shoes don't justify
macabre mores,
precepts inherent
old bible stories.

who are these
dissenters in what's
regrettable cause?
They, who in caprice
states compromise,
relent, don't pause?

I don't, so-o-o-o...
so my head
stays on,
still imperious,
a force and
persuasion,
at every occasion,
a Jewish brand?

furbished or feckless,
fussy or heedless,
or even...
the adamant Jew
maybe like you?

Friend or...
hmmm, fiend?

.

Dog goD 8Hate

DateHookup.com

Certain inference is written in your post...
I sense a characteristic more at theosophy,
No mere kowtow presumption, but…?

It's alright to preen an attribute, when in reality,
The beckoning is of more auspicious design.
I know, I'm no loser, while irony could betray.
I'm here, you're there, and tomorrow…?
Tomorrow extremity could relent to appeasement.
And yet...
Who needs what?

Fly me to Truckee? I don’t know?
You fly to Grass Valley, and…
We’ll purge of subjective notion…
You go for coffee,
I’ll go for tea.

Dog goD 8Hate

Destiny's Sin

Pontificate stealthy and ''wise? ''
the words glossed with sweet style.
Stand in the light of a dark-world's
candle, alight at both ends.

Smile at they complicit as they confer
a dark-world's praise and know -
and ''you know! ''- something's wrong.
''So what'' you say, and I say too. Yet,

religiose proclamations are not all vagary -
something strong incites their frame.
The Irony: you are warned - do not do
what the sacred forbids, yet, no one can!

Alas, suffer subsequent realities
for what deities do,
not we - victoms of circumstance:
Destiny's egregious sin.

Dog goD 8Hate

Deterrent to a Dropout

Of course - a case of shifting perceptions...
tomorrow the realization will convey
a vitiating note to an already dulled
impetus as reality takes hold.

Stay and flay some fishy-skinned posts
with your exuberant blasts - that la la land
literacy which we enjoy. America -
on that issue:

goD forsaken land of cement and...
KFC burnt to a crispy-fried-mall-of-morons...
call the demolition man if the plumber
can't fix this clogged commode...
Donald Trumps (they) shit on...

(Oct.1,07)

Inspired to deter Gregory Collin's in his threat to dropout.

Dog goD 8Hate

Dismissive Souls and Their Dynamic 'BUBBLE! '

Stay at the game, ye
astute in the presumption -
amass bubble-bathing soaps
(the myriad manners to dive, swim,
and, all too grim, witness this
detergent-degenerate propriety) .

Continue then, deem the bubble
fun and 'ignore' these piteous
ballasts, we, holding the mirror
crucial for thy reflection and
a glimpse at specious images.
And...due to your (this) convenience:

Our daily bludgeoning, our
recompense - fate's hate!
Will the deities ever remit
such heinous design for our
poor encumbered sector -
the hidden realists?

Join! or...get out of the road!

Dog goD 8Hate

East Liberty

>>

Axiomatic, your invariable response,
'what is the relevance of here? '

This, sacred sphere in infancy,
a place where perception first saw -
people appeared, nature...things.
Dogs, cats, and gnarly old horses
pulling old-doddering carts
for19th-century bastions;
they, adorning idiomatic garb,
still reminiscent in the 40s.

Stark, emanating character,
nature, and earthy being;
The old Pittsburgh and a regional essence -
a prevailing spirit designated and solely there...
CURIOUS MYSTICAL WONDER; and then...
several years later, and into my 30s,
a vision so singular in character,
an inestimable explosion so overwhelming -
beatific splendor -
I shan't presume and define...
maybe the word...
Ineffable? ...BLISS!

Something QUITE obscure
sublunary and...
insubordinate forces!

------<>-------

Dog goD 8Hate

Enjoying the Decade?

I'm in the twenties, still...
the architecture's real,
the country's unsullied,
the old McKim Mead & White
RR station is still at
W 34th & 8th Ave..
New York is Old York
for me. I am now
on my way
to the Village;
Miss Millay
wishe's an audience
of me, JUST ME!
This for a vivified
reading on 'First Fig.'

Of course, I'll have to
remain reticent, as she,
still doesn't
hold a candle...
to me.

.

Dog goD 8Hate

Eternal Bequeathal

Netherworld drivel, delve to rescind,
quote thy heart's prominent notion
and seek your heinous quest; but...
know reality prevails and thy imagination
an adjunct feature to a sacrosanct
preeminence for all...all
to prevail!

Dog goD 8Hate

Expensive Candy!

Years a subject of deprivation's
vocation - talent to deny -
shall I speak of distant design
beyond this adamant 'NOW, ' where,
consummately fixed in precision of
designation, I long for candy
canes to walk sweeter the way?
Speak your convolution - willful
design - and prevail beyond the witness
of truth...? I hear the subtle inference
in the 'I' testimony, and, conversely,
reality speaks to my tempered ear -
the proclamation: 'you are here, you are here...
and so are all, the candy store opens
at five-billion o'clock.' Some candy, that's...
some candy!

Out of my book of 'Inciting Reasons for Hate8' which is
not yet written, and, I'm sure...never will...willful publishers
annoy! ! !

Dog goD 8Hate

Fall...from Past Seasons

Oh the beauty of death!
Pungent nature descending
a pedestal of green...
a commute into the other
as hidden forces explode in
copious arrays of post-mortem depiction.
Dare ye impugn the goDs over
cryptic marvels of irony...ye too
shall know the equanimity of
silent spheres and beyond,
and...the miserable joy of we,
we who deem what is as not and
engage the sordid forces
of pain's...
remuneration.

(Oct.23,07)

Dog goD 8Hate

Familiar Discourse...Verboten!

Oh no! We don't say that:
slipshod craft of a bubble's
babble - mere soapy savvy!

You implicate quick a deficit
in faith…every word counts,
render your vision succinct.

Reality may implement the cause,
and they adamant hesitate,
yet, the fastidious disseminate

plugging at every turn:
"Your manners - indicative,
non-evincing...tainted theater! "

Know we see quick the notion
debacle a bequeathal, and,
it is for they imbued inversely.

Hence, summarize - reality requires
reality and bubbles must break.
Then! ...I'll take you out to lunch.

goD - Nov.4, 2007

Dog goD 8Hate

Fate's Late Knock!

Please! do not suffer
me subtle realms of
lavish decorum where
under the light of subterfuge,
hidden deep within its core,
bomb-blastic realities
wait for that moment
when duplicity goes too high
and the fuse is lit...goodbye!

Yet, not yet...as time's
invariable fate is late
and hope is still at the
door...will one open to
its subtle knock and
let my words come in?

Ye podgy perverts, repent!

(Oct.11,07)

Dog goD 8Hate

Gross Irony Acknowledged

I know, it's not you,
it's not me...
who can see?

All this vocation
designated with stealth -
humans enjoying another's wealth.

I know the uncanny
designation's spawning
force...

And I do enjoy my
slight portion:
'HATE! ' with distinction.

Yet that's not mine
either...I have to
wait on his dis-grace

I'd love to spit in his face!

Hate8 - 11/10/07

Dog goD 8Hate

Gross! This Irony

And today again - my mean
Conviviality - How I show affection
With acrimony.

The lady at "the purveyor of
Assumptions" said hello.
I shoved my groceries at her
And said naught.

The war was on as she mustered
Her resources – subtle gestures of
Yea with nay tone, and, as she
Scanned my canned goods.

It is an old fight and I've encountered
Too many in these sly strikes at integrity.
I respond mean - the dignity stays clean.

Why? The insufferable ironies that lead to…
No ironies, someday.

(3/5/2009 12: 04 AM)

Dog goD 8Hate

Herbert's Brew

I've engaged my faculty,
pondered the art;
this raw reality
makes men smart?

Familiar discourse,
tincture of queer;
indicative disclosure:
drink's German beer.

(Aug.27,07)

This poem written in response to Herbert Nehrlich's poem 'Lloyd's Test.' And, I think it's too cruel and should be deleted...yet?

Dog goD 8Hate

'hey? '

'hey? ' Hey, the plug of a nickel
wood (would) excell prosaic
moneys to extents beyond a
copper penny made of would too.

Tears without 'still love you' cry dry
Pheonix has kleenex
wipe your 'hey' away...wipe your eye!

You punk...punctuate...punk-jew-ate:
'German bread made with leaven,
not Jew bread made of Levine! '

(Sept.9,07)

Dog goD 8Hate

Hot Day, Hot Words, Hot Dog!

Bizarre how canny the uncanny;
they paint their house white
but with black paint: irony...
flagrance for a heated fight!

Subterfuge of the feigning
and pedantic notions of right;
insidious witness pretending
baneful assumptions bright.

Hey, I don't care: the Providence
of contrary saints in their quest
for felicity in caustic paths of
question...they are my friends
posing as fiends. I hate them, and...

I love them...I hate to love!
Read 'A Poison Tree'
William Blake knew me -
'I was angry with my friend;
I told my wrath, my wrath did end! '

(Aug.29,07)

Dog goD 8Hate

How Green is my Valley

The town has forthright style to they clear in view;
I've seen elephants and giraffes where others see mere
dogs, or even, just cats.

My old houses are recent antiquity and only
a hundred-and-fifty-years-old.
Current creations are old before they start and...
I'll remove them in due time.

Most know Henry Hobson Richardson as eminent 19th-century
and that his characterizations much-set the tone.
Study at the Ames library in North Eaton, Ma., epiphanies occur.

Some have pondered at Harvard's Sever Hall and felt the 1880s...
Allegheny County's jail (he) wrought for me as I was the only one
there who knew...several times.

I'm not one to pan for gold and yet...
I pan for literature's credentials and find iron-E;
some can glean gold this way and boost their boast.

If I happen upon a strike, I'll reward the more amiable.
Oh yes, obscurity won't go to my head, I'll remain
true-to-the-end...the end of that road that dead-end's at start...

That translates recompense for trodden exponents
and a house on the hill; I'll even build a barn for your saw horse
so you can drill your skill...
I ride a black one with waxed sad-ill - lugubrious equestrian.

Ironically, that horse has learned to pull a chair-iot and...
where I sit in repose.

Dog goD 8Hate

I Carry a Hatchet in my Pocket

Walking my eyes down the screen
I trip over incongruities – estranged
notions much too vacuous and lean.

Someone must cast the vitiating force
against this shadow of naught - trifling
out of a can of beans

These men shave their virility away
and think bare chests clean, yet,
a disclosure to plundering psyches

contrary to the trek – SISSIES!
Those porcupine quills evoke
the fleece of a man and scissors

cut through to the heart - divesting
the soul. The sludge remains and an
impediment to a sentient mind’s art.

It's nothing but three cans of beans...
in effect.

Hate 8 a can of spinach

Dog goD 8Hate

I hEAR you! I hEAR you!

This thy thesis?
I hEAR you! And...
I hEAR you! My Ear is BIG!

Pedantic testimony hold's no
enticement in its illusory notion
of art. Many many, big big
houses out there, but...
their unfounded foundations
of dog-ma are not...
....ma-dog - I don't pet coyotes
feigning 'germane' sheperds!

I've been to Germ-money and
saw the disease pervasive in
its impeding, imposing barriers...
COME OUT!

Remember:
I have a BIG ear
and...I hEAR you!

(Sept.19,07)

Dog goD 8Hate

I'm Home-r...I'm Home-r

My large wings of muscle -
latissimus dorsi - under large
shoulders of sinewy girth,
have swept me to distant
shores of Elysium's hope.

And there...and there I bathe
in the radiant sun of herculean
Greek-grace...

I've made it Home-r
I've made it Home-r.

(Sept.19,07)

Dog goD 8Hate

Impetus Realized

<>

Struck by your resume, I wonder at
what requirement reality would claim…?

Me, in my traveled zone, narrow and yet,
(ironically) ”CAPACIOUS” –
wanderings in a vast and nebulous sphere,
clear but to they who’ve known…

Who has entered the logic of inverse portrayal
and not known that lever availed? I hold firm
in the deployment, as invention’s pen proves,
guileless

Please, acknowledge: “it’s not mine, ”
I merely comply to the prod….

And you, you in your literature’s incited tout…
who, with all due respect, who are you?

ME

Dog goD 8Hate

Internet Overture

Judging by your photo, and a bit like Helen Mirren,
I would say: the deities have conceived engaging notion,
a jot of prestige, aesthetic design, and, possibly...

dramatic rendition in-and-of attraction's allure.
Maybe I'll stop by for coffee, tea, or just
a moment's hoped generosity (possibly some fat-fate?) .
I deserve something, in spite of my (ratherish) desirous-design.

At least I'm beyond (well?) negligible stature: in figure,
tittle of talent, and, of course...sumptuous-suppose. Hey, I get along! ...
And would like to venture somewhere...

somewhere beyond a vapid circumstance
(a people-preponderance subtly inferring enmity, non-simpatico) .
Maybe, just maybe, we'll render the town...bushy?

Me

Dog goD 8Hate

Just Riding Providence!

I’m from Pennsylvania and
have never run into a ditch,
but, I have run into a cop.

I was driving my civil liberties
down the Pike of Providence,
when suddenly an invidious cop,

dressed in tyranny, blocked my way.
He said 2+2=3½ and I said
he was crazy...he put me in jail!

The next time I saw him
I spit in his face -
“2+2=4, Jackass! ”

His face turned red
in the presence of said...
admonition.

Me transmuting to...healthy hate.

(12-30-07)

Dog goD 8Hate

Lady of Chico

I've pondered certain inference
and again lean towards...
that liberal-lady in Chico.

Who can circumvent fate
and still claim clear?

I realize a cynical hint
may provoke caution, and yet,
as W. B. Yeats speaks:

'...'tis not inanity in nature
that winds blow seed and sow,
continuing beauty in the spring
as piquant flora grow -

creation's benediction in diverse hues....'

This.....infallible.....destiny.

Dog goD 8Hate

Mainstream

There’s a hint of ordeal,
unfavorable descriptions,
intimating whisper…
suggestion at every turn.

They, an overwhelming clamor,
stepping to the liable-beat
of a device-nurturing band,
further & broadening, marching,
even in variable time.

This ever-evolving conglomerate,
in spite of many knowing
(egregious irony, again) ,
advance in incongruity and daily.

Like a dog crossing
the rush-hour freeway
for a whiff of
an old-dead-nothing,
dirty, dry, repugnant meat.

An ugly indiscernible…rodent.

Dog goD 8Hate

Marry Christmas

I drove to the mall today,
the only place to buy
razor blades, and contended
with a heap of madness.

People everywhere seeking to
keep firm the design as money
went for money's method and
I merely the Good News(Gillette) .

I spoke to several shoppers along
with some clerks in a most
apt expression, yet my silence
provoked silent reproach and even

audible utterance inferring "Merry
Xmas Humbug and we like you too! '
I showed them how to "marry" Christmas
in a precise witness of Jesus.

They didn't know him, not one!
I went home and shaved for
clean skin along with my
…clean countenance.

(12-24-07)

Dog goD 8Hate

Merry Mary the Orphan!

Merry Mary the orphan!

Merry orphan - convenient bond:
independance! - impeding severed
for 'free-flow-fun' - all shall tout!

Know cryptic expressions deities'
arrange for such extricated canon -
move on, move up, move out!

Thrust thy piercing mind through
shallow walls and slipshod ethos
shed - whispering angels shout!

Know familiar - distant mystique -
as eternity proffers the propitious -
They denied such fortune - pout!

(Oct.14,07)

Dog goD 8Hate

Mordant Expression

Let me plunge into familiar
hades and scrape a scrap
of mean residue and
convey my revulsion:

I don't write, I merely
jostle words to a picture
of mordant expression and
for my displeasure in the
felicity of vanity's fair.

No one cares beyond the
illusion that makes them
happy and we...we
fraught with piteous
recoil, the backlash,

How can we engage the
complacent delusion -
the simulated Elysium?
Will there be a 9/12 or
fate late at 13?

I don't know, and...
don't care, really.

(9/12/07)

Dog goD 8Hate

My Beauteous Garden

The day's at its inception
as I step from hell's conception
of sleep and without zzz -
it's an unfortunate disease,
you know, this insomnia?

An ugly bequeathal of numerious
other un-goD-ly inventions conferred
to my morbid Elysium. Hey, it's fun!
I get to curse goD (Dog! spelled backwards)
all day and...
all night as I toss my turns in violent
explosions of...Hate8!

(Sept.18,07)

Dog goD 8Hate

My Glitter is Back and I'm Dead at Dawn

I’ve arrived at dark morn
As I step from a contentious bed,
The sheets soiled with no wringles.

What glee the day in its suit of
Armor as I seek retaliation in vain.
The dead are alive outside as we,

imbued are dead of their destination,
Homeless in a house but with a 'view! '
I watch they from panes of pain.

I throw some reality morsels from my
Balcony but none know how to catch
In their distraction to delusion.

Cheerful disseminators of clouding
Inventions they walk the day ardent
In quirky little designs of night

This gruesome grow-some (my) existence
That visits all, in time, in its veritable quest
For reality’s augmentation.

(Oct.17,07)

Abused by Muse, a supplanted compensation...this.

Dog goD 8Hate

My Life Spawned this Bone

Breast stroking down mainstream
I spied a door, a small
uncomely portal to where?

For years swimming the
fishy trodden streams
of their habit I wore

away ambition and tired
of their large-mouthed
base. Ragged and too worn

to hook them, I begin to just
float, and, as chance availed
that door - in better view.

I opened and stepped out of the creek,
shook the wet assumption from my feet,
turned around and left them this bone

as they ranted, spewing their
taunting mainstream words
of living death. yet...

I'm absolved and leave them
hanging.

(Oct.30,07)

Dog goD 8Hate

New Jello

I, hidden in the shadow of night,
shall indulge my fancy and…
saunter forth -
obfuscating prosaic witness with invention;
albeit, too, realistic portrayal.
The proof may be in the pudding,
and yet,
alternatively…
try this jello
a slightly muted,
mitigated…
bellow

---------- &

Dog goD 8Hate

nurturing Wolverines in nature

How many do you know with that indecisive bent?
I'm not one, but realize that misgiving trait disallowing
brevity, or concise sojourn.50,60,90-years? ... sojourn.
My 166-year-old (a hundred added for [obvious] allusion)
has been precision in decision as I run into trees. Oh...
they weren't their at first, someone/someTHING runs out
into my path a second before arrival and plants these...
noble features in nature, to nurture my nature...
my Wolverine nature. This raspy demon eats imagination,
leaving naught but bones....

.

Dog goD 8Hate

Old Ohio

A Certain Village

Some years ago, I 'walked'
into this small pastorl
hamlet - quaint, pristine,
and...o-o-old Ohio.

The forties where still
unscathed by modern assumptions
and I mused at the ecstatic view.
Bathed in beatific sensation...

my soul recompensed heaven's
sumptuous smile with ditto
response...''praise ye! praise ye!
America is grand with unspeakable

mystique, 'please! '...preserve! ''
Alas, my supplication not acknowledged
and the minions veiled with impeding
vision...

they implemented their cause....
In 2007 my praise is transformed
to inverse stature as I Hate8...
Hell's fate!

(Oct.31,07)

Dog goD 8Hate

Oracular Piece

Well...
I have to step into another
mode....lest prosaic effort's feared
commode reason's reproach to piteous
states of rueful need and...I bleed.
Fate has not been kind to this blood clot:

man of amicable cause, me, recompensing a curse
in his vein's vanity of red rife to dispense
in a moment's caustic design as they fling
mammoth amounts of dissenting notions...

Something must be done if I can't render the
moments in hopeful portions of spewing craft,
some tidy oracular-piece of heaven for both
my pleasure and their conviction to...reality.

Dog goD 8Hate

Piquant Moon?

Oh the moon in its invidious
state of affair as I grapple
with my slumber's adamant bee-
queathal, and, as it stings
potential to conscious states

of woe...
my sleep comes slow and I have
no poesy
my sleep comes slow and I have
a converse friend with goD
Dog spelled backwards of the fiend!

I've caught a tear and it's mine;
I've put it in my bathtub and
will wash my Dog
spelled backwards -
he's so dirty!

(Aug.26,07)

Dog goD 8Hate

Pittsburgh's Northside

(hidden benediction)

Ostensibly gaunt,
the Northside harbor's surprise,
dramatic visions, and...
curious design contrary sublunary view.
Outward vulgarity poses ironic contrast
to mystical wonder hidden, hidden to all
but they opened to requisite passage -
an initiation in personal commitment; that,
beyond extraneous assumptions of
a way-over-confident mainstream.

I've empirical confirmation, enfÃtico!

Dog goD 8Hate

Pop's Corn

Old MacDonald left the farm, one day,
light injected his soul to effect.
He let go, just walked away as
one of the few to return, someday,
for bringing in...
the sheaves.

His corn will be...spared.

------<>-------

Dog goD 8Hate

Rainier in Winter

Hidden sensations availed as our coterie entered,
consecrated, purged, and 'NOW! '

Thence, winter's impediment - screaming thrusts of frost -
transmuted to secret Elysium and the trail was wrought.

We, ecstatic innocents, bathed in benediction, beheld the mount -
transfigured, munificent...GOD!

DGH8

Dog goD 8Hate

Returning to Manhattan

Walking across the Roeblings' prized project,
I gazed out at an impeded dusk setting;
This, as the East River begin to fade…

There was a faint object moving
Close to the Manhattan shore,
Splashing in lurid testimony, it seemed a person.

The frenzy stopped.
What had been desperation's curious plight
Had turned to an ominous deposition:
Giovanni Nicoli had dealt with his girl friend's suitor.

He was now free to pursue his presumptive object –
An over-stuffed cannoli oozing ricotta cheese.
I ran back to Brooklyn…for a donut.

Dog goD

Dog goD 8Hate

Rhapsodic Squeal

Rhapsodic
cascade in
loquacious
squeals...
the tutorials
of adamant pigs
in their erudite
presumption: oink oink,
oink oink...oink oink & oink!

(Sept 6,07)

This inspired by the loquacious/ verbose jellyspoon of Gregory Collins.

Dog goD 8Hate

SAMA

The Mawlawi rites, sama, point,
Incite, prod, preach the hidden.
Desire then! Ineffable balm!

Ponder, albeit, critical rites:
Can ye skin a Gilded Serpent?
Will Tanura whirl away waste?

Mystic Persia! Wandering mystic
And Rumi preach too…beyond!
Who can glean grace and still

Confirm conflicting reality?
Muse Yo Yo Ma;
Seek ecstatic utterance in Kayhan;

And, but, will "The Whirling Dervishes"
Disseminate enough, even with sacred
Ensemble?

I know, I know, a thousand…I know!

Dog goD 8Hate

Shrinking Contingent

The clan,
a shrinking contingent
of Santa's friends,
contended for singular status,
and at giving...
that was last year.
Now, due to apprising
remarks, they're more cautious...
for that derogate cause and vacuity.

I told them: marry Xmas, she's a virgin.

Dog goD 8Hate

Some Soup

Boog-a-loo...Boog-a-loo

Spunky...Funky...
on Broadway, a
principal road in rhythm
in my time (quick-time) .

It's something
clever
HIDDEN
FORBIDDEN...
pigeons
gulping crumbs.

Hidden from coolies
that feed with fingers,
bowls of soup...
without a scoop. (Clever?)
the BANEFUL assumption!

The restaurant's
Outside to Inside!
purge at the door
merge with the meal

eat

.

Dog goD 8Hate

Something Must Be Said

The yearning is here,
I sense the prodding as
the muse sends its...
well, I don't know, but,
we'll see?

Oh yes, 'the eternal chide'...
to they who flaunt their
delusion's curious prowess.
Such brilliant misappropriation
spawns such grief in hidden
and guileless realms of sanctity.

Yet...
Who can discern something not seen?
It's the mundane bane - the impediment -
and is copious as many deem unconscionable
swart synonymous with the vogue gestures
of laudable design...
obtusity as illumination manufactures
naught but specious heavens of illusion.

I see it and know the angle -
the right converse to left and
vagary as virtue...I could engage
in the bubble's delights, the rife
realm of 'good and evil's' grotesque
affair, but, I can't - I'm not invited, and...
I wouldn't come...anyway!

(Sept.18,07)

Dog goD 8Hate

Sugar for Halloween

Priorities absolute here -
My pumpkin is sparse…
Spurning the forged farce.

Flagrant masked parent feigning
Daddy deems me demon, yet…
Where’s the Holy Ghost?

My candy’s in my gesture,
Can’t you taste the sugar?
Sanctity good as chocolate.

Hate8 - October 31,2007

Dog goD 8Hate

The BIG fire

I can see it from here,
Mother Earth's house is
on fire! Think it queer:
extinquish it with gas-is?

They're running like alarmed
ants and with buckets of 'fuel? '...
They're seeking to stop
the fire, yet, it gets
bigger and bigger...immense!

I've tried to intervene with
firey admonition and they
sought to put me out, and...
still do as I proffer resolve:
'You can't put fire out with
gas, you can't put fire out
with gas, you ass! '

Still my flame is not fueled
enough for their conviction...
they don't seek reality in logic
and my unction is dim. Pray
the deities my fuel so their
preening buckets - these enthused
heros - are transformed to water
and their 'money ethic'...quenched!

(Sept.18,07)

Dog goD 8Hate

The Unbawdry & Sacred

Who can fathom the inherence;
...can one estimate hidden spheres
as I, I in my discerning walk down
Bowery to no.30, and the old vicinage,
now desecrated? It's invidious betrayal -
supplanting the old Northern Hotel and
with such illusory notion. The spurious
conception of modern mongoloids, yet
without the Down syndrome.

Stephen Foster died there in 1864, alas,
shameful humanity has lost their cause,
and...moving on and on at what's inimical -
a doltish quest.

Mystical glory's washed away,
vanquished by muzzy-eyed inventors
of dupy circumstance, how they
render the road ragged.

Stephen Foster died there,
'! FOR GOD SAKE! ', where's
that god-damned sacred memorial...

the Northern Hotel?

Note: It is also said he died in Bellevue Hospital, New York.

Dog goD 8Hate

Their Enshrining Notions on 911....

Unconscionable! concern for distant events
buried in the rubble of goD...
He, in his purpose, sketches such fate
and solely and of omniscient design.
Tout hE!
And Me...
for knowing!

Dog goD 8Hate

They are Too Vegas

Vegas,
in deviant distinction,
outstrips the world -
its corporeal design.
Intensity that mutes
the minuscule element
of oracular being.

I shall go there
and perform -
obscure obligations
of constructive,
destructive play;
GAMBLE my life away,
for lucid cause.

You'd hate me,
you'd L*** me,
and...
the mystery would
take hold.

DG8Hate

Dog goD 8Hate

THIS SILLY SILLY RHYME

MIGHTY
MIGHTY
MONSTER: ECONOMY!

Minute in its inception
Years have formed a beast:

Money made a monster!
Growing appetite to be fed
Blind men to the task,
Where sentient never tread.

Feeding, feeding, feeding
The monster day & night -
Mother earth the fodder
Device that leads to plight

Pave the farm, shopping
Malls for the field –
Roads to the sky, till the
planet denies a yield.

Keep the minions fed
This "fabricated" life,
Place a fire in your bed
A life that grows in strife

Till long last, inevitable
Response, a denied
Future as the road
Comes
to
its…
end!

Dog goD 8Hate

Transmuted to a Desert's Dessert!

Hey! I don't want to stay here,
the doubt of no doubt is nipping
at my efficacy and who am I not?

Maybe if I go for a ride to town
and see all the friends I don't
have a reaffirmed soul will appear?

Oh yes, the familiar folks who foster
yokes and whose charms are as acrid
potions...hell's delights, for me!

My/this arid plain doe's offer respite as one
look's 'back! ' at that lush realm and its hungry
exponents eating their plates with the food...

then the table...
then the floor...
here's the dirt!

Dog goD 8Hate

Vanishing New York

Yeah, I know, for one -
the lost Bowery...
I'll tell you what was there,
along that cherished old tract:
I was there! ! !
I and my just-joust, zealot's heart...
committed (it’s suicide) , saturated in
an obscure-scope of gaudy-god,
what's ironic, Hell religion.
Yeah, I was there & bent on the cause,
contending daily contra forces,
they (modern capitalists)
steeped in the GROSS illusion,
would roll on the walk of my shoe.
I, chief negator, astute in the cause
and what's beyond that ludicrous notion:
baloney fried with hog snout,
in savorless, blood-meal gravy.
Me, by myself, standing daily
tall as that copper Lady, the one French
in the bay.
Only MY torch had light, 'REAL LIGHT! ”
beyond mere intensity or stars. I...
with my mightily & imbued psyche,
so staunch, so given, so rare…
filled with 'lunacy? ', His!
Yes, I was there,
for years and years,
but now...well now...
now I've achieved new status:
I man-a-cure god's nails,
and with metaphoric files
made in my own notion,
contrary versions
in colloquial craft.
I saw... I see…
and I saw some more;
I eat his dignity, daily...
breakfast, lunch, & dinner.
It’s… VIRTUE! ! ! ! !

Dog goD 8Hate

Wayward in Hayward

I was, once, wayward in Hayward...
It was at a time when reality, inventing
specious visions in dubious-design, beguiled...

and I, I immersed in that delusion, wandered about,
nebulous in cause: up and down -
Berkeley, Oakland, Hayward.

Led by forces unbeknown, then, and yet...
now familiar in their childish blague.

They were games, that's all, 'GAMES! '...
with rules for fools. Fortuitous me, although,
that the impediment was met and I...

I sauntered away in my fervent...

DISGUST! ! ! !

Dog goD 8Hate

What am I saying and...to whom?

The Dog is not asleep and...
  ...she shall be awakened!

Oh yes, the expression may
Suggest:
Contrary realities and...
Contextual fabrications imbue
Converse logic...
Yet, distant objectives could
Prove profitable...
Engage and be!
And yes, the building
Never appears until they
Enter the 'basement'...
Got to get to the foundation,
And to understan'.
And I really don't give a damn,
No one cares about clarity of vision,
For they, the illusion is just fine...
maybe if I composed a villanelle?

Dog goD 8Hate