

Poetry Series

Johnny Noir

- 91 poems -

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Johnny Noir

Dark Poet, novelist, conceptual artist, painter, theorist, loner, anti-romantic. I want to destroy everything but it's a race with existence to see who will be the first to reach infinite oblivion.

Works:

Novels: MAN IN A FRAME; THE LOSERS; BULLETSPEAK; THE LIAR'S GOSPEL; PINOCCHIOSTEIN; THE MAN WHO SHOT PARIS HILTON; CONFESSIONS OF A MAD DETECTIVE; CRIME PAYS

Poetry collections: Corpus Collosum; Gunrise; I Need An Ugly Girl To Make My Ugly Dreams Come True; Parcae Eposes; NeuRoPoems; Jesus Christ's Last Words (Selected Odes)

A Cat In The Rain

There's nothing so sad
as a cat in the rain
in front of a cheap hotel
waiting for his crackhead
girlfriend to come riding up
in a cab from her penthouse
sleep-in with a dozen sailors
in with the seventh fleet,
I saw her yesterday,
like so many days before
yelling in the street,
drunk and half-dressed,
she was my sister
back before mothers were invented,
she was the first with a car,
it even had a radio,
the war broke out and brown down,
went to hell just like that,
no money for bullets
can cramp a soldier's style,
she looked like Amarinda
on a good day in the fog,
she was a Russian spy
but I just didn't care,
minutes passed
before the ticking of the bomb
became apparent,
she was there teaching
a kindergarten class
when the school room
went up in a fiery blaze,
like the explosion was silent,
it was almost mystical,
thank you for the car
and the cash and the gun,
you can run but I'll find you
like human prey, give grandma a kiss
before you go to bed tonight,
she'll join you in the moonlight,
a succubus' blonde shade

Johnny Noir

A Mother's Backside

Shawn mumbles in her sleep about cheerleaders and toilet slaves,
Fingering her wormhole at an ancient ambient wedding—
Edna in her seamed stockings disguised as a pinup,
Reciting short virgin prayers, her knickers down—
Exciting as ice cream when there is only one—
Shawn mumbles in her sleep fingering her wormhole—
A mother's pussy is sweeter than ice cream,
And as exciting as ice cream, unforgettable as a perfect pearl
Her punctuated perspective, her ocean of body hair,
Her cat sculpted of erotic wood, her nurse's degree,
My short radio fiction, Edna spanking Rabindraneth—
Lizzie and Marilyn walking in stilettos,
Her diamond encrusted bra straps,
Time traveling to the present January,
Ella eating out the blonde, not just any hippie
Her pearls glistening in the night, star struck in a world of wonder—
Showing herself to me and realizing my dreams in the vacuum of sleep
Her mother does yoga with an ass the size of a watermelon,
As delicious as spring breeze off the brown river
Of her European charm, her restroom orthodox,
Plastic Japanese women listening to the Beatles,
It's no crime that she's heir to a philosophy that's cool and calm—
Cheerleaders and toilet slaves know there is only one Paradise
But many Hells, one for each eye, her soul's twin, Diana and freedom—
If you take one teenaged girl you have to take them all, teenaged girls
Travel in sleeping swarms of Realism,
Old tongues aligned with their assholes
Barbie's Jewish roots wasted in Japan—
Swedish grandmothers weekend housewives—
Tender Victorian feet of tomorrow think before they speak instinctively,
The math subconscious, his ugly Lebanese sister's boat my salvation—
Ironically Minimalism proves impractical in a Baroque Age—
We must choose our blue angels miraculously,
Gorgeous Russian whores in the underground—
Skinny blonde redneck turned urban hipster,
not just any blonde or infantile Japanese women, a hooker's familiar face
Russian rock and roll lover inevitably naked and insane,
Russian girls tasting like apples,
Edna and Shawn partying on the beach with an Israeli girl
Ella showing the Japanese girl to the toilet dreaming of crows,
Painting her four walls, sodomy's sister strangled with her own pantyhose
On film her deepest thoughts spring to hellish life,
At the last minute she runs in and blows me a Cinderella kiss—
I live in the two worlds of her heart's unknown origin,
Her secret gray mansion an Indian Jewish mother I know well,
His ugly Lebanese sister's boat my salvation—
On that fine day when I kissed you I felt ten feet tall
But then I couldn't fit through the door
So I'm going to kiss you again so I can feel small enough
To walk in and kiss you again
And burst through the ceiling like a jet
Through the atmosphere and once in the sky

I'll write your name in letters ten feet high—
Just to tell you I don't think I could live another day
Without you and yet it's another day—
Where have I been in hell with Orpheus
And Satan's handmaid, but I want to get back to that airplane
With you in my arms soaring on a trip around the sun—
Dedalus has got nothing on me,
Apollo knows that all I want is the Delphic oracle
To say that you will have me in your bed
And for God the Father to give me your hand to wed—
I'm feeling lucky and I don't even know why,
Could it be because I just saw a ghost dancing around the room
But that comes as no surprise any day and any time—
The poet prays to Euclid's golden cube,
Silver and magnetic, the mother of all elements
Spits them from her sphincter like her mother before her—
The minimalist chaos, complexity the future of our rhythms and reflections—
Petite mother of misty, golden gasses
Glassed in into a baroque dialogue,
Moliere mystified, simple Byzantine flesh,
Botticelli and all things that start as ideas,
Art starts with things and turns them into ideas,
Stripping the flesh from her back,
Her mystical heritage seeing the world from inside out, a western missionary,
Smoking the dope from a mother's ass,
My mother slippery genius, no useless thing
Barbara's ass smells like musty pantyhose—
From arte povera to minimalism,
I would make love to her for money, a lot of money,
Her spindly southern feet in bare in strappy flats—
Minimal is not simple

Johnny Noir

Act I, Scene I, from THE GUNMEN

A CHEAP HOTEL ROOM.

A single unmade bed and a broken down chest of drawers with one or two drawers missing. There are three folding chairs at a broken down card table. SINGH wears a red turban and a dusty pinstripe business suit. He is in his mid-forties with a thick grey beard and sits in one of the folding chair. RAVI lanky and baby faced wearing a European tailored suit stands near the door a few feet away and lights a cigarette.

Singh:
She's a nice girl all right—nothing I would call special.

Ravi:
You're talking about your wife.

Singh:
She was never much of a wife—a hellava ATM though. What about you? You ever think about getting married?

Ravi:
Nah. Too young.

Singh:
Better start thinking about it. Nobody stays young forever.

Ravi:
Nobody lives forever, either. Should I start thinking about what I'm going to do in the afterlife?

RAMAN enters the room, a freshly lit cigarette in his lips. Raman also wears a tailored business suit, rumpled but good quality. He has overheard the tail end of the conversation.

Raman:
Works for some people.

Singh:
(Takes out a small cigar and lights it)
But not one such as you, eh, Devi?

Raman:
That's right.

Ravi looks towards Raman while directing his question to Singh who sits smugly watching the smoke rise from his cigar.

Ravi:
Did we come here to talk philosophy or to go over a job?

Raman:
(Harshly)
That's right. We didn't come here to hear jokes about your fucked up marriage.

Singh:

I didn't mean to make you fellows jealous.

Raman:

(Sitting down)

Let's get down to business. Ravi, you do the driving, like always. Singh, you go in first—by the front way, and I'll get in through the back. Hold them still while I'm clean them out and on my signal split back out the front just as fast as you came in. We'll meet Ravi around the corner and take off. No one's gonna see us coming or going. Get it? They just hear a little noise.

Singh:

That's okay for you two. What about me?

Raman:

What about you?

Singh:

I'm the one taking the real chance—walking right into the place like that. I could catch a bullet.

Raman:

Not if you're smart.

Singh:

Who's so smart they can duck a bullet?

Raman:

What are you getting at?

Singh:

I want a bigger cut.

Raman:

That's what I figured.

Singh:

You figured right. It's my neck.

Ravi:

It's all of our necks if anyone screws this up.

Singh:

You got that right.

Ravi:

I know I'm right. You don't have to tell me I'm right.

Singh:

I'm just saying—

Ravi:

Don't get the idea that you're top dog around here.

Singh:

I never said—To Raman: Talk some sense to him, will you? You'd think he didn't have a degree.

Ravi spins a chair and sits on it backwards.

Ravi:

Having a Degree doesn't automatically endow you with brains. Just remember, if you screw up your life won't be worth the paper they print those degrees on.

Singh, a lost look crossing his face, looks to Raman. Raman ignores him.

Raman:

It makes plenty sense that the sooner we're away from each other the better. The cops will have a hard time tracing all that swag if it's spread out in three different directions.

Curtain.

Johnny Noir

All Blondes Are Evil - for KM

The wind scolds madmen frankly,
Time is father to the man
And the mother of his children is hiding in the brush—
I have seen your daughters
Choking on ether in the lab,
Coughing up blood in the hallways,
Pristine and virginal like the womb
Wearing high heels and laughing at what the milkman sings—
Beginning with sorrow,
He goes from room to room
Chasing his lunatic grandmother,
A nymphomaniac wearing her best jewels—
I've only seen her shadow
In the darkened halls at night
Walking toward the room with the black door
And curtains drawn on the light
At the window the spiders are the size of cars—
Their webs like steel cables
Entranced by her ghostly form,
Just because she is the father's lover
Her son hates her in anger,
Yet in a manger she lies with a moonchild
Who has nothing to bring to his father's party
Except his own life—
I put a stranger in your coffin
And eat your rotten eggs
And get home sick for the freshly made home fries
That you smuggled in your shopping bag
I was hungry and it made me mad—
So late the cherished soul
And took her cherry and christened her with farewell,
A new life enters the world and flies out the window
A bat with golden wings

Johnny Noir

Barefoot On Her Knees

The word came and went, just like Modern art, a Jew invented it, we all know—
Dylan continued it, picked up like Christ in the street, drunk again as usual stumbling
along performing miracles—
We all love Nijinsky, we all love fagots, the fat rich ones who pay well for blowjobs—
No good fagot takes it in the ass anymore—
Except on the bowery for medical reasons—
It's energy came out of Russian ballet—
Russia turned on Bob Fosse, Balanchine, Musorgsky, Naguchi, Graham, Duncan &
Robeson—
These were the people that invented Modern art, the little fagots are multimillionaires,
without an inheritance, raised on rat poison—
The lovely little clown dancing around in the street—
Half animal, half-nature, a stone age primitive, admit it—
They still do that kind of stuff in the mountains of Afghanistan—
We want to do it too, at the Limelight, at Studio 54, at Stonewall in the streets,
Dancing with the cops while English fagots look on—
We know what we are doing, have studied it for years on the Lower East Side and
Broadway in fluent Yiddish—

Emily Dickenson sitting in a box beside Abraham Lincoln, a black girl with a mouthful of
cum, a mother standing on the stairs ushering the high-school footballer upstairs—
All these things can happen in America—
Have happened, a girl goes home with her schoolteacher, life goes on and they are
married—
Name the year, the century—
This is America where the corn gets laid—
This is the Jubilee year of the Jews—
They have owned the place for centuries, Chinese Jews from underground have built
castles filled with cats in places we have never been, Chinese to the core, like Walt
Whitman and Walt Disney and Kerouac—
The children of a lesser god, beautiful in their Adamic innocence—

We thrive because they live, the rotten white maggots seething underground at the
subway to the path out of town—
The rabbits of Caligula's oceanic army against Atlantis, falling in the toilet, dry as
rotten wood, in Afghanistan a princess lay dead stoned in the desert—
I once had Technicolor dreams, but now they just repeat—
I live in the hollow of my fantasies; the girl named Shirley that lives next door to the
railway station comes to see me at night—
The moon sharp as a knife, pointed as a needle—
She spit in her palm and gave me a hand job—
She spit on the floor and I said it was lovely—
She spit at the moon and it came back in her eye—
She saw Infinity in that moment, a thousand times, as she's done a thousand times
before—
The world came and went, just like Modern Art—
Picasso and Einstein taking up where twisted Freud and crazy Nietzsche left off—
Where Hitler went back to and where Sarah Palin wants to go—
Barefoot on her knees with mouth open,
Tongue out waiting to be filled with the Holy Spirit—
I find it easy to imagine what the first moderns must have felt like watching the Belle
Epoch drown itself in blood on the battlefields of the First World war—

Pound and Eliot went mad and got lost—

Picasso got lost in his cubicle, Einstein in his equations—
Hemingway got lost and found himself when Fitzgerald bought drinks for everyone—
Eliot taking Holy Communion, Pound preaching fascism, Hemingway living and dying
From a shotgun blast to the head years later—
Lorca taking it in the ass in the sultry Spanish afternoon,
Gunshots ringing out all around him—
Did Hart Crane write difficult poetry because he was a homo—?
Pound and Eliot wrote difficult poetry too,
John Cage writing difficult music that Merce Cunningham could dance too—
Victoria's Secret supermodels replacing Gibson Girls
In the imaginations of dead soldiers—
Betty Grable and Rita Hayworth surviving in the memories of whoever cares to recall
their black and white beauty—
I prefer Bettie Page to any Russian spy you can name—
There are thousands to choose from on the streets of Moscow
But Sarah Plain knows the ones that are good to go—
She can see them from her bedroom window
Turning tricks on the freezing corners—
But what I want to know is which ones are into bondage
And which only want to watch old American musicals
Because I know that Russian girls don't understand Japanese Manga
The way Korean girls do—
Tattoos covering their albino bodies—
Performing in staged gang bangs with the sons of Oligarchs
And switchblade carrying gang members for worthless rubles—
I think I know how the Modernists felt when they saw the decrepit Victorian society go
down under machine gun fire and mustard gas—
Hitler emerged from the ashes and Stalin rose from the streets
Of Georgia to make a name for himself in Lenin's pocket
And Trotsky died of a headache in between orgasms
Between Freda Kahlo's surreal broken legs the way all Communists and Jews do—
Yes, I said that all Jews die between Freda Kahlo's thighs,
The red gash splattering their inert faces with her purple menses—
And from this reflection in the broken mirror of America
Jackson Pollack learned to paint in Benton's shadow and Diego Rivera sucked
Rockefeller's dick in the high-rise elevator as it went down at rocket speed—
Kennedy met Marilyn Monroe on the moon
As the Soviets flew by with robot precision
But it was too late for Bettie Page to open her legs
For the hustler to step inside and find Jesus—

Barefoot on her knees,
She opened her mouth to receive the communion wafer from the black priest—
The Soviets didn't believe in Jesus,
But then who can deny that the man walked the earth barefoot and celibate—
Did Jesus Christ masturbate on the hills overlooking Sodom
With the disciples looking on as if he were showing them how—
Did Mary Magdalene offer to do them all up on that hill as Satan looked on with
envy—?

Johnny Noir

Biblical Logic

Biblical logic has it that form emerged out of chaos
Before creation began and how could it be otherwise—
A creator who saw his own reflection in the deep
Mistook that reflection for another creator and started a war
With the deep was a fool but a creator nonetheless—
Or no creator at all but the creation
Fooled into thinking itself the creator,
An intelligent machine that mistook itself for life, mistook itself
For man and woman and man and woman
Have been living with that lie ever since—
So we are not men and women but shadows of the shadow,
Islands in the waters of chaos in the midst of the abyss—
Which is but one abyss among many, and how many may there be—
How many creations began before the abyss emerged from the sea,
How much chaos has there been since time began—
Woman after woman, man after man, man upon woman
And so on to infinity—
And how much more chaos will there be
Until the creator returns, until we are able to return to the sea
Of unknowing, unwilling chaos and anarchy—
Will another Archon emerge from the abyss?
Will another woman give birth to the Savior—
Will there be no more bible studies when all of the bible students
Have passed the final exam—
Biblical logic says no—
Biblical logic says the fat girls will sing like angels—
Biblical logic says the demons will have a hay day—
We will all win the prize—
The prize is nothingness—
Our creators will give us nothing—
No knowledge, not a thing, no gold, no diamond rings—
No priest will say the last rites—
Priests are demons in disguise—
No angels will descent to earth and the fat girls will rise into the sky—
Biblical logic is not knowledge
And only knowledge can give birth to anything—
There is no knowledge—
There is no creator—
There is no chaos—
There is only the abyss to which we shall return—
A shadow, a reflection on the waters of the deep
And the fat girls in the sky will cry when they plummet heavy as souls
Without end

Johnny Noir

Brunette Sister

TS Eliot wasn't square but he had no reason to be hip—
Viv and Zelda both were flappers headed straight to the nuthouse
Because they snored like bears—
Like Virginia and Bettie and Sylvia and Sybil
But unlike HD and Gertrude—
She was no virgin when she turned forty-four
Tattoos on her feet, her Jewish mother paying for everything on her knees,
Simon Magus the metaphysician exorcising the actress's soul,
The Cramps on the radio and the Japanese in their own world
Faces painted doll-like in the dark,
Not caring what Sade wrote on her heart—
The flames rising high over the mother's skyline,
And though TS Eliot had no reason to be hip
He couldn't choose between the snake goddess and Malevich—
But he knew the difference; the angel was ancient and made it easy
He didn't know why and the girls fell like rain—
Blondes, brunettes, Spaniards, and whores—
He picked a mother with a nig mouth and tattoos who could read Tarot
Though he wasn't anxious to start—
She was cold and beautiful with the germ of every disease,
Unseen he got on his knees and prayed for Dante's return—
Her Christian face was familiar and she was always on the phone—
Married at thirteen she became a housewife for years—
She had a perfect ass and played the violin,
Her brunette sister showed me how her smoky dreams are made
She came back to see me, half-dressed and barefoot—
TS Eliot knew all the flappers would go crazy,
Their children becoming porn stars of the modern world,
There was no past and Ezra Pound saw the Nazis coming in a dream—
He wrote perfect lines canto after canto pursuing shadows,
Her panties blackened, her children crying with no herd in the stall,
TS Eliot had no reason to be hip, none whatsoever—
Ezra pushing Emmy to the ground for her Ashkenazi algebra—
Emmy fucked and wasted, Lao Tzu on the mountain,
A Japanese hippy chosen as the Dalai Lama refreshed from smoking,
Reprogrammed, gifted and endowed,
She wants to be a superstar,
She wants to be a flapper but going mad she does straight to the bughouse
She always told the truth—
Dante knew what she was there for, Beatrice by name lying on his futon,
Mother searching for her daughter masked in the dark,
Gertrude turning thirty-four
Sylvia quiet, her poetry silent, her shouts echoing in the sky—

Johnny Noir

But Not Tonight

I would love to run my wet tongue
Along the crack of your dirty ass
Like I've never done before
But we can both count the times
When the moon rose and shone
On the blacktop and we strolled
Along in the summer breeze
And the green fields loomed
And your backside glowed blue
Like the sun through my window
On any given Sunday
As we dressed to go to church
To kiss Jesus' ass and lick the crust
From between his holy toes—
The pastor is a closet lesbian,
Married with kids
That she takes to little league games
And ballet lessons as if boys and girls
Were the same, one gender, one god,
One sex, sex only once in a lifetime
And reincarnate like Buddha
As a nymphomaniac in the far future
And we walk in the moonlight
Like zombies and you bend over
And I lick your dirty ass crack
And stick my tongue as far as it will go
Into your delicious undead sphincter,
I would love for that dream to come true,
But then again, it has, again and again,
But not tonight

Johnny Noir

Dirty Puzzle

In her psychedelic boots with a harelip and a spent credit card she's got no neck and stinks of her father's cologne—
Foul smelling feet feeling like Frank and Levy
Are lifting her legs to take her on a space walk,
Frog-marching her around like Temple Drake,
Left-handed wife letting a fart fly—
A natural brunette in the barn and a blonde under the car,
An Asian gypsy barefoot by the lake,
Computerized and conflicted,
Digital triplets who've all inherited their mother's camel toe
And now we know her father writes poetry
But she's too stupid to grasp it,
A fly-by-night illiterate who only comprehends the muted thumps
Of Lady Gaga and gunfire,
A teenage sodomite, reality TV is all she wants to know about,
Plucked from the sticky alley floor by her ripped drawers—
Her vices like balloon dog art, her nipples like a dog's,
Pierced, plump and pimples,
She wears pigtails and might be a good lay,
Even a goddess in bed someday,
Upchucking from too much tequila and Coke, five against one
And five and two fit end to end
Her mouth smelling like the cat took a shit in it—
Open the window, please,
The fire insurance agent is looking the other way,
What does he care, fist-fucking a nun
Like a kangaroo flashing the red flag—
He's a five H. man and she's a five-letter woman,
A fizzling fizgig, grandma likes to go to the movies,
Though she doesn't watch the picture—
Belonging to an abstract cult of straight lines and no color,
She's no Gaugin and when she takes her boots off—
A black and white genius face to face with the smiling yellow sun,
A mother's ass is like no other—
Especially when she wears strappy stilettos,
Her bowlegs making her look like she's playing the cello,
Sequin gown making her look like a disco ball—
Socrates and Diogenes arguing over how much to pay the whore

Johnny Noir

From Gibson Girls To Flappers

From Gibson girls to flappers spare me the tribal tattoos,
While the rest of the world goes backwards in time,
Timeless beauty has run out of time—
Alternative beauty is just another word for ugly,
As a transsexual walks the runway of Miss World
I find myself daydreaming about fat prostitutes
Working their way through community college—
Whatever she said is inscribed on my soul
Along with Louise Brooks' signature—
A modern girl taking her underwear off hardly shocks,
Women from the 21st century look like Gibson girls now—
Lillian Russell and Sarah Bernhardt
Creating a template that has never been rivaled,
The 20th century gave us Bettie Page, Louise Brooks, Greta Garbo,
Joan Crawford, Alice White, Doris Day,
Marilyn Monroe, Brigitte Bardot, Jean Merveille,
Grace Kelly, Raquel Welch and Catherine Deneuve—
Housewives in housecoats write the books we want to read,
While wearing saddle shoes, poodle skirts,
Bullet bras and angora sweaters—
Imagine if Jules Verne wrote War And Peace,
Would it be a Gothic steampunk masterpiece
Or dated as a pictograph because sex symbols
Could never have happened before the Renaissance—
There are no Byzantine sex Goddesses
Unless one counts Pallas Athena—
But Orthodox Christianity is abstract and sex symbols are not abstract
From Gibson girls to flappers to 1950s debutantes and secretaries
Whose ball gowns and pencil skirts is as outdated as the corset
And yet they were the hipsters of their day
Who learned to shoot dope and get pregnant in college,
Who hung out in jazz clubs and dropped acid—
I'm pretty sure they were not hip,
Were the furthest thing from hip—
Sex symbols are not hip; being sexy is not hip,
And we don't live in a sexy world—
Unlike the 18th, 19th and 20th century,
Which all inherited the Renaissance tradition
And ran with it until it came to Japan—
The Russo-Japanese war ending the Renaissance,
Bringing back the Byzantine
Along with Louis' the XIV, XV and XVI—
Karl Marx and The Bourgeoisie had it out in the streets
Like Coptic and Muslims in today's Egypt,
Where there are no sex symbols from Gibson girls to flappers—
Belly dancers are not sexy and naked girls are a boring cliché

Johnny Noir

Giotto

She has the poise of a Renaissance beauty
Without the haggard hunch of a medieval slag—
Surviving the Dark Ages into the Elizabethan
Where hangover whores who used to be witches
Walked the streets vomiting in the gutter
Shitting on themselves beneath their dirty petticoats—
Leaving a trail of diseased urine
Sniffed at by rats that were followed by feral cats
Followed by rabid packs of dogs
Followed by the small boys being followed by men
In turn followed by their drunken dirty wives—
Crotch rot was endemic, epidemic and contagious,
The smell officious and offensive
And perfume was expensive—
Giotto brought art out of the Byzantine Middle Ages
Into the Renaissance where it stayed
Until the Neo-Byzantine Modern age—
The so-called Enlightenment of the 18th century
Carried on the Renaissance into the modern age
When the otherwise Elizabethan poets
Became the lucid dreaming Romantics
That later became the strangely gay-like gamers
Of the late 20th century
Unlike the weirdly butch Beats, feminists and fags
Of 40s,50s,60s, and 70s—The King is dead,
The Nazarene buried and risen like a helium balloon—
The Wizard is high on weed and boxing his shadow,
Making psychedelic sounds by breaking wind—
Symphony music playing through the wall,
Kierkegaard drops his pants and smells the place up
Wearing too much make-up and dropping a turd—
Lesbians vomit, their ugly clones perfected
And wake up from their involuntary dream
Of the ugliest women in the world all in a row
Just like before, pissing and farting in revolt
Against the crucified corporate monolith,
The corporation falling flat on its back—
Claiming a fashionable attack of old pornography,
But now she's a woman with a face like a Picasso—
And a body as hard as a Michelangelo—

Johnny Noir

Gone Mad To Heather

Is this the will of the wise witch fate?
Decreed by silent monsters
Who shall be nameless in the depths?
Or the eyes of scarlet roses playing
In the land of Ashlyne—
Who does pity the tears of Mars?
That sole good god left on the bank
That dare pick up his sword
To strike the flaming lake—
Where all is blonde madness now
Lost in screaming midnight's dour age—
Come see what the girl has brought
A circle of corn for the grandmaster of hate
I have come and heather is beside me
With no chance that we will soon be parted
As all the gods whom we've buried rise
And protect us from nature's harsh bounty—

This is the land of the country squire,
Chief shareholder in corporate America
God given country, land of death and taxes
Home to heather and wheat, corn and tobacco—
This is my home too. Damn it, and yours—
Ask her when the crops will yield to the moon,
Goddess Luna dreaming
Of fish in golden streams—
Today time walked away and left us immortal—
You golden goddess, transient forever
We are spellbound by your lore.
This is your mother dreaming
American cities of rape and exposure
Given capital to succeed whatever their endeavors—
The animus of America gone to heather
Damned by god in his heaven—
Blessed by Jesus Christ his son—
That girl is my dreamboat
Rocking my dreams forever—
God in his heaven couldn't do better—

Mother return to me
Eaten by the golden snake of the sun
I am your dog, bitten by fleas—
Hounded by worms—
Lover of mange—
She is all I dream of—
Lone soldier on the battlefield—
Lone virgin—
The apocalypse rumbling on
Into golden infinite perchances
The devil's waiting to meet his own
On the other side of his reflection—
Green gardens await you there

In the land of blondes—
You will be happy forever if you stay there
Will you be the one to savor her passion?
Yes, goddamn it, yes!

Johnny Noir

Hell Is Divided

Hell is divided between those who love it and those who don't—
My imagination strains at the thought of Russian gangster whores
Fucking Russian gangsters when chaos theory was invented,
Scientific whores shaped like Ids, her Japanese mother's mirror madness
When the stock market crashed and Marilyn Monroe committed suicide
Over Jack Kennedy how she sang never having to play a maid in Hollywood
To the Jew taboo she wasn't happy, wherever she went her eyes the same,
The Self having no words of its own speaks in questions—
Politics is a cold soda to the average girl,
She loves it the way Russian hoes love gangsters and spies,
Their flawed logic flawless, her love a slutty amoeba,
Boris and the pit bull caught in the net fishing for a fat chick
In the shark infested waters of super zombie ego mirrors soft landing,
Finished with her throat surveillance in the super sonic sky,
Children walk up the hill, beer can cheerleaders, all eternity waking up,
Feet made of time, Chaos loving her cherry naked breath laughing—
Every mother is a showgirl eventually—
We're not talking about Buddhist nuns or Buddha with big dicks,
Everyone has their favorite poet and their favorite Japanese girl—
The deranged faces of the circus animals as the magnetic poles grow cold—
Dorothy Parker rising from the grave in her transparent skin
And beautiful sonnets pole dancing the way Russian strippers do
Unambiguously like a satellite her soft skin dancing, like a Viking queen,
Hell is divided between those named Barbara and those not barbarians—
A stone-faced moon and romantic blue flesh,
She waved at me and I smiled as I walked along the cobblestone,
Walking my friend's dog named Sherry—
Hearing the beast howl I await the robot legion's cup full of fruit—
I wait in Lisa's white chamber where the wind blows over the old stones,
There are no kings on this island only painters and whores—
The poets ascended like saints, the Russians like pigs,
The Americans like ants, there was never a heaven found here, Hell is divided
Between factions who not agree, who do not see the same reality
From quantum towers of maiden's bliss and art's body—
City blocks filled with diaristic nothingness,
I paint my love on the rooftop mother below—
Light Indian women bore me,
Except for Inanna and Ruth the Shulamite the primal mother,
Tense cubist patterns for miles on a subway car,
He bows to her hidden symmetry stepping forward in a dark yuppy village,
The mirror and the mud, hell is divided between gangster fiction and love stories—
Those who love it and those who don't forsworn to believe it—
Choosing sides in chaos' army as he meets the mother
On the battlefield of love's green windblown persuasion—
Her complexity coupled with rhyme—

Johnny Noir

I Am Nature

There are no taboos—
Only nasty bitches that horrify me, the world filled end to end with them—

Only Japanese girls swimming in the ocean like mermaids—
Beautiful princess slag wives smiling with cum in their eyes,
Crystal ball gazing cocksucker on her knees,
Holy Virgin, the best mother a boy could have—
I am nature and you are Japanese,
Forgotten in the radioactive rubble of fashion—
Remembered during sex, forgetting your name,
Forgetting you had a face, the cat drinks from my coffee cup
And spits in your eye, miniskirt, panty, thigh—
There are no taboos anymore, in queens your butt in pantyhose
Reminds of the Venus De Milo,
Your artistry mature—
Today's thigh is tomorrow's child,
Silent, bare bones and pregnant like this,
No Russian girls could repeat that, though they try
As much as I want to see them smile—
Her mouth full of light, married to Lou Reed in clunky high-heels
That's the beauty of being damned, so pale and ghostly and fat
In most cases an ugly mother is better than no mother at all
But not in every case,
Her shadow quietly leaving a fireball in its wake and a sports bra—
The girl from Tokyo peed on herself over and over
And I was okay with that from the beginning—
There are no taboos here, no flesh and blood—
There are mothers in fishnet stockings and red stilettos,
There are silent children,
There are girls kissing one another's crusty assholes—
I've seen them bottomless like a holocaust,
I've seen her reading her bible while fucking a stick shift,
Sitting in a corner plainly Puerto Rican just like everybody else—
I'm profoundly attracted to ugly girls, which is most girls,
And headless girls; I do not want to see a girl's head
I have been disappointed in the past—
I am nature and she is ugly and god is in his heaven
And Jesus is at his right side—
There are no taboos in heaven because there are no mothers in heaven,
There are no women in heaven and there are no men in Heaven—
Heaven is empty unless it's full of the smiling empty faces of twin she-devils

There are no taboos, only nasty bitches that horrify me,
The world filled end to end with them—

Johnny Noir

I Awoke From A Dream

One day I awoke from a dream
Wherein the world was asleep,
No one was beside me,
I wasn't in bed, but on the subway
And all eyes were closed
Like the tired commuters were dead
Secretaries in nude pantyhose
And starched blouses,
The businessmen dressed like Clark Kent
Asleep as the subway rattled on its tracks
Through tunnel after tunnel
Never stopping;
In the fishponds at the zoo
The sharks were swimming
And the piranhas were biting,
A cow thrown in by unseen hands
Was reduced to nothing,
Even the bones were gone,
For no reason at all I imagined
That this is what life must be like
On Devil's Island
Where the French prisoners were sent
To the topless women in grass skirts
Doing the hula,
It must be hell and paradise at once,
And even if the mud colored girl
Straight out of a Gauguin, VD and all
Made me lick the bottoms of her dirty feet
It wouldn't disturb my dream
No one would be wounded
In the fake war
And the commuters would stay sleeping
As the train rattled on on its tracks
Through tunnel after tunnel
Never stopping

Johnny Noir

I Don't Listen To Rock And Roll Any More

I don't listen to rock and roll any more,
Because it's boring—
Geniuses no longer make good music,
They write, or whatever—
Geniuses used to paint, but they don't anymore,
Painters now are not geniuses—
Cecily brown and Lucian Freud
Are not geniuses, sadly—
Anselm Keifer was a genius,
But I don't know if he still paints
Or if he's still a genius—
A genius is not an individual,
A genius has almost no personality at all—
Take Beethoven, Shakespeare, Picasso and Bettie Page—
They call boxing the "sweet science"—
There have been a few genius boxers—
Scientists have no personality at all,
Scientists are as dull as cardboard boxes—
No one understands quantum mechanics
I don't listen to what's called rock and roll now—
If they still call it that—
Music is as dull as dirt,
Pop tarts give lap dances and show their tits and panties—
That's what's called music nowadays—
Don't ask me about foreigners living outside the USA
What those people call music
I couldn't even pretend to understand
Other than Miserlou which Dick Dale
Translated into surf music from the Greek
But was originally Arabic by way of Turkey,
A folk song like the ones Bob Dylan used to play—
He still plays them—
Bob Dylan is still a genius—
But I wouldn't call it rock and roll
Unless it was rock and roll and nothing else was—
Nowadays music sounds like shit—
Its just noise but it makes money, or so I'm told,
So I'm led to believe
Since pop stars live like kings and queens,
Or so it seems—

Johnny Noir

I Wish I Had A Wishing Well

The Jews really want to kill the Arabs
And I think they might
Like aliens from another world
Coming as thieves in the night;
And god will say to all his children:
Follow the guiding light
And if Mary is worth her salt,
Everything will be all right,
Ma, I'm only bleeding
And it's only stage blood,
You see we're making a movie
About the time of Noah's flood;
And Ruth will come from a land far away,
A harlot in sequin and pearls
Giving herself to anyone she meets
On the streets filled with blood
But you know vampires don't exist,
At least not in this dimension;
Though Samson had his blood drawn
By the registered nurse named Delilah;
And television hasn't come to the island,
Cable is just a rumor, the Tamil tigers
Are folk heroes around here
But I wish they'd gotten here sooner
And there goes my girl running naked
In the sand just a few feet away
From the land mines
That litter the beach
Like seashells and explode
Into silver and gold;
All the signs point to prosperity,
All the signs point straight to hell
Where Miss America sits on her throne
Pissing into her personal wishing well

Johnny Noir

Kate II

Kate had big, pillowy tits
Like the Queen of England
Of course I wanted to sleep with her;
Who wouldn't want to
Sleep with the Queen of England—

St. Michael the Archangel,
Defend us in battle
Be our defense against
The wickedness and snares of the Devil
May God rebuke him,
We humbly pray, and do thou
O Prince of the heavenly hosts,
By the power of God
Thrust into hell Satan,
And all the evil spirits,
Who prowl about the world
Seeking the ruin of souls

Women stretch back to the dawn of time
And will go on into the unforeseen future,
But there is only one Bettie Mae Page—
She is a saint

Transgender unicorns draped in shawls
Like Barbara Bel Geddes,
Our blessed mother—
Only mothers know the truth
About little girls with blonde hair
That aren't little very long
Or there very long at all—
Though her mother may follow you—
Beach sand gets in panties
Like a prize fighter's hands,
Mother following us untroubled

Kate never used her tits to make money,
She used her feet instead
And her head came off in a windstorm
The only things I want between her eyes
And my balls are her lips

If I came across Sonny and Cybele
I would cum in their faces and spit
In the their asses
Amen

Johnny Noir

Leticia Costa In 4D

She's still big in France though not as big as Brigitte Bardot
Who ranks up there with Marilyn Monroe,
Head and shoulders above all other blondes besides Dietrich and Garbo—
But Leticia Costa is a fleshy brunette
The way they liked them then but this is now
And we prefer our brunettes decapitated or burned at the stake—
The geometric blonde that follows me is dizzy and doesn't have a gun,
A prophet and a poet are not two separate things
And Leticia Costa is neither and neither was Marilyn
But when you really think about it maybe she was but I doubt it
Who wants to come home to a solipsistic and self-involved lingerie model
Living at the beach in her Barbie dream house on stilts—
What does that even mean, art for art's sake is a thing of the past
Like Doctor Jeckyll and Mister Hyde and Freud's Id
And Jung's collective unconscious randomly these two have no memory of marriage
Reaching back into the subconscious—
Bach composing the score by blowing kisses of reason,
Painting without a ruler, painting without paint,
The message is clear in any language,
What do the numbers mean to the machine wearing too much makeup—
Like Tolstoy I yearn to return to the Crimea and its incontinent slave girls
Pissing up the tent like a professional nocturne under a wet sky sending a memo,
Playful daylight hours of mother's ass in the street
The girl that I love on my mind
Tolstoy's goal a single epic thought that could sustain a lifetime—
Mothers with abstract mathematic souls
Waiting to be counted in circles like Indians
Or orthodox Arab mothers' old, hard hennaed feet
Or spitting on Algerian pinups in the public bathhouses
Of Ingres and Delecroix, Leticia Costa's 34Ds in 4D—
Her tabula rasa backside shudders when the Moody Blues plays—
And she dances just like Brigitte Bardot to the music the machines make
Politely draped in silk like Mata Hari
Barefoot in Hollywood like Prometheus
Lost in space avant-garde and futuristically,
Her fur covered face dreaming in sound waves with a camera,
Thick on top and thin on the bottom, her mouth open
I don't fuck cabbies I'm not a whore
I didn't dye my hair black to bring out the olive.
I'm not Jewish; you've never tasted my asshole
I don't want to be Estella Carrera.
Never dreamed of getting fisted in the ass
I don't try on garter belts at Victoria's Secret
And I'm not beneath you so yeah what in fuck's name was that big story about—

Johnny Noir

Lily, Picasso & The Golden Mean

The bride wore knee sox.
Kissing the ground her mother walked on,
Taking me back in time to a place
Like no other I've ever seen before—
Where sitting on a park bench,
Carl Jung was eating ice cream
Wondering if he had enough traveler's checks,
He hadn't been to Phoenix but he would someday—
He thought about the story of Cinderella
And how the myth had grown
From one of war & disaster
To one of victory & incest in the dark,
She bit her father's earlobe & swallowed
His diamond earring
Should she tell her mother?
Who worshipped him like a God?
But she kept her silence & made great paintings
In the barn, murals too big to mention
& Her lesbian lover crept in from the neighbor's farm,
A dusty fairy with broken teeth
And scraped kneecaps
Just like her sister,
Her identical twin with Botox frozen face—

Johnny Noir

Masters Of Hate

Masters of hate, you don't know where you stand,
You oppose evil but not the evil of man—
You wait until darkness and then you strike,
Lighting the bomb that destroys the light—
And to whom will you answer on that final day
When we all must stand judgment and lastly pray
What was it you came to say—?
What will you declare?
That you weren't there—
That you were innocent
When the blood spilled at your feet
And your guns went silent as they hunted you down
But who are they but the wolves at your door—
Yes, all men are rabid, in love or in hate—
I'll take my baby and run before it's too late
And we have to fight the war in the streets—
But why should one so loving and giving
Be required to even the score?
All you do is hurt and steal,
My baby is lucky she's not crying herself to sleep
Every night at the thought of the hate
That sells your cars, big budget stars
And the scars that line the infants' lungs—
You poison the world with your chemical waste,
You turn boys into girls and confuse the whole race—
I wouldn't take a dime from you for the debt that you owe,
For what could recompense the loss and sorrow
That you cause with your lies—
When you sell your weapons at a discount rate
They come back and bite you—
And hate haunts your sleep—
I do not admire you in your penthouse suites—
I can only abhor whatever kind of monster you are,
I do not adore the rot that you spread—
I wish you were dead and I am not alone,
Many people curse you, like those without homes
And those on the run but where can they go?
You give no sanctuary under the moon or the sun—
Even in church I see you prey upon the young
Minds and bodies there—
I do not pity you and your high priced meals
And the priceless antiques that you paid to steal
From the hard working folk that built
This world up from stone—
You're so dead inside that you should be buried
Under the rubble that you have made—
Girls in tattered shawls walk the streets
For money to feed their babies' habits—
God's Angels sing out
As we who began time revel in space,
As the minutes fly by on solid wings—
Passing the stars as they fly,

Going where the sun doesn't shine,
Eclipsing the wind—
Shining like you shine, immaculately—
Distant dark, crude, ruddy and bloody,
So cool smiling for me, so cranky in the morning
Just like my mother used to be—
None too fond of past lives' memories,
Tattered shawls in darkened doorways—
Calling to strangers that pass by on the street—
You called to me then walked
Into the light,
Misty neon illumined shadow—
God's own Angel singing to me—
"Come upstairs. I want you to meet my mother, "
You said and I came right there—
You watched me carefully settle into the wood,
Becoming and ancient goddess for me, for me,
Watching you unfold your pink and silver petals—
Your mother a prisoner; you rescuing her—
"These are the dark things from the wood, " you said—
I heard you whispering like the echo of moth's wings,
That moth that was Beelzebub—
The moth becoming a priest in a bottle
And the luck was with the redhead's freckled white face
Face down in the gutter was where I saw her last—
She was dancing face down in the gutter
In the shadow cast by the neon,
In sight of her mother's crying eyes—
Lunar as a sonnet, solar as an epic—
Giving away peace and eternity for the asking—
You return to me at eleven
As the sour church bells chime prerecorded
Over the graveyard's thousand faces—
A shawl is taken by the wind
While in the sunlight you stoop beside the cross,
Stoop to pray to the spirit that was your mother's—
That one that grew from the egg, that drew you
Up from the red clay and made you shine like a star—

Johnny Noir

Mona Lisa In Deco - for Kareena

Tamara striding forth, paint brush in her hand
Painted you, stylized eyeliner lining your shining dark eyes
As the sun beams off your hands' painted fingers
Dark eyes gazing upon the cold metropolis snows
Like black diamonds, chilly, wet like frescos
Mona Lisa In Deco, colorless, diamond eyed smile denying
Mona Lisa does Deco childishly behind her silver mask
And deep below her chilly surface lurks the feel of her lean figure,
The Hunger denied, spying snowy slopes,
I kissed your hand Ayn Rand
As Leni took the jeweled belt from your waist,
Feeling like a Temptress, fallen eagle,
Waving good-bye to Icarus, hand in white glove
Tamara striding forth, brush in hand
Between blazing blasts of sunlight
And the desire for the darkness' kiss—
Sun bleached angel, I adore your tales of time travel,
Forgotten kimono on the floor that the Sapphic priestess
Stepped over to get to the prostrate body of the Japanese prostitute
Slept with and kept going, Tamara striding on
With kisses for Frieda, darling starlet,
She doesn't show the drugs show in her eyes—
Mona Lisa doing Deco as Courtney, Kate and the others
Undress before the dusty grey eyes of Dorian Gray
Junkie sugar daddy, watching the mother of Abigail Adams undress,
Sylvia and Zelda undress, Kareena, Sophia and Ophelia soaked to the skin,
Naked and deep as a frozen waterfall,
In a babydoll at three AM in Manhattan, martini in hand
Mona Lisa In Deco, eyes like blackened sapphires
Striding in unpretentiously to meet Death who comes
On Holiday to take her slender cold hand, striding forth

Johnny Noir

My Friend Ana

Skin white as bone, bone thin as skin,
Don't want to be just another skin to be in
Just like St. Augustine,
Leave her to her diet she'll try anything,
But she won't eat, look at her starve herself
Like she's allergic to sweets so petit and sweet
In her penthouse suite on the bathroom floor
On her knees praying to the god of thin
Jesus was thin, but his mother was fat, fat, fat,
She doesn't want to look like that—
Oh, Ana, I love you just the way you are,
Disappearing in my arms your legs so skinny
They vanish when you walk runway disaster,
Casually coked up on steroids built to last
Forever like a temple or a tomb—
I wouldn't dream of you at all if you weren't so thin,
You wake me up in the middle of the night
With your bones grinding into me
Between your string-thin thighs,
O Ana, you are my spaghetti,
You make me want to throw up too, O Ana,
I love you, I really do, don't disappear
Though I can always see through
Your rib cage to your heart beating, bleed on me
If you like, please, get your period, please,
O god you make me want to cry,
I love you baby, don't die on me or underneath me
Crushing you, you'd better get on top
And do the reverse cowgirl I've heard so much about,
Eating horseflesh isn't your style,
It's much too French to be pleasant in your eyes'
Vacant stare, don't just stand there,
Kneel and pray to the porcelain goddess
And vomit what is inside of you
Into the swirling water but what could it be
How can you vomit the void back into the void?
Philosophers have been asking that question for millennia
No one can answer it
But I hear you gagging through the door,
You know I love you but the words,
The words make me sore, don't hurt me, baby,
Just don't hurt me as much as you hurt yourself
Just don't.

Johnny Noir

Pits Like Roses & Hairy As A Siberian

When I walk through the Black Forest with you
A Wonderland of smells surrounds me like your dog in the mud
And if I could track mud all over your carpet I would—

But that would be in a different place,
Nearer to paradise, some place like your ancient palace
And there you would let me sniff until I sneezed,
My brains flying out of my head through nostrils gushing blood
Like Old Faithful in a short sweet burst all over your mom—

You're skinny as a bone but hairy as sticky red bud,
I would be smoking you now if I had a light
Beside the warm mystical glow of the white sun over our heads
Making us sweat and freeze from the heat
And the fear that love may be encroaching on our strange thirst—

I can't hide from your hairy libido anymore
But I'll try to under the hood of your bush
Where the crack of dawn spreads its open arms and legs

Like a semaphore flag sweating like a storm god
Having a heart attack doing jumping jacks,
Wet as a dirty rag in the sudsy rinse of eternity's jetlag—

Johnny Noir

Raising Eve From The Red Earth

Raising Eve from the red earth beneath the shadow of the mark—
The old earth is good enough for her and perfect
Slow and robot-like encircled by her harlots,
The perfect queen of shadows—
Yesterday was the beginning of time I'm told
Her reign a golden stiff one—
She was a pupil of the pope I'm told—
Her shadow markings very alive like her youth,
Educated as a Shakespearian, the sober mother comes in crying—
A red shade with dark pupils closing in like cardboard figures
Leaving Latino marks in her youth I'm told
Gay men marching without pride
Stiff Brazilian men her favored dictators—
Perfect shadows leaving no Jewish mistress unturned
The new goddess of silence searches for her apples—
Sniffing their seeds in her armpits,
She regales her children for their blindness
Flying from the red earth beneath the shadow of the mark of the shadow—
Yesterday she bore a child via computer damned by its eyes,
She began life as mother demanding only art—
Should that now be mankind's sole desire?
The golden-faced vermilion goddess in her Italian tattoos—
Kneeling in Spanish made stilettos,
Kneeling before the pope and the archbishop
Can confound her with their questions—
Her origins as cold as their knives—
Her gifts are simple and she is much adored—
The old witch lives in my attic
I love her violated wood mantra to Plato
Cracked by the force of her seething gale ass—
She has made the rounds of yesterdays raising Eve from the red earth—

Johnny Noir

Reasons For War

Your' stocking tops & black seams
Seem to be the only thing I think about,
Why must it be that way?
Why can't I get you out of my mind?
& Think of other things
Besides the lingerie you wear,
Every night, or almost every night
When I look like hell
& You are a glamour girl
All dolled up like a Barbie doll
In black seam stockings & black lingerie

You make me believe in goddesses
& The enchantments they spin—
I'll stay under you spell willingly
Like a drowning man, or a burning man,
Or a floating man,
Or whatever kind of man is Adam to your Eve
You like a magician with 1,000 doves up your sleeve,
But the dinner gloves comes off,
Slowly, one then the other,
The wait is like forever,
The moon getting stuck in the trees
& I see you is stereoscopic 3-D
Just like everything else these days,
Through the knothole
In your bathroom wall
Can you see me? I am the Invisible Man of your dreams,
Culled from the depths of Freudian reveries,
I danced with Cthulu at the ball of mysteries,
Can you see me, really see me?

Any serious debate on the merits of surrealism is a fruitful discussion.
The phrase, "The window opened the door, "
For it's simplicity opens up in one a queasy sense,
Can such things occur, we ask ourselves,
Knowing full well (and concealing crippling doubt over the same)
That such things cannot.

I wish I had a tool that I could use
To make you step out of your sleepy corridor
And open the shuttle door.
I'd like to see you nude descending a staircase.
I want to see your seven faces.
You are one of the most beautiful things alive
And the reason for war.
I saw you drowning your several faces in the bathtub,
Dying the marble the color of flesh,
Sipping champagne & smoking a cigarette.

Johnny Noir

Red balls dropp like riddles from the sky

Red balls dropp like riddles from the sky,
The glowering green gnome whose face is naught,
The thought too severe,
God likes it this way, she said—
I pulled at the string like a cat
Tugging on a ball of yarn
And the seesaw and swing set
Sent electricity through her,
The cat died and was reborn as an elf—
Does this trouble you?
Jutting city slopes of ice cream,
Tea and cakes like you were expecting
The queen of all cats,
The mother of the ten gentlemen
In duchamp masks lethargic at the door—
But why didn't she tell me?
You have something like that in your face,
A chilidog like expression,
But only the old ones know or remember you,
In the theater of the Id there are no monsters
But maitre'd that are only children,
Deranged beyond belief,
Baffled by science and their own programming—

Johnny Noir

Russian Girl

A Russian girl's farts smell just like her mother's,
Old Hannah that gave birth
To seven kids back in the dessert where her ancestors wandered
Bewildered by the hot sun—
Pharaoh's men on their backs, riding camels into the hot wind—
Old Abe coming home to the tent where he had his way with everyone,
But that was then and now I'm sitting downwind
From young Hannah and her dreams of Anastasia—
I won't forget her, not after laying that hot one
Like Jill on the hill she came tumbling down—
It's almost enough to make me wish Mila Kunis were Japanese,
But she isn't and neither is Bill Burroughs but the rest of the Beats were
Hip to sniffing Russian girl's farts like cold borscht on a hot night, her feet in stockings,
Too drunk to remember her own name—
Sitting at her laptop farting the night away,
Graffiti on the walls saying Stalin is great and all must obey,
It'll just take a minute, as she looks you in the eye
And tries to make you wear a Pushkin mask
I've lost track of the car alarms going off all night, I've lost track of everything,
Lost in the fog—
It doesn't even matter how ugly the girl is, it looks and smells like Heaven
And all the signs point in her direction—
A perfect machine, every move a poem,
Crying out like Jesus on her sacrum's cross,
Did I mention she was ugly and part Korean,
Not worthy to carry my sandals because she needs more tattoos,
Give or take seconds of eternity, sexy as a bug-eyed Spaniard
Giving birth to a swarm of flies, no one noticing she's wearing her head upside down—
Just like her soul—
It can't be denied hers is an old soul, born on an island during an earthquake—
Performing miracles with her faith, Jews dying slowly in the gas chambers—
No one would want such a fate, it goes without saying, but it's too late—
She drinks her milk thinking her grandmother milking cows—
And all she has to do is go down to the corner store—
She shuffles the cards and blows another fart,
This one louder than the several that came before—
She puts on her glasses and answers the door leaving factories in her wake—
Whenever she speaks it's always in her sleep,
The words Russian, the voice a low purr and Anastasia weeps
In so many ways she's like her Arab ancestors in their chains,
In other ways she's like cement, her farts loud you must admit
Everybody turns around when she cuts one
That brings to mind a legend of the rain forest—
Her ancestors wandering the dessert until an oasis appears out of nowhere,
Old Hannah giving birth to the seven prophets, farting her way to immortality,
Accidentally beautiful to some small degree—
Crucifix in hand, a stake through the heart of a blonde—

Johnny Noir

She Knows Her Eyes (Sluts Are Beautiful)

Mothers without eyes, creepy and shadowlike—
Her face green and dirty like coffee beans left out in the rain—
Julie Andrews pole dancing, her udders like a cow—
Her hymns boarding trains—
Her soldier's soul Higgs reality,
She began in a dream and turned beautiful—
Her heart enlarged to the size of the universe,
Her mother's black and white rhyme scheme,
Her enemies are unknown girls that know me,
Married spies forgiven in church on Sunday—
She knows her eyes,
Living in her truth, living on her earth
Where I fear my own dreams,
I don't know why, the pleasure is immense,
Every man alive knows Kelly Wells is a Goddess—
If Venus, Aphrodite, and Isis walked among us it would be her—
Jaelyn Fox and Bobbie Starr are also of that superlative class of slut,
They make human like bearable—
Possible, the moon exploding in their minds
Like Priestesses of a world long gone,
Atlantean sky-dwellers, so far above the sea they see gothic monsters,
Earthquakes, storms, tsunamis don't bother them,
Ass over head, choking,
Mothers without eyes know their mates—
A Prophet that speaks to the earth in bondage,
Sorcery circa 1966 and 1936,
All of the saints are into bondage,
Saint Bettie leading the roundelay—
Faustian in her shadowed glade, elfin—
At last an ugly girl falls in love with me,
I'm not happy about it,
But the world will continue to spin—
The earth and the moon's shadow on the sun,
Foreign and strange,
Promiscuous but not erotic, made of meat, yes,
She sings like Dylan so familiarly, the earth dances,
Let me drink the sweat of a fat slag of a teenage girl's feet,
Her lost chained cannabis tattoos, her dioramic piercing,
Her panoramic black hair,
Her olive skin, Sherina the Goddess from sixth grade,
All of the mothers without eyes, but not blind
As darkness goes towards sunlight
Sherina turns ugly then pretty again—
Sluts are beautiful

Johnny Noir

Shit (the poem)

Shit—

The first word spoken by the mouth about the ass—
A fart, the first sound heard by the ear from the ass—
A sneeze, the first sound felt by the brain—
A thought, the first sign of the mind in the body—
She's making me sweat
When she tells me how wet she gets
When she thinks we should get a pet—
A viper or a spider, a cat or a dog or maybe a bird—
I don't know how I feel about that
I don't how I'm supposed to feel
When she asks me if I think she's getting fat—
She cooks like a chef and I eat until there's nothing left—
Then I let out a fart like thunder
That she pretends not to hear—
And then she beats me into the bathroom
To shit

It sounds like she's making music in there
But it smells like someone opened Hell
And let the demons fly free from Satan's ass—
But I worship Satan when I pee
Breathing the aroma of her cooking when she's not looking—
Because she thinks it's gross,
Even though I tell her I love the odor that escapes her ass—
And she smiles because she feels the same
And that's what I call love—

The gas from her cosmic ass spreads through the air
Like a distant planet's atmosphere
And I breathe deep like a spaceman walking the surface
Of an alien terrain of mountains and valleys—
Or a soft place I've been a hundred times before—
And she climbs the stalk to get to the fountain
And swallows the volcano on a rainy night—
The black clouds obscuring the stars
On this cold night when animals wrestle
Deep in the earth like twins in a fertile womb—

Shit—

She screams and cries with pleasure and pain—
While I try to analyze the game but it's simply
The same old tale told by Adam to Eve—
Something about birds and bees stinging me
And waking up singing in the trees—
Like monkeys at the dawn of time—
Farting, sneezing and thinking up a sweat
About how if I scratch right there, she'll get wet
As shit

Johnny Noir

Skinny Granny

The feet of a skinny granny in her ripped seamed stockings are entrepreneurs
Making a killing in the cosmopolitan desert—
I think of love when I can't sleep with her bony arms around me,
What is it about Brigitte Bardot that makes her so big with the Existentialists,
Is it that she's so mean and cranky, smoking two cigarettes at a time—
Or is that she's a skinny granny from the future
Gone back in time like a witch in a red string bikini—
Old mothers are thrown out of their apartments
By young son's new wives,
It happens all the time with Joan of Arc burning in the town square
Did her feet smell like overheated trucks on the highway in the summer of 1957,
And do they smell like that still, in a closed society everyone makes the porn—
1957 was the year of the renaissance; an abstract genius was born,
Some called him Jesus and he heralded a return to the Orthodoxy,
A revival of Byzantine style and Greek myth,
He brought back the Roman style of Monumentalizing and the Greek style of reasoning,
He combined them to make tectonic plates with his name on them,
This Russian steward of all that was great in art and skinny jeans—
But the feel of the feet of a skinny granny rubbing his leg made him dream of clocks,
Cockroaches and cowed Puerto Rican women,
In the cellar room where he keeps his ant colony
A giant mother housefly has died and festers with maggots that feed,
Die and fester into more maggots, the swarm bigger than the room it's squeezed into
Even as it squeezes its way out in ripped stockings—
Skinny granny the Greek is more fun at parties,
New York City under her skinny while you and I were being born
The room stinking of cock, the window closed and shuttered,
The lamp broken, a bottle overturned, granny naked,
Her skinny naked feet practically in some young thug's throat,
The poet's life is her tomorrow, no stranger to existentialism
The way only she could understand it in 1957,
The summer porn came on the mass market and made granny a star,
Now she's an entrepreneur in Abu Dhabi where she started as a stripper just for fun,
Burning down the houses of the holy as more strippers came—
Aunt Sally from Beirut came with her Amish husband admired for his beard—
I've thought this to myself once before upon seeing an Amish girl in a bikini,
I thought, how do her primal waters flow, discoverer of water pitch
In the long arms of the night with Brigitte Bardot's eyes
And skinny granny feet like chocolate dipped in vanilla,
Don't ask her husband about the war of the bears, it leaves him sighing—
The wandering prophet arrived at the orange house and went inside,
The witch was waiting for him, a gypsy with skinny feet—
They were destined to meet, foretold by every constellation shattering starry collision
Her naked feet in espadrilles, so what is it about Brigitte Bardot—

Johnny Noir

Stone Coins

I wish I had a girlfriend who was a gamy slut; any one will do,
So why not an Irish Celt from a far removed time,
Why not one of the descendents of the misty-island ones—
Her grandmother will do, but no, I want and wish and will have her in the future
When I step over the threshold to the land of the sun—
People will know my name and my girlfriend's name,
The trendy slut, the big-bottomed mirage with amnesia—
I will write letters to God and they will be answered,
The Eve of old is older still than the evenings that pass,
Night rolling, dawn cascading, Katie rolling over in her sleep—
I've known them, the kings with one eye between them,
Betsey's mirror reflecting nothing but Guinevere's reflection,
I wish I had an ant the size of building, all my friends know this,
The pretty ones in ever-present time—
I'm wary of Asian mothers otherwise mothers don't frighten me,
I frighten them instead, eternal whores from the underworld—
Save your stone coins, I wish I had a girlfriend
Who was a gamy slut; any one will do, so why not an Irish Celt
From a far removed time, why not one of the descendents of the misty-isle—
Her grandmother will do, but no, I want and wish and will have in the future
When I step over the threshold into the sun—
People will know my name and my girlfriend the trendy slut,
The big-bottomed mirage with amnesia—
I will write letters to God and they will be answered,
The Eve of old is older still than the evenings that pass,
Night rolling, dawn cascading, Katie rolling over in her sleep—
Like a toothless old Jew gnawing a piece of dry bread—
Like the magic slop that pigs eat in mythology and religion,
Folklore and nowhere else, eternal whores from the underworld—
Save your stone coins, cold like Mary McCarthy
Who was warm on the inside and hot like biblical fire on the outside—
Rubbing one out after another, rubbing the ocean's penis,
Creating great gods out of light from the moisture of her Revolution—
Walking down steep stone steps in her sleep to the dungeon,
Which is really little more than the basement garage,
I wish I had a girlfriend who was a gamy slut; any one will do, the gamiest,
Save your stone coins for the gassiest radiation rainbow—
Glamorously pissing behind a rock but I forget,
Adding details later to De Stijl eyes,
Girls climb walls and fall like poisoned spiders
Into the pages of haute couture comic books, her grandmother will do,
The Eve of old, Hannah rolling around the dark on the floor of mysterious night
Her dead-eyed stare known around the world—
Is a mark of her charm, her nakedness unrevealing,
Her meaning elusive like the ancient pigs of old and their magical slop
Not a hymen in sight, save your stone coins—

Johnny Noir

The American Poet

She's proud of her ass and the poet that celebrates it, gap tooth and stilettos notwithstanding he thinks she's perfect even without a neck, even her parents know better than to think she's a beauty but her father can't help but notice her angelic ass—

He draws the line at tying the knot but not witchcraft, her broken nose floating on a sea of red foam, the CIA denying any involvement with burning down the synagogue— But a saint's feet don't smell like that and Jewish girls' feet smell like Jasmine, the Brooklyn ADA won't go to jail for sucking cock like a pro though Boy Scouts peddle her mug shots door to door—

Locked in a box pee leaks past her thong, eye shadow gone, Saudi women beaten like drums by dirty hippies and cavalier poets, he pulled her lips off and her face didn't bleed because she's made of metal and wood—

Her clone raped as a little girl still lived fifty years—

Tea drinking Lesbians discussing Existentialism, teenage boys pretending to be teenage girls are happy for long lines at the glory hole—

Katherine Howard gave the best head after she was dead, her body resurrected with an electric dream catcher—

Who can a king trust in the middle of the night if not the CIA, his dogs and Polish women deliriously recalling lost girls in sheer, torn tights at medieval fairs—

He dreams of truth the whore and doesn't recognize her face until her white throat is cut and her rat-like grin remains perfection, Indian girls filling buckets with their naked sweat—

Like a miracle I was alone while I prayed and a vision came to me

Of a thirteen-year-old girl with size 13 feet, hair like a rainbow and speaking fluent Mandarin—

I wrote down everything she said until I cut her tongue out, her dirty Italian feet stinking like old sausage—

I would surely suck the dry shit right out of her sphincter, washing it down with cold beer while she was unconscious—

I've got what I wanted, some Japanese kid's mother on her back

And his teenaged sister on my dick as I dream of Rockettes, mothers all with strutting high kicks no panties filling Radio City

With the funk of their' numerous quim, hogtying your fat ass with your own stockings because I love you, examining the multiple universes in the folds of your labia and your faultless little German tits so rare because most German girls are built like cows with fat milky udders hanging past their navels delicious as they are but she's proud of her Indian or Japanese ass and the American poet who celebrates it throughout the world at war—

Johnny Noir

The Courtney Love Doll

Yellow country of red skulls in night's delight—
Cherished and beholden to the one beloved,
Ice flows down from the mountain mist
And settles disbelieving—
Every girl wants a Courtney love doll and every man too,
Wants the shallow blonde sitting beside the lake—
I saw the vision and it relieved me like fresh water,
I saw her heart beating in the dark,
Glowing like a red skull, towering over the insects
To their delight—
The mountains are blue like the strains
Of the strange country's music—
She is blue too, but for a different reason,
Turning towards the moon in her candle lit confusion—
The rain shower washes away her death with the leaves—
Like music she communicates with the buried skulls,
Her thousand breasts shining like cancerous stars,
She shuts the door on the old cabin,
Safely inside—
Her orgasm charging like a black bull wrapped in a burning quilt,
Every girl needs a Courtney love doll and every man too—
Jane Austin leaves the door open for the sunlight to enter,
He rapes her in her pajamas, cuts her body in half
And tosses her coat into the street where she married in a garden of ice
With her children by her side
And became pregnant with snow and daylight
In the yellow country of red skulls buried in the night
By the laughing gods of her beloved—
What she always needed and wanted
A Courtney love doll to call herself and her own—

Johnny Noir

The Infinite Kiss

What do churches do when the lights go out
And Jesus hides his face from the devil's madness
And soap operas are memories and he's in his mother's arms,
Do we know what the shadows do when we're not looking,
When the human race is struck blind by war and peace—
Her sky-blue eyes are as old and dusty as the moon—
Her soul is nonexistent and psychotic—
I saw her standing in the window taking her bra off,
She was beautiful as an endless sea of lesbians,
The numbers add up to zero, twisted gracefully—
When she speaks it's like a voice at an séance,
Silence that rings for eternity, only her god knows she lied—
Her eyes water but her tears are not Jewish or European at all,
I don't think she knows her body is covered with Morse code—
I don't think Freud slipped her his penis, her face going out like a light
Her eyes a hutch filled with newborn hares and Egyptian graffiti,
My genie climbed out of the bottle at seventeen,
Your window a sonnet I mercifully sing, an ode to robotic slags
As I sweat under the weight of lesbian kisses—
The devil pours blue paint all over her floor,
Her eyes drink sand, her skinny arms carrying buckets,
The news is never pretty; babies are born with two heads,
We see things that aren't there and don't see things that are,
Her blonde heads comes flying out the window,
Sometimes we fall in love and things get hard or easy—
Sometimes we close our eyes and men wearing hats appear
And women in fishnets add up the numbers to infinity—
Sometimes the lights go out and she kisses me—
The joke three-dollar bill getting passed around the strip club
Gets taken home by the two-dollar whore who thinks she's on a date
With Jesus the churchgoers magically dream of marriage,
The philosophy of reason shouts from the rooftops,
The waitresses at the local diner looking like movie stars,
The gyaru fashion model is the most beautiful wreck
Who wants to eat eyes and her mother's ass out like I do—
A girl with tits I can only see in the dark is my lover,
Her stoned madness making her mind wander,
What do churches do when the lights go out
And the Devil goes dancing where the pole dancers
Rent their clothes and paint their skulls gold—
The infinite kiss of ten o'clock is bearded and wears glasses
Night wearing the gold ring of burlesque and Jesus hides his face
In his hands too drunk to think and soap operas are memories
And he's in his mother's arms and she in his—
At the moment of the infinite kiss when the human race
Is struck blind and the sun refuses to shine—

Johnny Noir

The Mother Of Frankenstein

Her dollhouse is filled with elemental magic
And the Holy Spirits of cavemen, their souls for rent—
The Goddess of snakes crawling through the grass
This world too impatient for love,
The clockwork movements of the atomic elementals—
Should her body become the residence of God
In the forest of burnt trees, chaos will take us there,
Her black bra of freedom hanging on the post—
Like one thousand naked women in bondage,
Jove devouring his grandchildren in a bloody feast
Given the empty heart, of the black leather clad mother,
Her salt-filled soul spilling onto the beach,
That made her stop puking on the yacht
Crystalline and sublime guitar gods of time—
Sad Italian films of mothers' faces, sawing a woman in two—
Your Gypsy daughter will cry for you, swearing she's Greek,
Swearing she's Greek but not the mother of Frankenstein—
Erasing her mind cheerleaders climb mountains
To get in ugly girls' faces when Saturday comes,
She'll bring her Gothic drums to trade for kisses,
Tearing her apart in the Russian sunlight,
Her tattooed virgin ass milking her nostrils—
Forcing her love through a keyhole in Spanish Harlem,
A mother loving her dildo and handcuffs,
Her beauty attracting flies to her all-powerful Cubist glamour—
I have memories of blonde demons and angels torturing her,
Her stocking feet leading on the road to heaven—
We all know where mothers come from
Drunk and dreaming like ants kissed by fiery angels.
She'll be all right, smiling with destiny in her eyes—
The universal clock of boy-love doesn't touch motherhood,
How eternity winds down and starts again
Thriving in the Paris underground—
I might marry her, depending on her dream life
As if she were too beautiful to forget her storied fate,
Her prophesies ringing true like church bells
Or the moon at sundown, her sky filled with miracles—
Christ riding into Jerusalem where Netanyahu Sr.
Greets him, the dolls in their Disney disguises,
The charms of heaven dangling like witches,
Jewish hookers, horny slattern housewives,
Slags of all blemishes, Indian and Pakistani—
Her love of the mountains, her dollhouse
Filled with elemental magic and alchemical homunculi
Who pass themselves off as the rioting Monads—

Johnny Noir

The Poet Queen

If I should arrive with the fiery sunrise
Would you stay with me through the night?
And when the truth comes alive like a contented suckling child,
Would you bite me through the heart if I ask you to?
There are so many things to say to the sandman,
But he can't quite hear you through the waves—
I'd put you in touch with the devil himself
But he said he already knew you,
He said he met you at one of his balls
And I cried, oh, yes, she is the Poet Queen—
Slave to none and mistress of the myriad stars,
Oh, yes, he said, that's the One—
I knew her in December, in one of the bard's oft told tales
Of Faustus in the forest of green shade trees
That the little girls run and hide behind—
But now I am bleeding because your teeth are sharp—
Now I am in the future, a time traveler
With wings made of superstrings—
I walked with Christopher Marlowe in the deep woods,
Returning with old tales from the witches who live in the cave,
She was once a fairy queen but now that the apple full of worms
Has eaten her heart, I'll live through days on distant ranges
Like a foolish cowboy I return to you, Poet Queen
Singing your song from your high window at noon
When the philosophers gather around and swoon,
Dancing the Tarantella while St. Vitas taps the beat
And she calls the tune matching him word for word
With soft unspoken breaths of cherry scented air—
I can't wait until I'm there on the surface of the moon,
Do I care about the color of her hair
Which the flames do their best to consume?
And now I return to you, Poet Queen of bees in Junes past,
To eat your baked and sugared apples with a spoon
And if I should arrive with the moonlight,
Would you survive through the day?
And when the truth kicks the door in will you escape
Through the Stained glass window of my ruined cathedral,
And will you bite me through if I ask you to
And chew me up like candied glue?

Johnny Noir

There Are Drums Along The Congo

There are drums along the Congo
And violins in my head,
The wild women of Wongo are dancing
In eyeliner and war paint
And taking a chance on love;
Your feet smell like what I just threw up
But it tasted good going down,
I must be drunk
Because you look beautiful tonight;
Give me a signal when the train is coming
So I can jump out of my skin
And kiss you with my astral lips
And forgive you for marrying him
Instead of staying alone with my ghost
On the rooftop watching the full moon
Over cobblestone streets and torn curtains
At the tenement windows
Reveal the widow in her negligee dancing
To the radio every night like clockwork
And who gives a damn,
This is my midnight kiss off
To the millionth booty call
And soon it will be back at the bar
Chatting up European girls
In too much make-up
Who haven't got the brains god gave them
Because he took them back
When they missed the last payment,
But who am I to judge; god, that's who
And I jumped from the roof
Into your lesbian arms
Where you carried me to your car
And drove me home
On your slippery road to hell
And back and black and white looks like hell
In HD but that doesn't matter
As long I get you on your back

Johnny Noir

Throat Slut

A good Japanese whore comes cheap,
If I met her by the hotel pool and had the chance to bang her
I certainly would, a good Japanese whore comes cheap—
Seven fat girls lined up in a holy chorus,
Choir robes billowing, cats everywhere—
Mean nun with a ruler,
The Charleston danced at all the dances,
St. Joe wandering the street, winning the Lotto with wine on his breath,

Through the fourth dimension
Go the stamping feet of teenaged girls,
The marching boots of soldiers,
To examine the llama to see what could be wrong,
Regiments of the Trojan army—
Skull fucked for a living in the glory hole,

Expecting to see generals hanging from the trees,
The sequel to the movie,
Pages and scrolls and kindles and ipads all flutter in the universal breeze,
Like children saved by Jesus to finally meet their mothers,
Like Cecil B. DeMille sent the good Japanese
Art gods to her soggy panties,

A cheap whore is not a good thing
The fifth dimension is comprised of emotion,
What Jimi Hendrix called the Axis—
The key to R&B and rock and roll ideally,
Pull her pants down and see Jesus—

We'll go to hell together,
Said the cat to the brunette,
Because a boy needs a father to model male values
And learn the voice of seduction—
So he doesn't turn out gay,
Because when a man sets out to seduces a woman,
In his mind he adopts his father's voice,
The voice of authority
As the woman obeys her own father's voice—

Lesbians have it easy because girls are born that way—

This is as true for the Japanese
As it is for anyone—
A good Japanese whore is hard to find,
They lay like dead fish and cry like babies—
Even the Japanese prefer Koreans in bed
And Chinese whores just taste good,
You get that flavor with a Philippine sometimes—
But almost never with an American, though I did once,
Which shows what a mixed breed we all are—

Johnny Noir

To Swinburne

I dreamt I raped Barbie,
She was stiff as wood and it hurt,
Stiff as plastic actually,
Hard plastic not soft and sensual
Like bubble rap—
I wish they'd make a plush Barbie,
But she was huge, bigger than me,
With blonde hair of course
And a face like a placid lake,
Maybe it was Lake Placid
Outside the window of the cottage
Where I held her bound,
Legs spread wide apart
As only Barbie's legs can spread,
Arms tied at the wrists over her head
As if she had a pulse and went pale
As the circulation slowed
And there was no hero to rescue her,
No GI Joe to save her—
After I was done I sat down
By the fireplace with a cigar
And a good brandy
While she didn't move
Still tied to the bed,
Ankles at each brass bedpost,
Arms over her head
Attached to the brass rail
And read my Bible

Johnny Noir

Toenails Like Bloody Claws

If every white woman
On the face of the earth vanished
Would they be missed—?
Ask yourself this—

Every other woman
On the face of the earth
Would more than make up the difference—
Who would miss her blonde pie
On Saturday morning
With its luscious brunette filling—
Who could never stand to look into the eyes
Of a pouting blue-eyed Lolita,
Cheeks aglow—
Ask yourself this—

Her painted toenails like red claws
Her toenails painted red like bloody claws—
Her red toenails painted like bloody claws—

Russian girls in torn, dirty socks
On Saturday night in the parking lot
We would miss her cherry pie—
While the girl next door is starving
She's not glamorous without make-up
And not as pretty as a German girl
But who said she had to be—
Ask yourself this

Her painted toenails like red claws
Her toenails painted like bloody claws—
Her red toenails painted like bloody claws—

Her purple robe something
I saw on a mannequin
On 42nd St. one Saturday afternoon—
She skipped like a child in her maryjanes,
But the other girl had saddle shoes on—
They seemed happy as could be
Like the models in pornography—

I wanted to confess under her dress
But her mother came in and I did her instead—
She was closer to my age
But then the cat in white lingerie
Said something I didn't understand—
Wanting to be clever she took my hand
And led me offstage in the dim light
Where the whore began to moan—
Ask yourself this

Her painted toenails like red claws

Her toenails painted red like bloody claws—
Her red toenails like bloody claws

Johnny Noir

Trim The Kat

To every Kat I have ever known
Unseen in the dark like quantum energy
Released and fulfilled like too many babies
Born into this world like cats,
The earth won't stand for it much longer,
Owls screech in the night and women walk
Like zombies to a samba beat—
The cats lined up outside my door wait to be fed
The catch of the day from a can,
The beatniks have filled me with wild wishes
And wanton dreams of glowering stars
As I sit on tabloid counters and count the beans
Released from Whitman's ass,
And it's so like Corso to court you
Like a gentleman with no teeth,
The rotting white words
Describing the world to deaf ears—
To Every Trim Kat I have ever known,
Salutations from sailors and soldiers
Marching off to war,
Forgiven in their graves, rotting Goth corpses,
Oh, children, when will we break the spell
And speak of such things
Face to face, your hot biblical breath in my ear
Fine tuned like darkness because there is no light
To save the candlewick's flicker,
Children, there is radar built into your heads
Zooming like lenses onto the infinite—

Johnny Noir

What's Left Of Her Legs

What's left of her legs are still in stilettos, the bones of a clown, lucky me that she is fantastic and pale with nails driven into her navel—
Her farts reaching to the sky, her turds washing up on the beach,
Her ghostly white ass far out to sea—
I am called a Christian though I worship Satan in his fancy black suit smoking an unfiltered cigarette—

The poets I draw inspiration from are Arthur Rimbaud, TS Eliot, Dylan Thomas and Sylvia Plath—
From Eliot and Thomas I draw structure,
from Rimbaud and Plath content.
In terms of both to discard that which is not needed. There is nothing left except demons and the flesh—from which I derive my art.

I called your twin on Sunday, the model of perfection—
She was a screamer and I took her to the mall—
Heaven in her cheeks, having a cigarette in the bathroom stall—
Barbie with porcelain eyes let me have it all—
Because I pray to Jesus I am called a Christian,
But that can't be all to the story—
I'm moving to the UK where the sky is clean and empty,
Her German eyes say it all—
When Vanessa came home pregnant her mother didn't know her in the mask of Dada like a diamond tiara—

I am writing in the age of Paris Hilton.
She the antidote to technology,
being all flesh all the time.
The machines have not won out,
the media merely a vehicle to spit flesh and cosmetics into our faces.
We are left with only demons and the flesh—
that which enlightened Pascal.

Lindsay in a turban wearing glasses like Deanna Durbin
I want what Gemma's got to offer and to come in her mouth on Xmas,
That would be perfection on the day when all is holy—
Her twin invited me over for scotch and sodas,
We drank to the Devas and Shakti opened my eyes
I felt the Kundalini sharp as her nails in my back—
I went back to her bed in wonder as soon as dawn broke and drunk we fucked until we stank like skunks
She went down on me like a duck and stayed under until her head filled like a cup—
The ugly lingerie model looked like my Spanish babysitter
I cut her with a scissor and she bled hard liquor

We do not blink from dawn to dusk and every minute in between but sleep, work and masturbate.
Bettie Page and Jesus Christ are one.
Pornography is our religion and art is our scripture.
That there are miracles and no saints is the sole mystery. There are only demons and the flesh—
that which inspired Kierkegaard.

Everything is old now including fashion supermodels,
The more I see them naked the more I want to cut their heads off—
Jessica's twin was named Nicky and she's the one that bit me because I wouldn't clean
up her vomit after I sodomized her on the loveseat and didn't care if she drowned in it,
her twin wanted to be a star but I told her she was too dark but when she bent over
her ass was white like a supernova—
Her Italian eyes were cut out and left on the beach,
The white sand awakened by the scent of her charade—
The brunette with silver eyeshadow told the priest to go to Hell when the weather girl
drowned in the bathtub—

Johnny Noir