

## Poetry Series

# Jon Edward Walker

- poems -

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## **A gentleman's responsibility**

Last night I thought I pissed on the lawn  
this morning everyone in the trailer except me and Bobby  
are sure that I pissed on his head.  
I smell his head  
it doesn't smell like piss  
but in our democratic rectangle  
the populace have cast their vote

I ask Bobby what I can do to make it up to him  
he wants a ½ gallon and a carton of cigarettes  
I have \$12.  
I head downtown and began asking strangers for money  
I tell them I pissed on crazy Bobby's head  
that he wants booze and cigarettes to compensate  
I say I only have \$12

I'm not sure if these strangers believe me  
but sometimes I get change,  
sometimes dollars  
by 4 pm I have a handle of Kamchatka and a carton of Liggetts  
by 4: 30 I'm back at the royal rectangle

Bobby's gone  
my pregnant girlfriend bitches at me for spending money on booze and cigarettes  
she's hungry.  
I tell her about responsibilities and promises men must keep in life  
I offer to take her to the homeless shelter for dinner  
it serves at 5: 30

I decide to open the vodka  
Bobby wouldn't mind I'm sure

Jon Edward Walker

## **A woman's role**

I really do hate the world  
all the world  
except the girls  
or at least their  
sexual organs

Jon Edward Walker

## **Ageless Enjoyment**

at 16  
I masturbated 27 times  
in one day  
after the 10th or so  
my dick hurt constantly  
the pain stopped only for the  
four seconds I orgasmed,  
then started again.  
I fervidly worked  
and worked  
and caused more pain  
just to get away from it  
for four seconds

Jon Edward Walker

## **All that jazz**

I still taste wine on my breath  
it's sour now  
not the sweet bliss  
it was yesterday  
I saw old friend and  
met new ones  
the one girl I was interested in  
of course  
had a man  
whom she wasn't sure  
if she liked  
enough to stick around  
here since she's graduated  
she had beautiful eyes  
and a bachelors in business

She didn't know what to do with either of those

Jon Edward Walker

## **Ambiguous imperfections**

A long many days  
it's been since we've  
layed and gazed  
at our portrait on the wall,  
picture of us how we should be,  
how we could be again  
how we want to be  
and want others to see;  
smiling happy hoping,  
holding each other.  
how we once wanted.  
maybe even in the right light,  
who we once were  
no glare  
the angle perfect  
our imperfections ambiguous

Jon Edward Walker

## **Another man's woman**

I gave him the bottle  
and he gave me his hat  
bloody  
and I think about fucking his girlfriend  
stretched out in my car drunkenly searching  
for a knife she swore she left here somewhere  
she was plump in the right places  
and her ass stuck out towards me tenderly

Jon Edward Walker

**Another stupid 'faraway, long time ago' bullshit poem**

In faraway land lies  
my dignity.  
My shame and love  
dance together  
with my sexuality  
morality and kindness  
I am here  
left only with  
booze, women,  
creativity  
and three cigarettes

Jon Edward Walker

## **Ants Now!**

downtown I'm surrounding  
by walking talking monkeys that  
laugh and smoke cigarettes,  
heading to work or friends or coffee  
or drink  
someone's clothed these damn monkeys  
let them loose, wild in the streets  
to prey upon each other and fling shit  
one of them is trying to sell me Pakistani  
jewelry  
"no thanks, I don't need monkey jewelry"  
I know a secret way to the top  
of the second highest building  
and I take it.  
looking over the edge  
all the monkeys look like  
ants now!

Jon Edward Walker

## Apology

regular sex  
liberates me into  
more of an asshole  
as if the comfort and security  
makes me invincible  
untouchable,  
by the hurting of others  
feelings, as if suddenly  
I don't have feelings and insecurities  
myself that need guarded  
and nurtured.  
I can always go back to her  
and be safe

to those  
who've been hurt by my words  
I'm sorry,  
kinda

Jon Edward Walker

## Ashley the Poet

quick rapid muscle spasms and head emotions  
the grace of a ballerina.  
she had a great ass.  
best of the three in the room now  
she was a poet  
with an imagination  
and a stoic smile/ laugh/ demeanor  
I got her phone # and email address  
three days later I've yet to call her  
maybe today is the day.  
I wonder if she was on speed  
I remember her solid gaze  
when I talked art  
she likes whiskey  
I liked that.  
today I think,  
is  
the  
day.

Jon Edward Walker

## **Badasses from Ohio**

she's probably writing something down in her notebook  
about me  
the girl across the table  
with the greasy hair  
listening to heavy metal  
she's noticed me looking  
and adopts a feverish  
attitude  
like a man hunted  
she snaps her head up occasionally  
looking left then right  
eyes wide  
then returning to her frantic writing  
to her boyfriend (probably)  
in Ohio  
where they create badasses like her

Jon Edward Walker

## **Barfly**

your covered in bruises  
and dark circles adorn both eyes  
I overhear you say your name  
and I hear your laughter  
it shakes your body and mine  
your body sags with  
the weight of your world  
and time hasn't been too  
kind to you  
but your eyes still  
shine to spite all  
because you've got diamonds inside

Jon Edward Walker

## **Beautifully afraid**

I sit here,  
not alone,  
so amazed at the  
purity of the piano,  
it's firm and soft keystrokes  
driving through my brain  
into my soul and deeper  
into a part of me I've never known  
before,  
the confusion of it all  
is unwound  
and I'm afraid  
of what it will be.  
it is beautiful,  
and I am  
beautifully afraid.

Jon Edward Walker

## **beer battered boredom**

My throat dry  
and phone dead  
weird metallic creepy sounds emanate  
from the radio as children  
run up and down,  
up and down the stairs  
outside my front door  
they play in the snow outside  
on the hill sliding, climbing  
then sliding again  
repeat

Jon Edward Walker

## **blue balls**

I feel so emotionless  
on the reclining shag chair  
masturbation bringing no  
relief to this lack of  
sense.  
listening to the music  
feeling the bass  
reverberate through my  
lower spine out my hands and  
toes  
like the goat whose fur I rest my  
naked back on  
I am dead  
I decide to try for blue balls  
just so I can feel something.

Jon Edward Walker

## **Boy Scout**

I went grocery shopping and offered the use of  
my preferred shopper card  
to the old man in front of me who forgot his  
I drove my friend to work who was late  
I let a homeless girl with kid, dog and cat  
stay here last night even though  
I'm allergic to them.  
I pushed with my hands  
then pulled with my car  
a broke woman broken down in  
downtown traffic  
then told her how to fix her car  
I'm a fuckin' boy scout.

Jon Edward Walker

## Breakfast Beer

a beer for breakfast right now  
is the best thing that's happened to me in a while  
my body tingles  
and my soul feels huge  
pushing against the membrane  
of my skin  
I look good today  
but the music on the radio sucks

my skin tone is even  
my eyes are peacefully happy

I recollect on being turned  
down by a chick I wasn't trying  
to hit on  
and it brings me happiness

two beers for breakfast  
I began to feel normal  
my creativity peaks  
and stabilizes  
I start to enjoy the music  
and I look at the whiskey bottle on the counter.

I think of my son  
700 miles away  
and the cute little German girl  
I met last night  
her 12 year old son  
and sexy accent  
she's tiny  
I wanted to pick her up and hold her  
instead I touched elbows  
and later after we'd left  
I called her too late,  
drunk  
and invited her over  
she declined  
and I said I'd like to see her again soon  
she politely agreed  
but only to get rid of me

I think  
of my son again  
and call his grandmother  
who doesn't answer  
then his mother who does  
and tells me she loves me  
how god delivered her from jail  
or her recently deceased father  
I ignore that

and ask if she's still doing drugs

then

I ask if she's seen our son

and she tells me she might have a job

at Shari's

I hang up laugh a little

grab the whiskey

and make a drink

Jon Edward Walker

## **broke N**

psychadelic's made me talk to  
an ugly girl with cigarettes,  
her friend and the boyfriend  
who didn't have a lighter, cigarettes  
or money  
I bought all of them shots  
or excuse me, I gave money to the  
boyfriend who bought shots,  
while staring at the cigarette of the ugly girl  
as she talked to me  
about something I'm sure I wasn't  
interested in.  
the burning of the cigarette and  
her mouth moving was much more beautiful

Jon Edward Walker

## **Burning hunger**

she closed the door quietly,  
slowly  
her eyes fixed to mine  
until it became impossible to  
see each other

I wished we would have made love  
the night before  
I wish too that I had dish soap  
to clean something so I could  
make something

right now,  
I will make neither  
love nor food

Jon Edward Walker

## Change of Heart

The head chef  
who last week told me he knew where to  
get anything  
now leers at me and  
talks in brief  
code  
he gets off  
angrily  
drinks his free beer down quick  
and leaves,  
letting his long hair follow him  
last weekend he hauled me down  
into his basement room and showed  
me picture's of his traveling  
and his poetry  
both were unimpressively  
hidden in his  
8x8  
room  
without windows  
his bed looked comfy though,  
expensive  
like the coke he was  
no longer going to sell me

Jon Edward Walker

## cheap Coke

I saw you across the room  
and the look in your eyes  
made me decide,  
I want to do cheap coke with you  
I want to pretend we're in love  
with each other  
but it will really be only lust  
we can argue for hours  
then afterwards  
fuck

you can quit your job  
and I'll support you a while  
I'll come home late, drunk  
and yell at you  
for not cleaning the place  
or giving me enough head

fuck you in the ass and call you dirty names  
you can slap me and  
show up to  
work unexpectedly  
to make sure I'm there

we'll break up  
and you'll call me ten times a day  
I'll let my phone bill run out  
and you'll secretly pay  
for it  
to keep harassing me.  
I want to do cheap coke with you

Jon Edward Walker

## Chic chicks

there were girls and shitty music  
the singer  
stoned out of his mind  
slobbered on the mic  
causing an annoying high pitched squawk  
people laughed openly  
and plug their ears  
he squawked on  
oblivious

cute chicks  
with chic clothes and  
chic boyfriends who were  
too ugly for them  
sat or stood silently  
bobbing back and forth sometimes  
as another band came on  
more people danced  
I took a tactical position  
at the bar and ordered coke  
to which I added vodka  
the fat bartender bent over a  
couple of times  
she was wearing a thong  
bigger than my torso and  
laughed loudly.  
A girl named Alicia  
sat next to me with what might have been her boyfriend  
but the look in her eyes  
suggested it wasn't.  
I gave her cigarettes  
and joked a little  
eventually I left and  
I stopped in the alley to piss on  
a dumpster that had  
KG + HV scratched into it  
and I listened to the thumping and humming  
of a fan  
desperately trying to excrete  
smoke faster than smokers  
create it  
it beat a rhythm  
that topped  
both bands and I listened  
for a while and swayed  
back and forth like  
the hippies inside did  
with my dick out

Jon Edward Walker

## **comfortably tainted**

did I forgive you?  
if I did I didn't mean to  
if I was nice it wasn't purposefully  
maybe I was drunk  
the times I said something kind  
after I do what I'm about to  
I hope you don't forget  
your love is blind

yours but not mine  
you must earn my love  
yet still you'll lose it quickly  
because I can't stand you  
which  
is why I want you near me.  
so I can abuse  
and feel guilty  
about the love you give me  
to keep me  
unsure  
and empty  
insecure  
and lonely  
where I can be  
comfortable.

Jon Edward Walker

## **Creative Juices**

my creative juices flow  
out of her  
and dribble off my balls  
as we lay entwined  
in each other's souls  
I fart and she laughs  
while my dick slowly limpens  
inside her.  
I nuzzle my head in between  
her breasts silently asking  
for head rubbing  
while  
I squeeze her torso tight  
to let her know she's mine  
until I decide otherwise  
or she leaves me  
tonight neither will happen  
we will sleep soundly,  
comfortably  
but first I have to piss  
out of my limp dick  
from whence my creativity  
flows.

Jon Edward Walker

## Dancing with chickens

I was still in the confused  
state of mind  
that when I got caught  
I'd be able to go home  
with nothing but a ticket  
for which I'd appear for in two  
or three weeks

Kevin bolted from the car  
and ran down the middle  
of the street  
I relaxed knowing I was done  
when I caught sight  
of a cop running up to my car  
gun pulled and screaming  
that's a little unnecessary I thought  
so I ran.  
landing in a small chicken farm  
after jumping the nearest fence  
only god and the owner  
knew why there was a chicken  
farm downtown  
hiding behind an 8 foot fence  
the fat cop struggled  
unsuccessfully  
to climb this fence  
his fat head sticking over  
just enough  
to see me dancing  
in the chicken coup  
while flipping him off  
"come on fucker"  
he and I both knew  
he wasn't getting  
over anytime soon.  
past the chicken farm  
and near to freedom I saw the golf course  
but missed the ravine separating me  
from it  
and I tumbled thirty feet  
into train tracks below  
severly injuring my ankle  
as I looked for a spot to hide myself  
and heard cops behind me  
I hobble ran  
across the tracks,  
into another residential  
neighborhood  
and disappeared into a dumpster  
I found through a different backyard  
and waited  
I heard

the jingling ornaments of  
police officers near,  
then not so near  
and I tried to soften  
my breathing  
as I searched for the pint  
I thought I had  
and inwardly laughed  
at the thought that  
I was chosen to drive  
because I appeared most  
sober.

Jon Edward Walker

## **digesting**

I eat crackers, cheese, fruit  
and pee out my butthole  
for five days now,  
I've lost seven pounds  
and I don't know what's wrong  
with me.  
sleep doesn't come either  
and I could easily stay up all night  
but I try for hours until it comes  
my mind becomes loopy  
undernourished  
and lacking rest  
I began to forget little things  
like where I put my water glass  
30 seconds ago,  
I find humor in little things  
and I laugh  
between spells of abnormal  
sensitivity  
mozart's piano brings me to tears  
as I lay in front of the speaker,  
while a scary picture or thought  
frightens me horribly,  
a 25 year old man.  
mostly all that comes out either  
end is bile,  
so I must be digesting something.  
between the fruit and mozart.

Jon Edward Walker

## dirty black girl

she's expecting me so I knock once  
and enter  
she's alone her three children are asleep  
she's sitting on the corner of her  
leather couch  
in darkness and silence  
and gives me a desperate smile  
I break the silence and  
we talk  
about her tattoo's  
she counts them off  
one: her son's name on her ankle  
two: here x's name above her son's on  
her ankle  
three: her daughter's name on the other  
ankle  
four: a dolphin on her foot  
five: her name and a picture of  
her astrological sign on her ass  
but as she's about to show me that,  
her "boyfriend"  
or something walks in and  
she slams down her  
shirt  
and scampers away  
towards him  
he brushes past her  
holding some  
sort of take-out,  
set's it on the table,  
sits down and continues talking  
in Russian  
to his cell phone.  
she asks if she can have a bite  
while unpackaging his  
food  
he looks up with disgust and responds  
"it's mine"  
she prepares his meal  
for him  
and offers him something to drink  
he looks up perturbed  
"I'll get it, if I want something"  
she gives him a kiss  
he obliges her  
I make another drink of her vodka  
and seltzer water  
I make her take a shot  
and we talk a while  
about nothing  
interesting.  
eventually

Russian boy finishes his  
cell phone discussion  
and asks what she has to drink  
"I'll make you chocolate milk  
or an Italian soda,  
that's all I've got" she says  
"nothing" he responds  
"I vant vater"  
she brings him water  
in a child's  
plastic cup  
decorated with dinosaurs

I'm turned on and decide  
that she will be mine  
I make her drink more and  
we talk about values and  
the meaning of human sexuality  
vs. it's relationship in different societies

I already know he's a horrible lay  
I think to myself  
she likes to be dominated,  
to be dirty,  
I can oblige

Jon Edward Walker

## **dream of Action taken**

I dreamt last night  
of the girl whom I'm infatuated with  
the poet, shy but not meek  
sweet, kind  
and willing  
to be all loving.  
eyes not guarded  
and it gives me an erection

I dreamt of her with me  
not him or him or him  
we go to poetry  
readings and workshops  
together  
and drink white wine  
sometimes red  
and go out to expensive  
Italian restaurants  
I'll have manicotti  
and calamari  
and spill wine  
on my white shirt  
but she won't  
mind or be offended  
and we'll  
walk together  
along the river to home  
where we'll be alone  
and I'll get to hold those  
sweet eyes in my heart.

Jon Edward Walker

## **Drilled helpless**

I really don't want the dentist  
drilling at my teeth,  
jerking my head around  
from the force  
to be talking to the  
assistant angrily  
about how much he  
hates his neighbors dog  
for crapping on his lawn  
and how long this week  
has been  
late Friday afternoon  
or how he's thinking  
about shooting  
the dog if it's  
on his property again  
and wondering  
whether or not  
it would be a crime  
but he is.  
and right now  
there's not much I can do about it.

Jon Edward Walker

## **drugging**

I read this story in the newspaper  
about how some daycare  
was feeding the kids cough syrup  
for them they'd sleep all day  
so as not to bugger the adults  
serious convictions came down upon their heads  
I think

as adults however we all choose to heavily medicate  
ourselves  
with alcohol, weed  
prozac or other vices  
so as to not bugger the other adults  
no one punishes us however  
except for ourselves sometimes.

Jon Edward Walker

## **dying everyday**

I grow a little each day  
as another part dies  
I met a girl Saturday  
with whom I will grow today  
she's a runner  
with the tightest pussy I've ever stuck my fingers in  
hopefully we grow together tonight,  
I wonder what part of me  
will die.

Jon Edward Walker

## Enraged

he snapped and lashed wishing  
he was chained  
to a tree.  
I sat down cross legged  
and inched forward  
to where his rage  
was 2 or 3 inches away  
and I looked him  
in the eye  
and spat  
in his face  
and growled low  
back at him

seven minutes later  
he quieted down  
but maintained his posture  
stiff, erect and  
taut against the chain.  
Despite all his rage  
he was still chained  
and even if freed  
to tear passersby  
open with his teeth  
and claws  
he probably wouldn't  
or if he did,  
his freedom would be gone

I walk away free  
I've learned to chain  
my rage  
myself

Jon Edward Walker

## Ex's

I miss sometimes my ex's  
each of them for different reasons  
Amy cause she had a crazy squint in her eye  
and liked ass sex  
I told her once I couldn't stand being around her sober  
every time after that I'd see her,  
she'd bring a bottle.  
She used to pretend to faint at parties  
to get my attention  
sometimes I thought that was cute

Gia because of the head she gave  
no one could ever touch her there  
and she cooked and cleaned well,  
made the house a nice home.  
She painted ivy vines in the corners  
of all the walls in the front room once  
and little sponge ocean type devices  
on the bathroom walls  
she liked to pretend she was being raped though  
I wasn't too much into that  
she used to find me at friends houses or bars  
and kick me in the nuts call me names  
and leave  
sometimes I thought that was cute

Casey because she was funny and tough  
like a man  
you could pick on her and she'd pick right back  
she could deep throat like none other  
but rarely did it.  
her body was the best,  
firm long legs a great ass  
and tits that should be framed  
long blonde hair and a model's  
skinny neck  
her blue eyes sometimes nodded out or looked  
in random directions while you were talking to her.  
she loved to drink  
but couldn't hold her liquor  
four drinks and she was gone.  
If she found out I'd been doing coke  
she'd push me back into a corner  
with shouts and slaps  
but only if she was drunk  
she'd tell me she loved me  
only drunk too  
sometimes I thought that was cute.

Jon Edward Walker

## **Fags can't Read**

A gay man slept in my bed last night  
he was reading comic books last I remember  
before falling asleep  
we'll not really reading, just looking at the pictures.  
Fags don't read I'm told  
something to do with the internal  
chemistry that alters their sexual preference  
also affects their ability to process  
certain information  
I tell him what's going on in the story  
so he's not completely lost  
I'm nice like that.

Jon Edward Walker

## **Fat chance**

I met a girl yesterday  
hefty voluptuous with  
beautiful eyes,  
an engaging personality  
and a 32 year old boyfriend.

I'm learning to live without sex  
to meet women and be more engaged  
with their minds than in their figure,  
that so many desire  
or sometimes expect

she tells me about her letter to the editor  
her lack of a desirable social life  
and her French speaking mother  
I read her published letter  
and talk to her about my semi-fatalistic  
view on life  
and my newfound hypoglycemia  
while trying to hide the fact that  
I need a drink  
we move outside and smoke 2 of her cigarettes  
she helps me study for my French test  
which later I miss anyway  
she's sexy  
though slightly plump  
with beautiful young eyes  
somehow I don't think sexual thoughts...  
they come later  
when I'm alone

we part with plans  
to possibly see each other  
at a club Saturday  
a mutual friend is making music there  
and her boyfriend won't want to go

Jon Edward Walker

## **Fickle**

funny how incredibly  
rude women can be to each other  
one day, then  
best friends the next  
when I'm rude to a woman  
her memory  
seems to last  
for years  
recalling the specific  
day,  
time,  
weather,  
present company,  
and my tone of voice

Jon Edward Walker

## First love for a Seventh time (short story)

I saw what I wanted in her eyes; I knew it was what I've been looking for. That heart of gold. At 24 with 6 unsuccessful ventures down loves dreary yet dreamy road, the last trip heavy in the process of failure. I watched her hair float around her frame, smearing across the back of the couch and the arm of her boyfriend. Gangly awkward and pimple smocked though he was. No match for her small petite frame, breasts barely a handful. I could only imagine the rest of her body's beauty from her structure that peaked above the folds of the couch and wasn't blocked by her boyfriend's body. That didn't really matter though. It was her eyes where I saw the beauty I wanted, windows to her soul, perfect blameless, pure. In her eyes I saw my meeting her parents for the first time, the awkwardness I would feel and her nervousness too. I saw our first apartment after running away together. I felt long romantic embraces at times unexpected like in line at Burger King. I saw everything I'd ever need and I hated the man with her, with his arm around her. He was the only obstacle between her and me. Well.....the only problem other than her being thirteen. I disgust myself at that thought.

But it's all there, it's all perfect. A house, an apartment maybe, even the back of a van it doesn't matter, we'd have love. A few kids, her grizzled father a beacon of strength and honesty, I'd become a mirror image of that. Working in a mill or as a logger, maybe even in the ministry. She'll be beside me, holding me while I hold her, her and her soul. I'd protect her. Picture perfectly. I'd run from the law, we'd run. I'd wait in prison and she'd wait for me. Writing me letters of love and adoration. But no, it can't happen. I turn back to the television it's colors shapes, images and sounds I can't quite discern as I re-settle into the chair in the room in the commons area of the apartment complex where I'm sure all three of us live and where my sixth failure waits at home with the one good thing I have in this life, my son.

Jon Edward Walker

## **Fish outta water**

funy how violent and rude  
I felt 10 minutes ago  
the drug of life has changed directions  
on me and I feel passionate and kind  
I want to listen to and sing with  
listless love songs.  
I want to hug and kiss and even  
eat pussy  
hopefully this will pass soon.

Jon Edward Walker

## **Fleeting passion**

I thoroughly enjoy when  
the madness consumes, overwhelms  
and you're left with bruises  
broken hearts and homes  
shitty cars  
and DUI's  
lawyers that love you  
and ones that don't  
young women and men  
who idolize your  
debauchery  
and bank accounts that  
mysteriously fill up  
despite persistent draining,  
jobs that willingly  
and happily perpetuate  
your alcoholism  
are the best  
this morning,  
two days before Christmas  
the madness has just passed  
and I will sober,  
celebrate Christmas  
with family and friends  
think of my son,  
send him presents  
love and  
prayer

Jon Edward Walker

## **flour**

my crotch chafes  
from work yesterday  
I stuck some flour down there  
thinking it would help  
but it in fact has done  
quite the opposite  
so now because of  
my chaffing  
I am awakened at  
four am  
looking up porn on the internet  
wanting to awaken the  
girl in my bed  
that isn't there  
and coax her  
into sex.

Jon Edward Walker

## **Foxy**

Her breasts were huge and  
her waist was small, fit.  
with an ass like a heart  
turned upside down  
she was foxy,  
perfectly foxy.  
Like a cartoon.  
She said she had three kids  
and assumed I was done with her  
then  
that didn't detour me at all  
kinda turned me on  
kids are fun and  
it meant she was responsible  
and that I wouldn't have to talk to  
her all the time as she and I would be  
busy with kids.

Jon Edward Walker

## **Freight Train Lawnmower**

it's a freight train lawnmower  
waking me today  
no drug nor dropp of alcohol running  
my freight train lawnmower  
with it's 747 caboose  
driving my body  
running my brain  
I pop advil,  
b-12  
so somewhat it goes away.

Jon Edward Walker

## **from a distance**

a million lives I've lived  
on a single path  
each stranger's eyes I touch,  
a new experience.  
each thought a temporary reality  
I read you  
I know you  
I know where our future would lead  
but I've never met you,  
I don't know your name

my life is a coloring book without black lines;  
skydiving, my chute won't open  
but I land my mountain bike  
at the perfect angle  
to survive impact with the mountain  
I race and leap at speeds impossible  
back to where I am now  
and I jump on the raised bench of concrete  
and twirl as I walk forward

The lawyer walking into the courthouse now,  
I sell him cocaine.  
He doesn't know I'm fucking his wife.  
I'm trapped in the office  
3 floors above the street  
8 hours a day  
40 a week  
I hate my job,  
hate my life.  
I envy that young man  
outside my window  
spinning circles in front of the courthouse.  
A million lives I live  
from a distance

Jon Edward Walker

## **From Daddy**

I look forward to you living with me  
I'm excited, scared and eager,  
I love you  
I just hope that's enough  
I hope I can be the father I want you to have,  
the example you need.  
I hope something doesn't change  
and you can't live with me.  
I'm beginning to get my hopes up  
which I shouldn't,  
not till I'm certain  
I love you Ethan,  
either way  
I will love you  
the best I can.

Jon Edward Walker

## **Fuel**

the fuel that perpetuates my boredom  
is life,  
work,  
women,  
cars, bicycles, kids, teenagers  
carhart clothing donned by hippies  
and bums,  
hippies themselves,  
fag's  
truck's that haul things  
to faraway places  
diplomats,  
daytime talk shows  
people who nod off on heroin  
or video games  
dirty fish tanks  
\$800 fish,  
or dog's, or cats  
this poem

Jon Edward Walker

## **God's Humor**

Predictability  
will always be unpredictable  
love  
will always seem strange  
I  
will always change  
but you  
will always seem the same  
and all of this  
may not be true

Jon Edward Walker

## goodbye

I wish I could have said something  
that would both get my point across and  
make you feel better at the same time  
hell I'd settle for accomplishing either  
honestly.

But no, we had to fight and  
argue

and I had to grab my shit  
and go

I hope that  
you can agree  
that I did the right thing

I think maybe I'm  
no good

for you

I'm quite sure your  
not for me

I always remember the best time's we've had  
right after the worst

even before I start

my packed car

I think of your smile

the one on your face

and in your eyes,

the silly way you run

how you laugh,

our candle light dinners,

swinging in the rain

If I was a different man  
than at 19

I'd cry,

instead

I laugh

and drink

maybe later,

later I will cry,

maybe.

Jon Edward Walker

## **Great friends**

Bukowski would probably have disliked me  
so would Hitler if he were alive,  
that's ok though  
I'd probably not get along with them either  
their memory is much more desirable  
than I'm sure their friendship  
would ever be

Jon Edward Walker

## Half a man

you are so pathetic  
you smile to be nice to strangers  
and say kind things to people  
who probably don't care  
one day you will be on  
your knees begging for someone  
to take you back  
you will be half a man  
feeling like you have lost your only  
chance  
at happiness  
feeling like you have  
nothing left to  
hold in your lonely world  
but not me  
I will laugh at you  
at your weakness  
at your compassion  
your ability to care  
I learned long ago that we're all fucked  
and fucks  
adjective and noun  
while you lie there pretending your broken  
I will drink here knowing  
broken = whole,  
happy and content  
and I will sleep tonight  
alone  
and tomorrow I will wake  
to passionately  
survive  
again

Jon Edward Walker

## **Hand Job**

I'm a sexy mother fucker  
and I'm shaking my ass,  
shaking my ass  
at the park,  
in Albertson's  
and downtown,  
mailing late christmas presents,  
shaking my ass!  
and old man approached me a while  
back and offered me \$1000  
for a hand job,  
at first I refused diligently  
but eventually \$1000 won out  
I think about this while mailing  
presents to my son,  
late,  
very late actually,  
shaking my ass.

Jon Edward Walker

## **hanged**

Like the raccoon  
that has chosen to hang itself above  
my head since shortly after I was born  
I feel trapped and lonely  
out on a limb hidden  
behind a mask  
given to me by god.  
my background is blank,  
faded from the years  
and the dirt on it  
I am  
framed,  
caged  
by something I made  
and broke with my own two hands

Jon Edward Walker

## **Happily ever after**

a little more than six months ago  
I married a good friend, Billy  
and his current wife Porcia  
I'm a minister  
they had known each other  
two weeks prior to their blessed day  
a month or so back,  
Billy underwent an operation  
to discontinue his ability to discharge  
fertile semen  
they got a place together  
combined their plants and house  
adornments  
and began to live happily ever after.  
this morning Billy called me  
to ask whether or not my spare  
room was still available.  
it is.

Jon Edward Walker

## Happy

sometimes I feel so happy I could puke  
when I'm depressed I feel the same  
the difference is a thin line drawn  
in my brain.

Jon Edward Walker

## Happy Heroin :)

happy heroin helper tips  
are advertised at the Aids center  
I go there to get free condoms,  
lube and a few needles  
the tips are printed  
on a giant yellow smiley face  
laminated cardboard  
today's tip is:  
"never share spoons" :)

Jon Edward Walker

## hiding

I sit in the darkness  
the only light I occasionally  
turn on is that in the bathroom  
I make sure the windows are  
covered enough to not let in  
light  
the radio plays  
Spanish music  
at a level  
that covers  
the sounds of everyday life,  
cooking,  
washing dishes,  
footsteps  
and the shower

I did something very bad  
yesterday  
and I must hide  
for a while,

I eat much food  
and watch the two movies  
I own, ten times  
and I read  
while  
hiding

Jon Edward Walker

## **homeless curtains**

My curtains don't match from  
one to the next,  
I cut them from sheets.  
they are blue  
like a Caribbean sky  
mixed with navy blue sky  
king sized so I could  
make four of them to cover two windows  
I made them from the  
homeless shelter  
handouts

Jon Edward Walker

## Hopeful memories

I watched you  
walking in front of me  
up the stairs of my youth  
my mind is hopeful  
the future,  
our future  
is limitless  
our love is still  
pure  
it's a long time  
until you will hit me,  
curse at me  
try to break bottles over me  
many nights  
and months  
we will have good times  
and trust in each other  
until then.  
I will still have pictures  
of you how I want you to be  
how you want me to be  
our love and  
my hope.

Jon Edward Walker

## **how to make friends**

today is the day I have decided  
to be productive,  
out of the phone book  
I randomly select names  
and call them, pretending  
I'm giving them a prize,  
from a radio station  
eventually I stop because  
I forgot that I can't block  
my phone number  
from caller ID  
and I'm getting calls back now.  
I confirm the prize and lay silently  
answering every call  
because the voicemail has my  
name on it.

Jon Edward Walker

## **I can't leave her**

"I need you to let me go"  
she says  
I try and I try but I know I cant  
"there's still a part of me  
that loves you and misses you,  
and another that misses sex,  
and a last one that despises you"  
that one wants nothing to do  
with her  
I do my best to fuel her animosity  
and drive to leave me  
as I've not the guts to do it myself  
I call her late night  
telling her how much I hate her  
for one reason or another,  
it's relatively unsuccessful  
as she spends the next hour drinking heavily  
and leaving messages on my phone  
one's that try to belittle me  
one's that say she wants nothing to do with me  
one's saying she wants sex  
and one's that profess her love for me  
and she tells me  
she's sorry.

Jon Edward Walker

## **I don't even remember your name**

you with the blonde hair  
who smoked too much weed  
you were my favorite  
high on cough syrup  
I asked you to be my girl  
told you I was thinking about  
another town  
a new start  
but if you'd be my girl,  
I'd stay  
you agreed and we played in the park  
that night for hours,  
kissing and building miniature  
stick houses  
it took us half an hour maybe  
to cross the bridge  
and those Christians  
slowed to walk with and  
talk with us  
they wanted us to know  
that they cared  
if you read this I want you to know  
that I still care  
you were always my favorite.

Jon Edward Walker

## **I made the world a little better**

on the sidewalk  
I waved slightly to Becca  
"Hi JON"  
"Thanks for never calling me again"  
"EVER"  
"I did you a favor"  
I said  
we had fucked  
a month or so ago  
then 2 years before that  
while she was living  
45 miles away  
then I ran into her on  
campus a little while back  
she gave me her phone number  
and we hung out  
she gave me an angry look  
and walked away  
with some guy  
who couldn't look me in the eye  
I keep moving down the sidewalk  
and don't look back

Jon Edward Walker

## **I too know defeat**

the wooden cage my stereo is housed  
in  
deserves to die,  
I decide  
and I kick it hard  
several times  
I succeed  
only in hurting my foot and knocking  
off what was on top  
I return to alternately cursing  
at the radio, it's case  
and singing with the current song

Jon Edward Walker

## **I want to be an Overrated Drunk**

a critic once called  
Bukowski  
Morrison and  
Eddie Vedder  
overrated drunks  
in one article  
god I hope and pray  
to be worthy of such  
a title some day

Jon Edward Walker

## **I was a bum**

I fondly remember  
constant campouts  
high school girls  
massive amounts of booze, drugs and  
loyal friends  
we were never lonely  
or alone.

we had no where else to go  
Everyone talked how if  
they had a house or money  
they'd share it all with  
their friends (meaning us)  
and everyone  
stuck together  
and were kind  
because there was no choice  
we were all poor  
whoever made the  
most panhandling  
shared their booze.  
we ate like kings  
at the shelter  
chicken fried steak  
organic salad  
homemade mashed potatoes.  
we had nothing to lose  
so it was easy to trust

now some of us have jobs  
houses, responsibilities  
and we lie about our money  
we horde our booze,  
drugs,  
couches  
and floors  
we are greedy now  
and selfish  
some of us  
still eat at the shelter  
from time to time  
but  
bashful and ashamed  
we have couches and beds and  
refrigerators  
felonies, warrants  
or both  
children, child support  
drug habits  
car insurance  
college bills  
and a few have lengthy  
prison sentences.

most are gone however  
lost to other places  
unkown to me

we give fucks now  
not giving a fuck was fun  
not giving a fuck was  
freedom

Jon Edward Walker

## **I wear no panties today**

I wear no panties today,  
boxer shorts or briefs  
cotton slip  
or silk  
maybe I wear nothing  
You'll probably never know  
but I wear no panties  
as off to world I go

Jon Edward Walker

## **I will have sex with you**

I promise to have sex with  
whom ever frees me from my  
tragedy, my depression  
my dirty house,  
laundry,  
mind and lifestyle.  
HAHA!  
I will have sex with you.

Jon Edward Walker

## **If this isn't...**

Vonnegut's words entire  
my brain.  
and I'm there,  
in the picture he paints  
with his words  
simple  
yet passionate

the lamp brings  
enough light to read  
but not to torment my eyes,  
or shine enough on the room  
to distract my focus  
from my simple pleasure

cold pizza  
across a warm body  
lying on the  
floor  
next to the futon mattress  
we both lie naked on

if this isn't love,  
it's close,  
close enough for me,  
close enough for now.  
I close my book and  
move onto her

she closes her book too  
Jack London,  
I heard somewhere once that  
girls weren't suppose to like Jack  
she does though

we kiss  
as I play with her clit,  
she grabs my cock  
and awkwardly strokes it  
I inser my fingers and feel  
for that spot she likes,  
the spot I like.  
if this isn't love,  
it's close enough

as we fuck  
she slides across the bed  
her head hanging off the mattress  
slightly asphyxiates her.  
her pussy's tight tonight,  
amazing  
and I come

after removing the condom  
we cuddle  
I playfully pat her naked butt  
and squirm in closer  
while she laughs

we talk a little  
about life and friends,  
work and the future,  
her plans, my plans  
my dreams and hers  
eventually we drift off to sleep.  
if this isn't love,  
it's close enough.

Jon Edward Walker

## Ignore the Mold

I think of the young girls I know and like,  
occasionally see on TV or in a magazine  
and I wonder how I ever came to be 25  
with a bad back  
I think of the 17 year old I met and flirt  
with online, not immature,  
innocent  
but something else too  
something else I can't quite  
put a word to

Interesting.  
her soul is still whole  
not squashed and hidden  
like a rotting pumpkin  
no one has the guts to throw away  
so they ignore

I think of myself  
at 17  
the books I read,  
the thoughts I thought  
how I thought myself a  
book with blank pages  
needing filled  
I remember how it felt to have hope  
and limitless potential

how women seemed so strange  
beautiful inside and out  
everything seemed pure  
or had at least potentially so  
things weren't fucked  
hopeless  
god wasn't an asshole  
at 17 god didn't exist

only me  
now there's women with baggage  
insecure and depressed  
whiskey to maintain normalcy  
books to hide in  
food that I have to make if I wish to eat  
children of my own,  
pictures on the wall  
of my past, of my friends,  
my stereo playing my music  
in my apartment  
life is so much more real at 25  
so much more mine  
than ever it was at 17  
but the dream of this now

is so much better than the reality  
I wish I could tell everyone 17  
to stay that way,  
stay dreaming.

Jon Edward Walker

## **I'm finally fucking normal**

Piss on this world that brings me no joy  
piss on sex  
piss on school  
piss on booze  
piss on my focus  
that won't function  
piss on my brain  
a monotonous drone  
of useless thought  
clever less  
empty and boring  
somehow I feel that I feel  
normal.  
I'm not sure why  
but something inside  
tells me this is what  
normal is like

not dead  
yet not alive either  
creativity at a standstill  
thought uniformly  
produced one by one  
like car parts in an assembly line  
simple, boring  
predictable.  
normal.

no immense joy  
or sadness possible  
right now  
in my normal  
mind  
life  
car  
piss,  
normal piss

Jon Edward Walker

## **I'm gonna let it shine**

like a man she shot pool  
drank whiskey  
and beer  
with the right strap-on I'm sure  
she fucked like a man too  
a solid steady look in her eyes  
not mean  
but guarded  
this little dyke of mine  
I want desperately to beat her  
at pool  
and looking cool and tough  
and manly  
she's got all of those down  
I tell her she's going to be my friend  
because I decided so

Jon Edward Walker

## **I'm someone's hero**

I was approached by a man  
with a full beard,  
thick chocolate hair  
and dancing fingers:  
"are you the one who crashed  
into my telephone pole? "  
"are you the chicken man? "  
"my kid's love you,  
that's the most excitement we've  
ever had in our block."  
"why the hell do you have  
a chicken farm downtown? "

Jon Edward Walker

## **In love with a pornstar**

I pathetically fall in love  
with a Patsy Cline,  
Jenna Haze,  
a screwdriver and  
Amber  
at the same time  
all of them are inside  
me at this moment and  
they all like boy

Jon Edward Walker

## **In search of ugliness**

I decided to  
find and fuck  
the ugliest  
most repulsive girl I could find  
I searched trailer homes  
and dive bars  
until finally  
outside of  
a truck stop I found her  
fat, greasy  
with a moustache,  
flat ass  
and 3 kids  
and I follow her  
for 80 miles  
I couldn't think of anything  
to say.  
so I relax and enjoy her  
beautiful ugliness  
at every stop  
and listen to AM radio  
loudly

Jon Edward Walker

## **Internet dating sucks**

the other day a girl I dig a little  
paraded around in front of my eyes  
and her web cam showing off great legs  
ass, and even a little boob before  
I went to work  
drove me nuts all day  
and the next day when we were  
supposed to meet online  
I was prepared, alone  
with my laptop  
and lube  
she was preoccupied  
with a trip to some small state  
on the east coast I couldn't point out on  
a map  
the three of us made do the best we could  
in her memory

Jon Edward Walker

## **Irresponsible accousting**

funny how irresponsible people  
always want you to be responsible  
dependable and reliable  
they can forget 10 thousand dates  
with you  
but heaven forbid you forget a one  
or even be late

Jon Edward Walker

## **It's a good day for a divorce**

the sun is shining  
my boots  
were greased last night and shine  
as the snow fails to stick on them  
the chaffing below my waistline  
has ceased,  
the cotton ball clouds  
decorate the deep blue canvas  
and I have \$110 in my pocket  
with rent paid.

Jon Edward Walker

## Jailbait

I'm not quite sure how  
but last night 2 13 year old  
girls, twins,  
were at my house  
flirting with me  
while I was drunk  
I fought off  
internal thoughts desperately  
like a madman fighting for his life  
I drank faster  
which only made things worse  
I was rude  
to get them to leave  
it turned into crude however

I found out they've  
played around with each other  
since they were young  
and at 8 had a threesome  
with the neighbor kid  
where the fuck were girls  
like that when I was 8?

finally they left  
I opened the door for them

then I proceeded to get really drunk  
and do flips in the yard  
(sometimes successfully)  
and later when I went  
to bed I masturbated  
vigorously

Jon Edward Walker

## **Karma**

my friends a junkie now  
one year ago he  
was a husband  
with a 2 year old kid  
an apartment and sometimes  
a smile on his face  
now his child and wife  
are homeless living in a van  
and tonight,  
staying in my spare bedroom  
if she didn't have a cat  
they could stay here a while  
Paul's gone,  
Seattle or down south or wherever  
he is,  
he's gone.  
I saw him a month or so back  
at the homeless shelter,  
I eat there sometimes  
he looked like hell  
and couldn't hardly talk to me  
his daughter's name is  
Karma

Jon Edward Walker

## Kirk

we'd just left Joe's,  
his southern accent and  
boundless drug supply  
his brand new snowboarding  
equipment  
52" TV and every possible  
piece of modern technology  
you could think of  
when Kirk began to talk shit  
from the back seat  
"your nothing without me,  
everything you have,  
is because of me"  
"If you don't shut your drunk mouth,  
I'll stop this car and shut it for you"  
obviously he didn't believe I'd stop the car  
as his lips continued to fly  
insulting me, Joe and his girlfriend  
so I stopped the car  
got out,  
walked to the back door opened it  
and pulled him out  
"hit me" he dared  
so with the bottle of whiskey in my hand  
I did,  
hard.  
he stepped back  
but didn't fall  
so I uppercutted him  
with the bottom of the bottle  
to which he succumbed  
when he stood again  
I told him to leave  
he asked for a drink first.

Jon Edward Walker

**Leave me alone.....please.**

I don't really give a fuck how your day was  
I don't want you to care about mine,  
if you have a problem I will listen  
if I have one I expect the same

but I don't want to know how things are  
I don't care where you've been the last 4 hours  
I don't want to know when you get off work or when  
you go next

just pay the rent,  
don't make a big mess  
(this includes suicide)  
don't expect emotional support  
I don't  
expect it  
want it  
need it  
unless I'm fucking you.

which isn't going to happen  
anytime soon.

I don't dislike you  
my aloofness isn't rude

Jon Edward Walker

## **liar's bed**

I'm sorry I hurt you  
sorry you cried  
sorry I left you alone  
that night

Jon Edward Walker

## looks perfect

we are the tough one's  
who live by the old code  
we still live,  
work,  
and play on the edicate that  
one must drink all the time  
we are the restaurant workers  
wasted we make the world's  
best cuisine  
for all you weak  
people who can't  
handle the continual avoidance  
of sobriety  
we think quick  
and work efficiently  
we will always exist  
¼ of us will be felons  
all of us whores  
drug addicts and  
alcoholics  
but everything we make and do  
will look perfect

Jon Edward Walker

## **maybe he was honest**

I received an email the other day  
asking me to submit poems for a book,  
I assumed it was some automated bullshit  
trying to sell me something.  
I wrote back and told them to  
fuck off  
turns out it was a real guy  
who really was interesting in putting  
my work into a poetry book  
maybe  
everyone's a liar  
maybe it was  
some ploy  
when he wrote back  
he called me a grouch  
I suppose sometimes I am  
I didn't respond  
people like that remind me why I like to drink  
and be  
alone

Jon Edward Walker

## **Monday Night Madness**

I wash my dishes  
and clean both the kitchen  
and the bathroom  
even the green film  
that has developed around the toilet  
shortly after midnight  
I turn on Beethoven and  
turn off the phone  
and I read  
in bed

Casey called that night  
I found out the next morning  
she was drunk and missing me  
I think about that  
and what I would have missed to  
get laid last night  
and I decide I'd  
rather deal with the  
slimy film  
and dirty dishes

Jon Edward Walker

## **my fucking cogs clogged**

shit shit shit shit  
it's all fucking shit  
fuck my mind,  
it don't work when I  
WANNIT  
CLICK CLICK CLICK  
it's a telegraph  
typing out the same monotonous  
tone  
it could mean something  
it should mean something  
but it don't  
CLICK CLICK CLI"CK  
I am SHIT  
1st ever to acknowledge my eternal existence  
as shit

I will get a bottle.  
period exclamation mark period

Jon Edward Walker

## **Mysty**

she checked my hair  
as she was a stylist  
then commented on my sideburns  
"I wouldn't have them if I were you"  
I'd also been cutting my own hair  
for a couple years now  
but she didn't notice or comment  
on that.

I tried not to stare too continually at her boobs  
while she told me she wanted to be a nutritional  
therapist  
she gave me her card  
with her phone number.  
I left with plans  
that our kids would hang out together  
sometime.  
I wondered if that was a weak  
excuse for a date or if she  
was just shy.

Jon Edward Walker

## **naked patience**

naked,  
NAKED! I shouted  
while playing video games  
"your both boring,  
get naked"  
I turned around neither  
was naked yet  
I held my hand  
and continued playing  
video games  
eventually  
they get naked  
and I get to touch  
play, feel,  
kiss and slap  
beautiful ass  
sometimes in life  
you just have to  
be patient

Jon Edward Walker

## **needed**

I gotta get outta here soon  
The radio is driving me nuts  
but because I know there's nothing else on  
I listen as I download various programs  
to help my writing, printing and editing  
I know I must go soon.  
As the people at the coffee shop  
are there  
not waiting for me, but waiting  
and they would be bored and disappointed  
If I didn't show  
even though they don't know I'm coming  
inside they will know  
they are missing something

I will do my best to be there  
because today the world needs me

Jon Edward Walker

## **No hypothesis**

I didn't drink for four days  
every day at exactly four pm  
I came down with a painful  
headache  
and on the third day  
I began to feel sick  
my throat swelled a little,  
my fever rose  
and I became congested  
from my head to my toes  
I've been drinking hard  
for two days now to catch up  
and I feel great

conclusion:  
sobriety wreaks hell on the human  
nervous  
and immune system

Jon Edward Walker

## **no more basic need**

It has come to my attention in the near quarter century I've spent here that men primarily require copulation and women primarily cuddling. no need for each other is more primitive than that. On the basis of this conjecture I would like to offer you my services as a cuddler in exchange for your assistance in my copulation.

Jon Edward Walker

## **Not Michael Jackson**

The famous bums in this town  
are passing on without proper replacements  
Tommy the leprechaun  
who would grant random strangers three wishes  
if they answered "fantasmagorical"  
to the question of how they were doing.  
Old Red the preacher who preached  
and shouted nonsense on the corner for  
23 years too is gone.  
preceded in death by his two spouses  
and three children

Jon Edward Walker

## **nothing like you**

there's nothing like the scent of you,  
nothing like the touch of you,  
your presence, your embrace  
nothing like it and when  
I want you, need you, think of you I get  
nothing.

because your not mine, only in mind  
do I know the curves of your nakedness,  
and the warmth of your embrace.  
if I knew how to hit on girls,  
I'd hit on you.

Jon Edward Walker

## **Ode to a worthless sonofabitch**

at work  
I was asked to teach  
another man whose been  
there two months how to make pizza's  
I've been there 3 days  
I laugh inside but take the reigns  
and I dictate him  
at first he doesn't follow easy  
but it's obvious I'm  
superior  
and he listens  
eventually  
tonight however  
the dishwasher doesn't show  
the one who started yesterday  
and I'm given the role as  
head pizza cook  
while Adam subs  
for dishwasher  
he is the type of  
man who doesn't want to be mean  
and try's still to smile  
laugh and joke with me  
but anger and resentment  
reign his soul  
and exude through his eyes  
while soapy water  
stains his corduroy's  
I laugh as I drink the  
beer the bartender gave me  
and not him  
and I make more pizza's

Jon Edward Walker

## **OK corral**

What a ridiculous society we're living in right now;  
The stupid are hard to convince they're stupid.  
I can't kill idiots; we value human life as if it's worth something.  
We are born with nothing and leave with nothing.  
we are nothing  
It's not good or bad, it's nothing.

Jon Edward Walker

## Over the River and through the Woods

I remember a large blue  
station wagon  
humming down the highway to  
grandma's house  
playing games  
like spotting license plates  
or slugbug,  
I'd stare out the window  
and pretend I had a really  
fast dirt bike riding next to  
us, I'd jump rivers  
and gorges  
cows  
and farm houses  
only to zig and zag  
through the thick  
underbrush in a thick  
forest  
eventually we'd stop  
and have sandwiches  
and fruit  
I'd get to pee outside  
and if I pooped I got to  
use sage to wipe  
dad once jumped a barbwire  
fence to get mom a cool skull  
unknowingly the fence was electric  
and he danced and danced  
straddling the fence for a few seconds  
we all laughed,  
together  
sometimes when we got to grandma's  
even though it meant Christmas,  
good food, presents and an entire room  
just for toys  
I'd wish we could have stayed  
on the road  
longer

Jon Edward Walker

## **Pathetic pretense**

I pretend I'm in love with you  
I need someone  
I'm crazy reckless when I'm alone  
when I'm talking to your eyes  
I pretend like they care,  
are interested  
and when I hold you I pretend  
your not cold  
when I wake up  
I make a banana smoothie  
and throw my heart in the blender  
before I get back in bed with you  
and I pretend  
you think it tastes good

Jon Edward Walker

## **Peanut Shaped Asshole**

his peanut shaped head bobbed up and down while he talked  
he was pretending again that he knew more about everything  
anything than I did,  
he's 23 and near bald already  
uncoordinated and mostly blind  
he was telling me now how much someone was upset with something  
I said  
"that's his problems and insecurities, not mine"  
I finally see now through his web of lies  
insecurities and self loathing  
he was the geeky kid in school  
the one hung in wedgie formation in the locker room  
I look at him now  
and listen to his stupid trendy pop music  
and self gratifying ignorant lies  
I feel sorry for him  
then annoyed,  
he didn't have to take this route  
he choose it,  
like we all choose our paths  
what an  
asshole

life sucked for me too,  
still does sometimes,  
I don't take it out on others  
that doesn't do any good  
it's just the illusion of power  
of confidence of control  
he has.  
true control  
isn't being an asshole.

Jon Edward Walker

## **Pure again**

for the first time today  
I notice the snow  
outside  
it glistens white  
and gold from the sun  
everything is covered,  
blanketed with white  
pureness  
my lonely drunk soul  
is comforted and for a while I  
stare  
the snow has made me clean  
given me a fresh start  
I feel new  
and I tell the world  
I can take you on today

Jon Edward Walker

## Rape

with a firm grip  
to let her know I was in charge  
I set her down and open  
my pants  
grasping her jaw like I'd  
hold a rabid dog  
I ease my cock into her mouth  
"it'll be easier if you suck it nicely"  
she does  
as a tear wells up in her eye  
I let her stop  
and command her to turn around  
lay on your stomach  
and scream if you want  
I continue my forceful grip  
as I shift her into the position that I want  
and I penetrate her  
wet pussy  
she doesn't fight,  
just cries  
silently

Jon Edward Walker

## Ready

Peaceful days and nights  
come upon me like a storm  
as the tornado of weeks  
and months follow  
I began to stretch my boundaries  
test my limitations,  
determine the level of freedom I supposedly have  
I calm my breathing and hone my body  
and I wait  
my muscles are built,  
relaxed yet tense,  
ready, they like myself  
are ready

Ready for the time  
when once again I will have cheap girls  
expensive liquor and cocaine  
lonely nights  
not spent alone  
hangovers horrible  
beer for breakfast  
and bottles of peptobismal  
for brunch  
for now however I have peace  
and comfort  
a warm bed  
and a steady love  
but I'm ready.

Jon Edward Walker

## Republican Lief

I don't want to take Prozac  
anymore  
I want to be like  
you,  
you, republican with your  
2.5 kids,  
\$35,000  
salary  
with your  
general business  
degree  
I want to be white and  
normal  
without tattoos  
piercings,  
felonies  
I don't want to have to find  
whores in dive bars  
to get laid and  
love from  
I want your shitty Toyota  
while your wife drives  
a BMW  
that's nowhere near paid for  
and I want kids  
with dental problems  
because they eat too  
much sweets  
and watch TV  
religiously  
because my fat wife with too  
much make-up  
is pacified  
on Prozac too  
and booze  
the pool boy  
who eats her pussy  
for \$200  
that you pay for  
unknowingly  
and I want to spend my weekends  
hitting on strippers  
who will never  
ever sleep with me  
but I will pretend they will  
and I will grow fat  
and drink expensive scotch  
and ignore my kids  
leaving them with a  
distant impersonal impression  
of their father  
hoping they will

choose to remember  
me as responsible and hardworking  
and their mother as  
devoted and kind

Jon Edward Walker

## **Ribbed for her pleasure**

I asked Sean  
to show me his  
genital warts  
and find out they  
look exactly like  
the spot I've had now  
on my penis for several months  
I laugh  
and think  
now in the singles  
add I can advertise  
my penis as  
"ribbed for her pleasure"  
to think all the years and  
women I wasted as a whore  
finally amount to something  
and I stroke my wart  
attached to my  
penis

Jon Edward Walker

## Road Trip

this cute little girl named Alicia  
whom four years ago was sucking  
my friends cock because he sold  
not a little  
of most any drug one could want  
he claimed she started asking  
about things one shouldn't ask  
a drug dealer  
so he dropped her  
my friend the dealer is long gone now  
off selling houses in upstate New York

and as I sit here looking at Alicia  
delivering drinks to slobby drunks  
like me that choose to sit at a table.  
I don't think his story was true  
she's way too good looking for him  
I think she had a moment of clarity  
realized that and left  
one day I will ask her  
but not today

she's telling me how Tanya,  
a former mutual friend we had together  
who stole my laptop  
last time I was in jail  
and stole every article of clothing  
Alicia didn't have on her body  
plus her toothbrush,  
was back in town yesterday  
Alicia got a couple phone numbers  
from her  
and an address  
where she lived in Vegas  
I took those down  
and called Billy  
who was also ripped off by Tanya  
collectively we all decided  
on a road trip

Jon Edward Walker

## **Roxy dog**

as the other three slowly rise  
from their individual roosts  
around the two bedroom apartment  
I make steak and potatoes for all  
Sean makes coffee for those who partake  
and I drink beer  
stimulants do weird things to my mind  
and body  
even caffeine destroys me  
so I avoid the coffee

In between checking the food  
I do yoga stretches as my neck hurts  
and the dog Roxy  
stretches with me  
she drinks beer with me too.

Jon Edward Walker

## **Shards of Fate**

Mozart soothes me  
almost as much as knowing  
that the glass in my bed prevents  
me from sleeping in my own bed,  
I'm comforted by the strangeness  
of knowing that I will sleep alone  
in the spare bedroom  
where the bed isn't big enough for  
two so perhaps because of the glass  
me alone  
is supposed to be,  
like Mozart

Jon Edward Walker

## **she wants me to leave her alone**

I call my ex-girlfriend  
insist she comes over  
but tonight like the past two  
she's busy  
or drunk  
or hungover  
or tired  
or whatever

it all means she doesn't want  
to spend time with me  
maybe tomorrow she says again

"Tomorrow?  
tomorrow I will be fucking a  
beautiful brunette  
with great tits  
better than yours"

I hang up and call the black  
neighbor girl who wants someone to  
dominate her and drunkenly I confess  
my desire to do dirty things to her body  
she's taken aback but  
says ok submissively  
it's late though,  
she says tomorrow  
her name is Destiny  
how fucking perfect  
is that?

Jon Edward Walker

## Silent Dragon

we went to the pool hall  
with the intention of picking up girls  
only one girl was there  
when we arrived  
and she was being molested  
by some fat pig  
so we shot pool  
and drank whiskey  
out of a sprite bottle  
three girls came in eventually  
and a lot more guys  
I started up conversation  
as the other two were chicken shits  
we played two games  
then invited them back to drink  
which means  
sex  
at first they bored me  
but my friend hadn't been  
laid in two months  
and his brother had  
a girlfriend he hated.  
I played along

I tried talking to  
them individually  
but they were all stupid  
and now they bothered me  
I sat back and watched their  
bodies as they  
danced  
and laughed at the boys  
who awkwardly hit  
on and joked  
with the girls.  
the blonde  
was digging on me  
and trying to get me to dig back  
she was telling me she was  
a model and a go go dancer  
I said something about china's  
current situation  
then asked what she liked to read  
or what she did for fun  
her ignorant silence  
and her responses  
irritated me  
but I kept quite

More stupid jokes  
or funny things were done  
and said by the boys

who all drank heavily  
and enjoyed by the girls  
who drank very lightly  
that too irritated me

the blonde went out to her car  
and brought back pictures of  
herself in lingerie with a compound bow  
it was camouflage  
she showed them to me  
hoping they might entice me  
she wanted to fuck.  
they didn't.  
I did like the pictures though  
she had a great ass  
and nice tits  
when they left I took her  
number to be kind

Jon Edward Walker

## **Sink or Swim**

once I fell into  
an irrigation canal  
I hadn't learned to swim yet  
and the bars that blocked  
large objects  
from being pulled underground  
for many miles  
were 10 feet away  
I wasn't a large object  
I was 8  
frantically I clawed at the bank  
which crumbled again and again  
falling into the water with me  
I was slowly moving downstream  
as I tried  
to escape.  
My heart raced  
as I fought both to  
stay afloat  
and be free  
my brother  
and friend  
stood still,  
in shock  
as my head bobbed  
in and out of the water  
gasping for breath  
it's either  
sink or swim,  
alone  
I swim

Jon Edward Walker

## **smile comes to my face**

I dropp five shots  
and two beers in under a minute  
I look to my left  
at the pretty girl  
and know the booze will  
help her like me  
and I smile.  
to my right I see  
an ugly bitch  
and know the booze  
will help me like her  
and I smile again

Jon Edward Walker

## **Spooning screwdrivers**

screwdrivers and a chick whose upper lip  
reminds me of Chewbacca  
drive me crazy  
she's so insanely full of herself  
she reminds me of me  
we banter,  
both trying to tell each other  
how great ourselves are  
eventually I coax her into cuddling some  
and in my bed we lay and pet  
heavily  
make out a little,  
it seems she wants sex  
but wants me to work  
way to hard  
eventually I give up and  
pass out,  
spoon position

Jon Edward Walker

## **Suicide won't take me**

neither will taco bell anymore  
nor 3 ex-girlfriends,  
the honor's college  
or any girl who likes  
her pussy eaten

I don't want the bouncy  
bars with girls  
swimming in perfume and makeup  
and guys that iron their T-shirts  
they won't take me  
nor will jail anymore  
(of my own volition)  
or the elementary education program

luckily I've learned who will;  
young sweet girls,  
cheap bars,  
sarcastic people  
those down on their luck,  
junkies,  
salesmen  
not the military  
but the French Foreign Legion  
and taxes,  
drunks,  
those with great futures  
and few morals  
these are those  
willing to take me.

Jon Edward Walker

## Superman

Karma cuddles with her mother's belly  
stretch marked though it is, she hangs it uncaringly  
out from underneath her hoodie  
while the pit bull, Roxy  
bites and plays with Sean's  
arm  
the cocaine hides in the bedroom  
away from the child and the dog  
the mother refrains  
while I indulge  
and my girl gives  
me looks of disapproval  
that to her  
display her caring.  
My liver needs a continual beating  
to be leveled and restrained,  
left alone and unchained  
I'm sure I would become a superhero  
or something

Jon Edward Walker

## Surrounded

I've been surrounded my humans  
day and night for the last month  
and a half  
I finally have some alone time  
Real alone time;  
I can masturbate wherever or whenever I want  
I can hang out naked and listen to music of  
any kind at any volume  
or talk to myself without being interrupted  
Finally I am alone

I use my time to write  
and relax  
and read  
my friends are much more entertaining  
and real when I'm alone  
I get to know Kate  
and Captain Echelon  
I learn words I've never known before  
I get to go to Europe first class  
find my first love  
and dance with young  
maidens,

later I think I will eat a slice of cake  
and leave the dish out  
knowing I will never be harangued  
for such an action.  
I keep my clothes on  
and the music at a reasonable level  
I don't masturbate in weird places  
or obsessively

I don't need to do things  
socially unacceptable  
I just need the freedom to choose,  
alone I give myself that freedom

Jon Edward Walker

## **swimming with apathy**

the sea of discontent suffocates  
while relaxing on sands of apathy  
the forgiving sky wants  
me to fly away and  
the girl I hit last night  
tries pulling me free  
into the forest of confusion  
only luck will save me  
and  
all the luck I need  
comes from time.  
as  
I'm rushed over by the sea  
I begin to think  
times like these are getting to me.

Jon Edward Walker

## **Tastes Funny**

I like to chew or suck on random things  
one of my favorites is the string  
in my sweatpants that's supposed to hold it up  
it tastes weird though today,  
kinda salty  
I continue sucking, chewing  
and typing  
while trying to identify the taste  
suddenly I spit it from my mouth  
as I realize  
I had probably got some  
on the string  
when I recently  
masturbated

Jon Edward Walker

## Tequila

after many beer's and  
3 tequila's  
we head to the only fag bar in town  
I make my entrance  
like a bull in a warehouse  
of wedding dresses and  
commence with the shit talking:  
and accuse fags of being....  
fags, stupid fucking queers  
I hate all of you,  
but especially you  
I point  
that why I love you  
your so awesome man  
such a stupid little queer boy  
you act just like a girl  
what's wrong with you?  
it's why I like you sooo much  
it's cuute  
buy me a drink  
I continue this way until closing  
and someone always buys me a drink  
somehow I don't get my ass kicked  
in fact I'm solicited  
multiple times

Jon Edward Walker

## thanks for drunkenness

Thank you lord for my cabin  
thank you lord for life  
thank you lord for college  
and information that keeps me alive  
thank you lord for Arthur  
thank you for my son  
thank you lord for love  
that makes the both seem fun.

thank you lord for alcohol  
and the upon I write  
thank you for student loans  
and the fact that I don't own a gun  
I'd probably shoot my father  
I'd probably shoot my wife  
I'd probably shoot myself  
and end my worthless life

I thank you lord for patience  
I thank you for the night  
both of which bring me peace  
and solace to my strife

I thank you again for alcohol  
mother nature and rain  
thank you for teaching me  
to live with my pain

Please let me be lord  
drunk the rest my life  
let me not feel loneliness  
anger fear or strife  
let young sweet girls  
fawn over me  
with tight pussies  
let me be drunk  
happy,  
monetarily satisfied  
and laid.  
amen.

Jon Edward Walker

### **The beast I see.**

The pig is coming toward me so fast I can't tell whether it's flying or running. I don't move, not from shock or other inability to, but intrigue. I focus on its face; it's fascinating with warts and bumps, two beady eyes boring down on me, in me. It's moving so quick I know not much time could be passing but it feels like forever. I want to see the intricacies of the sockets that hold the eyes that hide the brain of this beast.

Jon Edward Walker

## **The Drunk**

My boss was drunk last night  
everyone was running out  
of his way and trying to avoid him.  
I didn't though,  
I talked to him,  
laughed with him  
called him a drunk fuck  
at one point he stood there  
looking at me with a crazy smile  
in his eyes, asking me to hit him  
then he wanted to head butt  
so I did, hard.  
damn near dropped him  
he seemed to like me more after that  
and quit trying to fight me,  
he offered me a bottle of expensive wine  
I knew that process might take a while  
so I declined and headed  
out for home to be a drunk myself

Jon Edward Walker

## **The end.**

it amazes me how people  
worry so big  
about such little things,  
a fender bender  
will produce high levels  
of shock in a thirty two  
year old single mother.  
cutting off the tip  
of a middle aged  
executive will bring an ambulance  
these things to them are chaos,  
craziness, hell even.  
these afflictions require no more than  
duct tape,  
not cops or ambulances  
Someday real hell might come,  
real craziness will descend  
and true chaos will reign  
hopefully, well maybe,  
I really want that  
but I know  
some of us are already there,  
the Irish,  
the abused, neglected,  
and those  
in life who have been  
let down unendingly  
the end.

Jon Edward Walker

## The Kennel

three thousand dogs caged  
dance and do tricks for the guards  
and 5 times a day they are locked down  
in classification,  
and twice in general population  
some of the dogs ordain themselves  
with tatoos and crazy long hair  
slit and braided or hanging  
spiked or shaved,  
the ones most accustomed to the cage  
do the most tricks and laugh the most  
while I lie quietly in my cell  
I'm riding a mountain bike  
down a familiar trail  
the smell of pine, barkdust and river  
bite my senses and I continue to lie

in front of the judge, twelve of us  
are locked in a broom closet.  
we take turns,  
fatty is happy he's getting 20 years,  
instead of 140 he was looking at  
and as I await my turn  
my armpits fill with sweat, staining  
my orange shirt,  
as words spew from the judge,  
one year one day,  
\$100,000 bail,  
omnibus corpus,  
nine felonies,  
finally my turn comes,  
and I hear  
OR  
glee full elation passes uncontrollably  
over my face  
I tried to hide it from the other 11  
but can't and I jest with the man  
who fingerbanged a drunk  
chick in his bed (allegedly)  
he introduces himself and  
awkwardly we try to shake hands  
on the padded bus  
with a radio.  
upon the return to our cages  
the other dogs move to their  
respective blocks willingly  
to bed down for many more days and nights  
I however am OR'd  
and I pack up my furs  
leaving lotion, deodorant  
and writing paper with the other dogs  
in my kennel,

specifically to those  
afraid and unhappy  
here  
in the kennel.

Jon Edward Walker

## **The Poverello**

at the shelter the other day,  
the Pov,  
a young girl was breast feeding  
and all the homebums  
stared and drooled  
she was 16 or 17 maybe  
not bad looking.  
It was rather disgusting,  
their gawking  
one old man began  
to cuss and yell  
"it's guys like you that make  
me ashamed to be a man"  
"y'all make me disgusted"  
some of them stopped drooling  
most paid no mind  
to the views of society  
they were bums  
this was boobs.

Jon Edward Walker

## **the way I feel right now**

I feel funny  
parts of me are squishy like bread dough  
and others hard like a fence post  
some are stringy and taught  
some loosely dangle.  
my middle area swells  
like a balloon and hangs  
off me as if it weren't a part of  
me or maybe as if it doesn't want  
to be  
I feel funny

Jon Edward Walker

## **the weaker**

I'm tired of humans  
I need a new race  
the shape form and function  
are fine  
it's the emotions  
that get in the way

Please spawn a new breed  
makes ones without special needs  
with emotions strong,  
no need to lie cheat or feed  
off others'  
let them be able to stand alone  
and please,  
please make me one  
amen.

Jon Edward Walker

## **Thoughts on hangovers:**

I find it funny  
watching and hearing others  
complain of hangovers  
I'm always hungover or drunk  
that's normal  
I feel hungover  
if I don't drink

I laugh inside as they clutch their heads  
and pop Tylenol  
while they mope around  
doing their duties  
in life

I offer a drink as I make one myself  
it's a little rough  
to convince the stomach  
but it sure makes the head feel better

Jon Edward Walker

## Thrust on

Pearl Jam blares quietly  
in the background of my mid-afternoon  
love making  
words saying something about  
not needing a face full of  
needing  
whatever that means  
I continue to fuck and thrust  
I think about Sean telling me  
that that the Sam Adams 12 pack mixer  
we got last night sucked ass  
and the conversation I had with Jeff  
in regards to our head butting  
I lied and said it hurt  
apparently he had a minor concussion  
by the following day  
and I thrust on  
wondering if I will enjoy the  
Mediterranean cooking class next semester  
and what astangi yoga is  
or what would have happened if years ago  
I fucked Casey  
and the child in the next room were mine  
while I thrust on  
I try to focus on this beautiful body naked  
underneath mine writhing and avoiding eye contact  
mostly she keeps her eyes closed  
she seems embarrassed by eye contact during sex  
I watch her eyes, face, breasts,  
and I grip with both hands  
her hips, commanding her circular movement  
while I thrust on.

Jon Edward Walker

## **True Love**

I love it when my balls smell of you  
throughout the day I reach down my pants  
sniff my fingers and feel you

Jon Edward Walker

## Two bar stools

Two bar stools  
sit at my bar  
in my apartment  
where the utilities aren't in  
my name  
four of my beers  
were left out last night  
and are warm  
as they sit on my counter  
next to the electrical tape  
and orange juice  
both of which  
I bought

the girl who I brought home  
lays in my bed because  
I brought her here in  
my car  
she's laying naked  
with my scent on her loins  
when she rises later  
she will wear my jammies  
and go outside to smoke  
my cigarette's  
but first I will make her  
breakfast  
eggs, potatoes and beef  
all bought by  
Uncle Sam

Jon Edward Walker

## **Violence**

tough I am  
I should live in a society  
where I must sleep  
with an AK-47 nearby  
and a.45 under my pillow.  
Where  
if I'm too slow  
I will die  
I wonder if I could shake off a bullet  
or ten?  
I don't want to have to  
and on that same note  
I don't want to die  
Just live as violently  
physically  
as I live  
mentally

Jon Edward Walker

## **visible insecurities**

she annoys me  
but she had nice tits  
and a decent ass  
she has made her body continually curve  
in an S shape to accentuate both  
equally  
She was arrogant, cocky and rude  
another  
annoying woman  
who should stay naked and silent

her boyfriend tried  
constantly to make  
her as ugly outside as she was inside  
and she sat now  
on the barstool with a bruised head  
and split cheek  
she acts more real now than ever before,  
her insecurities as visible  
now as her bruises

Jon Edward Walker

## **Waiting**

I'm tired  
there's something funny  
tingling it's way around my brain  
I think it might be god  
or my sou.l  
It too is tired  
together  
we go on waiting  
for what I know will come

Jon Edward Walker

## Waiting for the call of God or anyone

at the pool hall  
I see a young man  
seventeen maybe 18  
with a girl of similar age  
that struts and poises,  
arching her back  
extending her legs and ass  
like a lioness stretching  
trying desperately to get  
this young man's attention  
he is pretending not to notice  
while every other man in  
the room does  
finally I can't take it  
and I write  
my phone number on a napkin  
along with this message:  
"when your tired of this  
boy give a real man a try"  
he looks at me as I look at her  
and she looks at the note  
while I walk away  
he asks her  
"what was that? "  
"nothing, just an old friend"  
I smile with my back turned  
It's been three days though  
and no phone call.  
Maybe my forwardness  
has spurred the young lad into action  
I'd like to think so

Jon Edward Walker

## **Wasted education**

I listen to a drama major  
say she doesn't know any  
playwrights  
I ask about Sophocles and  
Shakespeare  
she talks about her friend's  
play in high school  
and how great it was.  
How he wanted her to be  
the "dark girl"  
she's trying to be tough  
as she sits on the left side  
of my loveseat  
looking fifteen  
she's not been in  
any theatrical event  
since high school

we go outside and smoke  
I touch my ear and notice  
it's bleeding

Jon Edward Walker

## wild eyes

the little whore  
with eyes that are dead,  
not so sneakily looks  
at me from the other  
end of the bar,  
when she smiles  
though  
her eyes do too  
and that drives me wild  
they gleam and sparkle  
drawing me in  
making me say silly things  
to keep that smile  
eyes like that will make an honest  
man outta me

I'm hung over though  
sober and insecure  
tonight  
I ignore her  
as she giggles and  
glances  
at me.

Jon Edward Walker

## **Worth dying for to live**

Never will I give up  
the fight for my soul  
the fight for the shine in my eyes  
I will search young women and old  
cheap bars and churches  
to fuel the fire that burns  
wildly through my  
remorseless soul

I will not give in to mediocrity  
I need passion and purity  
true love and true friends  
and true emotions that rage  
beautifully  
into the darkness  
of my mortality  
to be my own inspiration,  
guide and savior of my  
sanity

it has been a busy fight  
but the only one worth fighting,  
worth dying for

Jon Edward Walker

## **you hit like a girl**

I feel my words  
hit harder than your fists  
or the bottle in your hand  
or the glass you've shattered  
around the house  
and I wonder  
is it rude or mean  
if I'm honest?

Jon Edward Walker