

Poetry Series

Jon Edward Walker
- poems -

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Jon Edward Walker(6-26-1980)

I'm a single father, I don't own a gun. I drive an '84 subaru. I go to college in Missoula Montana sometimes. I prefer Jameson over JD. I like Jack London, John Fante, Charles Bukowski, Paul Bowles, Isaac Asimov, William Blake, Dylan Thomas, Kurt Vonnegut, James Clavell, David Eggers, and David Eddings. I love mountain bikes, hiking, camping, backpacking, and absolutely adore sex. God made no pleasure finer. I tried to kill myself once and obviously failed, I have 2 dui's 1 felony and my father's an ex-preacher (lost his license for sleeping with the secretary) Sometimes I sleep too much, sometimes not enough usually depending on my level of sobriety, right now I'm not sleeping enough. This just in: I just finished a three year deferred sentence and a lengthy court battle, I now have 0 felonies and only 1 DUI. :)

A Head Through A Window

It's just like the movies only less blood
my fist held hair as I jerked his head
down and then back again
in a reflexive action,
like playing catch
with a football
while having a conversation with
your old man.
natural, smooth,
like it was meant to be.
and luckily for me and him,
he didn't bleed much,
no eyeballs were hanging out,
all we really had was a hole
in my trailer
letting in the 3am january
of Montana.
He wasn't even upset,
he said he deserved it,
we drank a little more,
now I don't even remember why he deserved it.
I drove him home later and
patched up the window
using water heater insulation
and duct tape

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

All That Jazz

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

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

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 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.
and looking over the edge
all the monkeys look like
Ants Now!

Jon Edward Walker

Ashley The Poet

quick rapid muscle spasms and head emotions,
with the grace of a ballerina.
she had a great ass.
best of the three in the room then
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 will be 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 noticing her
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

you're covered in bruises
and dark circles adorn both eyes
I overhear you say your name
and I feel 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

Bathroom

pabst and wine have taken your place
the bottle's mouth is tighter than your's
as is it's grip
and sometimes I miss you,
sometimes I feel like a shitty man
and father,
but mostly I'm glad you're gone,
I'm glad child support hasn't caught up with me
and I'm happy
that my jobs treat me well,
feed me and keep me drunk.
mostly I don't hate or fear him but
loathe you,
my baby's mother

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

Before Puking

she pointed to the
red haired man with the
pony tail
and referred to him
as her husband
yet danced with me,
clumsily,
awkwardly
she was horrible
at following.

Later
Pony Tail man,
robust with blue eyes,
laughed
and told me he wasn't
her husband
but she'd been
introducing him
as that
or fiance
or boyfriend
for a couple of hours now
so he figured
he was in.

I agreed.
when she returned
from the ladies room
I danced with her
once more,
then left
and puked
in an alley.

Jon Edward Walker

Billy

Coca plants hide from
the harsh weather
at Billy's apartment
near the mannequin in
pink lingerie and large dark
star shaped glasses
silently sitting on the couch.
Billy moves from room to room,
frantically. Cooking,
cleaning and when
he pees,
he sits down,
relaxing temporarily.
I'm sure he rarely thinks
of his mannequin or
coca plant.

Jon Edward Walker

Blue Balls

I feel 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,
he would've been 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 better
my creativity peaks
and stabilizes
I start to enjoy the music
and 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
I said I'd like to see her again soon

she politely agreed
but only to get rid of me
(which ended up not being true)

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
and all about
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
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 can
make something.

right now,
I will make neither
love nor food

Jon Edward Walker

Casie Girl

one thirty in the afternoon
I call her phone
and ask her to breakfast,
she hurries to the diner
where I've already ordered
wearing too much make-up
still reeking of booze
she orders and complains
to me
that she's still drunk.
when her food arrives
she thrusts payment
at the waiter,
an awkward silence occurs,
"you don't usually pay until your done"
I say
"oh, the places I eat make you pay
right when you get your food"
I laugh and shake my head a little,
her make-up looks
as if it's been
applied by a child
playing dress up.
she is good looking though,
nice body,
beautiful hair.

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

Christian Girl

Jen, the nice Christian girl,
wants me to go to church with her.
She's cute,
I think about it, imagine it, us
I'd start going to church,
change my ways,
start a family,
watch Disney films
and the lifetime channel.
drive a station wagon.
pay for car insurance
drink only communal wine on Sundays
eventually I'd talk her into ass sex,
road head,
Burger King quickies,
She IS cute.
and right now
it doesn't seem unreasonable
to change my entire life
because I think she's cute.
I think
that most of history
has been created by a man
who thought a girl
was cute.

Jon Edward Walker

Comfortably Tainted

did I forgive you?
if I did I didn't mean to
if I was nice it wasn't purposeful
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

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
injuring my ankle.
I looked for a spot to hide myself
hearing cops behind me
as I hobble run
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

Darkness Around Me

In a world where
so many people
are fake
I have something
real,
and that's why
women like me,
I am earnest,
mostly honest
and
my soul still shines
through
the darkness around me.
Or,
maybe I'm just
good looking.

Jon Edward Walker

Digesting

I eat crackers, cheese, fruit
and pee out my buttole
for five days now,
I've lost seven pounds
and I don't know what's wrong
with me.
sleep doesn't come,
I could easily stay up all night
but I try for hours until it comes
my mind becomes loopy and
undernourished.
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 whatever he is
walks in and
she slams down her
shirt
and scampers away
from me,
towards him
he brushes past her
holding some
sort of take-out,
set's it on the table,
sits down and continues speaking
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
then
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
then;
"I vant vater"
she brings him water
in a childs
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

Dixie's Lost

She has beautiful eyes,
a nice smile,
she delivers slightly fearfully
a great body and
long flowing brown hair (my favorite)
four times now
I return to the store
where you work and I first saw you.
I've not seen
you again yet.
I'm not sure
that I won't do more than
just look at you again.
but
that alone would be enough.

Jon Edward Walker

Don'T Let The Wheelchair Fool Ya'

I don't really need this,
I need the money
your more likely to give
for my kids and
a rapidly advancing
habit.

I can't get government aid
as I was discharged from the
military
dishonorably.

I write for my sanity
and hopefully for
sustenance one day
I'm an artist,
a poet,
a lover,
father,
and friend to many
and
a job could never
pay this well
but,
don't let the wheelchair fool ya'

I don't need this chair,
you do,
to give you a reason
to care

Jon Edward Walker

Downtown

It will be a small flat,
inexpensive
with a decent view
of downtown
buried in rain,
cloud and people
I will work at a restaurant,
and ride my black bicycle there
and everywhere.
In my wallet I will possess a bus pass
I diligently renew monthly.
Girls will come into my life
and leave,
a small television
will sit in the corner
on a desk
and a laptop will live
on my bed,
a futon with a wooden frame,
black mattress and
blue queen sized sheets.
Friends will be made,
pool shot,
yoga exercised,
poetry read
and made.
The rain will come often
but always eventually the sun
will follow.

Jon Edward Walker

Dream Of Action Taken

I dreamt last night
of the girl whom I'm infatuated;
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 a daycare
feeding kids cough syrup
so 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 willingly
heavily medicate
ourselves
with alcohol, weed
prozac or other drugs
so as to not bugger the other adults
no one punishes us however
except ourselves

Jon Edward Walker

Enraged

he snapped and lashed wishing
he wasn't 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 passer's by
open with his teeth
and claws
he probably wouldn't

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 have 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
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 visually
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 and
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

Fixed?

25 and shattered,
beaten many times in drunken quarrels
broken by the army,
left skittish,
afraid and humiliated.
now a shell covering a shell
armored only with lies
of how great he was
and what he almost could have been.
Lying to anyone who'll listen
about what he
can be.

concussion by a roommate,
criminal charges by all 4 pacific northwest states
(plus wyoming)
public humiliation by Father
shunned by grandparents
broken knuckles by wall
restraining orders by ex-girlfriends,
broken collarbone by brother,

and the VA prescribes \$1200 a month,
enough pills to sedate a horse,
sympathy,
compassion,
a patient number
and sedation.

Fixed.

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
prayers

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.
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
hippies in carharts
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
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

Guilty

she's 18 and a little fat
ok, maybe she's 19.
but young still and full of life,
which makes me feel both
glad and guilty.
she's easy like all the others.
for some reason,
I'm charming,
for some reason I get what I want
and for some reason
I only think that
maybe I
like it.

Jon Edward Walker

Half A Man

you are so pathetic
you smile to be nice to strangers
and say kind things to people
who most likely
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 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

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
asking whether or not my spare
room was still available.
it is.

Jon Edward Walker

Here It Is, I Suppose

balding,
fat,
jobless and staring at the ass end
of 30
but I got
the woman,
the dog,
the truck,
the kid,

who will always stand beside me
like a country song in reverse

so
it doesn't look so bad
think I may take off
in the 78 dodge
champion
have a little adventure

Jon Edward Walker

He's Three And One Half

and I will think of you.
our conversation,
your voice.
the longing in it
when you say you love me.
I tell you stories,
about myself,
the movie I just watched,
I tell you I'm saving my money,
every last coin.
to live nearer to you.
I pick up my coin jar
and shake it
near the phone.
it jingles and
you giggle.
'bye bye daddy' you say,
'I wuwu wou'.
I love you too
I say

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,
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

Hymn To The Orange Of Doom

Explosive citrus balls
hang from the limbs
of wrath
supported by the trunk
of justice.
In violence
I deliver these
to your face
via the air,
my Orange of Doom

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 trying 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 Too Know Defeat

the wooden cage my stereo is housed
in
deserves to die,
I decide
and I kick it hard
several times
succeeding
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 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 today
as off to world I go

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

Innocent

It was me,
I raped you in the bathroom
of the gymnasium
after the rave.

It was me,
I shot your husband
in the leg
then the back
of his head
because I'm a bad shot
now your alone
with baby

It was me,
I stood on the stand
and lied,
I said it was another
who shot the clerk
another who stole
I did this under oath
and a plea bargain
now
it is me
who's innocent.

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
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

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

Lemons

When life hands you lemons,
mix them in with papayas, apples and cranberries,
add yeast,
women,
cheap cars,
multiple jobs,
late nights,
long laughs
good friends
add
a dash of hedonism
and a few
fights.
Let set for thirty years,
then look back
and enjoy.

Jon Edward Walker

Like You

I could be alone
like you,
I could be strong,
like you
I could work
full time
and go to school
full time,
drink all day,
people will love me,
give things to me
like me,
like you.
but I care
about people
I hurt when they hurt
I can't not be
a-
pathetic

can't you try
to see things
from my perspective,
don't you ever
think about my
feelings?
do you really
love me?
or do you just say those words
I think about you
and your needs
constantly
can't you think about mine
just once?

Jon Edward Walker

Lonely Breathe

you call,
telling me that
my dvd player buried
in your storage unit
that we both know is broken
is in your house now
and I can come get it
whenever I want.....
then silence.
"OK, what are you doing later tonight"
your lonely breathe
releases from your mouth
"nothing, stop by whenever,
we'll have ice cream....
or something"
"I like ice cream"
and I too release
lonely breathe
I didn't know I had.

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

Lucky Loser

really I was never much,
lazy, irresponsible and selfish
with a selfish self serving outlook.
I've been this way since childhood
never been able to hold a real job,
the army picked me up though
in lieu of a felony charge at 17
and I went to war a couple times;
thought I was something.
came home, got charged with more felonies
more misdemeanors.
the courts declared me disabled,
gave me a pension and a free ride to college
apologized to me.

only in America can I be a
lucky loser.

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 Baby's Mother

pabst and wine have taken your place
the bottle's mouth and grip is tighter than your's
as is it's grip
and sometimes I miss you,
sometimes I feel like a shitty man
and father,
but mostly I'm glad you're gone,
I'm glad child support hasn't caught up with me
and I'm happy
that my jobs treat me well,
feed me and keep me drunk.
mostly I don't hate or fear him but
loathe you,
my baby's mother

Jon Edward Walker

My Choice

me?

I'll take the fat chicks,
pathetic chicks,
desperate chicks.

Those who bitch constantly
about everything and nothing,
those who get fired
for showing to work drunk
I'll take them,
because no one else will

I'll take them and love them
wring them close
then disappear
leaving them wishing
waiting hoping,
and knowing
they will never
get a man like me again.

Jon Edward Walker

My Girl

Hopefully you will get jealous when
I even think about looking at another girl,
and hopefully you will cheat on me (several times)
so I can bash the guys head in
and forgive you.

I love women who wear too much make-up,
can't look people in the eye when talking,
with deep seated childhood issues
and don't take shit off anyone
girls who
make wild unjustified accusations
with delusional tendencies
but underneath it all,
a great heart
and good intentions

Jon Edward Walker

My Love

do not forget me
too quickly,
forget the love that I have for you,
my pleasure in your every
action
remember me
when times are tough
and you need to be tougher
than them.
remember my love.
I will always love you,
like you
want you,
destroy you.
as I am you,
I am pain,
freedom,
life,
love boundless
and I will wait for you.

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 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 Title

I move across the floor
wading through a four
foot harsh current to
the phone
that weighs 200 lbs
and move my giant fingers
across the tiny numbers
trying to dial you,
but I can't
I love you and I'm sorry
but today I can't
tell you that.

Jon Edward Walker

Not Expecting Failure

there is no hope at all
and you still try
still move on,
forward.
not expecting failure.
but without hope;
this is my favorite
state of mind.

Jon Edward Walker

Not In Vain?

my patience may have been in vain
there may be no one for me.
I may masturbate twice daily
until I no longer can
get up
out of bed
it may be the closest
I came to love
was in the past
and the closest I will come
to sex will be
in video games
and my imagination

Fat chicks,
annoying chicks
throw themselves
at me
regularly
but I wait
patiently
for one intelligent,
attractive, fun
and into much sex,
hopefully
not in vain.

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 a dreamscape
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

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

Penguin Playing Chess

I met a suicidal penguin today,
he wouldn't talk to me
despite my badgering
I asked him
his age
and told him I felt
the world still needed
many penguins
still he was silent
all he wanted to do
was play chess with me,
(poorly I might add)
I couldn't decide
whether or not to let my
suicidal penguin beat me
at chess

I was robbed of the decision
when he stood
and left,
still silent
leaving me alone
silent,
and still
pondering the penguin
suicidal.

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,
a fresh start
I feel new
and I tell the world
I can take you on today

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

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 sloppy 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
and 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

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

Sunshine

my mother used to sing to me:
"sunshine,
you are my sunshine,
you make me happy
when skies are grey
you never know dear,
how much I love you,
please don't take my sunshine away."
I believed her.
twice when I was
a child
she checked herself into
a mental institution.
depressed and suicidal.
When I was twelve
I found a picture she had
painted and hidden of an
arm limp, palm up
with wrist open and bleeding.
I re-hid the picture,
and went back
trying to be
her sunshine

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
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
dishes out
disapproving looks
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

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 paper upon which 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

That Cypress Boat Is Drifting

That cypress boat is drifting,
drifting with the flow:
fretful, fretful, I cannot sleep,
as if from a painful grief,
though I've no lack of wine
to ease and amuse me.

My heart is not a mirror,
you can't just peer into it!
I too have brothers,
though not the kind to rely on.
I go to them with pleas,
only to meet their anger.

My heart is not a stone,
you can't tumble it around;
my heart is not a mat,
you can't just roll it up!
My conduct was pure and proper,
you cannot fault me there.

My grieving heart pains and sorrows,
I'm hated by those petty people
Trouble - I've seen plenty;
suffered insults - not a few.
Silently I brood on it,
awake, beating my breast.

You sun, you moon,
why do you take turns hiding?
Sorrow around my heart
like an unwashed robe -
silently I brood on it,
helpless to rise and fly away.

Poem number 26 in The Book of Odes, author unknown

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 fingertip
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

This Life

I can't pay rent,
haven't for two months,
I can't stand my job,
i can't pay child support
I can't
live sober,
I can't be at my grandpa's
80th birthday
my car's broke,
my liscense
has been revoked,
my insurance is fake
my air conditioner doesn't work
my landlord seems to be constantly
five minutes away from an
aneurism.
the neighborhood kids terrorize
my car
and have a crush on my girl
and mow my lawn once a week
for ten dollars.
but my neighbors could be worse
and
the wifey makes this life a little better.
this life that gave me
two free kegs of beer
but refused me
a tap.

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

Three And One Half

and I will think of you.
our conversation,
your voice.
the longing in it
when you say you love me.
I tell you stories,
about myself,
the movie I just watched,
I tell you I'm saving my money,
every last coin.
to live nearer to you.
I pick up my coin jar
and shake it
near the phone.
it jingles and
you giggle.
bye bye daddy you say,
I wuwu wou.
I wuwu wou too
Ethan.

Jon Edward Walker

Troubled Tonight

I can't tell the difference
between the noise my computer makes
and car's passing by,
or whether the whistling
in the background
is a nearby firecracker
or a far off airplane,
everything is confused,
my cigarette won't stay lit
and my bed won't stay made,
despite my best efforts,
if I could give up
and give in to sleep,
I would.

But I can't do that even,
all I can do is lie still
in the silence
and the darkness
thinking,
and sobering
unwillingly.
and nothing I think about
seems to make sense or be real,
except the one thing I
desperately don't want to think about,
but do,
which seems more real than ever
but is impossible to explain
with words.

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,
they sit on my counter
next to the electrical tape
and orange juice
both of which
I bought

the girl I brought home
lays in my bed because
I brought her here in
my car
she's lying 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

Visible Insecurities

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

her boyfriend it seemed
agreed, he
tried to keep
her as ugly outside as inside
and she sat
on the barstool with a bruised head
and split cheek
she acts more real 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 soul.
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

When Life Sucks

Life is easier when
it sucks.
nothing is a worry,
because everything is a worry
there is no sunshine,
so the darkness
doesn't seem
so dark
when your woman
is a pain in the ass
or when you can't
find a woman,
your opportunities
are wide open,
limitless.
and when you
can blame a situation
or surrounding
or person
or persons
or fate
for your horrible
existence.
You don't
feel guilty
or have
responsibilities.
Life is easier
when it sucks.

Jon Edward Walker

Who Can Be Against Me?

and I own a whirling heart
and a few heartaches
and a trailer
in a trailer park
in the middle of the poor area
of town
and I am a cook,
a head chef of
the best catering company
in Montana
and I am white trash
and I drink too much;
I punch open doors,
I fight with the neighbors.
I win usually
only against people
and fate and life
because god is with me

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

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

Young

how I love them that way;
innocent, trusting,
naive.

annoying, ignorant,
unsure and selfish
hopeful,
dreaming and
lost.

hopeful
and hopeless
most of us spend
all our youth getting
away from these things

Jon Edward Walker