

## 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 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

## **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 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.

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.  
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 refferred 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

## Chained

my crazy bitch awaits  
patiently  
in the shadows  
of the Ozarks  
she sleeps  
and I do not,  
I think.  
apathetically about  
the terms of my release  
as a nodule of hope  
grips my  
controls  
passively I  
allow my senses and  
desires to temporarily  
be reigned but  
only for  
a while.  
Until I  
can  
once again  
be free

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 butthole  
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 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

## **distinctly you**

sometimes I think I'm greater than I am.  
sometimes I drink too much,  
sometimes I cock too much,  
sometimes my ego out weighs my  
abilities,  
but mostly my wit can compensate.  
mostly,  
and sometimes  
it's my love making abilities and sometimes,  
It's my large penis,  
and sometimes  
it's nothing  
and that's all that lets me  
stand above the crowd;  
my ability  
to exclaim nothing,  
loudly.

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

## **fearfully I think**

that the stripper I hung out with,  
really does like me.  
she gave me coke and a smile...  
her email and phone #  
I know spending time  
is a bad idea with her.  
she told me she's going to grad school for english  
and likes comic books.  
it's funny to watch chicks lie  
like men are supposed to.  
and for some reason;  
to me,  
it's always startling

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  
prayers

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.  
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

## **give me head bitches**

the sign on the bathroom  
reads:  
"give me head bitches"  
with a stick man  
lying on a cot  
in possession of  
an erection  
the size of his torso  
my roommate wrote this.  
and as far as I know,  
no bitches  
have given either of us head  
because of that sign.

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

## **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 a grand is a lot of money  
and eventually it 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  
asking 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 on cardboard  
today's tip is:  
"never share spoons" :)

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 don't like you, but will always love you**

these people  
always so deliberately  
fight with their lovers,  
and complain about it tomorrow.

Probably she has thought hours  
how to delivering her retort,  
carefully trying to anticipate his  
actions, thoughts,  
and words.  
She will wait now,  
and discover later that  
she needn't  
have waited  
at all.

I don't like you anymore but  
always will I love you.  
always also will I strive  
to be a good man,  
forgiving, giving,  
patient, kind  
in word heart and spirit  
but maybe baby,  
that's the masochistic  
side of me.

Jon Edward Walker

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

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 wouldn'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  
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 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

## 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 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 too,  
better than I do.  
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

## **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 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

## **jacking off in art class**

we meet  
and exchange a synthentic eye glance  
I look at your body,  
at least what I'm allowed to see..  
mentally i swoon  
and verbally i dance with you,  
cocky, cocksure  
and confident.  
your desire  
for me  
will lead me;  
hopeful and blind  
to the love,  
the wasteland,  
the playground  
that harbors  
the last of my innocence,  
trust and kindness.  
there:  
we meet again.

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

## **liar's bed**

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

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  
em-  
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

## **Make-up**

I wandered into a bar tonight  
where everyone was  
painted,  
men included  
with their clothes and perfume  
I could hardly smell the alcohol.  
and through the make-up  
I refused to see  
(or couldn't see)  
the women  
I left twice

Jon Edward Walker

## **mildly innocent**

she's just young,  
not even all that attractive  
but they're moldable at that age;  
that excites me.  
turns me on.

This one's stupid though,  
like all of them  
(or most it seems)  
but dedicated,  
naive and mildly innocent.

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  
the 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 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

**no title**

I move across the floor  
wading through a four  
foot harsh current to  
the phone  
that weighs 200 lbs  
and move my finger nubs  
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**

sometimes I think I'm greater than I am.  
sometimes I drink too much,  
sometimes I cock too much,  
sometimes my ego out weighs my  
abilities,  
but mostly my wit can compensate.  
mostly,  
and sometimes  
it's my love making abilities and sometimes,  
It's my large penis,  
and sometimes  
it's nothing  
and that's all that lets me  
stand above the crowd;  
my ability  
to exclaim nothing,  
loudly.

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

## **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

## **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

## **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  
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

## **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

## **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

## **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 goo  
on the string  
when I  
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 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 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 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

## **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,  
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

## **White Rabbit**

Like a strip tease  
given to tigers by an  
albino rabbit,  
I'm nervous  
and I want you  
to like me  
despite my insecurities,  
weaknesses  
and your strengths.  
So I continue to dance.

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

## **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

## **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