

Poetry Series

Cretan Maineiac
- poems -

Publication Date:
2010

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Cretan Maineiac(April 29,1961)

A strange vagabond.....

□

Within you is your native land.

So search none other, never more depart.

You are never homeless in your heart.

-Tempest Livesey

As one might surmise from viewing my writing, i'm far more of an appreciator of great poetry than i am an exponent thereof.

My name derives from a combination of genetic ties to the Greek island of Crete and geographical ties to the great United State of Maine.

I believe poetry to be the most genuine of art forms. Although it is easy enough for anyone to scribble a few vague lines and name it poesy, true appreciation of the genre is strictly a labor of love.

Among the literary food groups, poetry is the red meat, with short stories ranking as potatoes and novels representing salad. It is sumptuous, savory, satisfying, and takes a lifetime to digest.

Even if blood appears

pink,

or black

it's red,

coruscant through my

veins

as i mess

with your head.

'Everywhere I go I find a poet has been there before me.'

-Sigmund Freud

'I have never let my schooling interfere with my education.'

-Mark Twain

'It is difficult/to get the news from poems/yet men die miserably every day/for lack/of what is found there.'

-William Carlos Williams; Asphodel, That Greeny Flower

'I have seen all the works that are done under the sun; and, behold, all is vanity and a striving after wind.'

-Ecclesiastes 1: 14

'And what can be foolisher than this? '

-William Blake

..United We Stand/Divided We Fall

I. The Fourth: United We Stand

The Androscoggin unfurled to the left of the dike-
 'fish-curing place' the Algonquians called it, (sez
 Britannica) - more calmly nearer the bridge.

Flailing canvas capped the bandstand across
 the way, a parched breeze creasing the river's surface.
The Sun lurked, winding

down for the day, yielding like an emcee to the
 Main Event, sprinkling
 confetti upon a family of Loons.

A small girl makes clods of
 mulch, harassing
 big sister, demanding her 'horsie ride.' One vet

limped by, 'Korea' his cap proudly hailed, stopped to
 chat with another, folding his
 director's chair for the 'bug-out, ' after

the consultation. Both girls were playing horsey by then,
 astride Daddy and the
 BK bag. 'Don't crawl! ' Dad ordered. Two older girls

brought their own morning glories. The vets
 remained Calm, among
 -small-town bodies-

 -indoor tans &

 -blانched 'goths-

>>>Lilliputians under Brobdingnagian rule<<<

newly reacquainted with UV magic, winter
 coats waning slowly amid
 ice cream and fried dough,

Freedom celebrated in the smoke-free/chem-free air.

Shadows of past industry lined the Lewiston
side, banners waving ~
~each branch of the
military, the
~~State, and the
~~~Fed.

\*you're a grand old flag/ you're a high-flying flag/and forever in peace/ may you  
~wave~...\*

Showtime:  
Exploding shells approximate shooting stars, an  
occasional tiny,  
harmless comet goes ^pop^. Colors  
cheers  
subliminal come-'n'-get-its,  
bombs-bursting-in-air  
Glory &  
throbbing in the ear.

-'Look at that! ' said one (several times) .  
-'Cost twenty-thousand for this shit? ' asked another.  
-'Screw America' declared a recent refugee.

All the stuff we  
packed strewn  
along the unfurled blanket, &  
somebody's got to pee.

'No, no! Go! I'll stay here and guard our Stuff.'

And the  
~Flag~  
still There.

II. Winter: Divided We Fall (Haiku)

Old-man's hat ~aloft~  
blown along the parking lot.  
Strangers walk on by.



## .32 Souls Plus One (Repost)

April showers fell unseasonably cold @ VaTech,  
that morning, the  
dripping blood of a forfeited soul with selfish motives.

Chronically late Buddinsky laureate had stepped  
in, elbowed-up to center-stage- words louder than  
action- self-anointed arbiter branding him

'unfit' for class- passive lynching- his  
Alienation  
unfashionable, not

-Sylvia shrilly blaming \*pater-nothus\*, nor  
-Jezebel snapping hormonal on Angry Johnny, nor  
-'the thunder rolled' or 'earl hadda' die' or wispy Nova

Scotia Sarah kissing  
the breath  
out of all of us, \*Ismail

Ax\*, wrong tattoo, a self-anointed martyr fighting all  
Liberty, not just  
that the Founders deemed Creator-endowed, yellow

monkey out of sync w/  
n-word  
ethics, not

pooping a midden on Whitey from an  
ebony tower, not  
even eligible for the Writing Cure, due

soon enough to  
graduate to  
the out-side world, sealed in artistic irrelevance &

lined up along the altar of

universal injustice  
somewhere amid

global gas, sexual harassment, & snoring, way out-  
side Prof. Nikki's  
tolerance threshold (her catalogue

celebrating many  
lives, saving  
none) .

Cho's literary legacy, that frightful pop & thick odor of unfriendly-  
fire, cluttering  
the wishful repose of a gun-free zone,

published by the Programmer (who misread domestic  
violence into  
doctrinaire terrorism) - verse-

less rhyme, sense-  
less crime- funded  
by the blood of Thirty-two Souls, plus one.

Cretan Maineiac

# .barometric Pressure

Twin brass helm wheels, (like Gilligan's) , gilded, not for  
steering, Airguide  
imprint in elegant cursive, the thermometer part long inactive.

"It doesn't work, " big brother said, "it's indoors."

Relative Humidity and Barometric Pressure tracked while  
seeping thru the Screen to the  
Sill, the daily variation between black and lazy red finger suggesting- @

least as presciently as Bob O'Wrill or Willard Scott- "Nor'easters" &  
"thunder boomers" &  
those suffocating summer days when

fans and flies hum, dipping in  
warning (along w/  
double-knee pain- one the instant replay of a

softball tumble; the other an inflamed echo of mis-  
spent love) rising in  
relief, spiraling thru

New Year's & Easter, a thin crack in  
the glass reflecting  
adjustment of the lazy finger, 4th of July to

X-mas, back again, ever-  
winding, brass (w/ a  
hint of rust) auguries tacitly measuring—thru

hopeful, hectic puberty on into harried,  
hopeful middle-  
age, amid real, imagined, even notreal news

cycles at once warning of & laughing off  
hammer & sickle,  
global gas, crescent-shaped hate a la

mode- the pressure that singles each day.

Cretan Maineiac

## .chicken Hawks And Ostrich Doves

'Bring 'em home alive, and now, '  
coos liberal table pounder.  
'Put the welfare slobs to work, '  
fat catbird caws to counter.

'It's corporate sloth that keeps us down, '  
comes lefty's pat response.  
'Stop whining! ' commands the righteous right,  
'show gratitude for once.'

'Let's harness the sun, spare the critters  
& hammer our swords to ploughshares.'  
'We've mastered the atom, put fossils to work  
& as for the arts, who cares? '

By the red-neck reckoning  
Life's sacred from neo-conception  
while blue-blood necro-libertine  
begs further interpretation.

Lorenz found that, tho doves might coo,  
they'll bite off a partner's head.  
A hawk is a ruthless scavenger  
that picks at the weak and the dead.

Ostriches don't really burrow from fear  
but still won't see what's around.  
Some chickens gaze up @ the rain so long  
swallowing precip until they drown.

Chicken Hawks and Ostrich Doves  
grown flightless on points to ponder  
assuming the world's split red and blue  
& capital to squander.

Cretan Maineiac

## .christoffa Corombo

A failure at best, say some (clad under cover of  
the present) , genocide at  
worst, tho his sail across pitching hungry waves required

balls that today might prompt one to seek out  
Mare Tranquilitatis via  
hot-air balloon, armed only w/ a sextant.

'[L]ike Paradise...' he sd. of his  
find, but for  
the fact that the

Native brothers & sisters (\*in Dio\* = 'in God')  
insisted on walking about  
naked, as tho Adam & Eve sported khakis.

Cretan Maineiac

# .even Denny's Was Closed

Christmas eve caught me short,  
late in the week. Sales  
clanged, rung and beeped

through the joyous  
season even as  
Inventories &

Resources shrank, ebbed,  
Exhausted. My  
dance card was full, & you

all left me  
panting  
the radio and TV couldn't stop  
ranting

accepting the Onus &  
singing the praise  
spending that bonus  
on Programmer's raise

Time ticking per order, persistent & frantic &  
pitiless amid  
the din of merriment, ideating

the promise of Messianic salvation out of a  
distant Infant's wail  
under icy stars

at once ancient & per-  
petual, spiral-  
ing warm against history, winter Solstice, & hate ala mode.

'Twas the season of giving, & by the time I got  
paid, even Denny's  
was closed.

December,2005

Cretan Maineiac

# .hephaestus

(Inspired by 'The God of Impertinence' by Sten Nadolny)

How that fire warms, forged  
tools comfort, enable,  
utile as physics, reason, & the average man Diogenes

never sought, bulwark against child-based instruction,  
as if molecules &  
viruses perform for the naked eye. Reason, reduced to

refutation of old testimonials, Jesus speciously  
aligned w/  
unfiltered wrath. Hephaestus's utility, salvation- tho

no one invokes his name after stubbing his toe or  
sees him (or his mother)  
in pancakes- forges ahead of Momus of ridicule &

handsome Dionysius w/ weapons of  
mass deception &  
instruments quantifying Vanity and the

striven after Wind, the club-footed deity thru  
whom Lucifer found  
Edison's third ear, inspiring sweat- such

medicine-  
\*pharmakon\*-  
girding one last-  
ditch defense against  
all threat of prophesied second act or profit-

less sequel, morality and mortality gold-plated-  
out in  
deference to a baseless-yet-somehow-higher

moral ground, embracing gratuitous  
upgrades, trivializing  
momentum, obscuring & out-

sourcing memory, the Fire that  
warms, burns, melts & molds for  
Hephaestus, father of

Pandora, w/ Faith that only the warmth will intrude.

Cretan Maineiac

# .if I Ever Could

For TG

If i could lend you my legs for a day, would you

- pour your own juice, &
- wash your own bedding, &
- flush your own Peg Tube?

Could i

- sit in yr chair, &
- crab @ the Staff, &
- tickle my manhood to boobs on TV?

Would you go find a real

pair, to love, honor &

Obey, then laugh your belly laugh for the

Joy you'd rediscovered? Or

still spend your day

deciding your bed would look better along

that wall, the one you moved it away from,

yesterday, Or would you

find your old

Truck & finish the Job you started back

then, after you found

yr Son's mother in bed w/ yr "friend, " veer off that

Lonely bridge on

Rt.26, meet that

Maker who sent you- having found the eternal buzz- back,

-in a cloud

-no short term memory, w/

-Terminal munchies, but also

- half a lung, no

-driving privileges, &

- legs no longer up to gravity's challenge amid the

frustrated echo of the  
foiled attempt spiraling thru  
the squandered days that follow, strike a

deal allowing you to sit out eternity in  
cuckold heaven, sharing a bed w/  
the Little Androscoggin?

Whatever you might choose, i would still lend you my legs, if  
only for a day, if  
i ever could.

Cretan Maineiac

# .night Of The Iguana: 'They Made It Rain On Stage'

"De-frocked! " the young actress corrected the  
erstwhile preacher-man, in  
character, & the

Whole campus—including the  
President—giggled as if on  
cue. "De-FROCKED! " she said, again & a-

gain, & we laughed, w/out a  
c[!? ]ue. Then came the thunder &  
That rain, wet splatter on the

wooden stage, equipped as it was w/  
proper drainage by the  
Techies, in Hephaestus's name, not a slab warped.

They made it rain on  
Stage—spouting forth \*au naturel\* from Tennessee's  
words, the preacher-man cleansing in it- & we  
stood—even the President- w/out a

cue, feting the deception.

Cretan Maineiac

## .o Pateras, The Good Doctor

You look just like  
him, some say, that  
Spartan frame oddly augmented by  
lordosis gut, glasses, & those leaky  
kidneys. I  
had to move his obit to

the bottom drawer, or be  
reminded each  
time of that permanent absence, out  
of the very Way he helped  
Pave.

"The good doctor, " one teacher

called him  
once, pausing  
for laughs, getting  
none. Two thousand babies delivered &  
over a hundred  
White Pines planted. Even strolling through the

woods had purpose: firewood for  
winter, KEEP OUT  
Signs to be erected against eminent  
domain, trail bikes & snowmobiles ("They say  
they love the  
Ecology and then run their machines all over  
It.") and a loaded.22 to protect the back-  
yard veggies from  
vermin all the while helping aged patients remember what  
year it was during  
Wednesday office hours &  
Sunday morning rounds before church.

O Pateras, we called him (Anglicized: Daddy) , who by Chasing me kept me  
Moving  
toward the next  
base ("we'll show those Mutts") even if it meant running my team out of a  
big inning, &

when I said I can't he said

"Well CAN! " & told me the only reason to  
Slide was  
to avoid being tagged, & that  
Golden rods meant  
School was  
About to start.

"He's a good doctor, " said some, as  
if to  
convince me. "First, do no

Harm..." stood posted in his  
Office, next  
to the NO SMOKING sign (not  
one mention of his role in  
Liberating the  
Patrida of Nazis) , the Caduceus, Christos kai

Panagia, the examining table (w/  
stirrups) and  
that fading Polaroid of  
Mummy & all the  
children  
on the D.C. Capitol steps, no

awards for manning the  
ER, 'he saved  
my life, ' sd. many, charts

scattered & blowin' in the  
wind, names &  
addresses unknown to nominators of paper honors, until

That Day in 2001 when the state  
benched him,  
permanently, for bad eyesight. Come

August that year those kidneys  
Liberated him  
from further obligation to family,

country, & the  
whole  
earthly realm, golden rods batter-fried in the A.M. dew, along the

Way, where vegetables once thrived. The obit (we wrote) confirmed he was a  
war  
hero, defender of The Faith, good doctor. That evening brought

weird stars outside the  
sound mind, not  
visible aloft the trees in the

Eastern twilight sky, reported as  
News amid  
coupons by our Sunjournal. He still gets bills addressed to

him, & Invitations to  
events  
from the Archons, incidental Reminders of

the man the church bulletin limned 'tall,  
elegant, dignified, ' richer in  
spirit than bankbook, always 25, the

blue & white Villa @ the end of that long driveway on  
Hogan Road – that  
left him in the red— surrounded by those white pines, whose

needle bunches stand like  
middle fingers  
saluting the three-car garage, the church on

the front seven reflecting the  
stubborn pride that  
both afflicts & blesses over-achievers, a

byzantine intellect &  
dry, backyard garden  
wit.

“...just like him, ” some say

of me, &  
I can only wish.

Cretan Maineiac

# .our Ladies Of The Chamber

"I'm a survivor, " sez the  
Blond from  
AWAP, each time she tells her Ex-Wife's

Tale besmirching miscegenation worse than  
generations of  
KKK propaganda, drowning unwanted children in self-serving tears, &

advocating:

- a definition of family based on lobby dollars, &
- opening private books to the public while
- closing public books to all.

"I'm looking out for The  
Little Guy, " claims  
non-trad Margaret, securing a

Raise for lawmakers as  
your street cracks &  
crumbles, smoldering, refitting suits in the

Crazy biz as clients  
scrape together  
empties toward tobacco jizya.

"I'm here to finish business, " Ms.  
Deb crowed, &  
Voted away charter schools, looking into

Taxing DeLorme & Rand McNally for  
each crag mapped  
along Maine's salty jagged coast. "Me,

too! " chirps craven Margaret, alternatively  
pimping Peter to  
diversely pay for Paul, taking hellish human sacrifice under

advisement—yessah—for gold-plating the State House & endowing  
Concannon's

retirement. Vote early, vote often, trade your job so they can keep theirs, &  
hail

them, hear them, tho listening be a chore,  
our ladies of the chamber, hear ye, hear them whore.

Cretan Maineiac

## .poems That Don'T Rhyme

Pick a noun: a Person,  
Place, Thing, or  
Idea, infuse it w/

Life like it's never been infused  
before (make allowances for  
the reader's Theater of the

Mind) , & bring it  
home, just bring it  
Home, alive.

Cretan Maineiac

## .ron Lantz: Let Us Pray

Night fell typically on the Beltway, writing a  
telos to myrmidon  
angst. God's driver—fresh from

a convocation petitioning  
guidance- eased to  
rest astride self-anointed hatists-ala-mode

who'd recently splattered superfluous  
scarlet along the  
DC fall. Unfettered by dhimmitude &

Chief Moose, Ron Lantz made the  
call—all in a day's  
work. Enron deadwood wowed the

Programmer, selling-out their initial sell-out as  
Mr. Lantz— humble as a  
lamb- retired to

Sunday duty, leaving lesser lights- so  
departmental- all  
the vainglory one nation—let us pray-can bear.

Cretan Maineiac

## .the Big Vagabond

Draw me another, holy spigot jockey, and another,  
More,  
Adorn the space in

my twelve-ounce mug.

Splash a blessed solution on  
my Sunday AM head, soothe the ebbing tributaries of my

my tattered

Soul, pump that  
Sense-bound (not really heart-shaped)

Cheaply-clad source. I have no new suit of  
clothes to boast, nor sins to boast, content to find  
Sportscenter behind the bar and central heat—ahh- central heating,  
flushing toilet, & a full mug.

At church they- incensed- coldly damn my  
Life, pray for death, for ever &  
Ever. Amen.

Cretan Maineiac

## .the Illness Industry

'I got to the Doctor's office, ' Scarlett said,  
'and  
THE FREAKIN' PLACE WAS CLOSED FOR THE NEXT FIVE DAYS! ! '

Green couches match the fragrant plants,  
fresh carpeting & Prevention magazines whisper  
'professional', check boxes while-you-wait,

try & remember every mom & dad malady, sibling  
symptoms, & how many cups of coffee & donuts &  
French fries...

\*One great excellency in this Tribe, \* Gulliver  
opined, \*is Their  
skill in prognostics, whereby They seldom fail... \*

'So I went flying to the  
pharmacy to cry and beg for some  
pills, `cause one of them I am completely out of! "

\*...Their predictions in real diseases when  
they rise to any degree of  
malignity generally portending death...\*

"Turns out, they had finally gotten around to  
calling it  
in. That, of course, is

after I have had two (not one but  
TWO) blood pressure episodes today  
alone...'

\*...which is always in Their  
power when  
recovery is not...\*

'...one when I called the  
Pharmacy this morning and found them

NOT called in and

one when I found the  
Doc's office  
shut down! ! ! ! ! ”

\*...and therefore, upon any unexpected signs of  
amendment ...after They have  
pronounced Their sentence...\*

'I am finally breathing a bit  
easier, but it was  
touch and go there for a while, ”

\*...rather than  
be accused as  
false prophets...\*

“...whether I would  
die from a  
stroke or a TEMPER FIT! ' (Treat, L.,2008)

\*...they know how to approve Their  
sagacity to the  
world by a seasonable dose\* (Swift, J.,1726) .

Pick a vice (any vice) :  
Pick a pain (any pain) :  
your personal information remains

confidential &  
please present your insurance documents  
when services are rendered, &

frankly, Scarlett, i don't [believe They] give a  
damn! ! ! (Mitchell, M.,1939)  
...so long as your Bill gets paid.

Cretan Maineiac

## .the Mendacity Of Hype

Blowing in from under Daley's shadow, Cook  
county, liberally  
sponsored by green gas-

bags & misery's boldest broker, he  
can, thru  
comely pauses &

flowery syllables, swooning  
rhythms, comfortable  
cadence & that mellifluous gargle- 'just

because you have an individual right doesn't mean the  
state or federal  
Government cannot constrain that right'- yes

he can- having secured a mortgage from  
Rezco as unsung Chicagoland seniors sweltered &  
rotted from neglect in

summer haze- yes he  
can- w/ the  
policy experience & Chicago wind to

cleanse our crusty pallet of rotting apples, bitter  
yams, the unpleasant after-  
taste of History, from a single acorn sprout nuts enough to

engulf Mr. Lincoln's words & Mr. DuSable's legacy under  
Daley's expanding  
pall, leave only

change in our pockets, co-  
opt hope, extend  
voting rights to the graveyard & subsidize that

dose of Soma prescribed to  
liberate  
all Yanks of

that onerous yoke  
of  
sovereignty.

Cretan Maineiac

# .the Void Hour

Sixty minutes, like any other  
Hour  
throughout the year, we

all live & Breath, Love &  
hate, work &  
idle, eat sleep burp

fart shit & rot as on  
our best &  
worst day, unwinding from

the clock in that ancient  
order accepted in  
the first, second, &

third worlds, a tacitly absorbed  
imposition on  
circadian rhythms &

munchin', snoozin', pooping, loving

~~simply passing~~

in hopes of saving an hour of  
daylight like a dime  
to no IRA, Christmas Club, piggy  
bank, nor the annals of time.

Cretan Maineiac

## .waking Up

We open our  
Eyes only  
because  
God  
is giving us  
One  
More  
Chance.

Cretan Maineiac

# 1821 Hellenic Blues

In Crete and in Mani  
No cannon ever finds me...  
-popular Greek song

Some call the blues uniquely  
American, from the  
Muggy Mississippi delta to the

Daunting nighttime streets of  
Chicago, repetitive,  
Progressive, peaking

& releasing & rife w/  
heartfelt woe, at  
Once springing from and revealing the Soul.

But the craggy peaks of Hellas cried a  
similar strain, when  
Ottoman occupants seized the

Cities, songs of loss,  
Lament &  
Anguish, as old as sin & fresh &

teary as the original composer, &  
equally ephemeral, a  
song enduring tho neither

Classical nor recorded, of proud people herded to the  
mountains like so many  
Sheep, never losing sight of

Their shepherd- w/out  
Want-  
Hopeless but for an indefatigable

Hope, based in

Faith...

Byron and Shelley found no Achilles reaming a musket nor  
Alexander severing the Gordian knot, only  
hungry, huddled masses waiting a fruitless wait on

great Catherine the blond for liberation, driven to  
Fratricides between gasps on  
Psiloritis, precursors to the mass exodus to

Chicago not to hear the  
Wail, but to  
celebrate escape from it, by-

passing the Crossroads &  
that bloody John Hancock,

singers giving way to  
Modern programs, glad to be rid of  
Ethnic burdens w/ no time left for tears.

\*Athlete (from Greek) : to struggle against the self\*

"Yet, behold now thy sons  
With impetuous breath  
Go forth to the fight  
Seeking Freedom -  
\*eleftheria\* -  
or Death..." &

Tho I never tramped the mountain trails on Ossa or Psiloritis, never saw Minoa,  
neither strode the Mani seaside, nor do I own a Cretan dagger, the spirit of '21  
runs coruscant thru me as I amble the sooty, greasy Lisbon St. or sweat the  
muddy, muggy trails of Thorncrag's secular spiral, or  
Scrape Jack Frost from my  
windshield, like the

blood run thru the Heroes of '21 as I  
celebrate their sacrifice &  
choose to get over the

wail rather than curse that bygone yoke of  
dhimmitude, hailing- not

quite

unique but quite  
American- ever  
hailing Freedom.

Cretan Maineiac

## 1985: Money Poems I & II

I.

This is my last bill.

Last time I have to

Worry

About being asked for money.

Spent, I think I'll go try to remember what

I did before I knew what

An allowance was.

II.

In your exchange we're

All equal, survivors that-

Even with nothing- must

Be accounted for. It's a

Right,

Freedom's bloodiest gift.

Cretan Maineiac

## 1985: Barstool Prayer

Draw another, holy spigot jockey, and another  
Then some more  
Color the space  
In my twelve-ounce mug

Splash a blessed solution on my tattered  
Soul and thru the  
Myriad tributaries of my  
Sense-bound being, to my source (not really heart-shaped)

Cheaply clad for all.  
At church they damn my  
Life, pray for death,  
Forever. Amen.

Cretan Maineiac

## 1986: A Bad Fit: Anti-Sonnet In $\frac{3}{4}$ Time

Even tho you  
Don't like seeing  
Me here, i

Come just the  
Same, for how  
Else to view

Your queenly  
Garment, which I-  
Well- tossed aside.

You know, real pretty,  
Just a bad fit.

Cretan Maineiac

## 1986: Movin' On

Where to now, slave of  
Liberty, who's gonna' ask  
You in from

This one? Walk on, it's  
Only human, you've been  
Thru that, accepted it,

Right? Sorta' like that vacuum  
That swells between your  
Skull & head after

A one-night stand with everything.

Cretan Maineiac

# 1986: Rebel's Lament

What of the knowing wind  
of Hendrix on vinyl  
songs of silence  
lately branded for our own good?

What of prayers,  
my steeple?  
Down now  
covered and quashed  
the queen's garment stolen.

Tell me, dear Nurse, where  
the old song  
                  ends...  
someone ordered 'stop  
or you'll be (cast-) rated'

Gored upon the  
    twin horns  
of  
    (relatively) Good Taste &  
    (reasonably) Free Expression:

The rhythm of the  
    bed springs  
is no longer permitted.

Now's the time to rise,  
    shine,  
speak in the vernacular to

new friends (no more room for  
    enemies)  
fall in love with the company.

Cretan Maineiac

# A Wall For The Dodgers & Dropouts

Let's commemorate the  
Souls  
lost to the Vietnam Era, notme

resistors using their status but not their  
knowledge, quick to  
demand and slow to command respect, & their sorry

sisters, raising babies on tips, fighting the refugees for  
handouts, rejecting  
Progress and envying Industry, who doth protest too

much the endless lockstep march, seeing all but the  
obvious, blaming  
any but themselves for a lot so independently cast.

Many were called, and a few chose a burnt draft card  
offering, boomers  
unwilling to go Boom! over the Gulf of Tonkin. Let's erect a new

wall, in the shadow of that which honors those  
sacrificed, without  
material, visible only to those turning their backs on

it while seeking shelter from the  
light as they  
move on, get Cronkhite to name each resistor, Jane by his

side (finding 'Nam on a map) , and post a personal note to  
all from  
Jerry Rubin:

'Resisting in haste, repenting in leisure  
enlisted for life in heretoday pleasure.  
Thanks for contributing to the VC  
Yippie! it worked out just fine for me.'



# Absentee Landlords

The General's report on the  
surge takes  
a back seat to Britney's

mother-of-two paunch and lip-synch  
malfunction, on  
the alphabet channels, slick diversion from

crumbling drywall, cracked windows, un-  
locked doors &  
even the fire escape's broken. Who's

minding the House &  
Senate? The  
critiques were written ahead of the

facts, general and mother harpooned, each loath to  
blame our  
duly elected scapegoat-in-chief in our rose garden. We

absentee landlords,  
housed in  
denial- 'there

oughta' be a  
Law' & 'since  
when? -'

fashionably ignorant plebes pleased to know  
the shadows wild weeds of neglect will throw.

Cretan Maineiac

# Are You Globensky?

'Are you Globensky? ' asked the seasoned  
man i met  
by his wife's side @ Thorncrag, sure he had met that

fabled goon from the old Maine  
Nordiques, who  
intimidated the mighty Beauce

Jarrows on the Colisee ice under  
'70s curls as i  
pursued puberty, more lately a

Firefighter who  
discovered the  
Devil Baby smoldering in a

dysfunctional kitchen as i was  
riding Dude of  
Life's skinny coattails, &

youth mentoring while i  
scribbled toward  
literary clarity & aplomb- from

a SUNY poor choice to peninsular Portland- fetching  
legal briefs for suits &  
blood samples for lab coats to pay the rent before

striving to restore  
Common Sense amid  
Maine USA's political scene, as

his famous fight made the  
WHA highlight  
reel, immortalizing him on the

web, while i settled into the  
crazy biz & found  
my heart's desire in my backyard amongst

pileated woodpeckers & dog walkers &  
color coded trails @  
Thorncrag. 'You're not Globensky? ' he

asked, &  
i said, 'no, i'm  
Stavros's brother.'

Cretan Maineiac

# Aroma Therapy

Smoke signals call for Philip  
Morris, Nicationa  
the Klamath called it before chasing down wild

horses, put Jamestown on the  
map (payback for the  
land grab?) , social rituals embraced, refined, commodified

jones for faux-Turkish blends, later

cured when  
fashion intervened,  
cult of (obsessive compulsive)

personality kicking the habit to the  
curb, regulating  
it like natives to

designated outdoor reserves for their  
own sake, destiny  
manifest in legislated evolution, self-anointed

saviors resurrecting Joe  
Camel, invoking  
secondhand science & vanity cloaked in health concerns to

justify jizya from  
tobacco profiteers to  
wellness mullahs, curing

custom and refining history to suit their  
taste, the oldest and  
most particular Aroma Therapy congregation locked

out, congregants labeled pariahs by  
panacea fanatics, air  
rage, hypochondria, slave labor smoke

screen Arabs usurping 14th amendment reparations &

bearing Hispanic  
surname gift, TB,

MRSA & every strain of  
Asian flu ushered  
in, Caution Patrol dispersing the curious crowd:

'there's nothing to see here.'

Cretan Maineiac

# Ask A Simple Question

for Samantha Smith (1972 - 1985)

She raised the question to the  
sky, simply asking Why  
such a cold absence of comity between the Bear and the

Eagle? Andropov assured her he wanted  
Peace as he  
ordered strafing on Afghan villagers &

spread the bloodred tide of  
Kremlin goodwill. She  
was just a pawn in that

global chess match (Daniloff) , propping up a  
failed economic philosophy &  
glory-gilt munitions &, well... another

chance to make the  
Gipper look bad, tho she'd simply asked  
Why? &

took it (by invitation) to Moscow, Tokyo, Hollywood &  
London under the  
shadow of Halley's comet, 'till

Flight 1808 took Hope's boldest emissary on  
that ride we're all due a  
turn on, into the

wet oaks & pines & golden  
rods just short of  
Runway 4, 'Lewie (44N/70W)

(i felt it from  
the Villa)  
' ~ashes-to-

ashes~ all further questions & '...her smile, her

idealism and unaffected sweetness of  
spirit' (Reagan)      down in

flames, leaving only the  
Answer to that  
question aloft.

Cretan Maineiac

# Baseball: Opening Day

Muggy today, a  
pop of the mitt, a whiff of  
the grass, swish of the  
bat in the April air,  
and two little words: 'Play ball! '

Cretan Maineiac

# Baseball: That 'Ol Dh Debate

'It's absurd to expect the fans to pay good money &  
watch a guy who can't generate an average in three  
figures, ' say some, while balancing a bullpen

deep w/ a bench full of old guys who can man a  
stick, fit  
guys w/ football-addled shoulders who

bloop singles and slice doubles &  
run the bases, or a  
big, 'ol homerun guy, a DH who can

come in, bop one or walk & preserve the  
Rally, then  
put on a glove and maybe bat again.

DHs all over the bench, good-hit/no-  
field or  
move-'em-up/good-field. Or,

maybe, something so simple as a  
pitcher  
who can hit? But the

roster's not long enough & the player's association has no  
use for  
two-dimensional players who can generate an average in three figures,

fill the scorecard w/ able hands, &  
please the patrons in the stands.

Cretan Maineiac

# Construction Constriction

FLAGGER AHEAD stopped up the  
Train of  
Oncoming Traffic w/ a simple

STOP sign, speared into the gravelly ground in a  
manner reminiscent of  
Admiral Peary or Neill Armstrong, Flagger's regimental

colors allowing dumptruck and  
backhoe their  
play, prisonorange barrels &

cones marking the campaign trail ('there's  
two seasons in  
Maine: wintah and construction') of infrastructural repair &

FINES DOUBLED a firm counterpoint to  
scheduling conflicts ('what  
took you so long? ') .

\*Do i see what i see?  
Is Flagger's left hand directed toward my lane?  
Daring to assume the authority formerly reserved for the Sign? ? ? \*

Dumptruck & backhoe snorted as i  
stomped the  
brakes, my RUSH-stamped

package & Ramtough  
Intimidator on my  
rear bumper alike forced to

~~~wait...

*Whatdafuckyouneedbothlanesfor? ! ? ! *

Armstrong-Peary Flagger glared like the
RushHour sun @
Intimidator, but

*Howdafuckwesupposedtoknowwegottastopwhenyougotthe
-SIGN-
facingtheotherway? *

>>>I gotta' be to
-work ('...oversleep? ')
-home ('Where were you? ')
-school (at 4 PM?)
-'the Children! ! ! '<<<

Exasperated & dripping in prisonorange-
vested sweat drowning
black flies down his neck, Flagger turns the Sign so that

STOP commands the
Intimidator &
me as it did the stopped-up

Train of oncoming traffic, which
took this slue from STOP to
SLOW as a cue to proceed...

and the dumptruck & backhoe snorted
~~~~waiting~~~~

Construction constriction less reason than rhyme  
Part of the fun of the some-sum-summer time.

Cretan Maineiac

# Crickets & Owls & Bats & Moths: Overnight Shift Tanka

The night is so rife  
w/ the sounds of life when the  
paper hits the stoop  
i wait for it to grow legs  
& dance to the melody.

Cretan Maineiac

# Crisis

Crisis nags like a baying hound  
at those who wear it as a crown

who drink its sorrow long and deep  
and spit up wisdom on the cheap

forming mountains from every spill  
girded by misery broker's pills

the very presence of such pills  
behooves adherence to such ills

and tax incentives for reported abuse  
afford the weak a pat excuse,

as holding fast the victim role  
enforces pleas to salt the dole.

The anatomy of crisis forms  
from birth 'till feed for hungry worms

we watch, listen, recite, 'oh, well...'  
descend by bounds through Dante's hell

while some persist to keep it 'round  
peddling Souls for a day's renown.

Cretan Maineiac

# Disconnected: For T

No reaching out  
no touching

No more punching out the numbers  
that once rung you

No more wireless command  
that all last summer brung you

I hope you're doing fine  
reaching out, in theory

My eyes no help to you  
whether peering bright or squinting teary

Like 1999 again  
wondering's the best i can do,

ride the hours 'till earned free time  
red-eyed, the better to see you.

~October 7,2006

Cretan Maineiac

# Discounter Culture

Thanks, Sam, the sacks of rice will keep 'till  
doomsday, jeans  
assembled almost cheaply enough for the

assembler to fit in & don't forget Coors Light  
wishes (don't spare the ice) &  
Velveeta dreams enough to feed the

County we're having over for the Block  
Party next  
NASCAR weekend, startin'

Friday after work w/ lawnmower races around  
back, 'till Summer Slam, a buncha'  
bunches o' bananas & peanut butter ('case Elvis shows) in a

vat we can empty and use as a swimming  
pool later &  
yessah', plenty o' pork rinds. We'll

leave the solar-powered patio lights on for ya'.

Cretan Maineiac

# Endearing Indira: An Ideal

Who's worthy? of an echo of fond  
remembrance  
enso's extended summer (once called Indian summer in the States)

that little something that lies  
beyond  
pristine glory

laughter under the heart (and over)  
a \*je ne sais quoi\* key to the mystery that  
spoke to me  
    this morning

illusive notes in words elusive as the horizon but  
solid as heaven in  
my palm

on-night  
    -enlightenment  
    - the art of living  
    - that pavement prophet

endearing Indira, poet  
teacher,  
translator

ethereal &  
all-too-  
Real

conjuring up that timeless aroma  
joy and pain  
that returns in turn alongside  
the rain.

Cretan Maineiac

# Esplanadia (A Song)

\*with a reggae beat\*

(Chorus)

Esplanadia

we border on the Androscoggin River

Esplanadia

we suffer from cirrhosis of the liver

Memere and Pepere were Acadian

they tried to teach us all Canadian

it was always an obvious decision

to live and die in Esplanadia

(repeat chorus)

The AWAP bimbos are furious

ev'ry little boy's leer is injurious

snapper 'n' snails & ex-wives' tales

we let leeching dogs lie in Esplanadia

(repeat chorus)

We used to make living in factory

lost it to NAFTA and global usury

now we do what we can

to satisfy tax man

& maintain our lives in Esplanadia

(repeat chorus)

Bridge:

enjoy our generosity

ethnocentric ferocity

enjoy our generosity

xenophobe ferocity

enjoy our generosity

don't pass on the cost to me

& je dit, 'ja-- yah-yah

ma vie est tres very hard  
I don't want ja-- yah-yah  
Jihadists in my backyard

(repeat chorus)

Somalis flooded from Georgia  
& Tennessee but never from Africa  
we've got enough lazy ass  
from Connecticut & Mass.  
Mayor sez 'no vacancy' in Esplanadia

(repeat chorus)

(last chorus)

Esplanadia  
we border on the Androscoggin River  
Esplanadia  
our generosity does not always deliver  
Esplanadia  
we border on the Androscoggin River  
Esplanadia  
our hearts have been whittled down to a sliver.

Cretan Maineiac

# Feelings Of A Yankee On The Fall Of Chirak

Inspired by Shelley

I was indifferent to  
you, spineless Vichy  
statist, appeaser of thugs, their

pinch-faced outrage-ala-mode raining Molotovs on cops clad black as scorched  
earth, Peugeotts, Citroens, Opals, burning in high-  
toned pan of Ingres's Odalisque, from the shadows to

the lighted courtyard, Pei's pyramid & the Renaissance sacrificed from  
history for foreign  
endowments financing foot-washers for the

trees along the Champs-Elysees in sight of  
Fitzgerald and Papa Hemingway,  
ghosts brooding in ex-pats' haunts, Teddy's "mollycoddle"

charge echoing thru the  
yellow night, &  
@ home and the non-trad college, not a word...

Marshall green and Greenpeace  
green consumed by  
Petrol green & Echoes of

Shelley's faith of '89 befouled by  
Bonaparte & UN schemes, sans  
Lafayette to stand and fight the flames, & Flanders Field drowned in

'68 hate- Red dagger ignorance cloaked in  
Fairness- damning Liberty,  
Fraternity just another political come-

on, Equality but  
Socialist envy  
the foulest Green of time,

pinch-faced outrage-ala-mode rains Molotovs, &

@ home & the non-trad college, not a word.

Cretan Maineiac

# For Once, Then Nothing: The 90s Were A Remake Of A 70s Tv Show Nobody Remembers Watching

George and Gordon (not  
Lord Byron) went  
dashing thru the snow from

a Hot[e]l in Baltimore, faithful  
neither to  
the plot nor historical

Record, Presidential  
debates fueled &  
fanned Nostalgia but failed to resurrect

JFK (Reagan came closest) , Liberties taken w/ the  
Facts, sixty-minute-  
man turned who-'da'-man turned where

have all the cowboys gone? Paranoid  
President who  
Warned of terror-turned-

compassionate Prez- fidelitically challenged- who gifted but  
never read  
his Whitman, Free

Speech cast as primitive in  
Mandarin sub-  
titles, Reality to 'too much information' &

trim in the Oval Office, the orgy  
raged on- for some- in the  
TV lounge and every alphabet channel, as

Arafat stood on the  
tarmac,  
waiting,  
.

In the 70s

-Helen Reddy thanked God @ the Grammys, '...'cause She makes all things possible;

in the 90s

-Dishwalla ('... 'cause I'd really like to meet Her...') was deemed "profound" by the (pre-recorded) Programmer.

In the 70s

-Uriah Heap sang of Easy Living; in the

90s

-chest-thumping hip-hop & grrrl blather extended That Me Decade into "and I" decay.

In the 70s

-my 6th grade teacher parroted, "behind every good man is a great woman (tho never explained her 1st husband) : "

In the 90s

-my supervisor thanked me for stepping between herself and a disgruntled consumer.

From streaking to no-  
peeking, Reality, locked in the  
Back & only transcripts allowed up

Front, nineteen Arabs  
Parading thru the  
Yard & there went the

Neighborhood, thru the un-  
Locked house &  
Tolerance redirected Prejudice into

the Lockbox, TMI fitting  
everything but  
the lavender-fingered dusk &

'w/ this (cinnamon) ring I thee wed, ' & the Messianic  
Filter cast in  
clay & dunked (but not drowned) in

urine, blurred,  
Blottered

out, one Truth, for

all, for  
once, then  
Nothing.

Cretan Maineiac

# For Tara On Her Birthday

(to the tune of 'O Danny Boy')

Tara McHale, i love the words you wrote me  
you're never stale, your eyes smile 'cross the sea  
tho' i stand tall, a happy lowly Yankee  
i cannot help but dream of being Mr. T.

The winter's gone, the buds they're all a bloomin'  
'tis you 'tis you, whose comments stoke my pride  
& whilst i'm drunk, or stoned or even shroomin'  
i'd envy any man could claim you for a bride.

Tho never soft, i hear your sweet voice warming  
to every heart whose ears might linger near  
while 'round your laughter all good souls are swarming  
your thoughtful verses merit more than just a sigh.

But if you come, to comment on my word play  
from that green, and hilly place called home  
there will be joy where'e'r i sit for reading  
Tara McHale Tara McHale i love you so (repeat)

Cretan Maineiac

# In Another Reality

Others seek my  
intervention, miss  
me when i'm gone &  
need me to sign a form.

I stayed in school, made the  
grade, my mantel's heavy w/  
trophies, & i  
own a mantel.

A ruffled friend needs my  
blessing, the  
show can't start 'till i arrive, &  
a distraught child demands

cheering up from  
nobody  
else but me.

In another reality  
we all feel, hear & see  
just how much worse it all could be.

Cretan Maineiac

# In That Other Reality

In that other reality-  
regardless of the slope or slant-  
one cycles looking much like me  
& Scales each hill w/out a pant;

his title states he made the grade  
& lessers seek him to sign a form.  
He managed his financial aid  
stayed in school, endured the dorm;

commands particular stadium seating  
while mantel sags w/ just rewards,  
can smoke but doesn't @ those meetings  
presentable in jeans or cords;

flustered friends await his blessing,  
the show can't start 'till he arrives,  
a frightened child craves his caressing,  
that reassurance he Provides.

In that other reality  
the sun shines brightest on my street.  
We all feel hear & plainly see  
(each standing on our own true feat)  
just how much worse it all could be.

Cretan Maineiac

# Know Holds Bard

To fix a headlock on a  
metaphor, or  
clamp a full nelson on a

simile, body slam a weak  
double-entendre &  
choke the life out of a

forced rhyme. To get a toe hold on a  
trochee, apply an  
armlock that brings a

cliche to its knees, dropp an elbow on  
trite alliteration, or  
execute a powerbomb as easily as

coining a phrase. To lay the smackdown on  
doggerel, and fling a  
timeworn platitude from the ring, bridge

out of a writer's  
block, pin  
down

that cringing flowery sentiment &  
celebrate that  
seamless rhyme as the

referee slaps the  
mat with that triplet coda &  
calls for the bell

fresh and sharp as a sapling sprouting new  
looming over your flattened foe  
as the oak stands awesome and true.

Poetry and wrestling, each an art  
not easily mastered,  
like shaping a schooner from fresh-cut wood

or a god from alabaster.

Cretan Maineiac

# Ohi Day\*

Skirt-chasing Mussolini's delusions of  
expansion followed  
up his desert conquest of Ethiopia w/ an

ultimatum to her ancient colonizer, Homer's  
land turned over to  
Cavafis, dirt-poor shepherds & primitive

Orthodox mendicants whose Achillean  
muskets hadn't  
felled a Turk in years. Il Duce dreamt a

dream, foisting  
fascism upon the  
scorched rocks & ethereal elevations from which

democracy once sprung like an angelic augury of  
Liberty, sponsored by  
the Fuhrer's swagger & Chamberlain's

concessions.

'Ohi! '

answered Metaxas, echoing thru the Pindus

mountains and into  
Albania, 'Ohi! ' affirmed the  
Hellenes, in the face of Nazi wrath, an

echo ringing on through the  
generations, in a  
tone still audible amid & aloft the

swirling siren song of libertine distractions.

Cretan Maineiac

# One Veteran's Day

\*for all who dared believe\*

The flag that in his eyes stood for freedom now  
lies flat, honoring,  
one corner dancing to the wind.

Cretan Maineiac

# Our Snoring Consumer

It's when he's quiet  
he's most likely  
to strike, biting himself, a crude form of

rumination \*qua\* ruination. So says his  
'book, ' the same  
proclaiming 'mind of an 8-yr-old'

('Me forty-four, ' he rebuts, helpfully) .  
Forbidden  
to sleep off lazy Sundays and

gray Mondays alike, so as to  
Facilitate  
his nightly rest and recharge

The steady,  
grinding  
rhythm of

acceptable behavior, keeping  
him alive  
enough to wish he were

dead, drug-induced  
dreams of  
motocross & comfort

c/o a Chinese family, produced &  
directed by  
\*shenkui\* & relentless,

tethered masturbation, asleep  
as a  
log thru the

Sawmill, alerting  
all who  
Care @

3AM that  
all  
is well.

Cretan Maineiac

# Prof. Gates Dances To Chinese Drums

"Some ... do not want the Negro to lose his grievances, because they do not want to lose their jobs."

-Booker T. Washington

"The eye altering alters all."

-William Blake

\*\*\*\*\*

All complacents sat numb to compliants'  
thrum, war tones in mel-  
odious morse code, and the professor danced on,

'Do you know who I am? '

Skip, John Harvard's fallen  
angel, learnedly de-  
fying Protection, Service- Yankee blight- the Root of  
-learned helplessness  
-psychological reactance, &  
-spinning the web DuBois.

'I'm handicapped! '

Beijing rhythms skipping over  
Tiananmen cries &  
Tibetan sighs: Western  
Canon firing blanks  
+ Higher Education  
+ Mandarin English  
= Lower Living

'I'll talk to yo' mamma on the porch! '

'I...! I...!

I...! , ' in a  
World of black `n` white (`n`

gray) , the altered "I" of an  
Endowed ingrate, com-  
pliant-served by ivory tower

White, protected by  
Blue— sees only  
Red.

Cretan Maineiac

# Pulling Muscles For Michelle

I would've quit anything to  
get inside  
that long purple coat ('it's supposed

to get real cold tonight') , taken a night  
job driving  
taxi ('you drove a cab? ') just to hear

that phone ring ('you'd better call  
me') , and then  
beyond the shadows that Squeeze song came on & i

sang along... skipped out on work  
just to share  
lunch, lied about

that number on the phone bill, even got  
caught- behind the  
shadows- that almost something that wasn't, singing

along, even as the phone hadn't  
rung in days, weeks,  
months in work-worn (not stone-

washed) jeans & awaiting her soft-brown-smilin'-Irish-  
(trebly) baritone to  
chime along 'you're just a big ol' money tree &

need

someone to Shake it  
all  
out of you.' But behind

the shadows- X-mas eve, New Year's, Labor  
Day, the Day  
After Thanksgiving, cold drizzle at the Neil

Young show- nothing was too good to

quit for  
those eyes & that voice ringing along w/ the

misheard lyrics, in the night before or  
morning after, 'good  
talking to you...I

thought about you for...other things...I'm  
getting in the  
bathtub to osmose...' unlisted, now, officially

licensed/-Brand  
master & mother, nor  
ever Scheduled to to be

Bothered to  
Ring me  
again.

Cretan Maineiac

# Sanity Falls Somewhere In Between

It's the misread second act that  
was  
really talking about, when

all is well &  
God is great &  
all systems are Now.

Sanity falls  
somewhere  
'twixt my

Talk that won't stop, even for a  
Pause, when  
everyone yields to my own

observations on the human condition, &  
incantations against the state, &  
'you shoulda' seen me win the cribbage match...' 'tween

Listening to your she sd./he sd, & quantum  
mechanic leaps & 'according to  
prophecy' & 'I [heard] the news today oh boy...' that no other will

request, hear, or even deign to  
know, in  
hanging dialectical.

Sanity falls (an aged tree) somewhere in  
between the  
two (green shrub) extremes,

with the same menacing thud as what everyman has to say  
with no guarantee of clarification, salvation, or (laughs) a day's pay.

Cretan Maineiac

# Sarah: A Poem For The Speculative Ms.

Inspired by Amiri Baraka

She strutted her work ethic to the  
road, motivated.

Found no wolves to run w/, just snakes, crawling. No

Tim Robbins patiently appreciating her mind—w/  
Protection—until

She got in the mood, neither

Equality nor Equity doled out per  
Her Mystique, only

Rory Holland, driving her—in her own car, w/

Out a safety belt—dropping her off—limping-  
@ The Free Clinic.

She was, like, \*wholly\*

Dependent.

Cretan Maineiac

# Senryu: Gender Dysphoria

& just how many  
miles have you trod in that pri-  
vileged sex's shoes?

Cretan Maineiac

# Senryu: Lewis Lapham

Under the rubric of  
Editor, irascible  
writer saved Harper's

Cretan Maineiac

# Senryu: Tattoos

Body art, say some,  
rooted in slavery &  
totemic culture.

Cretan Maineiac

# Senryu: The Church Of Rome

That angina ach-  
ing your Sacred Heart ascends  
from ignorant souls.

Cretan Maineiac

## Senryu: The Flowers

Flowers smell sweeter  
to those stopping to smell than  
to those left waiting.

Cretan Maineiac

## Senryu: Visibility

Head lamps can't burn off  
the fog, just illuminate  
your place on the road.

Cretan Maineiac

# Skewed Bell Curve

My brother majored in history,  
& manages an S. and L.,  
my sister, in biology  
now toiling in phone bank hell.

Myself it was English, became a courier  
explaining it proved quite a chore  
made troubled friends, the more the merrier  
scribbling 'till my hand grew sore.

The bell curve tells that some have it  
and some decidedly have not  
some heads laughed, & called it bullshit  
reassuming their role in the plot.

When fate sees fit to throw you a curve  
you swing, or heed the ump's call.  
When a cat invades your lane, you swerve  
or not, and pray for/curse them all.

I've another brother. In school he studied  
creative writing and computer science.  
His current prospects are somewhat muddied  
still, he struts with a studied defiance.

They all made children, my siblings that is  
while i had none in the offing  
now earning my keep in the crazy biz  
servile to tantrums and scoffing.

'What comes 'round goes 'round, ' is what you'll hear  
though nobody knows if that's true.  
Each curve paves the way, however you steer  
whether you're Arab, Greek, gentile, or Jew.

And up ahead in the road an incline or dip  
will surely mark your way  
'cause we all like to think we map our own trip  
so if nothing else, enjoy your stray.

(inspired by cia frizzell)

Cretan Maineiac

## Some Also Ran

It all seemed so promising as the  
    season progressed, streaks &  
slumps & 'no way's, 'who'd'a

think it's' & 'did you see that? 's.' Peaking at the right  
    time, rallying to the  
top, defying all odds & preseason forecasts, in the

end only to be absorbed in the rush of the hometown  
    crowd invading the  
field otherwise reserved for the Talent after

the Last Out, one last, network  
    pan of the  
dugout confirming the failure,

loss,  
    finality, '...no  
Blue Ribbon for second best...'  
    'till next year.

Cretan Maineiac

# St. Joan

Your echo lingers, calling all who hear to  
stand and  
fight, saving Orleans from England amid a

century of bloodshed, echoed in every  
stomach-growl of  
a hungry laborer, each

moan of a lonely leper &  
kick of an  
unborn child, tho not in the

mocking Brahmsian fallacy who claims to  
speak thru  
you, holding her feet to an unlit fire, snug in

wool socks atop a subsidized  
ottoman, warbling  
glory to the misguided

Moores & their eye-for-an-  
eye sediment sans  
Messianic filter & Heaven-on-

Earth delusion bent on  
mundane doctrine &  
agreed-upon lies, seeking to steal our generous

civilization as they  
hijacked then  
crashed our culture,

edutainment, Sensurround, the  
quick cutaway melting  
away the pages of history like flames

thru a library, in the spirit of their  
Lilliputian kindreds, uprooting

pillars burning bridges planting

minarets, minds engulfed in Brobdingnagian  
smokescreens  
fanned @ the Academy of Lagado

& seen thru the blurry saltless  
tears of  
afternoon TV. Your echo rings on in the cries of the

-forgotten mother,  
-accused father, &  
-the censored scapegoat's bleat, the

sob of the self-fulfilling prophet child turned  
state property. It's  
buried deep in the plea of a tax-free sidewalk

preacher, the sizzle of uncleared  
brush in a  
wildfire's path, tho not in the bellow of the

tax-backed pavement professor or mendacious  
mendicants exploiting the  
needy to overfeed the needless, survives down the

lineage of Benedict XV who cleared &  
canonized  
your name, carried by

the acrid smoke that set your soul home free,  
an aroma which endures the lies that mark each century.

Cretan Maineiac

# Ted Sheridan, Warrior

Ted Sheridan fought for our soil  
he woulda' done it just for oil.  
Today he turns a phrase so well  
it drives the moonbats back to hell.

Cretan Maineiac

# The Busies (Repost)

Interests too diverse to  
itemize, pursue, or  
even  
Enjoy, chronically late but  
defying the  
24-hour yoke, time to  
work on the house but not  
Home no  
time to savor just  
swallow SudaFed restlessness  
Passing  
as energy among  
aging thrill-  
seekers, 'got  
work to  
do, ' etched in monument to  
multi-task mediocrity  
myrmidic depart-  
mental, sowing but never  
nurturing  
seed  
Running errands run-  
ning on  
empty running behind &  
facing unfinished decks &  
'I'll get  
back to you' &  
kids to pick up @ day  
care & add a  
new room for  
  
Plans, but none  
for  
Memories.

Cretan Maineiac

# The offer never ceases to be

The offer never ceases to be  
tho i strike it down relentlessly

free dinner for two  
for shooting ducks in a row  
but i just wish to comment  
courting favor, you know?

If i do slay the twenty  
(which some call a score)  
will the popups un plenty  
'ere my pointer grows sore?

Cretan Maineiac

# The Pic You Sent

Since then you've ground  
my sincerity like  
an old smoke under your heel, scoffed

my legwork aside like a  
used crutch and  
stared clear past Favor to

fault, kicked me from bottom  
rung to the  
floor, and cringed at my

britches even as i  
filled them out, even  
throwing that shirt off my

back in my face when you felt sufficiently  
warmed by  
another, then tossing it around

the next Namedroppers support  
group, all the  
while filling my

passenger side so snugly, window  
down, soft  
hand wafting in the

wind stream (as when we  
shared your  
lizard kiss) . I stood

what you're doing apart  
from what you  
call your doing & you, jealous of

all who ain't  
you, sucking in just to  
blow off, plopped my

Words like a loaded trash can on  
my chest, as I lay,  
waiting.

Still, when I look at  
the pic you sent I see  
Beauty in those eyes.

Cretan Maineiac

# The Toilet Seat

The bubbles form like North and  
South America on  
a map in the flush's eddy. It's an easy

cover for what's really wrong, and what's really good, so tantalizingly close to  
perfect as to  
force a demand for as much, failing to look before

sitting bareassednaked &  
prompting another  
outburst you can

brag to your heretoday friends about,  
flushing us  
away like the natural resources of two continents for

nit-picking &  
petty, power  
politics.

Peace 'n' Love are such lovely buzz-  
words, &  
so fashionable, too, but

Conflict is Sexy, a fashion so  
fascist as  
to render resistance impotent, while

Resentment  
    tops 'em  
    all, even

after I spent all that  
money on  
your cigarettes and Midol.

Cretan Maineiac

# The Women Of Afghanistan

Some of them remember Soviet  
strafing, an updated  
Blitzkrieg menace, followed by

Taliban 'liberation', from foxhole/tomato plant  
provisions, up to  
a flameless pit & burqa'd subjugation.

Up from the pit & into the  
kitchen, the street &  
schools, but conspicuously absent from

the nightly news, the  
View &  
Oprah's book club. More

savvy than a party  
planner, stronger  
than a gold medalist, stomping barefoot on

spiders, rats & epidemic  
malnutrition, still  
no match for

that burqa called studio censorship.

Cretan Maineiac

# Thirty Years Behind The Wheel

That fall morning after an  
Ali fight on  
Free TV, all was

crisp, raw, October  
gold & burnt  
red. Got a permission

slip to leave school early, returning only to  
offer my shocked  
friends a ride home. No one

there to instruct me into taking my  
lefts too sharp, step  
on it, or keep both hands on the

wheel. 'Looks like you finally learned how to  
drive, ' sd.  
the uniform, pen in hand, Secretary of

State Gartley's autograph  
making it  
all official, just

thirty years ago  
today, i think, pacing  
the curb in the

low sun & stiff  
breeze, waiting  
for a lift to work.

(October 16,2007)

Cretan Maineiac

# To Tara Who Goes By Tmch

Known affectionately as T  
formerly w/ Mr. Ez

from that Lovely Hilly place  
mixing honesty w/ grace

Never Born but breathing sure  
words of wit-dom & much more

tho her natural habitat-  
not a shoe shop (she said that) -

might evolve from night to day  
her comments prompt me so to say

(tho it's painfully corny) ,  
'Tara McHale's my cup of Tea.'

Cretan Maineiac

# Vans Warped Tour, Mansfield, Mass., August 9, 2007

\*Unite\*

Revolutionary War reenactments and suburban  
Angst were  
suspended for the day, amid make-love-not-

War sentiment and BuyMe kiosks urging  
Licensed  
Individuality & ImagineAllThePeople one-

ness. "This is the best weather we've had all  
tour; " parents grinning  
connecting at the eight-dollar-beer spigots &

four-dollar-bottled-water (no cap) & benches for sore  
feet, not as  
disturbed by spin-cycle mosh pits as the kids had

hoped. "Does anyone  
love  
you? " inquired a TrampledUnderfoot pamphlet.

"Anyone from one of those other New  
England  
States? New Hampshire? Vermont? " Maine? ? ?

\*Express\*

The Way To Life Made Plain was handed  
Out: "you're in  
The wrong place, buddy" money-

Changer armies marching for  
Peace &  
Someone pushing candidate Clinton thru a Bull-  
horn.

\*React\*

(Preshow screening)

“Please separate into two  
Lines: the men  
here, the women, here” (frisking for bottles/drugs/food)

TXT: Where r u?

REPLY: Stage 13 next to the Ernie Ball tent.

\*Surrender\*

Under Oath climaxed the  
Show, screaming &  
Grinding His praises in echoes up to the

Summer constellations, Unite  
Express React  
Surrender still hanging from the pillars supporting the

Tweeter Center, uniforms &  
Flashlights  
releasing us all to the American Highway.

Cretan Maineiac

# Water Lily I Met At Work

No thorns, limbs sashay longly, cheetah  
walk toward  
no prey, footloose, her dark blond hair

streaming, no intrusion. (Beer) 'Could I've  
one? ' No  
harm. 'Lotsa' people hang

out here.' No blame. (Smoke)  
'Peace, ' she said,  
in Chrystal clear Downeast, an aroma eluding words, &

a smile that lights a soggy  
joint. 'Peace, '  
she says, again,

long as she looks past the sniffing. '...I  
don't think I've ever  
voted... [T]here's a pebble in my shoe...' (and those

feet!) , nature jealously scraping along  
her only  
tan-less feature, limnable as last year's hangups.

She turns twenty-nine today,  
loved me watch her walk away.

Cretan Maineiac

# Where You Live

'I know where you live, ' he sd. as I trained the wood-cased  
barrel of my  
Winchester (never previously fired nor even loaded) on his

Heart, 'NO! ' she pled & bled from the icy  
sidewalk. The authorities had just  
cut him loose, two months after they'd seen fit to intervene as

prescribed by new regulations aimed @ Domestic  
prevention. 'I can  
come back here when you're not home, ' he sd., his car pouring burnt

fuel exhaust, blackening the snowbank astride the  
cul-de-sac, the  
sun flashing on it all like an old blue-dot bulb. 'No no

NO! ' his co-perp went on, pleas spewing from  
her like life's blood as the  
mother of my children cried from our doorway 'let the police handle it, let

the  
police...'

'NO! ' sd the better half, 'they just let him  
out...he'll have to go  
BACK! I have children! Please! ! ! '

Domestic prevention & Where You Live  
both points one deems to ponder  
when zeroing in on Poverty's ills  
mulling over which Life to squander.

Cretan Maineiac

# You'll See

The pine tree rained needles  
and ants  
upon the Somali and me,

misfits among everyman and  
anyman, like fundamentalists  
stuffing ones at the titty bar, isolated by

tobacco smoke, 50 feet from the building, 'for your  
own good,  
young man, 'said the uniform.

'What you are? ' I think Omar asked, 'you  
don't know  
where your people come from? '

The break area hummed, an inexorable, patient, steady  
wind, subtle  
as a whack on the sole ('doesn't leave marks')

on a cold desert night, in the mountains, in a land before  
Time,  
People, In Touch, even National Geographic.

Non-smoking seasonals  
Claimed the  
picnic table, though most of the other

wellness types stayed inside with the  
Merchandise,  
guarding the dust and radon, cardboard cases echoing free trade from

Vietnam, Mauritania, beyond, chewing on aches, pains,  
allergies, & 'I only  
got five hours of sleep..'

'The young girl, she is good, '  
he said.

\*Because she believes whatever you tell her? \*

'Yes! '

(an angel danced upon my knee...)

>I shop @ Wal-Mart<  
>You call me infidel<  
>ogle my sister &<  
>burn my car &<  
>we'll settle-up in Hell<

A titter rose up among the 'ins':  
lifers, and  
one exceptional seasonal ('works

two jobs and goes, to  
college') ,  
snug in their alcove,

Where differences melt away like  
so many  
outdated superstitions in a classless society, un-

willing to share as the natives did  
before the  
Pilgrims proceeded to take over the whole kitchen.

'The Christians, you  
place Mary  
ahead of God; you put Jesus

above Allah.'

Cumulus clouds aloft a waxing crescent bespoke  
September along the  
far horizon, remote but inevitable, threatening the

August sun w/ auguries of the stark shut-in cold of endless  
February looming on  
the other side of Christmas's pillar of

Eternal mirth and  
bulwark for

Hope.

'I'm gonna' ask him if he's waiting for  
Allah to  
move that box, ' any-

man (no El Cid) said. \*No! You think Jesus  
freaks are  
whacked...\* Omar's friends

pulled up in  
a van,  
well BEYOND THIS POINT, like

Franco-Canadians liberating  
Yankee mill-  
girls in a

threshold fattened by color-blind  
indifference,  
festooned with Ignorance and

enforced by wishful thinking. 'When Clinton is in,  
everything  
is good. Now Bush in, bad.'

\*AK-47  
Murder  
on Minot Avenue slows a Rush Hour throng\*

'...our correspondent is in the Field...'

And the titter rolled, like the  
Fire  
on the Library @ Alexandria

(a threat now  
obsolete:  
ty cyberworld, where

Internet Hot Links

Offer every love that  
dareth not  
in [reasonably] polite society-

-all you need is Pay Pal  
MC/Visa  
or Matricula, and a

Modem) . 'I switch to second shift, for  
my  
children.' More laughter, unrelated but

catching his  
ear like a  
pish-noot.

'A man does not laugh like that, ' he said, eyes  
thousand-years-dagger-dark,  
peaceful as submission, Tolerant as dhimmitude.

'You'll see, ' he said, resenting my  
(laugh out loud)  
gut reaction.

The ins (nary an El Cid among 'em) stood- as if united in dar-al-  
harb defiance of  
eye-for-an-eye sediment

sans Messianic filter- signaling break-  
time was  
up,

united (untied?)  
in laughter,  
[...echoing~~]

\*...teenage girls found murdered in the  
Back Seat of  
their father's taxi...\*

'...our correspondent is in the field...'

~~Wave after wave, like Programmed  
ululations  
on vinyl, way BEYOND THIS POINT

at a speed yet to be defined, even in Arabic numbers,  
&  
played backwards.

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Cretan Maineiac