

Poetry Series

gabbie good
- poems -

Publication Date:
2013

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

gabbie good()

A Thinkin Mans Thoughts 2

Cocaine Nose - Acid FacePEdit Applaud • x
What did you think

1 comments,0 applause
Cocaine nose — cocaine nose
carefully takin' cocaine blows
make believe crucifix
cokedom spoon

Cocaine nose — cocaine nose
have you graduated to
cocaine holes...

jive sly bedford sty-buy yeah buy
coca y ácido
from Flaco an undercover agent for the
narcos...
has you under surveillance y has
been trailin' your mother's legs
since she started displayin' her
varicose veins stompin' thru this
sewage drink of coca y ácido...

cocaine nose — cocaine nose
carefully takin' cocaine blows
have your sons graduated to cocaine holes.

life con coca makes you a supersonic
idiotic chaotic psychotic neurotic spic
with a brain infested cocaine molested acid
mindddd... cocaine nose — cocaine nose
have you graduated to your cocaine holes

Acid face — acid face dreamin' livin'

laced up spaced out so-called state of grace
ácido—ácido with coca blows...

acid face not a trace
of intelligence-based
follow your chase the maze
of becomin' an acid face — an acid face

si la coca y ácido te ha volao el coco
y ahora you go loco buscando ácido...

god is amazed that you've become an acid
face

cocaine nose — cocaine —
acid face — acid face
cocaine nose — acid face
acid face — cocaine nose
have you graduated to your
acid coca holessssss...

This Is Not The Place Where I Was BornPEdit Applaud • x
What did you think

1 comments,0 applause
puerto rico 1974
this is not the place where i was born
remember — as a child the fantasizing images my mother planted
within my head —
the shadows of her childhood recounted to me many times
over welfare loan on crédito food from el bodeguero
i tasted mango many years before the skin of the fruit
ever reached my teeth
i was born on an island about 35 miles wide 100 miles long
a small island with a rainforest somewhere in the central
regions of itself
where spanish was a dominant word
& signs read by themselves
i was born in a village of that island where the police

who frequented your place of business-hangout or home came as
servant or friend & not as a terror in slogan clothing
i was born in a barrio of the village on the island
where people left their doors open at night
where respect for elders was exhibited with pride
where courting for loved ones was not treated over confidentially
where children's laughter did not sound empty & savagely alive
with self destruction...

i was born on an island where to be puerto rican meant to be
part of the land & soul & puertorriqueños were not the
minority
puerto ricans were first, none were second
no, i was not born here...

no, i was not born in the attitude & time of this place
this sun drenched soil
this green faced piece of earth
this slave blessed land
where the caribbean seas pound angrily on the shores
of pre-fabricated house/hotel redcap hustling people gypsy taxi cab
fighters for fares to fajardo
& the hot wind is broken by fiberglass palmtrees
& highrise plátanos mariano on leave & color t. v.
looneytune cartoon comicbook characters with badges
in their jockstraps
& foreigners scream that puertorriqueños are foreigners
& have no right to claim any benefit on the birthport
this sun drenched soil
this green faced piece of earth
this slave blessed land
where nuyoricans come in search of spiritual identity
are greeted with profanity
this is insanity that americanos are showered
with shoe shine kisses
police in stocking caps cover carry out john wayne
television cowboy law road models of new york city detective
french connection/death wish instigation ku-klux-klan mind
panorama screen seems
in modern medicine is in confusion needs a transfusion quantity
treatment if you're not on the plan the new stand
of blue cross blue shield blue uniform master charge
what religion you are
blood fills the waiting room of death

stale air & qué pasa stares are nowhere
in sight & night neon light shines bright
in el condado area puerto rican under cover cop
stop & arrest on the spot puerto ricans who shop for the flag
that waves on the left-in souvenir stores —
puertorriqueños cannot assemble displaying the emblem
nuyoricans are fighting & dying for

New York City Hard Time BluesPEdit Applaud • x
What did you think

1 comments,0 applause

NYC Blues

Big time time hard on on me blues

New York City hard sunday morning blues

yeah

Junkie waking up

bones ache trying to shake

New York City sunday morning blues

the sun was vomiting itself up over

the carbon monoxide detroit perfume

strolling down the black asphalt dance floor

where all the disco sweat drenched Mr. Mario's

summer suit still mambo-tango hustled

to the tunes of fiberglass songs

New York City sunday morning means

liquor store closed

bars don't open 'til noon

and my connection wasn't upping

a 25 cent balloon

yeah

yeah reality wasn't giving me no play

telling me it was going to be sunday

24 hours the whole day

it was like the reincarnation of the night

before when my ashtray became

the cemetery of all my lost memories

when a stumble bum blues band

kept me up all night playing me cheap

F. M.

dreams

of hard time

sad time
bad time
hell we all know times are
hard
sad
bad
all over
well I thought of the pope
welfare hopes
then I thought of the pope again
whose sexual collar musta been tighter
than a pimp's hat band
yeah
that brought a warm beer smile to this
wasteland the mirror called my face
ya see
I left my faith in a mausoleum
when my inspiration ran off with
a trumpet player
who wore double knit suits and stacy adam shoes
this girl left me so broke
my horoscope said
my sign was a dead dog in the middle
of the road
yeah
the morning will be giving up to the noon
and soon I'll hear winos and junkyard dogs
howling at the moon
made the shadows
dance
at jake's juke saloon
as a battalion of violet virgins
sang tunes
of deflowered songs
men poured their
fantasies of lust into young boy's
ears
car stolen
whizzed by
crying hard luck tears in beers
the love conflict of air conditioned
dim lit motel rooms

I'm told if you sing
'I'm gonna lay down my sword and shield
down by the river s

The Menudo Of A Cuchifrito Love AffairPEdit
What did you think

Applaud • x

0 comments,0 applause

la ruca

juanita rosita esposita

they called her mexicana rose

con piel de canela

pelo darker than bustelo café

eyes big like relleos

color of a ripe avacado

her lips tasted like seasoned mangos

and her body was sweet as coconut milk

this menudo of beauty

made my taco nights

burn like jalapeños

si señor...

my heart was a tortilla

then one riceless beanless night

after a heated chilly pepper tequila fight

she left

left me like a burnt pork chop

for a chitlin hamhock buckwheat eatin' man

who wore a watermelon wallet &

a collard green conversation

disturbing my macho machete pride

so that la mancha de plátano

reminded me that I was a weak mondongo

my love... my life... my pride was a burnt chicarrón

a cold mofongo

a melted piragua

I turned into a hot tamale

state of rage

an alcapurria gone insane

when I saw these two enchiladas

in a pastelillo embrace

so in my pasteles envy

my tostón jealousy

that my salchicha eyes spied
the chorizo the mad morcilla drive
asi fue que fueron
traspasados los dos bacalaos
and now with my burrito strike
displaying my quenepa pride
in my tamarindo smile
I remember the pegao and the uncooked taste
of the frijol menudo of my cuchifrito
love affair...

Jitterbug JesusPEdit Applaud • x
What did you think

3 comments,0 applause
Tiempos is longin' lookin'
for third world laughter
to break out like a pimple on the face
of a pimp
of youthful
latino eyes that chase el ritmo del güiro
en lo vagones del tren on school mornin'
shoutin' broken spanish dream
— si tü cocina como tu mamá
como hasta el pegao
jitterbuggin' in wrinkled
worn out jeans
bailando new found pride in bein' nuyoricano...
on their piss stained streets
where teens meet in head on collision
claimin' colors on concrete cemetary slums
slums that vomit screamin' rumblin' tongues ramblin'
for a crust of welfare cheese...
here in this aroma of arroz y habichuela-tostones-pasteles...
two triple culture lovers meet/embrace
&
tremblin' hands lift pleated shirt — break an elastic band.
in this cocaine drenched hallway
that has passed broken wine bottles & broken bulbs
& broken homes
& broken souls & the two lovers meet/reach out for
each other

under the view of a million cucarachas
their pulsin' bodies vibrate droppin' droplets of
sweat petals a river of nourishment for the rats scurryin'
across cracked mural walls
graffiti screamin' profanity
under this ghetto umbrella
a
brown baby king is born
Jesús
Jesús Rodriguez
who talked with his father on a garden firescape
walked across the east river on empty beer cans
changed six barrels of dope into a finely blended rum
was stoned out of school
will be crucified on a set of works
&
will be crowned
King of the Dope-Fiends...

gabbie good

Cont. - Running Scared

Running Scared

RUNNIN' SCARED — RUNNIN' SCARED

you're goin' nowhere
runnin' with your eyes closed
thinkin' to ease your heavy load

RUNNIN' SCARED

listen to the echoes of your shadows
wishin' for easy tomorrows
talkin' into the dead phones of yesterday

RUNNIN' SCARED — RUNNIN' SCARED

you're shifting
you're lifting
you're throwing it all away
it's plainly stamped on the backs of blue jeans
the hopes and hopelessness
of cast aside dreams
super-star
super-revolutionary
highpriest
on neon signs
playin' today
beggin' mam for a dime
runnin' scared
you gittin' nowhere...
compassion-compassion...
in burnt bottle caps
tenth of always your last stop
god is the coca-cola bottlin' company
you've heard his voice on N. B. C.
and when he gives it a rest listen to his son on C. B. S.
brought to you live
this ain't no jive
by your friendly neighborhood

soul buyin' agency
they aim to please
good news ain't guaranteed
ask for mister lucifer
the man with the friendly smile
for your soul he'll walk a mile
no trade in
no deposits
Read more >no return
no credit cards accepted... but...
you can take the lay away plan
with easy pay a mint...

RUNNIN' SCARED — RUNNIN' SCARED
statue of liberty
on 42nd street
lookin' like an old hag
OR
is it a guy in drag
see youuu laaattteerrr
got to check out this female impersonator

RUNNIN' SCARED — RUNNIN' SCARED
and you still ain't half way there
can't pick up enough speed
didn't listen to your own decree
now you're stranded on this subway station
called hypocrisy
do you wish to take a runnin' jump?
can't smooth out the lumps
on the high ways
roads and by-ways
and there's a toll booth on this freeway
(freeway? ? ?)
an abe or a george
doesn't matter there
ain't no
CHANGE...< Less

On The Day They Birthed My Mother...

The wind pushed the sun
behind the moon
and
in the dark of light I saw
shadows trailing the cool

Autumn shook hands with winter
just before it died
Summer leaves bloomed
and ran away on a spring ride

coulds wrote an epithet
on a mountain tombstone for an
ant
a deer laid dead on a fresh water stream
and the hunter cursed
beneath his breath at the spirits of
the stars who caused the deer's death...

The earth shook with laughter
as the spades tickled its side
and gleamed so pretty with
so many forgotten flowers
from those final cadillac brides

My hat fell in the open grave
my feet inside my shoes swayed
my gloves were wet with sweat
looked quickly in the mirror of my heart
sign a relief...
and calmly smiled my fears aside...

La Cañonera Del MundoPEdit
Que yo me cago en la madre tierra que
te parió
me meo en el cielo que te cubrió

le escupo al viento que te acarició
te hablo a ti bandera americana
a ti que me ves andando por las calles de new york
mientras chillas como un carro pegando freno
spick
sal de atrás de esa corbata blanca
que asalta el calor de ser humano
el calor de mantener una familia con la miseria
que me pagas por el calor de mi sudor
y no me dejas vivir en paz con tu
spick
changueria
y yo le pido a changó
que te destruya tu idioma
que te caiga a bimbazo a tu cultura
que te llene a tus hijos con ideales postizos
que te ponga a tus hijas en las esquinas to hustle
con las pantaletas cagadas mojadas con la sangre verde del peso
americano
el peso de no ser lo que tú eres, un enano entre los gigantes
manicomio de estrellas sucias
que yo me cago en la madre tierra que te parió
que yo me meo en el cielo que te cubrió
que yo le pego un gargajo al viento que te acarició
tu bandera americana
cañonera del mundo.

On The Lock-In

lock-in
night time

i am alone
earphones

hang unused

stack of unread
century-old books

cover the table
&
the cigarettes
cut in two cast

on the surface
resemble the freckles
on a white-boy's face
dick ricardo invites
me to saint george
big dance
&

the sound of a sax
duels with the notes
of a flute on the

gallery below
brothers voices fight

to harmonize a
du-wop

i hear
shuffling of cards

(no mail)
brothers playing
solitaire

in the stream of solitude

who's

singing that blue
tune?

&
brother in the nest

coughing must be doing
what i just did

I still think of
you
&

the brothers
voices

fight a losing
battle

&
the sox won
&

(lights out)

I thought of you
&
i masturbated
should i
fix a cup of kool-aid

latin voice sings
to

PUERTO RICO
&
(count time)
&
Read more >

the jingling of
a hack key are now

an odd sound< Less

Spring Garden - philly(abrrv)

Spring Garden wears a welfare coat —
in the summer...

Fashion minded eyes trod up & down
its streets enjoying graffiti —
sprinkled on the walls by bored fingers/
bored thoughts/from excitement lacking espiritus-

It's 8 o'clock in the morning & latin bodies
bundle up to war against the city —
children venture on their suicide mission
SCHOOL/a battlefield of non-existent education

Libraries are open 22 sundays a year...

The parents have headed off their cares to do
battle themselves...
The factories/the bosses/the foremen former
countrymen compais...

Cold callous metal concrete city streets where smiles come hungry from the
eternal
bill collector...

It's 12 pm & fist fights break out on the
charity lunch lines...
empty trouble soothing wine bottles are
tossed regretfully in the gutter —
Flies/bugs/maggots/roaches struggle for the
corner taste
the human tongues didn't reach...

The pushers are up from their beauty sleep
counting last nite's take — discounting today'[Read more >s](#)
pay-off...

decking duces & treys...

their open air pharmacy on 14 & green is
being held by Don Ernesto el bolitero-
giving Doña Clara evil brujo stares —
Evil brujo stares to Doña Clara la espiritista
& the starving crowd beggin' el señor santo
to agree with Doña Clara's dreams & omen interpretations
for once... por favor today is a good day to hit
the number...

Doña Clara prays too...
there's a fifty dollar tip in store
mira mira me pegué & a trip pa' la isla...

A mucho needed vacation...

It's 6 pm & the latin people who go dancing
are copping nickle bags of good columbian yerba
(Eddie Palmieria will be in town tonite)

SALSA

who's got the best smoke in town Flaco
Tabaco-Tabaco suelto y en saco

an american proverb:

'If you don't advertise — you don't sell'...

El Bodeguero is cursing his wife/his helper/
his-self he ordered enough milk but not
enough beer.../'cause
the day has given up to the nite &
the ghetto is hot...

La calle is occupied/shrill shreaking
sounds of ring go leevio... hide & seek
up & down the street...
young girls in tight jeans flirt with long
haired youths... who offer
whistles & comments & promises

Oye, negra ¿to eso tuyo?
¡Si te cojo, nena!
¡Qué lio te buscará! ! !

¡Pero qué buena está la hija! ! !
¡Pero qué buena está la mamá! ! !
The turf is filled with jibaro y salsa música
que viva la música...

Stoops are now tournament centers for domino
playing friends...
bandstand< Less

la Gente Que No Se Quiere Pa' Na Con La Lengua
What did you think

Applaud • x

0 comments,0 applause

El sábado por la noche
la selva de cemento está
brillando y las cuchillas están
bailando y los hosiadores están buscando
los soquetas con sus pasos misteriosos
y parece que todo está flojo porque dice la
gente que no se quiere pa' na con la lengua
que en los ojos de los niños la palabra
escrita grita crimen y le pone sombras a las
estrellas porque ven que el pendejo le paga
al cabrón de la vida y
la gente que no se quiere pa' na con la lengua
dice que en el lower east side lo malo
se pone bueno y que lo bueno se pone malo
los sábados por la noche
y si te coje la policía ni el médico chino
te salva tú sabes así dice la gente que no se
quiere pa' na con la lengua
y en los roofos duermen los que les apesta la
vida gritándole a las chinchas y a las cucarachas
y los piojos
bueno
así dice la gente que no se quiere pa' na con la lengua
y dicen que estos son los hombres con la moronga
hecha de cartón
y que pelean contra la lucha de ante noche de hoy
y de mañana tú sabes
pero todos son padres y madres con retratos de
prisión en sus mentes y el ritmo de conga
en sus piernas cuando andan por el bloque

pero yo no sé
porque todo eso es lo que dice la gente que
no se quiere pa' na con la lengua
tú sabes...

Visitin' A Friend At The Cold Shop

PEdit Applaud • x
What did you think

0 comments,0 applause

In the place of business lunches
where a dull sun rises to blind your
toothpaste brushed eyelids with its
red veins blowin' tracks from
ballpoint hypodermic needles that
tickled your gut & scratched your
toes frozen by the light of the mid-
afternoon moon & closed the closet
door of your mind that kept you
informed of the escalator the priest
used when he baptized you with the last
rites...

'we are gathered here today to spit
out curses at this fool who up & died
on us & left us with all his debts &
blueface bill collectors & buried his
self with credit card suit
let us pray to god almighty that the
lottery ticket we found hidden in his
right shoe will hit the prize
in life & help us elevate & escalate
the cost of this funeral party'

nobody brought along a transistor
portable radio to hear the score
of the basketball game being played
at the local neighborhood playlot
uptown at the bowery

so let's hook up the portable t. v.
to the stolen car battery & watch
'as the world turns'
maybe the creep will be bored to life
& regain his claim to manhood
by facin' off the man & collect
unemployment from the dope pushers
of factorias job & time clocks
& hero sandwiches & cheap cold wine

why am i bein' so mean to this man
who lost his underwear at the
macdonald store & had them fed to him
as the chef's main menu stew
man his shoes look good

'shit why he
ain't gonna
give them no
use — the worms
will only abuse
the leather in
the laces'

everybody that didn't know
him came today to pay their
final first impression respect
& steal from the collection box placed
on top of his toupee

'i'm glad they didn't
take him to long island
long island is a very
traffic dangerous trip
brooklyn is a cheaper
bon voyager
la isla is too expensive'

unless we send him parcel post
& air mail stamped on his
forehead
go thru customs inspection
has anybody got a peanutbutter
& jelly sandwich left over from
the school hour lunch break
&
my heart aches for my partner
who left me all his dues to
collect from our cocaine dealer
who turns out to be a paid squealer
& send his friends in for dollars
man this is the longest five minutes
i ever spent let me make my inspection
& spend ten cents to call my only true friend
the connection...

gabbie good

Life

To all the hardships faced in life.
Nothing can amount to anything like this.
The pain, and dreams, and joy we face.
In this time comes once for all of us.
But the truth of the matter is we all have to face the truth.
To the point we have to consider.
That death we all will eventually have to face.
But it is not the hardship of us dying.
It is the people we must say bye to.
Even if we do not get the words out ourselves.
We must have the thought before the time comes.
How will my family cope?
How will they remember me?
To the point that it causes death and sorrow.
But you will never have to sorrow for long.
To the point where life goes along, just as the beat of life still goes on.

gabbie good

Lower Eastside PoemPEdit

Lower Eastside PoemPEdit

Just once before I die
I want to climb up on a
tenement sky
to dream my lungs out till
I cry
then scatter my ashes thru
the Lower East Side.

So let me sing my song tonight
let me feel out of sight
and let all eyes be dry
when they scatter my ashes thru
the Lower East Side.

From Houston to 14th Street
from Second Avenue to the mighty D
here the hustlers & suckers meet
the faggots & freaks will all get
high
on the ashes that have been scattered
thru the Lower East Side.

There's no other place for me to be
there's no other place that I can see
there's no other town around that
brings you up or keeps you down
no food little heat sweeps by
fancy cars & pimps' bars & juke saloons
& greasy spoons make my spirits fly
with my ashes scattered thru the
Lower East Side...

A thief, a junkie I've been
committed every known sin
Jews and Gentiles... Bums & Men
of style... run away child

police shooting wild...
mother's futile wails... pushers
making sales... dope wheelers
& Read more >cocaine dealers... smoking pot
streets are hot & feed off those who bleed to death...

all that's true
all that's true
all that is true
but this ain't no lie
when I ask that my ashes be scattered thru
the Lower East Side.

So here I am, look at me
I stand proud as you can see
pleased to be from the Lower East
a street fighting man
a problem of this land
I am the Philosopher of the Criminal Mind
a dweller of prison time
a cancer of Rockefeller's ghettocide
this concrete tomb is my home
to belong to survive you gotta be strong
you can't be shy less without request
someone will scatter your ashes thru
the Lower East Side.

I don't wanna be buried in Puerto Rico
I don't wanna rest in Long Island Cemetery
I wanna be near the stabbing shooting
gambling fighting & unnatural dying
& new birth crying
so please when I die...
don't take me far away
keep me near by
take my ashes and scatter them thru out
the Lower East Side...< Less

Seekin' The CausePEdit Applaud • x
What did you think

1 comments,0 applause

he was Dead
he never Lived
died
died
he died seekin' a Cause
seekin' the Cause
because
he said
he never saw the cause
but he heard
the cause
heard the cryin' of hungry ghetto children
heard the warnin' from Malcolm
heard the tractors pave new routes to new prisons
died seekin' the Cause
seekin' a Cause
he was dead on arrival
he never really Lived
uptown... downtown... crosstown
body was round all over town
seekin' the Cause
thinkin' the Cause was 75 dollars & gator shoes
thinkin' the Cause was sellin' the white lady to black
children
thinkin' the cause is to be found in gypsy rose or j. b.
or dealin' wacky weed
and singin' du-wops in the park after some chi-chiba
he died seekin' the Cause
died seekin' a Cause
and the Cause was dyin' seekin' him
and the Cause was dyin' seekin' him
and the Cause was dyin' seekin' him
he wanted a color t. v.
wanted a silk on silk suit
he wanted the Cause to come up like the mets & take the
world series
he wanted... he wanted... he wanted... he wanted
to
Read more >want more wants
but
he never gave
he never gave

he never gave his love to children
he never gave his heart to old people
&
never did he ever give his soul to his people
he never gave his soul to his people
because he was busy seekin' a cause
busy
busy perfectin' his voice to harmonize the national anthem
with spiro t agnew
busy perfectin' his jive talk so that his flunkiness
wouldn't show
busy perfectin' his viva-la-policia speech
downtown... uptown... midtown... crosstown
his body was found all over town
seekin' a Cause
seekin' the Cause
found
in the potter fields of an o. d.
found
in the bowery with the d. d. t.'s
his legs were left in viet-nam
his arms were found in sing-sing
his scalp was on Nixon's belt
his blood painted the streets of the ghetto
his eyes were still lookin' for jesus to come down
on some cloud & make everything ok
when jesus died in attica
his brains plastered all around the frames of the pentagon
his voice still yellin' stars & stripes 4 ever
riddled with the police bullets his taxes bought
he died seekin' a Cause
seekin' the Cause
while the Cause was dyin' seekin' him
he died yesterday
he's dyin' today
he's dead tomorrow
died seekin' a Cause
died seekin' the Cause
& the Cause was in front of him
& the Cause was in his skin
& the Cause was in his speech
& the Cause was in his blood

but
he died seekin' the Cause
he died seekin' a Cause
he died
deaf
dumb
&
blind
he died
& never found his Cause
because
you see he never never
knew that he was the
Cause.
< Less

The Book of Genesis According to St. MiguelitoPEdit
What did you think

Applaud • x

1 comments,0 applause
Before the beginning
God created God
In the beginning
God created the ghettos & slums
and God saw this was good.
So God said,
'Let there be more ghettos & slums'
and there were more ghettos & slums.
But God saw this was plain
so
to decorate it
God created leadbase paint and then
God commanded the rivers of garbage & filth
to flow gracefully through the ghettos.
On the third day
because on the second day God was out of town
On the third day
God's nose was running
& his jones was coming down and God
in his all knowing wisdom
knew he was sick
he needed a fix

so God
created the backyards of the ghettos
& the alleys of the slums
in heroin & cocaine
and
with his divine wisdom & grace
God created hepatitis
who begat lockjaw
who begat malaria
who begat degradation
who begat
GENOCIDE
and God knew this was good
in fact God knew things couldn't git better
but he decided to try anyway
On the fourth day
God was riding around Harlem in a gypsy cab
when he created the people
and he created Read more >these beings in ethnic proportion
but he saw the people lonely & hungry
and from his eminent rectum
he created a companion for these people
and he called this companion
capitalism
who begat racism
who begat exploitation
who begat male chauvinism
who begat machismo
who begat imperialism
who begat colonialism
who begat wall street
who begat foreign wars
and God knew
and God saw
and God felt this was extra good
and God said
VAYAAAAAAA
On the fifth day
the people kneeled
the people prayed
the people begged
and this manifested itself in a petition

a letter to the editor
to know why? WHY? WHY? qué pasa babyyyyy? ? ? ? ?
and God said,
'My fellow subjects
let me make one thing perfectly clear
by saying this about that:
NO.....COMMENT! '
but on the sixth day God spoke to the people
he said... 'PEOPLE! ! !
the ghettos & the slums
& all the other great things I've created
will have dominion over thee
and then
he commanded the ghettos & slums
and all the other great things he created
to multiply
and they multiplied
On the seventh day God was tired
so he called in sick
collected his overtime pay
a paid vacation included
But before God got on that t. w. a.
for the sunny beaches of Puerto Rico
He noticed his main man Satan
planting the learning trees of consciousness
around his ghetto edens
so God called a news conference
on a state of the heavens address
on a coast to coast national t. v. hook up
and God told the people
to be
COOL
and the people were cool
and the people kept cool
and the people are cool
and the people stay cool
and God said
Vaya.....< Less

Miguel Pinero

Miguel Piñero was born in Gurabo, Puerto Rico on December 9th 1946.

With his parents he arrived in New York at the age of 4 and following the desertion of his father in 1954, Manuel and his mother moved into a basement and had to live off welfare.

Read more

He gained the first of what would be many criminal convictions for theft. This was at the age of eleven. He was sent to the Juvenile Detention Center in the Bronx. Subsequently Piñero joined a street gang called 'The Dragons' and by the time he was 14 he was hustling in the streets. Piñero was a drug addict before he reached his 20s and had a long criminal record.

By 1972 when Piñero was 25 he was incarcerated in the notorious Sing Sing Prison. This was for armed robbery. It was while serving time in prison that he wrote the powerful play *Short Eyes* as part of a playwriting workshop for inmates. The play is based on his experiences in prison and portrays life and death among prison inmates.

In 1974 the play was performed at the Riverside Church in Manhattan where theater impresario Joseph Papp watched it. Papp was so impressed that he moved the production onto Broadway where it gained rapid success. The play was nominated for six Tony Awards, it won an Obie Award for the best play of the year as well as the New York Critics Circle Award. The play was also successful in Europe and gained Piñero a strong literary status. *Short Eyes* has been published in book form by the editorial house Hill & Yang. Piñero continued to write after he left prison and he also began to act with small film roles.

In the 1970s, Piñero co-founded the Nuyorican ('New York-Puerto Rican') Poets Cafe with a group of artists including Miguel Algarin, who became one of his best friends. The Poets Cafe is a place for performance of poetry based on the experience of being a Puerto Rican in New York. In 1977 '*Short Eyes*' was turned into a film directed by Robert M. Young and Piñero played the part of 'Go-Go', one of the prisoners.

Piñero was by now considered a talented writer who could describe the evils of society. This was despite his continued drug addiction.

Piñero wrote an episode for the Miami Vice TV series in 1984 and also the movie script for his own play *Short Eyes*.

Piñero died on 16th June 1988 in New York City and his ashes were scattered across the Lower East Side of Manhattan. His life was made into a movie (*Piñero*) and the part of Miguel Piñero was portrayed by Benjamin Bratt. The film was

directed by Leon Ichaso.

JS

Cocaine Nose - Acid FacePEdit

Cocaine nose — cocaine nose
carefully takin' cocaine blows
make believe crucifix
cokedom spoon

Cocaine nose — cocaine nose
have you graduated to
cocaine holes...

jive sly bedford sty-buy yeah buy
coca y ácido
from Flaco an undercover agent for the
narcos...
has you under surveillance y has
been trailin' your mother's legs
since she started displayin' her
varicose veins stompin' thru this
sewage drink of coca y ácido...

cocaine nose — cocaine nose
carefully takin' cocaine blows
have your sons graduated to cocaine holes.

life con coca makes you a supersonic
idiotic chaotic psychotic neurotic spic
with a brain infested cocaine molested acid
mindddd... cocaine nose — cocaine nose
have you graduated to your cocaine holes

Acid face — acid face dreamin' livin'
laced up spaced out so-called state of grace

ácido—ácido with coca blows...

acid face not a trace
of intelligence-based
follow your chase the maze
of becomin' an acid face — an acid face

si la coca y ácido te ha volao el coco
y ahora you go loco buscando ácido...

god is amazed that you've become an acid
face

cocaine nose — cocaine —
acid face — acid face
cocaine nose — acid face
acid face — cocaine nose
have you graduated to your
acid coca holessssss...

This Is Not The Place Where I Was BornPEdit Applaud • x
What did you think

1 comments,0 applause

puerto rico 1974

this is not the place where i was born
remember — as a child the fantasizing images my mother planted
within my head —
the shadows of her childhood recounted to me many times
over welfare loan on crédito food from el bodeguero
i tasted mango many years before the skin of the fruit
ever reached my teeth
i was born on an island about 35 miles wide 100 miles long
a small island with a rainforest somewhere in the central
regions of itself
where spanish was a dominant word
& signs read by themselves
i was born in a village of that island where the police
who frequented your place of business-hangout or home came as

servant or friend & not as a terror in slogan clothing
i was born in a barrio of the village on the island
where people left their doors open at night
where respect for elders was exhibited with pride
where courting for loved ones was not treated over confidentially
where children's laughter did not sound empty & savagely alive
with self destruction...
i was born on an island where to be puerto rican meant to be
part of the land & soul & puertorriqueños were not the
minority
puerto ricans were first, none were second
no, i was not born here...
no, i was not born in the attitude & time of this place
this sun drenched soil
this green faced piece of earth
this slave blessed land
where the caribbean seas pound angrily on the shores
of pre-fabricated house/hotel redcap hustling people gypsy taxi cab
fighters for fares to fajardo
& the hot wind is broken by fiberglass palmtrees
& highrise plátanos mariano on leave & color t. v.
looneytune cartoon comicbook characters with badges
in their jockstraps
& foreigners scream that puertorriqueños are foreigners
& have no right to claim any benefit on the birthport
this sun drenched soil
this green faced piece of earth
this slave blessed land
where nuyoricans come in search of spiritual identity
are greeted with profanity
this is insanity that americanos are showered
with shoe shine kisses
police in stocking caps cover carry out john wayne
television cowboy law road models of new york city detective
french connection/death wish instigation ku-klux-klan mind
panorama screen seems
in modern medicine is in confusion needs a transfusion quantity
treatment if you're not on the plan the new stand
of blue cross blue shield blue uniform master charge
what religion you are
blood fills the waiting room of death
stale air & qué pasa stares are nowhere

in sight & night neon light shines bright
in el condado area puerto rican under cover cop
stop & arrest on the spot puerto ricans who shop for the flag
that waves on the left-in souvenir stores —
puertorriqueños cannot assemble displaying the emblem
nuyoricans are fighting & dying for

New York City Hard Time BluesPEdit Applaud • x
What did you think

1 comments,0 applause

NYC Blues

Big time time hard on on me blues
New York City hard sunday morning blues
yeah
Junkie waking up
bones ache trying to shake
New York City sunday morning blues
the sun was vomiting itself up over
the carbon monoxide detroit perfume
strolling down the black asphalt dance floor
where all the disco sweat drenched Mr. Mario's
summer suit still mambo-tango hustled
to the tunes of fiberglass songs
New York City sunday morning means
liquor store closed
bars don't open 'til noon
and my connection wasn't upping
a 25 cent balloon
yeah
yeah reality wasn't giving me no play
telling me it was going to be sunday
24 hours the whole day
it was like the reincarnation of the night
before when my ashtray became
the cemetery of all my lost memories
when a stumble bum blues band
kept me up all night playing me cheap
F. M.
dreams
of hard time
sad time

bad time
hell we all know times are
hard
sad
bad
all over
well I thought of the pope
welfare hopes
then I thought of the pope again
whose sexual collar musta been tighter
than a pimp's hat band
yeah
that brought a warm beer smile to this
wasteland the mirror called my face
ya see
I left my faith in a mausoleum
when my inspiration ran off with
a trumpet player
who wore double knit suits and stacy adam shoes
this girl left me so broke
my horoscope said
my sign was a dead dog in the middle
of the road
yeah
the morning will be giving up to the noon
and soon I'll hear winos and junkyard dogs
howling at the moon
made the shadows
dance
at jake's juke saloon
as a battalion of violet virgins
sang tunes
of deflowered songs
men poured their
fantasies of lust into young boy's
ears
car stolen
whizzed by
crying hard luck tears in beers
the love conflict of air conditioned
dim lit motel rooms
rumpled sheets with blood stains

'I'm gonna lay down my sword and shield
down by the river s

The Menudo Of A Cuchifrito Love AffairPEdit
What did you think

Applaud • x

0 comments,0 applause

la ruca

juanita rosita esposita

they called her mexicana rose

con piel de canela

pelo darker than bustelo café

eyes big like rellenos

color of a ripe avacado

her lips tasted like seasoned mangos

and her body was sweet as coconut milk

this menudo of beauty

made my taco nights

burn like jalapeños

si señor...

my heart was a tortilla

then one riceless beanless night

after a heated chilly pepper tequila fight

she left

left me like a burnt pork chop

for a chitlin hamhock buckwheat eatin' man

who wore a watermelon wallet &

a collard green conversation

disturbing my macho machete pride

so that la mancha de plátano

reminded me that I was a weak mondongo

my love... my life... my pride was a burnt chicarrón

a cold mofongo

a melted piragua

I turned into a hot tamale

state of rage

an alcapurria gone insane

when I saw these two enchiladas

in a pastelillo embrace

so in my pasteles envy

my tostón jealousy

that my salchicha eyes spied

the chorizo the mad morcilla drive
asi fue que fueron
traspasados los dos bacalaos
and now with my burrito strike
displaying my quenepa pride
in my tamarindo smile
I remember the pegao and the uncooked taste
of the frijol menudo of my cuchifrito
love affair...

Jitterbug JesusPEdit Applaud • x
What did you think

3 comments,0 applause
Tiempos is longin' lookin'
for third world laughter
to break out like a pimple on the face
of a pimp
of youthful
latino eyes that chase el ritmo del güiro
en lo vagones del tren on school mornin'
shoutin' broken spanish dream
— si tü cocina como tu mamá
como hasta el pegao
jitterbuggin' in wrinkled
worn out jeans
bailando new found pride in bein' nuyoricano...
on their piss stained streets
where teens meet in head on collision
claimin' colors on concrete cemetary slums
slums that vomit screamin' rumblin' tongues ramblin'
for a crust of welfare cheese...
here in this aroma of arroz y habichuela-tostones-pasteles...
two triple culture lovers meet/embrace
&
tremblin' hands lift pleated shirt — break an elastic band.
in this cocaine drenched hallway
that has passed broken wine bottles & broken bulbs
& broken homes
& broken souls & the two lovers meet/reach out for
each other
under the view of a million cucarachas

their pulsin' bodies vibrate droppin' droplets of
sweat petals a river of nourishment for the rats scurryin'
across cracked mural walls
graffiti screamin' profanity
under this ghetto umbrella
a
brown baby king is born
Jesús
Jesús Rodriguez
who talked with his father on a garden firescape
walked across the east river on empty beer cans
changed six barrels of dope into a finely blended rum
was stoned out of school
will be crucified on a set of works
&
will be crowned
King of the Dope-Fiends...

Running ScaredPEdit Applaud • x
What did you think

0 comments,0 applause
RUNNIN' SCARED — RUNNIN' SCARED
you're goin' nowhere
runnin' with your eyes closed
thinkin' to ease your heavy load

RUNNIN' SCARED
listen to the echoes of your shadows
wishin' for easy tomorrows
talkin' into the dead phones of yesterday

RUNNIN' SCARED — RUNNIN' SCARED
you're shifting
you're lifting
you're throwing it all away
it's plainly stamped on the backs of blue jeans
the hopes and hopelessness
of cast aside dreams

super-star
super-revolutionary
highpriest
on neon signs
playin' today
beggin' mam for a dime
runnin' scared
you gittin' nowhere...
compassion-compassion...
in burnt bottle caps
tenth of always your last stop
god is the coca-cola bottlin' company
you've heard his voice on N. B. C.
and when he gives it a rest listen to his son on C. B. S.
brought to you live
this ain't no jive
by your friendly neighborhood
soul buyin' agency
they aim to please
good news ain't guaranteed
ask for mister lucifer
the man with the friendly smile
for your soul he'll walk a mile
no trade in
no deposits
no return
no credit cards accepted... but...
you can take the lay away plan
with easy pay a mint...

RUNNIN' SCARED — RUNNIN' SCARED
statue of liberty
on 42nd street
lookin' like an old hag
OR
is it a guy in drag
see youuu laaattteerrr
got to check out this female impersonator

RUNNIN' SCARED — RUNNIN' SCARED

and you still ain't half way there
can't pick up enough speed
didn't listen to your own decree
now you're stranded on this subway station
called hypocrisy
do you wish to take a runnin' jump?
can't smooth out the lumps
on the high ways
roads and by-ways
and there's a toll booth on this freeway
(freeway? ? ?)
an abe or a george
doesn't matter there
ain't no
CHANGE...

On The Day They Birthed My Mother...PEdit
What did you think

Applaud • x

0 comments,0 applause
The wind pushed the sun
behind the moon
and
in the dark of light I saw
shadows trailing the cool

Autumn shook hands with winter
just before it died
Summer leaves bloomed
and ran away on a spring ride

coulds wrote an epithet
on a mountain tombstone for an
ant
a deer laid dead on a fresh water stream
and the hunter cursed
beneath his breath at the spirits of
the stars who caused the deer's death...

The earth shook with laughter
as the spades tickled its side
and gleamed so pretty with
so many forgotten flowers
from those final cadillac brides

My hat fell in the open grave
my feet inside my shoes swayed
my gloves were wet with sweat
looked quickly in the mirror of my heart
sign a relief...
and calmly smiled my fears aside...

La Cañonera Del MundoPEdit Applaud • x
What did you think

1 comments,0 applause

Que yo me cago en la madre tierra que
te parió
me meo en el cielo que te cubrió
le escupo al viento que te acarició
te hablo a ti bandera americana
a ti que me ves andando por las calles de new york
mientras chillas como un carro pegando freno
spick
sal de atrás de esa corbata blanca
que asalta el calor de ser humano
el calor de mantener una familia con la miseria
que me pagas por el calor de mi sudor
y no me dejas vivir en paz con tu
spick
changueria
y yo le pido a changó
que te destruya tu idioma
que te caiga a bimbazo a tu cultura
que te llene a tus hijos con ideales postizos
que te ponga a tus hijas en las esquinas to hustle
con las pantaletas cagadas mojadas con la sangre verde del peso
americano
el peso de no ser lo que tú eres, un enano entre los gigantes
manicomio de estrellas sucias

que yo me cago en la madre tierra que te parió
que yo me meo en el cielo que te cubrió
que yo le pego un gargajo al viento que te acarició
tu bandera americana
cañonera del mundo.

On The Lock-InPEdit Applaud • x
What did you think

0 comments,0 applause
lock-in
night time

i am alone
earphones

hang unused

stack of unread
century-old books

cover the table
&
the cigarettes
cut in two cast

on the surface
resemble the freckles
on a white-boy's face
dick ricardo invites
me to saint george
big dance
&

the sound of a sax
duels with the notes

of a flute on the

gallery below
brothers voices fight

to harmonize a
du-wop

i hear
shuffling of cards

(no mail)
brothers playing
solitaire

in the stream of solitude

who's

singing that blue
tune?

&
brother in the nest

coughing must be doing
what i just did

I still think of
you
&

the brothers
voices

fight a losing
battle

&
the sox won
&

(lights out)

I thought of you
&
i masturbated
should i
fix a cup of kool-aid

latin voice sings
to

PUERTO RICO
&
(count time)
&

the jingling of
a hack key are now

an odd sound

Spring Garden - PhiladelphiaPEdit
What did you think

Applaud • x

0 comments,0 applause

Spring Garden wears a welfare coat —
in the summer...

Fashion minded eyes trod up & down
its streets enjoying graffiti —
sprinkled on the walls by bored fingers/
bored thoughts/from excitement lacking espirtus-

It's 8 o'clock in the morning & latin bodies
bundle up to war against the city —
children venture on their suicide mission
SCHOOL/a battlefield of non-existent education

Libraries are open 22 sundays a year...

The parents have headed off their cares to do
battle themselves...
The factories/the bosses/the foremen former
countrymen compais...

Cold callous metal concrete city streets where smiles come hungry from the
eternal
bill collector...

It's 12 pm & fist fights break out on the
charity lunch lines...
empty trouble soothing wine bottles are
tossed regretfully in the gutter —
Flies/bugs/maggots/roaches struggle for the
corner taste
the human tongues didn't reach...

The pushers are up from their beauty sleep

counting last nite's take — discounting today's
pay-off...

decking duces & treys...

their open air pharmacy on 14 & green is
being held by Don Ernesto el bolitero-
giving Doña Clara evil brujo stares —
Evil brujo stares to Doña Clara la espiritista
& the starving crowd beggin' el señor santo
to agree with Doña Clara's dreams & omen interpretations
for once... por favor today is a good day to hit
the number...

Doña Clara prays too...
there's a fifty dollar tip in store
mira mira me pegué & a trip pa' la isla...

A mucho needed vacation...

It's 6 pm & the latin people who go dancing
are copping nickle bags of good columbian yerba
(Eddie Palmieria will be in town tonite)

SALSA

who's got the best smoke in town Flaco
Tabaco-Tabaco suelto y en saco

an american proverb:

'If you don't advertise — you don't sell'...

El Bodeguero is cursing his wife/his helper/
his-self he ordered enough milk but not
enough beer.../'cause
the day has given up to the nite &
the ghetto is hot...

La calle is occupied/shrill shreaking
sounds of ring go leevio... hide & seek
up & down the street...
young girls in tight jeans flirt with long
haired youths... who offer
whistles & comments & promises

Oye, negra ¿to eso tuyo?
¡Si te cojo, nena!
¡Qué lio te buscará! ! ! !

¡Pero qué buena está la hija! ! !
¡Pero qué buena está la mamá! ! ! !
The turf is filled with jibaro y salsa música
que viva la música...

Stoops are now tournament centers for domino
playing friends...
bandstand

la Gente Que No Se Quiere Pa' Na Con La LenguaPEdit

EL sábado por la noche
la selva de cemento está
brillando y las cuchillas están
bailando y los hosiadores están buscando
los soquetas con sus pasos misteriosos
y parece que todo está flojo porque dice la
gente que no se quiere pa' na con la lengua
que en los ojos de los niños la palabra

escrita grita crimen y le pone sombras a las
estrellas porque ven que el pendejo le paga
al cabrón de la vida y
la gente que no se quiere pa' na con la lengua
dice que en el lower east side lo malo
se pone bueno y que lo bueno se pone malo
los sábados por la noche
y si te coje la policía ni el médico chino
te salva tú sabes así dice la gente que no se
quiere pa' na con la lengua
y en los roofos duermen los que les apesta la
vida gritándole a las chinchas y a las cucarachas
y los piojos
bueno
así dice la gente que no se quiere pa' na con la lengua
y dicen que estos son los hombres con la moronga
hecha de cartón
y que pelean contra la lucha de ante noche de hoy
y de mañana tú sabes
pero todos son padres y madres con retratos de
prisión en sus mentes y el ritmo de conga
en sus piernas cuando andan por el bloque
pero yo no sé
porque todo eso es lo que dice la gente que
no se quiere pa' na con la lengua
tú sabes...

Visitin' A Friend At The Cold ShopPEdit
What did you think

Applaud • x

0 comments,0 applause

In the place of business lunches
where a dull sun rises to blind your
toothpaste brushed eyelids with its
red veins blowin' tracks from
ballpoint hypodermic needles that
tickled your gut & scratched your
toes frozen by the light of the mid-
afternoon moon & closed the closet
door of your mind that kept you
informed of the escalator the priest
used when he baptized you with the last

rites...

'we are gathered here today to spit
out curses at this fool who up & died
on us & left us with all his debts &
blueface bill collectors & buried his
self with credit card suit
let us pray to god almighty that the
lottery ticket we found hidden in his
right shoe will hit the prize
in life & help us elevate & escalate
the cost of this funeral party'

nobody brought along a transistor
portable radio to hear the score
of the basketball game being played
at the local neighborhood playlot
uptown at the bowery
so let's hook up the portable t. v.
to the stolen car battery & watch
'as the world turns'
maybe the creep will be bored to life
& regain his claim to manhood
by facin' off the man & collect
unemployment from the dope pushers
of factories job & time clocks
& hero sandwiches & cheap cold wine

why am i bein' so mean to this man
who lost his underwear at the
macdonald store & had them fed to him
as the chef's main menu stew
man his shoes look good

'shit why he
ain't gonna
give them no
use — the worms
will only abuse

the leather in
the laces'

everybody that didn't know
him came today to pay their
final first impression respect
& steal from the collection box placed
on top of his toupee

'i'm glad they didn't
take him to long island
long island is a very
traffic dangerous trip
brooklyn is a cheaper
bon voyager
la isla is too expensive'

unless we send him parcel post
& air mail stamped on his
forehead
go thru customs inspection
has anybody got a peanutbutter
& jelly sandwich left over from
the school hour lunch break
&
my heart aches for my partner
who left me all his dues to
collect from our cocaine dealer
who turns out to be a paid squealer
& send his friends in for dollars
man this is the longest five minutes
i ever spent let me make my inspection
& spend ten cents to call my only true friend
the connection...

gabbie good

On The Inside Looking Out

I am on the Inside looking out
Being tormented by the thought, that me, myself can shone my own kin
Because I do not know what I judge
More than likely I am the only one who can be tormented by the thought
That going out in to the unknown could be the very end of what I know
Because of my careless mistakes, I have hurt someone of my own kin
Because who am I to judge what I do not know
To hurt someone because I do not know the pain they face all alone
To hurt someone so badly that they never heal from the wounds of their
Childhood
But I know why I act in vain
Because I am not on the outside looking in
I am on the inside looking out

gabbie good

On The Outside Looking In

I AM ON THE OUTSIDE LOOKING IN
ALL ALONE ONCE AGAIN
BECAUSE I AM AN OUTSIDER AMONG MY OWN KIN
BECAUSE NO ONE KNOWS THE PAIN I FEEL
DRIFTING AWAY FROM WHAT I KNOW
INTO THE UNKNOWN WITHIN THE WORLD ON MY VERY OWN
BECAUSE THEY DO NOT KNOW THEY TURN AROUND AT ONCE
THEY MAKE JUDGEMENT AT IS WHAT NOT SEEN NOR HEARD
NOT EVEN TRYING TO UNDERSTAND THE PAIN THAT IS FELT BY THEIR CRUELTY

BECAUSE THEY DO NOT UNDERSTAND BEING AN OUTSIDER WITHIN THEIR
OWN KIN
BECAUSE THEY ARE NOT ON THE OUTSIDE LOOKING IN
THEY ARE ON THE INSIDE LOOKING OUT
WHILE I AM ON THE OUTSIDE LOOKING IN

gabbie good

Tears Of An Apologetic Arrogant

THE OLD ME IS DEAD AND GONE AWAY
BURIED DEEP WITHIN THE GROUND
WITHIN IT MY DEEP-ROOTED SINFUL ARROGANT WAYS
SOMETHING NEEDED TO CHANGE
I GUESS HE WAS THE PRICE
THE BLOOD MONEY THAT WOULD OVERALL
ATONE FOR MY WICKED SINS OF FOOLISHNESS
NOW I HAVE NO FRIENDS
NO ONE TO CARE FOR ME
FOR THE OLD ME LIVED LIFE IN VAIN
NOW I MUST SUFFER TO ATONE FOR MY OWN BLOODY SINS
FOR THE OLD ME DIDN'T CARE WHAT OTHERS THOUGHT
OR HAD TO SAY
BECAUSE THE OLD ME NEEDED TO DIE AND GO AWAY
BUT THE MONSTER INSIDE ME JUST KEPT
PRESSING ON
I ONLY CARED FOR MYSELF
FOR THE OLD ME WAS EGOTISTICAL, ARROGANT, AND HEARTLESS
NEEDLESS TO SAY I NEVER CARED WHO I HURTED IN THE END
BECAUSE THE OLD ME WAS TOO BIG, TOO MIGHTY TO DIE
I THE MIGHTY KING WAS BIGGER THAN LIFE
UNTIL THAT FATEFUL DAY
WHEN I FOUGHT WITH THE ONE I CALLED FAMILY
THE BROTHER WHO CARED FOR ME
WHO WOULD DIE FOR ME
THAT VERY FATEFUL DAY THE OLD KING WAS SLAYED
I DID THE UNTHINKABLE
I MISCALCULATED
BECAUSE I LET MY PRIDE GET IN THE WAY
I CALLED MY "GOOD FRIENDS"
TOLD THEM TO TAKE CARE OF IT
TO GIVE HIM SOMETHING NICE
LITTLE DID I KNOW
THEY WOULD END HIS BLAMELESS LIFE
SNATCH IT AWAY AT THE SNAP OF THE KING'S
FINGERS
AND LEAVE HIS FAMILY WONDERING WHAT
HE DID TO DIE
I SAW HIM TAKE HIS LAST LABORIOUS BREATHS

IN THOSE PAINFUL LAST MOMENTS OF LIFE
BEING SNACHED AWAY
HE FORGAVE ME FOR THE CRIMES I
HAD COMMITED AGAINST HIM AND MANY OTHERS
THEN HE SLOWLY TOOK HIS LAST BREATH
AND DIED AS IF SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL
WAS WAITING FOR HIM ON THE OTHER SIDE
TO REWARD HIM FOR BEING A SIN OFFERING
FOR THE FOOL
DIED WITH HIM WAS MY OLD SELF
THE FOOLISH NARCISSISTIC KING
AS I SIT HERE KNOWING I AM TO BLAME
HOW DO I EXPLAIN THAT THE OLD ME IS DEAD AND
GONE AWAY
NEVER TO RETURN AGAIN

gabbie good

The Thinking Man

Miguel Piñero was born in Gurabo, Puerto Rico on December 9th 1946. With his parents he arrived in New York at the age of 4 and following the desertion of his father in 1954, Manuel and his mother moved into a basement and had to live off welfare. He gained the first of what would be many criminal convictions for theft. This was at the age of eleven. He was sent to the Juvenile Detention Center in the Bronx. Subsequently Piñero joined a street gang called 'The Dragons' and by the time he was 14 he was hustling in the streets. Piñero was a drug addict before he reached his 20s and had a long criminal record.

By 1972 when Piñero was 25 he was incarcerated in the notorious Sing Sing Prison. This was for armed robbery. It was while serving time in prison that he wrote the powerful play *Short Eyes* as part of a playwriting workshop for inmates. The play is based on his experiences in prison and portrays life and death among prison inmates.

In 1974 the play was performed at the Riverside Church in Manhattan where theater impresario Joseph Papp watched it. Papp was so impressed that he moved the production onto Broadway where it gained rapid success. The play was nominated for six Tony Awards, it won an Obie Award for the best play of the year as well as the New York Critics Circle Award. The play was also successful in Europe and gained Piñero a strong literary status. *Short Eyes* has been published in book form by the editorial house Hill & Yang. Piñero continued to write after he left prison and he also began to act with small film roles.

In the 1970s, Piñero co-founded the Nuyorican ('New York-Puerto Rican') Poets Cafe with a group of artists including Miguel Algarin, who became one of his best friends. The Poets Cafe is a place for performance of poetry based on the experience of being a Puerto Rican in New York. In 1977 '*Short Eyes*' was turned into a film directed by Robert M. Young and Piñero played the part of 'Go-Go', one of the prisoners.

Piñero was by now considered a talented writer who could describe the evils of society. This was despite his continued drug addiction.

Piñero wrote an episode for the Miami Vice TV series in 1984 and also the movie script for his own play *Short Eyes*.

Piñero died on 16th June 1988 in New York City and his ashes were scattered across the Lower East Side of Manhattan. His life was made into a movie (Piñero) and the part of Miguel Piñero was portrayed by Benjamin Bratt. The film was

directed by Leon Ichaso.

gabbie good

The Thinking Man Thoughts

A Lower Eastside Poem

Just once before I die
I want to climb up on a
tenement sky
to dream my lungs out till
I cry
then scatter my ashes thru
the Lower East Side.

So let me sing my song tonight
let me feel out of sight
and let all eyes be dry
when they scatter my ashes thru
the Lower East Side.

From Houston to 14th Street
from Second Avenue to the mighty D
here the hustlers & suckers meet
the faggots & freaks will all get
high
on the ashes that have been scattered
thru the Lower East Side.

There's no other place for me to be
there's no other place that I can see
there's no other town around that
brings you up or keeps you down
no food little heat sweeps by
fancy cars & pimps' bars & juke saloons
& greasy spoons make my spirits fly
with my ashes scattered thru the
Lower East Side...

A thief, a junkie I've been
committed every known sin
Jews and Gentiles... Bums & Men
of style... run away child
police shooting wild...

mother's futile wails... pushers
making sales... dope wheelers
& cocaine dealers... smoking pot
streets are hot & feed off those who bleed to death...

all that's true
all that's true
all that is true
but this ain't no lie
when I ask that my ashes be scattered thru
the Lower East Side.

So here I am, look at me
I stand proud as you can see
pleased to be from the Lower East
a street fighting man
a problem of this land
I am the Philosopher of the Criminal Mind
a dweller of prison time
a cancer of Rockefeller's ghettocide
this concrete tomb is my home
to belong to survive you gotta be strong
you can't be shy less without request
someone will scatter your ashes thru
the Lower East Side.

I don't wanna be buried in Puerto Rico
I don't wanna rest in Long Island Cemetery
I wanna be near the stabbing shooting
gambling fighting & unnatural dying
& new birth crying
so please when I die...
don't take me far away
keep me near by
take my ashes and scatter them thru out
the Lower East Side...

Seekin' The CausePEdit Applaud • x
What did you think

1 comments,0 applause
he was Dead

he never Lived
died
died
he died seekin' a Cause
seekin' the Cause
because
he said
he never saw the cause
but he heard
the cause
heard the cryin' of hungry ghetto children
heard the warnin' from Malcolm
heard the tractors pave new routes to new prisons
died seekin' the Cause
seekin' a Cause
he was dead on arrival
he never really Lived
uptown... downtown... crosstown
body was round all over town
seekin' the Cause
thinkin' the Cause was 75 dollars & gator shoes
thinkin' the Cause was sellin' the white lady to black
children
thinkin' the cause is to be found in gypsy rose or j. b.
or dealin' wacky weed
and singin' du-wops in the park after some chi-chiba
he died seekin' the Cause
died seekin' a Cause
and the Cause was dyin' seekin' him
and the Cause was dyin' seekin' him
and the Cause was dyin' seekin' him
he wanted a color t. v.
wanted a silk on silk suit
he wanted the Cause to come up like the mets & take the
world series
he wanted... he wanted... he wanted... he wanted
to want more wants
but
he never gave
he never gave
he never gave his love to children
he never gave his heart to old people

&
never did he ever give his soul to his people
he never gave his soul to his people
because he was busy seekin' a cause
busy
busy perfectin' his voice to harmonize the national anthem
with spiro t agnew
busy perfectin' his jive talk so that his flunkiness
wouldn't show
busy perfectin' his viva-la-policia speech
downtown... uptown... midtown... crosstown
his body was found all over town
seekin' a Cause
seekin' the Cause
found
in the potter fields of an o. d.
found
in the bowery with the d. d. t.'s
his legs were left in viet-nam
his arms were found in sing-sing
his scalp was on Nixon's belt
his blood painted the streets of the ghetto
his eyes were still lookin' for jesus to come down
on some cloud & make everything ok
when jesus died in attica
his brains plastered all around the frames of the pentagon
his voice still yellin' stars & stripes 4 ever
riddled with the police bullets his taxes bought
he died seekin' a Cause
seekin' the Cause
while the Cause was dyin' seekin' him
he died yesterday
he's dyin' today
he's dead tomorrow
died seekin' a Cause
died seekin' the Cause
& the Cause was in front of him
& the Cause was in his skin
& the Cause was in his speech
& the Cause was in his blood
but
he died seekin' the Cause

he died seekin' a Cause
he died
deaf
dumb
&
blind
he died
& never found his Cause
because
you see he never never
knew that he was the
Cause.

The Book of Genesis According to St. MiguelitoPEdit
What did you think

Applaud • x

1 comments,0 applause
Before the beginning
God created God
In the beginning
God created the ghettos & slums
and God saw this was good.
So God said,
'Let there be more ghettos & slums'
and there were more ghettos & slums.
But God saw this was plain
so
to decorate it
God created leadbase paint and then
God commanded the rivers of garbage & filth
to flow gracefully through the ghettos.
On the third day
because on the second day God was out of town
On the third day
God's nose was running
& his jones was coming down and God
in his all knowing wisdom
knew he was sick
he needed a fix
so God
created the backyards of the ghettos
& the alleys of the slums

in heroin & cocaine
and
with his divine wisdom & grace
God created hepatitis
who begat lockjaw
who begat malaria
who begat degradation
who begat
GENOCIDE
and God knew this was good
in fact God knew things couldn't git better
but he decided to try anyway
On the fourth day
God was riding around Harlem in a gypsy cab
when he created the people
and he created these beings in ethnic proportion
but he saw the people lonely & hungry
and from his eminent rectum
he created a companion for these people
and he called this companion
capitalism
who begat racism
who begat exploitation
who begat male chauvinism
who begat machismo
who begat imperialism
who begat colonialism
who begat wall street
who begat foreign wars
and God knew
and God saw
and God felt this was extra good
and God said
VAYAAAAAAA
On the fifth day
the people kneeled
the people prayed
the people begged
and this manifested itself in a petition
a letter to the editor
to know why? WHY? WHY? qué pasa babyyyyy? ? ? ? ?
and God said,

'My fellow subjects
let me make one thing perfectly clear
by saying this about that:
NO.....COMMENT! '
but on the sixth day God spoke to the people
he said... 'PEOPLE! ! !
the ghettos & the slums
& all the other great things I've created
will have dominion over thee
and then
he commanded the ghettos & slums
and all the other great things he created
to multiply
and they multiplied
On the seventh day God was tired
so he called in sick
collected his overtime pay
a paid vacation included
But before God got on that t. w. a.
for the sunny beaches of Puerto Rico
He noticed his main man Satan
planting the learning trees of consciousness
around his ghetto edens
so God called a news conference
on a state of the heavens address
on a coast to coast national t. v. hook up
and God told the people
to be
COOL
and the people were cool
and the people kept cool
and the people are cool
and the people stay cool
and God said
Vaya.....

Black Woman With The Blond Wig OnPEdit
What did you think

Applaud • x

4 comments,0 applause

Dedicated to those magnificent black women & their blond wigs

Black woman with the blond wig on
you're living an illusion.
Think that head blanket
bought from macy's on a lincoln sale
will make the residents of forest hills
lay out a black carpet to their blond streets
because you have some blond horse hair on?

Black woman with the blond wig on
are you playing James Bond in blond
secret agent in charge of repression
congo blood?

Black woman with the blond wig on
is it your greatest desire to appear on t. v.
welcome to I've got a secret
commercial?

I dreamt I ran through the streets of Brownsville
in my maiden form wig
and no one noticed my skin.
Now back to our show.

Black woman with the blond wig on
please tell the panel your secret.

Black woman with the blond wig on
can you imagine yourself on to tell the truth
with three blonds on blond
and you're black on blond
commercial?

Free, slave, black, twenty one, and blond.
If I have but one life to live
let me live it as a blond.

Now back to our regularly scheduled program,
with tonight's special guest, the black woman with the blond wig.
Will the real woman with the blond wig please stand up?
Did you think you fooled anyone?
What's that you say?
Oh, I'm sorry
you no longer have a blond wig on.
Oh, I see
you've bleached it blond.
Yes, that does make a difference.
All right, all right,
black woman, with the blond, bleached hair
I am not trying to put you down.
All I'm askin', you see, is what I truly want to know
is, do blonds have more fun?

La Bodega Sold DreamsPEdit Applaud • x
What did you think

0 comments,0 applause
dreamt i was a poet
&
writin' silver sailin' songs
words
strong & powerful crashing' thru
walls of steel & concrete
erected in minds weak
&
those asleep
replacin' a hobby of paper candy
wrappin', collectin'
potent to pregnate sterile young
thoughts

i dreamt i was this poeta
words glitterin' brite & bold
strikin' a new rush for gold
in las bodegas
where our poets' words & songs

are sung
but
sunlite stealin' thru venetian
blinds
eyes hatin', workin' of time
clock
sweatin'
&
swearin'
&
slavin'
for the final dime
runnin' a maze
a token ride

perspiration insultin' poets
pride
words stoppin' on red
goin' on green
poets' dreams
endin' in a factoria as one
in a million
unseen
buyin' bodega sold dreams...

gabbie good