

Poetry Series

Nat Z. Punx
- poems -

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Nat Z. Punx(103164)

well read (semi-literate) hooligan purging and celebrating a complex and chaotic life

everything else is just details.

well this has been alot of fun, but now is the time for changing modes though.

when you are writing, you aren't living. i have been given a chance to do a little living. i am still going to write, but mostly in a different mode. i will be continuing my blog 'studies in gutter elegance - finer things on the skids' at . this will document a light resto of a '77 stroked and raked glide. that is what i anticipate anyway. if you would like to contact me during this absence you can e mail me at 300dtd@. i hope you enjoy this short time in my life.

300dtd

pearl, she bangs
five times
every seven hundred and twenty degrees
sitting at the stoplight
hearing the ghetto sprite chatter
from the neighboring car
it's a oiler
is it cammy? is it cammy?
it's a oiler
pearl squeezes five times
22: 1 every four spins
and forever spins
pulling away at the change of the light
she clatters into a silky silence
4500 pounds
of chiseled german ingot
sliming and smoking it's way
into rust

Nat Z. Punx

A Liar Of Saturday Mornings

im packing my glass
with the veggie of some young man
who's father built my bar
as i puff away
drinkinkg anti freeze quality wine
and
smoking the best of grass
i wonder if it all isn't meant to be this way
why shouldn't i fall in love
with some indiana girl
in some truck stop cafe?
she has a smile
and a spark
she has some life
and i don't fear it a bit
my fear is
i can't volly it

Nat Z. Punx

A Nod To Burt And Hal

when nothing becomes everything
everything becomes nothing
the tide turns
the dream fades
a person returns to their senses
flashless, deliberate
without any doubt
just accept it
promise yourself
this is the last time
which is pointless
when the last time
is the first time
is the only time

Nat Z. Punx

A Quick Drink In Hell

death sit at the end of the bar
dressed as a dancehall slut
full of danger and unknown
love drools on the bar
her head full of whiskey dreams
opportunity
hides in the shadows
waiting to pick the pockets
of your future
and slipping out
unnoticed

Nat Z. Punx

Amelia 1984

we slid in
with nashville burns
packin' pekinese
and st. louis beer
we would lose both
like we did the storefront indians
within a week
i fit in
nineteen spins
halfassed heartbroken
and pissed off
i would lose both
like i did nineteen
within a week
we drank cross country
twelve hun'er mile run
we were decatalon material
itchin' to prove our amature status
a mangy dog, three cases of beer
realistic 100 watt graphic equalizer
pushing jensen 6x9's
contained
in a '69 lemans with mismatched heads
sportin' a three inch lift kit up front
to give a little attitude
nobody lost the ponton
we checked into a seedy
pre-crack crack hotel
up in the morning
got drunk, washed the dog
was busted stealing towels
hindu evil eye
dried the dog off
with drapes and bedsheets
then hit the road
tennessee was not lucky
for me or the dog
i learned an adult lesson
arrainged college tours

are not unlike job interviews
and like job interviews
one should not attend them drunk
at least not in the morning
the dog learned an adult lesson
don't sit quietly
while your drunken guardians
pile in the car
and drive off into the distance
at least not in the afternoon
american beach, i swear to god
open 24/7
one tight rule
no sleeping on the beach
at least not at night
so we slid in
and linda's hugging her long lost mop
and doing introductions to the locals
there is no horizon in the night sky
the sky simply draws near
lapping my feet then retreating
someone asks
where are you from?
illinois
did you buy that beer at home?
no, missouri
how much do you have?
about a case left
would you care to trade it for some acid?
a case of beer for a hit of acid?
no, a beer for a hit of acid
how much acid have you got?
about a twelve pack's worth
i was liking florida
he was liking st. louis beer
i took one before i put the rest away
it looked sloppy, no logo or line drawing
mismatched gold/green drops on standard art paper
wasn't too convinced it was real
it's good to gamble
once in a while
kicked in very clean

after a while i decided to take a walk
to leave my friend and linda alone
walking up and down the beach
more pleasant than i expected
i got hit with visuals very abruptly
the sea and sand were in a mute battle
readjusting attacks and counter attacks
seemed as if i'd watched it for ages
and it never changed
the sands never changed
the sea never changed
the sands of time shifted
and mingled
but very little changed
i dug for luminous light fish
that burrowed in the tide
but like unleashing
unyielding eons of captivity
and abuse
the sands lashed out
and rolled and rolled and rolled
till it hit that god damned horizon
and swallowed the ocean whole
which was unbeiveably cool
as a visual
but practically speaking
and i am ungodly practical
this was a problem
i was missing an ocean
that could theroetically and literally
drown me in excess
it was quiet
no tide splash
it wasn't there
but i did hear
the realistic 100 watt graphic equalizer
and it lead me to the oasis
of the sand brown 69 ponton coupe

she laughed her ass off
linda did
about the desert and the fish

and my joyous return
and as they cuddled in the back seat
i snuggled the hood heat of the lemans
as the cop drove by
i waved
to show i was awake
patially lucid
and just watching the stars
i tend to refer to these times
as my extreme southern georgia experience

Nat Z. Punx

And I Imagine-

what it will be like
it won't be like now
it wont be like then
it will be a break
a chasm
it will have finality
if i am first
i will be sad
if i am last
it will re-enforce
either way
it will be an end
as far as i can see
hopefully
i dream that
i can't see it all
i'm praying for some compromise
of the gods and odds
she is precious
and unbelievably entertaining
as well as
inaccessable
i love her like no other
she will sit beside koo
as one of the beautiful
that destiny denied me

Nat Z. Punx

Another Hard Roll East

pain has been hitting heavy for two days
rude knife stabs
all light and life
twisted out of me
red caravan bobs out against me on 24 east
takes the challenge
squares off on time, space
and the blue baron
he doesn't have the van balanced
he had to let off the accelerator a second
pick a tact
then hit it hard again
to slip marginless
between the passed and the oncoming
guess it wasn't my time yet
i was really looking forward to cheating this pain
the rest of the day didn't go much better

Nat Z. Punx

Answering Pearl

sweet baby janis
im doin just what you said to do
while they stare back bitter
did they look like that to you
like the boss said
wounded and not even dead
all those memories and mirages
slicin' up my head
i'm wonderin' if my raindrops
look like the ones that fell all around you
im counting my fingers honey
just like you said
just like sins
numb and maimed
each abandoned and unnamed
each one a reminder of struggles
with fate and false faith
all the love that went unclaimed
for so so long now
and you say you know just how i feel

Nat Z. Punx

Anyone Can Do This

you just hang yourself out in the air awhile
like some flystrip
catch whatever comes along
anyone can do this
just hang in your head awhile
like some litmus test of sanity
catch whatever comes along
anyone can do this
11,602 people can't be wrong

Nat Z. Punx

As Daytime Dwindles Into Dusk, The Anointed Muse Calls For More Wine

jesus christ people
how many time have you been told?
don't ever judge a poem
by it's title

hey, your shoe is untied
gotcha
what's that on your shirt?
gotcha agin

look a half dollar on the floor over there
i swear i didn't glue it there

shit i think that tube of epoxy just burst in my pocket

Nat Z. Punx

Ash Wendsday

he liked me
he was gonna show me how to catch a football
he was an expert
after all he had that vikings practice jersey
we threw the ball around a bit
i think i was getting the hang of it
his mom came out
said come in danny get ready
we have to go to church
he said i'm ready
she demanded he change his shirt
he said but why mom, it's holey
she beat the shit out of him

Nat Z. Punx

Blame It On The Arabs

summer vacation!
i witness a wisp
of the american dream
he flung his youngest over the balcony
of the 15th floor of the high rise hotel
then he flung his oldest over
as she entered the room
he jumped
her next husband
will never hear
her bitching
about his driving
disney thrives

is this really america?
land of the free
is this really america?
home of the brave

all the ghosts have brain damage
and the prophets
are at the track
im stretched out in the back
of a '62 cadillac
me casa es su coacha

Nat Z. Punx

Bust Gone Bust

look out of my service bay
see shiny black shoes
hear hushed official tones
with the service writer
who is an ex M.P.
two bit power junkie
anglin' in on the hot action

got that weird feeling
shittrain on the horizon
while the wannabe sucks ass so hard
my longish hair is pulled towards them
soon i discover i am not
a person of interest
as they pull in the late model mustang
with texas plates

shop keeps filling up
with more and more agents of the road
one with a cute t shirt
'my job is to protect you ass
not kiss it'
then comes the dog
i keep getting flashes over the dog
german shepard
don't have to stretch much
to see that parallel
the dog hits on nothing

the highway jackboots start focusing on the tank
they want it dropped
one says to a tech
he said it was repaired two weeks ago
these wrench nicks in the metal should have rusted by now
not bad logic for a midwestern shitkicker
but a hell of an assinine statement
to someone from the southwest
i lose interest and return to my duties
while the whole store gawks at the scene

i glance at the perp
clean cut kid
seemingly unaffected
patiently waiting while his car is dismantled
more and more law appears
the staff abuzz in excitement
i needle a coworker
wanna lay money on it?
i'll take either side
even money
c'mon chickenshit
he declines
and salesman butts in
takes five that they will find
something
he shakes my greasy hand
then he says well
i got inside info
how wise you are i smile
the kid is still in the squad
bored, daydreaming
that's my inside info
they open the tank
removed from the car
and find it full of
GASOLINE
the tech buttons up the stang
lowers it to the ground
the kid drives off
law dissipates to new nadirs
and the salesman pays off
i look forward to my free lunch
with a new understanding of nazi germany in 1937

most people don't like to move laterally
most people dont have a chance to climb
most people will enjoy witnessing the fall
of a nameless stranger
those are people that should pay
today the fee was \$5

they were going to have a good story to tell

how they were instrumental in the thwarting
of some heinous crime
instead they will ignore the fact
that they quite uninnocent bystanders
in the wholesale destruction of the principles
of the government they so proudly call free

that texas boy
must have been being raised in that climate
disinterested and bored
he could take the heat

if i had a choice
if i was in a perilous situation
i would pick that kid as a partner
feel safer with my life in his hands
that the whole lot of jackoffs that rolled him

Nat Z. Punx

Cold Rain In May

there are times when things get so muddled
you cant make anything of it
nothing
something is over
i can't place it
it left today
nothing will be the same
i can't place it
you can't leave a mark here
or anywhere
plug your child beating drunken bigoted ass in the ground
as we go away
poorer
at one time that which was so common
now becomes rarer or extinct
like the ability to stand on your beliefs
no matter what the climate
to strive the best you can
to be yourself
unbowed and naked
pearl harbor is beautiful
someday belsen will be a subdivision
or a shopping mall
the best we can do it leave marks on each other
scars and lines of direction
which are as permanent
as sandcastles and stars

Nat Z. Punx

Construction Plans Should Always Take Into Account Security Breaches

we would walk casually
across the golf course
just enjoying a stroll
through the autumn night
across and into
the culvert
eyes level with the street
spy the cylindrical prize
on it's grail like perch

wait undetected

until the maverick would pass
if the trunk was open
we would cross the road

hustle up to the temp dock

roll a blue tank unsecured
silently
grab an end
then shuffle to the road

the maverick would roll around again
and stop
trunk would fly open
run and stuff it
into the car
backseat dives
then off into the night

1000 psi of laughing gas
medical quality
baloons anyone?

for about 15 years after that
i felt the world was wide open

that i lived in the wild west
for a time
i almost did

Nat Z. Punx

Cruel To Be Kind

when radio became widespread
and a popular song would come along
sometimes instead of blatantly copying the style
they would blatantly copy the song
but in the form of an answer
to the previous song
when i was a thirteen
a new wave album came out
pure pop for now people
a intentionally cheesy LP
but like all insipid music
has a way of getting under your skin
it's as simple as mmmmbop
it was a correctly titled album
nick lowe
singing cruel to be kind
the sweet little heartbreaker
he crooned about
then proceeded to shoot his dog
write a song about it
sell more records
and go on to become
one of my longest crushes
and i wonder why i have love trouble...

Nat Z. Punx

Cub Foods

ghetto sprites crowd around my car
and mock my squeaky brakes
i'm outta grass
and i'm off to the store for wine
red headed asians mop my mock marble floors
the wheels of justice grind slowly
turn the immigrant into grist
bad enough that
woody sang of the good and ugly
and that
dylan made me worship false idols
but buk
the motherfucker is manure to my fatted soul
i drink to you charlie
to your misunderstood
no good underwood
your horses and whores
your bunkhouses and bmw's
the putrified genius
of going crazy
instead of accepting the lie

Nat Z. Punx

Dead Head Poem

the angels play their games
it's a beggar's life
never believe that
or a rich man's
if you can recall
and yet still live
there's the hook
recall yet live
that's the freakiest thing here
right here
this isn't going where i want
but it goes along anyway
or stops
stopping before it's finished
is quitting
going on after it's finished is simply boring
stroll away from this one
there is nothing to see here

Nat Z. Punx

Dilettante Dirtbag-

i'm a thief
but how can you find a more perfect diamond
'been leanin' toward the shadows all along'
townes
had earle chain him to a tree
to keep him from drinkin'
stevie said
i'd stand on bob dylan's coffee table in my cowboy boots
and tell the world
townes is the best songwriter ever
he would carry his guitar case
just to be in his presense
'it's a shame that it is a shame'
but it is a glorious feeling
to be a conduit
of angels and ghosts
in this world
everything has a price
and every one of us
can reap from his toll
the beauty of simplicity
timeless ageless
insane
the van gogh of folk singers
'but that ol' white freightliner
keeps stealin' away my mind'

Nat Z. Punx

Dizzy Poem

and i feel this yearning
and fear
fear of the yearning
yearning for the fear
all the painters
and visionaries
plugged up in morgateges
and jonesing
we all need shelter
although it's limited
becoming more and more
tooth and nail
dog eat dog
as we get baser
mine is to observe
and record
live it out
i will look
and type
and starve and yearn and fear

Nat Z. Punx

Does A Dreamer Shit In The Woods?

there was a bear
menacing some unseen people
in the woods
i walked into the scene
apologized
i'm sorry, this isn't mine-
i walked in on
someone else's dream

Nat Z. Punx

Dog Eat Dog

angus and bon really could do it
it's a lie
that's the truth
greek mythology
with a chuck berry beat
someone said music, for them
stopped somewhere in 1958
but the chords were timeless
the lines omnipotent
how come so many good artist die
from posioning themselves
with consumption

Nat Z. Punx

Don'T Mctell

i'm having a problem now
listening to blind willie mctell
i don't want it to end
don't want to hear it again
just don't want it to end
has me in a quiet lucid trance
they do indeed
strut their feathers well

Nat Z. Punx

Don'T Read Philoshitphy Drunk

this is my personally well established theory
too tired to think
too drunk to write
different cultures are only different
only have value
when rare
and difficult to obtain
there is too much ease in this world
cultures should share
not blend
in our assimilation
we will all become tan
and hide dirt well

Nat Z. Punx

Draft

tales of grape yule sissies
my mind is rusty and that's a shame
i don't remember it looking so bad
it ran when i parked it

(or was that me?)
i give pearl the push
but she just purrs unaffected

hard traveling road man for the lords of karma
and it all comes back now

Nat Z. Punx

Drunk, Up Too Late, And The Mice Are Pissing Me Off

these fuckers are my charges i swear
they look up at me like some kind of pet
and although i may almost have the agility
to catch one
my fear of the islamic mouse suicide brigade
deters me
now one has knocked over a knick knack
and i yell at him like he was a dog
i hope the city doesn't want these fuckers vaccinated

Nat Z. Punx

Early Spring - Voris And Glendale

in the liquid lighted darkness she cried
it isn't supposed to be this hard
as i hear soulful resignation
not the acusation card
and there is nothing i can do
except watch my fautless exit evaporate
take a deep breath hold back a sigh
and focus on the gates
and i dreamed i saw st augustine
sitting on the spring street hill
and i live on the ridge above
if i'd step down i think
i may find love
but i guess i never will
so im climbing glen oak bluffs
through the mud and railroad ties
and the best thing i think i can say
is we both escaped clean without lies
and im walking the bricktop alley
45 degrees in inclination and in the air
i'm thinkin' of james and stephie
and how life sometimes ain't fair
and in this slight of hand world of trickery
there is one move i still can't snare
i still find it hard
to have a heart
and pretend that i don't care

Nat Z. Punx

Examining The Core

i kinda dig this global warming thing
today i rode an evo 883
sweet lil custom
all biz flat bars, forwards
i haven't been on two wheels in the street for over a year
it was beautiful
fit me like a glove
something came over me
i actually felt alive
but really i died
my alter ego
my true self
is who came alive
i wasn't me for a few minutes
it was beautiful
who was there?
someone i knew well
even admired on occasion
if i ever find the ghosts
that did this to me
they will get a stomping
that would make the angels proud

Nat Z. Punx

Ezra Pound Escapes Me

richard hell kicks my ass
and robert frost of all people
nailed me yesterday
i'm a convert
i read dorian gray at lunch
i was amused
charming lad
too bad he didn't push his luck
coulda been a great adventure
me? i got no luck to push
but i got virginia
sweet virgina
you ain't liberty, baby
but that's alright
and miss lucy
without love
you're born into this life paying
for somebody else's past
lucy sits in the living room
alone
caril ann peers through the window
and i'm down here with the pixles
quiet
until winamp kicks in
richard hell
blank generation

Nat Z. Punx

Following The Mann Act

know ye who enter that
this is the kingdom of kicks
wine - bikes
drugs & chicks
kansas city dave
the mann
let my eyes roll over
all that dirt and human slime
in sunburst airbrush sharpness
let my eyes roll over
all that badass stolen chrome
and tender flesh
let my eyes roll over
my own roads
my own insane monday night rides
since the day you told me
i never have let the bastards get me down

Nat Z. Punx

Frost

midwestern winter
comes creepin' in
it's insidious and subtle
like your next thoughtless sin
drink my coffee
wrap my hand 'round the cup
with my feeble arthritic grip
my mind begs me to struggle
while my spirit starts to slip
it's another half pass
turnin' over the sun
i'm praying that it's over
though it's not begun
it's another tip and turn
till it's comes around again
till i feel alive
and shed this creeping pain

Nat Z. Punx

Good God Y'All!

free james brown
free james brown
free james brown from this mortal coil
put him in papa's brand new body bag
let his greased soles
slide past the gates
while st peter does the splits
cover his back with wing slitted capes of royal purple
this is a man's world
that you leave today
into the kingdom
or oblivion
please hug otis for me
sing with him
let your cold sweat mingle
and dropp down on my parched soul
say it loud
say it now
i'm dead and i'm proud
the hardest working spirit
in soul business

Nat Z. Punx

Hankie Yankee

sitting on my island of pounded sand
i see something bobbing towards shore
message in a bottle
cheap wine flask
perhaps someone is seeking me out
maybe another castaway
i uncork the bottle
and pull out the paper
it is from Buk
maybe some great insight
a gem for the downtrodden
nope just one of his silly assed cartoons
my bottle's empty tonight chuck
though you would recognize me as a friend
streamlined conciousness
i am the magic rat
since the day i was born
in new orleans
i think you would remember me
i was the one
with the scruffy fur
and the spark in his eye

Nat Z. Punx

Harry & Bella-Fonte

i'm in this bar
think it's haunted
anyway
watching this slick band
basically e-street type
every one a master
this dreadlock kid in a white suit
up jamming like hendrix
then laying down motown chords
so sweet the southern comfort seemed bitter
bomber jacketed sax player
blowing like the master of the universe
had his watchful eye on the violet notes
when this couple walks in
they distract me
harry belefonte &
dianna ross '64
only clean and pretty
i get the feeling that
they fell out of Jet magazine 1974
not so much their style
as their demenor
as they walk in
come on the dance floor
prepschool stride slides up
and the guitar player
he's seen her at the door too
the whole room is eyein' them
and their impressive presence
as i think they are going to break out and dance
harry leads her up the stage steps
and she floats up to guitar boy
just as she's about to whisper a request
she starts belting out this honey
i finally saw
someone
steal the show

harry come up to the table

and he's smiling
and talking
im throwin the praise on heavy
it's no act
impromptu
she comes in and takes over
wherever she goes
and it goes on for hours

southern angel guides me across the square
past the cathedral
down lovecraft streets
no angles right
muddled perspectives
garish washed out facades
cars stacked freewheelin' style
the angel smiling on me
when i come to this refugee
in a fautige jacket
standing in the entrance
of some boarded up theater
blowing foghorn into the darkness
why dont you go up the block i ask
dropp your hat on the curb
make a little dough
they don't like my music up there
he says
besides, the ghosts are better here
no feeling like the kindest ghosts
smiling on you
in the gritty hot night

the best never drown or blow away
i plan to visit atlanis next

Nat Z. Punx

Harvey's Junkyard 1971

i wanted that stylized jetbird
chrome bent wingtipped rocket-hawk
nine years before
i was sent-enced here
it was the hot one
ten years before that
there was another hot one
and it mushroomed
in our economy
our dreams
fears

real
imagined
unimaginable

sent us moving
always moving

burning choking
screaming
locusts

god was above
devil in the cold east

it changed nearly as fast as the fashion
the shell shaped sweep of the speedo
ancient divining device
987 bow ties
tickle under my five year old fingers
i think the ghosts found me amusing then

Nat Z. Punx

Holiday Inn Twilight

i'm looking out the window
from the sky of some unknown hotel
looking down on a city unnamed
though i feel i know it well

when a feeling sweeps across me
leaves me silent in it's wake
trailing waves of evidence
saying this is all a mistake

so many years in passing
now this thought blows through my mind
i still don't know who or why or what
or when or how to find

Nat Z. Punx

How Dark Does It Have To Get

before you realize
it's always been like this
you are on your own wavelength
you buzz and vibrate
like no other
hum thru this plan/plane/plain
and sing motherfucker sing

Nat Z. Punx

I Have Lust-

i have lust-

in the mad bowl of la brea
gases push through
tar, smog and human slime
from the lips of some lushy one
and i sit here
wondering
what she tastes like

Nat Z. Punx

I Often Feel Inferior To Artists When I Find Beauty In Mass Produced Goods

some of them are so fine
i stare in awe
some are speaking of automobiles
in new terms
our deliberately ignorant greed hauled us into
now out of
another golden age of personal transportation
they were throwing this phrase or word around
organic
not green earth friendly
not enviromentally correct
organic
it was in reference to feel
some things feel alive
this sportster i'm staring at
looks more like one of god's creations
than all of the neat acres of corn and bean
it's going now
it's futile to chase after
save your breath
try to remember

Nat Z. Punx

I Sit Here

sometimes i sit here
and
i think i'll find an answer
many times i sit here
knowing i'm running from one
most times i sit here
not sure of what i'm doing
everytime i sit here
i get older

what is that look for?
it's happening to you too
look away before it's too late
i'm finished thinking about this
have you started?

have a nice day
watching the odds shrink

Nat Z. Punx

In Response To A Production Manager's Defense Of A Utility Company

there are certain bastards in this world
certain unmistakable bastards
sly shifty slime
true horatio algaes
the scum relentlessly rising
cunning and bloodless
intellegent brainless cretins
craving jurisdiction over the souls of the breathing
tiny tyrants
bringing shame to power and influence
as sure as they have brought evil to riches
since the beginning of recorded history
controlling little men
bulliers of paperboys
extortionists of janitors
kings of the dog catchers
who as children would thoughtfully
and with malice
go out of their way
to squash bugs
just for the joy of hearing them crunch
which would be benign enough
until their footprint
and scope inevitably
becomes larger
and at the same time
more focused
the balance needs these people
as sure as we need mother teresas
einstiens
and van goshs
thankfully most are blessed
with a disdain for progeny
and shriveled little raisins
where the gods have given the rest of us balls

Introduction Of Koo

koo

nympholectual from the west

snide of town

her mother works as a blood sucker

and her father looks like marlon brando

she speaks moon unit

and her brother is a teenage senator

in school

he gets beat up by the jocks

and they kick his briefcase around

in the senate

he gets beat up by the jocks

and they kick his briefcase around

this pisses off koo greatly

she sets herself

against the world

with her angst and her ass

Nat Z. Punx

Introduction Of Rat

rat slave to the twang
who's father was lynched
for freeing their niggers
the moto space trace
on his vapid face
where he's at go figure
his brain's been cinched
in a blue '66 mustang

rat from the 'tract homes
overlooking the wide open

interstate's 'scape
rat from the old 'burbs
generations of roots

steeped in poison-tion
on ain't it grand avenue
it fits so it's his shoe
no reason to misconstrue
and there is no

trans-am-ition
to hop these broken glass

curbs
over and over overlooking

the apron of escape
sprung from ancient

abstract tomes

rat from the factory's

grind
where his mind was resigned
to find his kind
a bind

blind
on the vine
of jackpot sublime
save it for another time
rat holes up the garbage

find
in his hollow mind

rat tales
impale
on the sail of wail
so frail
that the scale
would pale
a funeral veil

rat breeding in the

auqueducts
reading tom wolfe psalms
in neon green yard high font
drinking in the moss
southern comfort and cool breeze

rat
walk on part in your two act play
no lines
walks on stops
and observes
all his history is to be implied
and easily seen

Nat Z. Punx

Introduction Of Rat To Koo

rat meets koo
on a autumn friday night
in a hot car
through roland
roland swiped the car
burning to present the deed to koo
koo isn't unimpressed
but her eyes are filled with rat's odd existance
he wants to make time on her pony faced friend
who is 15 and already dates a convict named charlie
roland wants to be a lawyer
he talks bill murray gonzo
and waxes all poetic like
on anarchy, uncivil obedience and of course under age car theft
secretly he just wants to get arrested
so he can study the system from the inside
koo just wants out
into the world
she discovers her way
in a parking lot on the west side

Nat Z. Punx

It's Good To Sleep Till 10am

so is it wrong
to be content
just to be awake
fresh from a dream
of another time
no other can experience
im tired of being the voice
tired of pointing out what's wrong
or right
in my eyes only
my eyes
my 'i's
i hate that
i think this could be better
i think you need to change
and the feels
i feel that isn't moral
i feel you aren't serious
too much time spent
being the visual sponge
too much time playing by rules
that are nothing but a farce and facade
to most anyone else
you don't matter
any more than me
but what is the equality
of uselessness
this is just some collide-o-scope
chips of experience
filter through the lens
of your well learned prejudices
a short time ago
or now
you could do damage to your standing
by mumbling a slur such as slope
nigger wetback
which truly only describes decent
it's up to the listener to discern
what is meant

through his lens of prejudice
but truly only denotes
physical descent
today
you can be a hero
by pointing at the stinking robe
screaming terrorist
which denotes much more
than physical descent
it describes ideas and ideals
the last thing to be chained
in any group of people
is the mind
the idea
they are knocking at the door
they don't sound too patient
or friendly
to protect and serve
spy, break laws of morality
ruin our sense of autonomy
that was preached so vehemently
for twelve years or more
at taxpayers expense
change it all with the statement
that's pre 9-11 thinking
is it wrong to be happy
it isn't falling apart
as fast as it could
try to remember all the freedom
you had as a child
a young adult
before the beginning of the end
it's taken over two damned decades
to get this bad
we've chased the carrot of plenty
now it's time for the whip
it will be bitter entertainment
to see the shallows
screaming
the humour will not last long
i will take what i can get
squirrel it away

for quiet stories
around the campfire
seeing the sparks fly
into the apocalyptic sky

Nat Z. Punx

Judas Priest

i was listening
to this man

on the radio
said that

in some of the hertic scripture
judas was the hero

jesus needed and asked
judas to deny him

from this mortal coil
too confusing

makes me happy god made me agnostic

Nat Z. Punx

Last One On Friday Night

i never had a family
people put me here
as i did others
i still say
i never had a family
times i get irritated
that people assume i am different
because i choose to be
well, i guess i do
i have the choice
to be a blithering self concious idiot
or different
wouldn't you too
choose the freak?

Nat Z. Punx

Lead Head

wonder bread
uncle fred
mertz and skirts
jesus said

telephone
not alone
close to home
right to the bone

flights of sin
reeling in
nighttime's spin
morning 'gain
brilliant din

chimblus stoned
instincts honed
cranium coned
destiny's sown

crack a toe
smack a hoe
beat a fag
with sourdough

ever feel like you are channel surfing in your brain
and there is nothing worth watching?

Nat Z. Punx

Lincoln Algebra

not many people know my web sites
some know some of them
a few know alot of them
but only i know all of them
if only i could remember that password

Nat Z. Punx

Lovely Lucinda

syrupy twang
raspy ring
in your wrong road weary voice
pouring your heart over
drunks and convicts
junkies and losers
southern belle
straight out of hell
baby you may never get right with god
but you are an angel in my eyes

Nat Z. Punx

Many Good Books Were Written In Prison

and i still don't get it
who are these?
these surplus intellectuals?
these who talked
and had enough to say
and the sense to know better
to shut up?
but didn't

like some bootleg low level outlaw
waiting for my showdown
sherriff always riding the ridge
50/50 mix
bob marley and steve earle
.003 merle haggard
.001 gram parsons
the hillbilly made it home
while the cold rain make the earth puke up diamonds
my fortune lies in some arkansas mud
like it syas in the bible
return to dust
can you apply to the FTRA

Nat Z. Punx

Misplaced Roller

there were so many things
that i have forgotten
my love and her beauty
flooded out everything
that made her
what she is today
i forgot she was witty
and sincere
i forgot she was smart
as well as intellegent
forgot about her morals
and her forgivness
forgot about her heart
and her ghost angel soul
i only knew i loved her
there was never any doubt

Nat Z. Punx

Mork The Dork

screw top again tonight
i'm building a tolerance
that isn't reflected in my typing
a famous comedian
is being treated
because he found himself drinking again
found himself
i had a chance encounter with myself
and found myself drinking again
like his sobriety
is some boon to mankind
so here's to you robin
you made me laugh for damn near 30 years
i could never come up with a non sequitur
that would do you justice

what's he building in there?
i'll tell you one thing
he's not building a playhouse for the children

Nat Z. Punx

Mr. Coffee

the ghost of cassidy
reincarnated in a lebanese steamfitter
running down steel tracks
brushing his teeth
while juggling sledgehammers
starmapper, sailor of shallow streams
fighting windmills
crashing hatetanks againsts god's trees
apostolic nightmares
draining the blood of tinny 12 oz. soldiers
lusting for only truth
never seen the inside of a drugstore
rubaiyat of the western plains
build your tent from trees
travel the barren wastelands of soybeans
riding appaloosa camels
into the valleys of the floodlands

Nat Z. Punx

My First Ton

it was early november
my father had a touring motorcycle
and i had just turned sixteen
we were never exactly close
but he would often try
to no avail
i was just wired differently
or so it appeared
and never exactly family oriented
when offered a morning ride
on a brisk autumn saturday
to visit his sister in law
i wasn't completely entralled
but for some reason or another
i decided to go without much persuasion
it was a nice uneventful
twenty minute controlled ride
not as cold as expected
behind the vetter fairing
white bell star helmeted
a cruise through teenage geekdom
maturely trying to hold down
the god i hope no one sees me thoughts
enjoying it much more than i had anticipated
when we arrived, my aunt offered us breakfast
and small talk
there was a reason we were there
that i was never made aware of
my cousin, somewhere ten years my senior
was hung over and slouched in the living room recliner
he was not something an uncle would be exceptionally proud of
he was not someone i was encouraged to emulate or look up to
or even interact with much
there was a reason we were there
that i was never made aware of
my cousin was a factory rat
who spent his money on booze and fast cars
never saving enough for a home of his own or even an apartment
instead dropping it in hick bars and country white trash trailer park girls

and fast cars
we really had nothing in common
besides fast cars
i don't think he ever did the work himself
but his cars were always modified
slick in a backwoods moonshiner way
and he had good taste in the fastest of american offerings
this year it was the pontiac twin turbo T/A
it actually wasn't too hard for me to take my fathers guidance
about making him some kind of teenage rebel icon
i was surprised when he asked me to go for a ride in his new car
i was surprised more that my father has no qualms about it

Nat Z. Punx

My Roadmap For Fulfillment

if i keep going like this
i will never get anywhere in this world
but by the time i die
i will be halfway to everywhere

Nat Z. Punx

Nellie Has A Pretty Dress, But Virginia Has Class

people still come over
sometimes
not too often
but they will see nellie
then ooh and ahh over
the most common things
they never mention
or perceive
her stretch
but they all love her paint
skulls layered
in red and black
it's hard to explain the design
very cool paint
skulls
non riders always like the skulls
they equate bikes
with some hokey death wish
they mean something on nellie
like her new bones
or screws in the leg
of her rider
those two
have caught a glimpse
then if they see virginia
they ask what kind is it?
'the same'
what year is it?
'a year older'
is it smaller?
'just set up different,
it's the same bike'
they always look puzzled
almost always
nellie has apehangers
long uprising bars
and lots of chrome
big rounded art deco tanks
lots of flash

virginia looks like.
something much different
very little chrome
smaller tanks
same style
smaller suspension
flat stubby bars
utilitarian
no frills
they usually tell me mine is cool too
but they really like the red one
now it is 2 am
and im tired of thinking
about bikes
people's weakness
for the flash
blinds you almost every time
she will be like virginia
quiet
subversive underground smile
far from drawing a crowd
beautiful
and beautifully hidden
from all eyes
save mine

Nat Z. Punx

Not Every Day Is Fit For Terse

some days you have to expand
explain
in detail
your position
today isn't one of those days
it's
the other kind

where there isn't a thought

in your head
in your heart

could it be peace

more likely
the vacuum pocket
aside a diesel rig
hugging close to the rocketing
bouncing
passage of time

either way it's quiet
and windless

you can hear the brake connections
and safety chains sing
like thin delicate windchimes
hear the whipsong
a few feet away
outside of the pocket

but here it is quiet
windless
fleeting
unnatural
peaceful

Not So Sweet Georgia Brown

my grass is brow
the feds are in town
walkin around
with dr suess frown
giant ass clown
who's going to drown
on all of the liquor
that's making me sicker
i don't have a care
not even a flicker
it's new years eve
no one tugging my sleeve
i have a reprieve
from my heart
that does grieve
now i should leave
because i must heave

Nat Z. Punx

'Nother Aborted Snippet

he said i'm in trouble bad
utah's lookin' good
and you know how much
i hate cold

he kicked at the embers
and felt in his pockets for gold
thinkin' things never turn out
the way they should

he turned toward the beach
and stared at the levee
how it banked up the land
and accounted for property
then he spit in the wind
adjusted his eyes
to see properly

said i'll need a fine mount
good moon and clear sky
quick timing and a couple days lead
never taking in account
this could be his last try

Nat Z. Punx

Notion On Noah

last week the highs were in the sixties
this week lows in the sixties
i watch the sky tonight
but i won't learn the names of the stars
or their patterns
it will kill something
that i won't let die
i want the stars to remain what they really are
mystical
no need to name the stars
we have the sattelites
and GPS
i like storms alot though
i am a scientist of sorts
crude barbaric uneducated
but i like to observe
and make predictions
second to second
minute to minute
and see what happens
will that front stall east or west of the city
how much time will pass between the smell of rain
and the rain
this one was mutant though
not violent
but powerful just the same
biggest lightning i've seen in my life
not in sky filling spiderwebs
but thick solid light beams
long duration discharges
ripping the darkness
then would bounce back and forth
between the clouds
like a pitcher
warming up his next throw
it came in from the north
in sort of an L shape
the west side
would come out

race ahead, stall
then fill back in east
thick blue-chrome arcs
i thought the substation was hit twice
i only live a block from it
ive seen it go before
this was big lightning
the flashes were that bright
the rain was hard middle weight pelts
not big lazy thoppers
or tinny hail-sleet
mean hard bullets from the sky
somewhere i read that
we have had the most idealic weather in the planet's history
for the last seventy years
i know we didnt save for a rainy day
and i know it's not your problem or mine
myself
i think it will be a beautiful show
with horrific consequenses
i think if noah were alive today
he'd chain himself to the shrine of the martyr
and sing i wish it would rain

Nat Z. Punx

Ode To Ethyl Vermin

willingness to do this takes a more than a bit of hubris
like my crazy visions
deserve your attention
you probably think you are wasting enough time
on your own

then i consider
maybe rubbernecking my train wreck
might give someone a bit of reprieve
from their own groundless worries

i'm hearing how the earth is heating up
because of our fuel habits
the world is getting hotter and hotter
while we keep using more and more
until we run out completely
problem solved

she will always have her balance
we are here by her grace
we barely pock her complexion
we are the delectate ones
not her
we wil solve this discomfort
against our frailness
and hunger
most likely it will be uglier
more destructive
than it is now
we will hail it as progress
while she spins
unnoticing

Nat Z. Punx

Oxygen Sensors And Balanced Feeling Of Worth

I am, for all casual observations, a good person
you are a loathesome wretched waste of time
i am, mostly generous and kindhearted
you are sin personified, and poorly at that

see here's the problem
that doesn't work
the negative is always stronger
you can't think normal sane rational
good thoughts about yourself
when you are battling depression
i've tried it for years
the negative is always stronger
so the remedy would seem to be
increase the intensity of the positive statements

dumb assed fumbling dopefeind
I AM GOD'S FINEST CREATION
miserable self absorbed cretin
I AM THE MASTER OF DESTINY

this isn't much better
soon there would be followers
and of course all the tax exemption papers
or if not all went bad
could be that entertaining homeless guy
that every one has water cooler chatter about

so my idea is to mimic an oxygen sensor
it finds it's balance in extremes
no perfection
only RICH and LEAN
it relays these signals
to the 'brain'
which makes corrections
in fuel delivery
until it has reached an average
or would that be mean?

now all i have to do
is cycle at 120ps
think anyone would notice?
maybe only under florescent?

Nat Z. Punx

Penance For The Sins Of Engagement

i know my walls
and i find them comfortable
most of the time
the angels stillness
quiet as snowfall
denying me their sparks
none of this is easy
for any of us
if you think you can detach
you will find yourself the fool
i don't adapt to change well
as everything rolls on endlessly
i want to live in the static monument
any one moment
i would prefer the bridge
between verses of blind willie
airplane wisdom speaks now
i'm not buying any tickets
and have no desire for a ride
the only stable things are fossils
life replaced with minerals
im not cursing but pleading
how can they fault me
they know my weakness
the ice break snaps my brittle core
my angels become demons
only when they leave me in this exile

Nat Z. Punx

Polish Your Turds To Shining Stones

i knew i'd sink to scat one day
it's been a fear from the first
but mostly
it's what i see on here
with the exception of the park avenue poets
with the
the rest of us?
we are buffin' floaters
sunshine pumpers
taking the dung life hands us
and making it shine

Nat Z. Punx

Politics, The Art Of Controlling Your Enviroment

i'm armed only with
safety scissors, construction paper, and those fat crayons
not much in battle armorments
beats jousting windmills i guess
not as effective, i'm sure
the knives have me in irritable spirits
though they have been absent most of the day
threatening little bastards
always in the shadows
i fear the grape
as i watch it sweat off it's coolness
i take a sip and wait for the pain
it isn't coming so i'm calling that a green light
two scores
and the plastics still maintain
one good friend, one true love and a quick easy death
i wonder if i'm just going to be cheated out of
or can i order a substitution

Nat Z. Punx

Prayer To The Powergods

spring is in the air
and somewhere
there is a union electrician
he's got my number
i'm on his list
soon he will pick me
unless some greater force
some higher power
deters him
maybe a unquenchable thirst for liquor
it won't be long
he will pull the plug
and i will be in darkness
truly powerless
i am a slave to the electron
free floating subatomic particle
benny, you were a cocksucker
go fly a kite

Nat Z. Punx

Prolific Slacker

i'm sitting down
prepping for the night here
have three pass through me before i even open up the page
they are far gone now
i used to sweat that alot
i found it's like an exit on the turnpike
you might get back there
but it will be by a different route
different experience
now i just change destinations
it doesn't really matter anyway
i'm in search of the american dream
and it is anywhere
the unicorns thrive

Nat Z. Punx

Rebellion Of Truth

it isn't this way for everyone
but for some
truth has taken quite a beating
the pendulum swings
as it does
or does it?
it doesn't matter
if the tail wags the dog
when movement
is all that matters

Nat Z. Punx

Remember When I'D Get Around To That Later?

what i loved most about it
is most likely what i'm avoiding now
now...
such a delicious nowness it had
two twists of the throttle and two kicks
all those minor transient worries
were drown out and blown away
like cinders in the gutters
in the gargling of anti-reversionary hell hounds
piping through chrome trumpets
burning ancient flesh of monsters
who ruled the world
in far off times where the landscape was hardly recognizable
where it was a moment to moment existence
burning their flesh brought their souls into the present
you could smell their condition in the air
eat or be eaten
it all came down to now
that's where it lives
that's where it's at
now
here
now
and it was easy
and satisfying
and beautiful
and i knew it was fleeting
i could see it in the night
with it's liquid textures
and slippery hours of joy
so i drank it
and drank it
and pissed it out
and drank more
and more
unabashedly insatiable
the was no way of saving it for later
for it was now
there would be plenty of time to miss the water

this i was sure of somehow
and i was right
but it was now, and the buckets were full
and i was full
full of life and action
and i would say promise
but promise is tomorrow
and it was all now
and you best not avoid it
avoidance was instant death
drift off and you'd be wearing a black vinyl jumpsuit
without sleeves or pantlegs or collar
and a big long zipper
to keep your contents contained
and we care not
for it was now

things like an instant now
are hard to replace
difficult to find suitable substitute
some people spend their lives
trying to recreate them
then
now
wasting away
wasting time and effort
people work and wait and dream
for new nows
wanting lateres
now
or at least soon
wasting away
wasting time and effort
and the most valueable
now

Nat Z. Punx

Riff On Bobby Dylan

im gonna riff on bobby dylan
im gonna twist up his refrain
im gonna riff on bobby dylan
im gonna twist up his refrain
i'm gonna take my feeble egg shell skull
and wrap it right around his brain

mamma prayed for adam
mamma prayed for able prayed for cain
mamma prayed for adam
prayed for able prayed for cain
mamma say a prayer for me
my soul is down on sinner's lane

i'm goin to the valley
got my coffee and my box
i'm goin to the valley
got my coffee and my box
go down to the river
have some silent mother nature talks

three dimensions got the best of me
im so confused i cannot see
three dimensions got the best of me
im so confused i cannot see
life is so much simpler
when you watch it on tv

i got to get to movin now
when it's our time we never know
i got to get to movin now
when it's our time we never know
be sure to rehearse religiously
life is a one night only show

Nat Z. Punx

Right After The L-Tryptophan Kicks In, But Before The Ativan Rush

and she's probably into damn near everything
me i can't say too much neither
i really can no longer relate
to anything
love, politics, payoff
even as sport
joyless to me
hell i have enough civil wars anyway
brewing in my head
600.000 million stoner cells wiped clean
taken out of commision
infrastructure shut down
the toll rising like the sun
as the ranks thin
with your odds
blood
and hope
when will the troops come home
when and where
will this senseless campaign
for sobriety stop
i'll tell you when
when i finish this bottle of corktop
now shaddap and drink

Nat Z. Punx

Roundtree And York

i don't want to be broken
there is a reason i feel this way
i wouldn't ever have \$8 dollar underwear
my underwear usually is 8 for a dollar
but you did sway me on the 400 count sheets
i usually don't shop at dillards either
don't have much of a chance
the closest one is about 500 miles away
some days a strange and distant life
is very comfortable

Nat Z. Punx

Sandy's

a young blonde
black blouse
checkered skirt running
long spinners
with a tray over her head
my earliest exposure to
a fast food icon
about four years old
at that time it always made
me think of the flintstones
i hear a truck
it's the powerman
wish me luck on the dark side
out...

Nat Z. Punx

Shadow Boxing

the war on drugs
the war for correctness
the war on terror
fought with the weapons of
drugs
terror
blatant inhumanity
it's a war alright
a war against freedom
fought from the inside
against itself
a cancer
that can only be cured
with civil action
while we still have the option
this country runs on business
we have no time for the considerations
of the individual
what are you going to do about it
myself
i am working on the morning after pill
for groutesque unwise congress
again cheers across the pond
for the workers
and cheers for tony
for whatever it's worth
it's the best thing you've done in a while
you have regained a shred of dignity

Nat Z. Punx

Sheepish Grin

let it be known
they are here tonight
the angels are flocking towards me
and i deny them
for the dollar
and force sleep
bahhhhhh baaabbbbaahhhh
low priced fleece for less

Nat Z. Punx

Short Note To A Stereo Thief

look, i found a new radio in an auction car
i was going to install it this afternoon
but instead i just threw it on the front seat
i would like to point out that i did recognize your skill
in removing the last one
you didn't even blow a fuse
very nice job
but being the reputation of those in your line of work
i think it was more luck than anything
so the radio will sit unattached
for two weeks
if it's still there
i will install it
and i hope
that we will have reached an understanding
about who should possess it

Nat Z. Punx

Shot Down

she did my spanish homework freshman year
in high school
so i didnt mind her sitting next to me
during my quiet time

sitting in the goldmine
and she says
it occurs to me that
maybe you aren't warming up to me
because i haven't been honest with you

i'm not warming up to you simply because
i'm not warming up to you

well maybe you sense something
suspicious

my you have a high opinion of yourself
thinking you have invented
a new form of deception
i am equally suspicious of everyone

the thing is
i can never possess a firearm

oh i see
you are a felon

no not a felon
it was part of the deal to keep me from being a felon
i shot at my ex old man

i was thinking
well damn, an ugly dull controlling
jealous troll
who may or may not
be sharpening her aim
and she's taken a shine to me

these situations gravitate towards me
like junk cars in the back yard

Nat Z. Punx

Sick Day

this is one of those ugly dead days
fevered pain and listless
dark and wet
the fear is coming over me
overwhelming
impending doom
with a case of lathargy
lost hours
lost lives
countless
without merit
or redemption
why do some seem more senselessly wasted
than others

Nat Z. Punx

Slidell Girl

jukebox lover
slidell girl
always got the twist
soul so soft, eyes so bright
impossible to resist
we met in a place and time
where neither did exist
checkpoint baby
walk down esplanade
it was us
if anyone ever had it made
almost impossible
to make the grade
back up that long hard delta climb

fifteen hours in a trashed out olds
hour and a half by plane
leavin my cares and failures
on the city of new orleans train
never been in a place more than once
been three times with you
and though i'd like to be there now
one more thing i can't do

i come from a whiskey town
where liquor fills the gutters
every time i think of Ponchatraine
i forget about the others
but you live in another dirty town
surely be the end of me
die drunk in the bars of bourbon street
or just lie in the gutter
here at home
lie here till i drown

Nat Z. Punx

Slip Of Faith

things get bad sometimes
things get confusing sometimes
so confusing
a person cannot tell
if they are moving
dead or alive
a soul static
staring at the
kaledescope of life
falling and crawling across it's eyes
a corpse flying down the interstate
in the back of a caddy hearse
gone begging for a chunk of land
soul slip to dock it's cargo
in the oceans of eternity

today my mind was so clouded
i thought of prayer
surrender
i called on st. ames
his wisdom
came through
thank you tommy

Nat Z. Punx

Slog

i haven't an idea what has happened
no good can come from any of this
we had a bottle of wine with dinner
she left another bottle behind
and i need a drink to kick the ghosts
not away
but awake
christ, i dont want her to think im some kind of lush
thoughts like that make you realize
it's a safe bet that you are in for the whole ride

kilobytes of voodoo couldn't save me now
a match burning in a hurricanne
beautifully useless in holding levees unbreached

i always thought some minor tremor
might shift me across this divide
then miss saint anna-ina-dress
dances the richter across my field of visionaries
and if i fall on the wagon
it will surely be the death of me

and why shouldn't it be
i've spent some ugly time here
unpleasantly entertaining
so why not a happy ending
who would deny me that

why not a little peace
why not some kindness
respect love nurturing

there will be the other too
it's inevitable
miscommunications
worn wills and overdue bills
flush taxes and broken lawn mowers

the serial of life, you are staring over a box

you are staring over a box of life cereal

it's sunday morning

her back is toward you

she has long dark hair and is standing in her underwear

you are young and she is full of blood

so when she asks you to wait so you can take her somewhere else you say yes

her hands reach around your neck and she snags you with a wet kiss square on the lips

you see stars and the lengthy forked tube of held sacred special occasions

and you cry at the deliciousness of raw sweet life

she gets out of the car

you shut the door for her and escort her

noticing her purse on the floor you go back and retrieve it

catching back up with her briskly, pinching her ass

cavalier as to whether anyone saw, you proceed

realizing you live in a three stall garage

you're extremely naive and you don't smoke cigarettes

you drive her home, wondering what it is you will talk about while laying in bed

beats the sunday morning you gave that troll a ride

you were hungry for ghosts and wet light

and the trail of the night was growing cold

you were drunk and she had no blood

so when she asks you to wait so you can take her somewhere else you say no

her fat stubby butcher's arm snags you with a right hook square in the face

you see stars and the length of fork tube held sacred for such special occasions

and you laugh at the deliciousness of raw bitter life

she gets halfway out of the car

you shut the door for her with the accelerator

noticing her purse on the floor you bootleg at the next intersection

pulling back past her briskly tossing it towards the sewer

cavalier as to whether you made your goal, you proceed

realizing you are in a heavily patrolled high crime district

extremely drunk and out of cigarettes

you decide to head home wondering what is on the history channel

the thing about the lost highway is

although the exits are far and few

there is an abundance of entrance ramps

if i ever want to come back

i'm sure i'll find my way

i swing my glide into the arc
not nearly as cleanly as a stock machine
just enough loss of control and correction
to give the tack some class
best thing about this exit besides the fact i've found it is that
it takes me right home

Nat Z. Punx

Snip # What Is It Now? ?

write when you get work
work when you get right
dualities seem to haunt me
like equestrian pulls
black and white
leading me into the dangers of gray

Nat Z. Punx

Snip #4?

like a corvette beached against granite shores
banging hard against jagged rocks
not caring about damaging this hulking hull
but grieving the minutes trapped
terra gripped
demanding, with it's beckon to stay grounded
while the sea's horizon taunts
with the treasures of the unknown

Nat Z. Punx

Sometimes You Feel Like A Nut

sometimes
it feels like
a ghost walk
through the desert
just senseless endless
searching
scanning barrens
distorting heat waves
only for the mirage
when you see it
it's everything
you know it's not real
but it is the reality
that draws you
valley of violets
ponds of lillies
you jump
as it shatters
you grab fragments
you clutch
and tear
to share the beauty
of the illusion
then you stand
spit the sand
out of your mouth
and scan

Nat Z. Punx

Sounds Nice To Me

manchurian can o' dates eating
elephant ears at the east indian fair
lovestruck in laos, in need of a bed with
inclinations of indonesia
succinctly sumbitting to
sacreligious spectors with
acoustic electricty
catching charged capacitors
open all night
understandably confusing
reckless abandon while
teetering the ghost of
nephrodite
eveningly spaced rows
yearning the dawn
greeting destiny warmly
revelations in the twilight
everything
everything
nothingness dissipating like dew

Nat Z. Punx

Steppenwolf Revisited (With A Little Help From Jimmy)

she said one time
he said i always changed horses midstream
funny how my line would be
like a corkscrew to the heart
well you are a big girl now
and she's your lover now
i'm a thinkin' and
a wanderin' and
a walkin' down the road
nothing is too good for you
goodbye

Nat Z. Punx

Steve Earle's Revolution Starts Now Groove

i was gonna write a song
but the notions were gone
so i thought i'd nick a line
but every word seemed wrong
then i thought i'd take a walk
it was so so warm
as i stepped outside
hit the emotional storm
so i thought i'd find corner
where i could safely hide
when she told me it's my heart
but like the rest of them she lied
well i thought about some wine
maybe take a little tip
it was a cork top bottle
and i just couldn't commit
so i thought i'd write a novel
the amereican dream
the stories were all taken
nothin's easy as it seems
so i thought i'd admire virginia
then i saw her every flaw
she said kid it just ain't in ya
soul mirror that i saw
so i thought i'd ring a freind
get used to this new phone
then it stopped me like a wall
every one of us alone
so i'd thought i 'd fire some green
maybe take a little puff
if i had a mega-farm
still wouldn't be enough
to wash away the sorrow
or for foggin up the pain
if i could do it over
be exactly the same
i could go on forever
but you wouldn't follow through
if i lived your every moment

i could tell you what to do
no way to understand
all the things been done to you
yeah and you are just the same
don't know nothin bout me
just a number and a name
and a mystery

Nat Z. Punx

Steven Avery

steven avery had a junkyard dog
claimed he was an innocent man
his family ran a breaker's yard
they were the county's outcast clan

one night a young woman was raped
was gonna die but she ran
got down to the county hall
the deputy said
we know that man

she picked him out of a line up
with 4 men that didn't look like him
so the prosecutor began to construct his case
while steven's young family life
crumbled into waste

a city officer calls the victim
we know of a rapist
right here in town
we think the county's got the wrong man
please help us grab him
a'for another one goes down

the county said
it's just politics
they really want the bust
they will only confuse you
it's in us that you should trust

so steven he's convicted
while the city's plea went unheaded
he set off for the pen
shadow of a doubt was all he needed
and the city rapist
he hit again and again

he did damn near 20 years
before the dna

little bands of gel
made steven a free man
released him from endless hell

the demon was a local man
just like the city said
while grief guilt
and remorse
filled the poor victim's head

she met him at the jailhouse
offered up her heart
steven said that's ok
i want to focus on my new start

not long after that
the law went looking for a woman
in fact just she's a kid
they found her burnt and hacked up
in a trash barrel bin
thirty feet from the residence
that steven avery lived in

Nat Z. Punx

Stinky

the day that i'm all alone
down to brass and bone
when my fleeting spirit
has found the sky
carry with you this tome
i've lived this life hard
and taken it to heart
and i ain't found much wisdom
so let me share this
before we part
take your journey lightly
dont carry more than you need
fill your life with love
till there's no room left for greed

Nat Z. Punx

Student Of Hell

humanity's social classrooms
on the job training
grooming the best of scum
uncommonly common
the key to success
in this society
is to be just slimy enough
for your superiors to trust
and your peers to fear

Nat Z. Punx

Stumbling Movements Against The Echos Of Bartleby

the screen is being removed
there isn't much left now
much was not needed
much was offered
all was offered
except stillness
soon to the tombs
preferring not the grubman
wall street functions no more
industrious copycatting
until realizing
words are nailed to electron parchment
sent to ghosts rotting in soul worn walking crypts
cremated by the mailman
with the fuel of dead letters
cheap wine and delightful disgust
ashes to ashes
dust to dust
the fire burns out
love for real
as the furnace turns to rust
to be young and kneel
with fraternal texas four barrels
fading away like your last pair of honest 'frisco riveted pantaloons

Nat Z. Punx

Suddenly The Future Looks Bright

who gives a damn that we won't have flying cars
in 2030
we will have fuckable robots
i'll be 66
in the 60's it was plastics
i think today
it's fuckable robots

Nat Z. Punx

Surfin' Safari

now when i feel the tide rise
i stay low
no more cresting
dancing crashing
dizzying crushing highs
you lose
the elevator feeling
you gain
another perspective
under the umbrella
water suspended above
that surrounding
towering gaining
mounting force
and you
tucked low in the curl
staying just ahead enough
to ride out
another day

Nat Z. Punx

Take Them When They Come

lost a good line
but follows anyway
so i know i live in a midwestern south central LA
but sometimes
the suburbs pull back and regroup
it is quiet tonight
so i know if i let my guard down
i could get robbed
at least
but i walk across a deserted street
up the block for smokes
enjoying scenery
that is priced less
and this army retiree cum prison guard
is pulling into his drive
he is signaling
i stop sharply
he pulls in
i proceed
defined precise moments
just like feeding the vending machine
25cents a smoke
fire one up on the way home
and lay down in a foggy pool of reds
bottled and boxed
damn
today i can mark a good one down

Nat Z. Punx

The 151st Poem

makes me think of richard pryor
and the flaming peruvian dance
being from his hometown is pretty cool
i can go see his mother's old whorehouse
now again a beautiful mansion
on high street
his south side is gone
replaced by nothing of value
save wille york
but in my 20's i would see his uncle
damn near his twin
driving a bus
always got a smile out of me
he was a personification of our attitude
kick me, disease me
set me on fire
i will laugh
and end up in the cream
it's living on this stage
that lets me realize
it's like this everywhere

Nat Z. Punx

The Central Scrrrrrrrutinizer

so it was funny in '78
and scary in '85
and reality of charade
in the 21st
there are no laws here
on either side
this is our wild west
it's a slinger's world here
it has to change
the power gravity won't have it
rumblings in congress
with a slant toward productivity
basically saying
7 people will have this
and the rest of us will be
slaves to the pop ups
another golden age i've lived through
ten years isn't a bad run
this has been a good life

Nat Z. Punx

The Final Act Of My Guardian Angel

four a.m.
rosie's bar
turn the switch
while you feel the metal contact
grind and twitch
through your fingertips
the last delicate tactile feeling for a while
kick the glide twice
eyes vibrate
turn the switch again
you can barely feel it
without squeezing tight
then the light
shines
and begins to resonate
onto the blacktop
still hot
no time to destinate
grab some clutch
hear the basket sing
thunk into gear
fling
like someone dropped an anchor
in your gut
and potato putt
to the stop sign
crack twice
take my advice
don't want to load it up
run it out a bit
i'll catch up in a sec
don't let'er lope
hit second with a bang
hear the chain clang
make sure you got enough rope
just enough rope to hang
end up on I-74 somehow
me and crazy bob
nellie and sweet virginia

crossin the bridge
we pass the paperboys
red and sporty
ironhead and a new twelve hunderd
both shovels just screamin'
let up for a second on the exit
adams street
screw it back on hard
cruiser in the projects
off to my right
not sure
maybe it was just the light
no time to think
70 plus
by the time we cross wayne
surface street madness
cross spring
still pulling strong
tracks
komatsu curve
nice broad 45 degree
funny crown
flirtin' with the century mark
roll in hard
run close against WABCO brick
so close i can almost touch it
or a telephone pole
ear ripping reverb off the wall
sing me back home
we need gas
alexander street? ?
way too soon
right foot
heavy and hard
right hand stroking
in more ways than one
can't make the first entrance
roll in clean on number two
too fast to catch the front pumps
swing into the back
backslappin and laughin
adrenaline and alcohol

that funny opaite in jeiggermiester
pumpin gas and stretching
ears still ringin
hear the sporties in the distance
parade polite
because they had
an escort
and we wondered aloud
what THEY did
guess i did see that cop

Nat Z. Punx

The Hack

seems like this is somewhat indulgent
i'm very unsure what it all means
so of course
i continue
crazy bob rides up
on his new black and silver bagger
with a factory sidecar
he offered me
my son's first ride in a hack
he was five
i rode with him
it was my fist ride too
i was a little older

Nat Z. Punx

The House Of York

curbside court jester
chef of urban pussycat
bone collector
jeweler of carcass
the lynette fromme of arsonists
tagger of police stations
litmus test of conformity
first developer of the new south end
visionary of barfronts
beggar and philanthopist
eyesore of those of frail sensabilities
and house mouse pride

we search for him every spring
have you seen wille?
think he made it?
did he lock himself up this winter?
when i see him
i know summer's on it's way

trash tarp teepee tenament
he will pass in glory and pomp
lay in state
on the front page
of the peoria journal star
fade into generational obscurity
as certain as nickle mary
would turn you for a beer
as certain as the cane man
would strike any moving vehicle
within his stick's circumference

Nat Z. Punx

The Mode Less Babbled

when the days of your promise
become your unclaimed bounty
you might feel
some sort of loss
for things you never had

when you have some sort of empathy
for the gifted
as well as the downtrodden
you might feel some sort of solace

when you come to the point
where solitude becomes
neither goal
or phantom-beast

you might sit here
embracing decadence
facing greed
neither revolted
nor attracted

you may be able to see the wonder
that one sees in the stars
in the faces of the common
and outstanding

knowing this is all yours
to do with as you will
as you please

and you may want to do
as i am
sharing with whomever
may pass by

Nat Z. Punx

The Pickup Artist

he plays the field
knows the scores
and the stats
the pitches
and bases

Nat Z. Punx

The Top Of The Hill

when you start writing poems about poems
it's time to quit
and when you start writing about the critics
it's time to quit and
start concentrating on what's important
the grape
or the potato
tonight it's unflavored potato
the great mr waits
is mapping out his scene
thru gravel throated alleys
into midtown
code red
heartattack and vine
when
goin out west
the ghosts of saturday night
stare at pasties and g strings
there's some teddy beared chick
some bizzare link to morticia
it's her birthday
she's molesting lesbians
and tearing the bar down
she also has a mean grind
so i told her
you start this shit half straight baby
and you are in trouble

Nat Z. Punx

The Trinity

i've had love
i've had responsibility
i've had money
i respect the money more
too little
too much
never right
people will take care
of the money for you
pay you for the duty even
the others
you are on your own pal
in a very volatile market
the waves look uniform
like fins maybe
i wonder what's for lunch

Nat Z. Punx

The Truth As I Saw It Because I Was There

as the truck drivers dream stillness
desk jockeys yearn to touch the horizon
and i dream
to believe
in something

something in myself
something i feel
or want

to look forward

Nat Z. Punx

These Gems Can Never Me Molded Into Anything

this bunker of solitude
seems not so much as a refuge
as a hinderance
it will never seem like a prison
just a blockade of the horizion
that i could share with you
the future will never be a shining beacon
it has reality with you somehow
something real
and obtainable

Nat Z. Punx

Thoughts Of Inner Beauty From My Aunt Marilyn Vos Sociopath

I believe that one becomes
Stronger
Emotionally
By taking life
Less personally
If your employer criticizes your report,
Don't take it personally
Instead, find out who he's bangin'
Fix him with a few cellphone pics
If your girlfriend laughs
At your tie
Don't take it personally.
Find another tie
That one won't be suitable
After you are done strangling her with it
Then find another girlfriend.
Who likes t-shirts

Nat Z. Punx

Thoughts On The Clergy Spamming Me On This Site

look
i dont know what your problem is
but i suspect you are deceitful
and possibly two faced
ive had three messages
since ive joined this blog
two from people suspiciously close
to your ilk and interest
and one promising me a pecentage
of 8.5 million dolars
im persuing the latter
due to it's greater plausability
i've already been enlightened
as to your scope of thouroughness
you have not read any of my work
but feel comfortable in asking me
my opionion of yours
personally i think it sucks
but that's not what bothers me
what bothers me is
the 10,000 silent screams
of those blinded and enslaved by your ideas and ideals
i'll make a deal with you
you read mine and i will look at yours again
with a fresh perspective
be prepared
next time i won't be so kind

Nat Z. Punx

Time Marches To The End Of Time

nothing to say
nothing to think about
brain starved on empty perception
tis is the time to sink
into the envelope the darkness
and sleep
wait for the shittrain
in the soft dark velvet warmth

Nat Z. Punx

Trans Am - 50% Off

so it was summer
sweet summer of fifteen
went to the viaducts
with spray paint, beer and acid
beautiful midwestern afternoon
wandering in the cool cement vein
having a relaxed trip
then it sounded
concrete humming loud
echoing through the tunnels
banging on my addled brain
earthquake
overpass collapse
bombing
did reagan squeeze too hard?
but regardless
the cops will catch us
we ran through the opening
still intact
the highway had suddenly become choked
i ran up the embankment
on the other side of the interstate
the rig driver was stepping out
i came up on the shoulder
and watched
motionless
a crowd had gathered
as we traveled out of the flumes
and the driver
they surrounded him
with a strange sort of malice
good people
ready to strike
i was grasping at the scene
took a few seconds to come to
i wondered what he had dropped
it was so loud
orange pieces in the road
the rescue crew was there

in no time
in that compressed frame
no time
i was still motionless
still
motionless
people are running to the crew
they are pointing down the road
they rush a gurney in the direction
then i see them lift the glass
from the bail of
gray and black and orange
i see the white interior
and the bodies
i recognize the second mass
as the rear end of a T/A
man still upright
in the back seat
fourth one felt like traveling a bit more
before making his final exit
landing down where the crowd had pointed
the driver of the unladen rig was drunk
shoved the pontiac into
and through
a highway light pole
quiet tones on that trip
not bad
just quiet
not so much laughing
like a giggle
could eddie though the universe
and disturb some delicate balance
i learned that night
although life is illusion
it is still very real

Nat Z. Punx

Traveled Seven Ice Ages, Only One Fatal Dui

moses benard
traveler of galaxies
receiver of landscaping literature
you are my western border
you are my sign
that the edge is near
when your sky cranes lift
i feel the tremble
i surrender my microwave to you
you can have all my radios
tin foil and tube amps
fly though ice ages for your sins
i am your copilot
your homefire burning

Nat Z. Punx

Treasure

sometimes
most times
we think we have them
they are worthless
but we treasure them anyway
stocks bonds
ones and zeros
on a hard drive
newspaper and a warm 40 oz can of beer
stuffed deep in a shopping cart
worthless fleeting
damn it i forgot
i have wine in the freezer

Nat Z. Punx

Tuckered Out

we went 800 miles without seein' a cop
got rock n roll music blastin' out the t tops

da boss
darlington county

alex designed those
in an afternoon
to put on some 1940 dream airplane car
GM bought it 30 years later
to bring the public
the automotive version of the tube top
sexy in a tacky sort of way
the brittney spears of convertibles

anyway i saw it
and the 810 clay study
went back
and wandered through the library
this older couple came in
they bought a L-29
and the new interior was for shit
they pulled the original patterns
out of a drawing drawer
unbelievable treasures
from the minds of tremulous and buhrig
from a rich era of loose headiness
she sat in the A/C of a new imported car
did crossword puzzles
while i saw glimpses of the times
while i saw glimpses of gatsby and green lights
before the big crash
before the new deal
before the big one
before the new world order
i soaked it up
for my eterenity
while she left the puzzle book
in portage indiana

Nat Z. Punx

Two 750's In My Belly, One On The Porch

oh god
it always starts out so innocent
a little wine a little type
meanwhile life continues
the grey flannel dwarf is no more
i don't think Hirohito could get her to spin
maybe squirt lil budda juice
in her cylinders
squeeze lotus petals
down her plug holes
stuff the tank fulla rice
and head out fer
SAN FRANCISCO
seriously
this is an issue of morality

Nat Z. Punx

Two Bottle Poem

if i can start this
i won't finish it
two ciggies left too
biting the filter
just out of sight
of reality
streaming audio filtering into
the sx650
from a time when a texas instrument calculator
was considered amazing
digital beat
it's way too good to last
which one of us monkeys will type the lord's prayer
before this is all over

Nat Z. Punx

Unchained Roller

and she must have some sort of reputation to uphold
it's hard enough seeing the town lunatic
all might not be too bad
but he leaves each time
in the night
claiming not to remember
and she follows him once
to be sure
he goes home
while she loses interest

people like parking meters
people like jello molds
people like transformers
stepping down the mass voltage to a palatable frequency
media like lemmings and lemon drops
media like rabid shepards
driving their posioned flock to the brink of extinction
lovers of desperation
lovers of cliff note scripts
and played out scenes
children like bumper crops
fattened for the feast
of unfathomable futures to pass
children like chum
spilling blood into the seas of time
for the bait of some bigger catch
children like dasies
growing for no one

lives spread out with promise and hope
too often ending up wishing for lost tomorrows

Nat Z. Punx

Undertitled

and i sit look at the K
and if i split it
then added a zero
i would be back there
in the freak middle class
it's meaningless
like new orleans
and the bears
or nancy grace
and her murder de jour
i said it out loud
everybody's getting killed tonight
how dirivitave
i don't have many friends
i nicked the rock glass
though i have such a prefunctuary respect for the queer
but tonight
they were just like everybody else
and damn it
it was my vodka to begin with
i stole it fair and square
and the fat kid with privilege
said it was handed to me
i said no no man
lots of stuff is handed
but you didnt dropp it
be proud
and i think he was
but he got about as much action as me
he stumbled outside
wandering aimlessly
as i took my programmed steps home
and sat here
waiting for the angels to return

Nat Z. Punx

Upon Receiving A Late Night Guest

she looked at me
you don't want to
i said
oh yeah i do, i'm drunk
she looked at me
then to the floor
it's like vultures
picking the bones of your soul
it happened
then she was gone
forever

Nat Z. Punx

Walking Backwards

walking east at sunset
turnin' my back on the light
turnin off my soul
for just another night
i'll follow you anywhere
but take me up the bluff
katie's workin hard
she needs her tips
and i want my stuff
gimmie two shots katie
no need sittin' down
set me up with two more
then bring another round

broken glass
on the sidewalk
brown diamond stars
sparklin' in the headlights
of bass thumpin cars
no pressure of a future
no shadow of a past
no love forever
no one night stand
you're dealt your cards quite quickly
and then you play your hand
i'm holdin a full house
that i can't understand
but i feel these constellations
poppin' 'neath my feet
walkin high in heaven
down this dirty street

Nat Z. Punx

Walter Mitty Drops Acid And Is Found Wallowing In A Fallow Corn Field At 2 Am

this would be a good poem if my eyes would focus
may we all hang on the the mossy ball
as long as our grips will hold
i wish you luck
we were once brothers

Nat Z. Punx

Waterbugs Bug Bugs Bunny

old man with the glass jaw
in his rocking chair
made of bubblewrap
sitting by his window
as the train goes by again day after day
no one has heard from him since 1966
when he had his day in court
but now he just mutters
judgement day is coming
judgement day is coming
god'll get you yet
and mae west is still in the club car
only now she has
a pierced labia
a tattoo of a chinese dragon on her back
and a \$200 a day crack habit
W.C. Fields is heartbroken
go away kid you brothered me

Nat Z. Punx

Well Alright

i got so much
here at my fingertips

libraries
brothels

and freaks
of all shapes and bends

right now
im being schooled

by a 19 year old's voice flexibility
covering some bop tune

silky highs
almost ska beat

maybe a little rasta flavor
masters

children
the bitterness

of almost tasting
ashes can't be fuel

but a little titted chick
holding a model airplane

will stick in your mind forever

Nat Z. Punx

Wet Spring Night

i walk out in poor rain
up to the bar for ciggies
loads of porno lezzies
pile out of butchtrucks
leaving the fallen
to sleep it off in dreams of stephie graf
lullubied by the spring rain
in the back of
long black cabs
follow this one of several
long legs
horse ass walk
no need to interact
just set back
enjoy the movie
get in and
i ask for reds in a box
no reds at all
i feel like a seconol addict
no choices
save lights or regular menthols
the dark green box
i get the greens
and think for a moment
of tucking them in the deerskin bib
the burn of high test and menthol
on my lips
dripping hydrocarbons
out mirror tubes
of belching banality
force myself not to torture too much
i walk out in the storm
open the pack and
wonder
if it will disturb the gods
i turn around
and get a pack of lights
walk back out into the rain
past the goldmine

i hear music
it's open again
now i sit here with the greenstick
burning my lips
and i can't light it
i can't believe that people fixate on my mailbox fear
they have no idea
gutters spill the sky into my cave
and the stickers fly on the door
all deteriorates around me
and i do nothing
save observe

Nat Z. Punx

What Brings Me To This Dank Listless Channel Of The Cyberhypnoid?

you are living lies
this is the end of the universe
we are gone jack
like the bible said
we will fight and burn
struggle like a darwinian sentence
seems to make me more certain
it is all useless
there is nothing holding us here

blip blip beeeeeeeeeeeeeee

may the mossy ball float on

Nat Z. Punx

What I Really Think Of Virginia

my bike is not a poem
but imagine a painting
your best
and favorite
the memories while painting it
the greatest
each stroke of the brush
each stroke of precision luck
is with you
over and over
and it follows you
carries you
all through it all
each night collecting on the canvas
only you can see

she's out there
and i've ignored her for ages now
she's new
new jugs and all
she's still a little loose in the ass end
but we'll straighten that out
i need to shove a little alcohol down her throat
and tickle her with some juice
i truly miss her
and myself

Nat Z. Punx

When You Are Quiet Enough For Your Imagination To Remained Unmolested Then Have It Refuse Your Request To Come Out And Play With Memories And Words

certain days
i really feel like writing
something
anything
mostly i write in compressed
hurried drunken time
chasing jesse owens whisps of folly
in stumbling steel toed boots
affected, drugged and out of shape
old and disfigured
in body and soul
and when i trip that eggplant
i hold him down forcefully
demanding a urine specimen
the public can't have human heros
there has to be a reason for excellence
and it cetainly isn't following the rules

Nat Z. Punx

Where Are You Going Anyway?

i want a nudie suit
something simple
silk bell bottom pants
tight cut jacket
with pot leaf rhinestones
sing with a haunting lonesome whine
dry desert high plea
have the windfall existance
die where i feel peace
flash into the arid night sky
young charmed and charming
leave no one or nothing i touch
the same

Nat Z. Punx

Whore's Sense

i love you because you have a car
i love you because you have a motorcycle
i love you because you have a good job
i love you because you can provide
i love you because of your connections
i love you for you are plainly going to become something
i love you for being blind and complacent
i love you for being so giving
i dont love you because you have nothing left to give
i dont love you because you are no longer blind or complacent
i dont love you because you have plainly become nothing
i dont love you because all of your connections are now mine
i dont love you now that i can provide for myself
i dont love you now that you haven't a job or a motorcycle
i dont love you for my social standing is now higher than yours

my heart is decorated with hard little malignant moasaics
tiny cold tiles of materialistic greed
patchwork covering scars
carved by careless stiletto heels

Nat Z. Punx

Yep, A Cockeyed Optomist With Rose Colored Glasses-

feeling somewhat light hearted
during this hateful climate
i'm wondering if the time you wasted
in the factory
in bars
graduating from high school
being upright
wasn't just a short term payoff
wasn't just an easy way out
maybe someone somewhere
maybe you or me
can see your wisdom and love
through all of this

Nat Z. Punx

You Have The Power To Succeed, Believe In Yourself... All Is Possible To Him Who Believes.

and every time i read some bullshit like that i think....

i am a forty five year old female
living within the confines of a strict and rigid society
i don't have much pleasure in life
in fact i've had so little
i truly could not tell you what it tastes like
i live in a very small apartment in a crowded city
my life is one of solitude and servitude
yet i still find peace and comfort
in a small garden i have made
on the rooftop of my building
it is monday morning
before work
i climb the stairs of my complex
to water my plants
i am admiring my bonsai tree
it is a beautiful lavender bloom
i have become quite proud of it
surely i have bored people describing it
more than occasionally
but it is an indulgence i cannot deny myself
a plane is flying overhead
the government has so many new innovations
the fact that it seems foreign
is only a minor observance
as the flesh melts off my body
in the gentle 400 kph breeze
i realize
we are masters of our own destiny
i control my future
i have the power to command my life
into whatever i want it to be
and now
i wish
to become carbon vapor

You Know How I Feel About This, We've Already Discussed It

its warm
the stars are beautiful and there is a full moon
im walking again
down korner/trigger road
i said something wrong
at least i'm getting regular exercise
this relationship will keep me fit if nothing else
i sense someone pulling up behind me
and i feel the fear
it's the make up coax, i think
thankfully i am wrong
just indecipherable screaming
and my possessions being ejected onto the road
jeans and socks toothbrush underwear
a little unmarked bottle full of different pills for my bad gut
doing the walk of shame at 11: 00pm
down a county highway
the world's shortest night of make up sex
i will call crossbred calvin
but not quite yet
i need a few minutes
on this highway of diamonds
with nobody on it
recite a few verses of last words on woody in my head
[i]no matter what you're doin' if you start givin' up
if the wine don't come to the top of your cup[/i]
and just keep accepting everything
damn near 15 miles to home

hey calvin, can i get a ride
you gotta dump that broad, how many time is it now
she's just emotional
she's just a bitch, this is getting to be kind of a hassle man
anyway, i just got out close to you
i'll pick you up but im not going into town for a while
i'll just keep walking i say
i have a few miles to the main highway

so i have to spend a few hours with him
at some hospital worker's trailer
i unusually sip on a bottle of beer
and soak up the detour experience
she is lifeless and dull
calvin wants guitar equipment and she is willing to help
her home has the charm and stylistic flair of a loaf of wonder bread
i would bet she would be a more suitable drinking companion
at the nurses station
the whole night has given me a sense of hopelessness and ennui
calvin is cutting a deal for the effects box
and she is cutting a deal for apperances
he takes me home
bloated belly from three beers and worn to the nub
i sleep until early morning when the phone rings

Nat Z. Punx