

and a chain saw whines

The tree stands
before me
shedding pine
needles
implacability;
I want to ask it
about time, bravery
all the way, all
the way inside
to its rings;
all these trees
really do understand
see? – they tremble
sometimes even
sway, but never
say a blessed
thing.

Bruce Dern's Iconoclastic Suicide Prevention Hotline

Wakey, wakey, mercy me; a Shou Lin priest
in Berkeley (must've been in sixty three) – he
predicted my daughter: that she would shine
like sapphire, a sun ... how are you liking
that one? Are you from Delhi? ... Rahway?
Tell me, while I pour cinnamon tea,
it's an old Indian trick, pony up
the sonic aroma, hydrotherapy. I know it
must be about that scene, Coming Home? – I walk
buck-naked into the sea? Why, I was *giggling*.
Water warm as fuck, San Juan Capistrano, a fine,
fine morning. I was giggling, seriously if you meant
business, would not one have done it bye now? – I feel
a son, on your horizon, really nothing much else
definitive, no how-far, nor shouldn't have
doo wop ditty and why don't we, too?

You know the Intro to Come Together? Try with lips bass, and hum... shhhhh, don't give 'em the satisfaction. We'll talk.

Graced by the Anti Lottery @ the North Austin Luby's

Salad days are basically worth jotting down, or something to tuck away for later, see?-- iced tea so fine the tall, sweating tumblers Lord I must be on a roll. The whole thing goes for four ninety nine, in Austin we're happy just enjoying a noon meal; hear that punky bell at the head of buffet? – it goes off in a certain way when they hang the new steam trays in their hot metal slots: this is Luby's, 2013, north Austin, not Killeen in '91 where those 23 poor souls got shot up and wasted, enough to feed ten platoons, veal parmesan mystery meat ball what the fuck chow mein, a spoon rapped on cut glass, Texas toast and sunshine poured as permanent luck through panes who among those 23 souls knew their number was up that day, I sat with a fresh green salad thinking the good Lord gives these moments to jot down, for counting blessings forever for later something about “dust motes hustling a gator brain only for the time being,” inexplicable joy of Bac O Bits on iceberg lettuce, coldest crunchiest artichoke heart, beets julienne topped with deviled eggs, spot of Ranch dressing croutons, olives, then the tight resigned smile of a bucktoothed black girl with two glaringly missing fingers on left hand; but she bussed those tables, fine Lord understand I left her five bucks in the well of a window tucked away, no killers blasting through the double glass, loving the part of having already settled up on my way out the potato salad here to die for always remember because I shall never pass this way again.