

BRIGANDS ALL

You are way too much.
You give
but you give me more than I can take
more than I can digest
I am getting sick.
I am getting sick of you.
I am just waiting to be discovered.
Found in a special way.
It is you
once and for all.
At once, you just curse the world.
Brigands all,
sympathizers,
rogues,
you have done me in!
Kissing you is my treat.
The world has slowed down
down, down, down, to a standstill.
I'm trying to win!
I am not interested in finding out how hidden particles bounce off the outlying bulwarks of the
cosmos.
I am not interested in discovering how hidden particles bounce off the walls of cosmic ballparks.
I don't want to rush things.
But I need to rush you
to get something done.
You want answers
and you want them
QUICK.
Call them to help
brigands all.
Pretty boys
on the inside
and monsters on the out.
Take no prisoners
eat their young
crawling on all fours
until ready to attack
here they come
a force to be forced
forced to reckoned with
taking what they want
to these victors belong the spoils
the world gives up its pearls

and you give up yourself
couldn't you stop
couldn't they be stopped
all the little whos in the little you
peeling back the layers
until all that remains
is the one more
this is me
the queen for a day
leading the motley crew into one final skirmish
taking anything that they could get their hands on
we know
you who
know we know you
we discovered gold
do you have the medicine
something to quiet us down
something to quiet down the answers
it is OK to forget everything
brigands all will destroy what remains
it cannot incriminate
if it doesn't exist
a free pass
to do whatever you can get away with.
You make up a past
to go along with
the past that went away.
It's always been that way
waiting for it to get worse
to cross over
the cross over
walk over the bridge
where am I going
where is this going
follow along
I know who you were
when you started to go along
we'd rather take nothing
than take nothing
nothing is going to move
can you make miracles
are you the miracle to be made
the breaking in
the taking away
until there are no memories

nothing to give memories
where memories are these twisted going back and forth things
and you want the this thing
simple things
here and now things
do it things
do it do it do it
but why
the mountains not the mole hills
if it's all simple
than it's simply you
you do know that
how to stop the flood
before it becomes a flood
flowing in on you
coming in after you
I am a raging river
I am a flood coming along
as a flood
water under the bridge
nobody knows
make people think they know
the brigands
all
you let it happen
can any one of you stop it from happening again
this was your life
your story
I went along for a snack and a soda
then I just fizzled out
you would have too if you had been through all the shit that I went through
they'll do anything for you if you buy them a snack
those who have NOTHING
to live for
nothing to live with
new quiz question
pop your head off
know a little but not a lot
he is afraid that they are going to get into his head
don't worry
there is nothing that they can take
that hasn't already been taken
know that you are around
take from the taken
something that can be passed around

put in baskets
when you have turned in every direction
you can turn to him
I turned back to him
him and him
them
I am turning to my brigands,
my brigands all,
time to make our mark
WE CAUGHT YOU
AGAIN
I am turning the world upside down
just to find out
what has gotten out of my grasp
It's not as if anyone can rescue you way out here.
These are people who live off the death of others.
Who are we looking after?
Who are we resurrecting?
These are all techniques to be learned and unlearned by the body.
This is a learning experience.
I've got a new body.
Tell me where you've been and who you've been with.
I went looking for the oatmeal man.
What are you hiding? Who are you hiding?
I can't be friendly if I am a brigand.
Out of the hole and into the hell!
Is that your motto?
Good enough for jolly fellows.
You have a way of popping up at the oddest moments.
Disappearing and reappearing.
I think that I am still asleep.
Good for you.
What good are words going to do without a crew to read them.
Read as in harmony.
I thought that this was something
something that you wanted
can you take it
if you can take it
you have to reach out
and just take it
Cool!
Now you are one of us.
A brigand.
I like her.
She likes me.

I take it for what it is. Reach out to her. The words are making things here. So to get to the things that the words are making is going to be an effort. But when you get there, you will have touched these things.

The train is moving.

But you are not on it.

You are walking to your car in the parking lot. This is an event from the past. If you could be part of all these pasts, you would see where it was all heading.

Where it is all heading.

It is heading towards you.

You duck to avoid the momentum of time coming straight for you.

From where I am today,

how will I get to where I am going.

Heading towards you.

You have to know

that it is all about you.

You can't make me see.

I know

but I saw through you

in you

for you

through you

the FLESH

words to become

FLESH

through you

for you with you

the brigands know just that

and that that is

rush

they are rushing to take everything that is around

like a pirana stripping you to the bone

bone to bone

can you make sense of the direction without the flesh

or is the flesh

the flesh pounding

in a pound of flesh

is that the direction of the flesh

bone to flesh

flesh to flesh

is that too much to think about

to carry over

to carry

and then add the carries

where do we start

and where do we end

with the sugar
with the bitter
with the sweet
a swig of lime
a zest of lemon
who is still aboard
the sugar twins
cane rum
a swig of reality
rum and coke
closer to you
your sweetness
eating us out of cupboard
nothing is left
all the dry goods
the after night expressions
pounding away
they all want their pounds of flesh
and you have only so many to go around
one pirana
can take it all
a hungry guest

I feel as if you are cheating. Just pushing through to finish. You need to introduce the rest of the gang.

Gather 'round.

Feel it in your muscles. Stretch out.

Beyond brigands.

You make the call.

How long do you want to stay in touch,
stay informed,

I have done all that I can do

That wave of anger

of jealousy

I'm not jealous

I have what I want

what I need

who are these characters

brigand to brigand

hand to hand

hand to mouth

mouth to knife

knife to hand

BITE DOWN HARD!

There is drama. You are along for the drama.

CHOMP DOWN!

Ouch.

I broke something.

A heart maybe.

Write faster if you are ever able to finish.

You are dictating an inheritance.

Some salt, some rope, some hooks.

What will hook you in? What really gets to you? When something really gets to you, what you are you?

Do you have a body? Do you have the body?

Take the body,

leave the soul

soul for another body

body for another body

does it make a difference

you know what you don't want

I don't want that

but what do you

want

want

want

does it make a difference

Do you need a heart?

Or just the heart for a heart. A faint repetition. Of the same words. Of the same world. Of not knowing the difference.

The word is cutthroat. You are so controlled that you can't let anyone say the word.

There are some who are out for one things.

Chomping down.

Who brought you along?

Did you bring the ring?

Did you get the ring?

Did you hear the ring?

RANG

having heard

and heard that you heard

ring ring ring

heart heart heart

to cut by the throat

not to voice

to cut off by the throat

that is

to whisper

cutting the whisper

to nothing

sent by my whisper

sent to my way of carrying on

are you carrying on
pass it on
you can only pass it so many times
cough
I am only thinking about one thing
when I will get a snack
when I will get dessert
naps and snacks
no days
no lives
just hours to fill up
memories to pass on
but not to hold
if this was my life
and if I was thinking about
it
what would the it be that I was thinking about it
I just exploded in my own body
exploded into myself
do you know what I do for money
do you want to see that part of myself that I have to show to get
money
can you hold it in
I know that there is a place where there
aren't people
like you
everyone just says what they feel
they just explode on each other
that is what it means to be a
brigand
just to take it all in
you scum
what you have taken from me
I will get back
not revenge
not getting even
but evening up things
can you understand how that works
with only a few days to go
can you understand how that works
I want to keep reading
you have to confess more
you have to tell me where you failed
I can boost you up
send you back into the world

patches and all
you want each word to have a specific meaning
and when it does
you make it mean something else
a word for a place
I am going to that place
coming back to that place
a thousand times
or places like
people like
not like you
not really you
these are the brigands
it is supposed to mean something
like a mosquito
one mosquito is one something for you
until you slap it down
not shoo it away
don't give it
them
the chance to come back
can we end it in time
shut it down before we are shut down
a thousand and one
kisses
they take what they want
I will take what I want
just by seeing
just by remembering
you can't have that back
that is all that I need
and what do you need back
making them all brigands
none can give back
can you pay for this
pay for any of this
what do you need from be
money back
or lives back
I want the time back
time to watch you eat food prepared by someone else
something that you made yourself
downed yourself
upped so that you could down it later
that is a tasty sandwich

I love everything here.
I saved money just for this occasion.
I love the sandwiches. I love the drinks.
This is my kind of place.
I take this place for myself.
Why have you come to my place? Are you trying to harass me?
Is this all by accident?
Who can really know
if any of this is
or isn't.
It isn't.
If you want to come to see me,
you will have to be there on time.
After that time, I dissipate into space.
Find another place to set up.
I am floating in the air.
I am aloft.
I have heard this story before.
Pound it out!
BOOM!
All the noise out there.
I can close the window. We are air-tight in here. How many stories do I have to rip through?
I am no closer after a long journey towards my destination.
Who is fooling with the distances?
Too much to remember.
Are you trying to help,
or are you trying to get rid of me?
What is the secret here? Where is the art?
You want to whittle it down to its most basic form.
Sharp or dull, quick or slow, even or odd.
The most odd combinations
they all hold together
as brigands all.
ALL ALL ALL
shake a stick at them
get out of my way
Why are you so impatient?
I have been waiting for a very long time.
And I still don't have anything near what I need.
You dressed for the occasion.
But I didn't tell you to wear a costume.
Who are you supposed to be?
A n'er-do-well. Get me a treat.
Something that crunches.
Candy, not fruit.

Not a fruit salad.

What would a brigand eat?

Something that no one else wanted.