

WHEN IT IS TOO LATE

there's nothing more to say
but
IT'S TOO LATE

call for the doctor
call for the nurse
call for the lady with the alligator purse

my lawyers will be looking over this material
to see if there is anything slanderous or libel
anything of danger
anything potent
anything that you do with words
that are done with things
anything magnetic
anything radioactive
with words

words are always
as they must be
too late
my condolences
for not sending my condolences
sooner

let's start again
now we have all the words that we need
we can use them when we are ready
use them in the right order

it is never too late
to use the words right
the right words
all the words to choose from
and you
you
you
you use those words
oh my God
oh
my my
never the right words
I can never say the right words to you

to you
without you saying them back
hanging up on me
phone
or phony
phone
or pony
ride those words
until you can't ride 'em no more
real or pony

I need some words of comfort
words of wisdom
words of counsel
a few well-placed words
will help
make all the difference

TODAY IS THE DAY I WOKE UP
I am seeing things in a new way
the sun
the moon
the day
the night
time to start
time to begin in a new way
I get worked up

Effortlessly, the arrow finds its target.
It is pure thought
an idea finds its time

when
will you wake up
when will I wake up
to get you the words in time
my words
are
always too late for you
too little to show

argue with me if you will
but the words are there
still there
who has time

who can bother
oh, brother

it is never too late
to open the curtains
see the world in a new way
walk among the living

it is never too late to discover the mystery in the words
I can do this with my eyes closed
you don't need poetry to take out a heart and replace it with another
you don't need poetry to take out a heart and replace it with nothing
how is that possible
to be without a heart
how is it possible
indeed
it is not possible
I am immobile on the operating table
waiting for words
to bring me to life
waiting for your words to bring me to life
DON'T HOLD YOUR BREATH!

I like
I like your effort
it's just too little too late
you
had all the opportunities in the world
on time
or after time
to say what you wanted to say
you said everything good and bad
and I couldn't find the really good amidst it all

who are you to say
I am the one with the words
my words that you can't twist
and turn
and take away

you knew
one of the first
one of the best
you knew how to read the give and take
how to make the give and take

but nothing ever seemed to give
until it was
too late
why
why is it different now
if it was
you could have taken every word
all the words
and twisted them in your favor
unless you have good favor
is that it
always good favor
until it all comes unraveled
then a crew of lost boys
who won't let go
and when they let go
what is there
where are the words that you saved up
so that you could incite their pollen when you needed them
at a moment such as
that
this
this is my moment
to incite my words
words that I have been saving up

I CAN'T TAKE THIS
I CAN'T TAKE THIS
I CAN'T TAKE THIS

those are your words
NOT MINE
leave me alone with my words
not yours
leave me alone

I CAN'T TAKE THIS
could you
you obviously can't
you have all your words
all your words in the world
and you are trying to take mine
it is too late
you have what you want
YOU

HAVE
WHAT YOU WANT
leave me and mine
alone

no treks to Buckingham
to views of the palace
no sermons from the mount
no help for the downtrodden
no poses from the tower
take your world
and your words
and leave me
and mine

if I could get the sun
to tell you how I feel
what I know
I would

IF
quit calling me
IF
quit writing me
all that I did
was try to send you four words
try to light your world

it worked
the sun rose inside the house
and illuminated all that had been in darkness
as if
this
was the end of the
DARK AGES
it was
your science
your poetry
your music
a thousand songs rung in the morning
the inner light outshone
the outer light
it was magnificent

you can't let me know

too late to let me know what you really know
feign this ignorance
I got what I wanted
thought about you
and got it
now I get it
as it is
put the world on pause
can you move

can you make all your dirty stories clean
there is no story
except the dirt
isn't that your big fear
there is no story
you washed it all away

that is what you do
you poets
you rob from the rich
and give to the rich
from one poet
to another
thieves in the night
grave robbers
taking from the dead and claiming that it is
your own

it is mine
I have all the dirt on you that I need
and more
give me the dirt
let me remake myself from the dirt
from the clay
from the mud
shape it with my fingers
bring it to life
breathe on it

when you broke the mold
you broke the mold
do you understand what that means

you shouldn't have been molding in the first place
keep talking and your words

thoughts and deeds
might blend into mind
I won't know where to start and where to end
just jump in the middle
and swim along

WHAT ARE YOU AFRAID OF

most of all
you
are so afraid
of it all
that I will just leave
it will finally be too late for you

words from the coffin
pick me up a six pack
pick me up anything that you can find

any words for sale
businesses for sale
a house for sale
a life for sale
a burial plot for sale

this is what we build
always have
as far back as the tragedies
a monument to nothingness
this is what we make
with our words

ARE YOU AFRAID

very afraid
of what you are afraid of

can you
be real

This is where we start anew
sail the oceans and find a new world
only
that new
is someone's old
and protected

it is too late to start anew
without going over old plots
bringing back past characters
I DON'T WANT TO BRING UP THE PAST

a good starting point
too late to really have a past
that is what is so great about
NOW
I am no longer haunted
it is all NOW

what would anyone have reason to be upset
why would anyone
PUT IT AWAY
it is over

all the bad accounts
have been put away
this is a fresh start
the new economic order
love it or leave it
lover it
or leaver it

OVER OVER OVER OVER OVER OVER OVER OVER OVER
open the curtains
and live like a human being
get in the streets
make money
sell your wares
do something

LOVER IT
OR LEAVER IT

just pose for me
let me remember how you were
how we
were going to start a new life
a new world
THAT'S MY WORLD
you can't remake it
or do it over
it is over

L'OVER IT
or L'EAVER IT
there once was a girl named
Jocasta
who hid cards playing
Canasta
her bluffing for a fee
never did quite agree
and she ended up

how did she end up
as limerick would state it
did she end up in a way that suited the words
but not the person
a girl named

WHATEVER YOU DO
DON'T USE MY REAL NAME
will you trick me
you know
do the trick for me
I will treat you
this is what you taught me
to hold my breath and sit on the bed
hold my breath and stand on the bed
is that sexy for you

isn't there one day
ONE DAY
that you say
to yourself
you say out loud
I
I
I
I can't do this anymore.
There once was a girl from Alaska
who changed her name to
Canasta

this is nonsense
there is nothing serious here for me
nothing about my life

there once was a girl from Atlanta

you said the A word
I did twice
and am twice sorry

there once was a girl from Seattle
sorry not my story

you have had three stories
three chances
NOW
your time is UP
all UP
and DOWN
your time is up
UP
and
DOWN

does that feel good
good to use those words
too late
good to feel good
does it

I'm working
working at making myself who
I make myself
what
what are you doing
what are you doing
what are you doing, what are you doing

it once made a difference
too late
I have nice words
and mean words
which do you want
nice stars
and mean stars
you know that the mean star gets you
think about it
it is
NEVER
too late