

MATE, MATE, AND FINALLY CHECKMATE

Mate,
are you my mate.
Another soul like me,
hanging by the side of the road.
Waiting for a now.
Waiting for a ride.
I'll take that soul
and twist it around.
I am trying to trust you
trust you and you.
The mate and the mated.
Can I trust without finally going checkmate.
Suit yourself:
Go outside!
Blow by blow
blow in the wind.
I am at a complete loss right now.
I say hippopotamus
and you say rhinoceros
and we can't split the difference in the middle.
We are both so long gone
from a going together
and a going with ourselves
that we might as well
be hanging from the ceiling.
If you ask me to the wedding, do I have to bring a gift.
And you ask me to the divorce, do I get my gift back.
I want my time and my life back.
Can you do that for me?
I think I know what you need.
Then I just conked out.
Do you know what that means?
The conking out then and there.
After the done
but before the deed.
Don't just go through with it.
We were all together,
and then he ran back to do the deed,
and then later,
you were the deed.
OK,
you got that,
but you got the shit that went along with that.

Not much to say or write about.
You do no
and never have had
the word
that goes after the deed.
After the done,
the really done,
the truly done,
I do.
MATE!
You may the kiss the tide.
And that is how it goes,
you can never kiss the same ocean twice.
Where do we begin
and where do we begin again?
I know your game.
There is no game.
Chess!
Mating the mate.
Eh, Mate!
Are you talking to me?
Can you ever tell yourself
what makes world go 'round.
Arounding yourself.
That is how it happens
and how it goes.
How you go.
Or in another less paradoxical way,
you stand in the same place.
You take your place in heaven's space.
It is not poetry for this one thing.
Never for this one thing,
or for the thing of things,
or the name that goes with the thing.
It's not about me,
it is about the words.
And for the moment,
not your words
but words that creep away from you
and creeps that word away from you
and words that word away from you.
You are
on stage
in stage
out of stage

and then
so well again
you are done
MATE
do you want to end the game now
throw over the board
declare a winner
or do you want end the winner now
declare you are board
and throw over the game
or just throw over the winner
or the winder
you do it every time
You are done
with your poetry
as I am done
declaring winners
using too many words
too many big words
or too many big worlds for little words
ALL DONE
or
ALL DONE YET
I need you to get me going
get my undone
help me untangle all the tangles
I know that you did not say
I need these words
now and forever
to have and to hold
do you take these words
these hands
I don't understand
how you can have so many different words in so many different ways
you don't even know anymore
it all comes down to done
a twig and a sound
a crack and another crack
it comes down to wit
how much do you have
and how much do I have
and how much do we have together
not much
because we are already done
should be a good thing

all done
you have no idea what you have lost
and what you are losing
how to do your accounts
how to do your taxes
how to do the day of
our Lord
doing his taxes
first you count 'em
and then you make 'em pay
tax collectors
and bill directors
money changers
and soul lenders
where do you fit is all of this
I need you to fit in
to get yourself fit
get yourself ready to fit in
can you do that
just do that for me
You have no idea how much you really need
my words
these words
I don't
I can create my own ceremony.
Say the I do's myself.
I can create.
What can you make with your words?
And he see you talking to me
the ballerina talking to me
and he kisses her
and he loses her as he kisses her
but she will not know
as she is also lost
without words
I am afraid of more words
I want history
not poetry
documentary
not malarkey
tell it to me as it is
and don't laugh
if you laugh at me
I am going to hit you
I'm not laughing my dear

at least not at you
with you
you need a good laugh
comedy not tragedy.
You should have just taken what you wanted.
I did.
There were so many.
When are you going to say
I made a mistake
I really lost something that I wanted to hold on to.
Put all your things in boxes
and send the boxes away
and then you will know
who you really are.
Who said that?
The tax man when he came to get you.
Or the tax woman when she said
you, my little sucker,
you are done!
And then you are done!
I wish that I could get out of the cocoon
always going back to the early stages
of getting it pulled out of me
you can't come over now!
Or getting pulled over
can't go back
and over and over
and further back
I've forgot all that shit.
And with each revision
there is no shit.
Just the purity of the moving muscle.
The ballerina.
She is too pure in an impure way
what it takes to wrap the snake around the twig
is not natural
not a natural temptation.
Do you want history
or documentary
or poetry
or fiction.
Why are people so afraid of the facts of fiction?
That they will be stopped in their path.
I can't keep doing this
living like this

living next door to you and not saying a thing
I love you
I don't love you
if you asked
saw enough romances
you would see that none of this is romance
romance how you want to take romance
you can no longer be the queen
that is the story
that you are not in the cage
you got out
to your larger zoo
that is you story
the done story
the lock story
the princess story
the dancer story
the doll story
all rolled into one story
oh no
STORY STORY STORY STORY
what can I do
kiss me
kiss the ground
the fiction story
matching your fact to the fiction
to my fiction
to the fiction
and then SAYING
what did I do
how did I get there
how can I get you to kiss me
to say that you are mine
not to say a thing
to say oh baby
I'll shut up for now
later I will spill the beans
kiss and tell
I kissed him too
WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SHOW
a pretty good show
more dolls
more dollars
less dollars
trusted in done

done with trust
I am never going to trust anyone or anything again
and then you have
NOTHING
no fact
no fiction
no documentary
no history
no crack in the universe
you have nothing
but a mate
mated
done
and done away with
That is my life
What are you afraid that I will say?
that there is no fiction
like a good fact
that comes up on you
smacks you in the face
three places
broke my life into three place
peace
don't say a thing
I just swung around
and boom
the mate
the mated
and me
I'll take the words any day. I will walk away with all the words. Like a chatter box in the corner.
Is there something that you want to tell me?
And that is that.
All the chatterboxes chattering.
It is all gibberish
another language.
Have you been keeping up with the book,
keeping up with the language
keeping up with how it is going
HOW YOU ARE GOING OUTSIDE OF YOURSELF!
No one knows
you will not let anyone know without just chattering on
about him
the him
not him
and he just chatters on

why can't you be more like him
why can't I
the him above him
always an answer
better than him
better than he can be.
I am better than he
can be.
NOW IS YOUR CHANCE
play me a tune
sing me a song
dance me a dance
pull it up on your portable computer
your portable soul
pull it up and let me see if flash
this is quick
do you care
Someone has got to know you here
Hi, I showed up
Can I get in?
Am I on the list?
You have a good ten years or so to wait.
And then you will really wait.
Walk out on the world
when it stares back
BOO!
Convert to bonds
make the translation
YOU!
Now is your chance to sing for your supper.
I know that you do not believe me.
You cannot put your practice
all your practice into practice.
You are having difficulty finding the time.
Here is the time
Make your mark.
Make it happen
like you said
make it happen!
I know
that he was the bad man
said bad man things
but now
he is ready to make it all right.
Are you trying to get over me?

Trying to use the words to make it right
trying to twist me around the twig
around your little finger.

No one can tell me
the words can't tell me

no way

no how

I've got enough know how on my own.

When, oh when will I get it right!

Which side are you on.

Are you on the up and up

or the up and down.

LINE UP

if you don't line up

you will not have a place in line

you will lose your place in line

we will get to you when we get to you.

WRAP YOUR LIPS AROUND MY WORDS

you still owe me

I will have to vanish

to be reborn

PAY YOUR DEBT

I have paid and paid.

You are not part of

no one is part of

BILL OF DIVORCEMENT

In a moment of weakness,

you gave in

to what they wanted

you gave in to the screams

VISIT ME!

Going back to nighttime work.

Taking off your clothes

and putting on masks.

Just squeal when you need to.

Are you getting the picture

then the bigger picture

then the biggest picture?

Bigger than big.

All around

and around

we need something to go around

the round.

The big circle,

are you part of the big circle?

If you want to get higher,
you are going to need to hang upside down
from the ceiling.
Not literally,
but laterally.
We are looking down from above,
and we like what we see,
who we see.
You think that you can see it all,
that you can hold it back,
and you do
but then it is too late
even for that.
Down in the valley.
Where a river ran
but where did it run to?
Where we all run in a time of drought.
We evaporate.
I need some water.
I need to flow.
I need to need.
I need to be needed.
I need to evaporate.
That is how I have learned to fly.
Hitch a ride on the breeze.
Can you feel it come on by?
I need to make it around
by going around.
CYCLES!
Keeping a running count.
Every day is a hash. Enlightenment,
the only way
to go forward
is starting over.
Learning how to
save
for the future.
You take this and I take this
saved
for the future.
Did you move while I wasn't looking.
The pieces on the board look different.
They have been dancing before my eyes.
Everything has been bouncing up and down.
What did you take away

from the take away?
One move or two.
Closer than you think.