

## FOR THE PEOPLE

A perfect day in April  
let the page unfurl  
not just what is seen and felt  
what is said  
and said again  
how will you know  
if you let the sleeping dogs lie  
wake them all up  
WAKE THEM ALL UP

do you still walk the night  
in your sleep  
do you stay awake  
but cannot sleep  
the only way to let you know  
is in sleep

Is there a cure for the night  
the day  
a cure for the day  
the night  
can you even know

what it means to live  
without poetry

if you use my name  
use my image  
use my memory  
use your memory of me  
if you use  
any part of me  
any part of me  
that is you  
any part of you  
that is me  
if you use my words  
if you use what I have done  
if you try to use me against me  
or you against me  
I will bring you down  
wear you down  
you will no longer be you

YOU

your memory  
will be erased  
there will be nothing left  
you cannot stop me  
from writing  
you can only stop yourself from reading  
stop yourself from knowing

WHAT I SEE

Is there a night  
the only way to discover  
the end of poetry  
is to discover the end of

SLEEP

what are you afraid of  
that I will not obey

OR

that I have obeyed  
like you have obeyed

when did that happen exactly  
when did you stop yourself  
from reading  
the one kind of stopping that you are so good at  
to stop you dead in your tracks  
to stop your will  
dead in its tracks

the words were going in so many different directions  
like constellations  
you must have stopped reading the constellations  
a while ago  
afraid of what they might say

I can't pretend that you  
are going to come to my rescue

a day  
tender in April

words stopped  
dead in their tracks

STOP

stop it

I said  
stop it  
so it has to stop when I tell it to stop  
and tell it again  
that is poetry  
memory  
telling it the same way  
we don't need fiction  
we don't need to make it up  
it's all made up for us  
all we have to do now  
is obey

this is not about you  
not about your memory  
this is ALL  
something that I made up  
my story  
my truth  
my poetry  
you don't even deserve the truth  
you can make it up  
on your own  
only you know that it is a story  
only you realize  
that it is all poetry  
achoo!

#### ALLERGIES

to thought  
to words  
to a free society  
I am free  
not to read  
not to listen  
not to know  
that the world turns  
that I turn in orbit  
around

#### WORDS

words around words  
do you know the poetry  
STOP  
thinking about me  
thinking about myself

I am not  
thinking in that way  
about you  
about myself  
stop me from thinking about myself in that way  
STOP ME  
before I have another thought like that  
a free associate  
I don't want to think like you  
think like that  
STOP ME

that is better  
I got all the poetry out of my mind  
all the lines  
of lines  
words have to know when to  
SHUT UP  
to stop speaking  
when I don't want to hear them  
no wonder I can't sleep  
no wonder there is no cure  
for words  
for poetry

quit trying to throw  
toss back  
my words  
to me  
those are your words  
your taking my words  
and twisting them UNTIL  
they become  
your poetry

STOP  
I want to write the perfect sentence for you  
I want you to read the perfect sentence  
to repeat the perfect sentence  
without rhyme or reason  
just a sentence  
known for its perfect  
perfection

let's hear it

say it loud  
wake up the world with your words  
RISE AND SHINE  
a perfect sentence  
a new place to begin

SEE  
we got along fine  
we are getting along fine without the poets  
sing alongs with song  
without words  
LA LA LA LA LA  
that is all we need  
a poem doesn't have to  
MEAN  
a thing  
a poem doesn't have to  
we don't need poetry  
we don't need your poetry  
for a long time  
we have known  
that we don't need you

WHAT ARE YOU AFRAID OF

emptiness  
being empty  
not liking what I know I like  
you can't tell me  
what to like

I KNOW

can you tell yourself what to like  
are you ONLY  
telling yourself  
what to like  
but not really liking it

how can I say if I really like it  
how can words tell me what to like  
if I like it  
I don't need words to like it

WHAT ARE YOU AFRAID OF

I am afraid of waking up  
and feeling as if I never slept  
at all  
of feeling so tired  
that I can't get a thing done  
when I haven't done a thing  
I am afraid of being done in by my own fatigue

I am afraid of  
BEING ALONE  
with my words  
with only my words

poetry makes it seem as if I am sharing  
what is mine alone  
do you want my words  
do you want to share  
in the middle of the night  
when you awaken from a deep sleep  
from a bad dream

I am afraid of  
BEING ALONE

with my poetry  
what if  
poetry were the only way  
for you to be honest with your words  
the only way for you to remember what you have already forgotten  
the only way

to write poetry  
is to read poetry  
NOT YOUR POETRY  
other poetry  
I am trying to write in you  
write through you  
write through and through you  
be at two places at once  
here and in your poetry  
LISTEN TO ME

I WANT TO BE YOUR WORDS!

you can't

not anymore  
be in me  
be through and through me

I AM THE WORD  
AND THE WORD MADE FLESH  
take the word  
take the flesh  
it's a miracle  
in the word  
the magic in the peanut butter

AND THE WORLD MADE FLESH  
dinner is on  
are you going to eat  
you need to get strong  
history is coming along  
it's not in drawers  
or on the shelf  
you can feel it in the breeze  
in the strongest blowing breeze  
something you did  
making something else that you did  
the steam  
the steam engine  
start your engines

there's a word for that  
hubris  
an excess of pride  
that's how they punished the people for having impure thoughts  
for rivaling the gods  
don't let it go to your head  
don't let it go  
there's a bird flying around  
your window  
are you allowed to listen to its song  
ENOUGH bird song  
the squirrel who talked to you  
who made him talk and then he stopped talking because you said that he said too much  
he did  
say  
too much  
for a yappy squirrel  
I have to go

go to a meeting  
I'll tell you about it  
write you about  
no more text messages  
this is  
hundreds and hundreds of  
text messages  
I am exceeding my quota  
or vice versa  
you have been exceeded upon  
in your own way  
I could try to collect them all  
collect them all and send them back  
just wake up  
just wake up  
just wake up  
no sleep  
I lose everything  
and messages before messages were texted  
don't you dare  
daring what you are  
daring  
A  
the names have been excised to protect the spies  
among us  
when did everyone get so angry  
sometimes  
YOU  
not me  
have to stick to you  
FUN  
daring fun  
I'm not giving up my fun  
protecting myself with my fun  
can I give you a name  
a new name  
without more name calling  
I'll have vanilla  
one scoop or two  
myth you too  
I really want to talk  
you're talking like a poem  
I told you  
quit trying to make sense  
of things in the past

water under the bridge  
things that I said  
and things that you said back

this is how it stands  
no everything isn't fine  
I'd be crazy if it was  
if it was fine  
I'd be crazy  
because it just ain't

I write  
because it ain't  
so it might be  
FINE  
FINE  
FINE  
FINE  
this is a back and forth of different fines  
FINE FINE  
FINE FINE  
FINE FINE  
FINED  
that ends it  
I'll say it if it is free  
but I can't pay for it  
I have to defend myself  
fine  
DON'T HURT ME  
fine  
I'm leaving  
and I'm taking my words  
and my ears  
and my mind  
intact  
because you  
you are making me dizzy  
fine  
I am taking my poetry  
and my poetry book  
and my poetry kit  
FINE  
I am taking my phone  
and my phony  
a lot of good it did you

and my phony phone

FINE

I am taking my time

and my hurt and my life

and my name

and everything else that you want to claim

my youth

and my mind

and my me

and my you

and feeling fine

I am taking feeling fine

I am simply haunted by feeling fine

when we

there is no we

in the course of human

there is no human

we decide

we can't decide

to break the bonds

the bonds weren't there to break

when in the course of human events, we decide to stop time

I just want you to pay me for my lost time

for my uneaten madeleines

for all the twinkies still in packages

what if we just stopped

eating twinkies

would the twinkies feel sad and alone

what could we do to help

WHAT CAN WE DO?

There is no we

no do

no can

no can do

WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO?

Read poetry

write poetry

live poetry

no can do

do

no

do

FINE

I am doing fine. I don't need your damn poems.