



Voice Mail



Voice Mail

*If I thought what I now say
Had any chance of being carried back by you,
This flame would cease to stir; but since no one may
Return alive from here. . . .*

*If I erected
a suicide machine
in the shape
of a cross—*

so when I
step into place,
lash my feet
to upright,
tie my arms
to crossbeam,
press remote:
crown of thorns
smashes into head,
pelted with stones,
spikes drive through
ankles and wrists,
spear through side.
Would it rate mention
in the
Headline News ticker?
Or would my
cynical Howl
be lost in the
24 hour news cycle
like grime tossed
upon a windshield
-S P L A T-
then gone in a whir
and a flash?

. . .
After the examiners,
take samples,
coroners flash
photographs,
cleaners sanitize
the wet-spot,
will the undertaker
prop up
my mortal remains
for friends, family,
and twisted gawkers?
Will they flash
gruesome pictures
on the news screen?
Will visitors travel
from miles around
to see where
such a macabre
death took place?
Perhaps visit the grave
of a clever and

determined suicide?
Or will my final comment
on my life and times
be lost
in the mindless cacophony
of a generation
that cannot get over
how cool it is?
Enthrall to instant celebrities
-famous for being famous-
smart phones, HDTVs,
Blu-Ray, IPod, 3D IMAX ,
they think they have it all.

. . .
I see dark,
damaged souls
gliding by
in Acuras, Lexus,
and Hummers,
blind to the pain
and poverty
surrounding them,
judging others
by the size
of their paycheck,
believing they
know all, yet
knowing nothing.

. . .
Will I be robbed
of my fifteen seconds:
my bitter yawp
bumped from the
news ticker
by the latest
techno-gimmick,
or the antics
of a slut pop diva?

. . .
Spent NOS cartridges**
surrounding me,
anaesthetized ,
I dodge
bill collectors.
Hola, te pregunta, por favor?
I answer their calls,
chasing them

away
with a languaeje
they do not comprehend.

. . .
I sit alone
-silent-
a ragged claw,
Solomon to the south,
Ezekiel to the north,
in a tattered chair,
in a run down
mobile home.
Raw plywood floors
leaky roof,
failing electrical-
bulbs brilliant
to power spikes
or flickering out-
at the end
of a potholed street.
my home an empty shell
haunted
by memories
of happy times,
legions of demons
and I
work fiendishly
on the cross,
and pray
for The End.

**NOS Cartridges: nitrous oxide whipped cream charger.