

THE  
AMERICAN  
GODWAR  
COMPLEX



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Patrick Herron

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First Edition



*for Amiri Baraka, Ariel Dorfman, and Lawrence Ferlinghetti*

*still fighting the good fight*



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*And I always thought: the very simplest words  
Must be enough. When I say what things are like  
Everyone's heart must be torn to shreds.  
That you'll go down if you don't stand up for yourself  
Surely you see that.*

- Bertolt Brecht

*Arise Arise you citizens of the world use your lungs  
Talk back to the tyrants all they're afraid of is your tongues*

- Allen Ginsberg



AMERICAN



## The Blood-Spatter'd Banner

Oh, say can't you see, by the bare dangled light,  
What so loudly we nailed with our nighttime's armed reaming?

Whose blood stripes and barbed stars, through the one-sided fight,  
O'er the ghettos we watched, were so violently screaming?

Does the vanquished's dead stare, uranium bursting in air,  
Give proof to our night that our flag is still there?

O say, can that blood-spattered banner yet wave  
O'er land ruled by blind decree, in a world we enslave?

*Politiku 1*

Word from our sponsors:  
please place your television  
on the ocean floor.

*Politiku 2*

american rev  
olution: pollution, de  
plete uranium.

solution: dig a  
hole to permanently keep  
armed forces covert.

## No Such Thing as a Conspiracy

Let's all sound smart, shall we? I mean, let's be reasonable. Shall we?

No such thing as a conspiracy. I mean, no reason in any suggestion of a conspiracy. I'm too educated to buy any of those paranoid conspiracy theories.

For example, Enron was purely a series of cloying plodding accidents. Let's keep this all in moderation.

So too is Kissinger's appointment to the 9/11 probe. To suggest otherwise would merely be self-indulgent.

Allende anyone? Let's maintain a sense of proportion. Follow the yellow brick road. Follow. Follow. Follow. Follow.

Not evidence of a conspiracy: just a series of well-meaning gestures that accidentally appear to look like a conspiracy, but of course appearing as such only to those paranoid types. You know, *those* people.

Just a coincidence: no extradition to Chile, and now this new job. Purely coincidence, Hank. Let us please remain reasonable. No such thing as a conspiracy.

Silly conspiracy-minded people. Obviously you conspiracy-minded paranoiacs should just stick to X-Files. You silly fools.

No such thing as a conspiracy. We decent sane moderately smart people all know that.

Narcoleptic Bicyclists  
*for lil' George and the Gipper*

Mr. Lead Candidate coasts so presidentially he  
seems as yet another narcoleptic bicyclist,  
his chain slung around a crankcase nation,  
besmudged soles upon the pedals embracing

this most circular race.

Mr. Candidate confessed once  
to being narcissistic, but now, born Christian again,  
he's a stickler for his own rules.

He's just a jolly bloke,  
aspiring to be a ruler for sticking

his something between every pair of spokes,  
pumping every last molecule of air  
from any tire he sees, then snoozing while  
spinning greased half-truths, vulcanized waxy lies,

and the steep hill climbs between.

Snoring,  
another kickstand,  
asleep at the wheel.

The Pirate Blimp  
*for spooks everywhere*

File under 'black hole' for hope. Arise, hide the sun, o cat-foot fart.  
Your Limbaugh-Lindbergh gloat & your Hindenburg cart, go float on hot air.  
Fly the Jolly Roger dope with shrub-leader rope, it's all Nazi where.  
Defiled Geronimo skull submerged there, below a smart inchoate heart.

Follow the bouncing ball  
to wherever Osama will fall.

Our might will take it all.

To fill the lives of young soldiers with thrills,  
to inspire our leaders to gobble their pills!

There's oil in them thar Caspian hills.

## Happy Birthday to Us

*(Setting: The Yellow House Briefing Room. The room is a mix of a stately Federalist-style reception hall and television talk show studio. The President of the Free World, the dominant country on Earth, is about to make a special announcement to his constituents across the globe. A group of about 30 journalists is assembled there to witness the President's speech, along with some television cameras.)*

Announcer: Ladies and gentleman, The President of the Free World. Please rise.

(Enter, stage right, the President of the Free World. He looks past the small crowd of journalists present in the briefing room and waves as if greeting a much larger crowd behind them, a crowd that we can see is that simply isn't there. He then sits down at a desk that faces the crowd. He gently indicates to the crowd, both real and imaginary, to sit down as well through small reassuring hand gestures. A large television camera is rolled into position directly in front of the President, blocking the view of most of the people assembled in the room. He picks up some blank sheets of paper before him and then begins reading from a teleprompter located behind the camera. The President begins to speak, slowly, carefully while wearing a slight grin-- "a twinkle in his eye.")

Mr. President: Good evening, people of the Free World. I come to you today to sit down and speak with you about the importance of a resource so precious, so sacred, we all must do our part to ensure people everywhere are able to enjoy that resource.

As the leader of the free world, I have decided that from this day forward, every day is your birthday. That's right--every day is your birthday. Every day is my birthday. Every day is our birthday, and every day will remain our birthday so as long as we remain free.

I promise to make each new day a birthday for all freedom-loving people of the The Free World. Every day will be an opportunity for rebirth, for spiritual renewal, for love and joy and singing happy birthday and bringing that wonderful melody to all the people of the world who are not so fortunate as to be allowed to make every day their birthday.

(reassuringly) So today is your birthday. Every day is your birthday. Today is my birthday. Every day is my birthday. Happy Birthday to everyone. Happy birthday to the Free World.

I want to wish happy birthday today to Elmira Campbell of Lexington, Kentucky. Happy birthday to Carlito Guenaras of Conception, Paraguay. Happy birthday to Albrecht Pfeifer of Obertraun, Austria. Happy birthday to Hatta Sudiro of Salatiga, Indonesia. Happy birthday to Joabim Mercado of Sao Paolo, Brazil. Happy birthday to Ntele Shimango of Benin, Nigeria. To Isaac Schomberg of Jenin, Israel. To Patrick MacPherson of Glasgow, Scotland. Yes, happy birthday to all of us. I wish each and every one of us all a happy birthday.

(indignance) For some, however, each day means bearing the heavy burden of not having the freedom to make every day their birthday. For Zeng Xiaodao of Shanghai, China, it is not his birthday today. He is 64 years and 231 days today. Neither is it the birthday of Tariq el-Aziz of Basra, Iraq. He is 32 years, 21 days old today. And then there's little Juanita Santiago of Buenovanita, Colombia, who will go to bed never having the freedom today to hear the sweet tones of the "Happy Birthday" song. Little Juanita is only 9 years, 137 days old today.

It will be our mission, then, as a free people, as citizens of the Free World, to bring freedom and birthdays to every man woman and child on this God-given great Earth. After all, who could possibly say no to birthdays? What sort of evil hate-filled soul could dare spoil the wonder of celebrating a birthday? Let us not kid ourselves. Such people are among us, lurking in the shadows of the Free World, doing everything in their power to prevent all human being from celebrating their birthdays every day.

We as a free people at this moment resolve to make sure that everyone has the right to be free to celebrate his birthday every day. We must rise from the ashes of yesterday's tragedies and stand poised on the brink of a glorious new day for the whole world. We must be ready to face the challenge of bringing birthdays to all nations and all peoples, of every creed, color, and tongue--even those who have never experienced the joys of tearing open brightly colored gift paper, of extinguishing the fires of gently burning birthday candles, of slicing open a birthday cake still warm from the oven, of taking that first moist bite, of hearing even the first notes of the greatest song of freedom: Happy Birthday. We must ask ourselves, then, not whether the Free World can sing happy birthday to us, but whether we can sing the Free World happy birthday.

(The president then stands, loosens his tie and begins to sing and dance, Broadway style...)

So happy birthday to me.  
Happy birthday to you.  
Happy birthday to me and you.  
Happy birthday to us.

We are glad to be free.  
It's a birthday for me.  
It's the birthday of humanity.  
It's our birthday, can't you see?

Why do so many people fuss?  
Why do so many spit and cuss?  
Why not hop on the birthday bus?

Happy birthday to us.

When the morning brings the sun,  
Its warm ra-di-a-tion,  
Birthdays free or by a gentle gun.  
Your birthday freedom is hard-won.

So it's a great day to be free.  
Let's hang evil from a tree.  
Birthdays set the whole world free.  
So happy birthday from me.

So happy birthday to me.  
Happy birthday to you.  
Happy birthday to me and you.  
Happy birthday to us.

(Sits down again, straightens his tie, and returns to his speech-making voice):

Thank you, God bless, and happy birthday.

END

"Get Your Kicks On Route 666"  
by George "Dubya" Bush,  
President of the United States of America  
& Leader of the Free World(TM)

If you ever plan to invade the east  
Travel my way, take the highway of the beast.

(Madman hicks on Route 666.)

It winds from Washington to Baghdad  
More than 6,000 miles spreading dismay.

(Murder fix on Route 666.)

You destroy Mandali, Mosul, Ramadi,  
And Kuwait City will smell mighty shitty.  
You'll bomb Al-Hindiyah, Zakoh, As Samawah  
Salman, Al Muthanna, don't forget Zubayir  
Tikrit, Arbil, Ad Dinwaniyah.

Won't you pack your clip for this deadly scrip  
When you take that C-17 trip?

(Bunch of dicks on Route 666.)

## Fuck You O Elvis

*America: Did Jesus Appoint Us God's Rightful Business Manager of the Free World?  
For Elvis, our third world corporate manager & engineer of the giddy sneer bottom  
line.*

Fuck you O Elvis O Rockabilly Savior Of the Third World Multinational Management  
Exploration Company.

Fuck you O Elvis O gold-sequined executor of the global will of brown people rotund  
and square.

Fuck you O Elvis of the elevated prehensile anus flap and pelvis redneck roll get your  
ass out of my pocket.

Fuck you O Elvis of the gastrointestinal sublimation of Seconal and Quaalude heehaw  
rocketry luminescence.

Fuck you O Elvis of the eyelid stupor and glazed ham *couture*.

Fuck You O Elvis your colonial coercion smells and your fecal bombs dispel.

Fuck you O Elvis you cannot compel me with your fetid spongiform cranial cruising  
glare.

Fuck you O Elvis your cloudy pool is airless; the fish float on the surface with marble  
grin rotated sideways.

Fuck you O Elvis your rotted Picasso-sloughed corpse you had no taste for voluminous  
fervor you absented toiling clam and skinny tie flim-flam spam man.

Fuck you O Elvis you are the icon of my gilded excoriation.

Fuck you O Elvis fuck you I'll take John Lennon any day.

## Hail to the Thief

Hail to the Thief, scabrous growth upon our nation,  
Hail to the Thief! We abhor him, one and all.  
Hail to the Thief, as we resist co-operation  
With coarse defilement of a great and noble call.

Yours is the aim to make this grand country poorer,  
This you will do, that's our strong and firm belief.  
Hail to the one, the usurper as commander,  
Hail to the Gov, er, President! Hail to the Thief!

Anus I  
*for Gabriel Gudding*

O puckered starfish  
thou'st be mistreated  
as an infected dish!

Seated before the colon  
you bleated and bleated. So swollen.

Thou wanted me to know my fate  
is linked to barbaric yowls  
guided by my prostate.

Thy sullen bowels did blow from my thighs  
with repeated cries like a crow, resounding:

"as above, so below,  
as above, so below"

Anus II: The George W. Bush Rap  
(the bling-bling version)

The unemployment rate and mortality rate  
evidence my vacancy rate.  
Fuck you suckers. I have no maturity date.  
I'm cold as the Bering Strait, like  
Herod with hate, wasting all those Iraqi kids--  
with million dollar 'mizzels' I turned them to splatter.  
For schizzle, bizzel, watch them sizzle!  
You and I both know I forbid you all to matter.  
I'm madder than Henry the Eight,  
badder than Alexander the Great.  
I am your fate. I am fully prepared to humiliate  
everyone from here to the oily capital of Kuwait.  
Your mouth is my toilet seat; open wide, dear.  
Deceit is what I bring, and what I excrete is right-wing  
crap. I'll bitch-slap your ass if you don't make me king.  
I got Ashcroft right here to slide in the police state greased with fear.  
Bling-bling and extending suffering is what I sing.  
So listen up please, because there's nothing to hear.  
As you can see I have nothing to hide.  
I bring nothing between my white ears for you to demodulate,  
what my face formulates is permanently snide.  
No need to recriminate me for my efforts to desecrate your ass  
through hijacking the separation of church and state  
in order to hyper-inflate the size of my collection plate.  
Hate fate? Hell, boy, it's all fate and hate is your fate.  
I sent 150 people to the chair while Governor to die  
and made sure to laugh each time I watched them fry.  
Next up? Step up to my Texas Rangers Ballpark plate.  
I'll use my landed estate to acquire some armor plate,  
lick my dessert plate and depopulate the welfare state  
while I defoliate with nukes  
all the lands surrounding the Korean Strait.  
I'll repopulate the world with  
gun-running dope-smuggling terrorist-funding  
money-laundering genocide-provoking covert operative spooks.  
My utopia is apocalyptic myopia.  
After I'm done shitting I'm gonna pee on you.  
Fixed election, passing laws about heaven,  
and so many unanswered questions surrounding 9/11.  
Blindly lying in wait escaping all public debate.  
Somehow I got America tied in a figure of eight.

Me and Dick Cheney, cruisin' state galas,  
Suckers want to play me while we're gobbling up the dollars?

So be careful who you try to berate,  
if it's me you try to execrate as excretory gas.  
I'll show all you sucker MCs your fate  
by shoving diplomacy and democracy right up your ass.

Bushwhack in the house.  
Murder you and your spouse.  
Bushwhack in the house.  
Crush you all like a mouse.

Cover-up  
for Hunter C. Levinsohn

*Don't tread on me.*

Some attend to the Pledge of Allegiance and yet  
Offend upend and bury the rights that still guide us.

Damnation! Freedom is not the right to put asunder the views  
of any one star that glows and stands in one nation under

*A new constellation.*

We refuse to be gagged and we resist,  
Insisting we too under the same flag,

*We the people.*

Communion is not the ability to restrict or forsake free speech  
Protected by Constitutional edict. Together we make

*An appeal to heaven.*

We are the handworkers, the artisans of garbage.  
We the dead hold office in the refuse, the rubble and the sewage.

Flags some use to cover up caskets  
Cannot keep the dead down.

## My Country Steals from Me

My country steals from me,  
every dollar that it sees,  
Of theft I sing.  
Land where my fathers died?  
Land of the Pilgrim's pride?  
From every mountain side,  
When will the truth ring?



# GODWAR



## Bombs and Butter

Bombs and butter  
Bake better brothers?

## Shirley and Jane Wounded by the Serpents

Shirley helped Jane hobble back to the safety of the Holy Valley. As the gates to the valley drew shut, they could hear the rattle of the serpents as the heavens fired upon the evil enemy.

Once inside the valley, Jane noticed that Shirley was hemorrhaging divine effluvium from her arm. Jane cut open Shirley's karmic garment arm to reveal a gaping flesh wound on her forearm, on the obverse side, just below the elbow's radian. Shirley sustained neuronal damage, as well as a shattered finger, all from the pointed flight of serpent teeth.

Shirley then looked at her friend's tormented foot, concluding that the torment too was more serious than first thought. A piece of Jane's right heel had been excised prematurely through the force of the flying serpent teeth, exposing the tender innards of ligamental networks and pulsing vasculature. Her wound was glistening and unfortunate. The wizard said Jane would not lose her foot to the vagaries of tormented existence, but would require one year of repentance and forgiveness in order to restore its proper use.

## The Mighty Serpents Begin to Fall from the Sky

Prince Pearl, a chief serpent of the war on Hope Valley, resigned yesterday as chairman of the feared Fang Panel following allegations that he faced a serious conflict of interest.

Pearl, nicknamed the Prince of Darkness, has long been one of the leading serpents of the Fang Panel advising the Serpent King to wreak wounds and cause bloodshed in the valley. He has argued that it represented a new place to nest.

Pearl has said that any profits he made from his new nest would be given to relatives of serpents slain in the valley. In his resignation, he said that he could no longer fly over the valley. Leading serpents replied by describing Pearl as "a man of integrity, majesty and finely-sharpened tooth".

I Believe In What I Know Is Not True  
Because I Am God And I Know Me

*"...the Franks did nothing evil to [the women] except pierce their bellies with their lances."*

- Chronicler Fulcher of Chartres following the Crusaders' slaughter of Moslem women outside the walls of Antioch

*"It was a just and marvelous judgment of God, that [the temple of Solomon] should be filled with the blood of the unbelievers."*

- Chronicler Raymond of Aguilers on the Crusaders' conquest of Jerusalem

*"It is though the sword automatically performs its function of justice, which is the function of mercy.... The swordsman turns into an artist of the first grade, engaged in producing a work of genuine originality."*

- DT Suzuki on Zen and swordsmanship, written during the Japanese Rape of Nanking, in which 350,000 Chinese were slaughtered, and 80,000 women were raped, many of whom were disemboweled.

*"The punishment of those who wage war against Allah and His apostle and strive to make mischief in the land is only this, that they should be murdered or crucified or their hands and their feet should be cut off on opposite sides or they should be imprisoned; this shall be as a disgrace for them in this world, and in the hereafter they shall have a grievous chastisement...."*

- the Koran, 5:33

*"In Maarra our troops boiled pagan adults in cooking pots; they impaled children on spits and devoured them grilled."*

- Radulph of Caen, 1098, on the conquest of Maara

*"If ordered to march: tramp, tramp or shoot: bang, bang. This is the manifestation of the highest wisdom of enlightenment. The unity of Zen and war ... extends to the farthest reaches of the holy war now under way."*

- Zen Master Harada Daiun Sogaku, 1939

*"I do not understand this squeamishness about the use of gas. I am strongly in favour of using poison gas against uncivilised tribes."*

- Winston Churchill, on approving the use of poison gas on Kurdish rebels in Iraq during the 1920s.

*"Kill them all. God will know His own."*

- 1208, papal legate Arnald Amalric, in reply to Pope Innocent II's soldiers after Beziers fell and they asked how to tell the faithful apart from the infidels

*"So they put them to flight by Allah's permission. And Dawood slew Jalut, and Allah gave him kingdom and wisdom, and taught him of what He pleased. And were it not for Allah's repelling some men with others, the earth would certainly be in a state of disorder; but Allah is Gracious to the creatures."*

- the Koran 2:251

*"Our men, moreover, returning in victory and bearing many heads fixed upon pikes and spears, furnished a joyful spectacle for the people of God....And know for certain that we have captured for the Lord 200 cities and fortresses."*

- in a letter from Anselm of Ribemont to Manasses II, Archbishop of Reims, February 1098, during the siege of Antioch

*"When people stop believing in God, they won't start believing in nothing. They'll start believing in anything."*

- GK Chesterton, on why he believed we must believe in God

God  
is that which  
does not exist.  
In order to bring  
    God  
into your life,  
you must know that  
    He  
does not exist.  
In order to bring  
    God  
into your life,  
you must create that  
which does not exist.

That is, you must be  
the  
    God  
of  
    God  
by creating  
    God  
in your own  
imagination.  
You must invent  
    God  
and believe in your  
invention.  
    God  
is bringing that

which does not exist  
into existence. So  
know that

God  
does not exist,  
but believe

Him  
into the world  
and create, create,  
create, create.

God  
is that which  
does not exist,

He  
is the negation of  
all things that are,  
and you must believe  
in the negation of  
all things, and in  
so doing bring

Him  
into the world.  
Because you know

He  
doesn't exist, and  
because you want  
the world to become  
that which does not  
exist and you want  
to believe believe  
believe. And then  
you will kill

God  
and become the  
negation of all  
negation and enter  
into the light of  
pure affirmation.

Who am  
Amon Ra  
Allah  
Lord Jesus  
Buddha  
Brahma  
Atman  
I  
am therefore I am

not. War please kill  
me. I do believe.

God.

I am Innocent II I  
am Raymond of  
Aguilers I am  
Fulcher, Bernard,  
I am the Unspeakable  
rendered Holy. Sangre  
de

Cristo,

the Blood of

Christ,

bloody cross,  
all men. Pledge  
your irrevocable  
engagement.

God

is your negation,

God

never stops bleeding.  
All men. In mysteries  
men soon do lose  
their way. Hold fast  
and watch me come. My  
hands are tied but my  
arms are open. They  
are bleeding for you.  
In the end is the

Word,

for the end is when  
the flesh profane  
is made

Word

in flame. All men.

## Phone Call to a Terrorist

A multinational bank company, please,  
Let us hear you play it now, in twelve.  
Are we to score this Renaissance of murder?  
We hear commands of your mean man  
From the worn-down mountains:  
Did sun or toe know the first blow?  
For the man turned corpse in battle,  
Does his war never end?

Stuck before the thirteenth bell,  
The clock of a nameless gentleman fell.

More than local trade centers  
Were rifled through. Some make a Palestine  
Gradually, while others sometime select  
Rockets and skin stretched into lampshades  
To lay claim to an oasis, however illumed it may be.  
He-man Bush bakes souls calmly.  
An impressive four-week vacation  
Despite the terms of his recreation.  
He acts surprised by the strike-back.  
He wonders, "Shall I release a disaster?"  
That pearl barber. He imagines the harbor,  
A large-scale retort of the insidious  
Like the one first flown into Hiroshima.

Look, many hearses for the output of war.

No one questions the president, a  
Gross banker fallen from a Prescott  
Who stole life and limb with Hitler.  
A calculated mink? Did this family run wild  
In the war against Sodom? They called him a fink?  
Not after the last generation, please.  
Must we continue to dangle from this bluff?  
I insist we have had enough. People were  
Present once inside these towers but ask their children  
or lovers why they have not come home from work.

The dead of Gotham fade into a pair of faint boxes.  
We paint over them with kidnaps and flights of fancy  
Toward distant impact targets. Today a jet whistled  
"Four airplanes remain undiscovered  
Long after they were recovered."

At a sham grounding, the warmed-over Londoner  
Soiled his garden party. Ahem. Bloody right.

The newborn intimacies of theoreticians  
Grow Petri Dish specters of CIA, a sea  
You ate raw, Live at Five. And these the  
Cousins of Bushes structured Samba IBM Lading  
With saliva and brusque brushes. Blood  
Ladle, promoted to the office of upper rogue,  
Becomes your name for the attack.  
He fits into your picture with an evil Bert  
And a bottle of Johnnie Walker. Black. Not Red.  
Fallen puppets dance before us,  
The weightless benefit of wireless.

Thus if you already consult the void  
You must continue. You, the Sigmunds  
Of the Illuminati, and the secret world  
You conspirators give yourselves, is of  
The usual intimacy, greening earrings  
Plausibly denying the crackling sound of cracked dispatches.  
Lords of the italic rule as ready-mades fresh from the forgery.  
The jewels hang from holes, as if such things need adornment.

Oh, how such sadness from security measures  
Retains the pain of geothermal pressures.

Geopolitical chessman I invent you.  
Order the heads of office to strike fast with  
Rifle butt shouldered, with back to stone pentagrams.  
A scandal purchased for the purpose of discussion  
Strangely enough has no syllable. Dot. Dot. Dot.  
Breaking worldwide news. "Gee, oh."

Do you not remain strangely concerned? Look.  
See these lush folds. Touch them, probe lightly  
With a tip. Or do you find these rills sharp  
And frightening? Batten it down, this fear I mean, only  
With cash of Standard Oil and Dupont  
And blunt graphite crosshatch. You will hear nothing  
If you are lucky. The ice underfoot silences all.

Please hold for the next internal message as we breathe our friends  
In the form of dust, our insomniac global order-keeping rust.

## Spook

Spook plays the double.  
Trade used spirit in for ghost.  
Lone eye open, blind.



*Rwanda:* stacking bodies in a church like used toothpicks in a box

*Machete:* the liberation of a life, the enslavement of the living

*Mining:* the copper tarnished through the envy of the mercenary; the mercy in him an artifact of letters

*Gun:* your fortune is great, your poverty unrivalled

*Poet:* you are dead. In your death you are sleeping without a dream.

*Help:* the empty wind stands up the soul, the bosonic joist

*Missile:* A song and a whirl a helicopter swings more blades than its own after the crash of the leaders, some of us saw the origin in a foreign land, its avarice unrivalled, its folly repeated in the erased pages from the history of forever

*Psyop:* "They are coming to get you, so you must get them first," the radio anchor repeats, and immediately your weapon knows in your hand who *they* are

*Africa:* you are given everything and robbed of everything, can the universe know and be so cruel? it is all under your feet most days yet every day it trembles between your selves

*America:* your mind mauls the earth, strip mine the plain with plain strip malls, your time yet another vulcanized tread on another mother's back

*Genocide:* the unleashed secret pulls the bloodied cart, the cart pulls the bodies, and the bodies pull the secret with permanent quiet; we used camps once, now everyone is involved, and the bodies are piled inside the used toothpick boxes that once man called churches and the whispers are silent.



## Take Me Out In the Maul Game

Take me out with a ball peen  
Hammer to bash in my skull  
'Cause it's one, two  
Air strikes you're dead  
In this bull shit game

Growing Up Four Miles  
From The End of the World

Where are you? Too bright in here.  
Daddy? Daddy? Patrick? Patrick?  
All this blinding white light.  
Is it after the end of the world?

All this blinding white light.  
Is it after the end of the world?  
Where are you? Too bright in here.  
Daddy? Daddy? Patrick? Patrick?

Daddy? Daddy? Patrick? Patrick?  
All this blinding white light.  
Is it after the end of the world?  
Where are you? Too bright in here.

Is it after the end of the world?  
Where are you? Too bright in here.  
Daddy? Daddy? Patrick? Patrick?  
All this blinding white light.

Bye bye to my shiny red bicycle.  
Bye bye to my old yellow house.  
Bye bye to my big brother Michael.  
Bye bye to my funny white mouse.

Bye bye to my Mommy who raised me to here.  
Bye bye to my Daddy I think the end is near.

## After Sun Ra (Nuclear War)

if they push that button  
if they push that button  
and they push that button  
and they push that button  
they still talking about  
nuclear war  
middle eastern war  
they want to blast you  
so high in the sky  
you kiss yo ass goodbye  
counterterrorist war  
if they push that button  
croneyist war  
carlyle group war  
shrubbery war  
chemical war  
petroleum war  
narcotic war  
criminal syndicate war  
they talking about  
anti-human war  
radiation  
mutation  
mutilation  
desperation  
school voucher nation  
eradication  
interests divination  
human commodification  
inspection sans investigation  
flesh atomization  
erratic articulation  
anthrax bomb  
sealed with a kill  
it's a motherfucker  
don't you know  
if they push that button  
if they bush that put-on  
you gotta go  
tell us tyrone  
it's a mother fucker  
i love you tyrone  
but yo ass gotta go  
my ass gotta go

what we gonna do  
about our ass  
what we gonna do  
about our ass  
what can you do  
without your ass  
they talking about  
al-qaeda war  
ultrasonic vibration  
desecration  
global depollenation  
spiteful mastication  
bowel vagination  
jihadi elation  
crusader masturbation  
crimson elucidation  
urban evacuation  
mass deportation  
crawford texas vacation  
dick cheney don't say "negotiation"  
monetary war  
environmental war  
media war  
ground war  
artillery war  
incendiary bomblet war  
anti-population war  
what they gonna do  
if our ass is turned to glue  
if they push that button  
its gonna blast you so high  
right in the sky  
so kiss yo ass  
goodbye  
goodbye  
bye  
they some motherfuckers  
don't you know  
if they keep pushin' those buttons  
say hi to goodbye  
it's yo ass in the sky  
goodbye  
goodbye  
(so whatcha gonna do?)

## Parade

I once loved a parade.





# COMPLEX



## The Death of a Community Organizer

He once would bleed with every pore  
to make more of this whirl  
to make it seem better

and then and then not only in deed  
but also in letter  
                  he resigned.

He said

                  "no more,  
dear oh please dear no more,  
this game of ladders and chutes.  
Please let me rest.  
I am tired and sore from this haste,  
the weight of the worl  
and its organized grass roots  
that in poor taste I once bore."\*

"These green tea light candles  
on this river I once lit and once set afloat  
I must now extinguish, I must now set ashore.  
Anchor this boat, o my art.  
We never were so far apart, were we,  
the do-gooders from the vandals,  
the pure-at-heart from the scandals."

"A Pawtucket fisherman just told me:

'Early in the morning  
we cast our nets in the bay  
but we must pull them back in  
before the end of our day.'

And so I just said fuck it."

So I ascertain to you dear reader,  
as you try to catch certain impressions,  
I cast you lines with only more questions.

Were his fish no longer flying?

Was he wise or was he just dying?

## Weasels, Eagles, Maldives, Corpuscles

### *WEASEL I*

ALL AROUND THE COBBLER'S BENCH THE MONKEY CHASED THE WEASEL  
THE MONKEY THOUGHT 'T WAS ALL IN FUN POP GOES THE WEASEL

JOHNNY'S GOT THE WHOOPING COUGH AND MARY'S GOT THE MEASLES  
TAKE A STICK AND KNOCK IT OFF POP GOES THE WEASEL

A PAINTER WOULD HIS LOVER TO PAINT HE STOOD BEFORE THE EASEL  
HE TORE THE PAINTING UP IN HALF POP GOES THE WEASEL

WHEN HIS SWEETHEART SHE DID LAUGH HIS TEMPER GOT SO LETHAL  
THE MONKEY JUMPED ALL OVER THE PAINT POP GOES THE WEASEL

EVERY NIGHT WHEN I GO OUT THE MONKEY'S ON THE TABLE  
THAT'S THE WAY THE MONEY GOES POP GOES THE WEASEL

I'VE NO TIME TO WAIT AND SIGH I'VE NO TIME TO TEASE-L  
THE MONKEY THOUGHT 'T WAS ALL IN FUN POP GOES THE WEASEL

*THE MEASLES I*

ALL AROUND THE BUNGLER'S BENCH THE JUNKIE CHASED THE MEASLES  
THE JUNKIE  
THOUGHT 'T WAS ALL IN FUN POP GOES THE MEASLES JOHNNY'S GOT THE  
WHOOPING  
COUGH AND MARY'S GOT THE WEASLE TAKE A STICK AND KNOCK IT OFF  
POP GOES THE MEASLES A PAINTER WOULD HIS LOVER TO PAINT HE  
STOOD BEFORE THE LETHAL HE TORE THE PAINTING UP IN HALF POP GOES  
THE MEASLES WHEN HIS SWEETHEART SHE DID LAUGH HIS TEMPER GOT SO  
EASEL THE JUNKIE JUMPED ALL OVER THE PAINT POP GOES THE MEASLES  
EVERY NIGHT WHEN I GO OUT THE JUNKIE'S ON THE FABLE THAT'S THE  
WAY THE MONEY GOES POP GOES THE MEASLES I'VE NO TIME TO WAIT  
AND SIGH I'VE NO TIME TO TEASE-L THE JUNKIE THOUGHT 'T WAS ALL IN  
FUN POP GOES THE MEASLES

*EAGLES I*

AROUND THE  
BENCH THE  
JUNKIE THE  
EAGLES THE  
JUNKIE THOUGHT  
FUN THE  
WHOOPE THE  
EAGLES GOT  
THE COUGH  
MARY'S GOT  
THE STICK  
AND KNOCK  
WHOOPE THE  
LOVER THE  
SWEETHEART THE  
JUNKIE THE  
PAINT THE  
NIGHT THE  
FABLE THE  
WAY THE  
MONEY THE  
TIME NO  
TIME THE  
JUNKIE THE  
EAGLES

*JUNKIE EAGLES I*

a round bench  
JUNKIE EAGLES JUNKIE  
thought fun  
THE WHOOP THE EAGLES  
got cough Mary's got stick and knock  
WHOOP  
lover sweetheart  
JUNKIE  
paint night fable  
way money time no time  
JUNKIE EAGLES

*no meds I*

around the bench the thought of fun got a cough  
Mary's got a stick and she  
knocks JUNKIE EAGLES MONKEY THE SHOOP THE EASELS  
WHOO SPUNKY FUNKY MEASLES lover sweetheart  
paint the night a fable  
forget the way the vitals are stable  
no money no time no meds no cred you're dead  
throw lime honey

*fable of horror I*

you're dead honey I'm sick  
around the bench the thought of no money sweetheart  
fun is a fable of horror  
got a lover the way the cred  
the time no meds cough  
Mary's got a lime and she paints the night  
forget the knocks are stable  
no vitals and no throwing sticks  
pop goes the weasel

*Maldives I*

a thought that feels so red and white  
fun is a sweetheart of an odor  
the way time and money are lovers  
the way a bunch of bananas dangles  
the Maldives the ardor wonder of the night  
the monkey fading from your back

*hors d'oeuvres I*

the fascicles the corpuscles exposed muscles the way wet hair  
tussles the entrails and tails the boar humps a horse the

hors d'oeuvres the tendrils there's a hole blown in your back

## Machine Gun (Sondheimwundermaschinenremix)

*with Alan Sondheim*

money made me  
do it  
anthraxing  
is killing  
everythinging  
you crushed  
glass destroyed  
and mutilated  
what damage have  
you done  
to your  
selecteding  
indexing my  
ripping spleen  
do it  
playground  
machinegun

not universe  
grain of sand  
freeze nothing  
rug weaving  
and naming  
a loop  
understanding  
nothing  
no casing  
unfolded spleen  
no glass  
machinegun  
maschinen  
gewehr burning  
hotdog  
machinegun

stabs me  
soldiering substitute  
across your  
rearranging  
terrorizing  
crush of glass  
createded  
no part of this

destroyed your  
terror here  
transformed  
naked man calling forth  
playing of  
hungered making things  
nothinging  
in murder hell my flesh  
black powdering  
guilty boyfriend  
destroying me  
exactly  
spilled spleen  
with sex-terror  
leafleting  
rough legal  
my tendering  
roughly  
text sex it  
with exact  
lack codex  
fernsehen  
maschinen  
spondee sexing  
exacteding  
blood in  
bathtub  
machinegun

is mine calls  
forth anthrax  
militant hungered  
make things  
nothing  
cutting spleen  
there are  
see far  
machines  
railroad  
machinegun

unleash your  
tearing spleen  
I am  
eardrummed  
money making me  
machinegun

Death to the list. Dropping bombs. Death to the list, this stinking gawdawful rot. The sot that is not the body. Does it trace a circle on a map and imply the epicenter, the inner circle of death, the obliteration of memory itself? He points to a map of Detroit with concentric circles drawn on it like a bull's eye, finger tremors with bitterness of a worn-away stupor. Does it consume the falling flesh tearing from bone? The megalith of propriety? The megadeaths counted in the study? The bombs I mean bon-bons of course. Not to distress you, dear. You know they dropped them, you know. You know, you always know. You are reading by sleeping in dreams unowned.

"Just because you're suicidal and still alive doesn't mean you're handling it well, you know."

Where it's falling bon-bons, raining bon-bons, sweet sugary fallout of bon-bons. Christ does the sky never get tired of raining bon-bons? When they fall they whisper to me that you don't have to work. The hiss of bon-bons slicing the air. Deliver the fucking unemployment check already, it's late in the week and I deserve it after all. I just have to write and eat bon-bons. Saving the world from bon-bons.

"What would you do in order to keep away the hordes, to protect what little freedoms and paychecks we are so lucky to receive? My retirement will mean consulting checks at the Pentagon and if they say it's Mauritians then goddamn it bomb the Mauritians. I mean bon-bon them."

His hands sweep across his desk, sending pencils, stapler, papers, and keyboard to the floor. Infectious disease sneezed across the screen.

An old Italian beggar in Paris once told me, "to give is to steal and lie about it." Snot caked in his beard, some sort of mucous. It was raining and he gave me a trash bag to wear. Bon-bons in the fucking bag and I'm covered in mess. I appear covered in snot.

I figure the answer to life is to wear bon-bons like a pair of tits. Tits like bombs, the 50s, remember? Missile bras and granny panties. Beat the wife and keep her in the kitchen. Beat the kids and get the wife in the kitchen to feed them. Closed fist frozen forever against the mouth of a small child. Another moment, frozen, the belt folded in half, raised high in the air like a whip or a billy club. Freeze frame, just before the blinding flash. Stop it right there before it completes its last phase of its downward fall. Projectile motion accelerating like a bomb and stop. "Go to work, be a jerk. TV dinners by the pool. I'm so glad I finished

school."

Flash to present day. I'm writing a book or two or three and thinking that what I need is a cool author portrait on the back cover the sort of portrait I spend a grand on. All for a book. Fucking loser you can write a book but can you close the fucking deal. Il Coronado. Fist but extend the index and the pinky fingers to make the shape of horns. To ward off the devil. You can read it like a book reading bon-bons I mean bombs for our friends. Another episode of "One Life to Live."

An old Catholic priest in a musty rectory basement. It is raining outside. He mumbles over the image of a child, "*Abi in malam rem.*" Over and over again, holding the image of the child, "*abi in malam rem, abi in malam rem.*" He cries and repeats the phrase over and over again until the bombs fall.

Here's what Christ told me on that day. Throw bon-bons at everyone! Feed them bombs! Bombs for our enemies bombs for our investments bombs for our banks bombs for our cousins bombs for our neighbors bombs for our children bombs for our pockets for our cars for our bikes, trikes, mikes and dykes our stinking half-wit freedoms to do nothing even fucking is illegal in certain positions fuck it bomb it all sell the house sell the furniture sell the paintings sell the kids I'm never coming home because I am living forever and this list is for the worms I mean bon-bons. Death to the list. Shut the fuck up. Eat your fucking bombs. Go to the fucking devil. Charcoal figures like timber float down the river. You are reading by sleeping in dreams unowned. Another episode and a pair of breasts like missiles. Devil laughing, form of a plastic grocery bag, whipped into the air by the wind tracing circles tracing circles tracing circles. Go to the devil. And keep him away. Argh. Argh. Ack. Uh.

White Male Professional Asshole  
*after Carl Dennis*

It must be troubling to watch you on Friday evenings  
Driving home above the life you're living,  
A thorn in the side of your wife. Of her you think:

"She can save her empathy for the children."

You will not let her run out into the set of your film.  
You will not come to her rescue. Sit down tonight  
In upholstered authority, battering the life you've chosen.

## Cleaning as a Political Act

Dearest Tony,

You could have employed someone else to clean your floor. Barbara Ehrenreich, for example, or Laurie Anderson. She worked at a McDonald's in Chinatown, on Canal, blocks from her home. Her friends did not recognize her even when they came to chow on french fries and Heinz ketchup. Or you could have opted to only partially clean your floor. Or clean it with non-industrial cleaner. Or burn it. Or smudge into the grime various shapes of nationalist icons. Show me an apolitical bear, bird, or kumquat. Or not clean it at all. Ignore me. You must make decisions, decisions. Which shoes for the weather.

The weather is but one example.

Maybe you cleaned the floor. Maybe you didn't. Maybe you're really some (lookee here) agent for the Children Of a World Forgotten And Terrorized (COWFAT). Here maybe you're someone's answer to an absurd conspiracy in a hidden dishwasher. A political dishwasher, mind you. In the home of Alexandros Giotopoulos, next to a light switch for a room without fixtures. Maybe he's listening to the Clash. Or sharpening knives. Or sleeping. Or sleeping. Or sleeping. Repeating himself while Dreaming of Anthony Robinson, wondering when he'll get to have sex again, or wondering just how kind he should no longer be. It's based on a true story. I am yelling though I'm too lazy to open my trap door and free some spit. Thanks for listening when I'm talking or chewing gum.

Gum is one example. Gummi Bears. Even Play-Doh.

Maybe I am Jack Sprat and you are me and we are not in the same flat. Dead dog's eye and all that. Love letters to the Hare Krishnas or teachers in jumpsuits contemplating new shapes for swimming pools. Jesus

saves at the eXtreme Youth Ministries. In Craven County, which covers approximately 695 square miles with a total population of 85,800 residents. I did not say that. Crack pipe lens and automobile dealership balloon array like a limp flag. Every bit of it is true. Our God is A Rockin' God / Our god / Our God is a Rockin' God Out god. Er, Our god. Pass the salad.

Salad is another example.

Jigsaw puzzles without pictures. Very political or so I was informed and so I inform. Even when I lie I tell the truth, or someone does, I think sometimes. I think sometimes. Sometimes I think. I think. I.

Nude Viking Sunbathing, for example.

## Bitefakes

I'm not so sure about blowing.  
I know that I want to blow.  
But I always thought I wanted to  
bite a garbage man, a priest, a torpedo  
engineer, and a terrorist.  
Well I'm not so sure I will bite a garbage man.  
I wanted to bite a garbage man because  
Because even though  
the gutter is a Wonderful place,  
the gutter is a place a Forever place.  
So I've decided that I want to  
just bite instead of biting a garbage man.

I fake words.  
I fake reading.  
I fake biting.  
I fake faking stories.  
I fake faking poems. Mommy is a biter.  
I fake being mommy, too. It costs extra.  
I can still do important things  
Even if I won't bite a garbage man.  
I can bite peace and love. I just  
Fake biting Martin Luther King Jr. and Jesus.  
I can bite and fake adventures  
Fake Robert Louis Stevenson and  
Fake Mary Pope Osborne and  
Fake the one who did Star Wars.  
I can bite and fake fantasy  
And about funny rubber things and lots and  
Lots of things that teach people  
All kinds of stuff.  
That's why I've decided that  
I also bite when I blow.  
Oh, and I will still bite a priest,  
And a torpedo engineer,  
And a terrorist, too.

