

## **Simpatico Patio!**

I have a show! Do you?  
Do you have a show, too?  
Then there's a pair of us—don't tell!  
They'd envy us, you know.

How dreary to not have a show!  
How nobody, like a frog  
To have your name the livelong day  
Unknown to an admiring bog!

Simpatico Patio! is the name of my show.  
People join me on my patio.  
Simpatico people!  
Patio furniture!

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## **“Dinner?” she sneered**

Daddy Gibbon gives the *grito* from a double-decker  
Bus spewing black labcoat ghosts.  
I'm on my way to replenish  
Day after day my one good year.

I captured the imagination of a reading public.  
It didn't take a bird of paradise to tell me  
I was in paradise, it had to be paradise  
My shit didn't stink and my piss glittered like a sombrero.

I was great friends with girl jockeys  
And a different actress each time accompanied me  
And whoever so cool I was at the jazz club with  
Maceo Parker had to leap from the stage to blow us a rift.

But shit shifts in flight  
And tumbles out of the overhead storage bins  
Like infants pitching from residential hotel cribs  
In the Mexican section of Berlin.

“I want the literary world's respect,” I tell the new cashier  
A suicidal party girl mad at her dad.  
“And not only respect---I want an outpouring.”  
She drags the bottle over the scanner like a bum leg.

In my room it could be Perth,  
It could be Ouagadougou.  
It could be Anne-Sophie Mutter.  
Can you read me? Can anybody read me?

## Near The Whiting Bros. Ruins

Ochre and copper, the sky.  
I was trying to alibi a called third strike.  
“Things will reveal themselves to you,”  
The spiritual advisor megaphoned.

Dad got snagged on a jetty jack crossing the Rio Grande.  
Mom beat the insurance company.  
That’s the money I’m drinking Old Milwaukee at the Tomahawk Bar with.

The last time I saw Dad he was snot-dripping weeping, Drinking morphine like it was  
Mountain Dew.

The last time I saw Mom was at some  
Suspension bridge or summit or continental divide.

Bereavement ends at the point of  
Electronic confirmation of a transfer of funds.  
And I’ve got the death certificates and receipts to prove it.  
Eternal grace? I’d settle for a two-week grace period.

Or another beer and a breakfast burrito.  
Brain surgery and a lube job.  
Reservation Prices.  
And the sun is so low my tattoos throw shadows