

Wild Orchids

Jackie Curtis

Accent Editions

For Marilyn Monroe
(fuck all my husbands)

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Jackie Curtis

Bio

When I was a student in paradoxology at the University of Spirit Lake in Washington, my professor told me that my mission in life was to see through the veneer of ambiguity, enigma, language, mathematics, science and existence. To this end, I have travelled around the world collecting serious and whimsical puzzles.

*

The Star

The Star is ideally beautiful
The Star is pure
The Star is profoundly good
Beauty and spirituality combined to form
a mythic super-personality

Worshipped as heroes
divinized
The Stars are more than objects of admiration
a religion in embryo has formed round them

The Star is like a patron saint to whom the faithful
dedicate themselves.
Will there ever be words for the vicissitudes
of the milk and suffering of the mouth?

*

The Scarlet Was Green

Homing with hopeless he-shes and hoary hookers
Unrealistic and idealistic
Mindlessly masochistic
sullen, abrupt sadistic
the vulgar tart
with platinum gold plated heart pinned to the sleeve
of her sleeveless angora sweater.
While women weep
sobbing sullen sheep
shepherds shameless shyness shifts shopworn
to butcher shop shinbones
shifted twixt
precocious mosquitos were everywhere
smittin' and knittin' the flesh of this couple
like twine condemned to a bed
in a dried up, mysterious ghost town
erect and still a mite haunted
they came
they continued til finally they completed
still heated, he untied her
and lay, still, beside her
well rid of her finishing school and enjoying
the freshly picked fruits of a brand new harvest
his hands,
his stillness,
his extravagant horn of plenty
hushed like the hotel itself

relaxed, they enjoyed silent silence
he rolled his own
as she learned in their silence
a golden orbit spun
temptation resulted from just one and one
desire was doubled
silently they began a duet
the ceiling above them so disinterested
while they right below it
alive and unmoving
no motive for proving they'd meet as they did
once again
Both the Cowboy and the Lady
instinctively knew that they had appetites
which condemned the night
to its timeless clock
to a sandless rhyme vast accommodating conveniences
extolled by the ticking rhythms
that had not seen the light in this town where
a shadow counts as kinfolk
gathered in dozens in court shadow trial

*

The Dead Are Dancing With The Dead

The soul is the desperate hope of a man
that he may live forever.
A hope and a delusion.
Doesn't the soul live on after the body?
The soul does not exist.
The pyramids in Egypt harbor skin and bones
which would be more useful to the earth's fertility.
But man yearns to be immortal, even to the extent
of preserving his dust.
Is immortality so cherishable?
The desire for immortality is in the nature
of things.

A stone thrown into the air yearns to fly on forever
and struggles against the wind that hinders its speed
against the earth which pulls it back to its bosom.
Once the wheel turns it must complete its dizzying career
to the end of time...

The voice breaks into echoes that
it may not vanish and become
part of the silent air...

Petals of a flower battle
against the cold hands of winter.

Nothing willingly relinquishes its
form and condition.

Man is like
the stone and the wheel
and the flower
and the voice.

His ingenuity and fear, however
have created a shadow which
lives on forever...

His soul.

The Dead are Dancing With The Dead
The soul is the desperate hope of a man
that he may live forever.
A body and a habitus.
The soul does not exist.
The Pyramids in Egypt harbor skin and bones
which would be more useful to the earth's fertility.
But man yearns to be immortal, even to the extent
of preserving his dust.
The desire for immortality is in the nature
of things.
A stone thrown into the air yearns to fly on forever
and struggles against the wind that slows its speed
and against the earth which pulls it back to its bosom.
Once the wheel turns it must complete its driving career
to the end of time....
The voice breaks into echoes that
it may not vanish and become
part of the silent air....
Beats of a flower petals
against the cold hands of winter.
Nothing willfully relinquishes its
form and condition.
Man is like
the stone and the wheel
and the flower
and the voice.
His ignorance and fear, however
have created a shadow which
lives on forever....
His soul.

Husband Number Six: Peter Groby

LOVE is an astonishing thing, even in art. It can do what no amount of culture, criticism or intellect can do, namely, connect the most widely divergent poles, bring together what is oldest and what is newest. It transcends time by relating everything to itself as a center. It alone gives certainty, it alone is right, because it has no interest in being right.

He had loved and in loving found himself. Yet most men love in order to lose themselves.

Everything in the world can be imitated or forged, everything but love. Love can be neither stolen nor imitated; it lives only in the hearts that are able to give themselves wholly. It is the source of all art. To be loved is not happiness. Every man loves himself. To love: That is happiness.

*

Husband Number Six: Peter Dropy

LOVE is an astonishing thing, even in art. It can do
what no amount of culture, criticism or intellect
can do, namely, connect the most widely divergent poles,
binding together what is distant and what is nearest.
It transcends time by relating everything to itself
as a center. It alone gives certainty, it alone is right,
because it has no interest in being right.

We had loved and in loving found himself. Yet most men
love in order to lose themselves.

Everything in the world can be imitated or forged,
everything but love. Love can be neither stolen nor
imitated; it lives only in the hearts that are able
to give themselves wholly. It is the source of all art.
To be loved is not happiness.
Every man loves himself.
To love: That is happiness.

I was the writhing vehicle
of their lust
rendered helpless
by the mountain delirium
of their bodies
locked into mine

This then
was the prize
and I was thrilled at my success
sexy and shameless, yes
I was wandering aimlessly
I bartered my body
Yes, that's right
I hustled at night

Did my homework at home but I
made it into the streets
and the streets whispered "roam"

Shame on me how could I be
racked with sin which I could see
darkened despair
Was life so grand? Was it a game?
Revel and rapture ignite the flame!

I learned how to satisfy a king
trapped in a nightmare of guilt
Dame Lady Shame had built
Gallant gamblers shout out TILT!
The Bravo Brigade
Blue Denim on Parade
on parade
on parade
on parade
on PARADE!

*

I was the winning variety
of their last
numbered halpice
of the mountain delirium
of their bodies
locked into mine
This then

was the prize
and I was thrilled at my success
easy and effortless, was
I was wandering aimlessly
I passed my body
Yes, that's right
I hustled at night

did my homework at home but I
made it into the streets
and the streets whispered "you"
Shame on me how could I be
treated with aim when I could see
thickened despair
Was life so wrong? Was it a game?
Navel and rupture inside the flame!

I learned how to satisfy a king
tripped in a stupor of guilt
Nameless Shame has built
Gallant warriors show out there!
The Brave Brigade
Sing Deeds on Parade
on parade
on parade
on parade
on PARADE!

I came all the way from Rhinestone River where
they catch the light.
(Pearl snaps a picture)
Watch the birdie! (Click) Gotcha! Oh pook...
I told you to watch that nasty little birdie!
He's my one and only little parakeet, I call him
Tea Kettle because he's always got something on!
(She blows the whistle)
Time for tea! Pearl!
(Pearl gets cups and saucers)
My how the time flies.
(Gets a fly swatter to swat the flies)
Shoo fly don't bother me...Pearl
where are my mosquito nets?
Hasten child, my blood runs...cold!

*

There Is An Aura About Them

From across the room, even without my glasses.
There is an AURA about them.
It's funny too, because they're wearing
just any old clothes.
But they will choose their colors.
On your left there is Stanley Perring.
On your right, Jackie Curtis.
There is an AURA about them.
Who are they?
No matter how much is indicated on the wall
directly behind them
there is still that aura.
There always WAS that aura.
They are smoking, True...and the dog is fighting
with the cat.
Stephen Arbex is asleep in the back room.
There is a parachute on their ceiling and a shrine
near a window that reads or rather announces GIRL
MACHINE flanked by photos of The Virgin Mary,
Candy Darling and Lana Turner.
In an authentic church relic that might very well be
real gold and once held those religiously kept flames,
there is encased a tube of lipstick that Carroll Baker
gave to Jackie Curtis.
There are dead flash bulbs on the window ledge.
They rest in peace.
Three Penguins and a copy of Back to Godhead.
Half a dressing gown adorns the center window.
There is a champagne bottle (empty) on the third
window sill which has growing on it more than
an artificial flower, it is quite justifiably the
number 8. The number of new life. There is so much
in this one room (and there are other rooms with just
as much, or little) that one feels transported to some
other time, or other place...but never really quite
forgetting exactly where you are. Each of these

There is an aura about them

From across the room, even without my glasses.

There is an aura about them.

It's funny too, because they're wearing

just any old clothes.

But they will choose their colors.

On your left there is Stanley Leving.

On your right, Jackie Curtis.

There is an aura about them.

Who are they?

No matter how much is indicated on the wall

directly behind them

there is still that aura.

There always was that aura.

They are smoking, true...and the dog is fighting

with the cat.

Stephen Nixon is asleep in the back room.

There is a parakeet on their ceiling and a shrine

near a window that reads or rather announces GIRL

MACHINE flanked by photos of The Virgin Mary,

Gandy Barling and Lana Turner.

In an authentic church style that might very well be

real gold and once held those religiously kept flames,

there is enclosed a tube of lipstick that Carroll Baker

gave to Jackie Curtis.

There are dead fish traps on the window ledge.

They rest in peace.

Three Pandine and a copy of Back to Godhead.

Half a champagne bottle (empty) on the third

window sill which has crowing on it more than

an artificial flower, it is quite justifiably the

number 8. The number of new life. There is no such

in this one room (and there are other rooms with just

as much, or little) that one feels transported to some

other time, or other place...but never really quite

forgetting exactly where you are. Each of these

people, truly are, people...or are they? truly? They are devoured by all and all is devoured by them. It is simply quite awesome. One must stand back, unless there are those who prefer to take the proverbial giant step and become closer. Anything and everything seems to be possible...if you dare. But keep your eyes open, unless it is a kiss you want... there is an aura about them.

*

people, why are people... or are they? They
are devoured by all and all is devoured by them. It
is simply quite awesome. One must stand back, unless
there are those who prefer to take the universal
first step and become closer. Laughing and everything
seems to be possible... if you dare. But keep your
eyes open, unless it is a kiss you want...
there is an area about them.

The Fighting Finger Waves
or
Those Fabulous Fan Belts From Fresno

1975 Hollywood, California

A white woman child.
A semi-sleazoid summer blonde-surfer girl
Making waves
without the wizardry of
status quotient
emotionally unstable
styptic Venus Paradise coloring pencils
belonging to painted princess of the
Permanent platitudinous Plus-Perfection Conglamiserate
of Platinum Tresses SOLD to
The Many, Many More millions of
Mademoiselles, Madames, Miss, Mrs., Ms.
(And as recently revealed Mr.s' as well!) So-o-o!
The bleaching of hair has not died in just one cup
but RUNNETH OVER
The blood thirsty follicles, screaming
"MI-MI-MI"
Until beauty parlors grew into Chic Salons
all from bleach pots that never said DYE...CRUDE! TABOO!
Smelling of dry blood-pew-stinky-odors
of odious de rigueur-mortis
even "Cartoonica!"
Fatal femmes fetish forming in the personages of such
sin-touch tailors to pussy
cat-fish-female populated galaxies in Hollywood
(Swimming pools, movie stars, palm trees, glamour,
glory and hemoglobin-multi-faceted diamond
karat-crystalline saltine
in the appearance usually as ordered
like a dog's grave) a.k.a. this rover crossed over...)

The Fighting Finger Waves
or
Those Fabulous Fan Belts From Fresno
1975 Hollywood, California

A white woman child,
A semi-blond summer blonde-sweater girl
Without the wizardry of
african continent
emotionally unstable
typical Venus Paradise coloring pencils
Permanent glassblowers Plus Protection Compliments
of Platinum Treasures GOLD to
The Many, Many More millions of
Matrimonialists, Madames, Misses, Mrs., Ms.
(And as recently revealed Mr.'s, as well!) So-o-o-ol
The bleaching of hair has not died in just one cup
but MONTHS OVER
The blood thirsty follicles, screaming
"MI-MI-MI!"
Until beauty parlors grew into Chic Salons
All from bleach pots that never said DYE... (CRUDE! TABOO!
Smelling of dry blood-paw-stinky-odors
of others de rigueur-waxie
over "Cartoonists!"
Fatal fumes lethal forming in the passages of such
air-touch talons so busy
cut-throat female populated galeries in Hollywood
(Swimming pools, movie stars, palm trees, glamour,
glory and hemoglobin-milk-lacked diamond
kneat-creatinine saline
in the appearance usually as ordered
like a dog's grave) a.k.a. this lover crossed over....)

In jaundiced journalism - yellow snow melts:
exposing whispers, private lives, deaths, marriages,
divorce, the true trappings of the "happy trails to you"
left by Hollywood playboys, millionaires,
box office byzantium bamboozlers, boozers,
bimbos with boo-boos, stocks & blondes,
Oscars Best Each year!
The tinsel tack tree of a limelighted life
among the ever young
As chronicled by "LOLLY"
That low life, gold lamay lima bean brain
inhabiting the body of blow hard blimpies
bringing shopping bags of blubber from the big blaring
babies bronzed shoe horns
A mountainous malignant mammary suffering from delusions
of MANI/AC-NE
the bloody blemish on many
a movie land Lassie's famous film star face...LOUELLA!
PARSONS, no man of the cloth was she...
no woman of the hour or even
a secret member of Elsa Maxwell's well hushed up circle
of October Lesbian love fests.
Lou-Ella.
Two names for one woman.
A large scale mammal whose typewriter scored large
legions of scarlett ribbons (none dared to call treason)

It was a wise potato chippie of the netherworld
night nurse nuance
knowing nothing more than "Never say 'no'
in the Devil's Bungalow
Say, 'Thank you.'
And so he was created...
The Harlot's Habadasherer
Heaven on Earth turned Celluloid Swampland

in hand-drawn journals - yellow snow water
suspended whispere, entwined lives, entwined
divorce, the true tragedy of the "happy trails to you"
left by Hollywood divas, millionaires,
pan-office hounding bookworms, bookworms,
glades with book-press, stocks & bonds,
Oscar Best Book year!
The classed back view of a limelined life
among the ever young
as chronicled by "LARRY"
That low life, gold-lammy has been
inhabited the body of low cast divas
extruding sopping pads of blubber from the big blaring
ladies' brooms and puns
A monumental mammoth mammoth mammoth mammoth
of WAT/AC-119
the bloody blarney on many
a noble hand lassie's (Lassie film star Rose...)
PARSONS, no son of the cloth was she...
no woman of the hour or even
a stouter woman of Miss Maxwell's well named up circle
of October fashion love letters.
Lou-Elle.
Two names for one woman.
A large scale mural whose typewritten stated large
fajans of scintillating ribbons (now dated to call customer)
If we a star potato chips of the restaurant
right nurse number
knowing nothing more than "Never say no"
in the devil's bargain
By, "Thank you."
And so we were created...
The harbor's a harbor
Heaven on earth turned California Swampland

Sinking the stiffish stylish shoulder pads
of the stenciled stardom's
fashion conscious "status quo"
(word had it that a former Chinese laundromat on the
strip...)
this was an ancient philosopher
turned philanthropist turned
all the way around into a diadem of beauteous bust darts
and seams to charter the more catered to calves
in the crow's nest
of the crowned blueblooded clothes horses
in Hollywood's House of Terror-Haute Couture
simplified and
equal to Cinemas cope, stereophonic stereotypical
torpedo-tense like royal red tapestries,
to sing out in the more acclamated acoustical
characteristic aristocratic arts and crafty
witches brew
Of needle and thread and materials woven in
the wombs of winged warbrides
the very same ladies who begat
the early American look in
leathers for m'lady in accessory
A criminal blueprint was devised:
Those WASTE NOT WANT NOT WITCHES from the wishing well
The Wash and Wear Dream Factories
Wash and Wear Apparel - L.A.
The identical garb that climbed record charts
during the celebrated Christmas made more
merry by DITTY DOTS duets for Miss Head
Always afoot
and the audacious ex-real estate agent turned designer
of coherent as well as incoherent
costumes
along the crisp clear
lucid lustrous lines of those legendary ladies

lucid instructions lines of those legendary ladies
along the crisp clear
of coherent as well as incoherent
and the audacious ex-veal estate agent turned designer
Always aloof
marry by DITTY DOTS dress for Miss Head
during the celebrated Christmas made more
The identical girl that clipped record charts
Wash and wear Apparel - I.A.
The Wash and Wear Dress Factories
Those WASTE NOT WANT NOT WITCHES from the wishing well
A terminal rhinoceros was devised:
leathers for a lady in accessory
the very same ladies who peddle
the early American look in
the words of winded warblers
of needles and thread and materials woven in
withed new
characteristic artistic arts and crafts
to sing out in the tone acclaimed, acoustical
torpedo-arms like royal red capes, ties,
simplified and
in Hollywood's house of Tarte-Haute Couture
of the crowned five-headed cloaked horses
in the snow's nest
and seems to chatter the tone catered to calves
all the way around into a glade of beauteous past darts
turned ethnographic turned
this was an ancient philosopher
...
(word had it that a former Chinese laundress on the
fashion conscious "satanus quo"
of the essential starbon's
during the stylish shoulder pads

whose luminous lasticity was due largely to
the eternal flame that burned bright within the lamp
unto those famous feet of the fantasy
female found felicitatious for free world fact and fiction.
And as any book, so as not to be judged by her cover-bound
in cleverly semi-precious fine tooth comb encrusted four
leaf clover cluster clinging in clandestinate neuro-surreal
rhythmic ruffled
feather beds of fine french lace;
The beaded bodice which acquired the brute force
of a shield of armor for battle
The exposed ex-Earth Women
take to the scream world's happy mediums who dress them
like well air conditioned nice little salads
The stellar constellation
Appealing appellation
Public proprietress pretending to be the Princess Picaque
on pro-new line approbation, serving fools and
mortal foods and morsels on an astral chessboard
The silver screen.

whose luminous electricity was the largely to
the cerebral flame that burned bright within the lamp
into those far-off lands of the fantasy
female found felicitous for lives lost and fiction
And as my book, so as not to be judged by her cover-bound
in glaucous readability like tooth and nail
leaf blower chattering in clattering news-articles
rhythmic ruffled
leather beds of fine French lace
the beaded bodice which adorned the white lace
of a shield of armor for battle
The exposed ex-French woman
case to the screen world's happy medium who dress them
the well lit conditioned nice little salads
The stellar connotation
speaking metaphor
philic progressions pretending to be the Princess Elizabeth
on green line approximation, serving fools and
moral foods and morals on an actual chessboard
The silver screen.

Mom Eternal

"It is the work one does himself", my Mother told me,
"and not what is handed to him ready made that has the
constructive power."

My Mother's name is Jenny and my Father's name is Johnny.
He was a Sailor and She was a Singer. Somewhere in the
forties in New York, a band started playing My Mother's
favorite song...

You and your smile
hold a strange INVITATION

A song she'd heard in an MGM movie with the same name.
It starred Dorothy McGuire and Van Johnson. My Mother
had a voice with a subtle allure beckoning
beyond the veil of rhythm and blues without leaving the
rooms of heaven, heralded by trumpets while a band of
angels proclaimed her presence...

Somehow it seems
we've shared our dreams
but where?

Indeed? Where?

It was The Great White Way and the journey toward
American Victory was everyone's aim without a doubt,
and without a song the day would never end
the War our country waged
like a temporary loneliness longing for
the solitude of United States of America's stationary
Orbit in Victory's Garden of Eden where Ladies and
Gentlemen all out were told, "The choicest life is
the life this Country Can Lead!

Time after time
in a room full of strangers
our love will bloom
suddenly you are there

And there he was, like an early morning glory not at all cluttering up the vine...On Liberty from the Navy (They Got the Gravy) My Mother was first attracted to my Father because he so resembled her favorite popular singer, BING CROSBY.

Where ever I go
you're the glow of temptation

He was a Southerner, a Rebel. She was a Northerner, A Yankee. Opposites attract. They became close and in no time were on their way to A Church Wedding - wedding.

Glancing my way
in the gray of the dawn
and always your smile
holds that strange INVITATION

They were altar bound; within a warm Cathedral...now 'they' would march as 'one'. Where they gathered in the sight of God, toward tomorrow, they would become enveloped in the only bonds they would leave the War with, the bonds of Holy Matrimony. To Love, Honor, Obey...to Cherish, in sickness and in Health.

There they stood on this cynical threshold this very certified sacrament having been 'serialized' by the second bonafide battle our country had begun. This cliff hanging Hero and his Lady Fair! Love had been encouraged so as to have been 'swept' clear...across the country!! Meanwhile, Uncle Sam pointed imperiously at red-blooded all American Men indicating the now famous logo ("UNCLE SAM WANTS YOU!") It even rhymes with, WORLD WAR TWO!!! Never mind OVER THERE. My Mother to be, her Husband to be, A Sailor once again would casually be shipping out to sea for an anticipated Victory, was presently taking the gigantic giant step into MARRIAGE...by way of the stunning triumph of love, please, leave us not forget one of the most over-sold commodities of the forties...LOVE!

And there he was, like an early morning glory not at
all clustered up the vine... On Liberty from the Navy
(Thee God the Cravy) by Mother was first attracted to
my father because he so resembled her favorite popular
singer, KING CROSBY.

Where even I do
you're the glow of temptation

It was a southerner, a rebel. She was a Northerner, a
Yankee. Opposites attract. They became close and in
no time were on their way to a Church wedding - wedding.

Glancing my way
in the gray of the dawn
and always your smile
holds that strange TWITTON

They were alike found; within a warm Cathedral... now
'they' would march as 'one'. Where they entered in
the light of God, toward tomorrow, they would become
enveloped in the only bonds they would leave the War
with, the bonds of Holy Matrimony. To love, honor,
Obey... to cherish, in sickness and in health.

There they stood on this cynical threshold this very
certified sacrament having been 'sanctified' by the
second pontifical before our country had begun. This
diff' handing hand and the lady hair had been
encouraged so as to have been 'awed' clear... across
the country!! Meanwhile, Uncle Sam pointed imperially
at red-blooded all American Men indicating the new
famous line ("UNCLE SAM WANTS YOU") It even thins
with WORDS WAR TWO!! Never mind OVER THREE. My
Mother to be, her husband to be, a sailor once again
would usually be shipping out to sea for an anticipated
Victory, was presently taking the classic giant
step into MARRIAGE... by way of the stunning ritual of
love, please, leave us not forget one of the most over-
sold commodities of the forties... LOVE!

There they were, saying I Do inside of a Roman CATHOLIC
church as if TIME! had been called. He, off the ship
on Liberty being spent on the Northern shore with a
Northern Sweetheart, it was then that the clergyman
pronounced them, quite succinctly I am sure,
MAN AND WIFE.

It is precisely at this moment we have been educated to
learn that said RING goes on THAT finger, preceding the
very exciting five words, "YOU MAY KISS THE BRIDE."
This is the kiss at this time that makes it all too
clear that time (I am referring to the War) is running
the ship, time is running a TIGHT SHIP, as a
matter of fact, they will set sails upon unchartered
waters, rushed is this My Mom's maiden voyage.
A romance so rude, whisked beyond white lace
becoming something even more vulgar than converted rice,
making haste for the heart's desire.
All of a simpering sudden, the simplest(!)
and sacred most sensitive soul
(To say nothing of the soul that is not half so inclined)
seems to have suffered the worst of disillusion
somewhere at sea, or dismantled perfection from perhaps
underneath the briny foam atop the snow capped waves
above the water which floats majestically across seven
of them, seas, that is. Vous Comprenez?
(I am referring to a possible mythological
wherein we would have to go below where Poseidon
or perhaps Neptune would indeed intervene,
and only in MY CASE...which as I heard it was the
NEXT CASE!)...And like the myths of this particular
spirit, likened earlier to that of Neptune (et al)
conceiving of some silly shanghai-honeymoon at sea,
mind you, in a bunk bed while the world raged on
within the confines of war(II),
and don't tell me it was not confined...on Land,
in the Air, and at Sea along with such nautical
appliances as: Submarines, Periscopes (Up? did you say?)

...and don't call me it was not confined... on land,
in the air, and it got along with such nautical
appliance as: submarines, torpedoes (was it you say?)
within the confines of art(!!),
mind you, in a dark bed while the world raged on
conceiving of some ally's special-honour of sea,
epitax, likened earlier to that of Neptune (at all)
HEMT CASE!!)...and like the myth of the particular
and only in MY CASE...which as I heard it was the
or perhaps Neptune would indeed intervene,
wherein we would have to go below where Poseidon
(I am referring to a possible mythological
of them, seas, that is. Your Commodore?
above the water which floats majestically across seven
underneath the busy foam and the snow capped waves
somewhere at sea, or dimmed perfection from waves
seems to have suffered the worse of disillusions
(To say nothing of the soul that is not half so trained)
and sacred most sensitive soul
All of a clinking tubben, the stainer!!
making haste for the heart's desire,
becoming something even more vulgar than covered rice,
A romance so true, wished beyond white lace
waters, mixed in this my Ma's maiden voyage,
matter of fact, they will see this upon returned
the ship, that is running a TIGHT SUEZ, as a
clear that time (I am referring to the fact) is running
This is the kind of this time that takes it all too
very exciting live words, "YOU MAY KISS THE BRIDE",
learns that and kind one on THEY FIRST, preceded the
it is precisely at this moment we have been educated to

Sailors at hand on Deck while down below they are
dealing the deadly torpedos along with the MayDays of
the Day...the Newlyweds (My incipient parents) having
to do severely WITHOUT our sweet, pristine world where
the wedding bells have been known to break out the news
from a way atop (and on high!) that the New World's
Man (So you should now and forever know that I do not
harbour fantasies that my Pa is from another galaxy)
and wife (this non-fantasy includes My Ma!) serene in
sumptuous Navy Splendour...not a dream or whimsical
make believe (don't you think I'd like to say to some
one some day, SMILE! I WAS BORN IN A HOSPITAL TOO!!)

Even though (and here's the juicy part people)
my Pa (Oh, my Pa Pa!) took a powder when I was two.
It is time for the throngs of relatives to be wishing
them (this goes for the Ma Ma I remember, as well...
and may she always be so!) well, wishing well for them
upon the r-r-r-road they had so long ago embarked
upon beginning anew. Alone with the rest of their
lives to make it all come true, all right, in loveland.

Jackie Curtis
the product of this love

*

Even though (and here's the trick part)
my Pa (or my Ma) took a corner when I was two.
It is time for the chords of rain to be playing
then (this goes for the Ma I remember, as well...
and my Ma always be soft, wishing well for them
upon the tree-trunk they sat so long ago expected
upon bedpans now. Along with the rest of their
lives to make it all clear, all right, in love.

Larkie Curtis
the product of this love

What Could Be Worse Than Verse

Where oh where?

In the broom closet, perhaps?

I shall stare, I swear!

With golden hair and angel's face
his virgin silk shirts torn and a-tear
a frightened bear
(no growling bear)
and smooth like dove's down
not one hair

But I say this, "beware"
he seethes inside, like Lucifer himself
for all through time he's been as such
the darling lad of the young girl's touch
a petted prince
a fawned on faun
from dusk till dawn
The smile remains
for ne'er will one of the warlocks e'er complain
he may appear as forlorn as the tear
that he wills you to
kiss from his velvet peach cheek before dying
your ribbons then flying
his two eyes now your only sky
the sun your love
the moon, both hearts
constellation, sans doute, the embryonic embrace.
As virgins make love the gods do recline the clouds
wisk away every bittersweet wine the thorns in a
thicket they hide for a swine devotion is notion, and
lust rages lotion, an ocean of warm willing wanton-like
waves, a shore of discreet,

What could be worse than verse
What of a waxy
in the room closet, perhaps?
I shall spare, I swear!
with golden hair and angel's face
the virgin silk shirt torn and a tear
a frightened bear
(no growling bear)
and smooth like dove's down
not one hair
but I say this, "be wary"
he breathes inside, like Lucifer himself
for all through time he's been as such
the darling lad of the young girl's couch
a puffed prince
a fawned on fawn
from dusk till dawn
the smile remains
for he'll will one of the virgins a'or complain
he may appear as Lancelot as the bear
that he wills you to
kiss from his velvet peach cheek before dying
your ribbons then flying
his two eyes now your only sky
the sun your love
the moon, both hearts
constellation, saw doubt, the embryonic space.
As virgins raise love the gods do recline the clouds
wink away every bitterness when the throne is a
thicker they kiss for a wine devotion is nation, and
just rages Jolton, an ocean of warm willing woman-like
waves, a shore of discreet,

empty discarded heart strings to tie to the stars
You have chosen as bright for what night
could light up such a space as you've woven
An intricate pattern
Narcissus left Saturn to catch seven rings from a planet
far off, when he learned of it's name he was caught
in the game round and round he did vie
til his vanity cry was of anguish and outrage,
alas, not one ring could he budge whilst the poor lad's
brains turned to fudge his reflection reported
a mysterious imperious smudge...
he screamed for a river, the nine planets
replied not, for a planet can't talk to an Indian Giver,
Narcissus was shrewd but donkey's manner's made rude
every action the fraction of him, the planets are poor
but who can fool what is pure?
Til the last rally of strength you endure,
time will tell that's for sure, all in vain he approached
several waterbeds shorn of sharp shapen time threads,
for beauty he prized more and the useful
he did disdain and the stain of his grappling
with grapes of discord shant disappear soon.
See the ninny Narcissus he barely can hiss us his lips
never kiss us and what mind is left does not miss us
poor lad is a lapdog
in the labyrinth of the moon...and it hurts his
precious
pride they say in town because the moon is made of
those weird fun house mirrors. Narcissus had been
doomed to hear only the evil laughter of mockery,
a flock of furry beasts howling, scowling, vulgar
growling beasts and pig men that Circe turned into the
sheriff a long time ago when she and one were two and
only God could make a three.

*

empty discarded heart strings to tie to the stars
you have chosen as bright for what night
could light up such a space as you've woven
An intricate pattern
Narcissus left Saturn to catch seven rings from a planet
far off, when he learned of it's name he was caught
in the game round and round he did vie
til his vanity cry was of anguish and outrage,
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brains turned to fudge his reflection reported
a mysterious imperious smudge...
he screamed for a river, the nine planets
replied not, for a planet can't talk to an Indian Giver,
Narcissus was shrewd but donkey's manner's made rude
every action the fraction of him, the planets are poor
but who can fool what is pure?
Til the last rally of strength you endure,
time will tell that's for sure, all in vain he approached
several waterbeds shorn of sharp shapen time threads,
for beauty he prized more and the useful
he did disdain and the stain of his grappling
with grapes of discord shant disappear soon.
See the ninny Narcissus he barely can hiss us his lips
never kiss us and what mind is left does not miss us
poor lad is a lapdog
in the labyrinth of the moon...and it hurts his
precious
pride they say in town because the moon is made of
those weird fun house mirrors. Narcissus had been
doomed to hear only the evil laughter of mockery,
a flock of furry beasts howling, scowling, vulgar
growling beasts and pig men that Circe turned into the
sheriff a long time ago when she and one were two and
only God could make a three.

*

only God could make a tree.
I shrank a long time ago when she and one were two and
a flock of furry beasts howling, scowling, wailing,
doomed to hear only the evil laughter of mockery,
those wailed the horse mirrors. Narcissus had been
bride they say in town because the moon is made of
precious
in the labyrinth of the moon...and it hurts his
poor had in a labored
never kiss me and what mind as left loss not miss us
See the tiny Narcissus he barely can miss us his lips
with aches of discord sharp disappear soon.
he did disdain and the stain of his dragging
for beauty he prized more and the useful
several wretched shorn of sharp shaper time threads,
all the last ally of strength you endure,
but who can fool what is pure?
Narcissus was struck but donkey's manner's made rude
replied not, for a planet can't talk to an Indian giver,
he summoned for a river, the nine planets
...
plans turned to ridge his reflection reported
that, not one kind could he judge whilst the poor lad's
all his vanity cry was of anguish and outrage,
in the same round and round he did vie
Narcissus left Saturn to catch seven rings from a planet
An outbreak pattern
could like up such a space as you've woven
you have chosen as bright for what night
empty described least efforts to tie to the stars

MUSCLE GRIN/MUSCLE LIFT

Subtitled: "Chuck Barris" (The Hat)

He took me into the dark. When at last we were alone and sheltered by the fullness of the moon his arms grew naturally between my own. Then up and around my back until the worn warmth that was his right hand, and the equally worn yet just as warm left hand joined together to hold the nape of my neck from behind.

We were face to face and our lips quivered with the sudden realization that we were going to collide, kissing one another like so much wet paint...wild, living walls of flesh. Flowering tongues of fire burning across the short space of air between us. These were quiet noises and our own sweet tasting liberties (We took them with one another countlessly).

Under his lumber jacket of humble plaid was a traditional thickness of flannel underwear tops covering his extravagant build. My fingers though quick were trembling as they ambitiously rolled the material up, up, up to get close to his grinning pectorals appearing as some coffee stained hard gold tan. His fever was sexual and quite contagious bringing his wild tongue upon the sides of my white hot throat before its travels would reach the hungry cleft in my smooth surrendering chin, which was just the slightest bit beneath the fullness of my lower lip on the face he had clutched in his truck driving hands as if to steer me and drive me down along a whispering road beyond the prairies and all kinds of promise.

Without the sound of our obviously rapid beating hearts we found each others thighs and what hung heavy and hard between them. Soon the pants on our slightly sweaty and swollen legs were sliding down, quietly, beneath our courageous chorus of knees in this red heat night and our human blend of natural sexes dug their private way onto each other's flesh of flame, trying to quench a sleeping search for some limped immortality.

Catching a breath seemed obsolete between our mouths (so active), and boiling moist with crashing kisses and arms of steel away around me. My wild hands ran across his head, all through the bush of unruly silk hope to my touch to his hair. My fingers combing contentedly, their own career, coincidentally meeting up with his forehead, eyelids, nose, all the skin around his face and cheek-bones and his LIPS...chin and without so much as a blink I could tell I would never tell. Only the best parts which according to my temperature were yet to come. A cozier couple would be hard to find. For I am reminded that even the secrets of life and death do not reveal themselves to just anyone who cries out desperately followed by the proper punctuation...

the question mark...

He would not release his hold on me. He did not exactly try but then I wasn't exactly the thoroughly professional sigh come true for coming true seemed to have us racing bizarrely toward "the thrill."

What a thrill!

*

without the sound of our optically rapid
beating hearts we found each others thighs and what
our slightly sweaty and swollen legs were sliding down,
and most night and our human blend of natural sexes and
trying to punch a sleeping search for some limbed
immortality.

Catching a breath seemed obsolete between our
mouths (so active) and boiling noise with crashing
kisses and arms of steel way around me. My wild hands
can notice his head, all through the bush of hair
concentratedly, their own career, coincidentally meeting
up with his forehead, eyelids, nose, all the skin
around his face and cheek-bones and his lips... this
and without so much as a blink I could tell I would
never tell. Only the best parts which according to my
temperature were yet to come. A cooler couple would be
hard to find. For I am reminded that even the secrets
of life and death do not reveal themselves to just
anyone who cries out desperately followed by the proper
pronunciation...

the question mark...
He would not release his hold on me.
He did not exactly try but then I wasn't exactly the
thoroughly professional who comes true for certain true
seemed to have us racing hysterically toward "the thrill."
What a thrill!

The Plural Face on the Blue Muse

I came in a mythical taxi, alone with my memory
off the meter living with cameras and typing in bed
I could distinctly hear the voices of the violet shadows;
spirits and stars...the transient seasons of the
secret wisdom of the endurance of magical thinking.
Every beat of my heart telling the time in reassuring
human being the paradox museum in bloodless flesh and
frozen smiles planted from Birdseyes - and then there
were NUNS.

Galmorous hobbies
My faces were forming with every turn of the page
falling in love with the dead man
His face so smoothly glued along side my mirrors
my mind safe in the knowledge he had come
smiling in peacoats from unperceptive levels of life
long lower east side dollars sense memory
confused buttons showing symbolic imagery metaphor,
five, six high hopes from the afterglow
of a harbor light mist in my homeroom/mist with a "T"
worded with woo and surrounded with salients
who smiled at the state of our fair skin
and listened hup-two
wild dreams alive with ciagrette ifs and or butts
influencing each other in collective lullabyes
swinging from boughs of gold plated honors of
social conscious of pseudo rapacious recall
every ill of it all
program cards telling us what's playing
in school now
lunch in the middle of classes so far
falling in further a maze, a plethora, a
general glucose designed by who knows.

The Plural Face on the Blue Mask

I came in a mythical land, alone with my memory
off the water living with cameras and typing in bed
I could distinctly hear the voices of the violet shadows
spicula and stars... the transient seasons of the
secret wisdom of the endurance of medical thinking.
Every beat of my heart telling the time in resounding
masses being the paradox museum in bloodless flesh and
broken smiles planted from Lincolns - and then there
were more.
Galaxies hobbies
My faces were found with every turn of the page
telling in love with the lead man
His face so smoothly given along side my mirror
my mind safe in the knowledge he had come
calling in passcodes from unperceptive levels of life
long four east side hollow sense memory
continued buttons showing symbolic imagery metaphor.
five, six high hopes from the afternoon
of a harbor light mist in my benevolent with a "T"
worded with woo and surrounded with allience
who smiled at the state of our fair skin
and listened up-two
with dreams alive with cigarette life and or butts
influencing each other in collective initiatives
swirling from ponds of gold plated forests of
social conscious of pseudo vaporous recall
every bit of it all
program cards telling us what's playing
in school now
lunch in the middle of classes so far
telling in further a maze, a picture,
general dinosa designed by who knows.

The system of highness hidden from view
voices on the P.A.
and around and about as I sit thinking of MGM backlots
the teachers who tutored the stars in the sun
(the Son of the Stars)
Lana and Judy
Mickey and Liz
National Velvet
and naturally, life...made up and tested
Einstein requested
Gershwin congested
and Rodgers and Hart.
Singing and dancing the kids put their show on
always in triumph their average was bliss.
Programs on delaney cards, delaney cards, program cards,
bus pass, train pass, lunch pass, I pass.
What was my I.Q.? What was my I.D.?
E equals MC squared
make me a star
copy some homework and visit my husband
the sophomore and the hard hat
mystery match
closing covers before striking
the men in my life had always remained
behind the scenes
In constant demand
I became fanciful, for I was fair and cornball bright
alone and afraid in too many beds I never made

the space of hipness hidden from view
on the P.A.
the teachers who tutored the stars in the sun
(the son of the stars)
Lana and Judy
Mickey and his
Mick and his
and naturally, life... made up and tested
Gershwin conducted
and Rodgers and Hart
standing and facing the life but their show on
always in triumph their average was blue.
programs on delaney cards, delaney cards, program cards,
the pass, train pass, lunch pass, I pass,
that was my I.O.C. what was my I.O.C.
I equate it squared
wife as a star
only some homework and visit my husband
the sophomore and the hard hat
mystery march
closing covers before striking
the man in my life had always remained
behind the scenes
in constant demand
I became fanciful, for I was fair and certain bright
alone and afraid in too many beds I never said

A social beatnik boy I wore tights
like fiction on featherbeds
decorating my soul consumed by those
ever persuasive tongues on fire
rearranging my facade, afraid to come to grips
in one situation with two hustlers.
Gone on getting gold, more gold and living easy
loving sleazy, I was horrified.
Spoke to phone men who would seek me out when the world
was not in town
mirrored man juice
magic marked me
climbing to the top
Paramount in paranoia
in the arms of thoroughbreds
on the track of life's great horse race
Was I the jockey or the horse?
What's the difference in embracing
when the gate goes from you both
winning races, leading chases, paper faces and you call
yourself a singer! I'll call myself a cab
Help me, hold me, hand me honey
harvest hands at happy harps.
Having heaven as my major
school was just a cameo
all the students bent at teachers'
whips and orders, how I hoped
hoped for having victory with them...
till confronted with the flesh and blood
and the aura of an island...mental curtains iron clad
clad in irons, chained in churches...
Would you be my friend for free?
Are you witty and your wardrobe...
is it chic or hand me down?

is it this or hand me down?
Are you witty and your words...
Would you be my friend for free?
...chained in churches...
and the sun of an island... mental curtains iron clad
still confronted with the flesh and blood
...
hoped for having victory with them...
...
whips and orders, how I hoped
all the students bent at teachers'
school was just a crime
having heaven as my major
harvest hands at happy harps.
help me, hold me, hand me honey
yourself a singer, I'll call myself a cap
wining rades, leading chases, paper faces and you call
was the difference in embracing
was I the jockey or the horse?
on the track of life's great horse race
in the arms of thokorads
Paracunt in paranoz
claiming to the top
who's marked me
mirrored man juice
was not in town
stole to queen men who would seek me out when the world
loved easy, I was horrified.
in one situation with two hustlers.
ever remaining conques on like
the lesson on leathersheds
a mental peasant boy I wore lights

Where was God, I often wondered
on a bus to graduation lost in orbit, atom fusion
nucleus noose around my neck
justice will be denied no one
Would they call me Liberty?
That was in the air, cause Jackie Curtis is my name.
Cops react strangely to it,
sexuality usually enters into it,
gender surrender so tender my gender.
I.D. on a card to indicate the existence of one's id
travelling in an outer galaxy
with the elements
those to endure
ships of paper pieced together alpha beta basically
honor role billing I never looked on
simply on my way to where
independent
incandescent
adolescent
phosphorescent
princely peasant
joyous pathos
narcissistic mystic sword echoing
saints preserve us
excommunicated
Nicholas, Christopher, Lucy
by the Pope of all people
and of all people, a Pope
One wonders about their mortal aptitudes
and never endings.

*

There was a God, I often wondered
as a boy to question how in order,
matters were so bound by neck
and then will be bound no one
was in the air, cause Jackie Davis is my name.
There was a God, I often wondered
as a boy to question how in order,
matters were so bound by neck
and then will be bound no one
was in the air, cause Jackie Davis is my name.
There was a God, I often wondered
as a boy to question how in order,
matters were so bound by neck
and then will be bound no one
was in the air, cause Jackie Davis is my name.

The Luscious Sonata
Careerist
(a stellar dome poem)

Lucky traveler
road's unraveler
cupid's comet, native heather
wine, wet weather, a proven tune
royal signal

Sweet danger
Classic letter
summon thee, candy key
through fields of fire and folklore frenzy
flotsam jetsam and Brenda di Banzee

Charity Colony
such sacred souls
such soiled holes
flesh flesh and more flesh
The more I visit Marrakesh
I see it's embryonic tonic
half wit Hollywood demonic

Lucky traveler
straight and leveler
renegade reveler
Last promise.

The Incaious Sonata
Carverias
(a satirical poem)

Lucky traveler
Lucky's untraveler
Lucky's comic, native hearer
Lucky, wet weather, a proven pun
Lucky's sign

Lucky's gender
Classic letter
Lucky's shoe, candy key
Lucky's friends of life and folklore
Lucky's job and friends of dance

Charity Colony
Each sacred soul
Each soiled hole
Lucky's flesh and more flesh
The more I visit Marxkash
I see the emptyonic hole
Half the Hollywood demon

Lucky traveler
Lucky's and Lavelar
Lucky's reveler
Lucky's promise.

Lust premise
double rose
shocking shades of shadows timely boy
oh nature boy, go mature boy

Stashed above a brighter knell,
the bracelets of Ursula tell
the clanging climb of Doctor Eyego
cleaning socks and starchy jocks
appears apparently on court street
took freedom walk from Kimbalink

Rejoinder
plural
I summon
rule the water
pop pop's gang has gone to slaughter
Mammangani make shift daughter

Sacred soul
angel skin
lets the Sucrets salesman in
north of Broadway there's a bin
call it our world

I encompass
Jodee Zee
Gypsy Jay
In a mattress
stalwart stuffin'
mixed with maidens
english muffins
como willow call me
Horst

Hi-wyidin Handsome
ringgggyyyyyy
bright nail
night mail
the vicious clinging of the telephone ringing
knock knock Who's there?
a sweater clinging

Jing jangle jong
the jewelry song
(Bright! As Eternity!)
the bracelets of Ursula won't take long
costly enough
they slide on and off...
like second hand pantyhose buys.

Promising fences
as the honey haven commences
the folklore gala rigamarole
like Ole King Wenceslaus
Regardez le beau praying mantis
on the mantle of Elias

Fast, judge tell the jury
coupled rhyming
"ego breeze"
ruled by reason
"I am season"
(sweatincrotchpussey) freezin'

"Rain or Shine Columbine"
"Where's the cabin that she's in?"
Rocky Mount at Instinct Junction
fuck the function fuck the fame
Can you call me a Careerist
or direct me to the nearest
toilet
please?

L.D. ARCHIVES [BOOK OF POETRY]

please?
collet
or direct me to the nearest
Can you call me a Caretaker
lack the function lack the fame
Rocky Mount at Instinct Junction
"Where's the cabin that she's in?"
"Rain or Shine Columbine"
(Preston) (Preston) (Preston)
"I'm serious"
tried by reason
"so please"
could explain
fact, judge tell the jury
on the handle of Elias
pedagogy le been praying hands
like Ole King Wenceslaus
the folklore date rigmarole
as the bossy haven common
transforming fences
the second hand paralyse buye
they slide in and off...
easily enough
the presence of Ukula won't take long
the jewelry song
and fangle fond
a sweater clinging

are those chips of straw
from Kansas
at my fleeting feet aglow?
By the hokum core he hands us
handsome harvest hustler's corps
shining swords from Arthur Rock piles
Merlin magic make me "me"
The blue fence
The candy key
Kerry Killbuck's boy and me
leading fights in gamely Boomtowns
ghosts of mamie rhythm there
other signals mark the journey
"Road Attourney", such a square!
Trilby Scott in hushed vibrato
sings
"Dayvander don't you dare!"
Marty and Marion have all gone to sleep
sheep in a shoe box
baba baby boo boo bo peep
losing or losing/winning or winning
why must Miss Bo Peep keep right on grinning?
the great gravel inning has gone out
Dayvander Boomgold
ironhead godcoin truce
metal careerist trick at barman's brigade
The Luscious Sonata.

The All American Vampire
or
Where The Bee Sucks

Delighted by the surprising success of her
frequent saucy scenes of sadism and salacious sordid
sin and insane savage songfest soirees
Miss Betty Hutton
known to her punctured playmates as
Bee Sting Betty Nuttin'
the glutton for struttin' an' cuttin'
High Priestess of Pissing Parties
mess, and mass mixed miscellaneous mischief makers
the society of sado starlets
broken beer bottles
handsome hoods and harmless hopeless hustlers
sipping the hops of harmony
sucking the blood from their own bleeding lips
not to mention the legs and labia
not as to label any genitalia
a desperate desubtal demented desirable wanted a fast
cup

of hot piss
when Hollywood hot spots were cooled down
Hutton's Hapless Harbor of thighs
Betty's ball room
bountiful big black boots
her desperate digits demanded the desoxins of the
Dorsey Brothers
that they dared to deal to the dizzy dames
with the cordial companionship
with the gay thin dimes for the quick good times
combined with assorted sordid science fiction scenarios
of the cynical celluloid cesspool of sin song sadness
sweat stained joy and madness
the man hungry meat mangler
from the loudest lowest lawless lurid locker rooms
beaming Betty, the bouncing ball breaker
the fiercest foursomes in the cringing cinema colony

The All American Vampire
or
Where The Hee Sucks

delivered by the unassuming process of her
transient every scene of radiant and satirical sordid
and intense various topographical scenes
and Betty Hutton
known to her numerous playmates as
the flutten for something, an' cuttin'
with frequency of playing parties
mass, and that kind of miscellaneous mischief makers
the society of sado masochists
broken beer bottles
handmade hoods and harness hopeless hustlers
slipping the hooch of harmony
sucking the blood from their own bleeding lips
and to mention the legs and labia
not as to label any genitalia
a haapagata desubul damaged desirable wanted a last
one
of hot piss
when Hollywood hot spots were cooled down
Hutton's Habliss Harbor of Ethiopia
Betty's ball room
powerful big black boots
her haapagata digita demanded the desecration of the
Lorsey Brothers
that they have to deal to the dizzy dames
with the cordial companionship
with the gay thin dime for the duck good times
combined with assorted sordid satirical fiction scenarios
of the cynical celluloid cesspool of six song sagas
sweet stained joy and madness
the man hungry west manager
from the loudest lowest lawless lurid locker rooms
beaming Betty, the bouncing ball breaker
the fiercest fourness in the crying cinema colony

Betty's backward bending bone crushing binges
being the buoyant blonde boomerang of blatant
sex crazed mad man moppers
carnivorous contract players
Betty was blonde boffo bait
bees were making honey
and being drugged and funny
but burning the bus boy beating his meat
against the bare brick Beverly Hills walls
when it came to the birds and the bees
Betty was flying high
so long as she didn't get her bouncy butt burned
by a beast of a beau
who became a brat
because amazing
blazing
cock throb gazing
busy Betty
put the tang back in bang
the hot back in twat
the trucking back in fucking
the grin back in sin
sunny, devilish, teasing and funny
she's known to her friends as Betty
the bravura bed bunny

Betty was sly
till she spotted a fly
and gave more than the eye
to the red blooded guy
whose rod happened by

Bed spread Betty
legs spread ready
giving her all
at the Charity Ball

Between his legs
lies nature's form
you both predict
a tasty storm

Betty's backward bending bone crushing blades
being the jockeys blonde boomers of pleasure
and crossed and an expert
carnivorous contact players
Betty was blonde holla ball
been been making money
while Betty was mopping money
and being hugged and lumpy
but during the one boy boating his next
against the bare brick Beverly Hills walls
when it came to the birds and the bees
Betty was flying high
as long as the dish's got her honey just burned
by a piece of a head
who became a head
because she's
diazing
cock trip dazing
Betty Betty
put the card back in hand
the hot back in case
the trunking back in looking
the grin back in skin
mummy, devilish, teasing and funny
she's known to her friends as Betty
the praver bed funny
Betty was sly
kill the spotted a fly
and gave more than the eye
to the red blooded guy
whose hot happened by
Bet spread Betty
legs spread ready
giving her all
at the Christy Ball
Between his legs
his nature's form
you both predict
a party storm

But what can you say when
an oil painting is still wet?
Defy support between his legs
the poisoned people
fuck filmdom
folk fuck films dem fuck dose folks
the timber call
the numbers fall
she's on her knees to one and all

Betty bets
the boredom
she can fuck and suck
pluck the nerves of
but still walk tall
6750 Syrians on a treadmill
she's fabulous

Betty makes some tasty cracks
3 big rings with thrilling acts
Tent of thrills in three big rings
Dreams of sawdust
flawless flings and cryptic kings

Kitchen love is very real
tongues on fire can't conceal
no one ever loves the meal
Virgin punch bowl, blood red lips
Betty claws
hot flesh - it rips
Timid stud spooks blood and tips
busboys fuck
sucking starlets' finger tips
but their on trips

The shower stall has room for two
the stable boy
and lucky you

*

and lucky you
the stable boy
The shower stall has room for two
but their on trips
wrecking starlets' finger tips
busts boys' tuck
Tina's stink spoons blood and tips
Hot flesh - it rips
Buffy claws
Virgin punch bowl, blood red lips
no one ever loves the real
pandues on fire can't conceal
Kitchen love is very real
Lawless finds and cryptic kinds
Dreams of cadaver
Tent of truth in three big rings
3 big rings with thrilling acts
Buffy makes some tasty cracks

B Girls

G-girls are by no means to be confused with B girls!
But what could make so vast a difference between such
lonely initials?
The Hollywood Horizon stretched out in front of us
offers a simple palm tree to start with.
So it is with the B girl.
One high ball to get her in a movie star mood.
And then she is identified at once by the loneliest
initials ever strung together on one string of
B girl beads....

The B girl is or WAS a basic type of bar room boarder
bordering on boozey bursts of the cash register
to remind her
in her bleached out bourbon bender
it is time to beg the boys for a brand
new batch of 100 proof hootch to heave down the hatch.

The blisters of her backless mules begin to bring
the B girl to an alcoholic so-existing
coherency.
Bothering these brawny bachelors with blatant
wedding bands to buy her one more bloody mary.
The beating of her bongo brains breathes benzedrine
into bathroom walls where the B girl can decipher
her fate.

A frenzy sewer fumes
and faulty toilet fixtures
where strains of a nickel's drop into the jukebox bucket
only brings Miss B a bleary eye.
And an earful of what was once a royal flush
is only now a quarter to three
and no one's in the place except for Miss B.
Very B, this Girl.
Not a BAD sort
just a bouncing

Just a founcing
Not a MAD sort
Very B, this girl.
and no one's in the place except for Miss B.
is only now a quarter to three
and an awful of what was once a royal flush
only brings Miss B a heavy eye.
where strains of a nickel's gup into the jukebox bucket
and faintly roller fixtures
a frenzy sewer fumes
her face.
into bathroom walls where the B girl can decipher
The beading of her forehead breaks patterns
wedding bands to put her one more bloody mary.
bothering these heavy backlogs with blatant
cozenery.
The B girl to an alcoholic so-exhausting
the blankets of her bedless miles begin to bring
new batch of 100 good words to leave down the hatch.
it is time to bag the boys for a brand
in her blasted out bottom powder
so roving her
pounding on booty bars of the cash register
The B girl is on way a basic type of bar room powder
A girl beds.....
initials even string together on one string of
And then she is identified as once by the loneliest
One high ball to get her in a movie star mood.
So it is with the B girl.
offers a simple pain free to start with.
The Hollywood horizon stretched out in front of me
lonely initials?
but what could make so vast a difference between such
G-girls are by no means to be confused with B girls!

B Girl

maraschino cherry of a ball buster
memorized by that sleazy swizzle stick.
The B Girl's calling card is a cognac drenched coaster
that spells out for her what no first grade text
book ever could
ALL GONE GIRL.

The B Girl is an endless commodity of
comic strip
straphanging
horseplaying
pushpins
from one end of the bar to the other.

The B's have cold knees
they snort
they sniff
they even sneeze.

Friendless frails in flapping fringe
found long lost near a beer barrel
cramped
like creatures who kick
to keep moving.
Watered down
their spirits pass,
chit and chat
an eye
of someone
YES
It's him.
The handsome stranger
swooning over "B"
His kind of woman.
His kind of promise
to continue
could result in risking
cash sales
for water and world war one whiskey
by order of the management

memorized by that sleazy swizzle stick,
the B girl's calling card is a coarse branched censer
that spills out for her what no first grade book
look ever could.

the B girl is an endless commodity of
some being
attending
portending
from one end of the bar to the other,
the B girl has cold knees
they work
they bite
they own space.

the B girl is a flying fringe
found long long near a beer barrel
like creature who kick
to keep working,
watered down
their scotch pass,
chiff and chaf
an eye
of someone
yes
It's him.
The handsome stranger
swooning over "B"
his kind of woman,
his kind of promise
to continue
could result in raking
cash sales
for water and world war one whiskey
by order of the management

The B girl does a round with not one word in her
defense
lapping up the liquids
reeling from the fracas

Other B girls squint and totter
what's the matter?
Someone's got her.
So, the swinging doors fly creak free
the clattering clack of class lacking heels
parading poorly past the pie man
on her way to where?
Searching the air for fiery fumes
of fabled Fleischmann's feathering her drunken nest
slitted skirt insures a spring and a swing
to her gait
after all men
that IS the thing.
Down the beer stained trodden hall of hate
B girl's from her impure past forget to wave
and fly fast
Her sweat streaked bar stool
that stung her calves and thighs to sleep
have found another lazy Susan
plucked and plastered
like a willow planted firm she'll weep.
The men
make time
the clock has told of ticking trips to tense amour
kindred spirits shut the door
Love is strange
the poets say
but B girls rhyme from day to day
striped halters draped on dames
in dreams of drambuie
draining the billfolds of the buckskin badmen
breaking the B girl's arm
before asking for her cherry.

...the B girl does a round with not one word in her
defense
lapping up the liquids
reeling from the fracas

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breaking the B girl's arm
before asking for her cherry.

The B girl in an endless commodity of
comic strip
stagnation
paralyzing
from one end of the bar to the other.

...the B girl does a round with not one word in her
defense
lapping up the liquids
reeling from the fracas

Other B girls squint and totter
what's the matter?
Someone's got her.
So, the swinging doors fly creak free
the clattering clack of class lacking heels
parading poorly past the pieman
on her way to where?
Searching the air for fiery fumes
of fabled Fleischmann's feathering her drunken nest
slitted skirt insures a spring and a swing
to her gait
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Down the beer stained trodden hall of hate
B girl's from her impure past forget to wave
and fly fast
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Love is strange
the poets say
but B girls rhyme from day to day
striped halters draped on dames
in dreams of drambuie
draining the billfolds of the buckskin badmen
breaking the B girl's arm
before asking for her cherry.

The B girl does a round with one word in her

belonging up the ladder
waiting from the ladder

Other B girls swing and enter
what's the matter?

Common's for her,
So, the swinging doors fly creek free
the clattering creak of glass looking heads
pounding poorly past the glass
on her way to where?

Carrying the air for thirty years
of faded blackboard's handwriting bar drunken mess
affixed their fingers a spring and a swing
to her side

after all man
that is the thing
Down the door stained wooden rail of date
a girl's from her lapels past forget to wave

and fly fast
Her head attacked her school
that strong bar carved and right to sleep
have found another lady dress

plucked and plucked
like a willow plucked like she'll weep.
The man
make like

The clock has told of ticking trips to tense room
kindred girls and the door
love is strange

the poets say
but B girls rhyme from day to day
scripted hairers draped on damers
in dozens of dramas

draining the billfold of the bookskin bagman
breaking the B girl's eye
before asking for her cherry.

So many makeshift hearts of
rock and rye

precedes a reply of
"Only an olive"

obliterating firing facts of
realities rifles

when the B Girl announces that her
cherry has been chewed

out by champion cheap-skates
and setting no bail.

Like a semi-precious prisoner
Her last mile consists of not an electric chair

but a park bench
plenty available for the B Girl's bottom line.

The same bottom line signed
so many spritzers of lime ago.
More yellow than green by now

Miss B begins to wander
washed up
from saloon to supermarket.

Our B Girl's dream of walking down an aisle come true
only in an A & P
with a shopping cart by her shabby side.

Side by Side.
And she ain't got a barrel of money
but even a B girl's gotta eat

and so brilliantly versed in the art of deception
our chowsy frau plays tricks on suspecting eyes
proving to check out counters once again
that the B girl can at times be thought of as
no better than a common thief.

Especially when apprehended, as our heroine was
is and always will be.
The eternal spiritual virgin
at the last minute
and at the missing mercy of some man
haunting her heart's
only normally employed regions.

re-acting in a way that
of the MGM Lion and Mickey Mouse
and only occasional musical comedy scenes
blowing currents of too much hurricane
at the dance in a dining room, movie piano beneath
but still her thread bare dress remains patched
during a more prestigious festivity.
trapped like a fox in the South
there she lies
Unhappily it all
Occasional treatments of headlights
wheels of a car, last car.
horns and blind men
whose needs have been seen.
and ripe for feeding hands
no extremely not
to spring up a bounty of multiplying tables
for provisions of lighting for the evening
to the red harvest moon
a girl's look to like father's look
On and off again, water faucet dripping at the tap that
invisible to her naked B Girl's roving eye.
to abandon the four winds for four corners so distantly
make a wish
If only she could make a wish
engaging the desert's vast supply of the four winds
and a habitual repeat performance
night before night
is still and stretches far out into an afternoon
Only the office case windows that cool the hand which
no phone to the suddenly and repetitive ringing.
searching for the proverbial lost chord
like a stranded jazz singer
this world's a wide, as to speak.
pumping her in, pumping her out.

And as if all life were not one gold plated hell of a
cheap charm bracelet to begin with
the B Girl is faced with the Motel alleyways
that lie to her weaknesses.
Sentimental arms spread heavenward ever grasping
that hallowed home made jam and jelly.
Our B Girl is being followed.
It is 4:15 a.m. Accompanied by a navy blue
blanket up above.
Warm and woozy
she travels twisted toward the soda pop machine
chewing her technicolor red lips
wishing for a miracle
could this attention from behind merit her attention
span which is geared to a bottle filled with bubbles?
Any bubbles will do.
In her human condition those voices tell her
to humiliate herself
further and be grateful to God for a sign.
No it is not neon
She is being paged
by hand
grapped by the rump.
It was all coming back to her. That area
the strange grasp was exploring was once married
to marshmallow soft cushiony security in strictly
dishonorable surroundings.
Slurping sleeping powders in cheese flavored champagne
from Tunisia
But a B Girl travels in trespasser's footsteps
so no doubt the incident occurring between the hungry
hand and the unsuspecting pair of victims (her buns) a
secondary characters in a charming situation
where actually on her way to the soda pop machine in a
desert motel setting where her course was diverted
by steel trap fingers frantically feeling
and grabbing at life.
Ah yes, she was still alive, she mustn't forget.
In silent concession
their private procession begins at the closing door.

re-anchoring an anchor's table.
of the M&M Kiss and Mickey Mouse
and only occasional musical comedy snippets
blowing corners of too much hurricane
at the dance in a dancing desert movie place beneath
But still her thread bare shoes remain parked
during a most precipitous festivity.
trapped like a fox in the South
there she lies
Underneath it all
Occasional streamers of headlights
wheels of a fast, fast car.
forms and blind men
whose heads have been towed.
and ripe for fapping hands
no seriously and
to spring up a bounty of misfitting capris
for promises of fulfilling forlorn earth's promises
to the red harvest moon
a Girl's look to like Lorraine look
On and off again, water lilies tumbling at the top line
invaluable to her naked B Girl's roving eye.
to abandon the four winds for four roses so delicately
wink a wink
If only the world were a wish
negotiating the desert's vast supply of the four winds
and a habitual repeat performance
right nature's whims
is still and stretches far out into an afternoon
Only the chimes cana somehow that cool the sand which
so prone to the suddenly and responsive swirling.
searching for the proverbial lost chord
searching for the proverbial
thee a stranded jazz singer
this forlorn's a bride, as to speak.
Pumping her in, pumping her out.

And as if all life were not one gold plated hell of a
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the B Girl is faced with the Motel alleyways
that lie to her weaknesses.
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Any bubbles will do.
In her human condition those voices tell her
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further and be grateful to God for a sign.
No it is not neon
She is being paged
by hand
grapped by the rump.
It was all coming back to her. That area
the strange grasp was exploring was once married
to marshmallow soft cushiony security in strictly
dishonorable surroundings.
Slurping sleeping powders in cheese flavored champagne
from Tunisia
But a B Girl travels in trespasser's footsteps
so no doubt the incident occurring between the hungry
hand and the unsuspecting pair of victims (her buns)
secondary characters in a charming situation
where actually on her way to the soda pop machine in a
desert motel setting where her course was diverted
by steel trap fingers frantically feeling
and grabbing at life.
Ah yes, she was still alive, she mustn't forget.
In silent concession
their private procession begins at the closing door.

and as if all life were not one gold plated ball of
cheap charm intended to begin with
the B girl is faced with the model always
that lie to her weaknesses.
conventional arms spread heavenward over grasping
that hollowed hand with jam and jelly.
Our B girl is being followed.
it is 4:12 a.m. accompanied by a navy blue
blacked up above.
warm and woody
she craves twisted toward the soda pop machine
chewing her mechanical red lips
winded for a minute
could this attention from behind merit her attention
again which is passed to a bottle filled with bubbles
any bubbles will do.
In her humid condition these voices tell her
to humiliate herself
further and be grateful to God for a sign.
No it is not gone
she is being paged
by hand
grasped by the tump.
It was all coming back to her. That area
she strange grasp was exploring was once married
to remarkable soft cushioned security is strictly
dishonorable surroundings.
Glimping sleeping powder in cheese flavored champagne
from Tunisia
But a B girl craves in Exaggerated's footstep
so no doubt the incident occurring between the hungry
hand and the unattached pair of victims (her boys)
secondary characters in a chaotic situation
where actually on her way to the soda pop machine in a
darkest hotel section where her course was diverted
by steel trap fingers frantically feeling
and grasping at life.
Ah yes, she was still alive, she mustn't forget.
In silent conclusion
their private procession begins at the closing door.

She's open
receiving
fast love they're achieving.
Both wining like greedy gamblers
carousel like rooms existing upon driftwood porches
attached by pink picket fences and dead, dim
silhouettes of sordid sunset scenes
slapping the world outside the waiting window
who wants to win.
The B girl is no fool
she knows she must deposit the correct amount of change
if indeed any
so with the confidence of an Arista member
she makes to her sexual accoster for the fare
for this ride that the fizzy fake pop
will take her careening on.
Drunk enough to bring dangerous destiny within his
waiting foyer where his laymen's loins once appeared
loyal and alive, now grinding with a scissor
sharpener's fervour.
Sparks begin to fly as far as where Miss B has been
biting clouds of very close chummy dust.
Having been in more accomodating situations with lovers
she sloughs it off
but in point of fact is totally aware of what this
lurid tongue
was travelling to find
to find land in her jungle of rain.
Yes, her jungles were storming the gates
the tigers ever burning bright
drizzling then flooding
mere mortals monsoon and on the paper plate of an end
table was blaring a second hand plastic portable radio
what was that song again
oh yeah
she remembers
C'est magnifique
And it was

