

Tender Bar Collection

Head Hunter

Clueless Mandingo
Forever the head hunter.
Every iteration
Conceivable.
Forget not
The distant glare,
reminder of
your primary square.
Lest not we choose
the bar fly blues
and utter surprise
when our seat gets **sticky**.

Splat

Split wheel weekend
Wallet worse for wear
Fuck
Drink to think?
Two turns ten
with the comedic timing
of slipping on a banana.
I see the peel
in my periphery,
I suppose the choice
only lay with me

to avert my gaze
or lock in
like a Red Hot Bull.
Watch me as I spiral
Twirl Flip and Splat.

Life Saver

Next time
reach for the raft.
Any device
for flotation
instead of diving
Deeper
Into teleportation blackout
How did I get here?
What did I do?
Tired of questions yet?
Tired of pretending
you feel alive
by doing things to kill yourself?
Akrasia strikes again
Love to Hate
Hate to Love

Shudder

Skyline glimmer
Glue my eye
Direct my feet

Steady
my stumble
I only ask
for the distant horn
The way of the wail
Prove the worth
and guide my hand
Shudder dead skin
off the skeleton
and wrap
my bones
in the love of
my celestial twin

Flat Tire

Rubber to Road
West to East coast
We stabbed
We squeezed
We cry
We bleed
But in the end
with wizard's wit,
we championed the lovers split.
Past is yet to melt away
and future but a field to play.
So while we'd hate to tip the scales
We'll spin our plate,

not plan to fail.

And in the eye of storm and sea,

we'll meet again

just you

and me.

Drunk on Plane

Why

Must

Impress

Big Man

Hot dog leg

Grey hair

Rumble throat

Why

Give

Fuck

Stick to cave

Make own fire

Roast own weeny

No measure others

Bullseye

Decision

Yes or No

Die or Live

the only choice

that matters

Sometimes
you lose your mind
and **yes**
off a building
Other times
a bird
shits on your head
Because you wasted
five seconds
saying **not yet**
when you could have been walking

Take Your Vitamins

Brown goes down
Frown heads uptown
Who's to say
Why a clown sticks around
Feel
Fuzzy
Low Burn Buzzy
Swig your swill
Swish it 'round
Spit fire
on the friends you found
Easy enough
Just please
Squeeze
Oranges in my eyes

Give me
that vitamin-See

That Laugh

Who's at fault
to have eyes
that romanticize
Forgive me
Beautiful
Perfect
Stranger
Who enlightens my mind
and puts my brain
in the back seat buggy
Bumping and Pumping
Heart on the Thump
Your absence pulls me
through the rest of my day
with an anxious laugh
and broken compass

Tunnel Vision

Eyes of the Master
Spine of the Zen
Shooting straight
with level head
Your tumultuous tide
don't rock

my shore
no more
For my Beacon Light
Invisible Magnet
holds my hand
gently
and ushers me,
like a lonely blood cell,
through a healthy heart

High Tide

Amber river rollin'
Undeniable change
In a cranial climate
Power level increases
But lest we forget
to grasp our breath
and hold the tide
Sand crabs
scurry
and forever will
in the face
of rushing water
and the bubbled faces
of the Four Foaming Horsemen

Tip of the Hat

Leave it all behind

Do it
Get through it
Because
I be
here
You be
No
One
or where
So wear it
with authority
When?
Now
Toodles Mister Man

Butter Boy

Okay, okay
There you are
Brown Belly Butter
Lines the stomach
with
a sizzle
and a few
"oohs" and "aahs"
Oh so clever
Little Brown Butter Boy
Sparks from the ears
And steam from

Desire

Accumulating

like a storm cloud

When will the lightning strike?

Fifth Wheel

Look at me

GO

The Fifth Horsemen

Clopping atop

the horniest pony

Too many pitstops

The others rode on ahead

Civilization burns

and festers

All the while

I

and my buck-toothed steed

smell the flowers

tainted with the smoke

of a city in flames

Fake Boobs are Weird

My dick is a time machine

Last night was fun

What's that?

You're seven weeks out?

Mutations

haunt my thoughts.
Time has a funny way
of folding in on itself
when weekend static
tingles the wrinkles
and foresight
is lost
to looking backwards.
Yet catching breath
can be as hard
as the choke.

Dry Spell

Cliff slippin'
like always.
Never behind the line.
Always tapdancing
on the point of the roof
through the ice and rain.
So I'll hitch
my ride to the wagon.
That bumpy grump
Wooden Beast
Let's get going already
Vice awaits
with the Fool of April
But I'll never forget
to soak in the clarity

while it lasts.

Only Human

Failure

Never so unfun

Disconnected

Adrift amongst the waves

Fate sealed?

Or opportunity swelling?

Surf

or drown

Dumbshit

Be prepared

before the storm

and when the lightning strikes

absorb the electric

and supercharge

your surroundings

Lunar Love

Reaching and reaching

Mind off the leash

Wander and ponder

What words comes next?

Sheesh

I'll live
and dive
Depths of the soul
Tetris the pieces
The void
The black hole
I'll scratch my eyes out
Put my dick in the moon
The craters are haters
Shit
Came too soon

You Are Here

Why does it matter
that we only do things
that matter?
It doesn't
Present yourself
With the present
Gift this gift
Here now
Not there then
I can see the tunnel
of mind and presence
Bright and eternal
Calling the ancient echo
that vibrates sensibility
and keeps your eyes

alive and wandering

Morning Melodrama

What pleasure to feel
from that enchanting
siren tickle
The itch has been scratched
The Bolt of Zeus
left a cauterized comfort
and a lingering fuzz
What pleasure to feel
when the day breaks heavy
and the weight of worry
is gradually lifted
throughout the day
At what alter may we bend the knee?
but the one
of our own making?

Fish in Water

Hello again
Dearest Beer Feeler
Hang your hat
but for a moment
Grateful Gulper

Hear the noise
Thank the buzz
for giving you something
to take your attention
away from the mirror
Watch your level of suds
rise
and keep a tight grip
on the rope
connecting you
to the shore

Rickety Bridge

Fizzle fizzle
Can't stop the sizzle
Crackle of the Big Bolt
A single strike
through the skull
Split the corpus callosum
and exist
in eternal duality
Forever
of two minds
Incapable
of the cordial handshake
Or the comfort of a friend
who can see behind your eyes
and say

"I understand"

Ringin' Ears

My Lord

That electric fuzz

Missing for too long

Amplified water slide

Slipping through the grooves and riffs

and sailing onward

into a horizon

Meshing

Ocean glare

And speckled infinity

If we are doomed

to live on that line

let us keep our instruments

For the sole purpose

of serenading ourselves

into static

and into sleep

Laugh Harder

Health and Wealth

The big Come Up

Why

With the repetitive

Brew haha?

I prefer
the sauced up chuckle
to Webster's big fuss
Settle down
and read the riddle
at the bottom
of your glass
Your anger is in vain
Your joy
the character of God

Cockadoodle

Why, Lordy?
Why wake me
with the roosters?
Cocked-up echoes
through twilight streets
Now
Half a spin later
Clock's on the bottle
and the lack of solid shut eye
is knocking behind the iris
No solicitors
Sorry Sandman
I've got those grains on the brain
But I'm a big boy now
and gotta keep the choo-choo
in this train.

Chuga-chuga

Fancy Free

One foot
in front of
itself
The other
watching the anomaly
Wondering how
such a seemingly inept pedal
produces so much steam.
Perhaps if he shared the step
he thinks
they could gallop
into the light.
But it watches
as its partner flails
and pretends to dance
without him.

Tightrope

Just watch
in incremental awe
as we step to the rope
over an abyss
as deep and wide

as cloudless sky
A dot on a line
making its way over
the eternal maw
Any moment
swallowed
The Big Boy Gulp
Digested by the worms of Earth
But not now
Now is the line
and nothing but

I got you, Babe

Yet again
we rack the brain
for groundhog words
that sound the same
Shadows
Stretching and squeezing
in and out as it goes
Empty glass
Overflowing
Not enough
But I'll pass out
Forget the Red Rum
Let the brain turn chum
Gotta go, hoe

See you next time
the amber river flows

Cephalopod

Squid Strike
Inky plume
Electric wrinkles
Black mushroom
Deep in the brain flame
Crackle
and boom
That eternal static
makes itself known again
It never truly leaves
Only sleeps
and tolerates the dismissive snooze
It can't be ignored
And it won't
So watch my pen puddle
and drip freely.

Tender Bar

I don't feel inspired
enough to write a poem
Half a shot
in my glass
Squeaky bar stool

under my ass
Caught a cold
Still have to clock in
Whiskey helps
But not enough
Boy are these words stale
White as old dog shit
This is the last of this collection
So here's to the ache,
hearts and bones yet to break,
no chips to rake,
here at this tender bar.