

The Trickster

frankfurter ali on another bender
landsberger alee ripping apart
the establishment
by keeping dumb kids dumb
me hiccupping like a baby on
an airplane
in a bad GROSZ painting
kress dreiss abandonplatz
stuck in the center of the ring
writ(h)ing another paper
on some dead banker's life
or some dead crook
or the stork who thought it was
an ostrich
or it wasn't balls itch kidney
stone.

duality's sonic quality's
with language
gone gone gone
to publish the WORLD
in rivermortis
dumb k'nooks who kill them/
selves because they cannot re/
make themselves
straight stout askaks
worshippers of dope fiend
dieties
magenta family / cards in hand
tight holed holdups.

i miscalculated & the trickster
tripped me up again
broken egg
bad karma
incendiary emotional boxing
matches
the ultimate disconnection
of the self/conscious
from it's all ready disconnected self
the way back determined by 10% of what's
left of the bargain that's been handed out
the long line shortened by the misinformed
uniformly barebacked jackasses.

it's as if part of my money
& part of my soul had been taken
from me
& part of that
didn't belong to me in the first place.

you can always feel the war
inside you / around you
head caught in the meat wheel
he knew so well
the bright green flashes of BAUHAUS
dime stores
on dark rainy nights.

it's a creepy feeling
all those lights in the windows
loud numbers all lit up
for an evening off the charts
searchers of our over-inhabited
VEINS.
planters of papers & works
caught with their pants
on
replaced by
what-are-you-working-on towers of
babble
drunk on their own punk linearity
in a world of dislocated cut-ups
these comfortably sober straight-toothed
cuties
wearing their stiffness like a
controlled bad trip.

those who solicit hugs from everyone
those who enjoy being cripples
those who will not bare responsibility
for their disabilities
ostriches who think they are swans
those who cycle on windowsetzbis.

recognizing the signs
that might lead you to where you've
always been
these are the camps
we are the concentrated
the jawless & the jaded.

this is a repeat
like a pattern of broken squares
on green up holstered seats
or the town/square / PLATZ
or the seats themselves.

yet how does one describe the magnificent blue tailed bird
long lush black & white plumage / 2 foot wingspan / when one's
sense of description is so limited / it's like an appointment with breath
or a pocket full of rind / or the imagination as stale as a 55cent loaf of bread.

jump into the etching
jump into the itchy awverderse
the abandoned home / the advent of fascism
where the inhabitants arrived & once left
the infection & subsequent illness which occurs
as the sun reappears
& the antics begin again

who is that locked inside the outhouse?
@ Port o San
where the ships freely come to SINK

AaBbC
when one thinks before the thought
has occurred it increases / decreases the
chance of chance happening
the range is a wide divide within a small segment
of LARGESS
captured & enraptured by
the anticipation of cr(e)ating & altering
the scenario

the trickster
though rarely in attendance
@ its own funeral is its own funeral

the singer is a rodent that takes credit
for the cheese others provide for it

the trickster is
a singer
a rodent
a trap

a theory invented by itself
(to please itself)
& others
who are not themselves
yet are / part & parcel of the trick

hang on tightly to the seat of your pants
you are going on a long dead-ending ride
concurring events do not & never will correspond
the way a melting pot of languages in a
suffocating train wagon mingle but nauseate the listener
A POOR PRINCE CHARMING
for whom alles ist festim griff fur eine sichere FA(h)RT

the glyphs of natura @ work @ play
reliefs etched into stone facades
relief from the tedium of relief
I C E
graffitied into wunderbars of fabricated cities
that which can set us free or free from the multi-KULTURA immotopia
in tandem
in transit ON target
ugly massive temples of torture fur Europa of learning & beef
moving onward to DAM(n)erstrasse
mit keutchKAP 8191
the variation fries & carrion water logic
dunkin move in the danke the melt fat fruche tragedy
(wedding) > PHONO-GRAPHISCHE
apololoter piscore erato tragicas
adentia tympana kupkerstiche allegoria
as in unraveling / revealing
RHYTHYM excitement animals Thimbiris fillibus
cannas certatindice utopia
David und Saul baum hangen the bacchanal mit dem silen(ce)
a grotesgue concert of monogram(er)ists such as Gerhard Altenbourg
epilepti(c) kerinnen dudelsachspielender heilage
superaurerat artem
"sense of hearing beyond the ear to the soul & mind –
the invisible made visible" mappencover wandernd notes clefs
to draw sound the physical act of making music
bankeisanger skreta as the banker m(0)use zings das zong
komponist im produktion kompos
vipbus bellyword anti – quariat palluselli
closed down & gone now Bollywood life-plus mini-mart
the lines between sanity anger restraint / a torture movie

kidney bladder piss piss
the immersaufden outen
& occult

she chews the once wild fruit
the crunch her teeth make as she takes
 each slow bite
is truly a CRISP sound
 the fields open
sometimes thlunk thlunk
 but most times la lum ca lum
@ higher or lower pitched intervals
 really impossible to describe this sound / how the poem flows into it
or it into the poem > one hand 2 hands down to the core
 pulling the pieces off the last scrap of civilization's sanity
the parting that drives most white folks crazy
 or my folks / the scintillating act of sin WIRTSCHAFT ICE
 the killer commando fur KIM JONG un >
 the bags under her eyes becoming sacks >
the simple inability to GIVE IN //////////
 even the perfect place has imperfections
2 hearts in my chest
2 irresponsibilites > strangling the life out of each other
 in a forest of wild yellow flowers & breaches
 young beech trees afly <
& there goes another wild sunset
behind yet another forgotten castle
in the town of WolfsBreath

when i thought about the possibility that you might either choke to death
or vomit your insides out this morning i calmly continued to eat my
scrambled egg sandwich...the toilet was stopped up & i used a fork to take your
giant turd out of it's mouth...i saved the day again & the trickster laughed
as i swallowed myself still unfazed...yes i am the caregiver & the caretaker
yet i never take care to separate the clouds from the sun...you are this romantic
notion of a quiet backyard...here there is too much knowledge & not enough foliage.