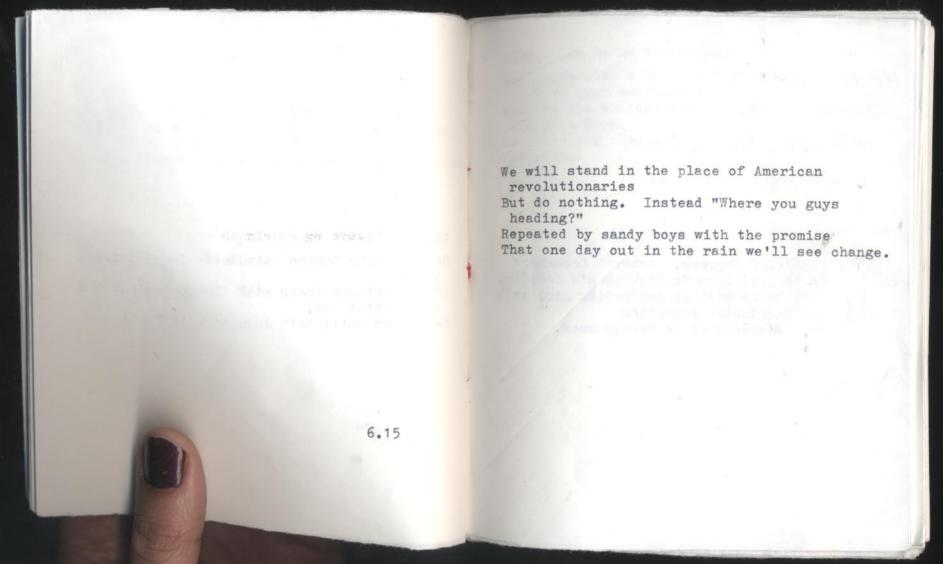
"Sleeping On Front Porches"

I pull in at 2.30 From Gate 6 Seat 37 D Passenger baggage must not contain radioactive material.



11. 20 Lit up snowmen mark your door.

We're here to live and swing on front porches
I don't know you
But people we like

Show and tell your liquid beats froth out The basement notes casual contradiction: Seeing everything But noticing nothing. I change in the back of your truck And end up asleep on your porch.

"Standing On Front Porches"

9.45 Two New Yorkers take us down Ocean Drive
Mom says "No talkin' to strangers"
We talk, share thoughts on city-life, it's
'no-stare policy'
Yet gesticulation in abundance.

Piling loo in the back bin fag seat Generating fag steam loo bin heat Bin pulsating to the fag back loo beat

Two cities converse side by side.

It gives me time to think, to think of Suzy Lee.

I'm told missing her is unhealthy 
More unhealthy than cheese on pasta, cheese on
toast, cheese on cheese?

Tonight we eat out on the porch of a stranger.

11.00 At Marble House

Gawping and gorging
Of too much of too much
Take the Coastal Walk

I change behind the gas static And end up asleep on your lap.

"Swinging On Front Porches"

It's Friday the 21st and I 'get' George Moore So everyday I head to the library to check in and say,

Isabella, I think you're architecturally astounding. I could watch you go up, extend, lie still forever. We'd rest on the common and stain my white shoes red.

Today you take advantage -

Instill in me mass consumption.
You tell me that this is the modern world!
Your pants swing from the garage door
Decorated in red ribbon and green clover.

10.18 Breakfast at Bartley's
Take off your shoes. Sit on our rugs!
Tell us in advance what is yet to come.

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There will be sound checks at 5.02
But we're still in the yard eating leftover
fruit.

I picture her chunky bracelets
And trace her movements in and out
Of all houses wherein men have lived.

On Copp's Hill -Would you do things differently? Course not, but think most probably. 3.15 And we swing in time Books stuffed into side streets Books stacked into neat peaks

Scratch in this moment Say something cliche: the willow strokes
the surface and parts the lake
And Duck, Duck, Goose - Duck glides
right on through
Or perhaps scar the skin with needles
and pins.

Books spill into your suitcase.

I change hats as I exit the taxi And end up asleep in Seat 19 C .