



Bad Ballerina

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LE PETIT SOLDIER DU JEAN LUC GODDARD

I have nothing
aside from the shape of my face
and the sound of my voice

you will never know what I am thinking
or where my voice comes from

already all is silence

RED HEARTS, WHITE ROCK *for Kimberly*

You believe it all.
I believe none of it.
We hear thunder in The Bohemian Grove.
They're making war, you say.
You believe it all.
I believe none of it.
The reason you are here
is to help us in the flesh with the flesh.
I watch you dance a dance as old as space
while the world goes to the fat cats.
You believe it all.
I believe none of it.

ON STAGE

faces superimposed over a man running
the man running over rubble on the screen
ground zero, ground the square root of minus one
and a dancer in an aztec headdress crooning to a clown
ckkkkkkkckkkkkkkcccccccc
a boy picks at his food
morose over a molecule of mayonnaise

on his hotdog
ckkkCccccccccc ccccc
another man in a black suit
wearing a gas mask over a catcher's mitt
flaps his arms and asks,
"Us is America?"
"Iq is Iraq?"
ckkkkkkkkkaa;ckkkkkkkkk

YOU, ME, & A SOUND TECH

you dance, and I sing
to an empty auditorium
against an impenetrable
wall of sound

why strain my voice?
I had the books open
mouth the words

stand solidly on stage
and anchor silence

SURFACES

Night comes, and moving
into the somnolent darkness I engage
in the slow seduction of a woman
who looks like Louise Brooks
in Pandora's Box.
We are digging graves
in the center of a road running
through the high, open fields
on Umptanum Ridge,
going slow, a problem
with rain and our will to dig.
Standing in a shed
looking through the drizzle,
telling her she can do it, not to leave,
I look at figures dancing
inside a transparent moon.
She puts my hand under her shirt
and lets me kiss her.
I realize we are in a showcase window
and awake.

JUST AS IT IS

**I watch
with mystic
horror the sun
darken and
shimmer
through violet
haze**

**dream green
nights
and watch
distances shat-
ter into foam
while feeling**

**slow kisses
in the midst of
calm**

At the moment of death, remember that all substances are your own mind, and that the mind is empty, unrisen and unobstructed. ref. Bardo Thodol

MADE OF CLAY

**We are just bones and sinew,
but it's bliss to join lips
and entwine limbs in abandon.**

**We are rampages of feeling,
heaps of hopes and fears,
tangled in thought webs.**

**What fun it is
to challenge the gods
in the other worlds.**

LOST LENORE

a girl in a car
with a container of coffee in her lap
whispers she knows where Lenore is—

she asked around
questions direct and indirect
wondering if Hwy 10 goes to Alabama
no, she didn't want to go to New Orleans
and she was told Lenore was in Baltimore

currently it's 93° there
humidity 33%
wind from the northwest at 10mph
visibility unlimited

I remember her wearing velvet pants—
respite and nepenthe from the memories of Lenore

THINKING WITH FEELINGS

thinking with feelings
my voice comes from far away
from within a mirror
where phantoms whir by

friend, I see you
something in me
I fear

a power in us
the cruelty to kill

I have walked through Hell
and eaten my bread
soaked in tears

I am numb
having seen the beautiful
faces of the dead

ONE SPIRIT, MANY FAITHS

acts of senseless terror
intention directed against Satan
years of domination, manipulation, shame

viciousness of attacks
the weak versus the strong
hitting symbolic targets, money and might
humanitarianism
we relieve our conscience
while veiling our political motive
foreign policy
can't leave the Gulf and live without oil
or leave the Holy Land and loose control
freedom rings
altruism tainted with self-interest
hard not to have self-interest in survival
self and enlightened self

CACOPHONY

cacophony
of gothindustrial music
no lights on stage
mirror balls throw dots into the abyss

whompwhompwhomp
without interruption
and squawking voices
and what the devil?

love and kisses
shuck, rot and roll
democracy is here
making a mess

insane
totter and howl
the party's not over
the mystery's only begun

THIS MORNING

This morning I waited on a city bench
Watching people pass
Feeling just as much for the aged as for youth

This world trembles and flows
Grows younger by the second
As it dies and vanishes

CASE OF BLACKOUT

at Le Belle Aurore
it's still the same old thing
as time goes by