

Poetry Series

Michael Mularz

- poems -

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Michael Mularz (03-16-85)

my pleasant life consists of music, marijuana, poetry, walking, and wine. i play percussion with these gents: (www.myspace.com/dreamend) and we run this music label: (www.graveface.com) and this literary press (www.gravefacepress.com)

i am always up for meeting new poets and working on collaborations.

please download my work and feel free to publish any pieces and use them for inspiration or readings.

i shall continue posting samples of this year's work here:
[http: //oh-moon-silvercanoe.deviantart.com/](http://oh-moon-silvercanoe.deviantart.com/)

something is happening, what are you doing, B.I.Y:
[http: //community.livejournal.com/chi_poets_unite/](http://community.livejournal.com/chi_poets_unite/)

i hope you enjoy my writing...

Works:

Shorter Poems for Everyone!

I Hate NY

Prosaic Mose (to be released by GP)

Sintron

A Case Of Personal-Blaster Abuse On The Airplane

i fly
from albuquerque to chicago
the sandias to sanity
in a polar pool of drool

the plane, a treacherous hollow
boisterous babies echoing

a ball of plaque scraped and collected
from the teeth of all this foul-mouthed planet's patrons

white, supple sphere of growth
ready for me to bite into
and chew

for two
hours, fifty minutes

forty degrees... or thirty

plus the man in F, and the woman in D
both have their personal blasters
pointed at me

Michael Mularz

A Hitchhiking Snowman

i picked up a hitchhiking snowman

he was headed to minot and promised not
to melt in the passenger's seat

whenever i had at least ten yards between me and the car ahead, i would
glance over to check that he wasn't, in fact, getting water
on the passenger's seat

he was usually looking out the window
or straight ahead

we never shared that awkward moment strangers share where a
glance becomes a question of heart,
a question of will
and suddenly,
you feel as though they are in this with motives, ill

but i suspected him just as he suspected me

his countenance was far from vulnerable, the staggering coal eyes of a wintry seer
whom looked through flames

the snowman smoked cigarettes too, oh boy did he smoke!

his branch would struggle with the window until it cracked
then a stinging tempest would blow in on us,
to his delight and my disgust

it got fucking frigid, and with the snowman constantly smoking, the car couldn't heat
up

but i figured the cold ensured a dry passenger's seat

Michael Mularz

A Poet And A Bum

my pal asked if i wanted to be a writer

i told him no,
i don't want to be anything

surely i want to amount to something, i just don't want to be
confined by a singular,
life-telling title

a salary

an office

a midlife crisis and a divorce

a boss

a commute

and nine to five suffering, unaware of the second noble truth

he tells me there is, indeed, a singular word for this sentence...

bum.

Michael Mularz

A Stanza For Anarchist Feminists, Now Where's Mine...?

emblematic lipstick enkindled,
melted bobbins and
encrypted horoscopes stitched in the fabric of men
broken dishes and
pots rusted with soup de jour,
fire set to kitchens, not just yours
then watch the flame tips dance the apocalypso

Michael Mularz

All My Wisdom Summoned

try everything once, but
never try some things twice...
like heroine and suicide

everyone makes mistakes, but
no mistake happens twice

a slip of wrist for a jazz drummer repeated,
is a groove
nothingness birthed his beat and never will it cease

think not of his disease

think not of he or she who blessed us, rather
meditate on what it is which
we are truly blessed with,
and whom we are blessings for

think not of this disease, think of its cure

Michael Mularz

America's Abiding Obesity

america's abiding obesity consumed the world until

wings damp with perspiration,
the moth accosted failure and with

shelves barren like stubborn efforts
the fridge digested its freezer

Michael Mularz

Astronaut Suits

i think astronaut suits should be worn here on earth
to accommodate the midwestern winters
the windwhipped greeting of michigan ave. in january

worry not,
interested client

the astronaut suits will have
less payments than uses, as
they will be air conditioned
for summer usage

people will see you on the
second tuesday of july
while tornado sirens cry a g#
and quip

zow! that man must be hot in that
space suit

but inside you are laughing
air conditioner blasting

Michael Mularz

Bald Eagle

my summerlike portal,

nothing illuminates the mind like
slow
oral
sex

tongue swirls relentless

like rat in wheel

ascending sunrise which sets
each time the second hand circumvents

nothing illuminates the mind like
slow
oral
sex

expanding nothingness,
the void, so
undisturbed in nature
that an unheard sound from her pelvis
is a firecracker

Michael Mularz

Between Harmonious Pitches

slouched in left field
dandelion war paint under my eyes
damp t-shirt prematurely delivered from the dryer
on my back, a number with two numbers

Michael Mularz

Bird Rests On Mandolin

bird rests on mandolin

no silence brings justice

just as lust slurs a vacant cadence
trust brays a mighty trumpet

bird rests on mandolin

death fell in love lastnight

Michael Mularz

Christmas Eve

lined up like soldiers
seven stockings hanging on
seven ceramic bases

three are santas in sleighs

four are snowmen fashioning wreaths

lying on the pull-out couch
atop sandy sheets
and a feather mattress
and a pillow stuffed with the tooth fairie's money

looking at the stocking bases, i ask myself

if one of the teams of stockings, santas or snowmen, had to die
in a plane crash or a car crash
which would i choose?

i made note of the rosters for
three years, at least

my stocking and stocking base were typically on the living team

one year i may have even switched teams, unbeknownst to
the rest of my family

Michael Mularz

Creative Insurance

when the clouds articulate menstruation
are you the kind to make mention at the dinnertable?

when the moon is a silver canoe, a sliver of truth
are you the kind to tear the tablecloth, black and blue, tension irresolvable?

malnourished pacifists

like mute mimes, pigeonholed

pale and gracefully misunderstood

track marks and chicken tracks dictate love and beauty and rain

creative insurance emancipates us from this kind
and saves us all from another poem about grandma's tortillas

Michael Mularz

Cress Creek

cress creek seeks in me
that which marks the start
of denial anent to what we aren't
and the fish, they want breadcrumbs

Michael Mularz

Darkness

words corroborate unexplainable experiences,
inaudible harkings flickering like a monitor's lashing whip

blurred and unattainable, memory sees in the dark,
sees darkness in satan's armpit
and knows that glutton's grass is green

we are
only obscene until we are
placed in homes,
cackling as we douse our grandkids with gasoline

Michael Mularz

Death, Again

noose hanging,
dangling
over blasphemous hounds,
foaming mouths, a
palpable threat lingering, but
who's changing?

who's climbing the alternative trunk towards becoming?

who will lie in their casket,
lonely bone orifices reverberating with maggots
and the sound of compost pelting oak,
knowing all encompassingly that it,
under no circumstances,
could be lies hurling the dirt?

everyone...
because no lie can operate a shovel

Michael Mularz

Disco or Herpes

my stoned head
unfurls to the capacity of
a suicide note inscribed on a headstone

requires reasoning to deduce on-star car-bombs to
altruistic peer pressure

our graves, after all, burry only so much treasure, you see

my stoned head
stitches stillness
like a sitar's drone

as irony beguiles any vice, adversely
advice prescribes the sticks, alone
scratching in the sand of hourglasses,
words which hurt me,
fan my inferno
like disco or herpes
and it's so absurd to me... stonehenge and the druids

Michael Mularz

Dry Love Lest We Will Be Crucified

sleeves too short
wooden wrist-watch ticks
keen metal stigmata
hand signed bloody foot notes
finger painted subtle saints, yellow
nails, sharp pain in nape of neck
kinked like sleep with wet headrest
of shoes, the left and it's fellow
side by side, parallel tongues
cry my love, cry my love
string your stream of tears until i loose my mind
dry love lest we will be crucified
Michael Mularz

Elegy In B Minor

timpanist

heaving punches like a prizefighter battling fatigue, wearily

pianist

piercing the air like scents of a slaughter house, or the
subtle fragrance of a factory break-room

violinist

cleaving veal, microwaving permafrost peat moss of april, then
freezing her bloody apron

this empty orchestra haunts your haven

tic tocks delicately, in the creaking of floorboards

in the anticipation anterior an expectant doorbell ding

in the hum of sundown, the witches hour

in the snickering of shades preying, howling

as you scurry up your driveway, pounding
your heart is

after taking out the garbage

Michael Mularz

Esther Zen

guru
to whom

a harp was a guitar pick
plucked melodies like strings

a small woman at large
with no medium, but fingers
and the dharmas whisper

with singing bowl, a paragon

her silk, black hair sold scarves
her thick, arcane scars told chapters

arya-bodhisattva with condoms and silent mantras
that spoke volumes

the gateway drug of my addiction, my blunder

balance like a bicycle, patience like thunder

Michael Mularz

Fingernail, Toenail, Penisnail

cold steel clippers kiss my crotch's cranial crown
grip the cuticle and pinch skin like pliers

any man who claims he doesn't cut his penisnail is a liar

no man can jive with a hangnail abraded by zipper teeth

no man can bear the sting of an erection with an in-
grown penisnail

no man has the patience or the pillowtalk to account for
constant condom breakage and pronged penetration and pussies aching and the the
untamed feline desire

any man who claims he doesn't cut his penisnail is a liar
no man wants an unbound lovehorn

Michael Mularz

Friction Was My Friend

friction was my friend
when
i met masturbation

now, i'm not so sure

he was
caught rubbing sticks in a black widow's kitchen

he was
lost
between windshield wipers and the back window, schoolbus tires and the backcountry
road

he was
found
comatose, a junkie, static on a balloon animal carcass

i condemn the heat conjured in a hand's rub of carpet,
and it makes me question our relationship...

friction was my friend

now, i'm not so sure

Michael Mularz

Goofballs And That Silly Sun

goofballs and that silly sun

leering at glimmer

drone of ocean's machinery

whippits and crackers of boardwalk's calibre

liberation in san diego

captivation in arcata

boomers in merced

tin foil lobster in malibu

Michael Mularz

I Hate NY

inside the sliding-door closet of room fifteen eighteen,
the marriot marquee - New fuckin' York
partly due to
Derek and Marina and Mimi who
rest peacefully while the blues and greens of the restless tv
flashdance to the near muted murmur of some bullshit that I take no interest in

i like this -
some paperback poems and some free paper pads, a complimentary USA Today with
the headline:
' Life saving knowledge, innovation emerge from war's deadly violence' (perhaps that
late-nite fox programming does sound a tad enticing)

a superbrew of two gourmet bean filter packs, poured atop two Bigelow tea bags - one
english breakfast, one mountain green tea

do new yorkers know of mountains?

everyone else loves them... perhaps Budweiser and Coca Cola could spring for an
obnoxiously loud strobe-lit night light for intergalactic comfort in the shape of Mount
Mitchel - yea...

and as i notice the dozing ironing board collapsed against the Elsafe 700S, most likely
from Mexico City, i suddenly feel shitty about our national security.

what the hell does one need an in-room hotel safe for anyways?
diamonds? drugs? bibles? marijuana?

i wish i had some buds left over from Asheville, or that roach i lost en route from
Jackson, Mississippi. i suppose this mental longing, anguish to the hippy's patience and
all this nation's dharma dream weavers, accounts for my fingers twitching like those of
a tweaker as he slips even deeper into both sleep and the carseat, cheap van parked
behind creepy abandoned drive-up screen.

i long for that gurgle again...

brew, brew you who infiltrate the chlorinated carpet, the excess pillows, the cold
sheets, pitch white,
the deadbolts deadbeats fight with, the privacy pleads that burnouts thief for, the
knocking on a door by a housekeeper,
pushcart with faulty front left wheel - filled with miniature pepsi's and mountain dew's -
on their way to The View, a swank hipster hangaround on the forty fifth floor of this
metropolis
this mall
this zoo
this terrorist target
this Times Square turnabout
this tragic theatre, too involved for a stagehand like me...

perhaps i should stand up, stretch my legs, do some pushups, open the window and
yell 'Fuck You Douchebag!' to every asshole cabbie who pounds his steering wheel like
pizza dough

perhaps i should take it to the streets to solve this mystery of how so many folks could dig this place and proclaim it the greatest city in the world - junkies and queers and transsexuals and drunken businessmen may reveal a New York that i overlooked while sulking about parking prices and expensive fashion and a lack of ma & pa mexican joints and the general ho-hum, hear the drum and march along mentality that too many americans endorse

listen for the trumpets!
pause and applaud the shamisen strung from Osaka to Seattle!
follow the squawking parrot's voice into that taqueria in Austin!
float towards the singing bowls to find cheap, unique, durable hemp clothes, hand stitched in Newport!
then let it all pour out as the final chord change rings out as you abandon your vehicle on Burgundy Street.

yea... a few pushups will feel tremendous...

i don't want to break a sweat but i bet my greatest goddess with her promise of curing the blues from the Blueridge Mountains won't mind a harder pectoral to nibble like a salmon steak glazed in honey dijon or filet mignon served as a sandwich because this is America, damnit!

i'll do my thirty pushups - counting up to fifteen then back down - always getting slightly confused whether i should stop at one or zero, but rarely succumbing to the former...
then as a reward i'll eat an entire box of Flinstone's push-ups, because i am old enough to do such a thing!

perhaps i should abstain from exercising, seeing as it is 3: 31am and four folks attempt slumber atop wrinkled, crooked layers a few hairs away...
perhaps the bobbing motion of my horizontal body and the klik clak of my elbows and my orgasmically rhythmic breathing will wake them...
no one likes being shown up and not only would i be awake creating prose while they snored, but i would also be hardening up while their guts digested the sour patch acids that subterranean sour patch freegans and gofers can't stomach
no... i better make this rep my last

i may infuriate the newborn minds which are birthed by the sperm of random racket and the egg of lightness

i may make them aggravated like i used to get when the tiger-print blanket draped over our living room's surrendering couch covered me with the stitched design upside-down

perhaps i should masturbate...
four weeks on the road will conjure wet dreams like a scrambled spice channel still moaning at a motel six at 4: 06am
right... the orgasmically rhythmic breathing...

perhaps i could hold my breath and stroke silently, no lubrication, no intricate fantasies that involve verbal foreplay -

just jism jellyfish buoyed in the ceramic bowl that roars with lion's force with each flush
nah... the coffee calls me so i won't be wet dreaming tonight
nor was i in June, outstretched across the two metal bleachers, iron ribs of the rowboat
on lagoon
as that goose alarmed me, and i hit the snooze button before welcoming an upthrown
oar-smack on the settled glass pond, disturbing the sky through expanding circular
force fields

and in the corn fields the grasshoppers feel the tremors now vibrating across land and
street and park and musical venue that used to be legit but now spits and shits on the
artform by hanging professionally taken photographs of a modeling greasy-black haired
rockstar in a hotel room - holding Jack Daniels whiskey, smoking a cigarette, ignoring
the topless blonde in fishnets on his knee and admiring his horrible crate amp from
sam ash.

by booking singer-ghostwriters who belt their nonsensicalness, redundant and
unnecessary, to their fifteen office buddies who came for a few cheladas and a
circlejerk, and to ignore the out-of-town down-on-luck musicians who follow, then
retire to write bitter stream of thought cantatas that just feel natural...

by surrendering to educational institutions

by surrendering to corporate solutions created by the cocksuckers who are paying the
parking attendants and buying the Luis Vaton for their burdensome wives and leasing
the overpriced lofts that i have no desire to procreate in

by fucking up big time

by running up big lies and then unfurling the receipt down the Bowery

man... had i of known that Manhattan would be such a headache tonight, i would have
broughten the advil or stayed in Asheville!

my brain bangs on as taxis collide and inside, the sharp eye-browed android curses to
his erect cock, pressed against his left thigh by his taught bluejeans that jack sold - old
ethnic folk music of some better place struggles with static and the blabbing of two fat,
drunk, ugly sorority girls who will be raped later by two thin, drunk, ugly frat boys,

just like the good ol' days

just like bosom pains of a hazing rushee during hellweek, grazing on grass from some
dipshit who sells three point five grams on the nose for sixty bones and smokes alone
because he know no charity that won't be a spectacle

ninety five percent of us americans are so stubborn and selfish that we would rather
receive a free magazine subscription then do something kind for others without
preaching about it

our heart chambers of courtesy are leaking
our confused minds are seeking a more malleable host and the spirits in each lightbulb
on forty-seventh street sink in samsara's quicksand

quick man! hurry up! c'mon! fuck! i don't have all day...
no, you do not... and this pleases me

twenty four hours can be packaged with enough twisty ties and plastic and advertising
magic and penmanship and processed friendships to make any materialist envious

to make any hot mit hounds of howlin' wolf records feel the door to see if it is hot and
booooooy is it!

to make any sloth panic and cross the Rubicon blindfolded with Rubik's cube close to
completion, clenched between three smarmy digits

to befriend any death of the party.

yea... tinsel tonsils ring, sirening a wake up call for the depressed roses - fake and
suspended in vase - resembling the swift, undressed elevators which take tired limbs
and demanding luggage to the lobby on the eighth floor, higher than need be but still
floors and floors below the roof...

i'd count, but what truth is instilled in the binary system?
and what has it done for me lately?
organize my excersise? i suppose...
but muscle memory is so short term!

observe my laughing left arm
observe the swirling patterns of grey curls on the floor
observe the fine print

four dollars to launder a pair of socks! ?
fourteen dollars to dry clean a nightgown! ?
thirty dollars and up to press only an overcoat slash raincoat...
and the golfball sized hail of currency comes down again.

on to the heads of 'eighteen - twenty four year old goofballs' in single filed rows
outside MTV studios

on to the beds of nomadic pigeons and bums mid-plight

midnight came and went, the moon wept - phasing out traditional faces for newly lifted
cheekbones

in the morning our sun shall cackle at the absurdity urgently making its way through
this freakzone.

surely she who has seen the pagan prophets and humble mud quarters and modest
meals of Africa will chuckle at our foolish hogwash - dirty as the Buddha chest as it lay
grace down in the curb, native knife of Now sunken into his back

dirty as ditchweed from Albuquerque, thirty five bucks an ounce - a killing for
backstabbers and low lifes and high nights spent awake searching for the seven hidden
items in a Highlight for Kids

do they still make Sports Illustrated for Kids?

have the aisles of Toys 'R Us become flooded with disgust from unstable parents who argue over what and what not to trust their love with?

are merry-go-rounds still legal?
what about super soakers...?

or have we abused yet another privilege?

have we gone too far, only to turn around and after twenty minutes realize that we were, indeed, headed in the right direction?

well, the street signs could be clearer, less wordy - but are we even worthy of
rationality?
of logic?
of freedom in the home of the raped?

sometimes i wonder

sometimes i wish, but most of the time i am penniless and the wells howl hysteric

sometimes are better than others, sisters are better then brothers but sons are better
then daughters... my noble opinion, of course

sometimes i wonder if i am too opinionated...

sometimes i wonder if all great concepts originated as lifeless branches, twenty feet
long, hanging from nests of living sticks and swaying with the wind...

what a blank page nature truly is!
and yet i read it everyday - left to right, top to bottom...
conventional americanisms have their place, after all.

have this way of immigrating into niche cities, then burning paper daughters in the
name of a fresh slate.

but the hatless magician will never obtain the sleight of hand required to present a
long-eared bunny or a dove before the pope, or st. peter, or the judge.

the tongueless serpent will hardly ever retain the grip he once had around the badlands
and the mad vans of peyote wanderers looking for a lizard king or cactus queen to
scorn their horns and thorns, respectively

the animal kingdom is in ruins thanks to us - the superfluous members on this side of
the volleyball net, hesitantly waving off teammates, but rarely exhibiting the quickness
or agility demanded to complete a bump

the waiting rooms have been ruined by us - slump slouching with couch potato posture
in a leather chair, sure not to bother the determined surgeon who performs
triple-bypass while thinking about his mortgage and the woman he should have
married rather than reentering formal education...

Wow! the convulsions my mug-reaching arm emit with a bit o' caffeine and the mundane task of holding this thinning pad of murdered tree

how much coffee will slay a man?
too much, apparently...

a few insects will carry the plague which will make crispy beetles of hypochondriacs, threaded needles of stripped keyholes, and haggled meals of old-hag pee-holes from the dollar menu in the French Quarters

take my pennies, nickels, dimes, foreign coins, boring lines...
relieve me of reliving

give me a chance to receive while giving, to breathe while swimming underneath lilly pads listening to bent extremities of whooping cranes

pave the way and i'll cover your tracks, take to the pavement with sledge hammer or jack

change the way the basement houses the stack of old, faded Playboys

construct a neon sign reading 'Ball On! '
then trace the diamond with half-filled bases and half-pried eyelids
build a home run fence for the self-righteous clean up slugger

dig a hole, then fill it and borough into the blackened puss of the pores of adolescent earth

make your throat hurt with your voice heard

round third as if you were coming home

swallow uncertainty and tuck your balls between your legs as if you were coming home

then come home, run home, touch the plate, scrape your cleats and clean the dishes
as

your beautiful wife is out fishing,
decapitating the nursing shark she pulled ashore in a New Jersey inlet, wrestling with its colossal headless corpse as it flails for an encore.

regret will set in, just as it always does for women, and soon she will be unsuccessful at nursing the sea-leopard back to health

but the garbage disposal filters out her distant cries of desperation

surely she wont be surly coming home to a spotless kitchen and a poverty stricken husband who is perched on the stiff mattress that was an arduous match and two weeks of lower back pain after you single-handedly dragged it through the front gate, which is still open by the way

either way, marriage is a gamble and children are investments that you can't afford to liquidate or double-take or triple-down or quadruple-dog-dare... because they will.

and if they don't, you will hear about it
from them and your wife
in episodic shrugs that knit a psychotic shawl, slightly too small but you are learning
quickly how hunger is suffering, and just like all things - but of the mind, not the belly

plus, as you sit there with a pint of ice cream before you, realize that soon - a half hour
from now - there will be no ice cream before you.
and who's to say that there ever was?

did you see it now?
do you see it now?
will you see it now?

the answer is No!
absolute and resolute as pollution on Queens street in Toronto, or a trash-heap outside
Flin Flon, feeding grounds for blackbears

so take back your breeding sounds and thoughtless remarks, and attempt to remove
your trousers in public

suck on sex, don't swallow right away!

fuck respect - give handjobs and apply for part time assistant manager positions - try
military or dogstyle or reverse cowgirl

roll the dice, old man! coward!
infested with lies crawling about your scalp
rejected by railroad ties while riding the midday angel and sharing ambrosia with allen

yea... take back your breeding noise,
reclaim the choice you made and remain torn between the ones that you didn't

wind up your watch and see time's waves whitecap over you, but before you leave,
toss the ticking conch shell into the sea and see what happens, then flea like napkins
on a worn, red picnic table at Gobert's pumpkin patch...

quick! before the bee stings your ear drum!
run! fucking run!

like rivers damned by irrigation
like cotton pickers picketing the plantation
like the bitch who ditched destruction for creation,
the martyr who bartered flames from the dragon, wheezing

run like a nose after sneezing
run like an icicle which trickles what is not freezing
run like a banshee, bush spirit of reason

push beyond the limits encapsulated by flesh and bone
run like my pen - twelve cups of joe gone!

vanished like traces of seasons, ambushed like cases for being, sandwiched like cheese and meat, European

delicious and delicate machinery becomes deciduous and celibate scenery stalks of carefree celery gallop about and lines of raisens return to their mound

watch your mouth

watch your ass

wash your feet after treading through Brooklyn's obscenities which now darken your throw rug

wash your face after staring in the mirror

burn your clothes after staring in the mirror

blood will stain, unless it is from the wrist of a craftsman or the kiss of Mt. Aspen or the open junk-wound of the sea sick captain or the stained glass portrait of christ and what happened (supposedly) to this lord who died for sin, but lived for much worse (i am guessing)

lesson learned, Sedgwick burned, London churned, butter earned, bread stolen, leg swollen from limping nine miles to the underground

guessing turned into professing, love turned into attention, the compass pointed in illegible directions, inedible recollections of this shaded region - where poisonous berries were consumed recently and decency was projectile vomited even more recently

onto piles of leaves, fallen having made a bedraggled grey of her red and brown feathers.

whether you're ready or not here i cum, so jump into the linen closet and hold your breath

be still and pray to your gods, overrated

because death is just that, overrated

life is less drastically overrated, but the microwave oven is overrated, faith is overrated, first place is overrated, the frontier restaurant in duke city's doom is overrated, earth is overrated, government is overrated,

power, overrated

seconds and minutes, overrated

yours, overrated,

ours', overrated,

cars, overrated

women, overrated

guns, overrated

knives, serrated, overrated

gasoline, overrated

money, overrated

photographers, overrated

emotions, overrated

pizza, overrated

television, overrated

sex, overrated

the past, overrated

the future, overrated
electricity, overrated
licorice, overrated
cigarettes, overrated
beer, overrated
smiling, overrated
words, overrated
thinking, overrated
fire, overrated
freedom, overrated
America, overrated
nikki sudden, overrated
Manhattan, overrated
New York, overrated

in fact, fuck you New York!

thirty three dollars for four hours of parking, an additional fifty five for overnight! ?

fuck you New York!

two dollars for earplugs for my own mother at my own performance! ?

fuck you CBGB's!

no left turns during certain hours! ?

fuck you Avenue of the Americas!

forty six visible billboards lit from the overpriced hotel window behind which i sit! ?

fuck you Times Square!

the electric bill for one evening alone, could feed a complete Navajo Nation or fund the
Asians fighting for the Fulan Dafa!

fuck you New York!

Michael Mularz

Ignorance And Apathy

on an elevator rising,
an infectiously peculiar man who
conducted blood drives and loved world war two and taught handicapped kids and lost
a wife to cancer confided in me that he
always wanted to ask of his students
the difference between ignorance and apathy

"i don't know and i don't care" a difficult boy would respond.

Michael Mularz

I'm Not Having It

a sallow blonde lady from windsor with large tattooed breasts
bruises my pupils in detroit
kisses the air between us
moistens her lips and pokes fun

but i'm not having it

stills of tits in a bathroom stall, her
full chest revealed in ashen amber glory
candid as urinal cakes in a colored folk's washroom

but i'm not having it

a story to tell myself or
my mirror or
my friends or
my wife

potential impregnates energy
avoidance bears my child,
precariously

so how am i to dream
when i don't care to sleep?

Michael Mularz

In The Forest (Part I)

In the forest i personified
the trees
and they screamed
'Leave!'

Michael Mularz

Kirby

the old cat who dug gene krupa and i
went to sell a vacuum to two folks, fifty minutes outside of town

the man of the house paid bills with bi-weekly elvis impersonations
his mattress held the dead skin cells to compose an entire body

the old man of the house tried trading us an antique multi-key harmonica contraption

i dug the harmonica contraption but the old cat did not
he would not let me trade our twelve hundred dollar vacuum

Michael Mularz

Linguistic Lahar

destruction is creation

the lahar came racing down mt. finite,
erasing terrain from the map penned with patience
then the
pornographic sink in pompeii preserved the pottytalk of generations,
of unsold daughters, balding
then the
dentist-chair's punchline made my jaw fall off like a punchbowl waterfall

tension is resolve

Michael Mularz

Mind, Body, Shower

my mind is in my body and
my body is in my mind, my

favorite sensation is that of warmth
after a shower, wrapped in robe

the zeal of toothpaste with its cap on, mastadon mouse masking a tampon,
hand lotioned latrine

reflections in a mirror,
of a mirror, flexed ego mouthing mendacities,
mending catastrophes

my mind is in my body and
my body is in the shower, enshrouded

in brume
and pogrom against earth,
against flesh and cartilage, clippers and sparks

Michael Mularz

Moldavia

moldavia,

perched on berkeley street corner like a madcap canary

fastest hat knitter in the world

punk rock prophet, but no rasputin

tongue of many natives

'rice-fetish, jaundice jap fucker! ' she barks to a button downed white man with his arm around an angelic asian woman

moldavia,

her hats are intricately woven
her hands can't find the apropos place

as she rattles off somewhat intriguing lures of deceit,
referring to me as whitetrash - the only folk she trusts,
it is apparent that she is a volcano

moldavia, volcano near molten expulsion

Michael Mularz

Mother Lovers

i do not like rowdy people
this is why i prefer dopeheads to drunks
poems to synthetic drugs

i do not like loud musicians either, i
make a dirge of their discord, for

if you don't have anything nice to play
don't play anything at all

i don't like rough sex
naked bird mounting draft animal bareback
blue collared bluejobs, the beast of blame

too much motion kills mother lovers

painlessly like cesarean salad is swallowed

Michael Mularz

My Country Is Lapping 7-Up From A Plastic Vomit Vessel

my country is lapping 7-up from a plastic vomit vessel

digesting an embriotic omellete of impure pepper, martyrs
and egg whites who fear yolk since pearl harbor

my country is lapping 7-up from a plastic vomit vessel

defecating our ephemeral past onto the futile future, as
twenty or thirty years from now,
earth won't exist outside your house

let us lock our doors and contain this epidemic, let it settle

my country is lapping 7-up from a plastic vomit vessel

Michael Mularz

Narcissist Vs. The Wind

in loving myself,
my passion relieved the bonfire of logs and
made embers of our institutionalised eyes, but my
time has come -
my number is up

this uphill, venary mount is too tough

with this much baggage, anyhow

after this next acropolis,
i shall afford this albotross from my back

stand up against our tyrant maker of facts
and zephyrs

stand up straight like i've
adapted to warmer weather

and find myself in someone else

Michael Mularz

Octopus

between peripheral twinkles, twi-light glows, and the residual
blanket of grassblades, tremoring
emerges an inkling of the underground octopus

meat eating mollusk with a mole thrashing in her mouth

tentacles flailing in the dark, wet dirt of night
protruding through the cracked skin of this endemic earth
wrapping around your limbs and pulling you down to sunken ambition

Michael Mularz

Oh Beautiful

eccentrics in the suburbs make warhol not love and
give reese's pieces a try and
pledge allegience to the fat city fags and dykes, amiable folks who know what's right
for the children sucking television's teet
for the adolescent desecration
for the nationalist block party with cheese and wine and cookies with canadian bacon
for the a-list celebrity nation

for giving a tank and taking a life and leaving, concieving a new route
like a brainstorming merchant, urgently
sailing the sea's current for currency and courtesy

for spacious skies
and gutless waves of pain

Michael Mularz

Ohio Street Beach, February

the frostbitten faucets weep for spring again,
and oh! what a nebulous chorus it is!

ships shivers down the spine of lake michigan

Michael Mularz

Receiving A Ride From My Good Friend's Mother

receiving a ride from my good friend's mother, i'm
restricting myself from saying the evil things one conjures
when an awkward situation presents time to ponder
events which would sink the delicate plight

so has he told you... what is happening?

he had, but my timid soul dare not mention

well... his father and i are... getting separated

i suppose she could not restrict herself any longer

she looked at me deeply
and the attention tempted my lips
to snarl into a smile

Michael Mularz

Retrospective Depression

retrospective depression, impervious to retrogression
can be invigorating

like teenage rape for a twenty-something dominatrix
like an empty gastank for a powerball winner, we are

all so miserable
that it is silly... and i laugh

Michael Mularz

Room Study (Part I)

ceiling fan, impending doom

clink clank of a klepto in the canned food aisle

endless revolution, molecular unrest, neutrons on trial

i snap a polaroid in my mind and shake it a while, but my my mind is
like the work of most photographers -
the camera is more impressive then the pictures

the structure is a front for sensual incest of pregnant sisters, who
construct these walls to confront claustrophobia in its infancy

Michael Mularz

Sintron

Sin
napPing
in naPkin
kings so
kind that
princes rush pregnancy
egg
sperm
prenumbral peregrine
numeriCal
miraCles
amerikamikazees propeller slits wrists
north to south
merky
resin
resOunding in
kashed bowl
kashed kashed
bowl bowl
kashed bowl

mexico
airship engulfing baseball

cumulus clouds
muffling the
soundwAves that
DownCame from
solar rays to
sunburnt
venDor waves
at comerica fielddays

west is the best

george washington on a motorcycle!
made you look...

it's a good thing you are writing!
absurd dimebag contradictions unlock the
key which is tip top tic tac toeing through
eternity

our cat's game, bagged

eternally she saw the see sawed sea caws
crawfish entoufee
tutu fruit margaritas freezdancing

faggots, the maggots of michael savage's three car garage
the dragons flaming paths, blazing trails through posperity's fisherman's wharf
seal of burroughcratic

kraftmania stamped empathetically

aren't we choppy?
ssays suspended ripples in frozenlake

mandea, thinker with world on shoulder and backpain
bardo trotskies
sangria de carlo rossi

purple orgullo en el cielo
red cheeks, graperose from
mispronced deadfolx
sizzling softly,
whispering

rows of printers, gravestone chissel

clinking in caligraphy
thinking in sanskrit
bilingual dreaming

conserveatshit concieving
cross-armed concert goers with megaphones yelling

I Am HERE! HERE!
with their queer spasms

broadcasting

I Want Pussy!
I Want Beer!
I Want You To LoVe me!

listen hipster...
here is how you bag a bird:

go to belmonet and clarks
redline towards howard - past dennis's place for games
past clarke's diner...

did i get it right, b. smith?
regardless...

order a half bluebaerry baked a la mode

...mmmmm...

then go to the back,
in the kitchen is a one-man...

so leave your lonely table
set expecting two,

blow a kiss to morriseey marr
and flirt with who you aren't

go to that oneman stall,
dont knock... that
puts the occupant in a mentalgasp struggle

jackoff thinking about crossdressed puzzling words like
idiotsavantgardeheartsbroken

pre-cum becoming the wet

Lovely collarbones kisses
desperate vocal rumblings

i wAnt you to explode!

it is safe now...
we are safe now...

ecology is colonialism in a glass ship

gynecologists get the jist of spread eagle patriots

parrots steal their squwakitics from the pirate-pegleg walk off plankton abodes
adobe coral bamboozle

70 miles a day sin talking
sin while balking

motioning to third, then first
then nowhere

motionpicturedrifterman
yea!

arecheotheratrumpetblowing...
Bi Da
bi Da
Bi ba Daaaaaa...

yea! tell it to 'em

jackson blueline again

i hear the sallow skeleton tickling the ivory tusk of insanity, enticingly

Michael Mularz

St. Goar

i will live like st. goar

make paper from treebark and
ink from blackberries and
i will scribble poems poems until
like st. goar,

i will die

Michael Mularz

Stumbling Down State Street, Stoned

stumbling down state street, stoned, i
chanced upon a corporate picnic
where lady bug lines were compromised
for suitheads and godheads
who used words like ambiguisness, with no correction
and less...
hesitation

perfectly normal cats with two faces
bi-polar fornications

sputtering
sporadic
spectacles

like buckingham fountain

there, under the blue-line, kiddy corner from the board of trade and
the gypsy woman fingerpicking the blues
was a crowd of sixty-or-so

feeding on catered orderves that teased their hunger, insatiable

tapping their feet to 'american girl, ' which played through large speakers propped on a
wobbling table

laughing at the brown man, the pimento in their olive, dancing

man foreign to our customs of nine to five gloom, inevitable, man
torn between this honest euphoria and the fabricated happiness his co-workers exhibit
now

Michael Mularz

Suicide Prevention

sauntering down blessed avenues and snoozing under moonlit skies, i've
got to move on, for beauty has its borders, its pretensions after all

the rippling luster lake michigan exhibited
became a lining of sandbags lit for suicide prevention

Michael Mularz

Summercamp Mushroom Death Ritual

my back against the barn...

latenight chocolate consummates me,
intoxicates me

addles my idle legs

until wood, walls of it
are my savoir

saved of self- gratification
i suffer...

now, now, now
life now,
breath now,
death now

i, she, we know it...

we see trees blowing

wind instruments in a brewing storm
augmented clouds
a mushroom monsoon

saved of the permanency of life
i suffer...

now, now, now
life now,
breath now,
death now

i, she, we knew it...

charged with cosmic recognition, i
drained life like sitting
in traffic

he died

we knew it, he didn't...

Michael Mularz

The Light

let's murder time

then let the cold
dead
hands
of the clock

hold the light

and let the blank
blind
stare
on the face
of the clock

face the light

Michael Mularz

The Shedd And Psilocybin

jellyfish pulsate
thwarp...
thwarp...

aquarium glass bends but never breaks, like combs
on an elementary school's picture day, discarded in trashbin overflowing

light fixtures get the best of me, the rest
puppy-paddles through midwife's intestines,
their pupils dilate perception like
brail directions
for a blind mortician fancying decay

Michael Mularz

The Smith's On San Mateo, On Mescaline

surfing through parking lot

jogging in stagnant line

twenty items or more

concrete tidal wave

shopping cart undertow

tabloids, candy, tv guide

asphalt wake

seagull squaking

cement shoreline

dolphin diving deeper

neon tide

coupons floating

sheena drops the peace pipe in reverance

Michael Mularz

The Sounds I Make

i am self conscious of the sounds i make

standing at the cupboard
snacking,
asking

who's lying in bed hearing my belt unfasten?

Michael Mularz

This Month's Must Have

we lined up to receive our
scholastic books we had ordered

i let her go ahead of me

when it got down to the line's end,
she approached the teacher who held but two copies of this
month's
must
have

i was behind her, the last student, the line's end

she informed the teacher that she had ordered two copies of this
month's
must
have -

one for her and one for her brother

the teacher obliged, handed her the final two books and offered me sympathetic
silence

luckily, we still had those desks which opened, could bury defeated limbs and weak
wills

while i pretended to be searching for a folder, i cried

Michael Mularz

To Inform The Wise One With...

morrissey is just now fucking.
talk about missing out...

william has an anonymous period during the early portion of his career...
this is the time he spent locked away wordplaying and carving the soft wood that he
could
construct literacy with.

jack ate too many pills and drank too much.

bill shot his wife, dead. i mean well, i am

just glad to have these bhikku-abuse tales to inform the wise one with.

Michael Mularz

To The Dishevelled Buddha On Harrison

your loses are blessings

without loose change, i
spare acceptance

Michael Mularz

War Poets

on veteran's day i

shed roses for the war poets
with forgotten pasts, as
the man who killed four men stands
on the podium,
while the man who
informed his people with what romanticism he could
mutate the bloodshed into,
makes a sieasta of his last stanza and eternally slumbers inside it

any man can take life, only noble men provide it

Michael Mularz

Water Tower

water tower,
my lunar cactus with blinking tiara

why did you put up with him?

he made your baptized blood boil, he

masked your face with violent make-up,
royal blue eye shadow cast 'round your eyes, he

made a tweeker of a princess, a whale of a sea-maiden
a meth lab of an interest, and

now your scabbed face blubbers

Michael Mularz

Werewolf, Scarecrow, Cornfield

under the astounding azure's baton

a werewolf cries out loud in a cornfield in iowa,
bleeds blue-sky bullets from internal wounds, his
unkempt carnal mane, mouth salivating salvation

quivering the lip of a nearby scarecrow with wretched trepidation
intrepid natives feared that the spirit of this glutton shed crocodile tears
and the boo hooing of bad river chipewas would stir a nascent gale

keep quiet or you'll wake dishonesty
speak gently, for the winds are now stale

Michael Mularz

Whiskey And Cigarettes And Wa, Wa, Women...

women want money and men

men want women and money and beer

it's a matrix of commerce
and beer is clearly
coming out the numerator

its fair froth fizzes,
flits over your drunk father's lips
like hop-scotch or wall ball
when he's not on business

its fair simmer diminishes
and you smell saliva on flesh,
like venom on snakeskin, or
would it be the fur of an animal?
as he licks his thumb then rubs your upper mandible, for it's

back to the office

Michael Mularz

Work

upon clocking out,
my co-workers ask if i want to get a drink with them

that would be like working overtime

without time and a half

Michael Mularz

You've Seen Me Before

you've seen me before
you don't remember where
and you don't care

you feel as though we've touched before
made love before, befriended one another, dated
and broken-up before
as though you

have something left to tell me that will change it all
but your words are epiphanies, eloquently administered
like laughing gas to a weltered tuxedo

you speak with neologisms that schizos in darkened theatres murmur

you call the penis a peenie weenie, or weenis,
or just use facial indications and nudged acknowledgements
in place of dictioned sparklers of your unconsciousness and your heir's

you've seen me before
you don't remember where
and you don't care

Michael Mularz

Zoos

an entertaining zoo is one with cages and fences constructed by the apes
with neglected barbed wire hanging limp over holes large enough for the lions to
escape

with stone steps like palisades at knee level encircling the elephants
and a kiddy pool for the boa-constrictor, for

the humbler the barrier between species
the greater the chance of cross-pollination
and the more exciting a visit.

Michael Mularz