

Pickled Dreams Naked

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What I Said

after the terror I
went home and cried and
said how could this happen and
how could such a thing be and
why why I mean how could
anything so horrible and how could
anyone do such a thing to us and what
will happen next and how can we live now
it's impossible to understand it's impossible
to do anything after this and what will any of us do now and how will we
live and how can we expect to go on after this
I said and I said this is too much to take no one can take a thing like this
after the terror yes and then I said let's kill them

The Lesson of the Poetry Workshop

I have a problem with this poem
and my problem is you you miserable person
sitting here in this godforsaken poetry workshop trying to become
famous
don't you know that only the teacher is famous and that that's what
poetry workshops are all about
they are about the teacher not you you awful wreck of a person trying
to get published
don't you know that only the teacher gets published come off it
get out of here already nobody wants your horrible poems
all anybody ever wants is the teacher's poems and you keep coming back
when will you ever learn

Subway Heaven

I like the smell of the lollipops
that these Spanish women sitting next to me on the subway
are sucking as they talk in their hot sexy fast language
with their black net stockings touching against my leg
what kind of heaven have I stumbled into surrounded by these women
sucking lollipops speaking Spanish sitting next to me in the subway
leaning over letting me look and me smelling that sweet sexy candy
listening to their fast-talking Spanish real hot stuff to go home with the
thought of them