

PROJECT PAPERS

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KRAKATOA

The pipeline, of Trashmen and Ventures fame
Void this song'd lane we now take as one frame
Spiraling wet yarn of folk'd being, line of flame

Burst the earth's yolk, took from us an isle
Heard thousands of leagues in distance, that
Does not exist on the sub-atomic level of spit

But warns this feeding isle once again, earth plug
Bites the sky, explosion cloud again echoes, kingfishers
Abundance wing'd fungus rape species tree'd once gone

Now the ocean is a green prehistoric ebb of life,
Lizards flourish termites bong & rush through muddy
Dusk of thousand cries, a soaked Darwin could awaken

And discover another crack to lava-heave geyser
So pretty to see a hundred years in retro, to be
There is hotter than any August eve, a special series

Burst the earth's yolk, took onto us a screaming yawn
That again is so gung-ho, super welterweights of land,
Meet aside fragmentary soil 1883'd once more, to monitor's

Bleat of silent yore, the mud hoppers and menace of 'crocks
Love of fighting blast, territorial scrambles, fugitive
Center of once an Eden isle, wiped from our self map

In a few seconds of veteran blast, much acclaimed
In television feedbacks, an awarded spectacle of Mother
Nature's fury, spent relationship to jolt of animal cease

Spaced in tow of hypnotic music, this earth upended the sky
To create another paradise in our midst, could just as easily
Vamp again, and wipe it from our world that changes with a breath

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CHILD MOLESTATION IS A NATIONAL AFFAIR

In elementary school, the worn places
in my underwear were dirty secrets
under my skirt. But junior high issued me
a gym locker, a line to stand in, & a bench,
cold & public where other girls
got their chance to snicker at my drawers.

The steam from the showers fogged my eyes
so I squinted at the pubic hairs of older girls,
I watched for their breasts, who knew
what a woman would grow to be, me in my
bra-less sore lumps, a bald vagina,
I seen my best friend Sheila bouncing
in the nude, I smelled her & saw
kotex underneath panty hose.

Sheila had matching pastel slips & clean brassieres.
Sheila had a father that bought her family money,
a brick house, a daily change of panties. Sheila could
curse, & she was moody, & wouldn't let her father
kiss her in the morning. At night he snuck in
her bed, wanted to get her ready for breaking
in, so he fingered her more & more.

Sheila could string together nasty words
like a ugly wino, a crazed washer woman sick
of her kids. Sheila showed me how to make
my fingers like a dick & balls that meant
 fuck you mother sucker
& Sheila pointed out the purple marks on girls
thighs, the welts swollen in the steam,
exposed in hot water, with pointed breasts
& boxes of menstal pads for feminine
protection, I didn't want no daddy,
would keep flat & dry forever
without a period of physical education,
keep tight my legs from sprouting
something a man might wanna touch
& keep my nasty panties, the holes
in my drawers, a private dirty secret.