

*Bustelo*

Reaching far into one's throat  
retrieving every wild moan  
that may have existed there...

It's late into the summer of 2008  
fall is peering at us  
from every corner of dashing alleyways  
that are now  
lined with primo café's  
that roast the beans for each cup  
to the backyard bands that play  
to more than cans along the ground  
to the fused hipsters  
dancing like bright colored lollipops  
all in a place that  
once stuttered with loitering vagabonds  
too drunk to care  
too greased to befriend  
crusading the sweep of trash.  
finding a cup by the spare of hand out  
running their last stop.

Above this.

Below this.

All around this,

the city streets grow near silent  
leaving at a faceless tremble eastward  
with no gentle perfume.

The holiday has taken its parade lakeside  
to the Tahoe resort  
to the crisp swim and shadow play of fire pit story and  
dance.

The nights here are anything but empty  
for us urban monks.

We remain to walk the quiet out from our bones  
in the dramatic fashion of a Hollywood set  
cigarette plumes on the slow  
fedoras on the tilt  
crunched scarves  
vested t-shirts  
and a dark Levi strut  
sneakers to the cool  
for soft walk,  
and after your minutes of stage  
your moment of James Dean  
you feel the ground stirring restless under foot  
the trees pave the way  
past the bopping roses  
in colors of red, yellow and punk  
thorning every passerby heading into the London pub  
Hollywood's left at the door.

J St. is one of a few main streets that thumbs alongside  
the avenues  
which helps to make this time cap bearable  
it's also where the night reaches down for everyone  
to come out from their dwellings  
to walk the bright lights

to hang on to the drunk sidewalks, glistening from the  
swelling beers, falling from hand and mouth  
of excited talk and bop.

On a slant, you stroll the Capital,  
on its avenue boulevard  
that's too aged to sleep.

Crunchy and never at rest  
pushing at both of your sides  
are these government buildings  
that batter against one another  
debating the importance  
of one

of the other  
of explanations  
of declarations  
deflections!

Charges overlooked  
people overlooked  
pleading  
(calloused, and the aged).

Officials to dictate  
our country  
for state  
for wallets  
for us to suffocate.

“El Mundo Hallucinado”

At the long end of the Capital boulevard  
the gold bridge smirks  
with two side arms that lift  
its skirt to every sailor that makes  
way through its widened legs  
carrying large mysteries  
navigating  
smooth  
slow  
north by northwest  
or somewhere seductive  
into the sea  
into the open that some can only throw wonder at  
The world hallucinated  
and made believable.

At all of this birth  
from your new found eyes  
you fall back  
from leaning back  
arms outstretched onto the soft green  
the center island of grass  
between lanes of the boulevard.  
On this bed of earth and weightless  
with a set of brilliant eyes  
full, with the starry night pressing inward  
dancing on the tops of head beams,  
the traffic that rushes in by threes and more  
supporting the hungry wind  
the hungry wild  
that tugs at your clothes

...and you laugh till all blurs into pure joy.

Mornings come too quick  
to wrestle out the glorious night  
of fallen stars  
of swimming angels  
-voodoo love  
and before I start to believe that  
the atomic joy runs  
not just the 25<sup>th</sup> hour  
inside its tall tower.  
I come out from a quiet sleep  
in a groggy eye rub  
stretching out the leaves from my shirt  
walking them through the day door  
onto the sidewalk talk  
like Janice in, her phone and curb lean  
ads me a good morning  
in a wink, I lean out to the street  
over to the Naked Lounge  
where no one is serving up a cup of last night  
but it's a fresh morning  
so, I sit to a cigarette  
to a quiet talk  
and you enjoy the expression of age  
on my smile  
that says, "don't wait, but don't go...just yet."

She's a dreamy kinda tomboy, you know.  
she'll never pout  
she'll never not speak her mind

in a fashion  
of herself  
in herself  
in her walk  
and long stride  
tall on tough doc's.  
So, in the gorgeous murder of  
red  
her lips on mine go soft  
on the lashes of her bambi eyes  
she believes we're a photograph.

The dilapidation of a Burroughs' New York,  
this is the half-way house paying out restitution.  
It's the solitary scream behind windows yellowed shut  
and muggy rug below  
this drape of a mid-town's 18<sup>th</sup> and N studio  
whose corner of the room stand-alone sink breathes age.

Covered in a Sacramento paste of pink  
and cracked freedom  
this place  
of your not-self  
looking like, the walking casket  
of un-inspired thorns laying across your hands  
and you think it's the city  
and you think it's the people  
and you think it's the not urban walk  
where the days keep to the quick  
bride of life  
unlike the honey slow sun of Sac

in this, Alex pays his own style of restitution  
the type that most will never see.

His studio, his monthly  
a box on the first floor  
like a \$600 chain  
pays  
into the mad  
into the doles  
into the day that's forgotten him  
like the collars worn to impress  
the post atomic goth fashion.

Here, in my classic length  
I give a few rapping knocks till I can  
hear the floor creak from stone feet.  
He lets the door bring itself open  
slim and awake  
with hug in hand and quick lip giggle  
he smiles.  
Almost yelling from the cheer, I say,  
"Hermano! Too long, huh? The burbs bro  
you know, ratted me out  
like, to this fat back. This fool...  
and so, like me, ya know, I go without much a fuss.  
But I'm back," I tell him, with  
my head on high and high quick tone  
and talk  
of you  
of me  
of copping on the south end.

Y hasi mano.

Alex goes back and forth on this  
shakes the cowboys from his hair  
“I’m glad to see ya! Doo man, I  
missed ya and thought that ya forgot  
about me here  
grinding and smiling  
shinning out from late night.  
Glad for the money, ya know  
but the drama can leave me dry.”

Two packs of Marlboro’s  
three games of dice  
and another hug  
we sit to a cup of Bustelo  
to remember ourselves  
to leave ourselves,  
and find our laughs  
in nothing more  
of nothing less  
but in the simple  
complication  
of money-less  
trip hop street talk.

From the lost hours  
the cramping minutes  
of the falling crush  
we wrestle against the tears  
that come



that carry the breathless  
bend of hard laugh.  
First over the table,  
then over on the stumble - the funny walk  
against  
the tiled sink  
the white mini fridge  
the wall  
that we fall  
all about and back  
in its checkered layout  
the once classy  
thought of high standard 'fat 40's'  
but not here  
not this.

This one here,  
is the linoleum corner edge fold  
that's heaven spent  
like the aged angels before us  
before the loss  
before the hours on heavenward dope  
when of the dynamo  
and of the rest that we carry out  
from our sleep  
from the toilet, the promiscuous Thinker  
and our flowered minds  
served on the late-night  
the long-stemmed martini  
and our decadent eyes with wings.

The highways  
The 10, the 40, the Interstate 5  
the world  
that the desert dream's,  
comes whispering  
from the deep mile  
resounding in my ears  
on my sleeve  
the stars I leave  
as they blink  
and I smile  
lighting the mile  
anointing all that's under foot.

My step  
the heels of my walk  
that drop  
in the city  
on the road.

The fragility  
The finality  
the drifting night  
bringing in the cold  
embrace me  
be the lover  
to let go  
to let free  
in last illustration  
of me  
of a past  
of the remaining end...