

THE SEQUINED LADY



SAN FRANCISCO

17th & Alabama

I start walking
one thought,

“Going to **THE PONY!**”

*Sun on my back says
“We came from shells, boy,
from seed pods,
from a spiral conch,
from hot things gone cool,
hot’s still in there
under a woman’s skin,
you’ll see”*

ADDICTION HAIR SALON

Ice eyed Russian
on cell phone & cigarette
tin foil in her hair

Baby blue [Lion Building](#) 2525
MUNI LINES **22, 33**

16th street

H & H Imaging
SPCA
(Society for the Prevention
of Cruelty to Animals)

15th street

RV'er camp, 5 dream buggies lining

Alabama

Animal Care And Control

*Thought I'd be living on the street by now
at best in an Airstream
live on a rubber highway
Social Security and food stamps
can't believe I've made it this far indoors*

Poker white
parking lots
open wide the sky
no place to hide

Alabama

becomes

Treat


now

Alameda Street

green concrete canine pitching park

14th Street

buried in the ass of the

 parking lot

13th street

South side of hairy

Harrison

nasty crotch under the viaduct

Central Freeway

blotting out the sky
slammed down
buckled to the asphalt
by rusty beams
color of an operating room
collects pigeons and bums
noise and urine
cars go crazy

scream and roar
 good place for a kill
Office Max

Trainer street 000

RAINBOW GROCERY
(A worker owned cooperative)

*(s'like sneaking past a patch of Presbyterians
 on the way to a nasty place of usury)*

Sweet

Bernice Street

One legged man with umbrella on a fence
 Legal Graffiti: diversity art
 (ethnic ladies making music)
 pyramids to go along with the stars

Isis Street

Looks like **is is**
 Hot Goddess with a double buzz

June Allyson
her vagina
the fragrance
of pink roses

Pin Up Girls

Boy Scout Camp Outhouse



Veronica

Archie Andrews comic book

Veronica!



My God!
Veronica!



Oh My God!

13th street & Folsom

four-laner
disheveled

Folsom

bastard brood of buildings
gamed by careless hands

*I could give dates but shit why
dates don't mean a thing
dirt on a screen
dust in a light beam
Every asteroid has its tale
or is that a comet or a whale?
Shape is the Shape of Shape
with a silent "e" j'uh notice that
you can chase that "e" forever
but without it you get Shap*

Take a right on

Folsom

BIG NATES BBQ

"Nate the Great"

Nat Thurmond

[GOLDEN STATE](#)

63 to 74

"Ribs, Chickens, Links

We cater to you,

Delivery 861-4242"

12th Street

CITY LIGHTS

not the bookish one

This one's across the street

ceiling lights floor lamps chandeliers
 went there yesterday
 saw the world in different colors
 But Me Now I'm making a left
 walking to **THE PONY**

*Memories happen in a kan of blood
 Kan full of gimme this
 gimme that or get me outta here
 z'long as the fail-safe wiring shit
 keeps intact I'll remember my way
 'round the room
 stay on the sidewalk
 know the numbers on the big boxes
 strangers as strangers
 or where to lie down
 if I got blood
 if I got blood
 if I got blood
 clearer than a mountain stream
 & all the organella lean
 & my pressure receptors discrete
 otherwise I'm just something to eat*

Manora's Thai Cuisine

"Tom Ka Gai soup really great"

San Francisco Chocolate Factory

Mural of chocolate **eaters** in

Chocolate colors and **sponsors**

"286 KMEL, the CITY 42"

*1960
 Cougars are winning
 Senior year
 presented our hopes and fears
 in a graduation stage production
 a kind of "Perry Como Show" without "Perry Como"
 can't imagine standing up there singing but I did
 wasn't Perry Como but I did sing, "Find a Ring"
 It must have been so stupid
 The Jocks must have said some shit about me*

the boy singer
140 lbs
5/10
eyes like a pig
ears like a rhino
banged by Blaine Voodlehammer
my foster "pop"
All American Boy Patterntown High
Cougars!
Cougars!
RawRawRaw!

Dead hot dog diner



Stop by an empty window
 look at the reflections
 at me and the in-back-of-me

Me
born
1940
can you believe that?
Second World War
I'm next in line
after those randy old veterans
gone dead
demented
or otherwise
"missing in action"

Fuck it I can feel it in my left knee
 cortisone is wearing off
 worse than it was before

hobbling

Just like the old man you are

No

Yeah, that's how we walk

past

Kissling Street

and meaningless

12th & Howard

(stucco
 rectangles
 color of linoleum)

*too much time and too little
 and no chance for acquittal
 in that little room they keep you
 before the sentence
 is carried out
 a falling room
 with old friends at tables in candlelight
 talking about years
 how many it's been
 the faded rose
 those frost burned days
 we use to hang out
 kept looking in their eyes to see
 if they knew they are falling too
 couldn't shake it out of my head
 that if there's no After Dead
 all this never really happened
 (snapshot thought)
 comes out of your coffee cup
 comes out of your mattress
 at the wolf's hour
 looks back at you
 in the mirror
 hop hobbles your gait
 messes your face up
 wakes you up
 up-up
 snowflake
 feather
 breath
 bubble
 bang
 gone
 wake up wake up wake up
 not yet not yet not yet
 fuck!*

Where in the fuck am I?

That's what I'm talking about

that's what I'm saying

thank god for love

old man hobbling to a strip club hop-hobble hop-hobble-Hop
 middle of the afternoon hop-hobble hop-hobble-Hop
 like he's done so many times before hop-hobble hop-hobble-Hop

UPL
 Ultimate
 Pathetic
 Loser

and here he is, me
 Jesus Christ, that's creepy!
 & he's fucking in love with
one of them

been in love
 with her
 for years
 ever since he first saw her
 in her school girl uniform
 pitch-black
 twin
 pony tails
 Cantonese Restaurant Calendar Girl
 red ribbons
 running through
 her hair
 ever since
 she put
 her smile in him
 ever since
 she caught him with her eyes

South Van Ness

slashes

Mission / Otis

bleeds cars

Saw her back in '98
 in her twenties then
 school girl fetish
 was her game
 plaid mini skirt
 long legs
 little waist
 round rump
 smile
 on
 spikes
 like sweet and sour candy
 oh my god
 she could swing her hips!
 her long arms
 floating
 at her sides
 everything cunningly wrought
 except those
 bolt-ons

When she got nude
 she was in her glory
 She showed it to you
 all of it
 made you
 kinda wanna squirt into a
 sweet
 lemon
 all the while
 her eyes smiled
 like she was feeling
 something so good
 she just wanted you to feel it too

When she slipped off the catwalk
 she unlocked something and let it lose
 She entwined a man
 crawled over his body
 a pretty young
 Chinese girl's hungry love
 buried in his throat
 legs wrapped around his thigh

rocking on it with her hot-hot
 while stroking him
 with her little hand

She was popular

Still is
 she's there right now

like she's been
 17 years
 afternoon shift

She is legendary
 she is
 Tiffany

CITY PARK PUBLIC PARKING CENTER ENTER HERE!
 Break pads and heat
 "Market Street"
 feel it in my heart beat

Am I afraid?
Is that what I'm feeling?
Afraid?
Or is it
excitement?
Yes
Yes

2.8 million dollar dream house!
 Sfraffle
 Tacos to Go
 Enterprise rent-a-car
 electrified wires crossing the sky
 palisade fences corralling rentals
 seven gash intersection gagging cars
 two cement islands with freaky dry trees

Going to **WELLS FARGO**
 close down my account
 hope I don't pop a fuse

I
 am
 so jazzed

Locked the keys behind the door
 made me an offer I couldn't ignore
 as they say
 "ain't my place anymore"

Got my gear stashed
 at the Port of Oakland Pier 33

island trader
 LA SARINA
 is waiting for me
 at a dock on a Westward Island
 just off Tahiti
 so I'm walking to the water
 get a blessing at **THE PONY**
 gonna dare Tiffany
 put ink in my body

MISSION & SOUTH VAN NESS

North American
 pedestrian signal
 with countdown timer

RED HAND



Stop RATTLE SNAKE *dick-a-dick-a-dick-a-dick* Ready!

8,7,6,5,4...

poingk poingk poingk



white man *(the length of the crosswalk divided by a speed of 3.5 feet per second)*

hop-hobble hop-hobble-Hop

Out of my territory now...

hop-hobble hop-hobble-Hop

GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE NORTH



↑ arrow pointing at the sky

the MUNI 47 pick-pocket BUS GOES BY!

Jitters & Shakes Café and Deli

razor wire

ribbons & barbs draped on dagger fences

stick in the sky!

Noise Gate Alert Alarms

beep-beep-beep-beep

buzzer buzzes

electric lamb bleats

announcing from its hole

the debutant TOYOTA, NISSAN, VOLVO...

South Van Ness

is running down

glass strips steel bands

Fred Astaire pedestrians

Double dose of Viagra, mm hmm

Should be kicking in soon mm hmm

Ceremonial Shower And Shave

Immaculate duds

not abrasive to naked female...

Wait for the light!

Blacked out like a zombie

I'm a zombie

See the BANK OF AMERICA up there?

That's where Market is

Market?

Fark it! Fuck Market !

Going, I'm going

Just wait, wait for the light

Which one, there are so many?

My heart's on fire!

My heart's on fire!

Goddess's got him, that's good.

Lucky fuck,

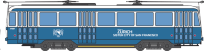
at his age could be sitting on the front porch counting flies

And here it is...

Market street!
north/west south/east
slit in the throat of the city

Market street!
a palpable civic presence
ba boom ba ba boom

Behind my back
BANK OF AMERICA
4 ATM's deep
Black and White City Police
a mess of badges SFPD
guns and clubs and mace and cuffs
7 sets with uniforms
ganged out along the doors

Trrrrrrring!  ... der 737 Zürich street car goes by

WALLGREEN'S Pharmacy

on the "other side"
ALL STAR CAFE
kitty-corner across the way
"Flies in the donut case."

Van Ness Station
the last subterranean
J K L M N S T lines

MUNI 6

Parnassess
Oh, 6 Molasses
you need an escape hatch
Stanky

MUNI 71

Haight Noriega

to 48th Ave. and Ortega
underarm vinegar and smegma

MUNI 9

San Bruno
Janky methadone clinic to Downtown

Me on the corner
 in front of God
 and everybody
red bricks are the ground!

RED HAND



Stop RATTLE SNAKE *dick-a-dick-a-dick-a-dick* Ready!


8,7,6,5,4...

poingk poingk poingk

white man



Sequined Lady
 Exotic Dancer
 Καλυψώ
 My Beloved Topsy-Turvy
 Her deep wet Pacific!
 Her cold sweet air
 They swim in beauty
 do they know
 the people in San Francisco?

Trrrang! 1057 Cincinnati street car, circa 1948  get out of the fucking way!

WALLGREEN'S curb!

How many WALLGREENS are there for christ's sakes?

"One on every corner."

Pony side of Market

Bystanders like extras on a set:
 2 pugs on leash
 Man in Armani with bull dog
 phone ringing in someone's pocket
 now two

*Where did they all come from
 these street dancers?
 Out of the caves of women*

11th street

This fucking **WALLGREEN'S** wall 's taken half a Market Street block and then this dead office
penned up on the side of the street what's that about?

M2

M2

M2

stamped on a building 12 stories high

What the does that mean?

CIA

FBI

NBC

Why do they go to such trouble?

The gland cliché:

too much

too many

things alike

San Francisco

New York

LA

Market

Broadway

Rodeo Drive

same old Singapore jive

No spitting

No singing out loud

beat you with a cane

blow your brains out your mouth

Just Shut The Fuck Up Land

*Could go into **The Little Griddle***

get a cup o'joe rest my knee

That doesn't work

can't go inside anything

but **THE PONY**

...T'ling!  **1015 Saint Lewis tram, grey, green and cream**

Oh, my God, is it kicking in?

"Don't worry, old boy, I'm with you, we'll go together.

^lIs that you Mr. Niven?

"Yes, it is, chin up."

Oh

#1018  ... Milan tram, Trrrrriiiiiing !

might as well be
chainsaws
these sassy
afternoon drivers

Across the way
big ditch crane
swinging stamping

Fell street

comes up fast on the left
a quick turn
vaulted from the sea
then

Polk street

north from Angel Island
knives Market
with FELL

'gotta clear 3 lanes
of Fell Street heat
to get to the little island between the lights
and the freaked out trees
and the bullets
with people in them!

...street cars clanging

New Orleans

water oaks roping down Saint Charles Avenue

hot humid summer's day
just after World War Two
wife whose sailor was still in Japan
my mother's friend
tall slender rusty brown hair
picked me up and kissed me whenever she saw me
smelled like lilacs and lemons
couldn't look into her face
she was so beautiful
remember
one morning running to her door
always sought some reason to see her
saw her standing before a mirror letting down her hair
she was bare
screen door ajar
ceiling fan going round and round
with a wush and a wush
never saw such a beautiful color
as the color of her skin
then she saw me!
looked at me
turned
faced me
let me see all over her
watched me do it
then
her eyes grew warm
&
she put something in my stomach with them that stung my breath
then she smiled
turned to the mirror & went on fixing her hair
I don't remember what happened after that
I think it was the first time I saw beauty look back at me
Darla,
that was her name

10th street

RED HAND



Stop! RATTLE SNAKE *dick-a-dick-a-dick-a-dick* Ready

stranded on a refuge island
 for a Market street feeder vessel
 citizen of a momentary nation of knuckle-knockers

Urban Suburban
everybody ratting
on each other

*“Why it’s so safe
there is no need
for police
everyone
has a policeman inside”*

*Invoke
send smoke
HGA Holy Guardian Angel
BVM Blessed Virgin Mary
DS Divine Spark
BOP By Ordinary People
these river ceremonies
bearing them home unspeakably lonely
hurry
hurry
hurry
I love you*


*She’ll run her fingers
over the back of my neck
while I insert
the five Twenties
in the thing that sucks the money
three sky birds winging*

that’s me looking up
and then...

*She’ll sit me down
in that little room
and dance for me
just for me
alone
she’ll get naked as gravy*

*Look at that old man!
That’s terrible*

*8,7,6,5,4...
poingk poingk poingk*

white man 
hop-hobble hop-hobble-Hop

9thstreet

coughs up afternoon traffic from the Bay
through crane battered Market,
southeast edge of the Bill Graham Civic Center
splicing Hayes, west to the sea,
Larkin, north to the Golden Gate
All these broken down buildings boarded up

*She'll pull my shirt off
I know she will
for during a \$20 lap dance
she pulled my T shirt up
and pressed her skin on mine
my old body might not stand the looking
she won't care
she is a professional*

ANANDA FUARA
a Sri Chinmoy divine enterprise

"best fake-meat sandwich in the City"

Civ C CENTER MARKET

cold beer LIQUORS HIGH END BOURBONS!! Sierra Nevada Bigfoot

But watch your step!

WESTERN DENTAL

Music they play makes you want to gouge your eyes out

Chase otel Reasonable rates

the end of the line

the bedbugs! the bedbugs!

DOLLAR KING

dollar store with a side of crack head!

Donnelly Hotel

No, this is the end of the line

thin walls thin sheets cold rooms dead souls,

end of the line

or the beginning

depends on which way

you're heading

on the way out

or private resurrection

*She'll wrap her arms
 around my neck
 bring her body
 to mine
 brush her nose
 on my ear
 I'll hear
 her breath
 feel the wetness
 of her mouth
 her sticky heat
 her teeth toying
 with my skin
 whispering to it
 I'm letting go
 I'm bleeding memories out of my eyes
 Am I moaning
 at the brilliant blue sky?*

*Look at that old man, mommy!
 Where? Oh, my god, just in front of you!
 Don't look! .*

OH Here it is! FUCK,

WELLS
FARGO

*Act cool,
 San Francisco cool
 bicycle cool
 that's right
 I ride*

"Hi, may I help you, sir.

20 year old Asian guy neat as a pin

Yeah, I'm closing down my account.

"I'm sorry to hear that, sir."

Oh, it's got nothing to do with you guys,
 I'm shipping out, but first
 I'm going to **THE PONY**,
 the club down the street

get a private dance with this beautiful woman

“Neat, just wait here sir.”

*She'll try to make me cum
straddle me
grind my pants wet*

“How may I help you, sir?”

Hi...shall I slide my card?

“Yes, that would be great.”

Awesome.

“What can I do for you?”

I want to close my account.

“Let me access your account, sir.”

*She'll take my right hand
slide it down her tummy
then, Jiminy Cricket...*

“Did you receive a letter from us, Sir?”

I'm sure I did.

“You must have a minimum balance.”

Yeah, I know, it's fine.

“You have one dollar and three cents in your account sir.”

Oh, don't worry about it, darlin'
I ain't your grandpa
beat-beat beat-beat
we live heart beat to heart beat
you too, beat-beat
that's right you
and me together
all of us beat-beat
riding on the back of that muscle
just at the edge of time
beat-beat beat-beat
beat-beat beat-beat
so I don't care about the money

“Sign right there, sir: that’s
3 quarters,
2 dimes,
1 nickel
and 3 pennies.”

*She’s so pretty I have to grin
What’s she laughing about?*

“Have a great day.”

*Says the handsome Asian guy
(yes I see he’s quite handsome)
Nod. Yes, I’m nodding at him
Is that citizen pride swelling in my chest?
Maybe I took too much Viagra!
“Don’t make a big deal of it, ole boy
just act as if you were a veteran.”
Is that you, Mr. Niven?
“Yes, it is. Chin up!”
Oh.
I think a bank cop is coming!*

MARKET STREET!!!

*Did I shout?
no, no
not yet*

*swivel hip mother fuck
look at that
step back stupid fool
Yo, Showman, give me a treat
squawk*

Don't look down

*What you got in your pants there?
Viejo pervertido!*

*My soul walks me on spectral feet
my heart’s white dove leads me
I bring my beauty in my billfold
my credit card will warm her perfume
leave on me the fragrance of Tiffany*

Subway

Munch Haven
 Mail Box Rental
 Sam's Diner

"What's Up Dog!"

My god, reborn but small as a coffin!

Check 'n Go
 Burger King
 Burger King
 Burger King
 Metro Civic Center Bart Station

Dang-a-lang-a-lang!  *Dallas Texas Streetcar Line #1009*

8th street

RED HAND



Stop RATTLE SNAKE *dick-a-dick-a-dick-a-dick ready*

8,7,6,5,4...

poingk poingk poingk



white ma n

hop-hobble hop-hobble-Hop

DOCTOR GROVE & MISTER HYDE & the ass end of the library,
the SHORENSTEIN HAYS NEDERLANDER THEATER, SHN!
formally known as The Orpheum,
BROADWAY ROADSHOWS BY THE BAY!
 Crowds coming out Of the matinee:

Oh, my god, Donald
Gobblegobble
You see y'im ?
Check it out oh my gobble
Ginky binky goo
Love that song
Stay here honey
Suck my jizzim
Parking lot's just up the...

"Sioux City Sue, Sioux City Sue
 Your hair is red, your eyes are blue
 I'd swap my horse and dog for you

Sioux City Sue, My Sioux City Sue.

There ain't no gal as true as my sweet Sioux City Sue!"

Lights flashing Pabst Ribbon Blue,
 truckers, sailors, soldiers, salesmen, suckers
 laughing, whistling;
me dancing on a table in a bar booth,
her talking them up, getting them easy with her,
 taking a little'o this
 taking a little'o that.

She'll choose her man,
 dance him into an alley,
 get him drunk, pass him out
 roll him over,
 I take his billfold.

"Honey, Honey, do that dance for him!"

Red-eyed drunk, blubber belly, barely able t' look in over his eye bags, two legged
 hippopotamus squat in a bar booth. Me git up and shimmy, whack my hips, quack like Donald
 Duck



quack-quack
 and make a grin,
 grin-grin.

"He's a cute little squirt what is he?"

"He's my son, Dick."

"Well, what are we gonna do with him?"

"He's fine, he goes quiet back at home just like socks in a drawer"

You can say anything...

mother fuck!

...if you keep moving,
 you got to keep moving

God loves you!

That's not me screaming!

as long as you're moving

you can't get arrested
 law is
 law is
 can't lie down
 don't sit
 don't lie
 bars on seats so you can't lie down
 no ledges to sit on and palaver
 If you don't have a place better have a destination
 If you're homeless you can't lie down
 families will see
 people lying down
 children will be disturbed
 sends the wrong message.
 That's why the screamers walk the streets
 they can scream if they don't lie down...



UN PLAZA
 At last I sit

Here is fellowship
 the lost
 the lewd
 the lonely
 the enlightened
 the demented
 the drunk
 the drugged
 the thief
 the homeless
 gather by its sculpture mangled fountains
 even the seagulls sit among these sun-blackened angels
 This is the hovel glory and grace of Market above 5th

Mr. Niven, old buddy, you got to chill, you're freaking everybody out. Save yourself, you're going to meet Tiffany. Do you understand what that means? I can't have you fail me.

"I'm so terribly sorry!"

I want you to sleep now, I'll wake you when it's time.

"But *you'll* do it won't you, not Tiffany?"

Are you afraid of Tiffany, ole boy? Don't worry, *I'll* wake you when it's time.

"You'll give me enough won't you, to prepare, I mean?"

I'll wake you before we go in!

"Thank you ever so much."

Now go to sleep.

She was beautiful, my mother

auburn hair, freckled skin

but so beat up

Men beat the shit out of her

I remember her coming to get me at a movie.

She said, "Look, Honey."

It was a wad of money.

Even in the silver movie light I could see her mouth was full of blood.

It looked like somebody had knocked her teeth out.

I think they had,

I think they knocked her teeth out.

Garage apartment,

slams through the door

huffing and puffing like she's running from a big bad dog

tumbles on the rug like Buster Keaton

and with a belch and a laugh, cries,

"Hey, Honey, how's it goin'?"

Crawl from the couch to support her,

her alter boy,

bring the chalice of tap water

and the holy vomit basin

for the holy vomit spray

of holy beer and bar nuts,

search the tip of the Pall Mall incense stick

wobbling between her lips and

the holy ecstasy of the Passing Out,

and the pounding of the Angel Gabriel at the door,

calling, "It's the police!"

"Shut up, honey, get down,"

she whispers in my ear,

suddenly calm and clear.

"Get under the table," she's says,

and reaching up,

pulls me out of the darkness

into the living room gone wildly silent...

“Let’s go, Honey, let’s go to California.”

bills
 shacks
 sheriff padlocks
 no electricity s’pt her electro-shock therapy
 store her away on a bag of pills 90 days;
 me,
 taken into custody

Goes into resurrection mode,
 becomes a seamstress in some little grain town,
 get a dog.
 Couple of months go by,
 one night comes back with a guy,
 going to Chicago,
 take off with the dog,
 guy drags me back,
 leave the dog.
 Always around dogs,
 last one froze to death.

That’s when I got it,
 1955, I was 15,
 juvies, orphanages, foster homes,
 she was the reason
 and I told her that.
 I told her I was leaving forever.
 I walked down the path.
 She started screaming my name “come back here!”

Didn’t want the cops to come.

Ran up the path,
 went back in the shack,
 told her to shut up,
 whispered it in her ear,
 unscrewed a light bulb, said,

“If you start screaming

I’m going to come back

and smash this light bulb in your face!”

And I went down the path with the light bulb;
 didn’t hear a word out of her for 30 years.

I had become all of the men who ever hurt her.
 She died at 73 of breast cancer.

Angels and Sinners,
 Oh Blessed Mother
 forgive me
 I
 am
 so
 sorry.

"I'm sending you a big bouquet of roses
 One for every time you broke my heart
 And as the door of love between us closes
 Tears will fall like petals when we part

I begged you to be different, but you'll always be untrue
 I'm tired of forgivin', now there's nothin' left to do
 So I'm sending you a big bouquet of roses
 One for every time you broke my heart

Here I am with the rest of the nuts, dancing with my mother!

hop-hobble-hop-hobble-hop
 I'm telling you,
 hop-hobble-hop-hobble-hop
 when **The Pony** goes
 hop-hobble-hop-hobble-hop
 nothing will replace it, that easy way
 The Ponies do their business
 casual and natural as home cooking,
 generosity at blue collar prices,
 no up sells,
 no bouncers with handcuffs
 or Mafia brass and glass
 and the smell of stake
 and no booze either,
 just worship,
 where even the ugly and old
 can have a sweet lady
 in his arms for a few minutes.
 These are the women.
 They are working.
 Working just like the guy on a scaffold
 or a nurse on a ward
 or a clerk in a store
 or a professor in a class.

They “keep it up” hours a day,
 they offer live support.
 They are the **Ponys**,
 a class by themselves!

She’ll look at me
 dearly
 like a darling
 she’ll stroke me
 (yes, I’ll be very hard)
 and I’ll say
 “Oh I don't need that I just want a tattoo,”
 and then
 I’ll cum!
 and she’ll kiss me to muffle my cries
 mew into my mouth
 I’ll drink of her fountain
 swallow her genius of love

Bargain Bee
 FOODFAST
 Vietnamese
 sandwich Café
 Loans Checks cashed Payday
 Ai Art Institute of San Francisco
 License Number three one oh oh,
 Market Street Toilettito
 Carl's Jr's green burrito

7th street

RED HAND



Stop

rattlesnake dick-a-dick-dick-a-dick ready

8,7,6,5,4...

poingk poingk poingk

white man



hop-hobble hop-hobble-Hop

The sun is going down
 another glory before I sail away
 a composer is sketching it on a synth
 an old Chinese guy is slashing it
 with a wet brush on soft rice paper
 a DP squints through a lens
 a young amber woman glows by the Pacific
 People grow old in different ways
 or maybe it's all the same
 same declining
 eyes
 feet
 hands
 knees
 ears
 piss and shit
 sleep, bi-
 lateral loneliness
 no one new comes in the door
 no one kisses you any more
 on the lips (I mean)
 they fear exchanging fluids
 with saggy face people
 (they are so near the corpse)
 hide them in a room
 let them clap to a drum
 or sleep in a corner
 crumbling fish
 in rockers
 snarfing at the ceiling
 out of date
 out of sight
 Hide my face
 the dirt is eating it!

She'll put big red **Hong Kong** lip stick on
 and kiss me on the underside of my arm



she'll sign her name

Tiffany

help me wrap it for the artist, le tatoueur,
 (I already paid for three hours time)

so when I'm out at sea

or in foreign lands
 she'll know I'm kissing her
 remembering this time

She'll see the light in my eyes
 the one that means forever
 and she'll smile
 not "that" smile
 a smile unmasked
 a mortal smile
 life to life
 death to death
 I'll take her hand
 Goddess hand
 the hand that has touched ten thousand cocks
 and kiss it

Renoir Hotel

service: fantastic
 rooms: clean and comfortable
 going out at night: terrifying

*"The homeless people scream all night
 and its very difficult to fall asleep."*

ATO pop-up retail
 trees lacy beads
 labored funk with swishy drinks
 Green People needing green
 So long after all it's A Temporary Offering
 And now the island is done
 and 7th street is on the run
 across the way interposed
 National Hotel - **CLOSED**

I sing of cum stained sheets
 of puddles of pee on the bathroom floor
 of the staff unfriendly in the whorehouse motel next door
 where prostitutes bring their climates
 Oh, to be eye-boned by the ladies of the night
 to argue with the lone hotel employee through his bulletproofglass
 and see a Cockamouse chillaxing on his ass
 and rats big as raccoons but alas

where have all the funky shit gone

*covered by artist's lofts every one
the Mid-Market Arts District
the Mid-Market Arts District*

Smell the swift men
the bangers the goofers the nosebleeders
the fucked ladies pushing books in baby carts
the spit putty and puke
the cola stains and leukocytes
the dip and dab
the wet sticks and woolies
the Christmas trees and crink

Mc Allister & Jones

slash/cut crosswise,
double lanes of traffic
squirting into Market street,
ME hop-hobbling
to a concrete island penal colony
draped in chain links

Across the way
Hibernia Savings & Loan
Beaux-Arts Lady
Big crypt sitting jig saw
cross from the Market Street Cinema: MSC
jankiest strip club in the city used to be
*got a fine covered BJ
with some deep FIV
from an exceedingly pleasant
Polish ED
They used to do it all, BJ, (CB & BB)
BBBJTC,
BBBJTCNQNS, that's right, no quit, no spit.
DATY, DATO, DAP, 2P2, GFE, Russian and Greek,
teabag and tossed salad, no shit (well maybe)
2013, CLOSED.*

*I don't know no white light
No
I don't know it
don't know anything
you don't know
want to impart
some saving knowledge*

*just don't have any
 same old same old
 you can go all the way out
 however
 if you have a slippery mind
 so I'd watch my step
 figure everybody's trying real hard
 in their own way
 can see it in their eyes
 their eyes have no clothes on!*

TahrinGuringGuringGuh  Brooklyn 1053 streetcah move it mutha!

Feverish,
 disoriented
 I remember
 That very first time,
 1958,
 Blow Wagon, Iowa
 outSkirts Carnie-show-Girlie-barker
 "Step inside for a ride boys,
 don't hide, must be 18
 50¢ yeah you go on thru."

Everybody from school's there
 farm boys townies jocks and hoods
 ins & outs boys and men
 real men men like my mother's men
 mechanics farmers masons
 Camel's smoke sweat straw
 Vitalis Brill Cream Swisher Sweets
 stag shit gasoline Popeye arms
 with arm pits two local cops
 with pops in the back watchin on

a lady comes through the curtains
 heard about smooth skinned strippers in Tijuana
 she isn't
 shakes an little and shimmies
 mother-old on her chowder legs
 lips'o skin sucking her G-string

cigarette poked in her mouth
 "Do you trust me?" she says
 And no one says a word
 "Do you trust me?" she says
 "Got two shows here,
 one in the front of this curtain, and one in the back,
 that one, that costs 50¢ more."

One of the men shouts "bullshit"
 and some others shout bullshit too
 and some turn away
 but I stay
 and the young rest of us
 and the oldest too,
 old bachelors
 and the few greasers "in the know"

"Trust is everything," says she
 and the light on the stage goes out
 and the barker chants

"Put your 50¢ in my box
 half-dollar
 quarters
 dimes
 nickels
 pennies
 no Canadian
 Come on, boys,
 come on thru."

Half turn away
 but ME
 with my heart thrilling
 go thru the curtain
 deeper in the tent as pilgrims do.

Dark in the Holy of Holies
 huddling as children huddle
 or death chamber inmates
 whispering then mumbling
 then in the center
 hooting
 then everybody
 hooting

It's 1958 and every car is beautiful
 so bring 'em on!
 And in the hooting dark she cries
 "If yer old enough to die for your country
 yer old enough for this!"
 and the lights fly on and the show begins.

Mother of Pearl!
 Oh Goddess!
 Oh Delight!
 Oh Life!
 They parade the stage
 young ones
 like you see
 on calendars
 or in cheerleader suits
 dark skinned ones
 and floozies
 and a girl with crazy red hair

Boss Lady lets loose her three inch nipples
 & beats a 16 year old boy about the face

they dance and dance
 and they dance even more
 and the men yell,
 July-sweat like tears crying through their t-shirts,
 shouting, laughing
 A woman smokes a cigarette with her vagina
 A woman wraps her legs around an old man's head
 A woman sticks her butt in a policeman's face
 and everybody goes crazy!

And then they all move to the edge of the stage,
 the women naked or thrown about with clothing
 and grab men's hands and put them inside themselves,
 and the men mob the stage
 reaching up for the miracle,
 rough hands,
 little hands,
 working hands of farmers
 of married men and ministers
 & men who never knew the feel of a woman,

never knew till tonight.
 ME!
 I touched the inside of a women for the first time,
 it was 1958,
 did I say that, yeah,
 I was 17,
 my fingers
 running across
 the surface of her inner thigh
 smooth as a reflection
 I knew Aphrodite then
 Aphrodite makes men and fools of them.

Drrrrrang!  *1080 Los Angles Tram*

*Have a great day, no electric wheel chair,
 gotta use my hands, "analogue,"
 so how's about a dollar?*

"Give him the rest of your cash, ole boy, brings good luck."

Thanks, dude!

Is that you, Mr. Niven?
 "Yes. Yes, it is, are you quite all right?"
 Yes, yes, I am. Do I seem strange?
 "Edgy. Keep it together lad."
 Thanks, Mr. Niven.
 "Chin up, old boy."
 Oh, that's right.
 "I'm going to prepare."
 Oh, my God, we're close!
 "Don't worry, I'll be ready. Will you?"

I'll lift her face to mine
 gently stroke her cheek
 smooth
 the black hair
 from her temples
 kiss

her eyelids
 She probably won't like that
 She'll probably storm out
 She is very temperamental

Tiffany Tiffany
 Prima Ballerina
 of **THE PONY**
 goddess
 of the afternoon shift

When she's hot can hear her mewing
 from the VIP room
 When she's cold
 she shatters flowers
 She does the choosing
 always
 and she's
 either
 nasty
 or
 naughty
 but ever
 very very

she might not take me
 even if I tip her
 she's the bi-polar stripper
 the bbbi-polar stripper!

*Hey baby,
 You want some company
 Is this a private party
 or my I join in?*

*You left me
 don't you know*

*I kept you
 I kept you
 even though
 they had to cut you out of me*

*like a sliver
 got the scars on my belly
 to prove it
 I chose you, baby
 I chose you
 I got you here*

*You and me hitchin' highway 6
 1950
 when the road was empty
 and the sky was clean
 come on, you know we had fun
 I was the Virgin Mary and you were my son
 come on honey, you know that's true,
 and how I looked so crazy laying on the bed lookin upside down at you
 talking for hours
 your head on my lap*

*Stole you out of captivity three times, baby
 Saint Vincent
 Masonic Home for Boys
 Toledo Juvie,
 got you back
 I CHOSE you
 don't you know,
 you are MY boy
 I love you so*

*Listen to me, honey,
 I know bitches
 I know the game
 Skid row strippers?
 Those tweaks are lightweight
 grabbing cocks on a seven hour shift
 waiting for someone to come in the door*

*I do it wherever
 without bouncers
 freestyle
 in any city
 I go get me some*

*Got one thing in common
 I keep it MY way,
 don't care who it is,*

*200 pound Texas bar bitch
 make her mouth bleed like a virgin's pussy
 or a red neck whining for his mommy
 while fingering my cunny
 she's Bitch Dogging you, honey*

She's a Love Bully

*She's a Queen Bee
 sighs her Minnie Mouse sighs
 lights sparklers
 in her Forth of July eyes
 gives you a taste then takes it away
 spurns you, shames you,
 till you're willing to get cancer
 just to make her smile
 and she thinks it's funny*

and it's really all about the money

*money feeds
 the monster
 inside her*

She ain't no

Tang Dynasty Princess

she's a thug

Christ almighty, son, I raised you better than that!

Let me walk you

Let me walk you

let me walk you down this street

A fabulous breeze
 suddenly sweeps the ocean in
 blowing over the hunchbacks
Kyphos
 oxygen pack on his back
 pushing wheelchair
 Armenian hand jive
 finger spokes and folks
 love choking
 lipstick breathed on her lips
 isn't it hilarious the way that walking is
 slapping forward
 doo-walk-a-fleep-flap
 so funny our guts
 don't fall out our assholes

shopping carts and bags
 now it's gotten colder
 the wind is blowing
 the people off the street
 is it going to rain in heaven?



Showdogs *fine sausages*
 Golden Gate Theater



"Anything Goes"

There goes the Northbound Number 10
 Golden Gate Transit to Marin,
 Strawberry, population 5, 393
 Senior fare, two fifty

Last chance!

Not me,
 I'm waitin here at

Taylor & Golden Gate

sphincter of the Tenderloin,
 Taylor, east to Embarcadero,
 Golden Gate flushing traffic
 down 6th and what's left of Wine Cuntry

Can already feel
 have felt
 now
 for some time
 the edge of my remembering
 in all its autumn beauty
 that black gold red and green
 that heavenly place is here
 my god on every street!
 there is no looking back
 there is no back
 never was

Every place I mention here is probably gone by now
 and so am I
 gone? gone? where's that?

don't worry
 we are just a way
 water reaches the sea

He's says he's going on an Island Trader
 LA SARINA
 for parts unknown
 good bye
 Barbary Coast
 they're sweeping you up behind him as he goes
 he knows he knows,
 that's why he's not looking back San Francisco
 gonna take you with him
 before your lights change

6th Street



Stop RATTLE SNAKE *dick-a-dick-a-dick-a-dick* Ready!
 8,7,6,5,4...

poingk poingk poingk



white man

hop-hobble hop-hobble-Hop

1 bed 1 bath no pets shared laundry 3,544 a month
 2 beds 2 baths 4,725

"I know they got somebody on the door."

"How do you know they got somebody on the door?"

Twitter
 Google
 Burning Man

"I used to live in the Height
 but I blacked out I blacked out..."

Run sweeping gentle dodging

"Shut up Cherokee,
 you have nothing to do with my future!"

Here it is,
THE WARFIELD

See the chess scamps
and the crap shooters
just beyond

THE PONY! THE PONY!

(my heart is mixing with my eyes, again, sweet terror)

Mr. Niven, it's time.

"Yes, it is lad. I'll take over from here."

Thank you, thank you, Mr. Niven.

"Call me, David"

Thank you, David.

*I took a crooked ship
Upon a crooked sea
Went down a crooked river
Into eternity*

²*Lollipop lollipop
Oh lolli lolli lolli
Lollipop lollipop
Oh lolli lolli lolli
Lollipop lollipop
Oh lolli lolli lolli
Lollipop (pop)!*

²

Singing first chorus of "Lollipop" by Ross/Dixon, 1958 Chordettes version, the lights bump out on the cheek-pop.

