



i hate Matt Wall dot com  
2021 yearbook  
poems and stories

## mutated mundane

haven't been writing much  
in the last year.

shit got real  
really real.

2020 was not a good year  
not for me  
not for you  
unless you owned Amazon  
the year was shit.

this one isn't looking nearly as bad  
but that's just like being  
a fractured pinky  
on a hand with no other fingers.

I am trying to do better  
trying to live better  
be healthier  
take care of my body  
and my mind  
but no matter what I do  
one thing is still certain  
people are still awful

common sense isn't common anymore.

we need new words in the lexicon.

I'm running out of ways to say things like  
other people are hell.

you see, the problem is  
that I write about mundane shit.  
it's that mundane shit that drives  
me mad.  
when shit got less mundane  
and shit got real  
it was too much for me.

I was fragile already.

the lies, murders, hate, etc.  
was powerful  
I had to learn how to coexist with it  
learn how to share space with it  
learn how to breathe with it.  
I still don't know how,  
but being desensitized to it  
is helping.

it's slow, but consistent.

the world is still shit  
the people in it are still shit  
it's just that the crimes are  
more severe,  
or at least, more seen.  
lights are on where there weren't any.

spotlights burn away the darkness  
things done in secret aren't that anymore.

then, funny things happened,  
with so much stuff in the light  
many just put on blinders  
so that they didn't have to see.  
they could still be run by the mundane.  
they could still act like petty things  
are big deals and big deals  
are just hoopla and nothing.

I still find anxiety in the mundane,  
but the mundane has changed,  
it is now only mundane  
because of the extremity and  
heinousness of so many other things.  
the cause and the effect don't matter,  
people are still shit.  
my madness still exists,  
the world is crazier than I.

the only difference now is my sorrow.

## Don t Stop

All I have to do is keep writing. There really isn't anything else I can do. As long as my keystrokes don't fall below a certain number, they will never come over here and look at me. I just need to keep going. They don't read what we write. They don't check for grammar or content, but the thing they do do, is that they can tell if you are just slamming buttons down. The words you type must actually be words. I am noticing that I am hunching over the table. The table itself is a bit too low for me and one of the feet is broken so overtime I stat typing the table rocks back and forth like a piston in an engine. I really wish I could take a break. My fingers are a bit sore but my wrists hurt so much more. They ache like crazy. Its that blasted carpel tunnel bullshit. I always thought that was fake and just something that fat people complain about so that they could get some kind of disability payment. But all that, all that was before what happened. The thing that changed everything. Now, there is no disability payment. There is no workman composition insurance. There isn't anything. The only thing you have to look forward to is death. Some are more open to the idea of death. Those brave should just stop typing. Once that happens, within minutes, actually seconds, they cease to exist. There is usually a loud noise the noise it terrifying. Depending on how close you are to that person, you may even get some of them on you. That has only happened to me once. It was just a small piece of flesh. It landed on the pinky of my right hand. I was in the middle of typing a long line about something or another and couldn't concentrate when that warm piece of someone who had sat so close to me for so many years was now

sitting on my knuckle and dripping the precious red liquid down onto my return key. I tried to flick the flesh off my finger with stopping to type. It was very hard and time consuming. That happened quite a while ago and my return key is still a little sticky. I have tried to make sure that it hasn't gotten inside my keyboard. That would be the worse. If I couldn't type, who knows what would happen to me. When their large metal feet stomp on by behind me. What if they were to check my keyboard out? What if they were to look over my shoulder? What if that cold mechanical language that I have never been able to understand shouts into my ear? Would I be the next person to explode at their keyboard? Who knows? I hope not. The longer I type though, the longer I think about what the hell it is that I am doing? Is all of this worth it? Those brave should that chose death over typing, are they happy now? Do they know if they are happy now? Does anything happen to you after that? I am too big a pussy to risk it. I would love to go home and see my family. At least one last time. I couldn't tell you how long it's been sine I have seen them. My daughter, she was just about to become a teenager before the large metal robotic overseers landed. I wonder how old she is now? I wonder if she misses me? I'm sure she does. That's is just crazy talk. I sure she thinks about me everyday. I wonder if she is even alive? I know she couldn't type. What other weird remedial task could they possibly give teenagers? My wife on the other hand, I haven't see her either since this whole thing started. She can't type to save her life. I know that she knows how to make really good sandwiches. I would chop off my leg to get one of her totally amazing sandwiches right now. It would be so good. She could take any ingredient and make it into something that is most yummy. I really don't have an idea what the overseers could've done with her. I have never seen

them eat anything or rest. I don't think sandwiches, no matter how amazing they are would be worth not killing her. That makes me sad. I want to cry so bad right now but I have cried so much over the past however many months this has been I don't think I could do it anymore. I feel quite numb with the exception of my wrists. My ass also has what I could only describe as bedsores on them. That is very painful but it isn't as bad as you would think. Just don't move around in your seat a lot. The catheter that is inside my penis helps so that I do not have to get up to take a piss. There are many different straws that are aimed at our faces. One has water and one has coffee. The coffee is cold of course but no matter. It is a high caffeine coffee. Im sure there are many vitamins in there because we never really have the crash you get from drinking coffee. Another straw has a liquid protein shake of some kind that is green and tastes awful but it keeps us full. The way they have made all this, the ingredients that they use have made bowel movements completely obsolete. I can't even remember the last time I took a shit, or even farted for that matter. I'm sure I have, I think, but honestly can't remember. One of them is behind me right now!!!! I don't know what I am going to do. They never stop. This one has stopped. And it is right over my shoulder. I can feel its metallic breath on my neck. Is it watching my typing? Can it read what I am typing? I don't think they can read? Maybe some of them can? Maybe some of them have been learning? It isn't impossible to learn, we teach it to children! I bet it's reading this. Have I said anything that would be considered incriminating? Have I said anything that would immediately make me explode? Jesus christ I don't know! Shit! We aren't allowed to say the JC words. That was one of the first things that were banned. I hope to god it didn't see that! Shit! The G word! I'm not allowed to say that either! What the

hell is wrong with me? Am I trying to be brave? AM I trying to get a bunch a bullshit happening so that I could be one of those martyrs? I don't want to be one of those. But If they make me explode, would I be able to go back to my family? I wish I could understand their technology. It would make decision making so much more logical. How can these creatures expect us to make well thought choices if they never explain what will happen? For that matter they also don't ever let us know what the fuck we are doing anyway? Why the hell am I typing? This room is like a warehouse. Rows and rows of tables with hundred of people typing away like their lives depend on it, which they most definitely do. I just glanced over my shoulder and saw that the creature is still there. They never stop this long. They make rounds up and down each row. It just tried to talk to me. It turned and bumped it's metal a-endangered into my shoulder so hard I gasped. I turned what I can only refer to as it's head and grumbled two words at me. Those words, I don't know and don't think I had ever heard. It stormed off after that. What was it doing? Was it watching my typing? Was it timing me? Was it able to read thing? Fucking hell I wish I knew. What if it is in some sort of office with more and more of them? What if they are discussing what exactly they should do with me? Good freaking shit! I'm terrified. I usually fly under the radar here. That's what makes me so good and not getting exploded. What happened today that would change all of that? I wish I knew. Maybe I'm just being super paranoid. That sounds like a better answer. As long as I am able to finish sentences then that means everything is all right. The second one of these sentences isn't finished, we all know what happened. I would probably be sitting here typing away that then BAM! Off goes my head and the rest of me, splattered abasing my computer screen, getting my keyboard all



sticky. Then all of this would have to go to some other department who's job it is to clean the computer and get them ready for the next batch of typers. Then all of me documents, all of the stuff that I have written will sent to someone to read and study for some stupid fucking reason and then mayb

## The Woman with No Face

I was sitting at the bus stop. I didn't know why. I wasn't trying to go anywhere. The sun was blazing overhead and the cars all looked ugly. I guess I was trying to sit in the shade. I looked at my wrist to see what time it was and remembered I hadn't worn a wrist watch in almost 20 years. The shadow on the cement had moved considerably since I'd been sitting there. I figured some time had passed. I was confused. I never would have thought about the "why" if what happened next hadn't happened.

I didn't hear her coming, but before I knew it she was there. She sat down next to me. The woman, I guessed to be middle-aged, was wearing an orange sundress that made her skin look brown and shriveled and her liver spots a darker shade than they probably were. Her light brown hair was ratted and tangled, streaks of grey here and there. Then I looked at her face. There wasn't one, so I quickly looked away.

I thought about it for some minutes. Where was her face? There was no mouth, no nose, no eyes! How does she see? How does she speak? Should I look again to make sure? No! that's a horrible idea! If you look and she has no face, you'll go crazy! But, I looked before and she didn't have a face and I don't think I'm crazy now, just still confused.

My logic seemed to make sense so I turned my head, as if to look down the street, and tried to catch another glimpse. My eyes darted over to her head once, twice and on the third time, I lingered on her.

No face!

I thought at first that her skin was smooth, like the mask of Cobra Commander, but after further examination, I saw that is was really disgusting. It look liked cooked chicken skin and

leather. lines and wrinkles ran like streets and rivers on a map. Warts of different sizes were pushing their way to the surface and tiny little white hairs would catch the light of the sun, reflected off of passing cars.

I was frozen in disgust. I wanted to turn way but couldn't. Something drew me to her but whatever that awful feeling was that filled my heart with choking terror wouldn't let me turn my head back to the street in front of us. Then, it happened.

It was so slow it was almost as if she were under water. Her head turned towards me! She "looked" at me! Her eyeless face looked deep into my eyes and held me captive. The horror! I felt something pulling me closer to her, closer to that skin, that faceless head!

A loud roar screamed and made my fast beating heart skip a number of beats, but my eyes were still locked on that skin covered skull. The roar did not come from the woman, it came from the bus that stopped just a few feet from us. The doors opened with a shrieking hiss that was deafening. Neither the woman, or myself, moved. Our horrible faces still locked on one another. Thankfully, she slowly turned her gaze to the bus, then back to me.

She was going to get on that bus and she wanted me to come with her. This was never said. It was felt. She stood up, not breaking her eyeless stare, checked the bag over her shoulder, turned her ugly head away and walked onto the bus. The driver didn't seemed unnerved by her presence. He stared at me as if he was asking me to hurry aboard. I looked at the bus for a long moment. I knew if I got on that bus, I would never get off of it.

I looked at the driver and shook my head. The doors hissed shut. The traffic light ahead was green and the bus left me there, alone. I didn't look into the bus windows as it passed. I

don't think I could have handled it if I saw that grotesque head again.

My mouth was dry and my feet were now in the sun. Across the street was a McDonald's and a Del Taco. I had a new choice to make.

## the man who shit his pants

he staggered in  
I was at the register  
about to feed my card  
to the money eater  
in it's slot  
he was getting closer  
I had to look at him

he had no mask on  
I did.

I thought he was going to fuck  
with me  
in fact,  
I wished for it.  
instead,  
he squeezed between  
me and the counter  
then stopped.

I took a step back  
waiting...  
waiting for what would  
come next  
because I knew  
something else was coming

I squared my shoulders to him  
I readied my feet

my fists  
my soul

he squatted down  
as if he were sitting on an  
invisible chair  
and proceeded  
to fill his pants  
with gallons of wet shit

the smell  
good freaking lord  
that smell  
it hit me hard in the nose  
burning up my nostrils  
flames scorching  
my sinuses  
eyes watering  
stomach turning  
warm bile  
moving up my throat  
I swallowed hard

he stood up  
from his squat  
and staggered passed  
towards the restroom  
the man behind the counter  
was waving me closer  
to finish my transaction  
he was getting annoyed

he wanted me  
to trek through  
that sulfuric sweet stink

I hurried  
did my business  
and ran out of the liquor store.

I was sure that if I looked  
into the rearview mirror  
I would see flames  
burning behind the whites  
of my eyes,  
like the blazing  
desert  
sun.

## my psychiatrist is dead

I just found out  
told by my therapist  
who apologized profusely  
saying I shouldn't have been  
informed that way.

it's a weird thought  
anyone could die  
at anytime,  
but not doctors.  
it seems that they should be  
above death.  
that's their profession  
isn't it?

I guess, Dr. Pug, was just like me  
or anyone else.  
I remember one time  
his wife called during one  
of our sessions.  
she was bitching at him  
to pick up some shit  
from somewhere.  
he didn't know that I could hear  
screaming her head off.

Dr. Pug also had the hottest nurses  
of any doctors office  
that I had ever been to.



beautiful,  
sexy,  
asses and tits for days.  
he knew what he was doing.  
it's weird because you always  
want a hot doctor  
but that's the fallacy  
what you really need  
is an ugly doctor  
who only hires  
hot nurses.

having a doctor die  
is tough, I guess.  
I feel like he shouldn't have died.  
not because he didn't  
deserve it  
but because he is medicating me  
and if he was stupid enough  
to get himself dead  
how smart could he really be  
in prescribing my meds  
that completely change  
my brain chemicals?

should I feel weird  
that his office never called  
to let me know of the death?  
does that mean I'm lower  
on the mental totem pole?  
or do I look at it

as a small oversight,  
and move on with my  
shattered life?

if you pray,  
pray for those who hands  
you entrust your life,  
they obviously need it.

## how to write a poem

it's not hard  
it should come easy  
like a breeze  
like water running  
like your heart beating.

if it's difficult  
stop  
you are doing it wrong.

if you are more worried about  
form  
than the words you are putting  
down,  
stop.

you shouldn't have to force it  
like squeezing a zit  
or a boil  
waiting for it to explode.

it should come easy  
like cutting your flesh  
with a sharp razor  
and the blood pouring out  
onto the floor.

if you have mastered this part,  
then please for fuck's sake

have something to say!

if your poem doesn't make people think  
you have failed.

if your poem is so obtuse that no one  
can understand,  
you have failed.

it should be simple  
and flow freely,  
but must have something to say.  
it must have MEAT on the bone!

if one doesn't think after reading  
your poem,  
than what they read was as trivial  
to them as reading an entry  
from your grade school diary.  
no one cares  
and you are giving poetry a bad name  
and leaving an awful taste on the lips  
of those that read them.

do your poems have to be about grief  
and loss?  
no.  
can they be about love and happiness?  
of course!  
but have something to say.  
make it simple.  
let it flow.

less is more.

your poem is already out there  
it is finished  
floating around in the ether  
all you have to do  
is shut the fuck up  
sit down  
and write it.

every poem that will be written  
has already been written  
it is there  
on a different plane  
you just have to let it come.  
the words have already come together  
in your mind.  
just sit the fuck down and write it!

I am not doing this for you.  
I am not telling you this because I care about  
your future.  
I am simply telling you this  
for the selfish reason  
that I want something good to read!  
this is for me and me alone.  
you can go fucking die for all I care,  
just don't kill off poetry before you go.

## the nuts of a ground squirrel

sitting here  
laptop on lap  
typing away  
I hear rustling  
outside  
in the trash.

I look out the screen door  
see a ground squirrel  
digging a hole  
placing something in  
then covering up the hole  
and rustling again.

it's in the trash  
collecting my scraps  
for feasting later.

I never noticed it before  
but that squirrel  
has balls!

a little tiny furry sack of nuts  
hanging between his legs.  
he stands up on two legs  
looks at me  
indifferently  
then goes back into my trash.

I get up to look at him  
he stands up out of the trash  
on two legs  
with a damn pretzel out of  
his mouth  
like a fucking cigar!

“motherfucker,” I say.

he takes off  
bouncing through the sand  
through the fence  
with that stogie  
hanging between it's lips.

why can't I dig through  
trash cans  
with no clothes on  
with my balls hanging out  
looking at others indifferently?

it's because of our upbringing.  
our pretend religious guilt.  
I hate that squirrel because of  
who he is  
and because of who I am not.

in the distance,  
the squirrel stands again on two legs  
grabs the pretzel from it's mouth  
and blows out a perfect smoke ring.

## pondering my death over peach whiskey at 1 am

I wonder if the person  
who will embalm me  
is alive right now?  
how old are they?  
do they know what their future holds?  
are they already learning the trade?  
or are they young  
listening to goth or darkwave  
thinking it romantic  
to spend the night in graveyards  
dying their hair black  
cutting their flesh?  
or are they children  
worried about nothing  
but the toy in the bottom  
of the cereal box?  
or are they a student at  
Cypress College,  
one of the most prestigious  
mortuary science schools  
this side of the Mississippi?  
guy? girl? deformed? have a limp?  
missing a finger?  
will they be hot?  
when I lay naked before them,  
will they find me attractive?  
will they think it a shame?  
will they think my cock looks good?  
will they touch me inappropriately?



will they have their way with me?  
will they rob me of what little wealth  
I have left?  
will the cotton in my ass go in smooth?  
will they have to reconstruct my face  
for an open casket?  
will they have to sew my head back on?  
will I still smell of drink?  
how much make-up will they apply?  
what will they be putting on me to wear?

the casket will probably be closed.  
I'm sure I'll look a mess.

will they gaze upon my tattoos and wonder?  
will they make a note of them?  
will they wonder why?  
will they rest their sandwich or donut  
on my stomach?  
will their day be a shitty one?  
will they take it out on me?

I wonder what they will have for breakfast that morning?  
or if they'd been fucked the night before?  
are they in debt?  
are their families assholes?  
coffee or tea?  
what's their darkest secret?

maybe I should be cremated?

I don't know?

I moved from wine to whiskey.

I light a cigarette and wonder,

why does my brain work the way it does?

## for Bukowski

I don't want to hang out  
I don't want to talk  
not about poetry  
literature  
or anything.

I just want to know that you're okay.

I know you've been dead now  
for like 28 years or something  
but I just like to know that's it's ok.

I read your books  
over and over  
in chronological order  
so I feel like I've spent years  
with an old friend

first your novels  
then your poetry  
then your shorts  
then the letters  
then all the bootleg shit  
then I start again.

I don't worship you, fucker.

I just think of you as an old friend.

I get drunk with you.

I mourn with you.

you don't know me and that's fine.

you probably wouldn't like me,  
if you did,  
you wouldn't tell me.

I miss Jane too.

I'm grateful for Linda Lee too.

I'm mad as hell as Linda King sometimes and other times, not.

I don't want to be the next you  
I'm the first me.  
always have been.

if I ever met you,  
at your place,  
I would bring beer and wine  
and not ask you a thing.  
just sit there quietly drinking with you.  
after a couple hours,  
I'm sure I'd get bored with your old ass and leave.

I just miss you  
I cry every time one of your books end  
because I know you never wrote that last one

and I know I'm that much closer to saying goodbye.  
but I know I'll just start again  
reading you from the beginning  
going through your life again  
moving that much closer to your death

I don't force my lines  
I know how you feel about ambition  
but that's just who I am.  
hustle, get pissed off, crawl in a hole for a couple months,  
then get back up on the horse.

speaking of,  
I'm not a huge fan of the track poems and stories.  
I like when you talked about being there  
but not the minutia of the betting.  
I don't understand it.

that's all right  
I'm sure I write poems that people don't like  
(this one for example)

you remind me of a close friend I had  
who pulled a Hemingway  
on the gun range one morning.  
no orange juice though.  
I sometimes see his face  
when I read your work.

I know you don't dig it, man  
but I love you in a way.

you are not perfect and had many flaws.

but at least you showed them to me.

that's all that matters.

you walked through that fire

and came out okay.

I hope I do the same.

## bugs

there are little bugs everywhere  
I see them out of the corner of my eye  
but then when I look at them  
they disappear  
go invisible or something.  
they are driving me crazy.  
I can't see a one when I want to  
I can feel them crawling on me  
biting me  
getting caught in my leg hairs  
falling on my head  
but they are never there when I look!  
am I seeing into another plane of existence?  
are they really just invisible?  
I swat at them anyway and don't feel them  
where the fuck are they?  
I almost hope they stay invisible  
I don't know if I could take all of them  
on me  
and me being able to see them  
constantly

## 5 days

I've been to my P.O. Box  
every day  
for a week  
risking covid death  
exposure to assholes  
just to open my box  
finding it as empty  
as my wallet  
my bank account  
my soul  
in the parking lot  
birds fly away from me  
tumbleweeds tumble away  
the post office is empty  
for the first time and  
I'm beginning to take it  
personally



## humans are dogs

humans are nothing more  
than pack animals  
like dogs

dogs are the only creature  
to give up their freedom  
for food and shelter  
they are happy with this  
this is an easier life

dogs have left the pack  
of other dogs  
to become one of another pack  
the family of humans

just like the dogs  
in order for us to have  
an easier life  
of food and shelter  
we have joined another pack  
called society

this pack  
tells us how to live  
how to be  
what is right and wrong

in obeying the laws of the pack  
we get to rent apartments

buy houses on 30 year fixed rate loans  
and have a McDonalds and Starbucks  
on every corner

we have lost the understanding  
to be self-sufficient.  
if we end up kicked out of the pack,  
we are on skid row  
digging through the trash  
of those who conform.

we are completely  
and utterly complacent  
in this new pack  
of the homeless bums  
who should feel free  
but instead feel shame

the societal pack  
does it's job to look down  
their noses and sneer  
while the homeless / freedom  
pack  
stares at the ground  
in hopes of being invisible

some may beg for coinage  
in order to go into Starbucks  
or McDonalds for a sense  
of normalcy of their old life  
but the societal gaze of disgust

makes this hard to sustain

100's of years ago  
many people were homeless  
they were able to survive  
and not feel the heavy hand  
of guilt  
that the pack of society  
lays down now

we are shit  
we are nothing  
we have learned nothing  
we remember less and less  
we don't know how to survive

so,  
with our tail between our legs  
of fur matted  
fleas and ticks feeding off of  
what is left of us  
we enter back into the societal pack  
hoping someone will pat our head  
rub our belly  
say, "good dog"  
and give us a treat

## the lesser goldfinch & me

wind blasting the trailer  
I thought for sure it would tip  
on the creosote outside  
a lesser goldfinch wrestled  
the harsh gusts  
it held on  
as the bush looked as if  
it were doing the limbo

I knew nothing of  
the lesser goldfinch  
turns out  
they are migratory birds  
that are found along the west coast  
from Washington to Venezuela

I saw it as a sign  
what freedom that bird has  
I decided that I would  
backpack down the coast  
walking to South America

my family laughed.  
is it so stupid?

walk along the beach  
fish when hungry  
sleep when sleepy  
write on my phone

take the little solar pack  
for power

have an adventure  
an experience

is this what is known  
as a mid-life crisis?

I think me crushing a man's  
windpipe  
for talking loudly  
in the grocery store line  
would be a bigger crisis.

## Her 1:15pm Appointment with the Divorce Lawyer

"So, what is the reason for divorce?"

"Reason?" she said.

"Yes. Was he unfaithful? Did he abuse you?"

"Oh, no!" she said. "He is very faithful and has never laid on hand on me."

"Okay." The attorney sighed, tapping his pen on the notepad. "Well, what is the reason then?"

"Annoyance."

"Annoyance?"

"Yes, annoyance."

"Could you please elaborate?"

"Do I have to?" Her puppy dog eyes seemed to grow larger.

"If this goes to court, you will have to be very thorough in your complaints. It's better that you get it all out now, so that there are no surprises for me."

She rubbed her bottom lip while staring at the floor. Then, as if a lightbulb switched on above her head she shouted, "Farting!"

"Farting?"

"Yes, he farts all the time out his ass and his mouth."

"You mean belching?"

"He does that, too."

"I'm confused."

"He farts all the time out his ass and they smell horrible. Worse than anything you could imagine. When he's not doing that, he farts out of his mouth."

"Belching?"

"Yes, that too."

He put his pen down, picked up and pencil, snapped it in half, then picked up his pen. "How does one fart out of their mouth and it be different from a belch?"

"Oh! I see your problem. He makes the noise. Like a raspberry."

"Oh!" he chuckled.

"It's not funny. He does it every time I bend over. I beginning to think that I may have a loose backside. He makes the noise every step he takes, like he's squashing ducks beneath his feet. If he doesn't like something on TV or on the radio or even something I say, he makes the noise."

"I see."

"When he does a real fart, it sounds like he's filling his pants with liquid. Like diarrhea. But, I know he isn't because most of the time he's walking around naked. Cooking naked, drinking coffee naked, reading books naked. And the singing! My god, the singing!"

"Singing?"

"Yes! He sings all the theme songs from every show that he has ever watched. He even sings jingles from commercials he saw as a kid."

"Really?"

"Yes. The worst is Cal Worthing Ford of Long Beach, we're open til midnight, see ya here."

He leaned back in his chair. "Are those the words to the song?"

"No! That's the damn part that comes on after the jingle, at the end of the commercials. He sings the jingles and then speaks the words. He remembers them ALL!"

"My god..."

"Yeah. The worst part is, is the fucking story he tells me afterwards every time. You see, the song goes, If you need a car or truck, go see Cal. He thought it was, If you need a car or truck

PUSSY COW! So sometimes he sings the song, Go see Cal and other times it's, pussy cow."

"Does he sing real songs? Like, popular songs from the radio?"

"Oh yes, constantly. The problem is, he doesn't know the words to anything so he makes them up. So a love song is now about a pooping dog or a clogged toilet or some bitch in a car... I think I'm losing my mind! Can I smoke in here?"

"I think we should both have one."

They both lit their cigarettes and he leaned back in his chair, blowing out a big plume of smoke, stomach cramping from holding in gas and thinking about how the theme to Facts of Life started.



## Earth

when people say  
save the Earth  
what they are really saying is  
save our asses!

the Earth is fine  
and will be fine

the second we are gone  
the Earth will start healing

we are the scourge  
we are the problem

if you care about the Earth  
you should pray for the bomb

if evolution is right  
and we and everything  
came from primordial ooze  
that ooze is still here

it won't happen overnight  
but nothing ever has

it may take millions of years  
after a nuclear winter  
but that may be the best thing  
for Earth.

## **hellish peace, you horrible bitch!**

peace is awful  
but good in theory  
in idea

it gives those who are wary  
something to look forward to

but once you have it  
you know it won't last  
you wait  
wait  
wait  
for the other shoe to drop  
the bomb to blow  
the woman to scream  
the door to slam

it is the anticipation  
that is the true evil  
waiting  
watching  
the second hand moves slowly  
like a slug on the sidewalk  
almost moving backwards

you know it's coming  
purgatory  
you know it's a matter of time  
the waiting room

can't think of anything else  
self sabotage  
just to speed the fucker up!

when the chaos comes  
you greet it with a smile  
no matter how bad it is  
the wait is over  
anticipation gone

this small war  
will last only seconds  
maybe minutes  
but this will be precious

and when the door  
slams again  
the loud silence  
will envelope you  
lips will quiver  
your heart will race  
the clock will mock you  
as sweat beads  
on your forehead  
you will try to sabotage  
peace once more  
and kill life before  
life kills you

## logic and reason

after getting my hair cut  
sides of my mohawk shaved  
I needed to get in the shower  
I didn't have my glasses on  
that is very important to this

I washed myself  
my head  
behind my ears  
in my beard  
then the rest of me  
down on the floor of the tub  
I saw something big and black  
again, I didn't have my glasses on  
was this a big spider?  
a cockroach?  
or, more likely,  
just a clump of my hair?

I stood there trying as hard as I could  
to be logical and rational  
I have never found a spider  
or a cockroach  
in this shower before  
thus, the chances of it being there  
this time  
the time when I'm washing clumps of hair off me  
are very very slim

so with logic and reason  
I decided that the black thing  
on the bottom of the tub  
was just a clump of my hair

now,  
since I didn't have my glasses on  
I could not attest to this  
but I am sure  
I saw that fucking clump  
try to climb back up the side of the tub  
of course I panicked  
but then remembered  
logic  
and  
reason  
laughed  
and splashed water on it  
until it was rushed between my feet  
and down the drain

I turned  
and found a bigger  
blacker  
something  
with more legs than the first one  
I still did not have my glasses on  
logic and reason  
logic and reason  
it must be a clump of hair  
how much hair would be clumping

I swept up a dustpan full  
before I got in the shower  
there has never been a spider  
or a cockroach  
in the tub before  
but,  
could lightning strike twice  
in the same place?  
probability would say NO  
so logic and reason have now confirmed  
that this big black thing  
is in fact a spider or a cockroach  
I screamed  
jumped through the glass shower door  
and fell on the floor  
bleeding  
knowing  
that there was a bottle of red  
and bag of beef jerky waiting for me  
but someone else will have them now

## that stink

I fucking hate  
the smell of other peoples books  
when you borrow a book  
it has a smell that isn't yours  
it feels dirty  
it feels like you have done something wrong  
kidnapping?  
murder?

it's worse when you buy a second hand book  
it is now your book  
you now own this book  
but it stinks of someone else  
it reeks of it  
all you want is to crack it open  
finger through its contents  
but you can't  
because that awful foul stench

you have to keep it around for awhile  
not too close  
and hope that your stink  
can wash off  
the stink that was there before  
it burns in your nostrils  
and you really want it  
but know you can't

you can also put it out in the sun

for a couple days  
I even know people who put books in the microwave  
but then I would fear  
that smell would get in  
a cup of coffee I'm warming up

I stare across the room  
at the stinky book  
who's insides  
I want inside me  
immediately  
you fucking tease!  
I'll rip you to pieces  
from your spine!



## Monique Powell's tits

I've had a case of Natty Light  
a couple cans of Coors  
half a bottle of Yellowtail Shiraz  
and this awful bottle  
of Dark Horse Cab Sauv  
the DH is very oaky and vinegary  
it's kinda gross  
but I was hoping that I would be  
drunk enough not to notice

no dice

I've smoked way too many cigarettes  
and a little pot  
listening to a ton of ska  
The Beat, Specials, Less Than Jake,  
Desmond Decker, The Melodians, Toots  
and Save Ferris and many others

but listening to Save Ferris  
reminds me of  
many years ago  
when I saw them play  
at Westminster Manor  
w/ Acme Bomb Factory

one point in their set  
Monique started talking  
said that she just got her

nipples pierced  
asked if we wanted to see them  
the crowd went wild  
she put her money where her mouth was  
and where my mouth wished it was  
and flashed the crowd

it was like fucking slow motion  
seeing those tits  
they were fantastic  
not because they were pierced  
not because of the size  
but because their shape  
compared to her body  
they were perfect

she was a saint that night  
it made quite the impact  
I'm still thinking about it  
20+ years later  
at 4:14 am  
drunk as fuck  
just because I heard  
Lies

thank you  
Monique  
you're lovely

## trickle, trickle, puddle

for the first time in my life  
there wasn't a line in the post office  
just one guy at the counter  
that I had to wait on

this wouldn't be bad  
I'll be in and out  
he was asking questions  
about the price of shipping  
something to Canada  
he seemed upset  
with the employees response

jesus, I thought  
this may take awhile

he had a cane  
but didn't look much older than I  
he hung his cane on the counter  
and was confused by packaging materials

I looked at his leg  
he was wearing shorts  
then I saw it  
a small drip of blood  
drip turned to a heavier drop  
it trickled down his leg  
soaking into his sock

I looked around  
I was still the only other person there  
how could he not feel that  
then another trickle ran down  
then another  
another  
another

his sock was completely red  
and filled like an overflowing  
sponge  
then I saw bubbles  
come out of the sole of his shoe  
blood leaked out of there  
and it bubbled  
making noises  
surely if he couldn't feel the wetness  
of the blood  
he would be able to hear the bubbles  
popping continuously

but he was still trying to find the  
difference between priority shipping  
and first class  
the puddle was growing  
getting closer to my feet  
in flip flops  
I paced back and forth  
and first I thought  
the puddle was following me  
but it was growing at such great speed

I could be anywhere in the lobby  
and that pool would've found me

I made little noises  
hoping to get their attention  
how do they not know this is happening  
I jumped up on a table on the other side  
of the lobby  
where you fill out your forms

how can that guy  
stand  
breathe  
not pass out  
with all that blood missing from his body?

he decided that he wouldn't ship his  
package that day  
turned and slipped just a step from the door  
gravity pulled him towards Earth  
so quickly  
I thought he would go through the Earth  
instead of just crashing on it

I didn't get down  
the employee and I  
stared at each other  
neither of us  
rushing to help the man  
that was doing the backstroke  
in his own blood

## Cal-Trans

driving  
down a busy road  
I saw the Cal-Trans signs  
didn't read them  
I never do  
they annoy me  
30 guys standing around  
with maybe 2 of them working...

we were in the fast lane  
on a four lane road  
I saw him  
but didn't believe him  
he was cartwheeling  
through the air  
towards us  
I slammed on the brakes  
and he landed on our hood  
then rolled off

the screeching of brakes  
from multiple cars  
filled the air  
when everyone was stopped  
we got out, ran to the front of the car  
looked down on the asphalt  
he was there  
eyes opened wide  
laying on his back

body convulsing in strange ways  
the look on his face told me  
that he couldn't believe what had happened  
either  
he still had on his hi-vis vest  
even his hardhat  
he coughed a couple times  
each time blood shot out  
then landed on his face  
the blood seemed to glow

a hysterical girl  
maybe 16 or 17  
got out of the car in the next lane  
she was screaming loudly  
even though her hands were over her mouth  
she was the one who hit him  
when he ran across the road

I was frozen  
my wife knelt down  
held the dying man's hand  
she spoke softly to him  
I think it helped  
but had no real way of knowing

those 11 minutes went by  
so slowly  
it was as if years were inching by

the sirens seemed to be underwater

very far off  
I felt like I aged ten years  
by the time the medics took over

I don't think I moved the entire time...

where the fuck were we going?  
Popeye's  
we were going to Popeye's  
for chicken and coleslaw



## hungover too early

hungover  
sleepy  
too early  
got out of bed  
to terrible pain  
my feet were killing me  
they were covered  
in dried blood  
all over the bottoms  
from gashes on my heels  
how did this happen?

bathroom  
thought I would shit water  
but instead  
baby legs came out  
this horrible toilet paper  
didn't know what was coming  
it's met it's match

rushed out the door  
car is going as fast as I can handle  
the colors of all these  
awful cars is making me sick  
suns too bright  
Mick is telling me  
that time is on my side  
but I don't know  
if I believe him

in a hospital parking lot  
chain smoking  
in order to keep  
the coffee down  
that the well trained barista  
fucked up  
by putting sugar in  
I think I just saw  
a black lab  
driving  
a Ford Bronco  
jesus christ  
not this morning please!  
suddenly  
all around me  
these big beefy women  
in scrub pants  
with huge asses  
fat bellies  
tits of some kind  
and beautiful  
well kept hair  
are being deployed  
all around my car  
for some reason  
shit  
there's a man  
kneeling by an oak tree  
like he's praying after  
a touchdown!

it's too early for this  
kind of ridiculous madness  
why is no one doing anything  
about all of this?  
shouldn't the cops be called?  
am I visible?  
I just realized no one  
has looked at me  
since I've been parked here!  
am I corporeal?  
my heart is beating  
I have a pulse thanks the gods  
just pulled up  
a fat old woman  
in the car next to me  
she's forcing  
a Egg McMuffin in  
her gob  
she hasn't looked at me either  
maybe I should  
scream something at her  
like BLACK LIVES MATTER!  
or TRUMPS A MURDERER  
or MEDICARE FOR ALL  
jesus I feel sick  
the idea of shouting any slogans  
no matter how true  
has upset my stomach  
the waves of throbbing  
have hit my brain now  
I have to get this awful coffee

down...

## why is poetry not very popular? she asked

people have been led to believe  
that they are too stupid to understand it  
because every fucking crappy  
cocksucking fucking college prof  
who was a failed poet  
who now just teaches people what poetry is  
explains to them that poetry  
is fucking complicated  
and obscure  
and that you have to use form

form is dead  
it is fucking dead  
it's as dead as crunk  
you know what I'm saying?

you shouldn't have to go out  
buy a dictionary  
to read a book of poetry  
poetry in it's simplest form should be saying  
something complicated in a very simple way  
using as few words as possible  
if you want to use a bunch a big words  
and as many of them as possible  
go write a fucking novel  
and call it:

"sucking my own dick,  
my trite fucking penis

by cocksucker of the universe”

poetry seems like something that  
very effeminate people are into  
because that is the way it has been presented  
yes there are effeminate people who are into poetry  
but there are also very masculine people  
who are into poetry

it is a type of therapy  
type of expression  
I would never say someone spilling their guts on paper,  
wasn't a poet  
even if I thought it was complete and utter shit  
because it IS poetry  
is it good?  
no  
but it's poetry

that's the reason why poetry is not popular  
because the fucking gatekeepers  
these fucking form nazi fuckers  
that make it what it is  
have made people believe  
that it is a complex thing  
that not everyone can master  
the only thing that they can 'master'  
is masturbating  
so fuck them

## something good to read

I used to think that anyone could write anything great  
I never thought that it had to do with anything in particular.  
lately,  
as I am older,  
I look at what people younger than me write  
and also what people older than me write.

it seems that the younger generations are writing  
about love lost that somehow  
was horribly abusive or  
becomes a rape of some kind  
I don't understand it  
I don't think every guy out there is a rapist.

older folks  
older than me I should say  
seem to write in a safety  
that I find both challenging and disgusting.  
they speak of nothing by using large words.  
painting a picture of utter nothingness  
that might roll well off the tongue.

I picked up some poetry books  
read through them  
and it sounds like some  
high school angst bullshit.

I picked up a book from a writer  
who's career has spanned four decades

and it's soft.  
he wasn't always soft  
but this was trite pap.

where the fuck is all the danger?  
where is the realism in this escapism?  
there is nothing!  
NOTHING

we live in a society  
where everyone has to have the same  
opinion  
or they are  
unpersoned.  
this is ludicrous and complete crap

the few are the loudest  
and the loudest are the fascists  
they are the ones who scare everyone  
into thinking the same  
doing the same  
saying the same  
being the same.

this is all shit

give me danger  
give me blood  
give me fucking  
give me murder  
give me depression



give me suicide

take these victims away  
throw them into a burning vat  
of self pity and shit

we need to take the word  
take these typed pages  
by the balls and kill them  
beat the masses with our written words  
and let their souls rise from the ashes  
of crap and mediocrity  
like a phoenix made out of feces and bone.

fucking hell,  
i just want something good to read.

## my new office

at this new place  
I have a new office  
I don't look at it as an office  
I look at it as my room  
my place  
my sanctuary  
my church  
my own whorehouse  
with me as it's only  
occupant

the place is a shit tip  
envelops and mailers  
ripped up  
on the floor  
I have a collection of  
empty wine bottle behind me  
to my left in the corner  
I have a graveyard  
of empty cigarette packs  
that I will eventually  
tear up and use  
as bookmarks  
I'm surrounded by  
the greatest books that  
have ever been written

I sit at this desk  
write my amazing poems

listening to music  
if I'm not writing  
I stand up over at the dresser  
reading these great books  
to get inspired  
then come back here and write  
chain smoke  
and drink bottle after bottle  
of red wine  
until the sun comes up

I'm in here the majority  
of the day  
it seems like  
I better start making  
a little scratch  
off this writing thing  
before my wife  
realizes that I'm a sham  
then the jig will be up  
I'll have to go be a real human  
get a job  
to make some other fucker rich  
while barely getting paid  
enough  
to live in the most horrible  
and awful way imaginable

if you are reading this  
you can send your  
check or money order

fuck, even cash

to:

Matt Wall

P.O. Box 5502

Sugarloaf, Ca. 92386

## flogs

I didn't know  
memorial day was coming  
until I drove down the street  
to a sea of large  
American flags  
waving in the wind  
from telephone poles

it used to be just  
the influx of people  
coming here for their  
precious 3 day weekend  
that set me off  
but this year  
this time  
it is more than that  
so much more

the sight of the flag(s)  
blowing around  
like they own the joint  
is bad enough  
but even the colors now  
strike a nerve in me  
I think it's the  
idiotic people  
that have formed a cult  
around the flag  
to worship their

almighty trump  
the lunacy  
the disgusting nature  
of these supposed  
god fearing people  
their hate  
their racism  
their lies  
it's just fucking disgusting  
they have tarnished that flag  
they have turned it into  
a damn prop  
that means next to nothing  
outside of their politics  
hatred and lies

this isn't the same country  
that my grandfather fought for  
in WW2  
this isn't the same country since  
Korea or Vietnam  
hell, it isn't even the same country  
that is was  
during Iraq 1 or 2 or even Afghanistan!

this is new  
but it had been festering underground  
for far too long  
so long  
that when it finally showed up  
most of the country

didn't even think it was real!

I'm s sick of humanity  
keep your fucking flag  
empires were made to crumble

## my tampon

this page  
this paper  
this is my tampon  
it absorbs the blood  
that flows from me  
the blood of my heart  
I shove this tampon  
up the cunt of my soul  
so I don't leak blood on things  
so I don't spill blood on people  
if I didn't have this tampon  
people, places and things  
would be covered in my blood  
my screams, my cramps,  
would be heard for miles  
in every direction  
and the only thing  
that would be able to stop me  
are those bullies  
who were once bullied  
so long ago  
they would have to come at me  
with their badges and guns  
make their tiny explosions  
hurling lead at me  
filling my torso  
with brand new cunts  
that some doctor will try  
to dam with new and different tampons



I'll look into the green jumping line  
listen to the beeps  
and the beeps will change  
to a single tone  
a smile on my lips  
my eyes will close  
and eventually  
my blood will stop pouring out of me  
and I will finally be dry

## answers to questions about poetry

poets today  
have no voice  
there is just a group  
collective consciousness  
words and phrases  
that you are allowed to say  
that won't be frowned upon  
everything sounds like  
everybody else  
you can put anyones name  
on any poem  
and no one would be the wiser  
it's sad

rhyming poetry is not good  
it has to be done with great class  
and that is not something anyone  
seems to be able to do  
certain poets have 'go to' words  
it gets old  
some example:  
bed, dead, head, lead etc.  
rhyming poetry for me  
is a short little mystery  
where I have to figure out  
what the last word of the next line will be  
and then I get there, find  
that I didn't like the choice they made  
again,

this scheme takes away from what the poet  
is trying to say puts the focus  
on something else  
that isn't important

Dr. Seuss was the worlds best rhyming poet  
once he showed up  
everyone else should've packed their bags  
and got a job in retail

poetic form is dead  
I hate form  
I understand it exists  
there is history with it  
but when you hear  
people  
talking about perfect form  
it makes me think that they don't  
care what is being said in the poem  
caring more about rules  
than words and lines  
is disgusting

I am not looking  
on how to structure sentences together  
I am looking to express my soul  
like a fucking zit  
that if I don't pop it  
it will engulf my entire face  
when I squeeze it and it pops  
the puss gets all over the place

gets all over you  
that's what I want to have happen  
I want to puss on you  
that is poetry to me  
I want it to smell  
I want it to stink and be sticky  
be hard to get off  
that's what I want

when I'm looking at poetry in form  
I'm consistently looking to see if they  
fucked the form up  
I can't read it without counting  
trying to see if it's done correctly  
form is dead  
has no place

there needs to be more humor in poetry  
it takes a very wise person  
to bear their heart, their soul, their shame  
and be big enough to see the humor in it  
and poke fun at it at the same time  
that is a talent  
there are poets that can do this well  
the people who can do it  
you will find endearing  
the people who can't do it  
you will find pretentious and trite  
and quickly forget about them

there are no elements that contribute

to good poetry  
good poetry comes from the poet  
the poet is the shooter  
the poets use of language is their gun

blood blood blood blood blood  
and more blood  
cut your wrist  
cut your throat  
bleed  
pull out your teeth  
blow your nose  
shit on the paper

you have to be you  
every time you write something  
you commit suicide  
just a little bit  
have little deaths  
it should hurt  
you can have a beautiful joyous poem  
there just needs to be genuine emotion  
not canned laughter  
you can write that shit  
but two days from now  
no one will remember it  
let alone who wrote it

you have to be able to  
slip the noose around your neck  
jump off a building

and know that it's gonna hurt  
when the rope pulls tight  
but if you can swing back  
and break that window  
fly in  
cutting that rope on broken glass  
as you do  
you can write another day  
it should be dangerous

I feel that my silence on certain issues  
is ripping me up inside  
a friend said to me,  
"but in this climate  
you can't do that  
it would be literary suicide"  
it broke me inside  
there should never be any limits  
to what you can and cannot say  
in poetry

keep it simple  
use as few as words possible  
that cut the deepest

social media  
has compressed our language  
so much  
that I don't know why  
there isn't a renaissance of amazing poets  
you have been trained already

in how to do this

do not use words  
that you would never use in speech  
you lose your voice and that is not you  
do not try to stump people with words  
that's not poetry  
that's showing off  
and no one cares

drink coffee and wine  
smoke a lot  
get beat up  
get your strings cut  
type hard  
type fast  
type daily  
type drunk

just always be typing.

## words

fucking words  
words  
words  
words!  
they mean nothing!  
they are just things  
objects to paint pictures  
invisible pictures for minds

you want  
the immortal poem  
immortal line?  
it's just a line  
of words  
of letters  
everything strung together  
for your precious little mind

**FUCK YOUR WORDS!**

no one cares  
your words  
my words  
it's meaningless  
none of it truly matters

this  
right here  
what I'm doing



is meaningless  
these words  
are fake  
pretend  
characters  
strewn together  
for no fucking reason at all

communication is a joke  
is a lie  
no one wants the truth  
everyone wants  
comfort  
stability  
lies  
bullshit

fucking words!  
empty fucking promises  
you are everywhere!

I am the hypocrite  
for the unwanted  
and under appreciated  
these are my words  
hear them ring as true  
as any other lie told!

## why?

in order to be a poet  
to be a human  
you have to do something  
very simple  
all the time  
every day

you have to ask  
why?

you ask this  
when there is injustice  
when a bird lands in a tree  
when prices go up on milk  
when the doctor treats you like shit  
when your neighbor is watering his lawn  
for the third time today  
when your girl gives you "that" look

you need to ask yourself this about everything

then  
when you react  
however you react  
you need to ask it again  
why do you feel that way  
why does your heart race  
why are you out of breath  
why does it feel like your heart is swelling

why are you crying  
why do you want to kill yourself

once you get the answers  
you ask why again  
and again  
and again

until there is nothing left to be said

## how to suicide

suicide

I don't understand  
when other people do it

though it makes sense  
for me  
when I think of it

I just hate  
that everyone does it  
when they are so sad

I would feel much better  
about my friend's  
suicides  
if they were done  
when they were happy

I would hear about it  
nod with a slight smile  
and say, "they did it right"

but this doing  
the killing of one's self  
in the deepest  
darkness  
despair  
it's bad form

it leaves everyone  
with a void  
their hearts ache  
tear follow  
the questioning  
of the meaning of life  
or lack thereof

friends and family  
feel guilty  
saying things like  
“I should’ve seen it coming”  
“if I only would’ve known  
how serious it was”  
etc.  
etc.  
etc.

I hope when I do the thing  
it will be  
when I’m financially secure  
everything going right  
all the bills paid  
everyone happy with me  
no one worrying  
and when they find me  
or hear about it  
they’ll nod  
slightly smile  
and say,  
“that’s the way to do it,

he was allllllll right.”

## in the folds of the clouds

the storm clouds  
are dark  
full of shit  
don't want that dropping in  
on me  
but it is on me  
it's in me

the lightning strikes  
illuminating the folds  
of the clouds  
that strangely  
resemble the folds  
of my brain

skipping my pills  
makes the same  
bolts and jolts  
in my dark folds  
like those in the  
loud  
clouds

the absurdity  
of the present storm  
being the thing  
that protects me  
from myself

keeps me from facing  
that ever-bright  
sunlight  
that shows all the faults  
pain  
tears  
and the things that could happen

like a fortune cookie  
with folds  
like the clouds  
like my brain  
telling me things  
I really don't want to know  
or face  
or deal with  
or run from

the clouds  
bring pressure  
to my sinuses  
to my head  
in turn  
to my brain  
which has folds  
like the clouds  
like the fortune cookie

I could smash a  
fortune cookie  
under my fist



I could smash my skull  
under my fist  
in turn  
smashing my brain  
but those storm clouds  
those damn clouds  
I can't smash those

I have to ride this storm out  
no matter  
how it makes me feel  
what it makes me do  
and how frozen in time  
it keeps me  
until that blasted  
fireball in the sky  
burns through  
shining light  
on all the crap  
that will have to dry out  
that I will have to clean up  
but I am being protected  
from myself

## the last

getting up today was tough  
I knew what it was  
knew what was going to happen  
wasn't sure how'd I feel  
but knew I'd feel something

today was your last day of school  
your senior year  
high school is over  
like Coop said,  
school's out for summer  
school's out forever

today would be the last time  
I drove you to school  
and picked you up

so many times  
I have done that  
watching you grow  
from a small scared  
child  
into this adult  
right before my eyes  
its been years  
but seems shorter

I handed you  
a little balloon

on a stick  
that said congratulations  
you had on  
all black  
and a flower crown  
you got out of the car  
I wanted to come with you  
like I used to  
walk you up to your schoolroom  
but I didn't  
I watched you walk up the steps  
just for a second  
then drove away

when I picked you up  
it seemed like any other day  
nothing weird or strange  
you told me how your day went  
we got take-out  
you had chicken strips  
and a burger  
I had fried zucchini  
and a club sandwich  
my food wasn't good  
yours was okay

I remember when you wanted  
to take the bus to school  
be like other kids  
I walked you to the bus stop  
made sure you were okay

then went around the corner  
acting like I wasn't keeping an eye  
on you  
then that first day of school  
I hid in the bushes  
so I wouldn't embarrass you  
and when you got off that bus  
you ran to me  
in front of all the kids  
and yelled  
that you made a friend  
it broke my heart  
I wanted to cry for you right then  
like I am now writing this

you make my heart hurt everyday  
I worry about you everyday  
you make my heart swell  
with love, joy and pride

I am so proud of you  
tomorrow  
I will watch you walk  
get your diploma  
that says all of this  
was worth it

everything I have ever done  
for you has been worth it  
and no matter what you do now  
I will never love you any less

I will always be proud of you  
I will always worry about you  
I will always cry  
when I'm by myself  
thinking about  
how amazing you are  
and how lucky I have been  
to be your father  
your protector  
your daddy

I miss you so much  
and yet you are just  
sleeping in the room  
a few feet from me

becoming a teenager  
changed a lot of things  
but I know  
you knew  
you were always loved  
you knew I was always here  
I tried not to smother you  
but I wanted to every second  
of every day  
and protect from every horrible  
thing the world has to offer  
I still do  
but I know  
that I have to stand back  
just a little

and let you see for yourself  
how it is  
you have to be able to survive  
and this is the hardest part of  
being a parent  
and I hate it so much

god how I miss those days  
of eating cereal in the morning  
watching Bob-Bob  
and you thinking that I was  
the greatest guy on the planet

I need to cut this short  
the tears are so heavy in  
my eyes  
that I can't see what I'm typing  
and I'm not that good of a  
typist

just know  
that I love you so much, Chaile,  
and I always will  
forever and ever  
even after I'm gone  
xoxoxo

## feeling taller

I went out for a walk today  
there were feelings running through me  
that I couldn't explain  
or didn't know how they  
worked inside of me  
confusion  
was everywhere in my head  
my body  
my feet...

I stared at my feet  
seeing them jump out  
in front of the other  
carrying me down the street

feet are strange creatures  
all their own  
what the fuck are they doing?  
and why?

my feet probably hate the shoes  
I made them wear  
but I bet they like the shoes  
more than getting a bunch of gravel  
stuck in them

the point of all of this is  
not the walk  
not my confusion

not my feet

I felt taller than I ever have felt  
I was a fucking giant  
I towered over things  
it was surreal  
I felt huge  
massive  
like I could walk through  
trees, walls and cars

my pace picked up  
I even felt a smile creep on my lips  
then...

I heard footsteps behind me  
I didn't want to turn around  
because I was a giant  
didn't want to scare anyone  
then the steps grew louder  
they were quicker than my own  
suddenly,  
along my left  
this girl  
probably 14  
zoomed by me  
walking and fucking around  
on her phone  
she was my roughly height

I was no longer tall



I was no longer a giant  
I was no longer huge  
or massive

I was just the older dude  
that got out walked  
by some 14 year old girl

## maggots

I couldn't find the rat trap  
it had been missing for a week or so  
I figured one of those bastards  
got it's tail in it  
and dragged it away

I was loading up the car  
getting ready for a trip  
to the dump  
and in this cabinet  
I found a dead rat  
in the trap

I picked up the trap  
when I did  
the rat's body split in half  
the head and the spine  
and all the rest of the bones  
were hangin off the trap  
but the whole underbelly  
and everything inside  
were stuck to the wood

when it split  
thousands of small white grey  
maggots  
poured down onto the ground  
covering my bare feet

I tossed the trap  
watching the maggots  
squirm in the hot sun  
trying to dive into the dirt  
I picked up the cabinet  
shook as much out as I could  
then took it to the car  
I had to lift it at a funny angle  
to get it in  
then hundreds of maggots  
poured out  
down my shirt  
all over me

I couldn't handle it  
soft white grey bodies  
wiggling  
almost transparent

I began to smash them under my hands  
my fists  
smearing them all over my shirt  
my car  
I started gagging  
heaving  
nothing was coming out  
I felt them all over me  
they had fallen into my hair  
my beard  
my ears  
I couldn't breathe

I screamed  
pulled the cabinet out  
smashed it into pieces  
caught my breath  
and drove to the dump

another day  
with another problem  
that wasn't a bill in the mail

M?

listening to a song  
that I first heard  
when I was about 12  
not long after that  
I fell for a girl  
who loved the band  
that this song is by

we weren't together long  
it was 7<sup>th</sup> grade  
but it seemed like a lifetime  
because it was 7<sup>th</sup> grade

she went away for a while  
we couldn't speak  
write  
call  
anything

she gave me a picture  
of her to look at  
while she was gone  
look at that picture I did  
for hours and hours  
listening to her favorite band

I cried like a small child  
not understanding  
why this was happening

but at the same time  
feeling very adult because of it

I thought about jumping out my window  
head first on the driveway  
but instead  
carved her initials  
into my wrist  
with a broken staple

the scar from that  
lasted much longer than  
the relationship

after she returned  
she returned my love  
like an ugly xmas sweater  
from grandma

her initials finally healed  
you can't even tell where they were  
but the song  
still makes me feel the same  
makes me feel alone  
makes me feel loss  
I picture her face  
every time  
I hear it

I think her name was Mia  
may have been Maya

I'm sure she had a last name  
I don't remember it  
but I know she had one  
because there were two letters  
carved into my wrist  
that have disappeared over time  
with everything else  
except that fucking song

## over on None

doing things  
evolution never intended for us  
we tempt fate  
every time

falling from the sky  
that we had no business in  
hurtling towards the earth  
we should never have left

gravity decides our fate  
physics figure how critical our condition  
medical science plays  
with our survival rate

one house destroyed  
one plane in pieces  
one fire put out  
two bodies in the hospital  
with question marks  
after our names



## doorman to the elderly

I got fucked  
holding the door open  
at the post office  
for three fucking  
elderly people

I came out  
saw a lady walking slowly  
up the ramp  
I thought I'd be nice  
hold the door for her  
it took her a great amount  
of time  
she said  
thank you  
begrudgingly

I let go of the door  
right when an old man  
on the inside  
shouted to hold it open  
he had a walker  
one leg was three times the size  
of the other  
it took him longer  
than the lady  
by the time he got out  
he blocked me in  
I couldn't go anywhere

right before the door  
closed  
another old woman  
tried to make a noise  
but just put her hand out  
I caught the door  
held it open for her  
she didn't thank me

she stopped  
started a conversation  
with the man with the walker  
trapping me behind them  
against the doors  
and a black iron fence

I wanted to scream  
swing my balled fists  
at wrinkled saggy flesh

I felt bad  
knowing  
that in another 20 years  
or so  
if I make that long  
those people  
will be  
me

I will need

young strong men  
to hold doors open for me  
while I smell like piss  
with crust around my mouth  
from things I don't remember  
maybe someone  
will want to punch my  
liver spotted skull  
when I take too long

I wonder about the karma  
that I deserve  
when I'll get it  
how it will feel  
I need to move somewhere  
where people are nice  
but that place doesn't exist  
so I will take what's coming to me  
with a toothless smile  
and a broken hip

## aliens from the future

I used to think  
that when people saw  
aliens  
the little grey men  
that it wasn't aliens  
that it was us  
from the future

that their space ships  
or flying saucers  
weren't that  
but time machines  
coming back as field trips  
to see how shitty  
things were back in the past

they were all the same color  
little grey men  
because all the different races  
were done  
and that we were all one race now  
mixed together so much  
over the millennia  
that there was only one race  
just the mixed grey  
just the human race

no more fighting  
no more hate

no more bullshit  
over stupid crap  
ancestry dot com  
out of business  
because everyone is  
related to everyone else  
somehow  
somewhere  
along the long line

but that is probably a pipe dream  
let me check twitter  
see if anyone  
is making fun  
of modern stupidity

## Huntington Beach at noon on a Thursday

she was screaming  
face red  
eyes bloodshot  
veins popping out of her neck

I fucking hate you!  
every time you call me  
I want to put a fucking knife in  
my throat!  
I just want to die!

these are the cursing's  
that filled the  
Cheesecake Factory today.

all eyes were on the two women;  
forks froze  
waitresses stopped waiting  
time stood still  
but not at table 32.

the one who shouted  
went to the restroom  
the one who was embarrassed  
paid the bill

they left

forks dove into chilled cheesecake

entered wet mouths  
groans of ecstasy poured out  
faster than one would think.  
waitress waited again  
things were normal again.

in the parking lot  
two women screamed at each other  
at the top of their lungs  
in a 2021 Mercedes Benz.

## the only thing that s better than sex

there is nothing better  
in the whole wide world  
than after a hot shower  
a long one  
you get out  
dry off  
and clean your ears  
w/ Q-Tips.

The feeling is often better  
than sex, and  
before you ask me,  
I am having sex the right way.

the feeling often lasts longer  
than sex, too  
the act lasts longer usually  
and the O lasts at least the  
same amount of time.

I moan  
loud  
long  
eyes roll back  
into my head

I say Q-Tips  
because  
other cotton swabs



suck balls!

the ones on plastic sticks  
shift the cotton  
and stab your eardrums  
or the sticks themselves  
break.

Q-Tips hard paper sticks  
do not bend or break  
unless put under a tremendous force.

I have only done this a handful  
of times.

the cotton on the tip  
stays put  
and absorbs so much of  
that yellowish-brown,  
sometimes even bloody  
mess,  
that you can dip the same  
tip in for seconds.

I finished cleaning my ears  
roughly ten minutes ago  
and am still glowing,  
still have chills all over  
my body.

I also think you are safe  
from the clap  
and other things while

cleaning your ears.

## 2 perfect bruises

she was bent over  
leaning into a car window  
that was lower than her hips  
she was wearing  
small black skin tight  
shorts  
the lower half of her cheeks  
were hanging out of the material  
she had 2 perfect bruises  
one on the bottom of each cheek  
bruises like that  
come from getting slammed  
by a boney skinny dude  
I assume  
the same dude she was fighting with  
in the little car

I sat there in wonder  
making eye contact  
with 2 perfect bruises  
it was beautiful  
I wanted to take a picture  
knowing I was staring too long  
I was frozen  
entranced by the blueish  
purple  
of the bruised eyes  
we made love then  
my eyes

and the bruised eyes  
it was beautiful

I don't think of myself as  
a lucky guy  
but I did today.

## fat hairy spider

you ran in my room  
so quickly  
it took a second to figure out  
what the fuck to do  
I turned in my chair  
looking for a shoe  
unaware that I was wearing them  
you ran up and down on the wall  
behind my desk lamp  
the light shining in my face  
I kept losing you

you're so fat  
I saw you under my desk  
near the baseboards  
and I tried to kick you  
but lost you again  
you're here somewhere  
I keep feeling you  
crawling up my leg

I don't know where you are  
it's freaking me out  
I can't concentrate  
I'll never be able to  
write like this...

the world is on fire  
as it always has been

the dead walk  
in the flames  
of the mediocrity  
of this horrible  
fucking  
life

you see what I mean?  
fat hairy spider  
you fucker!

## the reason for merlot

you see  
merlot is shit  
you know it  
I know it  
we all know it

but  
you need to drink merlot  
every once in a while  
so that the taste of  
other wines:  
noir, cab, malbec, shiraz,  
come across crisper  
and cleaner

if all you drink is shiraz  
after a while  
all you'll notice  
is shiraz tasting like wine  
you will think  
that all wine is supposed to  
taste like that  
and it doesn't!!!

you need to foul your palate  
up  
at least once a week  
or else you will not know  
what tastes like what

so pound a box of merlot  
seriously  
it will help you  
and your shitty writing



## I M A MONSTER!

I had a video call  
I made a chicken wrap  
but I hadn't budgeted my time  
correctly  
the call was ringing  
by the time I sat down  
I put the wrap  
on my dresser next to me  
on top of a box of wine  
I felt it was relatively safe there

25 minutes or so later  
I grabbed the wrap  
took a big bite  
it was delicious  
I needed it so bad  
low blood sugar  
I took another bite  
felt that a lot of it ended up  
in my beard  
I could feel lettuce and cheese  
swimming down my beard  
then I felt something  
swimming up my beard  
I smacked it a few times

took another bite  
then my hand felt ridiculous  
almost like pins and needles

I looked at my hand  
saw hundreds  
of tiny black ants  
running around in absolute madness  
chaos  
the inside of the wrap  
looked a deep dark black hole  
a void  
because of all the ants  
they were sprinting up my arm  
I could feel them crawling  
through my beard  
I spit the food against the wall  
ran out of the room  
into the kitchen and screamed:

I'M A MONSTER!  
LOOK! LOOK!  
ALL THE ANTS!  
HUNDREDS AND HUNDREDS OF ANTS!  
I ATE THEM!  
THEY ARE INSIDE OF ME!  
THEY ARE CRAWLING  
THROUGH MY BODY!  
I'M A MONSTER!

I threw the wrap into the sink  
let the water run down my hands  
rubbed all the ants off  
killing them at the same time  
spitting into the sink

still screaming  
ludicrous obscenities

## the problem with water

when I'm getting drunk  
I know to stay close  
to a bathroom  
because I'm going to be  
drinking a lot of wine  
and maybe other stuff

the problem with water  
is that you go about your  
everyday life  
sucking it in  
with no care  
about where you  
will have to whip that  
fucker out

it was hot today  
up on the mountain  
and hotter down the mountain  
I took a liter of water  
drank it down  
then drank a large cup of water  
from Del Taco  
then got a grande ice water  
and a grande Americano  
from you know where

I needed a piss after Del Taco

but thought I could make it  
up the mountain  
while I sweated out of  
every pore and orifice  
which stupid me thought  
would take some of the piss  
from my bladder  
and just sweat it out  
it makes sense  
we are defective  
we being the human race

by the time I made it  
up the mountain  
I needed gas  
stopped at a station  
did the pee pee dance  
at the pump  
and soon found out  
that the bathroom inside  
was closed  
the porta-potty outside  
was my only hope

I swung the car around  
like a small hurricane  
entered the grey rectangle  
and was immediately attacked  
by an army of angry flies  
protecting their score  
I turned and held my breath

trying to figure out how to  
latch the stupid door  
I turned back and was  
in shock  
to see the mound  
of human waste  
almost as high as the seat

the flies that had been  
feasting on 100s  
of peoples feces  
jumped up at me with the hatred  
of millions of years  
of their evolution  
they were worried  
that I wanted their hot lunch  
looking again  
it wasn't just shit in that  
fuck hole  
it was piss  
blood  
tampons  
rags  
toilet paper  
and even a couple of  
baby diapers  
plus two more  
on the floor

the thing that upset me most  
was a turd on top on the pile

it sat nicely  
on a plate of wadded up  
TP  
it was solid and black  
it was shaped like a giant U  
like it was telling me something  
that piece of shit was saying  
“U”  
as in  
me  
and because it was shit  
I thought it was saying  
“U shit”  
not a command  
but an insult

I gagged  
then turned left  
to the weird urinal  
flopped out  
pissed a piss  
that would never end  
because of all the  
fucking water  
I drank

because I was stuck  
the flies thought  
now was the time to strike  
they landed on my arm  
my shirt

the top of my head  
and I couldn't help but think  
that all these little critters  
were just seconds before  
standing on  
shit  
piss  
blood  
tampons  
rags  
TP  
and baby diapers

my mouth filled with puke  
for some stupid fucking reason  
I swallowed it  
I needed out of that shit shack  
put my dick back in my shorts  
while I was still pissing  
urine running down my front  
but I couldn't open  
the stupid latch  
on the stupid door  
starting shaking it  
like a trapped maniac  
but worried that  
the whole thing would tip  
this thought  
brought a nice warm mouthful  
back up from my guts  
and for some stupid reason again



I swallowed it

got the door open  
still pissing down both legs  
got in my car  
I still smelled the shit pile  
I felt it all over every part of me  
that those fucking shit eating flies  
crawled over me  
then  
like a pro  
I let loose two stomachfuls of  
hot bile  
all over the floorboard  
of the passenger seat of my car

the wind was warm  
the sun was hot  
I smelled of piss  
and had remnants  
of 100 peoples bodily fluids  
poka-dotted  
all over my body  
I let it go once more  
this time  
splattering against  
the steering wheel  
and back all over me  
but I finally  
stopped  
pissing

## four fires

there were four fires  
around my house today  
in the woods  
started by lightning  
from the thunderstorm

helicopters  
flew over head  
sucking up water  
from the lake  
to drop on them

fires burning  
fires of fate  
and that damn lightning  
couldn't have hit  
those two stupid  
telephone polls  
that my neighbors  
use as flag poles  
for their American flag  
and their Fuck Biden flag

damn nature  
do something right for once

## **all jail is**

all jail is

is a place that breeds criminals

all jail is

is a place where people are trained

to feel like a lower class citizen

all jail is

is a place to learn politics for the

next time you are in jail

all jail is

is a place to punish people

stupid enough to get caught

without trying to make sure

they have the skills

to never return

all jail is

is a way to make sure

inmates will always

fear men in uniform

all jail is

is target practice for those new recruits

in their new crisp uniforms

so they will be brave in the sight of true fear

all jail is

is a joke

since when you get out

after paying your debt

you still have to pay for that debt

with a black mark

on your name

for the rest of your life til you die  
all jail is  
is the place to go back to  
after you can't get a good job  
since that black mark won't fade  
and crime is the only answer  
all jail is  
is the home away from home  
for the people that society  
doesn't want in their neighborhoods  
all jail is  
is an archaic hierarchy  
that should have been abolished  
years and years ago  
all jail is  
is a repetitive cycle  
of producing more lifetime criminals  
all jail is  
is a repetitive cycle  
of producing more lifetime criminals  
all jail is  
is a repetitive cycle  
all jail is

**good men & women of the department of motor  
vehicles**

should be drug out  
from behind the safety  
of their island  
that floats in the middle  
of the sea of despair  
and hopelessness

these fuckers  
should be taken  
into the parking lot  
and drawn and quartered  
by the last 4 cars  
that failed smog checks  
one at a time

then I will  
walk to the worm  
of what was once partly human  
step in the pool of red  
they bob in  
smash their  
skulls in  
with a tire iron  
one after another

## my hometown: current year

I think this was  
a horrible mistake  
coming back to my old hometown  
born and raised  
its upsetting me a great deal  
being here  
so much of it is built up  
unrecognizable  
but so much is exactly the same  
I'm sitting in a parking lot  
of a Carl's Jr.  
that seems to have shrunk  
I'm eating a lettuce wrapped  
famous star  
with no cheese, mayo or ketchup  
because I'm old and careful now  
when I used to come here as a teenager  
I would get the double bacon western cheese  
and criss cut fries  
the landscape doesn't ring any bells  
anymore  
but then every once in a while  
between two new industrial buildings  
I'll see a remnant from my childhood  
beat to shit  
about to fall in on itself  
I'm gonna leave  
going down streets I've never traveled  
so I don't have to see the horror

of the modern city  
that ate up my hometown

## **prideful creatures are we**

we hate to hear the truth  
because the truth hurts  
it stings  
because our pride  
won't let it in  
won't let us digest  
because if we do  
the next logical step  
would be change  
and we are also  
creatures of habit  
and change does not compute  
with how everyday life  
is brought to us  
we are shit  
and we will all die  
in the same phony  
bullshit  
that we dress ourselves up in



it could happen again, maybe 8-16-21

when I was in jr. high  
this guy  
Robbie  
slashed my arm open  
with a pen knife  
in science class  
so I picked up a table  
threw it at him  
pinned him against  
the cupboards with it  
and beat his face in

I got suspended  
with my arm bleeding  
all over the floor

I was grounded  
from TV  
video games  
phone  
friends  
everything

but one day  
I had to go to the mall  
with my mom  
so she could return something  
leaving me home alone  
was out of the question

we passed an arcade  
she asked if I wanted to go in  
I was confused  
thought it a trap  
but we did  
my mom and I  
played skee-ball  
shot the clown heads  
air hockey  
some video games

my mom actually played  
with me  
she smiled  
she laughed  
she had fun  
that was the first and only time  
she had ever done that

so know  
years and years later  
no matter  
how bad she treats me  
how awful she is  
how much she loves Trump  
how much she thinks I'm a disappointment  
how much we fight...

I'll still have that day  
when my mom played with me

## the mysterious bold claim from this evening

smoking a cigarette  
in front of my car  
in a parking lot  
in Huntington Beach  
when a man walked up  
got into the car  
parked next to me  
as he pulled away  
he said loudly  
I LOVE LIVING IN THIS COUNTRY

that was odd  
I thought back to him walking by  
did he say something?  
my god,  
did I say something?

I looked at my clothes  
plain black tank  
cammo cut-offs  
flip-flops  
nope it isn't my clothes

was he on the phone?  
if so  
who opens a conversation  
like that?

and what other countries has this man

lived in  
that he can make such a bold statement  
as that?

I pondered this  
the sun went down  
the fiery sky  
turned black

## it s hard watching you die

you have been my best friend  
for the last 9 years  
you were my biggest supporter  
you made me feel like  
I could do this  
be a writer

you have been my lover  
my therapist  
my priest in the confessional  
you have been my only true friend

almost every book I've written  
I've done so on you  
every poem  
every fucking wound I've had  
you have healed

watching you die  
shows me how much  
you've meant to me  
and how much I took you for  
granted

I never once thought  
I would run you into the grave

9 years  
you got me through

the end of one marriage  
and all the way through  
a second  
the good times and bad

you showed me  
that I had the chops  
to do this full time  
to end the career I had  
and take on this one  
you have been my biggest fan  
my biggest supporter  
my coach  
my editor  
my friend

I know it's the carpenter  
and not his tools  
but I know  
I couldn't have done  
90% of this  
without you

and now you are breathing  
your last breaths  
and all you have to show for it  
is the success  
or lack there of  
of a struggling writer  
who has been  
slamming his sausage fingers

on your sleek keys

thank you so much  
for letting me bleed in you  
puke out my guts  
vomit my soul  
into your hard drive  
and best of all  
remembering  
all I have told you

you have been the best listener  
that there ever was  
I will never forget you  
I will always remember you  
you know the true me  
you have seen the darkness  
of my soul

I want to keep typing  
because it hurts too much  
to say goodbye  
but I guess I should let you  
finally rest  
mid 2012 MacBook Pro  
I will miss you

## thoughts on a very kind acceptance letter

eating a buffalo chicken sandwich  
on sourdough  
with olive oil mayo  
while in the shitter  
taking a piss  
I'm feeling good today  
I just had 6 poems accepted  
by The \_\_\_\_\_ Magazine

the editor described my work  
as 'like the lyrics of a Steely Dan album  
or as-yet-undiscovered writing by Kerouac  
full of energy and heart  
and they reveal the writer that is you'

that was very kind of the editor  
although  
I never liked Steely Dan  
even though I love WSB  
in fact there was a long period  
where I hoped that SD, Jethro Tull and Rush  
would go on a world tour together  
and all die in a fiery plane crash  
but wishing death on artists  
is one of the biggest sins  
there could possibly be  
so I stopped that feeling  
some time back



comparing me to Kerouac  
is pretty cool  
and good for a blurb  
one of those dust jacket things  
people know Kerouac  
so hearing my name along his  
is good fucking company

the problem here is  
I don't really like Kerouac  
I like 'how' he writes  
I like the idea of Kerouac  
but he has always seemed to me  
as someone who had  
nothing to fucking say!  
pages of drab lines of drab  
nothingness  
he wrote real  
but had a nothing life  
at least compared to me  
I guess

does this mean that the editor  
also feels the same way about K  
and thinks that my work  
is good in nature  
but says nothing?

I don't think so  
I think he may like K  
a little more than I do

he did say  
that my work is full of  
energy and heart  
and that it reveals the writer  
and that's me!

so the moral here  
is just take a fucking compliment  
learn how to do this  
if you have a hard time with it  
as I do  
because if I would have replied  
with what you just read  
I'm pretty sure The \_\_\_\_\_ Magazine  
would have told me to  
fuck  
right  
o  
f  
f

## the internal struggle is real

my eyes opened  
full of crust and shit  
so they didn't really open at all  
I had to help them

someone was mowing their lawn  
I heard two cats fight  
I fell off the couch trying to stand  
I twisted my wrist

I felt my stomach going  
I remembered  
I had spent the night before  
listening to rocksteady  
smoking pot,  
too many cigarettes  
drinking wine, beer  
and finally brandy  
when everything else  
was gone

my stomach warned me  
something was coming up  
I said, "no!"

I walked down the hallway  
to the shitter  
felt the bile crawl up my flesh tube  
I said, "listen here, puke!"

you ain't coming up out my mouth"  
I swallowed hard

I don't know why I do that  
just puke it out  
everything is back to normal  
but I don't

then the puke screamed at me  
"have it your way, cocksucker!  
that's not the only way out of here!"

my slow walk to the bathroom  
became a quick jog  
I dropped my pants  
noticed a cum stain on the inside  
did I have a wet dream?  
I don't rememb...

"jesus fucking chri..."  
explosive diarrhea  
shot out my ass  
I was quick enough to drop it  
on the toilet seat  
so most of it made it in the bowl

my phone rang  
Cannibal Corpse  
Hammer Smashed Face  
why did I have my phone?  
I was going for a piss

do you take your phone for a piss?

it was my mother

“hey, where have you been?

I’ve been calling?”

“just busy”

I felt another gas bomb

I hit mute

farted out a ton of stinky shit

“well I thought you were dead!

you don’t call me!

you should call your mother!”

unmute

“I know I know

sorry”

mute

fifty pounds of waste splash

into the bowl

beershit, wineshit, brandyshit

having it’s way with

my asshole

“your sister

is trying to help me

reset a thing called a

router?”

unmute

“TV out?”

mute

burp

brown water flying out my rectum

“the dang TV won’t turn on.

when I finally got it on

I couldn’t hear Tucker”

unmute

“aw, too bad.

so it’s on?”

mute

farts of different volumes

“it is or was

now it’s just a black screen

back in my day

when we only had three channels

the TV never went out

this happens everyday!”

unmute

“yes, very horrible.”

mute

full turd velocity

toilet water and piss

splashes all over my ass

ass is dripping from many points

“I tried to pay my cell phone bill

in advance.

I don't have a pin

what the heck is a pin?

just take my money

I'm trying to do the right thing."

unmute

"yes, the world is a tough place"

mute

I howl in pain

as my guts turn inside out

"I used to have just one phone

now I have many"

unmute

'it's the way of the future"

mute

I push so hard

my asshole unravels

I have a 6 inch tail

that makes my tiny cock

jealous

"I just wish things were simpler"

unmute

"we all do"

mute

"ok, I'm leaving town tomorrow"

unmute

“that’s fine”

mute

farts

shit

water

solid

agony groan

“it was good touching base.  
catching up”

unmute

“truly”

mute

“make an appointment with the doctor  
you sound terrible”

I wasn’t about to tell her  
my insurance expired  
yesterday

fart

shit

unmute

“will do”

mute

scream

“love you”



unmute

“you too”

I pressed the red button

while she was still talking

tossed my phone into

my cum stained shorts

tried to wipe

the paper was thin

my ass was wet

you know how that bit ends

## the view of this shit hole from 363 miles up

the world seems to be  
such a shit hole right now  
people fucking dying  
left and right  
from a pandemic  
that not everyone  
believes in

recall elections  
unvaxxed cops  
propaganda propaganda  
masks in schools  
kids dying now  
homelessness  
unemployment  
protests  
propaganda  
prop  
a  
gan  
da

all of these people have  
agendas  
but none seem to have a good  
motive

all of this  
and yesterday

a rocket launched  
with 4 civilians on it  
to spend 3 days in orbit

the juxtaposition  
is surreal  
but will we have enough time  
for everyone to get off this rock  
before we destroy it  
and each other?

## the ugliness of things at eye level

I watched the cops  
roll a homeless person  
there was a little tent  
in the woods  
behind Arco  
2 squad cars  
a few cops  
to roll  
an old lady  
on crutches

she looked fresh  
destitute  
her clothes were clean  
her grey hair short cropped  
these assholes  
with their 30 year fixed mortgages  
their two new cars  
their 2.5 children  
rolling this old woman  
who hit hard times  
quite recently  
I hope they can sleep well tonight  
in their memory foam mattresses  
at least this old lady  
will get 3 hots and a cot

I couldn't watch  
I looked up

seeing the needles of the pine trees

pine cones

squirrels

woodpeckers

sky w/ few clouds

## motives

motives are everything  
nothing happens without them  
whenever you hear bullshit  
conspiracies  
anything  
you always have to ask  
why?

why would covid  
be a hoax?  
who gains from lockdowns?  
who comes up  
when masks mandates  
are put into effect?

the only logical  
answer to any of this  
is to stop a pandemic

this isn't fascism  
this isn't a way to sneak  
foreigners in  
this isn't a ploy by the dems  
to get the right in a stranglehold

you have to ask questions  
you have to seek the motives  
too many people are sick  
too many have died

hospitals are overrun

what are the motives  
of the government  
to continue this?  
how could the hospitals  
rig themselves to overcapacity  
with all the deaths and  
turning people away?  
for what reason would this  
make any sense for anything?

this isn't political  
it never was  
get vaccinated  
take care of the people around you  
we have to look out for each other  
no one else will  
remember that all your politicians  
Fox News  
all these people you get your info from  
they are all vaccinated  
they are fucking with you  
they are mobilizing you  
they are playing you  
for their own needs

if republicans really cared  
for their supporters  
they would push them to get vaccinated  
because if they don't

their numbers will dwindle

but I guess the go to response  
would then be  
that the dems are killing the right  
so they could take over the country  
with their satanic baby eating cult

this country is a joke  
the media is fucking disgusting

just fucking ask WHY!  
the only sheepeople I see  
are ones who believe the lies  
the conspiracies  
and the bullshit

the numbers I have seen as of now  
are 1 in 5 will get or have had Covid  
and 1 in under 500 who get it, DIE  
people who do not get the vaccine  
are 10 times more likely to be hospitalized  
and are 11 times more likely to DIE

if we can't get everyone on board  
the only end to this pandemic  
will be Darwinian  
we will have to wait  
until the stupid die off

it may not be a bad thing



but the media and politicians on the right  
will still be running their lies  
because they're vaccinated!  
I guess we wait  
until their voters  
their viewers  
DIE

it may not be a bad thing

## great places

Whitman said,  
“to have great poets  
there must be great audiences”

Bukowski said,  
“to have great audiences,  
we need great poets”

I think they were both  
fingering the date  
before dinner and drinks

in order to have  
great audiences  
and great poets  
there needs to be great places  
for them to meet  
to collide  
to intersect

without this  
what is the point?

I don't know  
if there are any of those.  
there are “places”  
venues, magazines, social media, etc.

but no place as of yet

that is GREAT

for poets

poetry

audiences

or anything

make great places

## you don t belong here

i pulled up  
to the old desert property  
for the first time in months  
the place looked a wreck  
everything in disarray  
trash everywhere  
flowing like the water  
that had never been there  
but that i always hoped for

it felt weird  
being in a ghost town  
of my own creating  
the ground squirrels were gone  
the ravens were gone  
the road runners gone  
the iguanas gone  
there was a jackrabbit  
running away from me  
it stopped and looked at me  
as if saying  
“you don’t belong here”  
jack was right  
i didn’t

the only person who belongs here  
is one who accepts their own death  
to feed the scavengers of the vast sand

i observed all my broken dreams  
saw the carcasses of all my past purchases  
that were supposed to improve my life  
tumbleweeds weren't even inspired to blow by  
this lot was too dead for even them

the rats  
the almighty desert wood rats  
had won  
they destroyed my trailer  
chewed through everything  
shit on everything  
pissed on everything  
nothing was left

i closed my eyes  
felt the warmth of the sun  
the breeze cooling the sweat on my skin  
i tried to remember  
the freedom i felt  
the peace i felt  
when we first got there  
the hopes i had  
the dreams i dreamt  
i took a deep breath  
feeling those feelings again  
then opened my eyes  
to the rancor of disillusionment  
and the shattered pieces of those broken dreams  
in the sand  
for the woodrats and rattlesnakes

the rattlesnakes and woodrats  
broken pieces that i hope they choke on

by next summer  
no one will ever know  
that we lived, dreamed and struggled here  
for over two years  
the desert will win  
the desert will always win  
the elements will take what they want  
and leave nothing but heartbreak  
sweat  
and decay  
right here  
with all my dashed hopes  
failure after failure

stay out of the desert  
the world is just getting more severe  
stay in the cities  
stay in the mountains  
stay on the farm  
the desert is deserted  
for the reason  
that it wants nothing from you  
has nothing for you  
is nothing for you  
is nothing  
just miles and miles of sand  
and nothing more

jack was right

“you don’t belong here”

## trying to find an apartment

ad:

as you walk into this 1970s  
Highland Park beauty  
you be  
pleasantly  
SURPRIZED!

it is located  
MINUTES  
to Eagle Rock

the entire apartment  
has been  
completed painted

the living room  
has a large window  
that looks down  
on a lively courtyard  
and opens up to  
the kitchen

there is a beautiful  
subway tile  
and a breakfast bar

adorable bedroom  
in nicely sized



w/ a spacious closet  
and includes A/C unit

this apartment is  
minutes to downtown  
which is filled  
w/ trendy shops  
and authentic restaurants

my inquiry:

i don't like  
being shouted at  
i'll let that go  
but what is  
completed painted?

do you have an apartment  
where you can reach  
the kitchen  
without having to crawl  
through the living room  
window?

i had to google  
subway tile  
although nice  
it is quite small  
could i possibly get  
a breakfast bar  
with more than one

subway tile?

i do have a lot of vinyl records  
so the closet with A/C is great  
but what about the rest of the  
apartment?  
does it come with A/C as well?

i'm not too concerned with  
trendy shops  
but  
i think what worries me most  
is that i never knew  
there were such things  
as authentic restaurants  
it makes me think that  
possibly  
some of the restaurants  
that i have been  
frequenting  
may be fake  
or inauthentic  
how can you tell?  
do they have to post a sign?

anyhow  
i would love to hear back  
from you  
about the rental requirements  
for the apartment  
thanks

## cancer and cucumbers

“can i help you?”

“cancer.”

“you have cancer?” she gasped

“shit, i hope not!”

the woman

behind the counter

sighed in aggravation

“do you have an appointment?”

“yes, under Wall”

she looked through some stuff

found it

“ah, why don't you go rinse

and i'll get the dentist”

i did

she took me in the exam room

laid me back on those ridiculous chairs

that you never feel you're in right

“i'll put the television on for you,”

she said

“oh, please don’t. it’s awful.”

“not nearly as awful  
as a silent dentist office”  
she chuckled

the bitch

the TV came on  
i am immediately relaxed  
by a hammerhead shark  
tearing a sting ray in half

jesus christ  
don’t they know what happens  
to patients  
at the dentist?

next i found out  
that a pearl fish  
likes to hide  
up inside  
the asshole  
of a sea cucumber

there were many close ups  
of the sea cucumbers  
asshole

“jesus fucking christ  
just start drilling on me!”

the dentist told me  
that the sore in my mouth  
wasn't cancer  
but that my broken molar  
the root of it  
had been pushed through the  
gum  
and is pressing into my cheek

he was excited and reckless  
with his x-rays  
showed slight worry  
for his pregnant assistant

he wants to pull two teeth  
and maybe skin graft  
the opening that may  
exist  
into my sinus cavity

he wants a little over a grand  
i'm not even in pain  
i was just scared

sometimes  
the asshole  
of a sea cucumber  
doesn't seem like such a bad  
place to hide

## STANDARD!

this giant scrotum  
with an orange mullet  
walked across DeLongpre  
to show me an apartment

there was a slit  
across the ballsack  
and vibrations  
from vocal cords  
projected from said slit  
that formed words  
that were laced with  
hatred

the building was strange  
narrow  
i had to walk sideways  
through the whole thing

i kept trying to ask questions  
and she would interrupt me  
saying stupid inane things

she had the personality  
of a plastic shopping bag  
filled with watery shit

“what are the rental requirements?”  
i asked

“standard” the ballsack growled

“what’s that?” i asked.

“the standard!” it belched  
“it’s the same everywhere!”

“but what does that mean?”

“STANDARD!” it vomited

i thanked it  
walked sideways through the door  
she followed me  
saying things  
she thought i should already know

i left the disembodied scrotum  
in the dark lobby  
knowing less  
than i did before our encounter

I hurried to my car  
and decided that  
that building  
was not for me

## **saggy xmas tits AKA my first night in my new place**

it's almost xmas time  
only a couple days left in november  
at my new place in or near hollywood  
the wind is blowing  
xmas lights are up  
cars drive by with xmas trees on their roof  
inflatable santas wave in the breeze

there are these lights across the street  
they look like 2 saggy tits hanging  
like baseballs in tube socks  
and as the wind blows  
the 2 saggy tits sway  
like a middle aged mother  
naked and bent over  
on her hands and knees  
shaking her tits  
back and forth  
as she's getting piped  
between the saddle bags

there was an explosion  
right outside my window  
scared the shit right out of me  
and down my leg  
everyone ran out to look  
normally when there's a loud noise  
like that  
people stay inside



but this one was loud enough  
that everyone wanted to see

they ran to their  
windows  
doors  
patios  
porches  
watched all the lights flash  
on all the different cars  
up and down the street  
all out of sync  
from one another  
but every so often  
the lights would sync  
and then be out of sync  
all over again

we all listened to the alarms  
of all these different cars  
blast into the dark night  
we all waited for the cops  
and the firetrucks to show  
so we could see  
what the fuck  
just blew up  
and after a couple minutes of waiting  
everyone went back inside  
living life  
just as they did before  
because no one

and i mean no one  
is ever going to fucking  
find out

cars drive by like nothing happened  
cops drive by like nothing happened  
ghetto birds fly by like nothing happened  
the lights in the city twinkle  
through the smog  
like nothing fucking happened

and everyone goes back to doing  
what they were doing before  
which obviously  
wasn't very much

thank you so much  
for supporting me this year  
i hope for many more years to come

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i post often so there is always something new!

see you in 2022!