**It Beats the Hell Out of Driving a Truck**

I hate it when the hotel bar doesn’t have my beer of choice

I hate it when the hotel pens just suck

I hate it when my flight is filled with screaming squealing kids

Still all in all it beats the hell out of driving a truck.

Yes, all in all it beats the hell out of driving a truck.

I hate it when the terrorists come a bursting through the doors

Assassinating those who draw cartoons

I hate it when the sun goes down outside behind the bay

And you and I are watching it all from separate rooms

Still all in all it beats the hell out of driving a truck.

I hate it when the strangers in this pompous cocktail bar

Keep performing oral sex acts with their phones

I hate it when you are fast asleep so many miles away

And I’m sitting here drinking a beer and writing this poem.

Still all in all it beats the hell out of driving a truck.

I hate it when tomorrow promises nothing more than fear

Fear and some other twisted sense of fate

And there’s one thing that annoys me even more than all of this

I hate it when I run out of things to hate

Still all in all it beats the hell out of driving a truck.

**Flowery Verse**

I can’t let you in, but I want you to stay

My heart tells my mind, “Hold his feelings at bay

Don’t let them dock, don’t let them wish

Don’t let them yearn, and don’t let them fish”

I would ask for the doctor but I’m afraid that his nurse

Would drown me in a sponge bath of flowery verse

Tip toes and tulips and walks in the rain

Rainbows and babies they all drive me insane

Warm midnight breezes and stars in the sky

Falling for sweethearts with love in their eyes

All of these things make my malady worse

I’m allergic it seems to flowery verse

Roses and love songs and the first flake of snow

Greeting cards, chocolates, peaceful rivers that flow

Orange Autumn leaves turning passionate red

Curling up by the fire makes me wish I was dead

But it seems I’m still breathing and I can’t find a hearse

On the backstreets of romance and flowery verse

I once was a poet with a sparkling pen

I’d write about love over and over again

It’s not that I’m cynical, bitter, or cold

It’s just that I’ve grown up incurably old

It probably sounds jaded, it probably sounds terse

But my passion has faded to flowery verse

I can’t let you in, but I want you to stay

My heart tells my mind, “Hold his feelings at bay”

Millions of phrases and chapters of hope

Help the sad, and the lonely, and wounded to cope

While I have found armor, both a blessing and curse

To protect me forever from flowery verse

**Short Fuse**

I’ve been living on a short fuse

I’ve been listening to a long song

I’ve been digging through the refuse

That you left here when you did me wrong

I’ve been chilling in a cold place

Trying to find a hot spring

I’ve been living on a short fuse

About to blow up everything

I’ve been staring at a sign post

Bolted to a blank sign

Don’t know should I go fast

Or should I try to take my time

I’ve been chasing down a fast buck

Trying to make some slow doe

I’ve been living on a short fuse

Waiting for the circuit to blow

I’ve been staring at a dead clock

Waiting for the next chime

I begin to take stock

Counting cartons full of lost minds

Making wishes at dry well

In the middle of a wet dream

I’ve been living on a short fuse

Trying not to blow off steam

Short Fuse / Long Song / No Use / Gone Wrong

Short Story / Tall Tale / Guts Glory / No Time to Fail

Big Trouble / Wee Bit / Burst Bubble / Bullshit

Background noise / Front Page News

Tall Order

When you’re living on a SHORT FUSE

**I Kind of Miss You**

It’s up and down and it’s back and forth and let’s start all over again

I kind of miss you. I want to kiss you. Honey, just tell me when

You’re on the road and I’m in the air; when I land I will send you a text

I kind of miss you. I want kiss you. Honey, what happens next?

Let’s take a shortcut back to paradise

When together we had nothing for to lose

Let’s take a train to where it’s twice as nice

And we don’t know where our next meal is hiding

Or where you’ll buy your next pair of shoes

This world of ice, it don’t look so nice, the streets get deserted and cold

I kind of miss you. I want to kiss you. Loving you never gets old.

The left was right and the right got left at the altar of infinite greed

I kind of miss you. I want to kiss you. Honey, you’re what I need

Money comes and money goes; lovers are counting their cash

I kind of miss you. I want to kiss you. I want to make it last

The market’s down. The jig is up. The rich men shake in their shoes

I kind of miss you. I can’t kiss you. And that’s what gives me the blues.

**Writing On The Wall**

I want the things that might have been

I want to win back what I lost

I want the things I never had; no matter what the cost

People talk about me

In whispers behind my back

They say “He’s going crazy!” “He’s going crazy!”

He’ll probably die of a heart attack

They say I’ve reached my potential

They say I’ve got it all

They don’t even realize I’ve lost my pencil

And that I never finished writing on the wall

I read the Facebook yesterday

Cover to cover, front to back

Sipped a couple cold ones; read it all a second time and fixed myself a snack

People talk about me now

They’ve got nothing better to do

Asking themselves still, somehow

Why I couldn’t make it work with you

Me I’ve got nothing but benign posts

Winter, spring, summer, and fall

And it seems to me what I regret most

Is that I never finished writing on the wall.

Someday soon I’ll die here

In my footsteps, not hiding down below

The song box will be silent; with no music left to flow

My face will be a junkyard

Of emotions with no home

No love to share, I won’t be there

The world will be all alone

And when the curious meander

And their limousines start to stall

They’ll probably stop and take a gander

And see a dead man who never finished writing on the wall.

**Far Above the World Below**

I’m a million miles away from here in a story that’s unfolding deep inside the caverns of my mind

I’m a billion days from yesteryear in a lifetime that’s still holding onto dreams that I was forced to leave behind

Clear blue skyways are my highways and I ride them without out aid of man or his insufferable ego

I ride the thermals with no need of wings, in the heavens, with no need of strings, far above the pains of the world below

Oh honey, Oh. Oh honey, Oh Oh Oh. Oh, I love you so.

Oh honey, Oh. Oh honey, Oh Oh Oh. Far above the pains of the world below

Everything is peaceful; contentment breeds a sleeve full of focused inner calm that soothes with cleansing waves of light

I don’t bow to any others, but I know I’m not alone as I continue to evolve and grow like romance in the night

No search for other purpose, no need to slaughter or to birth us, it seems so obviously worthless, nothing else I care to know

It’s like I’m drifting through an afterlife, a newlywed with a brand new wife, far above the pains of the world below

Soon there comes a cooling shower that somehow feeds and grows a flower in an hour maybe less blessed and smiling from my left

As the skyway turns to pasture, nothing moves slower, fast or faster, in this wise here ever after, I never lose my breath

I feel like floating down a river warm and willing with no shiver to deliver what I once could not imagine could be so.

Teaching lawlessness to lawyers; Huckleberry Finns and Thomas Sawyers, just a voyeur far above the pains of the scattered world below.

**Hot Dog Bun**

February in Midtown Manhattan, I ordered a hot dog on a bun

Ice cold beer, crowded bar, and but still life has lost its fun

Winding back through foggy trails of cobwebs in my mind

Another attic of confusion looking for an exit sign

Piece of work, soda jerk, right brain, left my dreams

Shadows of where the past becomes the way the future seems

Roast beef to the left of me, pickle on my right

Grilled cheese there across the bar, incandescent light

Noisy and amusing, all this motion gets me down

Snow outside, sidewalks slide, while I’m trying to slow down

Juniors, seniors, in-between-ers, lined up in a row

Everyone is eating in, because it’s much too cold to go

Outside where snow is melting on a sidewalk cold and dead

Still keeps falling trying to collect in a city that’s lost its head

Everything is “on” here and I cannot turn it off

I walked in without a cellphone and I could almost hear my conscience cough

February in Midtown Manhattan and I’ve finished my first beer

I miss you more than ten minutes ago and still my hot dog isn’t here.

**Sometimes I Feel**

Sometimes I feel like if I let myself feel I’d just break down and cry

I couldn’t get by; I’m not allowed to find any place to hide

Whenever the day starts to wear me away

I grow much thicker skin, hold my feelings within

I’m bound to fight the devil deep inside

Bulletproof emotions, crossing seven sprawling oceans full of lust, conceit and trite, creative, greed

Chasing down the dollars, I hear a homeless widow holler, saying dollars aren’t what I really need.

Looking for the reasons for the changing of the seasons

From summer sun to winter grey

Tomorrow is like a threat, whispered once that I can’t forget

And it makes me wish that I’ve already passed away

Because it feels so cold

I build myself a fortress in this forest full of choices and I’ve locked myself forever safe inside

I live here with my missus and a set of matching dishes but my adolescent wishes have all dried

They’re now a scattered mess, born of wealth and of success

So unimpressed that I can never quite come clean

If there’s an answer to my prayer, I can’t find it anywhere

I don’t know how to share just what I mean.

Because I feel so cold

Sometimes I know that if I let myself go, I’d fall apart at the core

I couldn’t take it no more; I’d drown here, in this river full of fear

Sometimes I fear that if these walls disappear you’ll see me naked inside

Stripped of my pride, and down to

Down to my last tear.

**Oh Honey**

Oh honey; where has this been

The fallen leaves of autumn

Whispering what might have been

Oh honey; how does this end

Do the wheels come off the freight train?

Do I go off the rails again?

Or do I end up shoveling shit in a one horse town

Not that much to do all day until that horse comes back around

And when she does, does she ask me why I still won’t ride her away?

And after she’s asked me that a thousand times, will I run out of things to say?

Oh honey; if I ask you to decide

Will you ask me for a reason?

Or will you take me for a ride?

Oh honey; I will love you until I die

Yes, I will love you without question

Just don’t ever ask me why

**Possible**

Don’t you think it’s possible

That you and I could blow this town

Find a place to end this race

And settle upside down

Don’t you think it’s possible

That we could board a southbound train

Start our flight into the night

Toward a light we can’t explain

Don’t you think it’s possible

That a love like ours could live

Indefinitely improbably

But then again love always is

Don’t you think it’s possible

That paradise is just around the bend

Kind of unpredictable

But we will make it there my friend

We will make it there my friend

We will never say goodbye

We will make it to the end

Don’t you think it’s possible

We might relax and take our time

Stroll along like a romantic song

As the morning sun begins to shine

Don’t you think it’s possible

That we could have it all once more

Everything is tolerable

Waves are lapping up on shore

Don’t you think it’s possible

Just imagine you and I

It’s not totally inconceivable

That we might never say goodbye

We will never say goodbye

We will make it there my friend

We will make it you and I

We will make it there my friend

We will make it to the end

We will never say goodbye

We will land there on our feet

We will make there my sweet

We will make it you and I

**I Love You Tonight**

You know the world is full of plenty of bullshit

But even bullshit can help make things grow

Like gluten free legal pot, now that hits the spot

But to the wheat farmers we must say no

I don’t understand the newspapers

They’re not paper, they’re there on my phone

When the police kill a man, the revolution is fanned

When I man kills a cop, the cop dies alone.

But I love you tonight

And I’ll love you at dawn

I’ll love you until the earth stands still

And time stops travelling on

It’s a good life; a good time to grow older

We won’t drive; cars will drive us instead

We won’t touch the wheel; the car will know how we feel

And drop us off at our nursing home beds

As I shuffle down past tattoo parlors

Piercing and painting my friends

I lose all sensation for these affectations

And convince myself that we’re close to the end.

I was born; I was raised in this country

In this country I’ll probably die

Once a loose rebel child, rebellious and wild

I mutter “Kids today” and I sigh.

Other countries, religions, and factions

Out to get us and claiming its fate

Why can’t they just trust in our wealth and our lust?

Why is it they must, preach their gospel of hate?

**If I Don’t Go To Sleep**

If I don’t go to sleep tomorrow still gonna come

If I do its gonna come too soon

If I can’t find a race, babe I’m still gonna run

Just like the dish ran away with the spoon.

I’ll be gone long before high noon

You can dance on my feelings with your black leather shoes

Still my eyes will attach to a smile

You can torture my dreams with your mistreated blues

My dreams have all gone out of style

The mountains of hope and the depths of regret

On this landscape all dark and forlorn

It’s a long row to hoe when you’re trying to cope

And the weeds keep on strangling your corn

If I don’t go to sleep then I’ll never wake up

If I do then there’s no guarantee

That when I awake any of these pieces of pie

Will ever make any sense to me

Put your head on a pillow before the moon hits your eyes

Cause if it does you won’t be able to doze

Tell me dear should I love you or claw out your eyes

Or should I pass out here in these clothes.

**Day Old Donuts**

A box of day old donuts and a cold cup of coffee and a slice of last night’s pizza on the floor

That’s all that I’m left with on this cold Sunday morning

Except the hazy memory

Of the echo of her footsteps she

Turned away, walked out on me

Out of my front door

It felt just like a sunrise, it was finally Friday evening

A balmy breeze was blowing through the bar

The sky was orange and purple and alive with magic moments

Foreboding what would foment from a pair of wayward lovers

Who would later kiss and wish upon a star

She brushed my elbow passing on the way to her barstool

I breathed the freshest breath I’d ever breathed

I turned my head to wander, maybe dream or maybe ponder

What might happen far out yonder if I ever really found her

And we felt a spark before she had to leave

That was just the start of what became a hot flirtation

Like a cable network station when the children are asleep

We left that place together, half past midnight, I swear I never

Ever felt my pulse thump like a dance club, with a deep bump,

But now I’m just another chump with tear stains on his cheeks

**The Last Thought of an Astronaut**

Last night was the last night that I spent inside this dream

The last time and the last crime that could possibly redeem

The last man in the last band to play my favorite tune

The last thought of an astronaut who’d been howling at the moon

Yeah, I’ve been howling at the moon

Last night was the last night that we’ll ever meet again

The last death of the last breath just like a thousand other men

The last room in the last tomb in a circle in my mind

The last jewel from the last fool that taught me to unwind

Yeah, you finally taught me to unwind

The first look was a fish hook and I took the savory bait

The first taste got me shit faced much too fast and far too late

The late show was a scare crow undeniably extreme

And last night was the last fright that I spent inside this dream

Yeah, it was the last night that I spend inside this dream

It was a good long ride on an eastbound train but the wheels kept coming off

When the north wind blew for the precious few and the ice was growing soft

The right thought from my left brain wrote this song without a tune

Like the last thought of an astronaut who’d been howling at the moon.

Yeah, I’ve been howling at the moon

**The Ballad Of Pokey McSlow**

Pokey McSlow at high noon against the fastest gun in the west

It’ll probably be over real soon, though Pokey will try his best

To lay him low; to shoot him down. I know it’s so; I know this town

Businessmen will watch; the bets have all been placed

And there stands Pokey McSlow; without a look on his face.

It all started in Ray’s cantina, with a fat old man named Clark

He was hitting on sweet Melina, in the corner smoky and dark

He was feeling her up, she was pushing him back. She threw a drink in his face to fend off his attack

And that’s when it started to get interesting. In walked a man named Parker Joe Sling

Who laid out old man Clark with just one punch

Then he ordered some lunch.

Pokey slipped in at 9:15, stood at the bar and ordered a beer

On his right sat sweet Melina, his secret love for many a year

Pokey didn’t know the man who was tickling her skirt. Melina just giggled and continued to flirt

And that’s when it started to get tense in the bar. Melina had let this go a little too far

Drinking her champagne cocktails and shots of schnapps

Pokey thought, “This is where it stops.”

Melina said, “Joe, I have to powder my nose.”, so Pokey tried to make his play

Parker Joe had is back to Pokey watching Melina walk away

Pokey grabbed Parker’s shoulder blade. Mr. Sling’s wry smile started to fade

And that’s when it started to get out of control. Smash, crash, crunch, the fight was taking its toll

Both men beaten and bloody when not a moment too soon

Sherriff Bob walked in and said, “You two can settle this tomorrow at noon.”

They still talk about it down in Texas; the way it went down that day

The coroner measuring the caskets; Melina sitting on a bale of hay

Pokey and Parker counting off paces; hands at their sides and sweat on their faces

The sky growing cold, dark green, and aloof; lightning bolt striking on the courthouse roof

And shattering the concentration of big Parker Joe

Who was shot down by Pokey McSlow

Pokey McSlow at high noon against the fastest gun in the west

It turns out it was over real soon. Nobody would have guessed

That Parker Joe Sling would fall to his knees and die there in the dust

For the sake of a fling with a hot blooded woman that no man could trust

But Pokey shot him down; that’s what people still say

But nobody saw that smoking gun, cooling off in the rain on that bale of hay

Pokey McSlow at high noon against the fastest gun in the west.