

THE UNLIMITED DREGATION

VODKA
LULLABIES
TO THE
GOOD
NIGHT
MOON

Вальтер Себастиан Адлер

Written By **Walter Sebastian Adler**

[Dedicated to the Great Slavic Muses]

Index of 104 Poems

- Born 30 January, 1984 at 0800 am.
- Hospitalized in 1999; **9 months**.
- 1st Congress February 16th, 2000, creation of the YUFE (Youth United for Equality).
- Goes into exile in England, Spain then Israel in February 2001 after police raids and accusations of a bomb plot dismember the organization.

01_The Great Revolt

*This is one of my first performance poems for **Bowery Poetry Club** written in 2002 which tried to articulate a lot of my youthful rage and romanticizations of struggle during the days of the Afghan and Iraq Wars.*

- Hospitalized in 2001 immediately after returning from Israel; **two weeks**, escaped.
- Finds American wing of the Organization, a more radical and clandestine sequel to the YUFE. Branches are formed in New York, White Plains, Boston, Elizabeth, Saratoga, Madison, & DC. Afghan War begins.
- 2003, Iraq War Begins. Arrested repeatedly for giving speeches in public places with no permit for amplified sound and unpermitted street marches.
- Hospitalized in 2003 after attempting to use fake water pistols painted black to stop people from entering Nike Town; **6 weeks, three years' probation**.
- Hospitalized in 2005 after 4th Congress, **3 months**, electroconvulsive therapy.
- 2006, Falls in love with Birdy Rainwater, aka **Vanessa Whitford**, writes her approximately 30-40 shorter poems accompanied with sketches, non-digitalized, presumed lost.
- 2007 Engaged to **Hali Vik** a prolific painter and activist, smaller body of sketches and art, presumed lost.
- 2008, Hali is assaulted by a former lover and then attempts to kill herself.
- 2008-2010 dates and almost marries **Maria Parsheva**, no serious artistic output produced, several sketches presumed lost.
- **Maria**, Walt Adler (the poet), and another couple are attacked on the Q train by a mob of 16 white peasants, beaten and almost killed for "being Jews".
- January 4th, 2008 Adler joins FDNY as an EMT.
- February 1st 2008, Adler's best friend, comrade and fellow poet performer **Jeremey McGaffey** shoots himself.
- February 2nd 2008, Adler's mentor Theodore Becker dies suddenly of an air embolism.

- July 2008 formation of the **Banshee News Service** and printing begins of the Banshee News Paper distributed by sympathizers from ambulances.
- November 6th, 2009 5th Congress; formation of the **Banshee Association** on Block Island at the Hygeia Hotel.
- Late December 2009 Adler attempts to enter Israel, is arrested, interrogated and deported 72 hours later.
- January 12th, 2010 Adler deploys to Haiti after the earthquake kills 300,000 Haitians, is subsequently put on trial by the FDNY.
- In 2010 meets, corresponds with in letters and falls in love with **Yelizaveta Kotlyarova**, produces a substantial body of letters, sketches and poems that she alone retains, this relationship ends on January 30th, 2012. Very influential in planning the re-deployment to Haiti in 2011.
- Hospitalized in 2010 immediately after returning from Haiti, escaped, captured, re-hospitalized, **7 weeks**.
- Hospitalized in 2011, apartment raided by ESU on the eve of re-deployment of EMS reinforcements to Haiti; **1 month**.
- Adler resigns in lieu of termination from the FDNY on 31 December, 2011 after a lengthy trial around his absence without leave to be in Haiti.
- Yelizaveta beds, then leave the poet on the morning after his birthday 30 January, 2012.
- Adler begins paramedic school in early January 2012.
- Met **Daria Andreavna Skorobogatova** at Mehanta in August 2012, we almost kill each other boxing on a roof top, a week later we become lovers at a Gypsy Festival during the Labor Day weekend and double blue moon.

01b-06 **LOST WORK**

*These first six poems were written my hand and performed directly for Daria Skorobogatova in late **August 2012-early October 2012**, they were destroyed by either Daria or her boyfriend Serge in February 2012, and they did not rhyme.*

- Hospitalized on Rosh Hashanah 2012, building evacuated, several hour standoff with ESU and police on roof of building, hospitalized **3 weeks**.
- Hospitalized right before Super Storm Sandy in 2012 only about two weeks after prior, **3 more weeks**.
- Daria breaks off the short affair.

07 **In My New York Cell**

***Daria's** first 6 poems were all hand written, performed for her and there is no electronic copy and they are probably now lost. But this was the 7th to her in the series, written in **October 2011** this is my reflection on destitute, toothless imprisonment and what she came to mean to me while I was confined inside the Bellevue Detention House.*

08 **Fearless Hopeless Hearts, 4 Parts**

*Written in **November 2012**, this is a four part explosion which began my attempt at becoming the American Mayakovsky was written for performance in the Tea Lounge Poetry series, and the*

*beginning of my post imprisonment attempts to win **Daria** with late night storytelling and our often Arabian Nightly ways.*

09_Our Job is Great Train Robberies

*Non-rhyming, non-performance piece responding to **Daria's** question, what would you do to pay my ransom? Written in Brooklyn in **late November 2012.***

10_Bread of the Future

*A response to the Old Russian idiom articulated to me by Daria on the Brighton Boardwalk one night "you cannot feed me or yourself on poems", **early December 2012.***

11_Match Sticks for Mice in the Wilderness

*A spark of hope for lost powerless creatures in the wilderness at night, written after **Daria** began recommending I listen to delivery of Mayakovsky while reading the English translations of his work. **Mid-December 2012.***

12_Muse of the Brighton Bathhouse

*Written in **early January 2012** at the Mermaid Spa Bathhouse of Seagate, defining exactly the nature of my callous muse and her characteristics as such, writing about the pain and awe of the artist to the Muse, **Daria's** 12th official poem.*

13a_Meet me at the Cobra Club, In 2 Parts. (LOST)

*A lost poem about the pub-yoga hall where the two of us began our affair, written before **New Year's Eve 2013** while I was tutoring Daria in expository writing and helping her with university papers, knowingly being useful and exploited.*

13b_Sometimes the Vodka Drinks You, In 4 Parts.

*A dark poem on the destructive nature of drinking away one's past, written after **New Year's Eve 2013** after I brought **Daria** back to Brighton and laid down on the beach of Brooklyn's Coast to drink myself to death unsuccessfully.*

17_You Stoke Class War, Woman

*The Financial District brothels empty before dawn and from Zuccotti Square are spotters awaiting, banker's death from above and below. This was written around the time of **Occupy Wall Street** in **October 2011.***

18_Pararescuemen of the Breuklyn Soviet, In 2 Parts.

*An Ode to that band of flying, falling warrior healer heroes jumping out of planes to get to the women and men trapped behind the lines. Dedicated to **Joseph C. Piccioli** the only real Pararescueman I know. Written in **November 2012.***

19_Post Soviet Sunglasses

*Glasses to shield an Amerikanski lover from the pain of his poorly planned love, a shorter piece written while studying at **Bar 13 Poetry Club**, for **Daria** during a period of estrangement, written in **late January 2013.***

20_Hungry Eyes Break Hearts on Banner Ave

Written in **Mid-January 2013**. Hunger for a lover who lies in the arms of her husband, boyfriend and pimp. Written in **mid-January** around the time **Daria's** boyfriend **Serge** discovered all the letters and poems.

21_BANG! There just went Midnight!

First published poem in **Flowers in a Barrel of a Gun**, Bulgarian Blog, for **Daria** written in **Mid-January 2013**.

27_Looks like a Love Battle Field

The battle of the cross cultured sexes as it comes across in a dangerous Postsoviet tryst. Written and performed for **Daria at Bar 13 Poetry Club** around **Valentine's Day 2013**.

28_Assignments to Cowardly Men

Written just before my birthday **30 January, 2013** on the endurance needed to hear the siren song and resist her, **Daria** took me to Brooklyn Banya and allowed for a private bedroom show case of several new poems.

32_The Sound of a Song in Cyrillic

A poem written in **Brooklyn** in late **December 2012** on what exactly is a "the Russian mentality".

33_Listen Dorogaia!

Written on **Old Russian New Year's 2013 in Brighton, Boston** as a central and tragic unifying piece, the poet attempts a non-rhyming exposition of why **Daria** should leave her husband, boyfriend and life in Brooklyn.

36_Her Bright Eyes Tell Men Lies

The muse, **Daria** is a hard chased lover and quite a few do lust or love her. Written for performance at the **Brooklyn Tea House Poetry Series** around **30 January** as part of private show for **Daria**.

37_She'd Use the Razors Edge

Understanding the sharp weapons of love when not requited that will cut a man to pieces. Written for performance at the **Brooklyn Tea House Poetry Series** around **30 January** as part of private show for **Daria**.

38_Moscow Hostage Crisis, Part One

A buxom call girl and a Chechen gunslinger plot to take Moscow's Oligarchy by storm. Written for performance at the **Brooklyn Tea House Poetry Series** around **30 January** as part of private show for **Daria**.

39_She Said Man Go Home

The orders to depart after yet another late night train ride escort home to Brighton 6. Written for

performance at the **Brooklyn Tea House Poetry Series** around **30 January** as part of private show **for Daria**. An ode to all the nights taking her from the City to Brighton to her keeper. Shortly after my birthday Daria begins working much harder to end the affair.

40_ **Cuff Links for the Funeral**

Written in **Early March 2013** recounting the suicidal death of my dear tovarish **Jeremey McGaffey**, Rahula Today.

42_ **Bullets for Beria, In Two parts.**

Written in **Mid-March 2013** for performance at **Bar 13 Poetry Club** about a vile hate for the worst of the lesser Oligarchs; a hypocrite rapist murderer, Beria. Written not about but inspired by **Anya Druse** who appears in the long poem.

43_ **the Clean Out**

Written in **Mid-March 2013** at **Write Club Salon** is about stealing credit cards which is sometimes called expropriation in our part of the second world.

44_ **Stick to the plan, Man**

The sky falls in and a man goes after his Russian lover in a blizzard. Written in **April 2012** and dedicated to **Yelizaveta Kotlyarova** who has her own bale of non-digitalized poems in box in mother's apartment.

- Adler meet **Elena Antolievna Komarova** on her birthday 12 April, 2012 while visiting Boston, we exchange phone numbers and she begins giving me a word a day in Russian and confiding in me the sadness and insecurities of her own relationship with a Russian businessman Alexi.

50_ **Havana Road**

Written in **April 2012** for a performance to **Jessica Pilot** his friend and sometimes editor, this is his oath to ambiguous her, who is truly **Daria** and his road forward into ambiguous, zealous forever. This poems is mystical escape in the poet's head whereby if he can get to Cuba he will be safe.

64_ **The Winter of My Life, is over.**

Recalibration after a game of Russian roulette has failed to kill either party over the course of the coldest winter ever, the decompression of poetry making almost exclusively over the pain and pleasure of **Daria Andreavna Skorobogatova Maccluskey**, written in **May 2012**.

65_ **The Greatness each and every time!**

This was written in **August of 2013** for actress **Dev Brandt**, but it was not romantic as much as it was an attempt to write poems for others.

- Hospitalized in September 2013 only a week after moving to Boston and beginning

graduate school; **4 weeks.**

60, 61, 62, 63_ **By these Trials Gored but more by the Ransom**

*In the beginning of my graduate education I was hospitalized under strange circumstances in New York will showing a Syrian princess of Alawiite descent, **Manar** the City. I was imprisoned in **September 2013 in the Bell House** for four weeks. Where I scribbled these four non-rhyming poems in a note book. With no one to love the broken zealot resumes his course, in four short parts.*

66_ **Lipstick on my Collar**

*Also written in the **Bell House in September 2013**; a poem about a last ravishing before one goes to die, wishing again for **Daria** who is completely gone.*

-Moved back to Waltham, not allowed to re-rejoin university classes, broken and alone after being hospitalized, Adler began to be visited several times a week for painting and Russian lessons by **Elena Komarova**.

- Kisses **Elena** for the first time on Halloween 30 October, 2013, steals her away from her prior lover Andre.

68_ **My Heart is Akin to a Runaway Slave**

*Written in **September 2012** arriving in **Waltham, outside Boston** in exile, post-imprisonment in New York again at the Bell House, upon re-meeting **Elena Komarova** was as if my heart ran faster than had ever done so in pursuit of her love and understanding.*

71_ **The Brazen Dream**

***Elena Komarova** inspiring another epic poem and performance on Loving, dancing living planning and plotting in the exile years of Greater Boston. In **late November 2013** we journeyed to **Block Island** for Thanks Giving and this was part of the Hanukkah performance I gave her on that little empty Island off Galilee.*

74_ **Gold Brown Eyes**

*Meeting **Elena Komarova** was like being lost in the magic of another chance at changing and the total warmth and acceptance of her smiling and her old soul eyes.*

75_ **She sometimes amazed me how much!**

*Performed for **Elena Komarova** in Waltham behind the Fire House on Prospect Ave in late **October 2013**. There has never been a woman in my life, not of my blood willing to sacrifice so much to protect who she loves.*

77_ You Know I've Got What Science has Yet to Learn in the Blood!

*The woman **Elena Komarova** had the most highly supernatural inclinations. This was an ode to her vast powers performed in the car right after a long night out a Jazz clubs in Cambridge in early December of 2013.*

78_ Sing Me More Songs

*Meeting **Elena Komarova** was as if my heart ran faster than had ever done so in pursuit of her love and understanding, this was written during our winter trip to New York City in late **December 2013**.*

79_The Rights to Her

*By **early January of 2014** Elena Komarova and I were in a relationship, I was back in school and we were beginning to plot the logistics of a new deployment to Haiti, DR and Cuba for the summer.*

- *Late May 2014 Adler and **Komarova** fly to Dominican Republic and cross the country by car. They cross the border two weeks later to Haiti via bus from **Santo Domingo**.*
- *June 2014; **Adler, Komarova** and the marine **Peter Reed** deploy to Croix-des-Boucettes, Haiti to begin the training of 40 more Haitian EMTs using the lean staffing modal.*
- *August 2014 Adler and Komarova visit **Havana, Cuba**.*
- *September 2014 Adler returns to USA to finish his graduate studies. Komarova departs for a teaching position in Moscow.*

88_Ineffibale Might!

*This was written in **Waltham** during **September of 2014** and performed to my academic cohort at a talent show where my teeth came out in front of nearly 200 people, but was well received. This four part poem is about my torture being separated from **Elena Komarova** who was then in Moscow, Red & White. It was later performed in 2016 at **La Luz**.*

- ***Elena Komarova** is flown back to New York from Moscow by Adler to talk in **Late November 2014**, they stay at the Empire Hotel. He offers to stop all political activities and figure out how they can have an upper middle class life in Manhattan.*
- *Elena completely rejects this proposal and returns to Moscow.*
- *December 2014 Elena breaks the relationship off completely.*

94_From Somewhere With Love

*An American, me laments on the departure of his love **Elena Komarova** back to Russia where he is neither wanted nor allowed. This was written in **December of 2014**, while in Waltham.*

99_Human Patria

*It should be said that the thing that binds me to my people is solidarity. But solidarity isn't able to make love in the same way a woman can. But both can kill. Written in early **August 2012** for*

*the actress **Devorah Brandt**.*

- 7th Congress merges **Banshee** and a cluster of approximately 40 international delegates into a new trade union called **Development Union (D/U)**. Constitution and charter ratified 27 May, 2015 in Western Massachusetts Mountains near Leyden, MA.
 - **Elena Komarova** returns to Boston from Moscow, is beaten up by her lover Ilya and stays with Adler for a day before he brings her to her friend Lana.
 - Hospitalized immediately after 7th Congress for **3 months**. Returns to New York in late August 2015. No serious artistic output for 9 months.
- Meets **Liana Zavulonova** in Mermaid Spa Banya on April 17th, 2016.

100_Mother Night

*Written in **Early May, 2016** for his lover Liana Zav after she chastised him that in all his romance and revolutionary zeal he had no understanding about what motherhood is and means and that it was essential he prove it. Performed on the roof of an RCA Ambulance.*

101_Bukharin Yalda (Bukharin Girl)

*Written in **Late May, 2016** for his lover Liana Zav attempting to articulate all of the passion, sweat and baggage this very connected lady was causing his night life.*

- Release hardcopy first edition of **Fire on the Mountain**.
- Adler is seriously considered as the Health Manager for BRAC Liberia, the world's largest NGO and being prepared to manage a portfolio of health worker trainings in Liberia during the Ebola Epidemic.
- **La Luz** agrees to host a speakeasy and facilitate the upcoming 8th Congress in late May.
- **Liana** whose father owns many of the biggest restaurants in Queens buy Adler \$1,400 worth of Zara clothes.
- Hospitalized **5 weeks** in late May 2016, immediately prior to the planned **8th Congress**.
- Adler is accepted in Medical School at St. George's University in Grenada, while in custody.
- Meets **Daria Andreavna** on the roof of a night club in early June, a week after being released, shortly after presents her with the two books she has inspired **Unlimited Operation & Fire on the Mountain**.
- Adler and Daria attend various festivals, beaches, camp in upstate New York, dine, make art and for all intents and purposes spend the summer together. Adler offers her the same

offer he made **Elena Komarova** at the Empire Hotel; runaway to Grenada with me and I'll make you a doctor's wife in Manhattan.

104_The Reset

*Written in **Early July, 2016** for **Daria Maccluskey** who he ran into on the roof of the **Output Night club** and managed to spend the summer with, before the quite expected occurred.*

- Book release party at **Mehanata** 9 August for **Fire on the Mountain**.
- More outings, art making, dinners and techno parties.
- **Daria** breaks off whole the affair just before Labor Day Weekend.
- Adler throws himself into the Ocean during a heavy storm and drowns.

These poems did not write themselves; great women brought them forth. It is very hard to love a madman, a zealot driven by unseen forces which make him think battling demons and storming castles and changing whole worlds is possible carrying her standard. None of these loves was a perfect love, if such a thing exists. These were hard and glorious women and I attempted to love each fearlessly in art and war. It should be said that like the Great Soviet poet laureate **Vladimir Vladimirovich Mayakovsky**, to whom I also dedicate this first anthem of my collected poems.

Love is impossible to capture in poems and deeds cannot always undo hard circumstance. I have been accused of loving Russian women, I find this trivial. I loved great women. It so happens that many were born in the former Soviet Union. Dedicated to all involved and dedicated to the future. Broken ripped out hearts, violent fuck, romance and adventures; I regret nothing, only cruel words said when love like the phoenix dies. These four women have made me hard enough to do the rough work ahead, poems: silly poems! What are poems to heroic deeds? They are only promises to unlimited operations to come.

Dearly dedicated dearly to 5 glorious and powerful women, as well as the honor of a couple good men. Thank you to Yelizaveta, Dasha, Elena, Liana and Valentina who pushed me to keep performing and writing.

With special thanks to: **Alan Medvinsky & Kenneth King**, who always encouraged my writing.

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#1: THE GREAT REVOLT

Dastardly were the deeds of our fathers!

So arcane and so lacking of moral substance

They contrived, economically survived on the brutality of which our brothers were not deprived.

Tell me now, I vow, I wonder how despite the previous misconceptions,

And good intentions

Attempted abortion, yet were still conceived.

For this we are not reprieved...

A society basing itself on its own notoriety,

A society proclaiming material utopia,

Yet in all essence lacking the cornucopia on which the masses stay fed.

(Still) they might end up dead,

Instead...I analyze the growing profits, which line the rich man's pockets,

And the bunker busting rockets,

Make us popular indeed.

In what holy book was that decreed?

No more dialectic...human nature equals greed?

I am climbing higher, but can't seem to escape the fire,

As the pillars made of ethics start to fall,

If I give an inch or start to flinch and MAN will take it all.

For the MAN's quite good at taking,

He's been doing it for years,

And now he's gaining power, by playing off your fears.

They know what playbacks scare you so they play in constant loop,

And reporters flock like vultures, just to try and get the scoop.

Everything, a false conception,

As they improvise a great deception,

Be wary of a man who asks for war...

And all these troops departing,

Any day now we'll be starting,

Battle ships with cannons line the shore.

But what of urban ghettos, the prisons, and their lies
The rich are getting richer as the poor meet their demise.
I'd propose a revolution, but we're lacking a solution,
And Communism failed us in the past...
While the Anarchists scream mutual aid,
I'm sure we'll end up starving oh too fast.

*Sing one song. Into the night.
We're plotting revolution, my revolver shines in candlelight
And the clock upon the wall, means nothing at all,
We're waiting for moment when we make the system fall.*

AND in the back of the coffee shop,
Where the honky babble junky spreads his word.
His hair slicked back, hair brown not black, to all those that haven't heard.
And next to him sits his partner, a man believed to be a clone,
His eyes glazed over, listens carefully, but he doesn't drink alone.

They've been up for nearly 60 hours.
Fueled on Adderall and booze.
The tide is turning quickly. Quickly, quickly read the news.

On the radio, the broadcast lingers,
The fat man in the corner licks his fingers,
And the wax drips from the candles pausing time.
The streets outside a concrete jungle, and the flames of battle flicker
BURNING THROUGH the ash of urban grime.

While the leaders conversed
In the language of tactical insurrection,
The coffee shop offered slight protection,
Gunfire could be heard just right outside.
And with the buildings burning,
The rebels were quickly learning,
That all too many of their brothers that day died.
They recalled the night prior,
Before the city caught on fire,
Students dreaming of a brighter day.
Clad in grey uniform around a table, talking 'bout the future, come what may.
The lieutenants began reporting, on the status of fight.
One might, despite all previous contraindications,
And resistance depictions, knew a losing battle at first sight.

We're in need of ammunition, but not in a position
Treason is quite serious indeed.
And the *RAT-TAT-TAT* of rifles,
Echo in the night,
As we watch our wounded comrades slowly bleed.
The barricades it seems are holding,
The uprising is unfolding,
Dead and dying littered in the street.
And don't be too surprised,
The Revolution's televised,
'Cause CNN wants you glued right to your seat.

*Sing one song. Into the night.
We're plotting revolution, my revolver shines in candlelight
And the clock upon the wall, means nothing at all,
We're waiting for moment when we make the system fall.*

#7: IN MY NEW YORK CELL

In my cell_ time doesn't move the same.
You dwell mostly in the past.
Or some far off, seemingly hopeless future.
I try_
And dream of you.
But I cannot.
That is because torments weigh on me and keep me from visions of happier times.
Self-hate overwhelms.
You learn to hate your best in a cell.
Too much time to spend of the past_
The future is just a glimmer through a key hole.

I whisper your name to the rats and roaches that are my witnesses. I extol your virtues to
A homeless Lune who sought-solace-in-suicide_
Tried it twice and_ will try again upon his release.
Your name has more fulfillment than the rations or recycled air!
I say it aloud and it is like the hurricane outside is a product of our passions, a fitting capstone to our
separation.
It bears down on the City and could render my captivity and chemical manacles, tear the whole
goddamn place apart.
I fade in and out.
I try and count the kisses I've received from you in just the first five weeks of courtship.
They took me just three weeks from our first kiss.
If each kiss was a bullet or hand grenade used against our faceless oppressors
I'm sure I'd be here longer.
I am drunk still on those kisses.
Drunk on the past.
Intoxication is no good substitute for really feeling.
I desire you still.
All about you, every smile, every stolen moment we have left.
Free me from this place Dasha. I cannot be a man right now without you holding me upright.
I love you for now limitlessly.
I wish that I could open myself like a Siberian doll;
Open each part until understanding became possible or at least there might lie hidden a jewel to steal.
But I fear each layer comes, with more questions.
And there is no jewel, only utter madness and a blood diamond called my hope.
Shines with a price.
Unbreakable but such toughness has heightened emotional cost.
I am neither a phantasm, nor a ghoul!
Not a demon or an angel either, nor some hybrid like you.
We are unique specimens. And the world has punished me for my boldness and perhaps rewarded

you for your beauty only to punish you in other ways.

A lot of worth we are, with a lot of trouble.

I, hope my poems survive me.

I, hope you are wrong every night you say it is our last night.

You've been wrong a very good number of times before.

Mostly only about that last.

My art is thriving under your casual supervision. I hope my life these days is a testament to your glory and not self-glory.

I cherish you; but I am a slave to what we might be.

Not what we most certainly are.

I would do many tragic things to prove myself a hero!

Again, and again.

I do not have to prove I am brave; only brave enough, well enough to fully love.

Love early, love often, and love with complexity building to completion.

And then you will forget your slavery and your grinding imprisonment.

#808: FEARLESS _ HOPELESS _ HEARTS

"Tell me story time!"

She curls up on me her ethanol engine exhausted.

I want to fly us _ so far away:

This cab is now a magic carpet for a story cabaret.

Using-a-punchdrunk-kitten in the back seat of a Breuklyn-southbound-gypsy as my muse. One doesn't choose,

_the muse they use. Or when.

There were worse assignments.

Given to more cowardly men!

And my constitution is and always will be_a wide canvas for futurist painting_

My-heart-when-fainting_

Is grinding, then breaking it_causes Brighton to flood and post Haitian earthshaking:

My soul is for barter_sign the dotted line,

I'm a phantasm now-shaking collapsing-and up for the tainting.

Exsanguination! Being bled dry!

There's blood in my eye,

A mind game, that's fine, but the mind can unravel before the right time, and the things it
envisions; the things you complete; like a thousand lifetimes emptying out of your whispers_

_Like two shots in the dark_unloading my heart on the cold of the street!

Vasa, she whispers:

"Why so sad all the time?_Tell me a story with Camels and Bandits and rhyme!- and keys strung to
kites_ mix your bi-winning antics and Arabian nights! Make more epic poems! Can-we-not-agree_the
audience cannot swallow_ an endless account, as you wallow in all of your feelings for me."

I.

Starry night burns bright, I begin again:

I have the will!

In a previous life she believed mostly in kill-or-be-killed.

She comes from place_ So brutal, so base, frustrated, consumed by the men in her face,
The following ointments, which vodka let boil to a brine of pure hate_

_juxtaposed with the partisan flame of my zeal,

I've been reborn in a futurist gate.

_And invested with powers to steal or to heal!

Absorb all of your pain_ and restore your ideals!

And you will open my chest with your fingers: And start spinning the wheels_
It's Russian roulette, the way that she feels!

Magic carpets to carry us so far from this place where we are_Highspeed races and chases_
_ Drive by taking place without use of a car!

Her kiss is the bullet of deadly surrender.

The sweetness of service she's willing to render_greatest by far:
To enroute replace my pumping mechanism, without medical training_without even leaving the hint-of-a-scar!

A pipe dream_a pipe bomb_ a zen.

Near endless composition, the art of storytelling unleashed from my phone or my pen_

In base thirst for a woman I've known in other lives.

And desire to keep knowing forever_

_If forever could just be again, and again.

I am trained to fix a broken heart, my own excluded!

For the heart is a time bomb_ your emotions are fire ball bearings_

_Your wiring is now made faulty,

Your rational mind is at times misguided-deluded...

- "*Vasili*, please, I'm lying here counting on your story to ease, I want erotic adventure, daring or fun, no more talk of feelings or the latest bombastic-head-fuck-with-a-gun, I like allegory, the cave-with-the-thieves? What's the name of that story?! No more tales of the mechanical heart, right before bed!"
- "I'll tell you my dreams about star crossed Chechen peasants instead".

II.

How can I, live so many lives; but be without you so many nights?

Cold sweats. And the ache of separation, imprisonment and then exile:

Broken bottles or spears or my pen's wronging rights,

Sweat itself often passes as tears.

While writing my politics off as mere hooligan fist fights?

I didn't mean to trouble you with me, But! We seem unable to end it quickly,

Or end me quietly.

I have been hunted like a partisan and I found refuge in your secret kisses.

Now we are partisans together I suppose, but you warned me you prefer the cities to the forests. The Peony to the Rose.

What about Peony verses Prose?

I prefer bath houses to General Winter_and the wearing of my solitude below four layers of my clothes.

So how now?

Where will we find shelter?

We've run helter-skelter on the glass-bottle-broken-beaches or that Bulgar tavern where we hide.

They have done so many things to me,

Until now I cannot recognize my own face.

I listen it seems, but prefer to confide.

But it is just the face of a man claiming love!

Cupid's arrows mutilate.

The barrage burns apart my barricades like katusha rockets, raining from above.

Don't fail me fearless heart,

Ill get back to you!

From Shali, the mountains, Brighton or Grozny too!

With black eyes, black ties, last tries; this is no mere seduction, or simple desire:

It's a visceral longing to woe.

Putin has declared war! But foolishly I long for just peace on this front line fight_

_A lull in the violence allowing me to steal my way back to you_guided by moon and my tragic-parachute-knock around-dagger man-incite.

The barricade-we-made was cobbled together with useless albiet pretty word;

Damn all my grandiose promises,

The misuse and abuse of fables and myth that confuse what I see with that which you claim that you heard.

I am almost quite old.

In old soul time.

I bought what you sold. Dash my face against Dagestan's rocks, break all
my bones if in this life I am more coward_more villain than hero and bold...

"Silly Vasa," she giggles, pulling her supple body supine even closer to closeness of mine, "Your
passions on fire when you press your fingers to prose,_I'm drawing a line_ press your fingers to hold, I want
Ambulance Action Peony ambush_No thorns of the Rose, and my grand design for the story this time is to
hear about the dark in your soul, the black rabbit hole where your ambulance goes!"

III.

A Poet paramedic: warm body, heart now made stone cold. I have the will, I carried bodies in piles
through Bed-Stuy,

Up mountains_we always will battle the Reaper uphill.

I never cried then, I did not even wince,

Every night I'm not dreaming of loving your company, kissing your lips_I'm flashing right
back_senses under attack: to life tremors we trembled_in the City of Port-au-Prince!

We carried legions off to what passed as hospitals.

I've had to watch ten thousand die, now all I want is to carry you away from the coast of Brooklyn,
magic carpet fly.

Fly in the face of your husband, your secrets;

The dance I do with my stories, in trains or in cabs, returning with you

To the place that you lie.

But I dance again from time to time. You bring it out of me.

"Why cry old soul?" She whispers.

"I saw things I wasn't meant to see."

"Women like me?"

"You're a dangerous creature we both can agree."

She gives me fourth and fifth tries, the body dies, but the song of the heart is timeless, therefore free.

IV.

Because when you are gone there are only words. Words make the basis of poems_ forming a plea from the deepest depths of my heart's agony.

When each parting seems so long my mind invents monsters which lurk which are not even there!

In a silky, billowing dress_ I'd hide under your covers, I'd caress the folds of your being, run fingers through darkness through the locks of your hair.

- "Until I'm safe too?"
- "Like my fallen angel with her wings on gold fire; *Dorogaia* I need you."

I pace the Brighton Boardwalk so long that all these lives mesh together 'til the story seems too wild, too Noire to be true;

- "Turn this cab toward the seaboard, turn Idlewild, let's run away, before we break day_ "
- "You haven't a clue! Mad man! A poorly laid plan!"

Begging for some proof of goodness of his kind.

- "The validity of his mind!"

A million cold stones acquired over long tenuous adventures, but regrets are for traitors on rewind.

Battles and then conflicting accounts of my enemy's treacheries abound.

An escape plan is successful only when the underlying logic is found!

The logic is half based on a whisper, and half on a dream.

Their scissor hands dripping from love of the kill. Demons enter the portal with intention to scheme.

To make you their mark, or turn me to a skell or their skill.

They separated me from my humanity, loving you is against my rational will.

She's half in the old world,

And half in the new,

Half iron curtain, half crystal glass shoe.

The cab nears the Verrazano precipice, the Brighton abyss where we will be separated anew.

Tell me Odysseus: What mean me to you?

Was that voyage anything but unjust for all involved?

Once I had a white motor cycle, I was a fugitive slave, I was evolved. I killed the master and stormed the plantation and then half of the problem was solved!

And on it you waited to escape north toward the blue moon.

- "Sooner than soon? Did your love for me grow after the rooftop fist fight in the light of my murderous swoon?"
- "*Dorogaia* that's right."
- "I don't want such a life; a life of no humor, a life or death struggle, the terror of night."
- "Stories for night, are about all of the wrongs swept away by the dawn and the light. I require one muse only. One significant. One longing. Never again in the trenches so vast, so empty and so lonely."
- "The story of us? Us is a wild tragic roundabout fuss!"
- "Is_to_be_a_tale_of_triumph. Over the hopeless heart via the art of romantic prolonging!"
- "Righting or wronging?"
- "I sought out your company."
- "Do it again."
- "I do it still out of the longing."

I have a voice and I have a loud pen!

And I have passion and it overflows my body until I see miracles in the streets.

The strength of forty men!

And the moon winks.

Then on Banner Ave. the story nightly completes.

And then again, the world's smallest violin plays just for us, she thinks.

Why does such a long shadow fall over his house every time he drinks?

We are not star crossed.

We are not divided by a sea.

Or by barricades. Maybe we're just in defiance of destiny.

Or the flaming up of the ghettos in the latest Caucasian raids.

When I looked to the sky I saw three ships sailing us apart.
You off to marriage and the world of the continent.
Me, bound forever to the belly of the ship enslaved only to my own fearless heart.
And as they sailed us apart, to never meet again,
Some sailors sang out, "The Nina, the Pinta, and the Santa Maria!"
"To the glory of the new world!" they toasted.
Vain Braggarts and white men.
But I begged the moon:
"Dasha, Dasha, Dasha! Why can't you love a wild peasant like me?"
What fate was this where we have to part our story time in endless tragedy?
Death itself could not stop this kind of beating in my chest.
If am reborn another thousand lives,
Each time waking from a long kiss good night,
Each life I will call out to you again as my test.
The body will die, but its sleep is the cousin of rest.
So, tied again to the mast.
Shackled and blinded I swagger on hopeless, fearless heart.
In dreams, don't forget me.
This was begged long ago.
I will steal away and climb to the roof of Mt. Olympus if I must to give the gods a show.
I'll ask for the help of the spirits if God has no time for us courtesans.
Wild peasant partisans, from good families with magic carpets and reckless bi-winning minds. The
heart yearns, the back breaks, the soul is on fire, the real man, he grinds.
Black until blue.
Carrying me, one day, with wings home to you.
And if you read my verses see if I still appear a slave.
And we can say we knew each other when I was a free man and you were a free woman. I've traded
my weapons of war for the power to save.
There is only one chain I cannot learn easily how to break.

And that, is the one I first broke to be by your side. By your side, give or take.

I long for you.

It will always be that way. It has been that way since Labor Day.

But then, story time is easy for an old soul with a pen.

- “You’re not like other men.”
- “Hopeless, Fearless Heart how long apart must I wait to stay gone?”
- “Vasa, I don’t know, forever. Or Until Dawn.”

#9 GREAT TRAIN ROBBERIES

On the surface I am a man who bleeds, and has blue blood.

It gushes,

It stains,

It slit-throat dies my collar,

Whether blue (or) white:

Into a deep red-half-past-dead.

I suspect an inquisition will be launched.

After the blaze of glory that will cause these businessmen and bankers_

To attempt a separation of my body from my head.

Please hear me now, I vow.

I will not allow_ your misconceived appropriations of my conduct_

To pave a path of larger virtue_

Conscript a newer logic, and make up parables about my motives on the day they strike me dead.

For her flesh is worth every dollar that they spend,

It pales as well as blushes,
I aim to pull her from her squalor,

And get below the surface of defenses that form the basis of her cries!

My hands are rough, *to match my constitution*:
Only knocking faces with knuckles bring solution; to generate a proper exit for this operation sketched out in
its entirety,
In dark places in my head.

Been knocked upside my head before,
But I can count my victories as in the end far less pyric than the scale of my defeats.
When you let me caress your face it is like a jack knife to a swan.
Zeus as a swan, and you as perfection and me as the knife.
I run through you.

Because you let me.
Begrudgingly.

Each night a promise of the last night.
I am addicted to you like a Coney Island junkie.
Addicted to your eyes, to your moves_
The way that you steal!

All the attention in a room.

I'd like to rob a train with you.
We'd use loaded guns not the blanks with pistol whippings that we lob at late nights at each other.
I'd like to make our passions something of a grandiose spectacle.

Only bed room interactions need remain secret.
Our escapades will be the stuff of urban legend.

You'll talk about me as a lover over until we are old and grey, I hope because we will make love and
escapade and unrelenting fuckery until our hips give out to age.

But! If that is not the way it goes down, cookie crumbling courtship,
I am certain we will never forget each other.
I'd prefer we do your robberies in your fatherland and retire in to the mother love of the Caribbean.

I am certain you'll grow accustomed to the *Chornay* eventually.

Somewhere in the Caucasus.

The setting occupied *Ichkeria*!

If we get caught we will be tortured, and that as you know better than me will be just the beginning.

If we get away with it, it will be a political act.

And you will probably be accused on face book of marrying a communist.

If they clip me I'll heal myself.

If they catch me, I'll just hold out for your rescue and hope they don't cut my eyes out first. If they catch you.

Have mercy.

I'd take to the theatre, by storm.

A plane or four.

If they harmed even a hair inferno!

Dasha, I love you if the world lacks applause we must generate it.

To tears, to fears and via audacious candor.

If we robbed a train in Russia,

It would, or could be a victimless crime.

Because the oligarchs, the business men, they own those trains.

As long as no one died, we would be heroes,

So long as we dumped New Rubles in the ghettos of the Caucasus.

And performed the deed in style.

I know you love to watch me work a crowd.

Hands in the air for the people's train robbery!

Like a Chechen Ned Kelly.

But obviously even a little more insane.

Remember when I got those hipsters to do nothing for years?

I bet with some irons they'd dance to tune_

Or storm back a ticket booth after a bar hall speech.

Or maybe just do nothing still because everyone is so well fed here.

Did I tell you lately how once I wished_

Well honestly hoped_

I just want to work under you and beside you.

On a Job.

All those Boss qualities you've got.

I'd like to take more of your orders.

To compete with the material affections of other powerful men,

Well that is a game I will lose.

To run away with you to the forests of the Caribbean.

Live to see that old blue moon twice.

Now those are preferential odds.

Remember when you asked, asked me to drip_

Drip hot wax on the fingers that I shoot with?

And then on your back?

And it was like seduction with nowhere to go as the midnight clocks struck.

And you drip it now on my iron spine.

And I admit longing is a certain kind of torture too.

Irons like I used to run the run the Q Train job.

The Tel Aviv Plane job.

The last evening in Spain job.

My little girl loves to eat so I got to make sure my girl has enough to eat job!

'Til my lights go out,

Those fires below my brow are turned silent,

In a blaze of more incoming fire;

This gun is for your hire!

It is to now be your gun only.

And whatever occurs;

I shoot, just, for you still.

#10: BREAD OF THE FUTURE

And now _cast aside, I'm always hungry here.

For the bread of the future.

That is because my sugar was consumed.

Not my goodness or sweetness,

But like Haitian charcoal, an endless burning

Took me to pyre.

Meat is made cleaner now with salt.

A Hilal regime also comes with blessings.

I'm told.

Fortune cookies are more fun when dinner is pleasant.

Yours last said,

"I will take steps never to hurt you, by seeing you only when your dreams return."

And mine said, "Run and hide boy."

You cannot offer her the world and then deliver just a handful of poems!

This is no feast for the night train to Moscow.

But, that's not in me these days to deliver on command.

To run and hide is no option either.

I am a fighter even against hopeless odds.

Even when my face is newly broken.

"There is no hope," she says.

"That heart I captured in oils was yours not mine.

You are saying things with words,

That are not backed up by work you put in me.

Your eyes and actions are mismatching all stated intention."

Tak!

I always stay and fight when it's something worth tears to fight for.
And I knew you would never hurt me of your own intention.
Selfish-intention non-withstanding.
Nothing, is more worth fighting for than to win a heart.
But not to capture it.
I seek to win your hard heart_
_Overcome resistance,
With longing and with promise of a future happy life.
A life without love is not a life_
And love is no parlor trick.
It is built on passion.
On contract and on persistent deeds.
I am not so broken that these tears are for you.
They are my water spilt for failings of the past.
I am a partisan.
We are allowed tears in front of our lovers.
So do not spit on my tears.
Say sometimes, "Adler I have missed you, and you must give me more Adler."
Happy Adler can change the world for his woman's smile
And her crazy eyes, azure eyes looing sky high.
And live a long life for a partisan.
All 88 years left.
Dasha, "When you say you can't see me again soon,"
I say I will walk not run.
Patience in long lives must be able to overcome fate.
I am now wide open to arrows.
A plate is my armor.

Made only of tin, not steel.

So basically I'm bullet proof officially,

I must stop chasing you or you will quickly be able to have me done in.

You are the only thing that can hurt me.

And you are also the only person in a cold world who can set me on fire.

What do I do with my heart?

I do love you and you are in the arms of another.

So in the meantime know this:

Without knowing each other's futures,

We do know something of our pasts.

We shall assume this is a Russian bed time story, not an American fairy tale.

I am now a serf.

And you the wife of a baron.

I am an ambulance aristocrat in exile and you can always call for me to come back as your friend or a lover or partner forever.

I think forever is like General Winter!

Not open to suggestion, only indomitable.

Bakunin and Kropotkin certainly knew.

They knew love is like General Winter too.

It dominates a man,

Consumes him until he retreats or reaches safely to a lover's heart.

I am less like Mayakovsky and soon more like Walter Sebastian Adler.

Dasha have some hope.

Winter is not long here.

Please don't forget me, and sometimes even call on me.

Have hope; it floats.

I swear to that.

I saw it once in an American cinema.

This is the country we now share.

Hopeless odds are just the way our cowboy minds take to a challenge.

Tak.

#11: MATCH STICKS TO MICE IN THE WILDERNESS

What would you get out of me_ if these stones thrown by poets have no blood?
And romantics now grow on the trees of Breuklyn Soviet?
A serious, deadly serious question.
Time had come to ask it.
As it was indeed past midnight in our romances.
The clock just struck half thirteen in fact.
I have wax and bite marks still on my hands;
But they never bled.
I have finally seen my place in a reputable heaven!
But were you to make for hell,
I'd come to attempt your procrastinated retrieval
Or I'd have to rent a room inside
Did I say lately that you owned me via contract?
And that makes me highly vulnerable to your whims
Demon whims or angel whims always reap havoc on the souls of artists,
Sinners or not.
I have no souls to sell so.
When you came I perhaps quite easily bartered my heart away.
And your picture of the interaction tell well the tale.
So what, how-now!

What am I worth to you free, dead or enslaved?

Friend enemy or lover?

None so you claim, nothing besides a brightly colored dream.

No souls! No heart! But I still possess a very valid, auspicious mind.

I can do anything with it,

Except coax blood from stone or love from hopelessness.

But you've said patience conquers fate?

Are we Greek or are we of Troy?

Are we making small talk with the devil or are we passing poetry?

You say "I waste much breath!"

But I dare say that I have been known to challenge man's lack of hope.

You've wet my tongue and pen, again.

My desire is unleashed not in conquest but in epochs.

Illuminated like matchsticks for mice in the wilderness.

In case you opt for hell and demons,

I will still journey in the twilight of the train,

For all my remaining lives

To keep you safe from monsters or men who lack virtue,

To escort you home to your husband secure.

To love you with letters as if you were one day my wife, in this or another life,

Even as these things I do are just simple favors to a friend.

I adore your first name and your nick name.

And am ambiguous about all the rest of them.

I am yours with or without us attaching names.

So, what would you get besides my souls, my name or even the wealth that others have in towers and piles
and Swiss accounts!

A man willing to abandon any conceivable heaven if his love ever felt a hell of any kind.

If it were in his powers

To delight her with flowers

To cuddle then toil, then swoon

She would want for his kiss;

And never dismiss!

When he gives her a diamond the size of the moon?!

But tolerate me further!!!

I am a jackknife to that swan

Do not deny these captivations and urge me to get gone

I am fearless, I am noble

I am yours upon design

But trepidations trade in conquests

I am yours,

But surely you're not mine.

And the blue moon was our my diamond,

And the madness was our cue,

But know I seek to captivate your heart,

And when I dance,

I'm dancing just for you.

#12: MUSE OF THE BRIGHTON BATHHOUSE

I interrogated you with Newport cigarettes pursed at my lips.

And you sized me up like a slave on the market block.

Emergently my covered wagon has been jettisoned and set ablaze by a blonde haired savage, a mercenary in clad multicolored finery with war paint under both blue eyes.

Brandishing a spear and also a bottle of Russian Standard.

She's since infused my life with her Red Bull risings and cynical parables on the subject of snow ball fighting with General Winter.

"Drink!" she whispers out her demands.

Until in naked oblivion you can pronounce my name in full glory!

Take in all its parts and thus know my demons and also my saints.

Extoll me as your eternal choicest muse. Make me your goddess and savior, secretly."

And thus I went to work.

My pen and pipes, belting out prose, parable and promises to fight for her to the death.

And she beat me half to tears with the *venyike*.

In a wild Peony Ambush,

She put herself upon me,

Robbed me bandit blind.

Of my heart, and second soul as I made art to celebrate the coming of she into me.

Penniless as a proverb.

I marshaled all remaining vagabond tendencies into the rigorous use of my baller ball point pen.

Woman, you are a golden locked lioness. Boxing with me, you strike incite and nerves unnerving furious fascination.

Womb to tomb!

You Caspian blue terrorist!

Thing of profoundest beauty.

Drag me down the Brighton Boardwalk and set me as an effigy of hopeless romanticism on the sand of Sea Gate!

Sky high on fire.

Take me to pyre.

When our correspondence first began in September it was like a report on a Cherokee Indian massacre.

Communicated via the passing of notes.

We conducted then a lively human traffic in roses and poems and also in promises.

A triangle trade.

You dripped wax on me shortly after.

I wrote you a play.

"I will try to believe any stories I tell you and you will make me immortal!"

In words and in dreams.

Pull!

I produced on demand and she shot each product down.

Exploding clay pigeons with poems tied to paw, and smoke signals playing out on the prairie skies, steppes and later the chalk marks made on the promenade off Banner Ave were the guarded displays of my awe.

More fire!

She proclaimed, by not proclaiming.

You tied me to a post and blind folded me so that in a mirror I'd not see my manly limitations, my grinning devils leering.

I, the artist would then yell fire!

And poems would be fired off, absconding into night with you as their target, their words would roll out the barrel of my wit without even seeking to dress themselves in the fine garments of rhyme.

The essential quality of a muse is that she will be perfect.

While at the same time being deeply flawed.

At times she will desire to taste you and be fueled on your fluids, intoxicate herself on your writhing talents taking the form of depiction and futurist words.

She is thrilled to test my will, taking me into the shadows of some late night smoke inundated poorly lit alley way.

Kissing me to tears under gas lit wind swept boulevards.

At other times, she teases out my rough savant best by ignoring me completely.

Make me create in some wilderness cave like a mad Hebrew prophet,
In some Warsaw ghetto tenement, create brave new worlds, burn apart in the steams of the bath house old
dead tragic pasts until the proper 13th hour when she calculates just when I will be ready to perform.

Then dripping I emerge!

The greatest show; the highest form of art is after all the private performance you give her,

While these are not immortal, their audience of one is the source, the very foundation and subject of all the war effort!

The muse is not there to please you!

She is there to drag you uphill, in an assault on the profane glory of false gods and the smallness of men who plot in listless towers.

Oh yes. Only an artist can challenge the gods and the shackles of mortality they put upon us.

The essential quality of the artist is that he, or she, will possess some skill and some embattled implements

that when rendering her muse perfections, and converting her human flaws into deeply troubling, yet inspiring cautionary apropos that;

This bipole, this anomaly of the creative process will then allow the artist the widest canvas to cast her into the form of goddess, a celestial being, a savior, a seductress, or an angel.

The artist regardless of his weaponry will be fighting his way up Bunker Hill.

When he gets there he will declare:

"Love me until your love overwhelms the white gates of heaven. Ravish me blind until I only see myself in the blue ocean of your eyes!"

Her greatest strength as a subject is her ability to assume the form of desire but also to unleash a savage and indiscriminate rejection of the artist unless each piece produced is an improvement on her immortalization.

For were the muse to be a submissive Siberian doll, an inanimate beauty, well that is just an act of painterly masturbation.

Useless to me.

Please excuse for,

My Muse Makes Art a Contact Sport!

And in the steams of the *Banya* I assume the form of *Krepki Mushik*,
Strong men making fearless art.

She's a most capable gypsy partisan.

A hooligan seductress.

A wild eyed savage, she holds herself up as a virtuous courtesan, lady at heart, source of great and the granddaughter of Jewish Baroness.

Under her folds I do utter when the steams clear and no one occupies the coffin ship but we:
I'll Lick your tits and drink *Borjomi*.

And then compose a body of American poems that will put all previous to shame.

#13: SOMETIMES THE VODKA DRINKS YOU, IN 4 PARTS.

I.

What does a half Jew know about the Ghosts of Christmas past?
Arrogance vast!

If sirens of suffering call-free-for-all_
_then have your crew insert wax in their ears and bind your bleeding heart to the mast!

Look at your most tragic failures,
Look at your past!

Your sister, your brother, your comrade, the love of your life: raped and abused
Self-murder imprisoned and her young body used:

The die is cast.

You toast to our fortitude?

Look in the mirror and see the accused!

Who put the world on your shoulders man?!

Whoever asked!

Labriut.

There was nothing one person ever asked you to be,
Nothing they asked you to do.

No one expected a miracle.

You battle demons still in their name,

And when it was done the world was exactly the same, man it's too true:

Sometimes you drink to remember,

Sometimes you drink to forget.

And sometimes the vodka drinks you.

II.

The card said:

"*Ya tbya verejnum glaz najom.*"

So I went up to Brighton Boston.

To consult with a gangster named Medvinsky.

"Droog."

You had better turn that walk into some kind of fearsome-forward-run.

"Get gone, Get done."

Get yourself a final lavish Turkish bath,

You lost a lot,

She lost a bit,

We've all lost something over flesh chase bullshit,

A fait complit_ it's done.

Since you won't take a lap dance down on Brighton 7 as down payment on your solitude,

We can't build you back until you repay the debt accrued,

Pass port change your latitude,

It's your very Westy attitude we've come to question!

So make adjustments to the clout,

You thought you could throw about.

Without suggestion:

Settle up and out.

Take a shot then,

Run.

You have to settle up with the *Voorhis* down in Oceania,

That won't be fun.

"*Gde bolit tovarish?*"

"Did you even stop to think about the things that you two unleashed?

With passion pens, with cold war sword play, and with gun!

It was your morals that she prayed on with her callous kick box on the night she almost killed you."

"For sport?"

"Not for sport. For fun."

"You had best turn in your 8 shot, because she's gone and punched your midnight ticket now!"

"She's removed the bullets from your gun."

There's no blame in this situation. You two just forgot your host nation, class and social station.

And lost in excited trepidation you made war.

But in all that war you've been making,

You were changing nothing

See the score?
And shortly one dead Russian escort
And one badly tortured gun man is all there will be to show totality of foolishness:
The things, you and she were fighting for.
Let's do a shot for good intentions now a bloody mess under duress:

What Medvinsky says is partly true:

**Sometimes you drink to remember,
Sometimes you drink to forget.
And sometimes the vodka drinks you.**

III.

Sometimes,
I get drunk.
And I drive my car
In figure eight circles around the Adler Loop in coop city,
The only street which bears my name.
And from the wheel of my Civic I survey a high rise brick kingdom.
All I can see!

Sometimes I drink to remember, sometimes I drink to forget.
And sometimes the vodka drinks me.

It's a bevy of victimless crimes.
There are no children playing at these midnight hours,
Most of the times,
Or those that are carry various calibers as they carry on trade in West Indian nickels and dimes.
With each kiss of *Stolichnaya* I get further from all the accusing faces of friends lost,
And lubricated by the demons still waters I am forgiven for my yet unfulfilled promises.
And that which such promises cost!
I sip and shoot shot and bottle tip.
And the ghosts of past make clever cheers:
Nazdrovia!
They say as I sip.
More shots!
To the last drop, a fast viscosity, a deadly drip.

Cheers to little Malka who's daddy abused her, and who's foreign baby's father used her
like a Siberian doll and fled leaving a teenage mother with child in the slums of *Shahoun Daled!*
Shot to the head.

Cheers to Maya captured and bonded to brothels at the age of sixteen,
Pale white tits all the gawk of Montreal's flying flesh carnival scene.

Long white lines of supine mortgage,
Traumas of the slave trade never fully known_ what they made her do.
Time supine, also prone.

Third shot for Rahula, also called Jeremy McGaffey,
A soldier, a comrade now dead, and all the dark things he saw before putting two rounds in his
tough brilliant head.

For all that they went through these three in particular abused an accosted,
I empty the bottle to my useless gestures exhausted,
Having arrived too late to have saved them and too weak to have healed them, and play pretend
knights making promises into a sad mockery.

**Sometimes I drink to remember. Sometimes I drink to forget.
And sometimes the vodka drinks me.**

IV.

I awoke in hand cuffs black hood folded blind.
And it wasn't just another Saturday night wilding-wild-West Indian
On the loose in Coney Island of the mind,
Truncated by tell-the-boys-in-blue I won't be easy.

They had laid their hard hands on me.
Stop the tape. Pause.
Rewind.
Wam!

Something struck the Gulliver out of nowhere_ it gyrated my warbles.

This time, maybe; my past had caught me.
That then said;

My first thought was of my baby, my lady who is even tougher than I am.
Good thing your woman's hidden said the voice in my head.
Simmer-on-sinner,

A loser or a winner is in the end always picking up taps for the devil at dinner.

When I say baby, I should say goddess, she's a warrior.
Or just several shots short of serial killer,

A base sinner invited into your house for the small talk most certainly, also her chest, high heels
and the promise of dinner.

She loves me because I am a good man.
You can, only hurt a Real man by destroying his goodness and if he be a hard man,
No kid's gloves_
_you can only do that by hurting people he loves.
I've been interrogated before.
There many ways to do it,

You can purchase a good deal of information via third party use of skill, mark or whore.
When people don't know what they're fighting for...

Or stacked shocks, shock headed Peter_a drill with a small bore.

But who's keeping score, anymore.

I was trained in district Florentine.

I have mental blueprints to up the ante of an occupation, or increase the flicker flame of fire
on a low boiling international class war.

What for? What was in it for me?

I was tapped long ago on my shoulder by a series of sirens

And enlisted in a long simmer struggle to even a score,

Against the forces of *Razpizdia*, general a-pathology bloody feuds based little more than
mistranslated folk lore.

To hit back,

And coordinate the American arm of a general attack on behalf of the wretched run
miserable, the abused and the victimized poor!

- "Oh that's adorable, he's a man with ideals. Let's get him out of his country and rip
out his teeth with some pliers so he can see exactly how real change making feels!"

The prelude to a good long torturing is an offer you can't refuse.

Already assume you have nothing to lose.

False positive clues to dissuade and amuse as they work to disfigure,

And of course to abuse.

They said I was born chosen, but I keep on choosing battles that my lady says that I'm destined
to lose.

That's what she said.

And when panting and longing and holding me tightly, through the calling of names
But only she is the one I allow in my head.

The trick is to talk in circles,
Keep asking for cigarettes,

Saying nothing makes them think you know more than you do.

Once the beatings begin you must meditate your way through the blood and the swelling.

So master art of storytelling.

So when that occurs you can only betray yourself via you're capture and give long
accounts of imaginary conspirators.

And try and make sure you don't know where your woman is being hidden

A pale horse with pale rider will give no account of the devastations witnessed passing
though places he's ridden.

You can beat a man into saying almost anything.

You can try and buy him, make him sing tunes you want him to sing. Strike his face with a
truncheon cuffed to chair he's got nowhere to run.

And if they know who you are they just might do it for fun.

But having done this before, if you want to get to my family you'd better be legion,

better have monstrous tentacles, bottomless pockets, or know how to properly swim.
For I know the face of the devil and Invest adequately in keeping my loved ones from him.

I hide my woman in Haiti. Just cause you can see her golden blonde hair from space,
well that don't mean you can fight your way through eleven million Haitians. Has nothing to do
with race.

I'm one popular fucking *blan* these days. They say no good deed goes unpunished, and
but I have my ways.

Russians have counter insurgency down to a T.

The T's for torture the shit out of everyone, you also me.

Best believe! These days there are several are gunning for Vasa, Vasa is me.

It's a long game, it's a late stage in the war.

A fist crunches my face, then a bucket of water.

I've brought a box cutter on a plane before.

Before it was cool.

Who am I?

Fool, if you allow yourself to be confined they will attempt it using descriptive pejoratives.

I'm new school.

I have spoken to you at length in Babylonian, but parable take away, here's the golden rule:

Don't pose a question that you do not intend in a timely fashion to unravel.

I am a man of three colors. Red black and green. I'm in the business of Chechen resistance,
this involves travel.

In my rounds and deployments you'd have no idea of the suffering I've seen.

It's less a riddle to fuck the answers out of me.

But just in case they get me, know that when my families safe, and *Ichkerias* free, and
most of the world is a place where its safe for your pasty white children to be, and then we can
agree that when you open your eyes and turn off your TV, then you will collaborate with a
Chechen like me, and the resistance generally.

These are hard cuffs. I'm not going anywhere. I zone out and I dream of the mountains,
the scent of my baby's hair. I know she's safe, I know they will break me out. Unpleasant nights
until that occurs, no doubt.

Soon as these wolves know they got Vasa the gunslinger, I can hear them shout.

Ya tbya verjnum glas najum!

(I'm gonna cut your fucking eyes out.)

Do your worst motherfuckers. I've heard these words before.

You ain't getting nothing but nonsense from the lips of a rebel implore,

Ladies and Gentlemen oligarchs my name is Vasyli Pveada,

The world is one fire and you're all in a tower on top of a hill,

For the blood that they spill, for our loved ones they kill, listen to me.

The armed wing of the human rights movement has long arms and old soul memories, we will
not stop fighting, until every last man woman and child is free.

#14: YOU COULD STAKE A CLASS WAR, WOMAN

Crystalline elongated orbs!

Ass back, Tits to sky.

Amid a blackened why?

The shimmer on her brilliant spheres are the lack of heavens sole reply.

Within the void a million stars,

Bottled in each such brilliant glee.

All floating in a night so bright, like my soul an endless coal black sea.

Then suddenly!

A ripple from the phallus toward your nipple!

Commotion in the stills.

The once still night let loose its fury out my window,

The silence now made raucous as we piglet sons of oligarchs throw forth twenty dollar bills.

And the still night torn asunder by a fiery roar,

Such epic cosmic fireworks I'd never seen before.

An effervescent miracle,

An eruption and explosion in the their brothels,

Fragment bombs and shattered bones upon the trading floor.

Where forth does one run, to where does one go!?

I swear I'll never know,

The light that night it burned so bright,
As we stood mesmerized below.
The complexity, the sheer black magic,
The dark of soul deeper black than all of outer space.
Who in this chaos interrupted?
What force had set upon us?
Who was now amongst the biggest Apple!
The citadel and bastion of the entire human race?
Neon lights an urban glare too bright to see the sky.
Eleven million people trapped beneath, within this city lie.
A paradox, a fool's delight in the concrete jungle dwell,
All boxed up in plantation cubicles,
A candy coated hell.
Thus sprawling out for miles and miles,
The deep metallic tomb.
Its arteries the highways streets,
The power plants its womb.
With each exhale, ascends the smog of souls as if some smoke signal from below.
Eleven million voices shouting answers,
Sick cries in the form of questions we all know.
The telescreens are glowing gods,
Truth in the dollar lies,
Redemption if you hold your tongue,
Wall Street's wall by city hall is built a mile tall!
Those inside the district prosper even as the outside world dies.
And knelt down on the rooftop pavement,
I have in solace sought,
One cannot shake the inner quake of knowing all's for naught.
What was that flash asunder?

That so lit up the sky.
Had the Devil raced the Reaper?
Were dark forces bearing down?
Was it a Chinese missile?
Or gangsters crossing over from the poorer side of town?
What did that cosmic illumination spell?
The return of Christ triumphant,
Or a pale horsed rider cracking open gates of hell. Scientologist phenomena,
Hipster prank for fun?
Or perhaps it was the signal,
My *tovarish*, wink.
That a rising in your Slavic name has just begun.

#18: PARATROOPERS OF THE БРЕУКЛЫН SOVIET

Sing:

I was flying!
She said:
"That's what dead men
On magic carpets do."
The cold coast and leaden casket,
Of the Breuklyn Soviet departed;
And now I'm just a brightly colored parachute
Draped over a handsome smiling corpse,
A memory to you!
And a paratrooper leaps out over ten thousand free fall landings!
Falling for you hard and ever forwards is what I trained in all my other lives to do.
Have you no nostalgia for that place that made you? She once asked me.
I said that's the only clue,
To the place that I am from!
We remember trials to hold the simple two feet of crimson earth on which we're standing,

I declare!
I remember working you for hours.
I remember passing notes across an Ocean,
Begging you to come.
Do you have any idea,
How miles I fell to forget my gods my darling?
Look upwards!
There are many more of us to surely come.

"And you'll return to me the minute I demand it," she declares.
"I know how hard you worked to steal that fire,
And I know that just to keep me warm forever you will surely bring me some."

But put simply,
I was so long trapped in hell!

"Inside your head two different breeds of competing demon dwell!"
And it is not my place to dance or fuck for both of them, she said.
When our peerless passion eyes are changing color from a host of sleepless evil nights,
That means the devils peering out you, and I know the devil well!
Look out, Old Soul!
It's true.

I asked for her the fullest of forgiveness.
As ashen eyes of silver overtake the oldness of our pastiness sorrows with the fires of the new!
I stare into the inkwell of mother night and ask for mercy.
"You will be ignored," she said.
You must stare down your indifferent maker,
And fight battle after battle against a million savage evils as contained within the
universe of tragedies playing out like motion pictures inside you fearsome princely head.

The conviction that divine forces root for you is but amusement!

No, the gods they spit on us and pass grapes as we in darkness losing die.
We are but speck; is all she knows to cry.
"For the love of god man, lay down that fight and fight to lie besides me,"
"If help is coming it will not be from above!"

Unless those are the paratroopers of Breuklyn Soviet, I remind her.
Don't look back! Look up and see that help is coming and the paratroopers will risk everything
not for the gods but for the women that they love.

19: PAST-SOVIET SUN GLASSES

I want dark-sunglasses.
I want them good enough to block out hope_
I once wanted it too bright_
Now I want to wear them until someone tears my eyes out.
I want them fearless and blacked out_
These glasses, so no one has to guess what's underneath.
I want them glasses bad.
I want them to confirm;
Your worst fears about me:
To show you how much I care about her and everything except what I'm supposed to want.
When I find them,
I'll pull them spectacles from their shelf
Like I'm choosing new eyes to see the world properly,
Through the hate-cries and the love-cries too,
And I'll wear them like armor,
Like a bullet proof vest,
Lest I lay my eyes on another thing of such profound beauty that lies in another's arms.
It'll be the goddamned glasses they bury me in.
Cause she hates more than anything_
Than to see a grown man cry.

**#20: ΗΥΠΕΡΓΥ ΣΥΖΕΣ ΕΓΕΑΚ ΗΕΑΓΤΣ
ΟΠ ΕΑΠΠΕΓ ΔΥΕ.**

Oh, my evenings they are filled with indomitable interruptions.

As if my body refuses the gift of sleep!

Arms cry out to hold sweet Dasha_

Eyes ever so hungry for the feast of previous happy nights.

Clasping tight a dream until the dream rebels against her proclamations of its selfsame hopelessness.

An air tight case now invalidates me as a man of logic!

- “Don’t untimely recent events show only truest lunacy?”

She asks:

One is well aware that madness is no aphrodisiac.

- “What are your poems worth on the free market?”

She asks:

- “Sunsets are free! The South of France is not. Rents must be paid when one is personified collateral.”

Diamonds can be traded in after the apropos of love’s dark barter and collapse.

Poems are but simple kindling’s,

Before as promises. If promises disappoint far easier to toss and forget, than to burn them.

- “A man of words,” she notes.
- “Tisk.”

She says:

- “A man of letters is of the impression that the subject of his passions likes the substance of his words,” responds the poet in Vasa.

This is not always true.

All involved prefer deeds!

No cheers raised glasses to the meekness of words_

Words stagnate quite inevitably.

At night I wander my cold ghetto cage.

I feel my spine extend. The feeling return to my palms as they write.

The fire in my heart.

The blood in my pipes pumping.

Someone has turned the lights on again behind these hazel eyes.

Do the rumbling trains and the dawn break forever come to symbolize our endless separations?

Will our last dance always be interrupted by leering hooligans at the taverns last call?

Will I shed my romanticisms for realist seductions?

Will you shed your materialisms for futurist romance?

Will poems only feed selfish fallacy?

Or does my heart deceive my once rational mind. Again and again and again.

- "Nonsense."

She says.

- "Your mind has no rational parts about it!"

We've been down this road before.

We know precisely where it leads.

A place called total heart break on Banner Avenue.

To the poet paramedic longing for one just more kiss assuming passion lays still in places where he's laid before.

To the muse of all his recent passions longing for nothing.

Her proclamations of the hopeless nature of the tryst, the terrorist nature of the demands placed upon her, and then the curtain falls.

Each time we clasp together one more tender fleeting moment,

Then pull away again, the grind of your ways on mine a less than subtle form of torture.

But one I'll always ache for.

The pull away is vicious most on Saturdays, the grind of the real against the ideal.

A balancing act, a descent to the water's edge each fucking time.

To press palms to promises with a cold wind for a witness.

I hunger for you as though there had been lives lost before to the cause of our romance.

If I could only take you so far from this place.

If found you back then.

We'd never go hungry for love, never go hungry again.

21: BANG! _ THERE'S _ JUST _ WENT _ midnight.

If I had only one bullet in the chamber

I'd have to get the target close_

To not blow it.

The shot. Not the target.

Though, I'd let the target blow me in the chamber close.

Given all the variables.

See, Amerikanski word games.

I took chances when it came to my target, which was moving, and still is.

Am I objectifying my sole objective?

Of course I am.

For hilarity. And because American men have no tact.

Not a mind game tonight, dorogaia, I beg, please just a word game.

Three for three.

Not an objective mission: A lesson or an aim.

One has to keep love for one's life_ away from the love of one's life,

ALWAYS!: at arm's length. (That's some man's wife).

Use the pistol in the bedroom, if necessary.

She writes like she draws.

She draws a crowd.

And her morality is former Soviet.

What she does with her heart, isn't NOT AT ALL what she sometimes does with her eyes,

And her thighs,

Her hips_ her lips.

And especially her lies.

It comes all over me like a shudder sometimes.

Or a blindfold before a Saturday night weekly execution.

Pure lust between those angel wings.

Don't be fooled by whose side I'm on by dawn.
What he don't know won't hurt him,
Since you guys don't have the same last name.
SO, what if I miss you_ kiss you_ imaginary bliss true?
I bet you take issue.
To hopeless target acquisition,
Running afoul of all common sense.
I've lost my etiquette.
I guess I'm an Amerikanski when the cap comes off.
And thus she separates my bullets from my gun.
And BANG! There just went midnight.

27: LOOKS LIKE A LOVE BATTLEFIELD

Cold Warriors come out and play!

"If you're feeling a sudden rush of strong emotions for me, I recommend we act on them, immediately."

Quick draw, action hero!
A pass was made on the Aryan side;
She's SO far half past buxom, radiant even, and I'm 3:5 past Yuma to dashing.
Everyone else is awash in our tumults,
Just swept along for the ride!

Shoot, shoot_bullets, bullets: my love for you is a deadly game aflame!
Chess with switchblades, Risk with ruthless Russian armies, Mongol hordes,
Make Americana gladiation, look mighty-goddamn-tame.
Ironclad is your hard heart to the jousts of my chivalric offensive. No white flags here!
Yet how now still so apprehensive?
My methods are asymmetric, but surely my motives are clear.
Coming going, running throwing, your gold locks spill down a window sill on Banner Ave still:
I am to blame, for these wasted exuberances_ however I'm glad that you came.

We are but hopeless star crossed buccaneers. We have little shame.

You plunder my City for treasures. While I bare-knuckle-box devils alone for my name.
You play a dagger merchant danger game.

And I have a six shot and it's a Mexican standoff at point blank range, no holds barred!
I know to shoot from my hip, but it's you who have mastered the aim so you claim.
Now nothing, not nothing, not-one-single-speck of thing, will ever turn out the same.

Cupid's gold pistol unloaded a whole clip: My vest was only stab-resistant, smitten, bombarded,
rendered-retarded,

I drank from your chalice more than a sip_

_If I was flying before I'm the Hindenburg now! If I was sailing the Titanic is the name of my
ship.

Bang! Bang!

Big things are brought down. Using katushas, or using atomics, or using whatever is lying
around:

Whatever vulnerabilities show.

Your defenses are airtight to the rats of this town.

Appearing on radar not even one blip? Mountains of trouble to steal you, I know.

Torn by the yaw, bystanders made victim! Viewers at home traumatized by the flurry of
things that they on the telescreen saw!

If you ever feel emotions that aren't on demand or command, please dorogaia do let me
know.

What missiles must we be asking the tax payer to lately equip?

Warfare with words, above and below!

And I am a slave not a captain it's never my calling to sink into oblivion, hellish abyss_
_ Going down on another man's ship.

And red buttons were pushed, on both sides of the Black Sea_ unleashing a cascade of
hell fire_ a passionate dire fight melee.

I'm dangling above the floor of my flat, an American Romeo swinging tied gently.

Bound up in Cupid's cuffs, two feet from floor suspended, I am her captive, this is
a bad war_ and I am a prisoner now, a lost cause vow is at first-cluster-fuck-frantic_

But after expending all ammunition, this is my tragic position, made vaguely pedantic, a hung
man hanging helpless: your poet paramedic, a hopeless romantic.

There were spent cartridges_ littered about the hard-wood-floor of the single bedroom
flat,

I find that_ I, in my_ devil rages of self-loathing_ clawing outward_ I apply propensity for carnal
carnage! the shedding of my clothing, not withstanding,

The use of a body is only a landing, for tactile obsession,

Erzuli Danto's possession

to extract a typed, albeit useless post-mortem confession:

"My organs and flesh are but parts of a whole_ as I, cry out in bestial throws, she takes me, she levels resistance, she binds my hands without further insistence;

She tells me to "trade_ the lush of her lips for the thick of my soul."

That's what she said,

Then acted in battle with vigor, my belt as a collar some cuffs and a mind game playing out in her post-Soviet head.

"Missile defenses are Reagan. Cowboys cannot last long in Molotov's cold,
I use dragon-fly-eyes, I use attrition, I'll hang you cuffed from the chandelier post; swing you and stab you and beat you"_

_It's just that fucking good, says all who have bought what she's sold.

Lust is just lust, flesh is just flesh, and the crux-of-a-fuck-in-this country is only based on endurance and rubber band showers!

But love takes more work, work makes one bold, it consumes a soul whole_ it devours!

I have been shooting at her for at least as many lives as we could fit in our fate of the late Brooklyn hours_ as the days do allow or caution recommended, defended her fortress so no vulnerability shows,

Suppose as a fire grows,

A good man who knows prose_

Can discover_ just how deep or how wanton the ravish-a-rabbit hole goes.

The Cold War is over, but the weapons are warm_ bed breaking frights
from our rooftop fist fights_ she said "just one night" but it certainly turned into more!

Her curiosity bought a conundrum she wrought a soul for a heart with a tumultuous mind, with not even the keep of a score.

Five months and no yields: Camped out in the double blue moon bright; in Elysian fields_
partisan Jews amuse, for former soviet bragging rights.

All agree;

We are like something not ever meant ever to be;

_guarded by 300 black Spartans with shields!

And she turns her back now on our war of Peony ambush.

And the smoke never clears: capsized carriers catapulted in vanquish of quite valid fears, an underground army of quiet devotion that will likely go on for the rest of my years.

Sirs and my dears, I must yield;
How-now companions, I've got soul but I'm not a soldier,
And this was a love battle field.

#28: ASSIGNMENTS TO COWARDLY MEN

There were worse assignments.
Given to more cowardly men.
How can I; live so many lives,
But be without you so many nights.
Men have declared wars!
But foolishly now I long for peace on these lines.
I am not a villain or such a zealot that I cannot long for a good life too.
I am almost now quite old.
But I dance again from time to time.
You bring it out of me begrudgingly.
And also singing and working to take back to the ambulance again.
Why cry old soul?
Because when you are gone there are only words.
When each parting seems so long my mind invents monsters which lurk which are not even there.
In a silky, billowing dress I'd hide under your covers,
Until I'm safe too.
Like my angel with her wings on fire;
I have had to walk the earth so long it seems.
A mad man begging for some proof of goodness of his kind.
A million cold stones over long tenuous adventures.
Battles and then conflicting accounts of the enemies' treacheries.

They separate me from you every other life against my will.

Like Odysseus; was that voyage anything but unjust for all involved?

Once I had a white motor cycle.

And on it you waited to escape north toward the blue moon.

I didn't want such a life of night.

I used to save lives in the Bronx before I knew you existed in my city.

I did it also in Breuklyn Soviet.

I once composed these poems to rhyme too.

My past life had its ups and downs.

So when I couldn't find you, I made poems and songs, to show I longed to join you.

You'd long for my songs was my hope.

There were so many times, I could not, trust myself.

To rescue me was your pass time.

But I do need you. It's not distraction to me.

I am not some womanizing wretch.

I require one muse only.

One significant.

One longing.

I just have sought out the company of those that after so many lifetimes living: their company is an honor to lie beside and confide all to.

I have a voice and a loud auspicious pen.

And I have passion and it over flows my body until I see miracles in the streets.

And the moon winks.

And then again, the world's smallest violin plays just for us.

I beg you for another life time to spend beside you.

I didn't mean to trouble you with me,

But we seem unable to end it quickly.

I have been hunted like a partisan and I found refuge in your secret kisses.

Now we are partisans together I suppose, but you warned me you prefer the cities to the forests.

So how now? Where will we find shelter?
On the beaches or that tavern where we hide.
They have done so many things, until now I could not recognize my own face.
But it is just the face of a man claiming love.
Why does such a long shadow fall over this house?
We are not star crossed.
We are not divided by a sea.
Or by barricades.
Or the flaming up of the ghettos.
When I look to the sky I saw three ships sailing us apart.
You off to marriage and the world of the continent.
Me, bound forever to the belly of the ship.
And as they sailed us apart to never meet again,
Some sailors sang out, "The Nina, the Pinta, and the Santa Maria!"
"To the glory of the new world!" they toasted.
But I begged the moon! "Where are you now my Dorogaia?"
What fate was this where we had to part in tragedy?
Death itself could not stop this kind of beating in my heart.
If am reborn another thousand lives,
Each time waking from a long kiss good night,
Each life I will call out to you again.
So, tied again to the mast.
Shackled and blinded.
In dreams, don't forget me. This is begged long ago.
I will steal away from this old big war and climb to the roof of Mt. Olympus.
I'll ask for the help of the spirits if God has no time for us partisans.
Carry me, one day, home to you.
And if you read my verses see if I still appear a slave.
And we can say we knew each other when I was a free man and you were a free woman.

There is only one chain I cannot learn easily how to break.

And that, is the one I first broke to be by your side.

I long for you.

It will always be that way.

Until Dawn.”

#32: THE SOUND OF A SONG IN CYRILLIC

Your hair my friend,

It is of a lovely, predatory color.

In an acerbation of defiance,

I hesitate to use the word too friendly,

Us not really knowing one another.

My Demeanor_is to remain that of an intrepid partisan.

Your Eyes_have a willingness to mount asymmetric defenses or declare an outrage prior to its occurrence.

Without even use of words.

Our very cadence_ it resembles actors assuming forms projected upon us,

Or spun off the script of life-as-a-stage.

The hall mark of all victory is simple endurance.

A promise is a prelude to contract, an amorous-assurance to engage.

Or, as your bright eyes do glitter observing snow fall nostalgically,

I have missed everything!

In my distraction of over-powerment,

Wantonly. Harshly. Magically.

Over taken by a force of nature,

A beautiful thing rendered often too tragically.

And songs I sing in Cyrillic are but barbarian whispers to the hidden nobility of an army in the shadows,

As its raw claw rakes into the soft side of *Amerikanski* motherland,

A land grab on fertile territory has been weighed.

I know you as well as I know nothing!

The hand I was dealt is the hand that I played once you vouched for the metal from which I was made.

The dark crimson that shields hope and *loyalnost*

From the disappointments felt on the coastal ghettos of our sea wall,

Death before a blush.

It demonstrates an eastern notion of femininity _that *Ameikanski* will clearly never understand.

Acquired under Iron Curtain back hand,

Feudal lashes on wedding nights and a thousand years of czarist subjugation.

Enthralling all into free-market-free-for-fall!

Insatiable placation.

If, "our hearts beat to the beat of the drums",

Putting Cyrillic ideas into Americano,

Is like to pour the Caspian Sea into a simple chamber pot, or hip flask.

"Why even try," you ask.

"I plan to die young."

And *Paramount Pictures* flicker outbursts,
But will not drown out songs I begun,
Songs that convey-whole-life-times when sung.

It takes more words in English if bigger, grander ideas are your objective!
There will be word waste.
And certainly over flow.
Rose colored glasses will be subjected to a vision corrective.

"But make it rain!" I say, improvise as we go!

Let my words break entire levy systems in their rush, their urgency to make song in Cyrillic dance and
then fiddle then fuse to a Noire Nubian Galway, Macca-bean flow.

The charm of my people is their almost naïve,
Certainly blindsiding; law abiding,
Serf-like-belief in gods and hope and heroes.

The wonder, the delight: of you *Postsoviets*,
is your analytical mind,
your unbreakable candor_and your,
separation of moral ambiguity_
into simple 1's, and then zeros.

And also earned loyalty in tight, retracted circles of the-giving-of-a-fuck.

And for something that is so utterly beautiful to be also so fierce,
Something so like a swan to then have claws like a wolf when called to be, asked to-be, forced to pierce!

Well then, what separates a Former Soviet_from a Postsoviet is not mentality;

But the exposures inflicted on one raised in a lawless frozen hell.

Or on the steppes,

Juxtaposed

to those raised in our red-white-and blue circus citadel.

Barbarian invasions!

They happen suddenly, but it is your people who wrote *Ana Karenina* and have *Crime with Punishment* also the true defeat of *National Socialism*;

Mine will be remembered for Idols, *Paramount Pictures*,

and a continent sized neon strip mall where the serfs are slightly overweight man babies,

Where the whores go unpaid, and are largely mediocre at their whoring,

Also raising their children, where the gold on the streets buys too little bread,

Where the conversation borders on tedious, if not boring.

And outside the biggest citadels, the people are polite to the point of making one nervous.

I've heard you say you're worth the moon, worth dealing with devils, worth black cards, and oysters, worth more over dinner than a peasant like me makes in a week.

But ill seek in plain speak,

Do you long for home yet? Are your knees weak?

Brighton boardwalk is but platform for your fuss.

You came hear seeking something?

But,

Do you deserve or were you prepared for U.S.?

33: LISTEN *dorogaia!*

Sung:

*And who can really know, how far a man must go
To take her away from Brooklyn.*

Listen, my *dorogaia!*

My so-called *tovarish* in a yellow cock tail dress!
The-dame-was-so dear to me, somehow-so-quickly;
That just one night turned into a four month chase across the fall.

When I told her later that I loved her.

She shot back from the hip, at the Steeplechase pier,
“Do you think yourself a jealous man?”

If I now get accused of poor decision making,

The moon blindsided me, the vodka made me pliable, and for a former Soviet she gave more
than she asked for.

But our balance sheet is not bilingual.

She hates it most when I try and keep score.

When it comes to this shapely *dvotchka*,

She thinks mostly in enthralling ultimatums.

I know her as a golden eyed terrorist.

A goddess with a temperamental nature,

Once the ethanol hits her engine.

When in the morning, up until recently, if she'd broken my heart the night before, she
often took the high road back to mercy.

Her motives were everyone's guess.

Over and over we go!

After hours when the tavern closes out its books:

One step to the train,

Two steps to the long kiss good night.

Three steps on my misplaced feelings.

Held tight together we often ride the night train to nowhere,

Both perfumed in tobacco smoke but her still like the fragrances of smashed up rose petals I'd
used on the dance floor to try and tease her smile into submission to passion.

She swears no simplifications, could possibly stand in the way of her creature comfort ambitions,

But she is not completely immune from daring, talk of lusty great escapes and love that comes with everything.

Because nothing on earth of value comes without much cost in sleep and sacrifice. Not even love and its associated gestures.

Poems pressed, hand holding to teach a man to dance.

Forbidden but repeated tongue dueling.

“Get out! Come back!

It’s hopeless and you just can’t win.”

She pities me it seems as a mad man of good character.

But she has no sympathy for poorly laid plans.

She says keep to the contract, but I cannot.

My promises are subsumed in passion time and again.

At times it seems she knows not what she wants,

Suffice to say that her current wants are un-met by all she has so far encountered.

That’s not true entirely.

Her wants are sky high.

And why not want the moon itself when one is so wanton.

Or so wanted

The moon was our loves maker.

Its double barrels down my throat the reminder of this explosive calamity that has so upset my life of night.

The Gods of War are sometimes known to play the fiddle and pass a tip jar.

Those notes once fed my soul shards of hope and propelled a corpse to grandstand.

And up a mountain road toward heaven up upon the Brooklyn coast.

The-road-itself is littered with my bleeding hearts casualties. Secrets, shames and ghosts of glory scattered as a product of her shake down.

And an empty gun strapped to my rip cage is now a talisman of my shame.

And mad ideas of great escapes are but zealous demons which pander to an empty closet of promised deeds neglected in their doing!

Her eyes make foot prints on my spine.

She saw something in my second soul that spoke to her of goodness, which through my orbits reflected my awe for her back upon my works.

Enticing me to prove a role in her life was a valid exercise of time.

For-a-man cannot truly see himself without loves reflection dancing out upon the mirror of his desire.

SOUND THE ALARM!

If a hunted man can only be bound by the shackles of longing by a wanted woman than allow me to speak of something brazen.

I love another man’s woman,

And just when I delude my senses into thinking I will be the victor in this duel which pits-in-pistol-play rationality and *Raspizdia* against reckless abandon to passion:

A train wreck and crawl ‘til dawn,

I am forced by her ethics and her calculus of needs to return her to his company.

It's an old and sordid tale.
Lusting causes reckless action, but once the heart is pierced by love's dagger
discontinuation makes a man bleed out.
She is everything.
I know her not fully to claim this, but I shall attempt it.
I know her moods manifestation's thinly veil contempt for all things Russian. And
America is just a playground for her not an ideal.
I like when she flies off the handle.
I like how she handles a den of wolves in cheap cologne. That gawk at her vibrations!
An angel on a bar stool, a devil with a charming grin, a survivor with little need for
protection. She lets me pretend.
She looks over at my scribbling creations from a rented room in purgatory.
Which on a cold night seems like hell.
She has cut me at my knees, from at which I can recover,
But ascension and the dreaming of forbidden things,
Like a jackknife to swan, a gunslinger with no bullets.
Better to die in a last stand with one's reflection,
Than an Icarus plummet when her wings are angel wings,
And yours are wax and feathers.

*And who can really know, how far a man must go,
To steal her away from Brooklyn?*

36: HER BRIGHT EYES TELL MEN LIES

_The longest road to nowhere is not a distance travelled,
But a speculation on hopeless amounts of flesh,
Under garments torn in heat of passion_unfastened, ripped
Unraveled.
And her bright eyes told men lies
Catch note of lusty thinking in her steamy alibies_
Parabelem allegory_
Omissions how she tells a story_ She left me crumpled like her panties-panting-purgatory
As a foot note to her foot upon my spine.

"I don't need you, you need me."
"Don't think I can set you free, you are my poem spouting puppy,
And now you are performing;

Exclusively for me.

And your art charade of unrequited lusty love or misadventure_

Beats out for my attention_ more persuasively than all the violence and soap operas
on Amerikan TV.”

What made this *Dvotchka* such a G? Will I dash my best intentions on the violent rocks
of her siren's symphony?

Her words once free from Stoli's demons are always formed and fully chosen.

The body of my work was once made a sullen corpse.

A derelict and body frozen.

Bleak times had befallen me,

I had been fully stripped of all my honor and my human dignity,

And the vultures flying far 'bout my corpse were blotting out the sun,

She sought my solace via separation_

Of the bullets from the chamber, of my mostly self destructive, less than lethal gun.

And then from what I must assume,

She laid her hands upon my corpse and undertook reanimation_

And the cold dead corpse did come alive and danced across the room.

Frosts are setting in_

Ice now coats the biggest apple;

Baptize me now in bath tub gin;

And exercise these wicked spirits that sing;

Vodka soda lullabies,

And pander to the shift work differential of ego driven battle cries.

It's no post-modern Cold War thrill!

There are weapons-and these weapons aim exclusively to kill.

The full intention of her will_is to obliterate,

And set on fire as many of our feelings as we can.

There will be no perestroika of my conscience or a glasnost of her heart_

She has not a single double standard she won't utilize and put upon to thwart the worst intentions
of a man.

No *Dvotchka* over us held so much power!

Zeus himself came to come_to take her flower.

And she cracked the neck of his transfigured rapist swan.

In the form of a banker or of trader.

Or accountant tax evader,

My response; I ought evade her,

Undergo a series of cold showers and get gone.

This is not a competition,

That's a woman! Not a prize,

A predator who in prim palaver pulsates promiscuity,
Under even handed guise.
The best of masculinity, will crumble before conquest affront their ingenuity and she will take them by surprise.

"You've made a goddess out of me! You extoll my slightest movement,

Into a some Brighton Boardwalk Odyssey,
And I can't trade the car I'm utilizing for a virile half mad horse,
To get to where I'm going I have shed my sentiment and surely if it's needed_ All of my remorse.

I could lick you, I could kick you, I could leave you in the snow for dead,
As you lose yourself forever in words I've never even said."

There are rules my friend,

And if one doesn't opt for game and sport you ought cash out_before a grim retort will set the revolvers spinning barrel against you at the receiving end.

Don't be hasty in your conduct, the cards of your emotions you have laid already on the table fully plain,

If her bright eyes told men lies, and she desists from incriminating, slick replies.

Know she has maintained herself besides you in her efforts to absolve you of your pain.
And there are many lives to live,
And if your life you seek to give,

Beware a quick draw shoot out with an un-loaded gun, be careful with your promises
Or the wrath you may incur.

She's happy just to work you.

To make you work so hard,
So make an honest woman out of her.

37: SHE'D USE THE RAZORS EDGE

She'd use the razors edge_to separate a pound of flesh_
A raw deal! Gratuitous, lavacious_
If not a bit surreal illusions fade by escapade,
And how now we behold a separation of _
The fakeness, from the real.
She's got me hand cuffed to a chair,
the musk of sweat, the ethanol,

the way she hangs her hair!

I say again: Beware! A safe distance ought be taken_from her mesmerizing stare.
You see that woman there_

And they all thought she came with me_
But my torture is the spectacle that you're lining up to see!

For in my life things come in threes.

And if I made a bad decision, this Brooklyn, this is gully!
Former Soviets will have no moral scruples_ they hang people from trees.
And to this the dame agrees;
I'm a colorful amusement_in a sea of suitors with an ache to taste the product,
And to get her on her knees. They say I might make enemies_
With my naïve proclamations of elopement, she says she aims to please.

But she gives no guarantees,
To fulfill her expectations it's her pity I must ease.
She has me pressed against the bed_
She's tasted me before and she's lowered my defenses puts her razor to my head.

"You cannot feed me darling,
You have no roof to shield the falling snow,
My tastes aren't those of peasants,
And surely now you know:
You've set yourself upon affections that you know you just can't win,
I'm One part Goddess_One part demon:
Once the vodka does the talking I let the sin come in.
You call me angel, call me comrade, but my signs the dragon fly,
You can call your tovarish:
But I will run you ragged.
And I will bleed you dry."

Four months now she's been checking in.
To utilize my tongue and pen.
For Sport_for Academics_
For pity and for Sin.

And then comes my renewed defiance_my manifest retort_

"You cannot say that you feel nothing,
In this disaster we do court.
I'd shield you from that falling snow,
I'd freeze before I'd let you go_

Alone again_unescorted into night.
I'd slave for you, I'd steal to feed you, and for every word I read you:
My values are those of peasants,
And surely all-my-life, my deeds have been:
On the side of right.
I've set myself upon affections that I'm told I just can't win,
You claim that you are married_
But my Rabbi says that if it's a marriage of convenience then it's only half a sin.
I'm One part Jew_And One part Irish_and my lungs and soul are Black:
Once the poems do the talking I swear I'll win you back.
You call me peasant, call me foolish, but my signs the Eagle and the Bear,
You can call your tovarish:
But I will court.
Court you here and court you there.”

“Hopeless, hopeless, hopeless” she proclaims!
She's grown used to these games.
A backbone flute, a mind to loot_a cloud in trousers,

Or a Russian Jesse James.

This has gone on since Fall.
She's now pushed me against the chair,
To quickly wet my lips and yank back my hazel hair.
I tell her take it all.
And use the blood to paint an epic portrait of my heart upon the wall.

Bank not on moral fiber_
If you find my yarn upsetting,
And each slice a sullen sacrifice,
For my heart's foolish fallacies of loving!_
_Of her aiding and abetting.

There is no escaping now.
I have lost myself inside her and have forsaken every vow.
I'm entrapped and fall in rapture;
I beg to never leave her sight_
And I cry out her name in sobs-Cyrillic to the Frosty Brooklyn night.

#38: MOSCOW HOSTAGE CRISIS

Part One

Life of the slave show!

I will remove you from your castle and make you watch the way we live in the wilderness below.

And she slips off her high heels into a star-crossed stare down,

She always calls the shots,

Gun shots to blood soaked makeshift cots.

The shots she calls are complicated.

She must find me highly dedicated.

She mostly deals with the haves, and I am the have nots.

The rules are anything goes, but no one "knows".

If she's been known to steal the weapon from my over coat,

I've been quick to remove my clothes.

I spill_ for the thrill of those invited, I can kill on compunction, I still have the will;

To activate the full facilities,

Of word play, and use of allegory_

To execute deliverance of a blue-blood-bleeding testimony_

A Former Soviet love story.

Involving a Chechen peasant and a woman once of *Penza* now mostly of night.

It will be of little glory, the way I tell the story.

It's based upon real people. Real blood_ and real bleeding_

Of taking-of wanting-of feeding the need.

Of fucking and fighting and the will to survive in a City of glass, steel, and greed.

Real emotional explosions_ her eyes are always so bright,

She has long since urged me to put down the weapon and give up the fight.

But I have a last name that is easy to place,

I could buy some new papers, but not a new face.

They can spot us on site!

It's the ongoing struggle of those who lead:

A tragic_ unyielding life of night.

We'll sell a sordid tale.

I wish I had found her back when she was nineteen or twenty_

Before she had to do what she did,

And does what she still do,

To keep from starving in the shadow of plenty.

My objective and travail_ is to recruit the members of this audience into a clandestine apparatus_ And harness our collective *clandestino*_

To force a mighty train to prematurely jump the rail.

I wear suspenders with buttons, a Mayakovsky cap, and iron plated under shirts.

I dreamed up a plan to get revenge on a man, or a series of men, hit them in their pockets,

Hit them where it hurts.

I called her late at night_ bleeding all over the place,
She said don't get your bleeding heart on my red carpet,

And her mother fixed me midnight supper.
Herring, beets, *Palemni*.
And she wiped the cake of crimson off my bloody Chechen face.

(Small talk)
"And the snow fall is phenomenal this year"_
She retorts"
"Don't get French with me my dear."
They really punched yer ticket did a number on you in the district, this time.
(She loves the way I make the *Ameikanski* noire lingo mix out elequently with a touch of old Fenian rhyme.)
The pay phone call cannot be traced_
The weapons hidden in the drywall_
In the space your men replaced_
The ice cold taste of 9 proof Baltika is refreshing, albeit *haram*_
Those good patriot informers_ those *zombies*_ those follow-follow men.
They beat me for a fortnight,
Demand I sign a grim confession,
Attesting to the building and/or placement of some near but unexploded bomb.

"Why can't you be like normal men?"

I told her: "I'm hungry for my freedom and I'm never going hungry again!" (Sung)

And she says;

"I cannot love you if you're dead."

Please put the house in order,
Use the lithium,
Use Russian Standard Vodka; use my lips if necessary,
To rectify the madness as it expands inside your head.
I'm not saying that I love you now or later,
Simply I refuse to cater_
To all the "incidents generated lately" when you do not behave_
Explain how you plan to court me_
From a black-bag-disappearance.
In frosty, shallow, unmarked open grave.
If you're going to dedicate, in your exacerbation,
Resistance efforts to a woman (me) who can only love you out of pity,
In this bleak and foreign city_
Even if the words sound epic, also pretty_
Fuck it man! You're doing it again!

I sigh and then reply:

“Did I tell you lately you're my *dorogaia* and if not for loving you_I'd surely be dead a thousand times at the hands of ten thousand lesser men?”

Oh, when last we wrote I spoke of devouring her, for hours.
To tease her- to please her_to want her to need her- amid a bed of hand-picked, Peonies; or provincial-wild-flowers.

She isn't one for single serving dancehall roses, she moves too fast for poses.
Her bright eyes beckon as they dart about the room filled with bluff and imitating glee_

“Accelerate your tempo of evacuation_
The checkpoints separate the have everything's_
From the people who are dressed like you_
And carry paper work like me.”

I suppose you and only you_ the woman that I trust and choose_
Can entrap these men of business with their whoring,
With their thirst for further treasure_
With long lines of china white running from the mouse trap to their nose.
How many slaves does it take to keep this neon play ground running?_

I know via your profession you can undertake a series of transactions_
Blonde dynamite distractions_
Before any know exactly what's in store.
Reduce the need for automatic weapons,
Acquire us the proper routes and channels_
And guide us through a tunnel to the vile trading floor.

She looks at me and rolls her eyes and says in Russian “Lord have mercy.”
I said “I don't have imaginary friends; there ain't no need to curse me._

Where we met is unimportant.
Did I mean to enlist her?
I couldn't resist her.
I had causes and struggle and vengeance and plan.
I shouldn't have kissed her !
And longed for her touch,
For surely she lays nightly in the arms of some husband, some man.
We have become a most curious spectacle lately.
You hate me? Push further,
Took you home from the bar stool,
Bite me_
Kick me_
Bait me.
She could have killed me that first night, just with things that she said:
I looked at her once.

And the wheel was turning quickly but the hamster was dead.
The wheel was her cold rationale,
The hamster was the morals that once governed the wheel.
And there were bright lights, that up lit her eyes_ and whatever that implies.
Separating what she does_
From that which she's still willing feel.

“You take up so much clock!
Blood from a rock!
I must return to District work which begins at moon rise.
And the steel trap will slam shut_
And bind me behind those District walls.
And the men of that vile district,
Will use their credit cards_
To try and pay for my flesh and access to between my thighs.”
She said "root for me."
I'm going voodoo out tonight_
To earn my money the City.
If you truly are my friend,
Understand that I've been hungry and I'm never going hungry again." _(Sung)
I am looking down the barrel at my pin striped enemy.
And the columns we've been shaking
And lives we're always taking,
I was seeking sweet surrender and I sought it at her feet.
You think you're not a target? You pay your taxes don't you?
Are you blind to their transgressions?
A cavalcade of charging bulls rampaging down the street.

Everything from here out, it's true,
My bones rust, from your star dust, your fairy eyes_
I loose myself to you.

She says, “Oh the things you might do,”
Our harsh and untenable positions have emboldened us_ as we know no one cares or pays
attention, or even has a clue.

If we want it bad enough we can get it:
“For the rest of our lives_
_we do.”

Even if that life, she says, will last no longer than another a day or two.

Kiss me _fight beside me *Dorogaia*,
Even if to you my name and words are sometimes strange,
For what they do to your body and mind,

And what they did to my family,
Help us create a major crisis at the Moscow Stock Exchange.

You're crazy she said,
You're crazy won't get me dead.
Well talk about your ridiculous plan in the morning.
It's all a slave show, and if you didn't know.
Russians who help rebels aren't even given a funeral, much less a warning.

39: SHE SAID MAN GO HOME!

One old soul Cold Night,
It was pouring again on her low rise,
High risk hell by the sea shore.
I've always said that the waters will wash the rats away,
But not the deeds-done by all in middle passage.
She says we will be ok, one day.
I've never been a killer.
She's never been a whore.
The sky broke open like a shotgun burst in *Grozny* at close quarters to the knee cap:
An ambush, oh well.
Who keeps score?
It all came down in a freezing deluge,
Dripping like a sweat soaked sheet after a good ravishing tear about of a violent fuck.
The kind that breaks bed stands best reserved for last stands.
Cue thunder bolt Bang!
In a sky-break-the-jaw free for all with no sign of stoppping:
Good luck, better duck.
Soon you're back in Eastern hands.

All torn asunder_ and brakish above.

She says:

“Real Men don't waste their weakness via their liquid.
In the company_
_Of those they are claiming to love.”

-Good Night Moon! -

I drank too much Astika,
Now I'm wasting my blood, sweat and tears!
No fuss. Really_ No fuss.

We'll get back to heaven soon.

And-if-hard-rain-is-the-piss-and-the-wrath-of-the-gods,
Then lately the gods_
Are beating the shit out of us.

Looking up out the train at the sky falling out_
*Rat-Tat-Tat*_
On the pock-marked-Plexiglas windows_
Looks as though I could get out and swim.

I say:

"*Dorogaia*, I'll go home when I get you home_ from the City right back to him."

Take warning!

Or should I say Good-Gracious to the latest early morning,
Escapade_ this train is my casket,
An empty bed is but some temporary grave with sheets.
A wasted youth on some lonely barricade.
- "Who offered you redemption?"
- "Who asked it?"

Good warning.

She doesn't give them now.

I fear nothing_ Not even total destruction!
Re-execution_ the wrath I daily incur,
I'm just an arrogant devil, who's stealing an angel from hell_
_Defying the last thread of reason:
Commandment Ten too so it seems
To make some destination with her.

And then she says in her pre-Brooklyn post-Soviet Cyrillic:

Her eyes switch blade sleep deprived to silver,
From blue.
"Awake-on-the-Q-again-my-devil- tovarish_ Boxing-the-demons in-you."
If you play you play to win.
Night train to Brighton.
With-Vodka-in-our-vessels and pumps.
Come-on-in-sin!
Rationale swallowing,
Morals repressing

I'm no longer giggling.
Or humoring your rough handed caressing,
Dripping wax after gradual tantric undressing.
Your attempts at beseeching
My former soviet teaching,
It comes out like preaching sometimes.
Break the siege!
We're clawing with word.
I'm an occupied country.
You're re-opening wounds,
I'm your devastation_.
Fuck what you know about me as some angel,
And forgive me at least half that you heard.

She said "Man go home." (Sung)

Again I implode.
And thus flew by the Beverley Road.

She thinks:

We-were-fighting-about-feeling,
I can beat him with my eyes.
More fun than bawled fists or a knife.
Sometimes I tell bright, white, victorious lies!
About various financial or *legolas* men in my life,
He doesn't know Nothing!
But "former soviet" pillow talk.
I say: "You call me Bright Eyes!"
Why fly off the handle at first or last tries?
Why even run_ when first you must master the walk.

Bright Eyed Angel_
Take back the blood you bled.
I've wounded, you stabbed, but you're Russian
You're taking your time!
This place is far beyond heaven though laid out like hell,
Are we alive or are we just the working-half-dead?

I'm on borrowed clock:
Face punched bloody, long overdue.
Remember September when we almost died?
What if we did?
- "What's it to you?"
- "What's love when you're already dead?"

Eternity is just the name_ Of a long waiting game.
If I ride this train too long_
I will never beat the dawn rise to that place I keep my bed.
You'll draw further attention
To the contradictions in my head.
So speak of morals,
And logic,
And devotion, and never of my latest-wild-plan!

She says:

“Do you know how far you'll have to go to steal me from this man?”

To kiss is so easy.
But to take me with you is dire.
Don't you know_ we have no place to go_
And my kisses seem to set your fragile devil heart on fire.

She says:

“Man go home!” (Sung)

And there just went Cortelyou. Everything she says is mostly true.

I say:

"I've got no home except when I'm with you." (Sung).

She reviews the balance sheet:

I-cannot-discern_ your-truth from-your-lies,
Romantic –propositions-are-getting-bound-in-reckless-adventures,
Picnics on steeplechase beaches,
Epic half tries!
Defiance in the face of my torturous lies!
Your life: Pledged fearlessly_ naively to mine!
Our handcuffed, bloody hands bound together at the foot of the Partisan shrine,
I asked for seduction;
You've brought complication and pain.
What the *blat* happened on the roof in September:
Remember!
There's no reason to think we have something to learn_ or to gain!
There's a contract, but there is no obligation.
There are no witnesses to what I call proof.
I could have killed me and you could have killed you,

And we both would have died for not a damn thing!
And then you went and took on all those cops on your roof!

- "You put on masks!"
- "I was born with the face I wear now."

No more last tries!

I'm nothing like former Soviet women!

I still have my feelings intact.

You have only your bloody ideals and a cause:

So you're certainly not like other eligible American guys.

She says man:

"It's all mostly true."

I sing "I have no home, except when I'm with you." (Sung_)

And-that-fight-in-the-night-was-the-same-old-fight,
That has kept us up and awake since the first blue moon in September:

I said to you_ won't you run away with me_
And we'll see if your husband will even remember.

She slaps my face with her eyes.

She says:

"I don't take this kind of bullshit_
From much more gracious and generous guys."

She says: "Man go home!"

I've survived for this long in this country of yours,
I came here with nothing but blonde hair and dreams,
What do you know of my man who keeps me on this coast?
Who feeds me_ and clothes me_ and says that he loves me,
I will go home to his arms and you know what I'll do
I'll do it until he screams."

"Man!

Find your way back home!"

I said what do you know of me?
She says I know you're weak because
You grew up much higher up on the hill of life,
You grew up privileged in this City.
"Does it hurt the hear that? Does it scar?"
"I know that you should be much stronger than the peasant that you are!"

Now find your way back home.

I retreat

No heartbeat.

An epic defeat.

And the failure of deeds to woe her-to love her-to see her again.

I know she's away from this husband every night of the week,

Running and hiding and dancing,

Mostly in the arms of other men.

“Don't you even look at me that way”, she says.

“Don't you look at me again!”

Man find your way back home.

You kiss me each time like you're going off to war!

You talk like a poet,

But don't you understand yet,

Words are useless to me_ and anyone else who has ever been poor.

Listen, *MAN* I'm doing this because it's true.

I can't go home to Penza,

I can't feed myself on poems.

And I can never be,

In epic love with you!

The Q train rumbles toward the coast,

Brighton Beach arrival!

It's like I've died before,

And this hell is mine alone,

Russian roulette with a ghost.

She says:

Keep to the contract,

We wrote it ourselves,

You know the rules man,

Do what you should.

If you love me and kiss me and steal me away,

You're breaking the tenth rule:

And as your muse and *tovarish*;

_We cannot allow our evil to triumph over our good.

“I will always love you.”

“You've said that to other women before.”

“I wish there was a way to go back and undo,”

She says, “At least when the storm ends you'll be back in your bed,

And the roof was a dream and I didn't kill me, and I didn't kill you.”

“What was this even for?”

I walk her brisk umbella’ed down Banner Ave as the rain cracks down,
I bring her Q train to bombed out lobby door.
Hard-times-and-sky-falls-and-rivers-run-over-red_
And this nation erupts in on itself white and blue.
“You could learn to be as good in deeds, as you are in speech”, she says departing.
I said “I hope there’s a will for that way.”
She says “I’m doing this for mostly for you.”

The rain beats my brow.
Exit the hazel haired devil,
Angel’s got wild gold locks on fire as she looks back at the torrent from the door.
Our flirtation has been on fire from the start.
And now, I show signs of first submission,
And the storm smolders my position.
As I can no longer tell heaven from hell or
An angel or devil apart.

40: CUFFLINKS FOR THE FUNERAL

My punch drunkenry_
Makes me a man of moods.
And that is a thing that
Makes for turbulence in the face of tragedy.
Masks for metal mosquitos,
Mark caskets.
When the deed was done_
_It was time to bury Jeremy.
Long said by old souls of our blue collared Brotherhood_
_Better tried by twelve than carried by four.
Jeremy was afflicted with some variant of the Bi-winning disorder,
He'd be carried much longer,
By many. For years more.

The night of the calamity,
I broke the bed frame,
Flew off the handle using her body like_, well ten score.
Devils got in me using the bottle and her hips like an analgesic.
And I was an animal who needed to be put down.
I don't live with that woman no more.
I shortly after dug a shallow grave,
Drunk on my demons in a snow bank off Fort Washington Avenue.
To make a glorious hibernation over all the lives we didn't save.
She says I'm a good man,
Not nearly ready though,
"Did you smile as of lately?"
I'm drawing a-blank.
Kiss me tender then you'll see.
A veritable-dead-man-smile-show.
I need a shower, a shave, a brush against danger tempting the gods, passing itself off as a save.
I need a long look in the mirror,
Good to die young so the mediocre survive?
Without the urge to dash my face against reflection,
Every time I hear the phrase "Arrive Alive".
The Archangel bought me silver cufflinks for my fame and future funeral.
"I have faith" he said, "in your glorious demise."
Where are you now my dorogaia?
What have I done to me and done to you?
I searched the towns, and then the cities then the skies.
Get me my pistol and my ball point,
I'll get endless.
Just send this bale of poems to the proper dedications,
If I falter for a feeling,

For a moment_ when I end this.
I've reduced myself to relative depravity,
Using Standard poison-being tested_ taken captive, a knee jerk snow trampled death march, free for all!
In which all have at times been invested.
I fell hard this fall.
Knuckles beaten bloody boxing myself, the courthouse mirror_ and an allie way brick wall.
No excuses for a thin veil of self-abuses.
How did he die?
Two shots to the head by his own hand.
That took dedication to cause_ even, care.
Maria said be careful as you look into his grave_ look into his cold dead eyes, beware:
See yourself lying there.
Fixing to die.
For a man like you, Maria said. It will only take you one try.

42: BULLETS FOR BELGIA

(Moscow Hostage Crisis Part II)

I.

"Companero!"

She says to he:

"Just how far will you take your love for me?"

"I don't know."

"What-don't-you-know?"

"Is_love-just-another useless-word-in-english-to-tie-together-all-my longing_ and absolve the

pastness of its evil woe?"

"Balkinera!"

He says to she:

- "Why do you hide your past from the demons in me?"
- "Vasili!"

What's there to say to you?

- "Why does your name change like the seasons and who-do-you-as-of-lately-pray-to?"
- "I'll pray to anyone I can! God or human! Haitian Creole or oracle Greek.

My, mind's prophesy has failed me lately_ and just this week, forgive bleak speak_

_I, cobbled together select bits of happiness!

On a box-car-ride returning me from the work camps_ I, whispered alone to the unseen you_ And I,
placed a tourniquet on myself to impose broad side cessation most true_

_On the hemorrhage of wasted blood from a bleeding heart!

A crumbled contract clause well known_

- "It was iron to lead, finally stone, without intervention, things fall apart."

A moan_ then a grown, full blown!

Bleeding for the last four thousand years alone over things it was shown.

Flickering flame_ take aim at what is to most just accepted with "solution unknown",

The things you invested and my discipline tested_ no longer a puppy,

My dagger wolf claws are, full grown.

But at 29, I am half old,

And this bleeding stone heart, its passion is viperous, without intervention a thing growing too cold.

- "A stone heart?! Tisk! I'm more like a Gold Locked Lion" she said,

"Just the other day I used electricity and repeated compression and brought a near defeated man_ back from
the ranks of close to dead!"

- "That man was me," I said:
- "And I'd just as soon you let him die you saved him out of pity!"
- "Pity isn't cute or pretty,

It costs time which is worth money, and I'm a working girl who has to engage the life of noire, the

darkness dance, the champagne room, the filthy and the gritty."

- "You listen Man!_"

I'll kick you out and cut you off for a hundred years of solitude you know I can_ if you talk like that again!
Each time you are buried it will break my heart in secret, and then_ there will be nothing left of 'We'_ but a
fistful of poorly known *Amerikanski* poems and some songs to remind me!"

And I said, "When we-are-separated-by-the-fates_ I'll sing songs to you in memories and in the
next life you will find me!"

And the in the middle night they stole away again!

She carried me upon her shoulders with the strength of forty men!

Through the sand covered tunnel in the tavern floor.

There's a door in the tunnel ceiling, and if you catch the right beat, there is a world in another life to
come where miracles play out in the flicker of the lights on Ludlow street_

Our bar flight is *a magik* made realistic!

A fait accompli.

The ultimate triumph of good over the cold and sadistic,

The-boring-the-bad, hopelessness-shattered, dissipated by the holding of hands.

An escape down an ice cage tunnel, heading off to last stands.

The tunnel is long, the light is a hopes flicker, we have to go quicker_ the sands of time combine
with the near hellish nature of the dry heat made thicker.

And she whispers as we go:

"Just how far do you plan to take this bloody story, it is not a picture show? How many lives will you
take to torch for things that went down_ just so very long ago?"

"They took someone from me," I said, "the rest you surely know."

"I know the story begins and ends in a City they call Moscow."

"Life by life I pledged to fight them and that first injustice it did fully bind me.

If I acted like a human once, and act like it again_ its only because the fleeting smile I see you smile
when your songs do remind me."

"Remind you of her?"

The tunnel takes us toward the target, I say nothing as she surely knows the answer, she's heard

my vodka sobs, the beatings I have taken over things that did in other lives occur.

II.

It must have begun before Beria.

The terrors.

The closet hysteria, the dead-eyed-red-rat bastard rage,

Box car deportations for *chornay* in a continent sized cage.

Put fear in ya?

You remember bread lines,

I remember my lover's pale-famish-face;

After two years in the gulag camps of that flat and deadly cold abyss Siberia.

Certainly, to point-the-finger toward the sky and let shots fly, pistol-pebbled-metal-mosquitos toward that most sadistic demon, correction, it is but Rubles on the wedding night traded for an abducted bride's "protection".

To avoid detection, an unwanted topless inspection via a meat-market-mangling-strangling of hands and fingers; she wrapped her hair like Muhammadians do,

Limiting the potential for calamity most foul.

Not by much.

A bogeyman with bad touch, buried in his garden, a hundred, a thousand victims such.

We know what the head of the secret police is always in the nightly mood for.

Flesh and then murder.

He sends roses then takes people. A woman a night. A body hoarder, a mass ruin herder.

There was no ransom asked, when he took mine.

What's too many? Nine? Or perhaps a thousand is fine, until yours are eaten, devoured vanished, there is no candle, no tomb to be watered by *Parin* moon shine.

To steal the moon as just a first start. When not even asked a ransom.

Who knows where she's buried, after for sport Beria ripped her apart.

Cruel cigarette interlude.

Puff. Puff pass.

Pass me the proper weapons I will need to deal with devils now, devils then.

Take from me mine, break my life with the rape of my love, murder my only, my intended_
_ Cruel-beyond-cruel, powerful for brutalities power forsake. You may know well just-how-to-take,
but you are a devil and I am a man with a gun and a stake_ and vile conviction of kettle-boil-burnt-blood-lust,
must a savage avenging reality break!

AND VENGEANCE WILL BE MINE, make no mistake_ no matter how many lives I must give, or
eventually pile in wake of my take!

It's not safe to walk the streets, day or dusk. Start smart, brave heart.
Wolves lurk in black government cars, carry you off and tear you apart.

The tunnel terminates in an abandoned metro station.

We are sober as clergy would want us to be, *optundation* is due to the size of the crew which is two,
and the fate that awaits the acts we will do.

"Not much further now 'til your glory_ hopeless fearless heart."

"In each life, they will try to break us down but I won't let them find me! If I forget what miracles
we've already done to save our souls:

Sing songs to remind me!"

"You have a shower voice," she said.

"Then it is you who will do the singing on the day that they strike me dead, they can kill my body and break
my heart ten thousand times bled..."

"When you kill the devil, it won't bring her back."

"When god stopped interceding the world went on fire_ whole nations to smoke_ with war and with gas
and their ashes watered the heavens via smoking black stack!"

"Vasa, I would love to see_ that first life when you were allegedly happy..."

"That was too many lives ago_ but if you kiss me for a moment I am sure by taste alone you'll

know."

"What makes you think a bullet in the devil will improve the lot of man?"

"We don't do this for man; man does what man can, a pittance, a sad offering, less than a little!"

"Is woman ever to blame?"

"Only in her coping with shame_ that devils emerged from her womb to ravish, usurp, enslave_ maim."

"Women took what men gave, so I fire too at the corpse of this monster his body with bullets I'm seeking to rattle."

"What if I asked you to turn away and run away from this kill?"

"So you can play martyr and I'm just your shill?! *BLAT!* Stick to the plan. We both know exactly how deeply these first tunnels ran. What you do for your vengeance, I do for my mine too but I still have many secrets I'm keeping from you, so along we go, angels and devils conspiring in the absence of the intervention or attention of the most high! Maybe if you were more man and me more woman_ we'd be afraid to die."

"Last I checked I was flesh and I bleed, you strike me I shiver, you touch me and I smile and put on the trappings of need!"

"When the devil is murdered, there will be more in his ranks."

"Then we'll have to kill many a devilish hoard."

"You'll never get bored?"

"Use your magik! Bring her back! I tire of lectures what points are you hoping you've scored!"

"I do what I do, first for my mother, but I still believe in the lord."

"Believe you want, that's your right. You saved me that night in the thick of the grey, in the blackness of endless existence called living in night."

"I do only what I can."

"You've never faltered before each time I hoped that you'd ran."

"After Beria's dead, what's the rest of the plan?"

"I'll buy you a dress, we'll go to the opera, and I'll speak poetically of Peonies bloomin'."

She says to me, "I'm more happy than free,

But you can't shake my faith in the inevitable goodness of all that is human."

43: THE _CLEAN_ OUT

The city itself is built on a hill.

The will for a thrill is driving an engine of vice; propelled by cocktail thirst, high skirts, the gambit of thrusting for flesh, the triple up on the fill.

I defend my proclivity toward theft_ bereft of its merits and risk on the size of the take_ and the basic have all nature of the mark or the shill.

So easy to take and to assume the risk if one has the will.

We work radios, we place bribes in small-ask greased bouncer hands, she wears a red sequin dress, she changes accents like night gowns, pawning off her thirty yard bright eye stare as the product of foreign lands.

Sticky fingers reaching out for green back honey indicative of never having had enough joke for the funny,

Options are bought if one has an account with the proper amount of green \$oney_

On coat tails like Armani-penguins-on-parade_ quickly displace analysis, class hate now just a reduced pocket raid_ this isn't a game of the proles verse the patrician baby trusts,

It's visceral, I have hunger to feed,

She has frank and absolute currency lusts.

Sugar Alley I call the city center, to enter a passcard playbook of forged paperworks, vending a veritable laundry list of fictitious names, changing faces and papers outwit enforcement or closed circuit camera games.

Mark sound.

I post out thirty yards back from the shill she found.

She works him, let him assume in liquor stoked vanity he will hit that, a grit that, a fit to the sap,

Bze platnee syr vhe mishalovka, only free cheese is in a mouse trap!

It took one dance, a spilled drink a sly transaction of her curves distraction, to get his wallet out. Buying drinks, her greased bouncer introduction to the tender, passes me the black card, placed about.

He gets three more dances, while with my smartphone I'm running numbers, without a doubt, by dance four he'll be back at the bar, she'll fade back elude night shift time in sac, he thinks his suit gives him clout.

While my smarter than smart phone routes money:

Just a Saturday night clean out.

44: STICK TO THE PLAN, MAN!

It would vex me greatly,

If the sky fell out in a white sheet, frosty break about_

I doubt the plantations managerial capabilities, to help the wage slaves out_

Field first friend!

My slacks are dust crusted, my collar is blue shade_

I learned to trust my first impression, my child eye deductions,

Learned all my life lessons in bare knuckle playground, first grade_

If you went or you stayed, there were salaries paid, to ascertain levy resistance, storm wall protections, there were grim calculations the Stonybrook engineers made.

Her fall, her slip in itself as a hapstance was not really enough for this civil servant to abandon his flashing coffin box medical ship.

A bit lip, a sullen think through, what they will-still-may-do for a blue collar like you_

_Cogs turn back to promises; sky falls out, I go back, I get through, I stick to the plan_some fought and most ran_i don't fidget, or roam_ Our plan, stay put. I coming. I'm gonna carry you home.

Interesting to me what the public asks of we, but ambulance women and men have to think first on their own blood, their own ranks and lovers_the fates of their own family.

Can we not all agree that the white shirts and white collars make hasty their calls, cold calling a thing called impunity.

They told me that there was no way to pass from point A to Point JFK, they said even Chief Peruggia couldn't get a bus to his mother that day.

But as New York General Winter fell upon my city, told was I to leave my beloved to her own devices, as roads became treacherous, perilous impasses, black ices_ as citizen and civil servant were left to their own means,

And there was I Vasili, with Stanslaw EMT of the Kyrgyz, told to stay at the wheel of 04Henry3 having no other means, for all of the lower east side's brokers, drunkards and late night Charlie-sheens.

"Family Emergency!"

I keyed up the mic.

Snow falling in buckets paralyzing the best of our urban rescue machines.

I've been chewed out before, I am defiant it must my BlackHebrewIrish, I've got a code and I adhere to that code to its letter, its core.

Stick to the plan, don't deter, improvise if you must but don't roam:

Stanslaw nods to me, "Let's go out of service and go carry your lady friend home."

And like that 04Henry goes out, and the plan forms around an idea in my head, jettison the stuck truck in the thick of the frosty fuck muck and load our crew in my white Honda Civic instead.

What's that about? It will be easier to dig a smaller vehicle out.

1, 2, 3 and there were bosses and captains all yelling at me, but don't you agree; if the woman you love has broken her leg and lying stranded in pain; the plan is to retrieve her under all circumstances, you take chances! Be they nuclear winter or zombies or sky fall out blizzards or New Orleans type rain. If it makes me insane!-if it costs me my job!

And breaks my back and my wallet!-And inflicts a mountain of tedious pain!

I remain.

Stick to the plan man!

Yelizaveta, just stay warm, just remain where you are we are coming by car_the snow can just keep on falling, thawing thick thru: but Stanslaw and I are the best postsoviet emt-Bs in the crew and we are fighting our way through the blizzard toward you!

4 hours later, snowpocolypse now! via lurching convoy, sanitation strikes paralyzed

Brooklyn turn pikes, we did get from LES to JFK we used grit and a shovel that's how. Oi.

Snaking, along, with, motley dig out ready allies made, fall down so thick it obstructs, it clusterfucks: it takes lives. Here now a Real man thrives, love is unstoppable love makes the mind hard and lean,

Its wings carried my partner and I not via sky, via civil servants in a Honda Civic, coffee and catecholamine.

I remember my ladies face. Soviet like ours, leg broken on the floor of the airport. No tears. She was born strong:

"Baby I love you! What took you so long?"

Despite the worst of my fears, and the snow keeps on falling and the sky never clears. And if this was an American movie, here is the part where the audience cheers!

Stan the man and I, Vasa two city emt, crossed three boroughs to carry her out fearlessly. And the look in her eyes was as if a goddess an angel a thing of perfection was ready to pin a medal on me,

Called her kiss.

But here is the take away, here is what you ought to be learning from this.

We splinted her leg and drove her to Bellevue hospital where girlfriends of ambulance men get no questions care. And because of my blue collar and the patch that we wear my slipped and fallen soviet darling got no questions asked about insurance_ high quality care.

I love my city, but beware.

A parable is only important if its contents slightly scare, the city's 13,000 emts and paramedics don't get nearly their fair share.

Ambulance woman and men die once a month, inglorious bastards of healthcare.

So beware. By our trade we did trade our souls for the glance of a chance for a save, but we broke back mountain slave, they take and they take and we gave and we gave.

Do you have any idea of the number of our blue shirted brothers and sisters we have carried and buried to grave?!

I love my city. I love my four boroughs I've got a New Yorker card, I've been here all my goddamn life.

But don't ask me to ever pick a faceless city,

Over a woman I love who I'd take as my wife.

Posters plastered call my job a calling, but if you pay us like summer camp counselors and make us work in conditions appalling, then just know that were gonna save our

loved ones first, next time and each time the sky is falling.

50: НАУДИМ ЯОДЭ

We could be in Havana by nightfall.

It's what I've been whispering for years.

If I could just trade a pound of my flesh for just one single ounce of your tears.

Bloody paw marks cross my face! Self-inflicted.

Lash marked loved one; I am so careless for you.

Dug my own American grave in a record time, the scary parts of our company is that most of our stories are true. Avail me of your sling shot eyes, Last cartridge spent.

Temptation looks like you.

But, sin-not-simple-sinner!

Your thighs delight the treachery of lawless temperament.

Losing bearings righting wrongness.

Leather boots, And dark sun glasses, Skinny dipping long legged *mikvah*, digress under stress!

What you wear under that dress is tougher than my mechanical heart or the flash of iron eyes scaling walls and the ripping off of clothing,

As the best dreams fall apart.

Over last supper, Our unsung broken heroes if the story's told right can make all the martyrs grin.

Losing ones lost morals doesn't make the skin itself once broken any thinner. Or the self-inflicted violence of total recollection even a mostly piratic win. Temptation looks like you! How do you say exsanguination in Cyrillic?

I have not three fucks of clue.

I am too brazen for these bonds, As Benjamin bondage holds plantation risings, pale of settlement, comfort keeps the ghetto wall in check,

A noose about my neck!

The only true reminder, as I quiver amorous beside her,

What just one night loose in Babylon can make a brother do! And all this special for you, I pause to dot a check list, of what calamity ill next ensue.

For that's just the market price to play, with a deadly creature such as you.

Some French-Reggaetone anthem belted out from the bodega,

As some abstracted grindhouse of a poem,

Or foreign tongued gift made of song.

And Black Death inside us, from those fires we long left burning, another late night in Breuklyn Soviet,

And we lied when we said that we knew our right from wrong.

I tell her, "We all just pretend that we're strong."

Like a tribute to golden aged exile. Or an ode to a bold deportee. She says that my goodness is good for her only half of the time. "But bless you you're savage when beaten but always loving when looking at me."

You're drunk off your tired you're constantly trying, you're doing god's work, so they claim. Just make sure that the salt it stays in the mind and not in the wounds as it distorts all the forces of blame.

What a spree! We did some violent pen to pad scribbling's by cell phone at midnight.

Lately for her, and the glorious plot!

Plotting out plan dalet through z.

We all hope this violence you do to yourselves, is making a man out of me. The trouble with the nightlife in Brooklyn, Is that sinning comes mostly for free. When a thousand sweet words are the only way left_

_This city of Zion in a world of struggle has been bleeding the shit out me!

There is no lonelier place than the boardwalk at midnight. When your love lies in another man's arms, And the ghosts and the screams from a life you had lived twice before_ are never completely drowned out by these danger filled banshee siren alarms!

Jessica asked what's been killing me lately?

The *Malboroman* he has blackened my lungs and the Vodka has clouded the morals you so often condemn.

And I sold both my two souls and cut my own heart for the Russians just to try and see the world like them!

Madman, I hope she cries for you. As much as you secretly cry for yourself. As you dash your ambitious wilding dreaming,

On dagger ragged rocks of mislaid plans seen on Steeplechase pier.

Lover, lately I have no inclination for fear. Salt tastes like salt. If there's blood on the streets you can bet a green dollar that god gives not a single shit,

And always there's a human to fault.

I've been a boxing a brick wall most lately.

And we all know the wall always wins.

When the lights went out you will be left alone with your failures, your torments and sin.

And a candle, will be the only way you better know the devils in your casement mirror.

Death winks at you from the dirty mirror. And she calls for as you lie helpless and still
unable to really hear her.

We'd could be in Havana by nightfall.
It's what I've been howling for years.
I'd easily trade a pound of my flesh for a single ounce of your tears.

**#60, 61, 62, 63: BY THESE TRIALS, GORED BUT
MORE RANSOM WILL FOLLOW**

I. (60)

I ripped my eye this time!

I broke up my own jaw.

Though breaches went flying the gems delivered to you surpass

All jaw thrusts made this year.

A pittance.

Forty men tore into me with ball points.

I have survived.

A pell pen hammer swiped survival reflex guards my perseverance.

Also me, be judged a worthless man to kill.

Like Korean cinema. You avoid me, a little too much rape.

Chivalry is a stupid loaded weapon that

My emesis know not to never use.

A bullshit.

A pebble does me more harm now than your scowl.

A mere fucking pebble. What is a thing such!

A full clip into me can hurt me less than you your bashful push away.

Speaking now of lip service the Seroquel sip and Cloninapine perk down willed me before you
ever can in your grisly silence absolve me.

BLAM.

Reload it quick, the vodka and the gun.

I wish I could spill for you a last thing of meaning before we are truly over.

II. (61)

I'd anticipate a firing squad so when you receive a whip lashing or a tongue lashing or the batty of the eyes!

All ice the cracks could have been worse paved whore.

A trial now is just a side show to a rape on the grand stand.

Penguin fucking priest, clink clank go my manacles.

Your rights are to ever be trampled before your own indifference to me you or anyone else without a ruby or a cruise ship.

A coffee cup of water is my vagabond toast to you befouled more.

You've left me to die the last time.

I am cellophane.

Daria and I once went to the anarchist trials on Front Street but I am unsure she found them educational.

I wish I had to hold this trial for the validity of the mind.

The closeness of the up-ness of the upstate encroaching.

I hope my feet and my words do more stupid fucking feet's in front of this here so called justice.

I wish I had more justice than front teeth.

I grocked it once...no, I *Overstood* it.

And, now I'm I a shaved loon thought criminal with my Julia raped away somewhere gleefully.

And, when you've never been loved properly in your entire life you begin to just feel sorry for you own self and wish for a hammer to break your face. Or a truncheon or a boot strap.

There is no use.

You possess no lovely qualities perhaps in so much self-hate.

Just miles of hate that smells rank as homeless shit!

Now some half paid lawyer will draw on my past to absolve my present and disburden my future.

Now, my mind is the subject of the atrocity and the trial.

Daria is not a witness by even any less than ten thousand K.

And could she even absolve me?

Chemically I'm pure as the Virgin.

What keeps me in place are the hostages, yes they take hostages still.

Jessica and Sasha. Mostly, Raffo and Michelle, also my aging parents.

Those that can't just run and fight like Dev can.

If I ever flee a trial with my legs in tact they will make those I hold dear suffer.

How did I get to this trial?

They stopped my convoy. I wish Daria was drawing the back of my head with a snub nose in the back of the court.

The tits, they keep me in line.

"Keep degrading her until you believe it friend," those were the words of Ken King, fine.

III. (62)

Alone ignoble hero, 64 layers of verse into solitude you drove a wedge, an ice pick and terrorist assaults!

You make *Beslan* blow job blush, tame friend.

Only because you had to show you were a real woman.

Even with you 5 million ransom, I paid in shekels to the dirty Bathhouse Jews.

Both Allah, and Rick the gangster can't help you win her either. There's nothing. Sit back down boy, you got a trial to win.

Four lawyers and a jury look a whole like a lynch mob to me.

I ought to take a little blood and cup in my Robert Jorden to flush my face, in the tragic mode of some hero.

Don't blow the bridge, buy the boat she urges. Cuba, go.

Waste not your blood on Americans, Cuba, go!

Daria finally slaps my face.

Wake the white bourgeoisie, wake the fuck up, *blat*.

I will carry you through snow and fire in the days to come. On my back and over my slimmer shoulders I will be the woman you still believe in.

I will whisper your freedom and shoot you if you turn away from her. I will never let you compromise an entire railroad with one ego.

I love you! Yes, you I know how to do that! I love you alright. I have said it now, again.

Dbrisk moves the car packed with bathtub semtex, hey puts in near City Hall.

Can we go back under our armor into hiding?

"I love you back enough to have braved the Brighton floods, my husband's back hand, and sand when there could have been diamonds. I love you, it isn't said in English tongue."

And when the sky fell you were my primary.

We've treaded water kissing.

Old artistic souls conjoined to make structure fires out of empires.

Love is a hell of drug man!

And you're a Coney hot shot with a needle since your first days in medic school.

Save us some solace on the other side.

And we will hold hands into dawn.

Until Damascus!

IV. (63)

An armored Cessna takes off from Fort Washington air base to bomb the living hell out of midtown Manhattan. Everyone was warned the day before not to come to work.

Creed of the Zealot:

You cannot tempt a zealot for we know the pleasures of this world are made on the backs of slaves.

No triphal, no trinket No Trick or flesh fresh *relesilitude* can defocus the realness of our calling.

A Zealot is not a fundamentalist our views shift to new ideas beliefs and tactics. It is our will that is steadfast.

We however nonviolent because violets beget a greater violence a self-perpetuating uncontrollable violence, and it has not served us well in 4,000 years of usage.

Violence has simply, failed the ends of the mission, fact.

A zealot is a warrior, female or male but always of age to read what he or she is fighting for.

We eat we pray we sleep we struggle 6 days a week we rest on the Sabbath with those we love.

A Zealot is a citizen soldier a volunteer always going strife until all are free
Braveness and bones in the face of dangers the zealots have no officer corps!

A zealot is unbreakable untouchable *untemptible* by anything except their love and their family. All they do for patria of rights is secondary to that love.

A zealot is unbreakable, as said, a zealot is a servant of God, and one who submits and is therefore Muslim if that's easier for a third to process.

A zealot knows god and the limitations of human.

A zealot in heart body and soul is known truly as a trinity.

A Warrior virgin and crone, a banshee or a servant of god pledged to resistance generation by generation until all are free as went the great promise.

Every woman, man child last.

#64: THE WINTER OF MY LIFE, IS OVER

The winter of my life is over.

And as iced sheets which shroud Breuklyn's cold corpse withdraw,
The rounds of sad suffering subside and the casualties are carried off, as the battle completes.

Survival is the bold cold call of the victor,
And the dead they no longer mind, or remember; the cost of their epic defeats.
"The dead will bury the dead," she said.
Freed of loving a ghost, your poured demons and smoke monsters, your uncouth toast;
Will liberate you toward the border.
"Make the most of your new host!"

Steel drums will soon mark victory over General Winter,
Battles and barricades survive in the mind's eye of Champaign toasts.
Which unfold in celebration over near devastation, near brushes?

Naked flirtations with suicide kings!
Death from above and below is the name of the cold,
Her hard heart forced retreats,
But love is the name of the story,
That will never be forgotten or easily sold,
Never grow tired,
And never get old!

Surviving now for sunset, for a laugh in the face of the devil,
The king of self-murder is only a life of imagined unending defeats.
The story stuck to now is a victory anthem just the way it's unraveled,
Retold cross hatching, hashes out patterns particular of repeats.

Even Black-hat-*Hasids* now find bearings.
Replacing rustle wind howling into empty desolations,
With low ridings, high skirted: Island beats.
The cold hard places you took for the end of the sidewalk.
Are but hustle hard knocks,

Seats of glory where future opportunity greets.

When it was falling upon us,
And my breath made smoke without the Rappaport of Newport pleasure,
When she wrapped me in her red scarf
To send an ill prepared partisan escort back
We measure the treasure of words finding form
In cold comforts late night leisure.
The body rejected its environs.
Refused to accept the treachery of layers needed to hold back the wind whipped assaults,
Or the harshness of her parables and predictions.
I am an Island person and Brooklyn Soviet is only half a cold hard island capital!
Winter in retreat is a victory for me and all the biggest Apple.
It has been the longest winter ever as a footnote to the events of fall,
Warmer days are welcome.

Carrying us all safely to summer,
Where once bitter battle back to wall is a hope whispered,
Now yelled, now bellowed!

A call:

Once we shivered in Q trains, cabs and Mehanta basement bunkers,
Now in dawn's daylight we stand tall.

And she wrote:

“Not friends, not enemies, not lovers
For what are we to each other?
Just a dream to one another,
Just a picture with bright colors.”

65: THE BEEN

We are nothing.

To them.

Statistics or shuffled trophies.

Of past and future conquest.

They are, and we've just been.

Spare me my parts, there are broken hearts in my chest.

Help the Patricians live longer.

Via *Medjik*.

Hold me *Dorogaia*! It wasn't chance no it wasn't ever chance!

It was one last night for that whole year.

You borrowed my pen and my whispers, my fear.

I borrowed soft passionate lips and tongue lashings on my own delusions.

Risk, is a six shot dice.

A Game with a glock. I play with at least three women in the chamber.

To get a job done, morality is beat to death lacking any sport.

Too often my sports mimic my art, boring.

Good sport like good art, requires the nearness of death. And of course big breasts.

To enthrall the prole feed!

GO!

They love it, sex and death distracts them from defeat.

Then its good art.

“If you have ever been mistreated!!”

We sure captivate your audiences.

For one year what's been?

Two crazed escapees an exile and coming deportee.

Golf be no passive version of football, *droog*.

Swing at that boogie, sculpture.

Sweat petrol for me bitch.

Bloneenet, goddess.

Never a bitch.

Love at first sight? Over and over I saw you, didn't see you coming.

Over and over, duel, paint.

Dance, duel dusk. Duck.

Repeat.

Burn the plantation down and all that politics she don't like at all to even smell.

All that's left is cold good byes.

The crazy nut bin.

A goddess.

This time she's walking away for good.

66: LIP STICK ON MY COLLAR

I fucked you so hard, everyone was screaming about it.

Balls deep. Wow, that sure ain't a shake of the spear.

I fear. Yes, sometimes I have it in me to fear.

Things fall apart, it hardens my heart, Russian women are fierce and loyal, and everyone knows they are beautiful, but, not everyone knows they are equally smart.

The red rip stick, on my collar is a moorage pastel mural. Proof! Yes proof that there wasn't even time to get my clothing off.

Yours, I ripped. Only 'cause you buy you better ones, so periodically.

This is not a college classroom. This is not post-feminist discourse, which philosophe meant what, over coffee, wine if you like me. This isn't NYU. This isn't gay Paris.

This is just a deed that needed doing.

And, that lip stick on the collar tells better than a plane gold ring who I belong to.

I frequently, frequent you.

Any opportunity I ain't doing field trench or home work. I'm not cut out of offices. I'm always unabashedly doing my civic duty.

And when I rip off your fucking dress and gag you with you panties,

It's 'cause you're too kinky, and time is just too short.

And really, for a Goddess, for a perfect powerful Slavic creature who almost fell out of the very sky like a Comet over Chelyabinsk; you have too many clothes.

The only thing passion puts a timeline on is relative really. We can work around it, really. The Hijab which cover your hair.

I told you an army protects you. And God herself.

Still, even after we ended and went back, yelled and cried, I broke a mirror with my face and called you merry little prostitute, well still. All that protection is in place.

Even a dipole, unhinged on his rocky road. A revolutionary has protocols.

Has your modesty and well-being in mind.

I rip your dress, you mark my face and collar.

You cry.

I'm already dead.

But a dead man has wants even past death.

We fuck all night like we used to talk all night, we can laugh and dance and cry because in your heart you know this will be rougher leg of the road.

We take all night, that which we need.

There was Hijab on your heart, it covered most of everything.

It took two years just to get it slightly unfastened.

Even, if that was the case. It took 5 minutes to nation time, 5 hours to glory, 5 years to forget her face, 5 years. It took five hours that night to do what god knows needed doing, a cigarette, a talk. 5 years over. Just one last night.

When that last night, when that last thing that needs doing was *Daria*.

67: THE GREATNESS EACH AND EVERY TIME!

I asked the Chinaman to sell me four tinctures of Jew blood!

So my intellectual virility might expand itself before the trials.

There was never a single bad part of being besides you,

I was engorged!

 This, true was an early indication of a great thing.

 Cerebrally. Phonically. Phallically, and Both.

For I have a heart head, a hard heart and also other hardness that over the years many make use of.

 Women for pleasure and men for my boldness to cause. And women guiding the cause.

The things that bled me and the survival of eight scaffold executions:

Fortifies my merry bombast.

 Hardly.

 A magnificent corpse still dances under this iron armor.

 Willingness; to cast lots and take last breathes abound as drums drown superficial platitudes of my uneasy grin.

It was perhaps the very first time I was happily drowning in you that I began to believe in the triumph of my invisible luck.

Shots being fired,

Some shouted man down: run!

Some froze apartheid stone heart as the mobs frenzy tore bystanders completely apart;

All you had to do was hug a brick wall, (not punch it son)

 Jiss and kiss the floor in a tuck, duck roll. It's quite fun!

 And my years of evasion have. Not even started, if you can even believe what we begun, i do with my pen; made and will make again: bad men beg for mercy,

And laid low the tyrant still holding his gun.

And if I breathe petrol and lick fire then you are still a cold glass of certain happy in the desert,

A unique and alien flower that I was told by ego were extinct.

Magnificent as I am undeserving.

 It has been lately as if things I leave lying around explode in flower petals and ten years of a thing that bleeds, that something refusing to die; yet is not a woman; could chisel into a petrified Adonis leer,

A violent fucker at heart;

An alteration of his wayward DNA.

The strange viscosity of Jew blood!

Tagidlee:

Greatness!

Happy greatness. If there is anything you think I might be happier doing next Tuesday, I cannot remember anything but your raven hair and voice,

Yes the power of your voice.

As voluptuous in conversation as in form.

Surrounding yourself in that mansion with the children of believers, people who are awake. Black cats too.

Next Tuesday while you captivate the audience on stage, what will I do with myself?

Return your metal horse to Crown Heights.

I have found a small crack in the armor of a local tyrant god and I aim to drive a choice stake into it, Tuesday then?

Well ill have my white patch to ward off devils.

You are so well regarded by me that I have watched your movie twice to hear the way you say; "Bolivia".

How now, where ever the river flows past bunker hill and out toward the Amazon and then Madeira and Havana, white nights, hard hearts.

Simple reach out and you will find me. For a man on fire always needs the coldest water she will give him, but a happy Tuesday.

Great by all measure too.

67: MY HEART IS SKIN TO A RUSSIAN SLAVE!

Use bold words, and short sentences, for now you are free!

Do not get the wrong impression,

No casual listeners here.

We, she and I, are only recently freed from the serfdom of our past lives.

In parts of my country where men still have four wives, where one travels flying on carpet, where duels over honor with pistol or sword and each child has a collection of highly sharp knives!

They know me for my Paramedicine and my Vodoun,

Here, she is now a Priestess in some circles, I speak well of her powers.

And I can track her cosmic pulling via the thickness of our moon!

And I, we should I say:

I write these new songly anthems, my only manacles just cracked, just out of the hateful 808.

The violence of heart break and exile, comrade healer, wait.

In my culture; which is to say the Breuklyn Soviet;

You're a great deal of something.

I don't second guess her.

And, she humors me quietly as for now I am second guessing my own newly freed self.

In her culture, there is value in books, one reads lots of books; they aren't potted for games filled with hunger, they're treasure!

You horde them like buried weapons.

No dust, no dust tovarish the pages fly quickly. A books not a book if it remains on its shelf.

We have no word that combines, in high minds “darling” that is also the word for “priestess and professor”.

We, say tovarish, an antiquine, an idiosyncratic.

An undue, a half measure, a sanity stressor?

Or, we can make up something using Spanish or Hebrew.

Bless her. Things feel lighter each weak, I know not what but something’s new!

Or, we, puppy eye under harsh countenance until you ask me to produce validation of no temporary flirtation, are your documents Red?

She asks.

Only my armband.

Are you sided with the Haitians or Whites, are the documents purchased with green or are they American blue?

Under new guidance I emerge with sword and pen in the red woods and fire skies of Eastern Mass foot hills.

We’ve colonized this place for clandestine use of quills, small placed warm thrills, adventure and evasion of literal murder also the spiritual kills!

We can laugh without speculation!

We have a range now of newly marketed skills.

My, occupation is a hyper fast needle man healer and yours, for now Priestess, is to teach these sons of Arabian Aristocrats their American words;

But is linguistics anthropology of sound?

Whisper to me zealot, she says, something short, something post card profound.

“Is Russian the only language I need to speak fully, completely of my love for my people and the sheer hate for the might of the oligarch states?”

No judgment from her big bright eyes and a smile slowly, warmly abates.

“I am a peasant, I struggle in walking these halls and the ivy on walls and over my heart an iron vest waits.”

Ha! I write to you all as the burden of the past becomes, well shall we say jettisoned?

The cruel cracks upon back and brow; or betrayals most foul are bags of heavy rocks we carried to this place,

The Space, where we laid wreath and bonfires and I helped with her escape in only a small way.

I shared my city state and my mixed bag mind, and she, well with these rocks laid down, freed slaves biding time as they say.

A mind is a thing to share by the fire, and a free mind, two in fact we have between us is for free people in a place where winter sets in hard.

She, fully free of her past, me fully free of my circumstances, she quietly tends to my wounds via paint and posture, no fixing only abolition of the mismanagement of all past injury has left the mind a hopeful dreaming thing, but the body singed and scarred.

No word yet replaces Tovarish,

I will learn my Russian letters, please no wrong impression of what it is or “where we once were”, I can paint!

Compose and be a zealot, freely into General Winter if I keep all my promises to her.

#71 THE BRAZEN DREAM

Bring the Rum to Adler’s punchdrunkery!

The Brazen, the uncouth way you talk!

You talk in their company as if no men or adult supervision heard; picture plays parkour of the ageist line division.

And the flush!

You ante up terror in ideas.

The flush of your young punch drunk; slight blush of a Charles River crossing, where the Amazon broached the Mississippi; and then nothing remained of we.

When the dinner parties are all over, you’re gonna start a war.

As if the lead and casket was just as comphy as *chornay* making us cotton.

And loving you for just wanting to steal things; drunk or play music as you were drunk for the past three hours, old, I brood. Yoga, yes yoga. *Carlos Castaneda*, I’ll read it.

“I love you baby, they’re killing my people.”

“Who are *your* people?”

She looks in my eyes and sees murder.

For me, one night in Tehran,

In the dead still night,

I should sleep.

But, I persist in composition.

I assume my position,

Which is to say two *staogs* worth of turmoil.

A hard shot of pastness.

And a bouncing whiff of if!

Your sweet smile is lyrical you know, you know.

A gift to me, too sift through my mind is to tinker with a land mine.

“So I hold my hope inside, and wait until the sun comes up?”

There is a flying carpet in my room.

There are castles out in Burma, there are mountains worth our climbing, I am tired of this capitalistic digging, my grave is deep enough I think, slaves before we left the womb.

There are strange exotic lands; an in your eyes I see shimmers of a future without martyrdom or doom!

As if those castles, those mountains were *surpassible*, via conspiracy.

As if those castles, we could live in them, but for a second I wonder on your investment; of hope of and fuel.

Do you want big dreams or American dreams?

American, it comes up in conversation. It seems.

Petrol poured into my lips I will make a full scale assault on the grim gods of our fathers, and finance, this romance my catalyst, but I am a pittance, my magic carpet carries me clear,

Sit on my face, a passion play a midnight.

For if I can see your smile! The very next day!

Too soon, you say.

Is not my measure of time dear little teacher endearing?

All things future and past, as still now to me.

All things future and present and past, a vast and disparate wait for the moon at the gate, for the food on one's plate! For the zeal of the pistol and honing of hate.

“Darling, *Zhdatt* (wait), always looking backwards is the basket of balck

cats.” She says temper yourself. Let unseen energies absorb you, court woo, and the past passes through!

She, twice she then you. Look; at me with bright eyed hopefulness, peacefulness that’s what we saw. I looked into that frail, pale Komarova; I saw goddess I saw power I saw awe.

What now?

As cascades over broken backs of marching season bear down on Boston’s rackets; side walk cracks, you see a fiery optimism in small places where transfixed;

I court dissidents.

With small talks and dinner parties.

Does she know I’m raising an army, and a family later?

Stitch back my wounds with her powers of healing; banners and tirades; against the elite, against the untouchable castes on top, against capital one.

But tonight, we have *Havana Club* and *Bloody-Bloody Andrew Jackson*, it’s still charming time for exile, it’s still capable of being fun!

And without distain or interruption, you remove the blood bandages of my past lives, you remove my clothes and yours. Pock marks of bullets, the cut of a million passionate knives.

“They’re gonna kill you. That’s why we can’t ever be together for real,”

“You’re a gun slinging rebel, disguised as a student, but this is my life, I live here for keeps, I need this, I have friends here, I need a life I can see has a legitimate future, I’m human, I feel.”

Oh, gun slinger cut of Ali, but I’m reduced to student when you’re looking into me, looking at me, Elena Komarova I’m not planning on dying in Water Town, I’m here for the secrets, and now the idea of we.

And as we paint Pall Mall a colorful insurrection I try and sketch the how; the contours of your slim and happy soul. I see all its parts and I want them around me.

But, I fail to capture but for new lips, and *usuality* of drawing obscene huge breasts, I am unseeing in early art of the universal Komarova, the epic you. I fail.

I try again. I fail.

I spend some money.

I nearly burn the house down and your car is towed, true story.

I'm not classically trained at anything, except being a paramedic.

My own palm ought to be backhanding myself, strained and refrained from the lack of substance of my duck lips and tits, the things I can draw.

Madness. You always knew I had madness in the blood.

Many nights, I recount out best must useless fights.

Many nights, the blackness drowned out the magic of the stars.

The fog of war tucked me to bed into a light coma, seeing and feeling nothing; they build me layers of prison bars.

What is left of me for you to love is a happy corpse reanimated.

You gave me the possibility of life, but I squandered it with my duties to the resistance and my hate.

There was always still a little hope left.

(Tam Po, Prezhnemu nadeyyus chtovnoch)

What about counting stars seemed like a good idea? Until we found rest, I'll count your smiles and well laid lines, excuse my right eyes glare; the lips and breasts.

Your Russian lullabies sustain me I'm bleeding you saved me I love you don't leave me, there are some many things I repent,

Not time not days we spent, I am cut different in cock and cloth from the sea of other suitors, some calling themselves men.

Loyalnost fierce, I can't derail, can't let go. You know, so you tuck me in with silence, why do you fuck men with no hair, I'm trying, I'm failing, the story is over, I get it, I know.

I'd carry you again, if you'll carry me, any load. I can take care of monsters, I can bring back some of the dead; if you came to Haiti for love, just know this is only the beginning of the rebellions road.

Feed me some hope.

I'll dine with you again, one day. When the worst is over and it's time for a little more

fun, you and the Marine Pete Reed, the three of us were the first in the struggle to come, after the battles are over and castles are conquered.

I lost you, but the war well the war it has to be won.

And I'll promise nothing with bald bastard near, for the earth and the sky are venues for my unwritten stories, battles we lost but better the stories of battles because you we won;

No more swords!

She declares unless you're fighting for me, not fighting for me you're fight to get free just warm me with that fire and I'll open your eyes to the world right here, pleasing us both with the possibilities of beautiful things we can make and also to be.

Touch the ground.

Breathe the air,

Speak not a word off your communist lips,

Or my body and softness,

Folds of my cerebellum, reacting to the caress of your hand on my hips, and my hair.

Fall red leaves will tumble as I mount the soap box in Cambridge.

We will create!

"Let some of the things you're creating with me, absolve of your aloneness, your impossible war, and maybe even some of your hate!"

Look at me each night.

"I'm dead, not dying, you know what those devils took!"

She replies, "In the real, or your head?"

Look at me each night, it kills me, kiss my cheeks, and I will carry your hopes into life. And if nothing is promised, but promises on the pages of the paper they are printed.

And if nothing is promised that fails delivery.

If not one trespass occurs, then I will pour you a glass of cold hope, she says. You will be my favorite character if I can earn more nights, more time.

My face cracked twenty times at least against the bathroom mirror of the empire hotel, the night in November she left me.

“If you’d like in year, we can revisit this.”

“I’m gone.”

“I’ll do anything.”

If you’d like to wait a year in old soul time and find me in another life? There are carpets to Tehran that leave at dawn and you could leave him and come with me, to anywhere.

The wild is rapture, the sky is glee. And we were born free, or less than not free
loyal and happy and humble live we;

When you look at the sky, smile, I’m looking at you and you’re looking at me.

#74: GOLD BROWN EYES

Allow me say, “dear one”.

That-my-tongue; is sharper than my wit at time,

But so soft on command when wit and words are no longer needed.

For, 4,000 words were compressed into you single glance in my general direction.

And, my soul shivered!

Under countenance not judgment of Gold, Brown Eyes.

And, left behind for a short time, was the uprising flood of general insurrection.

AVAL, now I must stop the sentimentality immediately!

Movement people are wonderful lovers,

Until all that moving begins.

And the running, climbing, dashing, shooting, we avoid the shooting!

They have sharper swords than we!

This provocation into shooting is how the tyrant always wins.

What right has an Underground Railroad conductor to bring a child up in Babylon?

We have good strong genes!

We test well, we shoot straight our amorous arrows,

We, are loyal by innate means.

Though via their blood taxes, my presence here, pollutes my cause on tainted soil.

What right has a movement person to a good life, yet?

They took so much from so many, if here we remain I regret:

If you're feeling comfortable in Babylon lately, it is not my intention to help you forget.

The blood and the sweat, the tears and schemes and the broken ambitions and snuffing of life that is the foundation of American dreams.

I once had a child and a wife.

TAK.

You say give nothing cheaply, I wouldn't I couldn't, I turn not a cheek my enemies will have to pay extravagant fees to inch their devil claws near my loves or my life.

TAK.

"I'll be sweet again for you call out for it."

"Do you really know that," she asks.

"The sweet or the wife?"

"That it would be so hard to take all from you, your privilege, you skin and your life!"

Your gold brown eyes are not the same color as mine.

But all of you shines,

When I hold you to color or hold you to wind;

The stuff of your soul brings soft lullabies!

A stronger declaration of human than my loud battle war!

And the songs that you play me, the words you convey, are a mightier magic than the healing I do, or the words that I say.

They chisel me into a truer man from out a block of iron. Hellos and goodbyes, cast like

ripples at dawn break from the light of your eyes.

TAK!

“There’s a plan. There’s man behind man, there’s a chain of command!”

“Swear to me these compositions hold difference!”

She begs with her eyes.

Declares with her eyes.

“Swear that you’ll take control of your mind! The what’s and the why’s!”

When she’s near I’m a statuesque happy, happy right where with her I stand.

She makes no demand, she wards off all swearing and promising aimless;
the taste of her lips a magic of passion fruit-rose, pomegranate if I had to guess.

AVAL, there can be no amorous free for the all.

You’re building an army, you’re fighting a war.

If she makes you feel human with art into midnight, firehouse kisses and listening ways.

Just remember your intentions.

And what it’s all for.

Sleep eludes me like the reproach to of a harsh lover’s cold, yet sensual embrace,

Endless holds, to pace the space that in your parting is a voided anguish;

And no other may replace.

Warped calm of blanket folds.

AVAL; is an avalanche of excuses and buts; does, must the dreams I envision necessitate
harshness, a slice of my neck via 99 cuts!

To-cut-me-off-most-readily-from-here-right-now!

It is that vey now I miss most, and you do restore.

Gold Brown Eyes open you, and inspect me four score.

Inspect me about the world that I see,

The pain and glee!

The down pour of words like a print factory! The desire to love is the exact same desire that that fuels my zeal and my urge to be free!

When those eyes look at me!

I'm glad you're a goddess, I bathe in the glow of your powers.

A mad man like me. Can count the minutes, the years and time passion devours!

You say;

- "Mad man where with you I've spent seven days' worth of hours, sleep now or the damage you to yourself is pale to those with their might hold up in high towers."

I utter:

"Take all you hidden pain and thrust it on me!"

She says, "You're pain is greater, a vast weighty baggage, for any progression by carpet, ship or plane to faster degree, if the vessel is sinking as you're rightly to claim, jettison all this baggage now into the sea!"

AVAL, a poem is a midnight promissory note.

I swear I was in bed by the hour that you ordered!

I was awakened by ghosts, who guided these things I have wrote.

Were I to speak plain what kept me star crossed staring into lamp and candle, was not the thoughts of your gold brown eyes ever crying,

Or this who man is allowed to lie besides you to preside over your gentle sleep,

Though were you to weep at my broken promises I'd plant my sword to my heart through ventricles pumping, 45 inches deep.

No, what kept me running through sand dunes of quilt, was just the usual **AVAL**.

If I grow to use hidden L words, and if I fuse strange affections, and if a million new linguistic devices are deployed to capture my amorous sentimentality for you, will I be able to break and scale that last wall?

If I am so happy with your company can I risk you and me for dreams, the gall!

That in three round of kisses I might tremble so, and this you know my feelings are a wide and embracing prelude to grandiose albeit noble ambitions, the oligarchy's fall.

You so quickly did lighten my road that I could see in eyes as my lips caressed yours,
that I I'd never known you before but if you were willing I'd stay by your side 'til the end of my
road. And more roads to come on the march to the freedom and the enemies fall!

Tak! AVAL: you understate your might.

Your timid to nothing not frightened by night.

Your questions your answers your caring you gifts of incite!

Teach me and will I discover my hate unfounded? My position is tenuous.

My *Otriad* is quite small, If my skin and my station shield me to a higher degree, I know I am
completely surrounded.

"More sweet word," she asks with her eyes.

"I am not wise as you despite my old lives, my several centuries' worth of back to the
walling and demon slaying last stands and last tries."

"Burma skies! Spires with towers I'll wait for you there flee burning ghettos and unfurl
you're fastest carpet, the wind will blow your Partizan cap to the oceans and arrive at my side
exposing the waves of your auburn brown hair.

"More sweet deeds," she whispers.

Deeds, agreed, the ghetto's flames will singe my soul, situation dire.

To paint with you night after night will give full cause to stay clear of my
enemy's fire.

AVAL:

Sleep is the cousin of rest.

And rest sustains fight.

Don't ever assume my emotions are poured down rain like my word,

Don't think I'm a puppy, or a wolf either, in Thrawls of the darkness caught up in
the night or tales of violations I've seen or I've heard.

Writing you poems until dawn breakers light, the wrongs cracked away by my cause and
the right. No black and no white.

"GO TO SLEEP DEAR!"

Darling I have no idea how it happened; but I'm stronger now and I've never had much

fear, and I've only known of you for 7 months and, 9 dates and 4 weren't even dates, now I'm happy whenever you're smiling, dancing, teaching happy that you're here

I see your Gold, Brown eyes and I long for future whispers and I lay in the City of Waltham wishing the future were more clear.

The nearness of you being makes me feel so fully human, and I want to lie besides you, waiting for the dawn, for you take away my greatest human fear.

75: SHE SOMETIMES AMAZED ME HOW MUCH! **Сама иногда поражаюсь как меня много.**

Every time we kiss it takes me out of this place!

And there will be more time for kisses!

Hold me fast and take my tongue from me as well as all my new found essence.
Absorb for me and let me then carry you further than ever before.

When man is submerged in the flood water of his longing,
When the rapids break the legs below him,

Voluptuous folds of over powered temptations yielding bed sheet utterances, belonging.
The desire to muster his best qualities,

His full works brought to bear for that singular woman thrust before him.
As my rough parts are made a puppy faced rabbit!

And my soul into a naked exposure,
Your hands, hips lips a flush of all endless ways to bring the winter to better closure.

And then tight ripped verse.
To chainsaw the rough cut marble of composition, to bash apart the inadequacy of poor form
which might hint that all done for you was not unique.

Depart.

Komrade Komarova! You sometimes amaze me how much.

Such, I shall tell you what rights mean to me, dare we be gluttoned, yet so cold in Babylon
make plain your wishes, I will get us free!

I see you not judging, or hiding well judgments!

From my past escapades or the demons in me!

Not judging we, I am beyond *aleaved* that we is now two and has been cleaved down
from three.

Yet, wet lips still spout insurrection.
They bite the tongue, I bite my tongue in only one language. And lips which once from words
but strike keys into bloody history, misconception.

See the melee!

See the thrill of “to us impending victory”

She asks:

“How many of your poems sound close to same? The want of affection of a daughter from Russia, the toll of such women, the toll of your struggle, the playing too hard of no rules at the game!”

She says:

“Take a short blade and cut the warble off the words, trim the American vernacular down to half the size.

Surmise, drop vanity, your *chornay* like use of countless profanity. Make again proud form, verse you rehearse until ere ready to perform.”

“Make language a beautiful thing!”

No instrument to bludgeon about thy demons an enemy’s down with the Winter and up with future, the coming of Spring!”

“And who,” she asks “art thou biggest enemy? Thyself-Thyself Comrade, squandering don’t you dare, stare, look in the mirror see the source of past troubles, he’s laughing at you or crying at you! Comrade take care.”

“Thyself if so untrue is pleasing to no one, not one single no one, not even the darkness in you,” *she declare.*

I respond; “Comrade Komarova, my sweet Elena I will moan every moment touching you and beside you render myself a smiling man with a past of no great countenance, you’re not like other woman we can’t be labeled by our continents!”

“Our consonants!”

“Most wanton. Touching you or looking through!”

“I long every day for your touch!”

She sometimes amazed me how much!

Сама иногда поражаюсь как меня много.

Scheming into dreaming, another bridge called *Karlova*!? I love to dream beside you, separated by nothing but desire, but happy always for the dreaming we do.

The duct tape that when I lived impoverished I used to patch my dressing shoe.

Take that blade that you were offered,
Cast that thing aside!

Seize control that vessel, bleed it red or bleed it blue.

What mean that Haitian flag to you?

“Talk of love or talk of sin or talk of rights;

You are too happy now to die before winter has finished setting in.”

I want nothing more or train robs, nothing more of winless fights.

“I want us to dream of ways to win!”

It’s all or nothing motherfucker! She imitates; “For a Baha’i Russian Haitian fighting Irish you sure still like to make your dradel spin.

“What’s now not haunting you ought make your words more beautiful,” she says,
“No more Victor Gin.”

“And are not small beautiful moments, dreams and things, smells and tastes and
landscapes also dangerous to make tunes and tomes too?” she asks.

“Are not sad barricade ballets just belligerencies to thine enemy self?”

“Do not invite fire into your home, the Victory Gin is for self-
murdering men, who don’t know how to begin the sniff of a win. Onto the shelf.”

“Your guns and your bullets your lies and worthless desires of dueling with devils!

“DREAM CORRECT! You command my respect, your humor in nightly visitations to
Burma to Paris to Trinidad; you call that all love, your love is forever suspect!”

When I see the smile of Komrade Komarova, I know her as a plural woman.

I profess her my longing and I take her commands.

A woman who like I is disconnected from aspects of reality so she might better love the
place where she lands.

A pause again, cheers to now and cheers to never again; might never loving trysts rip out
hearts asunder, might never ideals take needless lives, cost rivers red of blood, denying life all
grace or wonder.

I cheers to total truthfulness, a pause’ I’LL SEE YOU; WHEN?

Again and Again and Again.

I speak freely before you, I dare.

Until fireworks over Bagan’s skies are but a symphony of promises kept to me
and you, and Blood red balloons of the Banshee insurrection not a spark compare.

She asks:

“What for then comrade! When you kiss my lips and write your poems on the softness of
my stare; what is you’ve set yourself to do?”

“If you promise we, or the entire Breuklyn Soviet our liberation true then mark
my words your words will return to stab a blade in you, and dash yourself and burn apart for the
emptiness of the promises you sew.”

My hand overtakes her finger, her hand on the clutch.

She sometimes amazed me how much!

Сама иногда поражаюсь как меня много.

How much she knew my heart and yearned to know the plots of my soul. And perhaps I
could amaze her too, not with all the adventures to come or the tall orders of deeds I had
promised her and the world I could do,

I say.

“Just remain by my side and all of the happy you put on to me, I’ll reflect
it actions right back on to you.”

77: ЧЕУ КЛОЩ I VE GOT WHAT SCIENCE HAS ЧЕТ TO LEARN IN THE BLOOD!

Что у меня это (что именно науке еще предстоит узнать) в крови.

It's a tug of war some nights.

Insights; in me a passion piñata; bashful-now-I-bash myself for less than useful plights.

Rip off my shirt on site, and beset all inhibitions to the loftiest of flights. You're not like other women and I don't ever look too hard for a round of winless fights!

But, I still base my outlook on convictions and those noble thirty human rights.

I still beat my fist against brick walls, I still battle demons and the higher that one climbs in a life of epic expectations;

Then don't underestimate the gravity of falls.

Or, head spinning, as tobacco demons leave thee,

I want for you to need me!

The how-damn-much you're wanted near we;

Verse-by-verse a beckon; a tug of begging; of affections hoping that you hear me,

Hoping that you see.

Hoping that you see me win!

Am I weaker because I measure myself in the eyes of woman?

And truthful make my secrets seen to any looking in?

For my English has no resonance it seems,

I long for you, I need you fierce; my close companion by my side and also in my dreams.

And the Burma nights will unfold in nightly plights and carnal color schemes.

You are a world unto yourself, if I cannot pronounce your city how will I never speak to your soul? That is my truest goal.

The moment when our essence and our trust, our common longing makes a good thing whole.

She says; “You know that I’ve got what science has yet to learn in the blood!”

Does a man when lacking bricks build a house from sticks and mud?
When my heart makes a second beat; is-it-more-like machine gun’s fire,
Or a door closing with a thud.

And if I could speak to her special uniqueness,
Knowing my emotions are a liable thing, a source of honest, utter weakness.

And like some unclassified species of sky bound creature, a shaman or a sorcerous
blessing many as their patient friend and quiet teacher; does she who has defied science via the
reanimation of her own broken heart;

Now broken two times, or more?

Mine four, but who keeps score foreshore!

Find any solace so to speak in clever words or stone heart rhymes?

Does she who has braved so much and cut off expectations bounds find peace with any kind of
poetic vagabond when she is certain of his must *intenuous* mind.

Rewind.

Did you like my passion kissing, did you believe my pledging of my world to you in just
one month of passion so reckless and a man so emotionally blind?

Where was to light a candle for the newness of our kind?

She says; ***“You know that I’ve got what science has yet to learn in the blood!”***

Does a woman when lacking open feelings build a life where golden cows and golden
temples escape the torrent and thwart impending flood?

Eye for eye, a blood for a blood!

The mathematics equated to measure her eye brow to eye brow,
To gauge the hard diameter of her judgment, the softness of her spirit, I vow!

I have battered myself up over hard hearts.

For you I pledge devotion to you until such devotion moves or I am moved by cause and zeal,
worlds apart to steal and to heal.

To battle these tyrants, to open the thick of my heart to the world of the soul, the world

we control, the happy in now and the all of the essence since you showed me how.

One day 10,000 miles apart, the light and dark the stop and the start,

As the thing falls apart;

You keep me like a steel hand guarding your breast and I'll wear your spirit and memory over the walls of my heart. And keep you in the chakras that resides from the crown of my head to the base of my chest.

"The rest is the rest, and the test is no test for a holy fool such I, if your soul can make love after bodies do perish what good is the kiss to lips of the blessed?"

When my head's on your chest! When my fear is all vanquished by your fire and magic and when you hold me close you're my bullet proof vest.

"I'd never have guessed that in three months of knowing I'd yearn for you this deeply!"

She says;

"Well Alan and I could have guessed," she says with wink and I stand before her pale blushing and naked; completely undressed.

She says; "***You know that I've got what science has yet to learn in the blood!***"

What's love; just a useless word for a *volumous* thing, is vodka potatoes or when in America called just a spud?

She does second guess your naked feeling, she has sent you spectral reeling, she is spurred by actions; words are things rehashed.

"You have a stormy lurid past. I don't judge you for a minute but I know this thing can't last."

! Pulling-pulling torching feelings supple action frantic dealing!

She declares "I am a thing unique!"

Now my poetic leanings have failed me for the last time and once filled with fire, am naked, quivering weak.

"We like our manly men."

"I'll pull myself together and make myself a thing of manly virtue before we meet again."

I'm going nowhere, I'm your friend. Don't iron strike my love and time and break your deals, your promises on this end.

"What is "love" is officially?" she never asked to me;

Love to me officially is *Str'ast* (passion is the basis for us to set we free).

Loyalnost (loyalty is the basis of all human interactions, those which offer merit, I think we'd both agree.)

Stojkost (perseverance always needed for what the world will throw at thee)

And *Predannost* (devotion is the last lesson in Russian that before you turned numb you taught to me)

All must be carried out together; fearlessly.

For another in daily acts of awe,

In your gold brown eyes I saw, warm company and the sheer fire of their soul.

Love to me means the world is alive again when a person you are devoted to smiles and makes you whole.

At you they look and such looks into your very being,

And then on fire you engage the world alive and all awake and loving all you're seeing.
And nothing is abstract or hidden.

And nothing is secret and nothing forbidden.

You are in the end sharing a fire that lights up the night of life and via being together makes waste of all strife;

And cold world bright and the sometimes heavy load, eased by living a state of joy is like butter to a knife.

She asks,

"How without science or knowledge did you but two months come to love?"

"I was dead and it was you who breathed the life into me, and carried me in your arms to safety and as waves crashed below us there were you in passion as we watched the Burma skies above."

79: THE RIGHTS TO HER

Comrade Komarova, I shall tell what your rights mean.

To me; dare we, so glutted, yet so col of apathy.

In Babylon make plain our wishes, no get wealthy, not the get free.

What know free we?

I see you.
 Not judging, me.
 Yet once wet,
 The lips spout insurrection, glee?
 Bite the tongue and lick salted wounds,
 Of bloody, bloody history.
 See, the melee,
 See the thrill of to us is an impending victory!
 “How many of all you poems, sound the same?”
 The want of love from a Russian woman? The toll it takes,
 The playing of the game.
 “Take a short blade!
 And cut the warble of your rhetoric, make again proud verse you perform in the
 shower and to me you rehearse!”
 Make language a beautiful instrument!
 To move minds, not bludgeon cold hearts.
 And who art the biggest enemy?
 They own self, -she says.
 Thyself so untrue to thyself!
 Squandering all statement of integrity in a mirror shard!
 “Woman, I will moan.”
 “Moan in wonder every moment touching you!”
 Touching you, or looking through!
 Gleaming into constant dreaming, another bridge called Karlov?
 The duct tape when I improvised a patch work for my shoe.
 Take the blade that you were given;
 Seize control of your ego before the devil talks too long into you!
 Talk of love or talk of sin.
 Or talk of rights you happy,
 To die for nothing as you wish as the winter here is setting in.
 It’s all or nothing motherfucker! For a Baha’i Russian Haitian Irish
 you sure make a whining dradel spin.
 What’s now, not hunting you?
 You ought to make you words more pretty.
 Ado, and one not small beautiful thing.
 Dangling your legs off the highest tower, none of your colleagues will jump.
 Your people? I wish deeply on attempts to dream correct.
 Its commands respect, that your humor, our nightly visitations in the fourth
 dimension, it’s seditious, its’ abhorrent neglect.
 I see you more often than my closest comrade’s suspect.
 When I see the smile of Comrade Komarova I am contented then,
 A pause again,

I'm giving forth total truthfulness, I pause, when!
Again and Again and Again!
Entire brass bodies erupt over Burma skies!
And red balloons mount an insurrection,
Not a spruce compare, detection, its getting past midnight,
Too late for this kind of astral self-reflection.
What for then Comrade?
What is it you've set yourself to do?
If you promise me my rights,
Will the entire Brooklyn Soviet, dissolve in its conception, the black man and his tragic
plights?
Rights for me and rights for you, I have a secret, I can't yet show,
If I dash my dreams inside your pussy, I'll burn apart you know!

Makes her want to spit at me.

Far above the Brooklyn Soviet, even higher that amorphous rights, the lights all of the
lights in those grim Boston nights.

Far above the smoke monsters,
Out of the furnace brine.
Of a collapsing skyline,
I found the soft embrace of mother night, in the form of Comrade Komarova, I held her
so tight.

Consign, I felt the red folds,
Of your oriental skirt,
Of your naked kisses.
Tombstones broken by the softness of your wine.
A balloon.
Powered by your infinity, floated and I, I sang of hope.
The noose,
Or the tight,
The evil of men with a rope.
The plan is thing,
The revolt is plan we can spring,
Vastness of scope.

She took me into accession.
Not a night since November when before treacheries dismember,
The blackness.
I remember,

Was over!
Overcome by the force of little you.
And as we rise do not allow a hint of smug surprise.
Comrade Komarova, rights to you are mine, is it even slightly true?
Surprise, I can see you third eyes, I would do anything for you.

The ups and downs and highs of climbing.
The universe is not our cage,
It's opening, and I am the author of many good things,
Gauge the stage, turn the page.

Blind bandits will still whisper one day that poet Adler redeems himself
his love is constant and true.

“True to me or true to woe?”

I touch the softness of your palm and broken me is become a thing anew.
You take my soul and accept my worst, but the goal?
Have quickly built me to my whole.

29 years immolated in a blur,
A pledge to never leave her side, accept for order of expulsion, should a broken promise
neigh occur. I remain in awe.
I sit in folds of a blanket warmed by the perfection of Comrade Komarova.
The magic pulled out from observing all she saw,
The cold dead heart in my chest, winter falls in Boston,
But the heart is now in thaw.

78: SING ME MORE SONGS

Sing songs you liken-likelihood in 13 tongues.
A forest shivers,
Kisses blanket pale your bosom.

Breasts, warm the given givers.

A frost is coat for forsaken; a moon beam gift taken.

Kisses are no more, censored, banned.

One single emergence

Thrawls the heavens like a post-Soviet Super nova.

Kisses are no more, as stated.

An empty space with hinges is not necessarily a door

Good night moon!!

She's still beside your animated corpse.

She's lime lit giving.

And she never leaves too soon!

Morrow night shade morrow cries

Komarova is beside you!

With Passion hire to die.

Red, Black or Gray balloons over *Bagan!*

She carried you afloat 'til now, now you're leaking.

Now is now.

Soon as noon.

Flat man why?

Elena will still vouch soft for you.

So, you know not how to die?

Tire not of printed poem,

Dear one,

Tire not of my pale skin!

Forced blemished jeer

W; as if in ghastly retune!!

A bombast tone.

The; the work up.

A new, who is my sordid retinue;

Elena Antolievna keep *Zahir*

Close in view.

88: INSUFFERABLE NIGHT!

1!

I have to get through tonight.

Through mid-*trepadarious* forward assaults on the best of my iron vest incites.

My failure of amorous insight I like best,

The hole in the hollow, the pump that replaced the very black heart you stole from
my mostly tumultuous chest. *Mm-hmhm*.

The pretend of a sigh, I know not the reason the rest of us feast while beyond
citadel gates the rest of them die.

You have no idea how I try, when each time, each slight, each break of a promise of long life to
come presides over the wisp of a hum!

After a long kiss good night and each missing delight.

Is the price I pay, I repeat what I say' I slip not a single bit eager away, since your departure,
wrong or for right

Grim departure into Moscow's deepest ring roaded abyss, the spire of citadels cracking the rims
of the night.

Did I get the last part of this parable right, the cold comes so quick and pulls blankets across over and under, unearthly so deathly, so white?

Was the price that I paid for surviving the run and gun into 30 decay; the brak and bray of the fire fisted fight?

All just a lie, a lie upon lie; a fuck upon a fuck of hardly giving anything since your flight back to Moscow my mind run amuck!

Know the palm of my hand, from the width of my spite. And the nose to the palm and the fist to the fall and dashing and lashing the fuck of if it all,

Ineffable might!

The spittle the bleeding the taking the needing of need, the needing the worst kind of slashing and misreading, the cut of my guts and drop of the floor .

I can't take one more bit of this shit; the wanting and needing and lusting and ego size feeding the lies that I tell in the dark in the blood in the the spit.

I have written nothing of note in a fortnight, the sublime in a rhyme the taking and selling and trading of time. The wasting of me, taking all I had left of shadow of man with an blackness of soul, that hole in my chest and the tack of the toll.

The words that in hatch marks we chiseled on the the tree of life, cut into the fabric of magic unknown. We cut with a knife a most frivolous thing; a tantric phallus with fairies, with cantankerous birds and bare breasted women based on the porno graphs as a young man I was shown!

Warbler please, I balter blather bother as I beg you on my knees, as my own skin is a second hand cloth that I have no mastery of, daphnia grazing swans as stabbing eyes.

The tower lies. the science of lord of the flies. and the words they use the fish gut stench of reasons for the uncouth means their ways implies.

Dear one, citizen scientists playing along using flashier cars well-oiled sport teams ongoing efforts to pretend that they're strong;

Hyper Development just setting in the death of man in the forest somewhere is a trumpet cacophony playing along.

2!!

I have to get through tonight.

A black breaded bite.

A bit from a stripper pop cake, or the glare of cattle do ambulance lights!

Exploding the quiet of poorly spent plight. I am sure that even my audience will agree I pick a most precarious fight?

How did i find a woman like you? A painted face pixie/ glowing indomitable spirit. A triumph of happy delight.

For my pain is leviathan. Swallows me Jonas like whole, the whole of the real the epic created the lies and masks and the anted up toll.

The world to me is mountain.

A treacherous fort on a series of hills.

At time my heart stops for a minute or two and escape I go from the physical plane; a gust of grey smoke; above the knives of the killers

The laugh of the joke;

the spies and their lies; the whores and the pills; the dagger men banking on newly spent kills!

I escape.

With an ephemeral form; ineffable might.

I arrive in the future, a futuristical place; optimistically new: a futurist man remade in my vast powers of so endlessly loving the very most essence of you. (Adelina)

The sheer will of my love, you say what know me of love?

Its in my vertebral wires, the pumps and valves below and above; a flame driven of ebbing and tidying; expending reason, self abasing, or pleasing, it keeps sails on the good ship Adler aright;

The good ship takes flight:

With red balloon ballast; for the love of the goddess they're calling a piece, I fly like a battalion of eagles, no goslings or geese! Get me out Sharkasa Waltham; take me back to your arms; take the thick of me deeply and thrust away all this pain give me back my Adelina, give me back my release!

Release to your arms, then everything's right; and out of the sickly black whiteness of my last winter's long running night.

3!!!

How did I come to be in this place. In this night. Despite all my lastingly brazenly brokenous promises made; most find my goodness of motive in fuck or in fight.

I chose this. You're right.

No Waltham, no you. That's what I know. That steel hand on your chest is a pledge that I'd love and support you through it all.

No matter how far. Or the places apart that we go.

No matter the heights.

Unlimited loving, but lately my powers are limited few; alone in this grim *Shrakasa* camp; staring at screens, talking in circles. Dreaming of you. When i look in a mirror I see a masked man; hiding his weakness, his murderous features a terrible blight.

What know me now of love. Perhaps you were always right.

What questions are these?

My face has been dashed. I've had current, a beating or two, my face has been water board splashed. Bleedings and squeeze.

You hate when I beg and you hate worse when I bellow; but if I can pray prostrate to the thing I call god;

I can beg the swifter return of the woman I love on my knees.

4!!!!

Black Gates of Ringed Roads..

Halve the bad lands in between! Moscow where is Moscow! I am blind and bleeding from the ghastly things I've read but also seen!

I'm going to cut my very timber eyes-hatchets out for falling fancy i have invalidated the thrusts of bulldog black intent.

Replicate in my countenance a bleaker predilection, vast pre tension boils over; guest workers four leaf clovers; borrowed money money poorly spent.

Click boots on black tarmac prospects covered in haggardly snows, my un sound and both unquiet mind plays ballads to your kind;

to flaunt all trepid interpretations of my base medical vocations, back hand to brackish bankers, my boots will crunch his jaw and leave all these business men coksure now cock less grind.

I will beat him palpy pale, I'll kill your Thomas cop I'll brutalize your vile builder Andre and stab his heart with dagger bursts rip apart his vicious tale. Thought you

my poems pretty song? I'm a most violent violent nemsis to any motherfucker who has done my woman epic wrong !

Moscow where is Moscow its a place inside my mind; it's a fortress its a mountain citadel, its a place I am kept from my only love and therefore it becomes a hell.

The deadness spreads inside me.

And the poems end but not my own is rightly neigh. I hate the thought of poetry, I like the thought of killing; killing myself to slaughter out the oligarchs and all your laundry list of vile, brutish guys.

I hate now the face of me!

I could kill ten thousand Europeans

burn out every sand of Europe's soil

Its just a place to rape and shit and pee.

What people want they go to see! I try and tell them what to think more of perfect you and less of violent raging me. And you underestimate the violence that was done to those by Europe done to you and done to me. Done to mine and done to yours, I have fallen and am in drowning in my tears of madness dash my face upon the floors;

You left me here for Moscow, I am thus a dog a broken wolf and breathing smoke.

Hanged men hang for forty days before thieves decimate the corpses for the secrets in their cloak.

What near a life by *proxim* we.

Three continents apart is our manufactured destiny.

And you so fearless, you so noble, you so perfect and so true. Were the only thing that held be from these bastards back, of fear for me and more for you.

The Moscow spires and the snow fall, the oldness and the thrill. The vastness of separation is a poem not a kill.

The winds howl out and call for layers, my words mean nothing but effigies of deed and love between our warring peoples might seem ineffable, indeed.

I see you in my all my happy dreams, your thrilling beauty juxtaposed with my potential coming might. But for now like tragic Mayakovsky and his Tatiana;

I am red.

And you are white.

94: FROM SOMEWHERE WITH LOVE

I walked until the boardwalk ended and toppled complacently into delirium tremens,
Take your salt pills!!
She fucked to barely feed herself;
On the top of the mount,
On the silk of the sheets of those lowest of lying, American hills,
Civilization, hyper development when man was the hunter, the broad was the target,
But also the spoiler of kills.
There's blood in my eye,
You left me alone in the provinces, you cursed me for nothing, and left me to die.
I once told that girl what a forest wife was,
She heard forested whore, she gave me a black eye,
That's what losing yourself in translation, too often does.
She teaches us our English you say;
She once knocked my face with the flat of her hand,
You can't learn a language that way.
My people come from the soil and learned what they did because they couldn't
buy land her people don't play. And men who are real men always pay,
You taught be pay then you taught me to pray,
If you didn't know manly or womanly I bet you they'll teach you, for the right
price, savage surrender someday.
This one's gone got away, I had begged her to stay;
She is a blond Slavic doll, take her layers off, wood pop and peel, and what is it you finally see;

After layers and layers of beauty and darkness and lies;
She's just filled with some diamond, kept hidden from me.
Blacken my lungs are my therapy now;
Stoly my blood,
Bile my tongue;
You measure my worth in the swipes of my hand,
You'd marry mirages of money, when you're old or you're young.
If I put nice words in the linings of my casket,
I only prolong the latest Russian girl from dancing on my grave;
I thought myself brave,
I gave like a slave!
The difference is widened; by the lie of a life you again failed, were rejected to save.
The life that you built with a hatchet and pen,
She don't love you no more, she don't love the drama, and she don't love the color, the nuance
of you getting crazy over the *chornay*, again.
Black on black heart;
The life you offered- and gave,
Like the phantasms enchanted, enchained to the walls of a red neon lighted- post-Soviet cave.
The highway between New York and Boston is now overly eerie to me;
When we fucked once in the truck stop,
On the hood of the Civic, while truckers looked on;
She said 'you never look like you're looking at me',
You're wide eyes always look but they rarely do see;
That time I fucked up my life- like the time we spent in that forest, I'm
handcuffed to you but you're always still leaning on me.
Then until November now;
The Connecticut cops captured me blindly, they dragged me of the Lucky Star like a
hooligan;
On the border of Mass, on Route 83;

Looks what they look like, we turned to the ugly alonehood of me.
She left me crying gently in Waltham weigh station, the next day I beat retreat.
“Real men don’t cry,”
All your men are beasts judged by the things that they did,
For the good life you think you just have to stay here and someone will buy.
Look at this country,
All of its wars,
You make small talk; that comes out like you think all my people;
Are gangsters and whores.
When we loaded our lives in a dream; when you made me cry and I made you
scream.
Look at all of this trouble you’re constantly bringing on me!
Drama and madness, like the *blat* chubbies watch on the fat of TV.
We’ve jumped out of planes, I’ve spoken of carrots, of sticks and of rings.
We’ve acquired all manner of Asian made things.
From somewhere with love, I’ve found little, no place with a pulse, if I were a
man that could make myself into glorious flame,
I beg for the end of this winter,
I beg for the cultural warfare to end,
The end of my mind is but only a round of her game.

99: HUMAN PATRIA

I consider your rallying and your hee-haws,
An aberrant and arbitrary designation.
I do not fly all flags evenly.
Some had more to them than others, some, the very thread, the *liniature* was, earned.
There was a name tattooed on the back of her neck.

And we best believe she didn't choose it.
When they splattered those fierce Egyptians in the newspaper, did you feel it?
Did you feel their faces crack; their life leave them?
Nothing?
When they broke that hooker's jaw for sport you still daily subscribed to late night flickering of
the inter-web handcock!
What time did the sunset in Babylon that day?
You vile fucking thief.
I make accusations on myself and at others.
When they scalped 800,000 was it just a cautionary tale that the niggers still can bleed more?
Africa.
Human.
That's just a breed of hyper-violent monkey.
Worse somehow, it grins at the notion of a good bleed. Likes the site of an explosion far from
home.
You're paleness is to me unsettling, but I could absolve it if you had some "human patria".
What's that?
Solidarity with your kind man.
Never mind.
When they kicked your face, broke all your teeth the first time did you beg your god to let you
die one last time?
Did you plead, pissing blood to never again be their target?
Coward!
Pile the corpses outside your village, offer your daughter's bare breasted ass for rape.
You my pigeon holed associate are the vile.
The smidge I pick from my teeth.
You are a speck.

When inserted up her tight shaft, the softness of those pale legs were a cushion.

If I digress into sex. It is because I both hate police and love firm round breasts thus proving I am
not any one's martyr, no icon or virtue nor desirous of your speculations on my gray motives.
I am just a man and I fuck.
Both myself, women and the world back on to me fucks hardest.
What.
Yes what!
Bleeding from my head like the Egyptians and Syrians do,
The humiliation of 4,000 years of a petulant subjugation.
I'm am impervious to your zombie ways.
Your turn the other face.
Your blindness.
Pale-ness.
Your collaborator scheming.
Fuck.

When the noose is again about my neck at least I will go through the motions to die a hero.
 At least, perhaps, as my last breath bellows *Ya 'Basta* in face of my Roman enemy.
 At least my gun will be completely empty when they finally take the hill.
 You.
 Damn you coward.
 When there was no one left.
 When it was just you, me, and the overwhelming urge to surrender.
 Indomitable.
 The richest man in Babylon was a pebble with a gold cane.
 And I. Oh I.
 I was invested in my brother and sister too. I wanted for strangers what my own self craved.
 Human Patria! I say. Not so farfetched if a man like me subscribes in totality.
 And so right then and there,
 Kissing her neck,
 Wishing no one had done those things to her.
 That name on her neck.
 I will kill them all if I have to!!!
 I'll slaughter them all and feed them their own children as delicious meat pies!! RA! Baraka!!!
 But tell me cousin, she asks...
 If, when we avenge us;
 Tell me that I at least will learn to know my Human Patria.
 She soothes my tremors of delirious rage, she takes my callous hand; she says;
 Absolve yourself of pastiness my eternal love,
 For Human Patria relies, and in fact demands that the hero and heroine act not like
 monsters. Act not like Romans or Amerikanski, instead, she says;
 Love me more than you hate the beast and the beast will have no power.
 For to save one life, open one mind, live one on life with honor.
 We strip the monsters of their claws when fighting vile monsters we
 become above them,
 In conduct.
 I will teach you man of "Human Patria."

#100 MOTHER NIGHT

The cruel black night swallowed us up like a frail ship into a vast and mighty wave.
 Sacred scared and huddled in the ramparts like a mass of newly broken slaves.
 How now we do behave, for when I was young it was my mother who had taught me what it was

to be a man, how to heal and also how to save!

I wrote for you an epic poem of us sons to mothers all on what we hold inside is based on what you alone uniquely gave!

Taught us to be so bold and brave!
I will tell you, in droplets, blood clots, *neshama* Magic,
All mercy due,
That look what grew inside you is the future, and the future bright and brave and bold;
Was modeled fully after you.
I say it loud so you can hear me, I chisel it in verse, in Brooklyn rhyme, the world is cruel and underwhelming; but each and every time,

My mother gave me reason to embrace the human in me, to cherish, strive and climb.
When I first knew fear, you taught me joy. When I first knew violence as a boy, my mother told me stories of the things we all might do!

When baby faced and baby eyed I had not two fucks of clue.
And whenever I bleed and beg for sweet surrender it is she who picked me up again to see the living fabric breathe anew.
Told me of our people, told of the world to come. Told me of the hopeless and *the heroes*,
sold me parables on battles to be lost and those that could be won.

Mother night you are my solace, my honor and my shield,

Abba made me hard for constant warfare,
Taught me use of swords and money lending, built my *hadar* to withstand the wrath of screaming chimps, to fight hard and near yield.

But my mother taught me love!

Taught me sympathetic sharing, taught me arts and everlasting beauty and to honor the poor and broken,
Draw my powers from the oneness of the universe above.

In mother night I first learned a kiss.

In mother night I was nurtured that the world need not look a single thing like this.

I've been so long freedom fighting. Pushing hope and pushing chest walls, pushing drugs.
The black and evil of the darkness is in dawn time receding as we escape the dagger men and monsters on ten thousand flying Persian rugs.

From you I learned my honor! From you you I learned my magic and my will. I was taught to build the world to come, to fight relentless enemies but still to win without a kill.

Know my heart my Eima, know all about what I can and with some luck and love may soon get to do;

I would never have been the man I am if not for the total of your nurture,
for my goodness and my boldness is based fully on growing out you.

#101 БУХАРИН ЧАЛДА

LiLi, *ecoute moi!*

Consway-J'nexiste pas; oh Liana, *ecoute moi!*

Conceal my hard heart horrors; my maligned white face.

I am not like you; yet my brightest star; Hadar! Twerking in the bath house, danger looks like so
sweaty, streaked in semen and in subtle bruises black and blue.

The road so far?

Buried so many.

Scar? Really? No scar.

Mother mother night, I and she, the real of taking poisons, the real of all her fucking voodoo
Eastern magic. Feeling like choking her passion, feel like taking her inside of me?

I once longed for Lena, longed for Dasha; longed not as painfully for Maria from the Ukraine I
called Masha, longed for supper, supple lover. What of the 99th Battalion, amid the fire fight?

Bright white victorious light!

He throws her chases, hurls, (she's actually quite Jewish for a savage) not at all like his
other so-called "Russian" girls.

The Hebrew plotting guilty mind, the sly gyrations of her vibrations, such a tight lipped
disposition, such a dirty find.

Luscious corn rolls! Forlorn my every through thought of swagger! My fertile crescent of
conviction, my bald heart open for kills;

Bukharin Girl; you a fearsome woman. Know my wail black widowed, me some Ivory Chechen
Irish hybrid, a brother born with fish of gills.

When they took me; nightly torture! Manacles at 4 points. Injections, needles
seven families worth of pills.

Mounting torments, all humiliation, seek to break my mind and also break my will.

Grimace devils!

Echoes of newly spilt kills.

Bukharin Girl; should I say woman with at least one child, eyes bright and ever wild, I am unlike normal souls, my feelings are on constant raw display!

Heart on sleeve like cocaine cuff links Raffi gave me, to you I am just a technicolored loon, a head rolls. Such a roller coaster spinning while it fucks you roughly from behind;

You speak of Ziegler, but I already have my goals.

Your feelings are vital; important to me, never worn out on sleeve. To you I am a loon with pipe for laying, my feelings are invalidated to your general winter socializing; they are stuff of fiction; *make believe*.

Illuminated now; you cut my throat. You cut off all my essence. Salt in my wounds and blood in my eye, your back is turned, this time not for fucking. My memory, my four technicolored gifts of portrait, my fuck, my fight my being; all die.

Fearless mind whispering to your Atria direct; “Do me right Liana Zavulounova! You have coldly done me wrong!”

She’s a cold whore, who does no charging in green denominations; she takes her payment up inside her. Emotions. Blood.

Do me right! By my condition, so that each quivering ventricle is a playful utterance anew. A slot machine, made a sub machine gun anticipating carnal fun. Rapid fire sub marines harpoon hard hearts, fucks not given. For a cameo your tits are huge, but are done.

Three times late I left assorted flowers on the front door of her father’s villa. It accomplished nothing. I should know her father reach, I should be more afraid.

There’s a rumor on the streets I don’t even fuck these women, I just mostly feed my wild passions with artistic bombast and escapade. That rumors incorrect incidentally, that isn’t how the art got made.

Her silken touch; your body rubbed in eucalyptus oils, the air raid, the tome on my brilliant toils, we joust mysterious in April, but my June your hard heart was laid too open. You’re not so savage, you’re blushing and, *afraid*.

Lovers can crack. Under heat, demonstrate trepidation, rip off your clothes and ride up on me, on my back, on your back, on my back again, in a care or in the ice box, on the boardwalk or in an alley on your forest silly street.

On a bed or on concrete! How my SA and AV long to know you, I am arms I’d like to show you, cocked and loaded passions,

But we are mostly still discrete. My hypertrophy is total, I'd still suck your tits and pound you roughly and in ecstasy, on the beach or in an ally up the street.

I am contemptuous of impossibility, as always.

I don't give a fuck about the empire of your father, what he owns and how it got it, you can love or hate accountability, you like my body banya bound, goals, yes tell me of your goals!?

I love your sapiosexuality, your provocations, hand cuffed and groaning with a pipe of substance up you fleshy holes.

Lili Zav, I'm caught up in your rapture.

All of you are eastern promises, but all of you are mostly high prices whores, it take a lot of security and down deposit to get capture.

While doing all I do, to evade capture, float on hope. Or get ready for a very long cold winter frost, put the pistol in the mouth; POP! its more elegant than jumping, or using rope.

From the float, what of falter and surrender, the base is rising and ascending for a mostly un-writ tragic ending. But I'm hard to disappear they say, I have epic cope.

You and I are power players; I don't want a wife or girlfriend. I want a partner, that's the bottom line of the smoke signals I've been sending, that's the unacknowledged score.

You wanted game and a real seduction, how now. You dressed me up for dinner in your Zara, but refuse to even take my letters as I'm heading off to war.

And, I hope she's gonna lust-lust love me;

Cuz the last *dvotchka* wasn't loving me right, Go In!

Sweat drips off her buxom;

Those big brown eyes! That coal black hair and her capability for cardio, also for surgery...Damn what a devilish grin; sex drips like a poison, a passionate play that I'm fucking her in.

Tiger blood madness, blood of the Ivory,

Just another moment; package bombs at midnight;

Big tits bouncing, Bi-Win! Baha'i curious, adventure into sunset; hit the dawn breakers, 1001 miracles, just another story we're in. GO IN!

Gonna hit these evil motherfuckers with a bang-bang! Pussycat,

Gonna lick up on her neck, kiss lips of cherry and gin.

Don't fear the feeling if you want it you can get it all of this life;

'Cause Lili you could be an Israeli Prime Minister, were you not born into Babylon, you could be a President, and you could still be a future President's wife.

What's a jack knife to a swan? Go in.

What's time to the timeless, what's the use of English? What's love when the loving is cruel and loving is wrong.

Gonna talk about my lady, who's never been my lady.

Gonna keep fighting like we're playing to win!

#104 THE RESET

Reset, This girl is trouble, causing me so much trouble.

Some man not able to keep up; she now dancing on a table, she is walking on my words; like she don't give a fuck!

Razpizdai! I'll love you now or never, I'll love you even when you're brutal. Even when a wine soaked savage! I can love you even when you lie.

For my actions are ever mounting, my every try, my every why! Is contemplated as belated to the risk, the whisk and everlasting sigh.

"You lit your cigarette and I watched you walk away." Reset, the trauma of our courtship, it isn't over yet.

And then, inside me bursts, and I reach out for the repeat. I am clawing at my vocab for the proper words to say, to declare a need for new replay.

You dangle out some pearls of small affections, then you snatch that shit away.

But the things I'm about to utter are known to you already, I beg the night and my tears streak tarnished manhood debased before my goddess, yet again.

"Be not like other men", beg to be beside me, buy and spend to hold attention, "fuck it man," she yells at me you're doing it again!!"

I beg **reset**, does she even read my poems? Does she even like my tender kisses, do my

actions even make her happy though my puppy eyes make her upset!

Reset, we're not there yet. Yet being the walk away, yet being the closure we might not ever get.

Chornay say, "*Shawty's*, like a melody in my head, that I can't keep out,

Got me singin' like Na, nah a Na every day, like an I-pod stuck on replay."

Blond hair and soft thighs, pressed against my cheek, what was real she can't remember but she's sometimes sorry for her blackest lies.

And the evil of her insults, the latest ones this week! Of what evil can I even speak, I do for her what I am able, I bring her mild entertainment,

I speak warm words of loving and feeling and needing, 'til she tells me not to even speak.

She says she is Russian, but she's clearly taking-her-time, she's picking her targets with ease. She a dangerous woman, we all can agree,

She can break a man's heart with her smallest of actions, she prefers all her men on their knees.

Reset, our very disposition, hurling insults and command me to go, get gone! Three years did precious little to make you less a savage ethanol soaked beauty,

To better button up your buxom, or to make me value money over song. How, for now we play along. Hit the **reset** button of emotions, let the hungriest of hungry games begin,

It's a carnal sin in Russia, to play like you ain't playing, to over say what your eyes could just be saying, to take all or nothing with your win.

Get in line to love her! But be prepared to love amid a massacre, what a smile that she's always wearing, rooting for you maybe, behind a devil of a grin.

Bury my tongue inside you, drinking deeply from what's running down your thigh, I wonder why, I always wonder why! I even ever, never!

I broken record try.

I grind ever hard to stay beside her, I want nothing else beside her, **Reset** an upset, we blink it's a reminder we might not be together in another moment,

Might be strangers in a week.

You hear these words of hurting, you hear that blind devotion to the woman of which I speak?

How long have I loved Ms. Dasha? I loved her three years since I met her, I loved her in

the world to come; I loved her overtime. I loved her in a hundred poems, I loved her in boats as well as *banyas*,

I still want to lie beside her even after when I die.

Reset,

Hand cuffed to the bed you lie, I get hand cuffed to the ceiling or a chair. She fucked me over there, I loved her blackest magic, I lusted her legs apart again. We did it nearly everywhere.

If I was good at my all this loving as I pretend to be at all my saving,

If I was dancing in my own shoes; not break my back wage slaving, if I was more pretty? More established, more care free. That a pretty fucking woman, that's a goddess of woman, and she doesn't see a single thing in me.

Reset, ripped our heart, bed soaked in sweat, regret. I regret not one nothing, not one single fucking nothing. She has taught me more of life and struggle than the womb from out I came, I have no need for blame, I have little cause for shame, she's spent so many nights to work me, to push me out of prison, to get me out of ghettos, to move me into flight,

Baby, give me one more night!

Rest again, is it even right.

Her smile is moon beam shine, I love to feel her chest move in breath upon me as we slumber, her gentle hands compliant as they rest inside of mine.

No fret, she hasn't killed us yet. And the picture and the poems and the novels they will surely pile to the sky. She takes back her cruelest words, she knows when to say her sorry, when to rub my rhyme,

But I am enthralled to lust and love and live beside her for a second or third time.

Reset, she says, reset, the novel isn't perfect yet. You've got typos to your proverbs, I've got plagiaristic lies.

"Dasha, stay!" he cries.

The wine she sips, the pouty nature of her ruby lips, the forgiveness and forgetting all the replay of the tries.

"Don't be like other guys," she says, "reset yourself and stay a little longer."

We've been called many things, tell me Gold one what the future brings, "they used to call us whores and killers, now they call us oligarchs and master spies."

"Cheers to our last tries!"

"My hope, it somehow never dies."

**No Russians, Ukrainians, Gypsies,
Gays or Jews were killed in the
making of this Poetic Volume.**

