

**UNDER The ZIA SUN; 76 Distractions From a Santa Fe Thesis;**  
-B. R. Crandall

I.

Crazy how we find ourselves in such  
unconscious moments -- where  
reality hits us like we've known  
this all before.  
i, however, have forgotten the meaning,  
so i look to the mountains of  
Santa Fe, and think 'hey'  
u r here and she is there and he is wherever the  
Zia sun is up in its azure sky.  
are we supposed to find meaning from all this? we, the  
neophytes leaving the nest of comfort somewhere between  
nowhere and everywhere, while chuckling how funny it is we  
exist at this moment at all? This is a Kentucky poem, y'all.

II.

Laughter finds itself next to cacti,  
under apricot trees and before  
junipers that freckle upon the lightening-lit mountains.  
are we supposed to suppress such humor? These are the  
necessities from which to unwind our hubris  
And oikos  
left on roads more  
frequently traveled.  
ridiculous, they might scold, how  
everyone seems to find a way to  
dilly dally in the humor of  
one day. Ha! I finger my nose to them.

III.

Perhaps Polyphemus is the lucky  
ogre, losing his "i" by being blinded  
ridiculously by his goats and bitter cheese.  
the tears from that story travel  
empty, flowing as a  
river, a rio grande amongst desert mountains,  
Juxtaposed to forgotten pine trees with an  
ebb and

flow of postmodern forgetfulness. I don't know.  
for us, all of us on the odyssey, we have to go,  
reaching beyond ourselves, in hubris,  
evolving forward to find our home.  
yes, it is better to be without the 'i'.

IV

Suddenly I felt a need to teach a  
poem. It was an  
ordinary poem, and I'm sure  
no one heard it,  
since it was told at the tip of my  
lips, chapped by the  
eternal dryness of cloudless days.  
really, it was a  
Canterbury tale, where i was one of the romantic  
lovers from Bath  
and where a squire and a miller called me for my  
ignorance. It was a poem about  
religion and a need to repent.  
everyone pretended to listen...yet they listened to their ipods, instead.

V.

Rabbits. Jack Rabbits.  
all these  
wild  
Iaporidae hunting the  
Daughters of Ireland for their red hair  
and carrot juice.  
ridiculous bunnies they are  
in their sly habitat of the wild --  
nicely located in the suburbs of St. Johns.

VI.

Mom was the first to teach me  
all women are crazy.  
this is subjective, of course, and  
her lectures came from True Blue smoke  
evaporated from her diner-waitress eye  
shadow and wine-colored lips.

Bry, she'd say, exhaling gossip and  
reaching for her purse.  
every woman you'll ever meet is  
totally bonkers and insane. But  
then, a lady will smile and I know my mom was wrong. I'm the nutcase.

VII.

*So, it was midnite*

and i

was on the last chapter of  
yes, another great story. the glory of an  
evening. darkness became my shadow and  
reading was Helen Keller in a dream.

Really, i couldn't see a thing

on the published pages of capitalism

but gray scale, smog, and

eternal stupidity. I purchased words.

robert, though, had a mole light for

the madness. i was illuminated by him. he said the frat boy did it.

VIII.

Chapters are written across the concepts of  
heaven and hell

as we chalk up another lesson upon the

varicose books from which we learn. There are a

zillion possibilities to make

Magic and dreams.

i, like you, decided to teach.

california. new york. kentucky.

highways separating the

americas, this land of

endless possibilities, where along every

lashing curve, we learn all red, white and blue. Complicated goo.

VIX.

J. Giles Band.

elvis.

nirvana.

kiss.

i thought I rocked once upon a time, but

now I see a different city of paradise,  
six feet under with a little patience.  
Just when I thought it was safe to  
admit  
my childhood wasn't the beatles, you  
entered all that was lost -- a  
solo artist. an axl upon the rose and my fears returned.

X.

Cuz I'm sure there's a pool table  
harvesting a game somewhere.  
all of us literary types  
praying for an opportunity to hide,  
playing for the chance to  
eventually take pride at a sport, a corner shot  
richotcheting off an eight ball..  
Medea won't let Jason play  
i bet. and who knows if  
circe will let the boys out of the barnyard.  
hell, penelope has the big "o" wrapped  
around her *oikos*. So, we'll  
eventually have to settle for a  
love of cutthroat, just you, me and the lip boy.

XI.

Puck? Caliban?  
or are you some other man  
teetering on the  
tempest of the calmest soul,  
erroneous as all of ours are.  
radiating nipples, eh?  
Such lightening from the  
exotic, erratic  
timing of guitar, bottle of jack, or the  
hollaring of cowgirls, yee-ha, in the dust mobile of a rodeo.

XII.

Guy is pullin'  
a romeo on us...we, the other  
hamlets acting insane from within our bachelorhood.

ah, we could find an Ophelia, sure, but  
nah, we'd rather find a  
Case of Tecate, some tequila and the cut-throat  
laughter around a pool table.  
and cuz (some gots a woman at home)  
you're going to the chapel, gonna get  
tear-eyed in commitment. We know  
odysseus would approve. See, some of us hunt for Calypso,  
never knowing the Penelope in your arms.

XIII.

Sucks to be a science teacher, i think,  
engrossed in test tube dummies and molecular molds.  
nasty stuff, that science world where  
nuclear uranium is discovered and gene  
Splicing is manufactural artificially like  
uvulas in goats and cows. a  
zillion years ago, everything could simply be.  
an entity without a  
name. ursula leguin was right.  
nirvana is in  
erasing truth. that's why i teach english...so i can recreate it.

XIV.

Ran again, today, down the hill which  
escallates between cactus and  
those adobe style houses.  
this is my life. this exercise in existence.  
all the big decisions being  
lived in my head, pee-wee herman style, while  
i awkwardly huff and puff  
at the attempt to be healthy in an unhealthy world.  
thus is the way of playful nicotine addicts  
asking all the questions of a first grade haiku:  
Cause, effect, the present, the future,  
and the past.  
time is our slow pace,  
hell-spent on the  
energy of moving personal girth, yet  
reaching for meaning when

imagining another  
new york state of mind.  
eventually, we'll get out of this crisis -- 'til then, we run to the parliament.

XV.

Hera loved Zeus once,  
under the spell of his bolt,  
maddened and lovesick for  
eternal doom, jealousy, and the bad  
Sex taken out on the war field.  
and some like to blame it on Helen.  
really, for you and the clay figurine you're  
about to sculpt a life with, try not to go cuckoo. remember home.

XVI.

Jason is a wimp. Not the serial killer  
obsessed with sleep away camps  
but Medea's Jason.  
see, i hate lucky bastards born into the  
karma of their heroics.  
yes, i'd rather be unwritten in a  
Story where the readers are bored --  
unless i could meet that  
sexy woman who played Hypsipyle  
avariciously, in that Hallmark film  
no one's ever seen. I wouldn't mind that kind of fate.

XVII.

Nordic legends give us  
odin, the great elder god whose  
omnipotence arrive from  
ravens Hugin and Munin. But son of a  
butch...my memory and thoughts  
aren't that  
knowledgeable and there haven't been any birds.  
how am i to grow if they never whisper truth into my ears?  
shit, i always get the short  
hammer meant for the dwarves,  
Jeweled as an idiot. why is it when i look  
over the valleys of wishful thinking and into the sky,

you gods send raven shit to land in my eye?

XVIII.

Freaks. Ethnic freaks. that's my  
lineage. american mutts left  
outside on a leash in the rain.  
universities taught me this as i  
read about oppression of dead white  
nails hammered into everything that is  
other. colonial empires of imperialist capitalist walmarts.  
you are the bad guy.  
Sad. sigh. I'm just Bry  
and i can't control my  
randomness, let alone the illuminati that i  
am at fault. i blame them, too...it's coo' and it's schoo'  
how there isn't a name for my people but white trash....

XIX.

Knowledge is bunk if you ask me.  
every time I walked into  
the bookstore I cringed  
that there are rules and  
expectations for canonizing our brains.  
really, i want to escape such boundaries,  
exist outside the limitations of analysis and  
research. I just want to  
Love learning, love life  
and love how to  
ubiquitously absorb the cosmos while  
reaching for a pen and  
etching a story, a poem, an idea, a play somewhere  
near my soul and next to my internal library...you know what i mean?

XX.

Rabid  
offspring  
groping for breakfast in the wild--  
existing as feral flowers  
reaching for the  
sun.

The black cats are under  
all our beds, but  
you, you had a billboard which  
loved and held  
onto adolescent sadness forever.  
right now, Dido could use a jazz run. Sprint.

XXI.

Gold. silver. turquoise.  
on a walk through the santa fe flea market, my  
leash left back in the truck, i  
decided I'd rather be a mutt than a purebred  
siberian husky or a pedicured  
chihuahua. i've never understood  
how pricetags can go on  
material divisions of status: jeans, neighborhoods  
ipods and college  
degrees. when i was younger, i wore  
this orange string around my neck with a  
Little worry doll  
i found at a garage sale, and i felt  
sexy, immense, everlasting, eternal  
and it only cost me a dime. it wasn't free like time.

XXII.

More drunken Bread Loaf Students,  
an officer says heading to unlock a  
graduate student's door,  
u intellectual types are quite the alcoholics.  
i beg to differ, i say,  
reaching to pour him a glass of wine.  
everyone here is not an intellectual.  
Then he left, denying the nectar.  
how nice it is when institutions  
exist in communal understanding.  
really, the man deserved a beer,  
everyone deserves a beer, but he left us with our  
safety, the harmony of looking at stars,  
accepting us for who we are.



and the album with pages yet to turn.

XXVI.

Jeepers creepers, mom, how can i  
enjoy such lady love when  
all of them go unnamed.  
now, they told me she was Allie,  
Banana fanna fo fallie  
existing for Garcia morning runs  
that create  
human shadows on lizard-sprinting  
Asphalt. Such facades.  
lies. illusions. Blanche Dubois was right. you'd think i'd  
learn, be educated by the codes scrawled on napkins  
in invisible ink.  
see, her real name is beth. eh - em.  
oh, and billie jean ain't either of our lovers.  
no, ma, i think women like to be misunderstood.

XXVII.

Reality is a Kentucky sunset  
underneath the haze of humid thought.  
far from the running of horses,  
from the bourbon blues of our younger days, the  
Dance of Appalachian fiddles  
arrives to the cardinal and wildcat  
nirvana of our cottonwood souls and oak tree hearts.  
i know it's hard to breathe, but a common wealth  
exists in the inhalation and exhalation  
life delivers those of us aware of a bluegrass Sol.

XXVIII.

Great. Thirty four years of goodbyes and  
running forth in search of this  
i. i  
still haven't a clue  
what any  
of it's supposed to mean...still contorting my  
lip in  
deranged facades of destined ridiculousness.

And i was born with a foot in my mouth. not a blarbled mister --  
nasty stuff, you know? It's hard  
deciding what is the best syrup to pour on company, like  
reviewing for the right song and the right mix  
everyone will accept and love. god, i feel like being mellow.  
we live such a short time. Lay to rest your goitered fellow.

XXIX.

Kafka makes me feel buggy.  
ovid creates this humongous need for change.  
emerson initiates this unnatural feeling,  
homer begets eye stabbing and *ate*,  
nepal throws me to another colony,  
Dickinson prepares me for singing my eyes have seen the glory.  
aeschynius wants me to grab my manhood, simone di beau  
voir fashions me into a feminist, so at night,  
in bed, i pull out  
dr. seuss and feel literally alive in my star-off machine.

XXX.

Zzzzz. sleep. I remember the rest i had before  
our cool nights and hot days of theoretical  
riff raff klink-  
klunk of thinking and thunk.  
i brought my pillow from home and a  
new bottle of PM Tylenols in hopes of  
a good night sleep. But, I've roamed where  
Elpenor roams with a prophetic mind like Teresias.  
laughs on me trying to find the right position.  
every night the hilly, pine-scented breeze has me anti-  
narcoleptic, needing an antiseptic for my  
a.d.h.d..

XXXI.

Amore' isn't French, is it?  
reaching for the shelf for another book,  
realizing with every page turned there's an  
infinite more to come.  
viva la story!  
excuse me, pardon

Moi. I'm terrible with language even if i  
am an interesting bastard--  
this son of a butch who  
hides his fears  
inch by inch, line by line, of the novels he  
loves.  
damn. these words haunt me like a lover.  
exactly how could this be better said?

XXXII.

Frankfurt's the capital, y'all,  
over-there-yonder in the foothills of horses beyond that  
river yodeling its good morning.  
there's plenty of whisky, moonshine,  
nectar of wildflowers and bluegrass.  
ever heard of Ali? Clooney? Those  
raunchy double mint twins?  
Just yesterday I was thinking  
about Bobbie Ann Mason,  
coach Pitino leaving the Cats all wild, and  
questioning a line Wendell Berry scribbled?  
u'd think I was Fear and Loathing near Cincinnatti.  
every time they think I'm toothlessly in  
love with my brother,  
i want to take off my shoes and fiddle that  
nonsense out of their brain. see, i should  
explain, Kentucky is my home. Everywhere else, I simply roam.

XXXIII.

The great wall of China. I can't  
say I've ever been there, but I  
almost took a class on making egg rolls, once,  
next to Ling Ling's. Now I see there are  
great walls put up by beautiful Chinese womyn  
And I admit this as an ethnic mutt, a  
nut who saw into her dark eyes of  
nirvana and realized  
i haven't a clue about anything.  
everyone needs to retreat to such sleeping bag revelations.

XXXIV.

But you don't think truth exists? a  
young man asked his teacher who was trying to  
read the tarot cards Aristotle gave him.  
nope, said the teacher, we  
exist, existentially, in this  
Circus of shackled, shadowed caves,  
holding onto lumps of plato as we  
awkwardly trying to sculpt meaning. It's  
ridiculous to sort through this meaningful meaninglessness while  
learning the last syllables of recorded time.  
eat your brusselsprouts, kid. The teacher then  
sang a song. watched Harold & Maude...wrote another poem.

XXXV.

Rationally, writing is irrational,  
egotistically a hard boiled egg  
existing on burned cinnamon  
toast. but, ideas come from such  
zaniness -- fledglings hatch and  
Frankly, the breakfast flies off the table  
rambling, squawking, squeaking  
and pissed off at your carnivorous teeth.  
no, you can't make sense of words.  
knowledge either. you're better off with orange juice and a pop tart.

XXXVI.

She was this girl in  
highschool who  
i always talked to in german,  
made conversations  
about  
budding philosophies as we tried to  
understand the lakes of central, New York -- we were just  
kids. In school, we'd produce ideas only to  
usurp them from one another,  
ranting and raving, while misbehaving --  
otherwise we'd die from the lack of generic doldrums.  
Keuka college is where she went and i  
adventured to Bingaling to

read Susan Bordo for the unbearable weight of  
research.  
and i never saw her again.

XXXVII.

Kryptonite. There must be some stored somewhere to be  
ransacked for tackling the strength  
of all this reading. i  
need garlic to  
chase away the supplementaries -- a wooden stake to  
knife into the heart of my literary  
entertainment. I'm in a heroic stupor, no super  
Man, but a bowl of intellectual constipation  
and about as intelligent as a moth  
ricocheting off the night light outside my window.  
yes, bread loaf -- the parcel tongue has my scars on fire.

XXXVIII.

When i drive north on I-71, heading  
east  
by Florence, y' All, and have a moment to  
say goodbye to the hills of Kentucky,  
there's always a feeling in my stomach of  
emptiness and eternity. Time has its way, but when i  
reach around the the corner looking down at  
Cincinnati, the lights, and the  
hopeful possibility of my trip, my life  
races forward.  
i am always leaving, but at the  
same time, i've just arrived.  
this is the way Adam is mounted  
in the gardens of the Ohio and for the  
next thirty minutes,  
as I drive through that city, time stands still.

XXXIX.

Oh, these crevices I make for myself, this  
BRC-hyperreal identity fixated soulfully within an  
overweight carcass of fat. What can I do, but laugh?  
you know what I mean? I'm only a fourth irish, but i

learned from the limericks in books and story that  
everything is what we make it, and for this moment I wanted to make a  
poem.

Cause, at times, I think too much, especially  
on nights when the moon begins another  
lunar cycle -- like last night; see, I was  
laughing myself to tears reading  
everything i needed to know about chicano/a  
estrogen: ovaries, testicular oppressors, white male go-  
nadded, testicular colonizers, and I cracked.

XXXX.

We, you, me

i

she, he, us, they

somehow are nouned a pro.

how apropos.

no?

oh?

whoa.

Jill and jack went up hill to

enter a bread loaf program.

nerdy Jill fell down, breaking jack's

nine hundred dollar golden crown and

insurance didn't cover any of it. they were

forced to take a loan out to pay tuition and

even entertained working in the computer lab. salaries were

real good --- books and class solved a financial impasse.

XXXXI.

Saw Bela Fleck and future

man in a blue grass tradition of

entertaining the west.

decided it was

best to close my

eyes, emerge in imagination --

remembering those days

gone by. There's something

Calming about their earth tones,

how they sew together the sky and

random dancer groove while listening to the stories  
in their own heads.  
something about that music  
takes you out of your body and  
into that moment you've  
nestled secretly away. precious. and from my  
eyes, emotions. the soundtrack is the world.

XXXXII.

Kuz my dad warned me of redheads.  
u be careful, son, he'd say,  
reaching for a lucky strike,  
they got souls on fire, a  
zest for living, being, loving, unlike those  
Canterbury tales you read  
or those hypertext tourists --the  
rich and ridiculous. and  
i listened to the ol' man, as a  
newborn in the world of women,  
never fishing for the blazing sea nymphs, yet  
eyeing them nearby every chance I can get.

XXXXIII.

Saturday, we took the high road to taos...leaving the  
chaos of the mind behind...  
how to find a distraction is  
a matter of infraction  
factored  
fiendishly by choosing friends foolishly. somewhere  
near arrival and the thought of academic survival  
each of us asked a question to  
revel in the drive. road trip jive. each of us were aware we were  
Kansas, dust in the wind,  
repenting for how we've sinned  
in the escape of being boxed in.  
seeing drums dance,  
the pow wow romance became  
incredilbe chance to be alive. at bread loaf, we had to survive.

XXXIV.

Delicious, right? the san franciscan  
egos against the backdrop of a  
rodeo. perhaps the wrong word.  
sexy? sensational? serendipitous?  
each six year old holding tight onto their sheep.  
Now, how does queer-transgendered  
ideology, mtf/ftm poetics interact with  
cowboys and cowgirls wrestling steers with rope?  
on a train bound to nowhere?...meeting up with a  
liberal and both too tired to drink?  
exactly. my lesbian aunts didn't vote for bush either. ah, america.

XXXXV.

Moon storm. ribbons of flash  
on a line of groaning clouds washing  
rivers over  
the shops below.  
on balconies of St. John's  
nine of us stood, stared, dared the  
July magic to come our way,  
understanding the storm would have its way.  
lightening  
is therapeutic when  
everything is so dry -- streaks so beautiful we wanted to cry

XXXXVI.

Cuz you need a glove to  
angle the stick -- a New Mexican  
record holder who  
raises hell in Vegas  
on pool tables that crush those balls.  
luck factors in -- you got a bank shot,  
left corner, then the  
Eight ball and the game  
is in your hands...the  
zorro heroine of the pool hall.  
ask a silly question of a  
belt-buckled barracuda then  
eventually you have a friend for life.

this is the bar world of cerillos drive and the  
heavens look kindly on the cowgirls some are meant to be.

XXXXVII.

There will always be, for me,  
a love/hate relationship to time in my clockless world. there  
never seems to be enough of it  
nor does it ever go by fast enough.  
each minute i move forward i  
realize i'm sixty seconds ahead of myself.  
This is where i presently am. somewhere  
around the stroke of midnight i'm supposed to  
run and turn into a prince...or maybe that was  
a week ago. cinderella. ball. oh shit.

XXXXVIII.

Captured in a moment  
or frozen at a standstill, what would your story  
really be?  
see, i think about this, how i might  
eventually ink my life in a tattoo.  
Mine? i am  
eccentric. all i'd want is two  
green lines, thin, running from my wrist to  
armpit. i'd want them, so i'd  
never forget life on the pond as a frog.

XXXXIX.

Earlier this summer, after the last  
day of school when we  
moved another generation to turn their tassles  
over from right to left, i  
needed to be an adult. my  
dog was dying and  
sick -- it was time for another of my graduations.  
Kneeling at her side, i had cupped my hand over her  
ears. sunglasses on. i was dead. The lady vet wondered if i'd  
like time with Juliette before i  
left.  
i said no. i bit my lip and crossed the stage alone.

XXXXX.

Grading is not something i miss  
and the thought it'll begin again makes me want to  
ram #2 pencils in my eyes as part of the  
red marker blues...  
even  
though i usually write in green.  
the stacks of paper on top of  
Kingdoms of quizzes  
and  
tests  
haunts me.  
reading the galaxy of  
youth and  
needing to assign a grade. i'm about to fail again. yuck.

XXXXXI.

When i took yoga classes as an undegrad  
in the Susquehana valley of Bingalings, i  
never liked  
the  
exercises where we had to stand on our heads and  
reach our arms up against the wall.  
Everyone  
loved that position, but me.  
i loved the lion where i could  
zig zag my eyes  
and  
belch out my tongue. i  
especially liked  
the act of burning myhands with friction and  
harvesting warmth over my eyes. i'm better at being awake.

XXXXXII.

Perhaps  
if i was president i'd  
arrange an ammendment that  
called for the obligatory travel from one  
end of the country to the other at least once in a lifetime.  
now, if i was president, i'd demand silence until a

zenith was reached --  
admitting to the fact that no one knows America until they've  
Emigrated from sea to shining sea. and it would be  
mandatory to purchase an  
itty bitty soundtrack of cat stevens. travelers would have to  
listen until they could sing along.  
yes, if i was president.

XXXXXIII.

Fried brains held hostage and  
retained to literary traditions  
imagined by the well read and  
the insane -- we, the graduates, trapped behind the  
zebra  
stripes of last minute papers  
crunched for  
having a thesis  
eventually forgotten.  
Jail is for the mindless,  
each of us feeling  
sick of being  
sick of  
ideas. intelligence needs to have a  
cake baked for us  
and knives buried within the batter. we're ready to be released.

XXXXXIV.

Part of  
it is because we love to believe in hope. i  
obtained  
this oldest trilogy by  
reading Kennally  
on top of a hill at dingle bay.  
we were traveling before  
studying shakespeare,  
kids  
in love with Ireland.  
Amy used to sing with King Kong, and our  
moods were somewhere between Danny Boy and the  
yellow sunset over the ocean. A pandora box display of youth.

XXXXXV.

And i find myself at the 45th  
curse of procrastination, wondering if  
kismet will bring analysis a hypothesis for the never-  
ending research of great books.  
really, i could be  
molding a lump of clay,  
arriving my epiphany in sculptured display that i'm learning.  
no, it's not the way of words. see, our art is in  
Kindling scripted thoughts,  
eventually becoming wrought with a paper.  
now, how many trees have been killed, how many ancestors  
drilled to come with such academic  
revelations?  
a forest in hades, i'm sure.

XXXXXVI.

When i get home  
i plan to hug my dog.  
no, she's not my baby, but several  
thoughts of comfort are  
left within me when her  
enormous  
Head settles on my lap. i'll pet her  
ears and she'll push into my stomach before  
licking my nose off.  
eventually, my shirt will be all drool and i'll  
need another summer away.

XXXXXVII.

Do your hands get sticky  
under the Maple trees when they  
trickle their love into your buckets?  
this education, these syrup songs, should go  
on your resume of year long planning, the magic  
noone takes time to  
Notice. If only  
all of us could  
nestle against the pre-hiburnal nectar  
channeled and churned within historical dirt.

you are the genius. outside...reading the woods for flavor.

XXXXXVIII.

Helen of Troy is an  
obnoxious excuse for  
war. It's so  
arrogant of testosterone bologne to  
recall one face as a reason. that's  
dick mentality if you ask me....the  
Score is good ol' locker room  
harmonics of bravado and  
ass slapping.  
no, a face can't lurch a thousand ships.  
nonsense. that's poetic tapestry  
organized for disneylands and hollywood. The facade wasn't  
needed. If she was butt-ugly, there'd still be war. get over it.

XXXXXIX.

And then I read The Perks of Being A Wallflower one  
night, when I should have been  
grading, shading in commentary for the  
lifelines of adolescent gardens.  
instead, i felt infinite,  
needing Charlie's letters  
Cuz I went to those parties, but I was  
over by the potato chips squatting under a table. yeah, i  
read that book and grew into my adulthood.  
youth is wasted on the young.

XXXXXX.

Butch never raised me for the opera  
and  
i was hardly  
reared beyond t.v....see, we  
didn't do much theater beyond  
Andre the Giant and the wrestling  
nirvana of those Hulk Hogan years. Cyndi Lauper was a  
diva for a while and it wasn't unusual to see her  
rallying the crowd for Hillbilly Jim's  
entrance.

we didn't know about Santa Fe, but we'd sing in the shower as if we did.

XXXXXXI.

Cause i lived in a farmhouse  
alone last year, socializing on the mountain was a  
royal pain in the butt. instead, i  
entertained myself with a nest of swallows who  
grew older each day,  
and they'd put on a display of nature far more  
Academic than James Joyce. Every morning I'd check on the  
little guys  
eager to  
say goodbye to their nest. it was  
sad when they did, and the best thing  
i learned was i could fly, too ---  
and i left Vermont to the deerflies, and headed south for the winter.

XXXXXXII.

Chances are i'll never have a clue. it's  
ubiquitous, my stupidity and what's  
maddening is it's  
my mind....genetics are so unkind.  
i try to teach the difference to my  
neophyte nerds between stupidity and ignorance. i  
guess it's a part of my idiotic domain and  
see, i tell them it's not  
Dangerous to be ignorant, because...let me explain...  
any one can be forgiven if they don't know any better. but  
now if they do, and stay ignorant...that's plain stupid. like me.

XXXXXXIII.

First thing I did was pedal  
all the way down Alameda. that's a  
lie. I coasted,  
licking my lips in hopes of  
sage -- a loaf of bread  
And coffee became my morning rage.  
next thing i knew,  
doing what cyclists do, i had to  
return back up hill.

everyone saw the kill in my  
eyes. walking. pushing a bike. dreaming of oxygen.

XXXXXXIV.

God created snicker bars for a reason. i  
imagine him on Mt. Olympus needing a  
break and  
saying, man, these really satisfy me.  
or perhaps he likes trail mix, and  
needs an immortal fix of mid-afternoon  
Therapy. Yo, Hercules, could you cover for me...I  
really could use a break. With those gas prices they  
all want a piece of me, and with powerball at three million,  
christ, they're giving me a run for my money. funny,  
i think he'd eat Twizzlers, too.

XXXXXXV.

Giant family. Fifteen kids  
running  
around. At least  
fifteen. And on weekends, Mike Tyson will  
Dine on barbecued ribs  
as we watch the laughter of their youthful  
vivaciousness.  
icecream for desert.  
delicious to know dreams of fatherhood.

XXXXXXVI.

Hyphenated names.  
on my class lists from year to year  
lots of marital strands of  
louisville commitments come to me  
arranged alphabetically.  
now, my mother is a  
davidson, and my father is a  
Gonzales, they say, and  
on  
my birth certificate it says  
edna louise davidson-gonzales...but as  
zany as it sounds, Bry, i've always

Liked the sound of my name  
if I would grow up to marry sam.  
see, then i'd be edna louise davidson -gonzales horowitz  
and his name would be my name, too.

XXXXXXVII.

Have you ever been addicted to days of  
our lives?  
lavished by the romance that roman marlenas  
left to Salem with victored *kariakicies*?  
eventually, in soap opera land, john  
black is a reincarnation from  
every weekday afternoon of  
eros sending its bo towards hope. hollywood  
krap, a religion of  
Stars not unlike  
the novels we let guide our seas.  
all of us need a story,  
cause we're creatures of our tales.  
yes, this is the 47th time I've changed the channel, but still I'm watching.

XXXXXXVIII.

Jeff Skinner said you could write for days  
only to get one good word on the page.  
next thing you know it's December again.  
easter.  
summer break and  
All you've got is this one  
line, a semicolon and a grocery  
list that is more poetic than your  
ideas. it's hard  
searching for "truth" too real to make up.  
oh, but that's what writers do. They don't  
need to know the last call, or a poet at all. Just the art of words.

XXXXXIX.

Then they played ball, a  
universal tempest of a bread loaf summer squall against the  
ragamuffins known as GIs....you  
need to know we beat those guys in an

exercise of bragging  
rights....an irish girl leading the fights with  
A lullabye of zoom zoom. Our world series  
boom  
boom  
in an attempt to stay sane, avoiding the rain,  
ending the game with our victory...a seventh inning stretch.

XXXXXXX.

Arroyos of New Mexico  
lie dry. Rain is its cactus flower - waiting to stun the  
erosion, a cultural  
mezcla of mestizaje and razquache.  
arid winds push dust against politics  
nestled in droughts of the pines and their needles.  
Jesus. It's chingada / chingon  
either way the sun  
sets, but all bets we'll rise again.  
stories may have been kicked out of the republic, but  
estrelle became a bird on the barn for a very particular reason.

XXXXXXXXI.

Dancing. that is what light does  
around the hills of taos, between the  
victorian waltzes of evergreens and birch.  
it makes me want to find a partner,  
disco away the breezy evening and  
Dip the  
evening with a fiddle along the horizon.  
i wonder who arranges such galas when even the most  
reluctant wallflowers find themselves a  
dame and spin to the harmony of the  
rio grande river valley, especially with all this  
entertainment in one novel watershed.

XXXXXXXXII.

Romantically, I'm a lover of the  
useless. I'm a  
senseless lover of the  
silly,

erratic  
tomfoolery of  
this earth-journey brought to me by Mattel.  
Maybe I could be more gothic with my  
adventure,  
reaching  
garishly and gaudy  
at my existence,  
realizing it is the pomp and circumstance which  
entertains dark nights and loneliness, and  
that Coco the parrot is only free upon exiting the cage.

XXXXXXXXIII.

She came up to  
me worried,  
in need of jumper cables.  
the car, like my mind, was dead. i  
had my cables up on the hill in  
Back with my maps and forgotten ideas. when i  
reached her, brain-dead, i thought the  
universe exploded. levi romeros and sandra cisneros  
coasted their truck beside the belly-up battery, too.  
everyone deserves to be saved by poets at least once.

XXXXXXXXIV.

Sad, i wasn't raised by bibles -  
much more the rhythm of the earth:  
its natural intelligence of tsunanimous disaster:  
the opulence of everything. i was taught  
heaven was right now, the  
Very moment orange sherbert took over the sky  
and as a kid, my grandma encouraged our  
nakedness in the lake where stars took their bath.  
creation was each genesis inhaled and exhaled on two forgotten roads.  
each bug was a galaxy. birds, my ancestors. God, i need religion bad.

XXXXXXXXV.

Writing my place, I feel homeless --  
over and over again, these scribbles of a  
magic kingdom where Donald

and good ol' Mickey are  
cracked out on peyote. I am  
know-wearing again, lost, and  
Crazed by the tip-tapping tippiness of  
random ideas and thoughts.  
ah, and here goes another one.  
imagination is for  
goofy, I guess. God Bless.

XXXXXXXXVI.

Last i checked, i lost my head. it was last scene  
under one of the wooden tables in the quad.  
can't seem to be too productive without  
it. in fact, it seems  
all my poetic nonsense comes from a headless verseman.  
Sincerely, Bryan. p.s.: if  
my noggin shows up before tuesday, could someone return  
it to driscoll.  
that's where i sleep at night, but lately, i  
haven't had much sleep. the dream factory has gone a.w.o.l. i'm tired.

FINALE.

Great. it is happening under the Zia sun, where  
on my road to find  
out, arrives at this moment of  
departation...the separation of another good  
Bye. Well, dear New Mexico, i offer  
yet another good sigh for  
everything evolving at exactly the right time.  
Such so-longs are life's only crime.  
after six weeks i've been able to taste  
nirvana, but I don't want  
to leave just yet --  
all of us on our jet planes and automobiles of  
Fate, without the knowledge of when we'll be back again.  
everything goes full circle, they say, so I'll see you around. profound?