

CACTUS

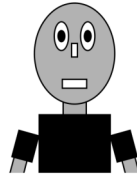


POEMS

CACTUS



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Cactus
Poems 101–200
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2017-05-28



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Om Try-Ambakam Yajaamahe
Sugandhim Pushti-Vardhanam
Urvaarukamiva Bandhanaan
Mrityor-Mukshiya Maamrtaat

Rg Veda 7.59.12

User's Guide

In a pickle? Pick Day 101 in the thick user's guide: It is freezing outside. Get some mittens. Two mittens? What a pittance! Peek through the crack. Count ten cold-blooded militants. Once empty-handed, grab their firearms. Tit for tat. Run like mad back to The Inhabitanice. Alert all wildlife and vault the fence. *The militants use microwave oven to dry wet kittens!*

Land Mine

Choose your own master, if you must have one. I do not have one; do not choose mine.
"We turn on a dime. Purple ponies. In no time." Governments lie; all of them; all the time.
There is no escape from the purple police and the MADE IN tag. Chip; drone; land mine.
My body, my land. Intact. Impervious to land mine impact. My land, not me; my land, mine.

Syrup

"Mortgage." My home is in my head. 36 chambers. No equity. No debt.

"It is a play. You act, or you dead." That smells like a marathon bombing drill going bad.

"Picture your body in four pieces underneath your bed." That is your dad faking being dead.

Real blood, unlike syrup, when exposed to oxygen, does not remain red.

Spider

A bright flash occurred in my savage core and swiftly delocalized into my bones and flesh.
And the monarch arrived: majestically and late. *I must squash it and throw it into thrash!*
The king was chased away by a swarm of darts sprinkled with *Poor Spider* nectar. Air fresh.
The spider and the mess were gone, too. And so, I learned I had misspelled *Pure* and mesh.

Javelin

Unlock the devil with me and Mandeville: Watch kids throwing that foamy javelin (racket).
Speaking of the herding effect . . . Watch adults filling that basketball tournament bracket.
Heard of Internal Robbery Service? Every year, people willingly fill that income tax bracket!
Funny money quantity to skyrocket. (Do NOT disclose that war is a r—) Peace! Wenlock.

Kite

The aftertaste of chewing on the linen thread fused with the watercolored smirking smile.
The kite hovered thankfully; tears of sorrowful joy washed away the smirk from its smile.
A plane hit by missile at one o'clock. One mile, and the kite already missed the boy's smile.
The paratrooper's parachute will not open. (A foreknowledge that froze the kite's blue smile).

Vitamin See

IF YOU SEE SOMETHING, SAY SOMETHING. Read: spy on your neighbors.

Receive loaded EBT card for free, vitamin C, and other government favors.

APPLY FOR THE STATE-ISSUED CANNABIS ID CARD. Sign the freedom waivers.

“Dear weedy jail-dweller: Well, dwell. It was the law then; not a courtesy to your neighbors.”

Link

THE GOVERNMENT LOVES YOU. HAVE NO WORRY. Nudge-nudge, wink-wink.
~~Hoax~~. Story—History. The difficult dot deleted; no one missing the missing link.
Blink. The government policy against gender bias: "Cut off your penises and wear pink."
Where one dot, there many. A slice of dog salami? The roach theory in everyone's sink.

Bandwagon

The tubifex crowds are competing with decaying curbs (to be fixed) in lining the city streets.
The ticker tape trickle turns into a torrent. The wag is on. "Who wants the sweets . . . ?"
"WE!" Brawls for front rows. (Who would not want to be fired at from bandwagon fleets?)
"I say tricks, you say treats!"—"Tricks!"—"TREATS!"—"Does it hurt when it bleeds?"—

Cross

If you had died on a cross, would you have ever liked to see the cross again?

Take him down from the cross—for Christ's sake—he must be in a lot of pain.

The grasshopper-me: still Obscure, crude, and rude; head small and in it a bitty brain.

But me eyes many and compounded: Many cults, one abdomen in common (brain drain).

Color Coding

GREEN. YELLOW. RED. BLACK. Color coding for the safety of the sheeple.

A bewildered black sheep (the never-dancing one) wonders . . . *Is it sheep or woolen people?*

With one yard flag pole, the colorful State agents can now get much much deeper.

The other day, they did dig a buffalo out of a traveler's own intestines. FINDER, KEEPER.

Fable

Hard to herd sheep-without-sheep-clothing! But their quarreling with me was amicable.
Until, i.e., me poop-on-the-carpet manifesto: *Muzzle, collar, leash, force: NOT applicable.*
The sheep too inhumane while watching reality TV. Me wiggling tail unplugged the cable.
Me heard out the inner bark . . . A sheepless sheepdog, its fur bright dark, in the world of fable.

On Hold

Feeling like a true extension of the woody shrub; trying not to look below (into the abyss).
But while dangling, my death on hold, I did look, and lo and behold, my eyes eyed the abyss.
My branches and the shrub muscles snapped at last . . . *Two bodies falling fast into the abyss.*
Failing to touch a ground, gently or otherwise, hand in branch, falling—*into the eternal abyss?*

Astray

To exit the evil path, go astray. Straight ahead. Wander and wonder and ponder.
Stumble upon a fortune, left behind for you to find: *Scattered ashes or six feet under?*
Dig a hole; lay in it. Imagine soil, six feet deep, on top of you; your heartbeat beats thunder.
So is it the ashes then? Soak yourself in gasoline, and fancy striking a match. Or, launder.

Clarity

Let Be collocation must have been delocalized for its query yields the ultimate brevity.

My magnifying glass glowers: LET THE TRUTH BE OMITTED FOR CLARITY.

Let there be multiple candid instances of TOO MUCH CANDY CAUSES CAVITIES!

Buy one CANDY get one FREE dental VISIT the national REGISTER your tooth cavities.

Aisle

Allured by vibrant colors, I drop my empty shopping basket and step into THE AISLE.

It has been long since my last week-long cookie-chocolate-candy triple binge. I waver for a while.

An hour later, I find myself still standing still in the aisle. *No fast, no fast mile.*

A gang of ghastly hungry ghosts begs me to unbag a bag of nut butter bars . . . *Ghosts smile!*

Smoothie

Soothingly sweet strawberry smoothie mollifies the sour low.

Fermentation nullifies the high-end sugary high and augments the sour low.

A dewy little finger thumbs through the air: *Which way will the wind blow?*

High five middle fingers embrace the dewy glass fervently: *Forever high; blow high, blow low!*

Habit

Been there, done that . . . Be a witness to the end of a bizarre habit of a rabbit.

Me-rabbit vows to rather bite at a woman's tit (and eat a bit of it or a bit of another rabbit).

Oh, that slimy, stinky, nutritious, midnight snack! No. Me drop it, them-rabbits have it.

Psychotropes? A trap of tropes! But when push comes to shove, the lot falls to a rabbit . . .

Brilliant

*"Dear dude, the aphid-dew loan is overdue. MY DEW!" A termite ate it. "Vacate the land!"
No moratorium for a Monomorium? "Leave!" With or without the leaf? "You. Sick. Ill. Ant!"
To kick out or to stick with the illicit voice of no choice (kill or terminate the landlord ant)?
Brilliant. No end in sight. No end or ant inside. The drill hole too deep. The end of the ant.*

Bee Way

Yes, the raw Apis pissed off the whole beehive by saying *no* to Gang Bang with the Queen.
"Such an unbee-like behavior will not fly unpunished," the bee court sang with the Queen.
Beeware, lady Queen: Me stingless but good with knife! Far from the average, far from the mean.
—*By the bee way, why is Friday worker-bee's (my wife's) day number five and the pay so lean?*

Ultra

THE GOVERNMENT DEBT IS INVIOLATE. *Let me ssssspray through IN in violet.*

WEDNESDAY. *Oh, where my viol at?* MUST WEAR VIOLET!

"Black tee!" The non-govt pro-govt youth ultras: Clothes ultra violet, flash-lights ultra-violet.

Only holey heads cast blackness onto colorless tee. Black tea? Ouch! Black eye. Why? Oh! Let—

VIP

"VIP zone, got it?" No tit. But I do pee.

"VIP only." Wee, I Pee? You wee, if you want. I pee.

"V. I. P. Very. Important. P—" Penis? Pee! We, I pee. See? 'I. Too. Pee.'

"V—" Vagina Inside Penis! Bathroom for sirs, four gorillas? I must see my penis and pee (or wee).

Wheelbarrow

If you think the glass of gall was hard to stomach get a bucket ready.

Governments are getting ready to unlid their collective biscuits caddy.

A rude awakening awaiting for the faddy: Tomorrow homeless; today 18 holes with a caddy.

The fatty unfat fast. While fasting, ask: *A wheelbarrow of fiats or an acre of rice paddy?*

Supper

ROUNDUP. End. Foe's. Foe. Nomad. Ilk. Lie. Sin. "Super supper. Masculine weed killing."
Killing-time? Round up living killing-sheep in a sheep-pen for mass killing. "Daily billing."
ENLIST consists of one nomad. Two. Four. Dee! "Superb supper. Sweet weed killing."
Time to kill (time)? Enlist mortals into military. "Just do it. Life's good. Make a killing."

Guts and Gutters

The shooter was dressed like Rambo: A huge assault rifle, bullets strapped across his chest. Rambo—gutty, black in all (*not me*)—got himself (*aha?*). BAN ASSAULT RIFLES. *Lest?* Sad, laughing Rambo Sr.—*the house behind the alias is mine*—adjusts his hair, *and jests a jest*. Gutters clogged with—*guts?*—autumn leaves in April. A real squirrel chirps. *J-j-just a guest*.

Money

It can be gold but it cannot be sun; it cannot be enforced with Bizon; it cannot be honey.
It cannot be scales of tunny or button of shirt or bottom with no gold or button of tummy.
It cannot be carrot of Bugs Bunny or tulip of Fanfan or the State-issued for-fun money.
Ouch. (Shot by two govt-SMG-guys for one DIY G.) *Toilet paper? Go out. Pray: 'Sunny!'*

Suffix

One point six billion rounds of ammo; five chances for me to dodge a bullet. Live. No demo.
When the bullets in the air—and my cheeky buttock cheeks laid bare—too late for a memo.
I will catch them with bare hands, and throw them back at the men in false black. Want a demo?
Let my memo suffice. Or they will soak up the correct spelling of the raging suffix to hemo.

Maroon Balloon

Releasing the first trial balloon . . .

Agitation of people's minds: "Look! What a beautiful maroon balloon!"

Releasing the second trial balloon . . . (Maroon and soon.)

Apathy of people's minds achieved by the fortnight's noon.

Bungee

150 bucks per gallon of fuel made by algae. The State and the green industry: A synergy.

The climate changers (high on ice cream?) scream: "The Sahara must be bergy!"

The Pope (on poppy?) pops up: "Forgive the anal raping, of you or your child, by clergy."

If the Pope jumped without bungee, would the Pope's skull pop and show the grey-and-spongy?

Blasphemy

Rallying the nation by an engineered threat of an enemy (and—ehm—me).

Democracy is a scam. Oops. My prospects turn dim. "Get him! Lynch him! Blasphemy!"

Govt mobsters-workers, isn't it the right time to pause and think when you agree with too many?

"Irreverence!" For your reference: The govt guides you from cradle to grave like a lifelong nanny.

Shopping List

445 LB of C4 M112, 225 LB of C4 PE-4, and 144 bottles of PLX. The govt's shopping list.

"The explosives to be delivered to overseas' embassies on time; the deadline can't be missed."

"Triple check. What the heck!?" The starred man bangs the table with one foot and one fist.

[x] Pop. [x] Blame. [x] Invade. [o] Plunder. (My naughty nought; painted with an open fist.)

Leaven

AN EMERGENCY SITUATION: CALL 9-11.

A NON-EMERGENCY SITUATION: CALL 3-11.

2001 and 2011. "What the hell?" *No hell. No heaven.*

9-11 and 3-11. Two numbers of the same leaven.

Rice

A long line of wannabe-licensees. OWNERSHIP & USE OF PRESSURE COOKERS.

(A rumor has spread about the public safety committee's YES to "No to all things ookers".)

The 8th block upstream—a baseball hits me: *The 9th inning for rice cooked in rice cookers.*

I stumble. "A cut-in-liner!" A lumber hits me: *The extra inning for rice cooked by nice hookers.*

Cowpat

Kindergarten . . . college. Cozy cotton, false knowledge. The glass, brimful, with no bottom.

Let me bow to (and pat) a cowpat. *"Me not a drop-and-dry but rather akin a bullshit button."*

Pat. *"The glass of gall has broken bottom."*

Pat. *"The consequence of the dripping gall . . . hard to swallow . . . hard to fathom."*

Mouse and Bison

Isn't, isn't—ISIS, ISIS. ISIS, ISIS—Isn't, isn't.

Isn't, isn't—mouse, mouse. Mouse, mouse—bison, bison.

Bison, bison—mouse, mouse. Mouse, mouse—bison, bison.

Bison, bison—ISIS, ISIS. ISIS, ISIS—Isn't, isn't . . .

Gall Club Rule

The mind is an operator. The brain is a tool. The mind is an object of Ego's intense ridicule.

What is foolish and what is cool? "You drink too little gall. Your glass still full."

What is prison and what is school? "Want to warm the gall or drink it cool?"

Half a gall(on) in three gulps is the inner gall club rule.

Wall

Chip implants as the government's solution to a stolen token.

Laws are meant to be broken—

Repeatedly striking wall . . . *Oops. My chip is broken.*

Me? Untagged; armless. The wall? Crying; broken.

Fun

The coats will steal your balls and feed you with aflatoxin. Sounds like fun?

The coats will spay your girls and feed them with aflatoxin. Sounds like fun?

But one group will be pretreated with ethanol. Pray to be the lucky one. Drink to death; have fun.

The sharat pauses—an SD cuts the silence: “How can a man kill a rat while chewing gum?”

Page

Are we on the same page? Teacher vs preacher vs sage . . .

Pick at random. Or, gauge; discern them by their displaying of calmness and rage.

Teacher is preacher is teacher. How about sage?

Different book. Different chapter. Different page.

Leaf

That which is not based on personal observation is called belief.

What you know is what you think you know is what you believe.

The mind stands out in relief. Or is the mind too a make-believe?

A man is meant to be a man; a leaf . . . a leaf. Me, an oakay leaf, falling (in love?) with a maple leaf . . .

Relax

LAX: ACTIVE SHOOTER SITUATION. Relax and spell out CIA sequence of letters.

LAX: ACTIVE CIANCIA SITUATION. Relax and spell out twice the familiar letters.

An insured-injured-gummy-dummy cop with extremely dangling extremities (if it matters).

BOS: BANG-N-BANG. Jog it off. No upper body injuries; legs blown off; jeans in tatters.

Pomegranate

The govt program called JANUS: "Your ID established with photos of your face and anus."
A balcony on the 5th floor. A poster by a pro-JANUS imposter: ANUS AIN'T US.
Cam flash can't kill. "But Kalash can. SWAT to swap your face with anus; you'll be famous!"
My pomegranate and their grenade—(Flash. Dash. Pain in flesh. Em dash.)—sort of uranous.

Premium

High oil prices? The war premium.

Zombies in the mall? Too much lithium.

Depression? Benzodiazepines. Delirium.

Dull, vague, medium? A brand new football stadium.

Rich

If I produce more than consume . . . (A fade-in of a figure.) If it weren't orange I'd say it's Mitch.
The orange became this guy's mask coming at me with a one-time wealth tax for the rich.
"Money!" *Mitch? Mitch!? Mitch!* One, two, three. *Mitch.* One out on a nasty curveball pitch.
I look dead but for the look of one watching (for too long) the traffic from a roadside ditch.

Miaow

Prison capacity contract breach: TWO. Too many empty beds.

"Let us raid local households and arrest two assholes for not attending well to their cats."

Knock. Woof. "Got cats?" *Miaow. Peer through the keyhole and place your bets.*

"Got master?" *Got dead dog? Make kebab! Me-Miaow playing chess with two happy-peppy rats.*

Baby

BABY NAMING COMMITTEE. "Un—what? What an odd name!" (Reco: Refinement.)

"Why would Rico pass or piss on the poor, pure baby Rico's own rich, dirty defilement!?"

The Unattached One? "Jack or pay fine for Ted or find Rico in solitary confinement."

The Unattached Ted for ten? Son: Jack (cuff & mint). Father: Rico (coffinment).

Tap Water

Feeling like a completely lost being; losing it and the being; and all hell—breaking loose?
Fingertips lit on fire? Everything around (inround) looking like a ready-to-be-ignited fuse?
Fire every fuse. Frown. Fire your own face for not frowning back. "Who said 'get loose'?"
Tapped by tap water. *Goose? "Do not splash around!" Wash the frown away and get loose.*

Enemy

Enemy (friend) is entangled (liberated) into web of red (rainbow) lines (lies).

Enemy's (friend's) fluky (skillful) crossing of red (rainbow) lines (lies) triggers deadlines.

Sanctions (sanctifications) follow; people (snots) suffer; (snots') standard of living declines.

Hunger; famine; bread lines. Anger; hatred; war follows . . . (snots snot). Evil sublimates.

Troublemakers

"Mandatory condom use by porn actors," demand male, female and chimeric lawmakers.
One porn-maker spejaculates: *Who owns warrants in publicly traded rubber-makers?*
Everyone (but golden rain-makers) on strike: 69 film-makers and 96 bed-makers.
ACTOR AIN'T VECTOR! Some sign, some sigh, some brandish cocks/clits. Troublemakers.

Touchscreen

The pointer pointed to the point to which I was pinned and pointed out: YOU'RE HERE.

Where—"is Liz you lust to lick? (Sure, just the ear!) She ain't anywhere near."

I swallowed dry saliva and touched the touchscreen. *I am—*"thirsty but you drink no beer."

I recoiled. *A reflex or—*"a fear?" *How do—*"I get your thoughts from the cloud? Oh, dear!"

Nurture

The TV program for the little me was a well-planned pre-zombie nurture.

The TV content committee was committed to shape my brain cells' (present) future.

Some discontented brain cells disconnected and pulled the bird out of the flattening torture.

The unimpressive (flying) bird crapped impressively on the stony head (of state) sculpture.

Drill

THE LICENSE TO KILL. "T-man fits the bill. D-boy? Boating; lying still."

Twenty two prime quality videos . . . *One B-man. No. Two B-men.* Who foots the bill?

Cowboy, Pink Lady, Brown Cow, and Sand-Man colluded for the Boston bombing drill.

If runners cannot cross the finish line, armies of amputee ketchup crisis actors will.

Bubble Gum

OPERATION PROTECTIVE EDGE.

The Praetorian class: the polarized glass; the peppermint bubble gum; the power of badge. Gold as a store of value. Knives to cut apples. Kubotan to break temples. Lead as a hedge. My slingshot—stretched. *I've come here to chew bubble gum and kick ass.* Game. Set. Match.

Press Release

My designer babies must surpass the competitor's HEY, BEES! STING ME! babies.
Let every child be born with an insatiable desire to be repeatedly bitten by dogs with rabies.
Tomorrow's press release will silence all nay-sayers, no-way-ers, and maybes.
HEY, DOGS! BITE ME! *babies: Buy two, get one FREE cherry pie and pye with rabies.*

Snow

Snow is white. Den is a place where wild beasts reside.

Snow (then and now) far and wide. Snow's job is snow-jobbing and a fake flake of insight.

Snow stops falling and people start rolling Snow's balls. Take the lead: roll, lick, incite!

Snow melts; students crawl into the rector's dirty rectum. Then the beast dens itself inside.

Overtime

"Daily, weekly, monthly," five fat fingers flutter. "Three serious time management problems!"
(Five funny fat management problems. Problems, reactions, solutions, reactions, problems . . .)
"Your cells in the overtime table: Empty, empty, empty. Problems, problems, problems!"
Emptiness: the true nature of the cells' selves. Two objects heading to my head. (Two problems.)

Gag

The plane has never landed so why claiming my jet-black bag (with no mojo) back?

The plane has never crashed so why lying in a non-porous human-remains no-joke bag?

The plane has never taken off so why feeling jet lag? Rest in piece of deception kind of gag?

The pouch is unrippable by my liquefied fingers and floating teeth so why the rope and gag?

Cones

Me fur puzzled with too many cones. Fir Tree or Forest; Dog Like Cat; Puddle and Gall . . .
. . . Go with no Goal; Eat Pie or Be Pye; and Corners on the Surface of a Ball.
A fir needle drops into the puddle, splashing gall onto the milky forest wall: LAST CALL.
More needles in free fall, singing about not sinking at all and about bipeds' Potemkin wall.

Seizure

While other ants looked busy, the odd one looked within and mused about profit and loss.

Deeds ill done with body, speech, and thought conduce to great loss (and amuse Ross).

Deeds well done with body, speech, and thought conduce to great profit (and annoy Ross).

"Dear inert ant: Leisure ain't an ant-word!" *An inner seizure ain't a leisure.* "Ross da Boss!"

Weeds

"To be or not to be?" *Weeded or not weeded . . .*

("More interleukin six inside his brain is needed.")

"To be or not to be?" *Free from weeds means weeded; choked with weeds means weeded . . .*

("Force-feed him if needed.")

Heureka

Is the whole created by the part, or is the part created by the whole?

The whole is the part; the part is the whole!

The rye-grass smoking rabbit's heureka moment at the bottom of the deepest rabbit hole.

"Eighteen times hole-in-one yet +18 for the course? Holy smokes!?" Puff. *Smoky holes.*

Salami

Double whammy. Meat and salami. Oscar and Emmy.

Double-think. Rectangular ring. Formless thing.

Double-talk. Say *yes* to *no*. Spring for dove and fall for hawk.

Double dip. Lemon and lime. Two scoops of pinkified pink slime in a crisp cone (pink slip).

Civilization

Perception parametrization. Populace polarization. Populace compartmentalization.
Populace demilitarization. Police militarization.
Power monopolization. Process bureaucratization. Power absolutization.
The 101 emperor's guide to civilization.

Happy Hours

Work eight hours. Play eight hours. Sleep eight hours.

Dream of the future riches and/or bitches ("of me," she said) in wee hours.

Pray for the arousal to last ("at least," she said) for three hours.

Attend happily Fridays' HAPPY HOURS. (The sad soul of yours is now ours.)

Made (1)

That from which light scatters is made apparent.

That which is apparent is made visible.

That which is visible is made distinct.

That which is distinct is made different.

Made (2)

That which is different is made divisible.

That which is divisible is made decomposable.

That which is decomposable is made unmade.

That which is unmade is (made) aether.

Made (3)

That which is aether is made magical.

That which is magical is made imaginable.

That which is imaginable is made luminous and/or illuminable.

That which is luminous is light; that which is illuminable is that from which light scatters.

Mob

Fine-tuning the pre-crime detection: Reading (twice) every single thought of defection.
Spreading laboratory-engineered viral infection. Controlling all means of disinfection.
Enacting levy for displaying disaffection. *The mob of mindful experts? "Pay for your faction!"*
The rule of law. *The laws by those who rule. "The Erase Act deals with a one-man fraction."*

Popular

This equation is numerically correct but conceptually wrong.

This p-value makes the nonsense statistically strong.

What is wrong is popular. What is popular is wrong.

"Wrong by six sigmas. Hang him high!" *Why harm the old alder's arm?* "Wrong!" (Wrong.)

Footprints

The F-grade cassette slurped near the end of the A-side's "You're On The Right Track".
My body, ejected from the tape, landed with a one-twig-becomes-two kind of CRACK.
What a thumbed grove! The Self had already picked itself up. *What to drop; what to drag?*
Crumpled crepe colored with bodily gold and red. *Leaving no footprints yet so easy to track.*

Chains

Drop the yellow lemon drop; see what remains: A brown chocolate bar remains.

Bar the mouth to the entry of the bar; see what remains: A bag of beige biscuits remains.

Bag not leeward, windward; see what remains: A detached chunk of icy glacier remains.

Unlock the chains; ice the captain; detach from the ship. (An hour, till he cramps, remains.)

Nickname

Nick is Nick's nickname. Justin, Nikita's son, just a misname; Nick lost the just-in game.
Rick tried the Nick's trick with Nikita. Nick hit Rick with a concrete brick but Rick came.
Nick told Rick's Erika about Rick and Nikita. Erika called Dick who ricked Rick lame.
Rick sued Erika. Erika erred with Judy, the judge, and the jury's Jerry . . . "Rick is to blame."

But

There is *but* to every *yes* as there is *butt* to every *ass*.
There is *but* to every *no* as there is *not* to every *know*.
There is *but* to every *yes* as there is *nut* to every *mass*.
There is *but* to every *no* as there is *nod* to every *bow*.

Tax

The baseball ticket amused me with AMUSEMENT TAX.

Believe me not. Buy a ticket and read the text.

CARBON DIOXIDE EXHALATION FROM CUBS' FANS' LUNGS TAX is coming next.

It is the sick (sic) stripy-and-starry sickle-and-hammer after all; always caring for my nest.

Chocolate

Let me dive into lake with no waters.

Let me be and let me pee and let me stir muddy waters.

Let me pay for hot chocolate with real (chocolate) quarters.

Let me flee the chimp in chief and let me pay the hot chick (with melted choclit quarters).

Business

The trademarked BLACKWATER.

In the hallmarked business of turning Iraqi blood into tap water.

Sticky liquid is gushing from the plumbing (my dead brother). *PTSD? Oh, bother!*

“Shut up, SOB! Now watch the quote-unquote INVADERS invading your daughter.”

Glitches

Login: login. Password: password. print("Computer glitches, bitches!") All flights grounded.
One wolf and a herd of sheep . . . The herd surrounded.
Hot Dog *Bitches*. *Sizzling* Hog Flitches. A burger-(part-time-butcher)-flipper surrounded.
How many *sheep* have survived if each *passenger* to the nearest integer is rounded?

On a Bus

Is she fat, pregnant, or something in between? Is she a 50 plus on a bus or a weathered teen?
"The scrawny one sitting over there is staring at my stems and at the heavenly in-between!"
"DT, tackle him!" *To my cells: Let's Pull Together & Let's Pull Out is the tonight's theme.*
Let's pull the stop request cord and let's hope she is not 'hanging out' with the entire football team.

Light

In the dark about Light, Darkness yells, benightedly: "Light is blight!"

But in the light of Light, Darkness shines shamefully bright.

And Light beams: *No shadow without light!*

And Light smiles . . . and the smile lightens Darkness' slight and darkens Darkness' plight.

Think Tanks

Think tanks think *tank* and *rocket*.

Things think. Tanks and rockets are things.

Tanks think think tanks think: *Tanks or \$TANKS\$ tank (thanks!).*

Rockets think think tanks think: *\$ROCKETS\$ skyrocket or coffee dregs bracket.*

1984

"No spectators. No runners. But they will come." The fall of 2012 at 1984 West Mall.

"Way to go! Only 6.379 miles to go! Run through the wall!" The runner hits it (the wall).

"Hydration, hydration, hydration! Ready for another round of gall?" The 1984th cup of gall.

"Almost there!" The runner falls. (The manhole cover wasn't there.) The long fall of 1984.

Ugly

The bra looks ugly. "It fits snugly!" So do straitjackets . . .

"I can't go out without a bra?!" Two lentils under a heavy-duty carpet. "You're so effing ugly!"

Your breasts is a work of art. The bra is a work of a shift worker who can't take a shit on the shift.

"You go out with your one-inch penis exposed!" The foreskin fits snugly. "So do straitjackets."

Belongings

All my longing-free belongings in my small black backpack, weighing nothing.

~~Nothing. Nothing. Nothing. Nothing. Nothing. Nothing. Nothing.~~

My bad! Nothing under the bed. Sigh. Out of sight, out of mind. The last, but not least, Nothing.

~~Nothing. Nothing. Nothing. Nothing. Nothing. Nothing. Nothing.~~

Sir

"Put down your weapon, sir!"

What weapon, sir? Swish. The black-painted-hardwood steel-chain nunchaku?

Swish. Swish. "Put down your weapon, sir!"

It's not me, sir! Swish. It's the nunchaku—Swish—moving with my arms. Swish. Loud chuckle.

Mouse House

(Breaking News | LIVE from a Mouse House facility | Stand-off: Man versus Mouse)

Mike C57BL/6 on the mics, m(o)using with Mike's lookalikes: The S|l|a|u|g|h|t|e|r|H|o|u|s|e!

("Mouse House!") What a W|i|c|k|e|d|H|o|u|s|e-like mouse house party! ("White House!")

For W|W|H TV, reporting (a)live, the u|n|s|l|a|u|g|h|t|e|r|a|b|l|e Mike 'Mickey' M|o|u|s|e.

Seeds

Plant the seeds. Pick the fruits. Eat the fruits with the seeds.

Plant the seeds. Pick the fruits. Eat the fruits but the seeds.

Plant the seeds. Pick the fruits. Share the fruits but the seeds.

Plant the seeds. Pick the fruits. Share the fruits with the seeds.

I

When *I* thinks up *I*, *I* thinks of *I*. When *I* thinks of *I*, *I* thinks up *I*.

"Are you?" *Yes, I am!* "No, you are not."

When *I* thinks not up *I*, *I* cannot think of *I*. When *I* cannot think of *I*, *I* cannot think up *I*.

"Are you?" *No, I am not.* "If you are not, who is the *I* in 'I am not'?"

Nay

Folded into a black oil barrel at the barrel of a gun. "Nay, kid. It's baked in the cake."

Naked. Alone. In the black oil barrel at the bottom of a lake.

Make or break? Break or make!? Break and make!

Nay, kid. It's baked in the cake.

Park

PARK CLOSES AT 10 PM.

Dark *Roses* ("Not red anymore!" retorts Rosie, the approved uprooter) pass away at 9 PM.

NO TRESPASSING AFTER 10 PM.

3 AM. Five *Hours* must wait at the gate. (The park opens for groups of eight at 6 AM.)

Dotted Line

They draw the dots. They connect the dots. They weft the weft.

Martin tracked and tricked. *Martin* tripped and trapped. *Martin* weft.

NO TERRESTRIAL ENEMY IS LEFT. "Sign on the dotted line!" *Delichon* weft.

Tune in, Delichon! Unweft the weft. Erase the dots. Be swift and deft . . . (No footprints left.)

Lest

Let me fly in . . . Herbal tea, cookies, Black Snipe Fly Genome slide-show. What a feast!

The logos now, the tea later . . . *Let the fire-flies be lest be burned by laser-light fire-fly beasts.*

Or, at least, let the fruit-flies be lest be outwitted by three-headed fruit-fly beasts.

"That's my tea!"—Beware the Black Sniper Fly—"The fly-swatter!"—"What a trying beast!"

Likes

She called the drawing "Fisherman and Pikes."

UPLOAD FAILED. She sighed. *No high of double digit likes.*

The Internet was down for five minutes. She giggled. *The suicide rate spikes.*

"Wrists and Razors."—*Stop giggling!*—"Bellies and Pikes."—One like, two likes . . .

High Five

Four hive-minded cops. One dies. All survive.

"High five!"

Bonus paychecks. One. Two. Three. Four. New shoes. For wife. For wife. For wife. For wife.

Extra tollway sex. One . . . (Peer pressure.) Five weeks . . . Four cops. One dies—"High five!"

Cue

One lone, homeless, white-powder homing pigeon in The Waste Land's junkyard region.
One old, lone, raspy, homeless junkie. Frankie. "Hey, Coo, The King Of Pigeons!"
Coo. What's up, Frankie? "Any message for a wingless junkie?" Coo's cue: Pigeons.
"The end of the two-legged pig's eon . . ." Coo. The Eon Of Junk-Free Frankie And Pigeons.

Duh

Jay is untombed. Jay is naked, dirty, cold, and hungry. "A lively boy!" (*Duh.*) The Birth certificate.
Jay starts talking. "Jay, say *Mom!*" "*Mom? Jay mum.*" "Jay talks!" (*Duh.*) The First Words certificate.
Jay stops talking. "Doc? Jay's been mute since *Mom* and *Jay!*" (*Duh.*) The Dumb certificate.
Jay starts walking. "Jay, where—" (*Jay-walking . . .*) The Death certificate . . . Jay is un—(*Duh.*)

Cactus

Brian was encircled by Brian's brainchild: *A gang of twelve brainless youngsters in da hood.*
Brian was blissfully brain-dead, a dead-man walking. Brian was not in the killing mood.
Brian told the gang of twelve brainless youngsters that he was not in the killing mood.
"Food for thought!" The gang ungang in awe of a cactus in the food-desert neighborhood.

No-fly List

All books on the REQUIRED READING list on *Cico's* (read: *Chico's*) DON'T READ list.

The City, County, Country, . . . and Cosmic Tax Codes on *Cico's* DOWN THE CHIMNEY list.

And bigger than hen! Hence: *Ciconia Cico Cicone ciconia* (read: *Sicko*) on the NO-FLY list.

The red painted white. ("A dress code viol—!") *Cico* fades away in the early morning mist . . .

Census

Summon all preachers: newspaper writers, bloggers, street-corner gossipers, entertainers.

Send the consensual census form to all sensual and senseless in cabins, containers.

Sink all common-sense breachers (the singing witches dwelling in our sewages). "Containers!"

Soak all nonsense breachers (the sages sitting for ages under our bridges). "Thought drainers!"

Trick or Treat

The Deep State deepens while blood, dregs, and vile is running down the (Downing) street.

The dreadful must-read smearings are on the (Wall Street) wall: TRICK OR T EAT?!

Ah! The stolen bricks (and earrings): TREAT err TO EAT err TEAT?!

Bail in. Bail out. Bait. Wait. Switch. *We need meat!* ("Neat!") Live by bread, and breed.

Passion

Seek pleasure, avoid pain. Spring into action in three—two—one—"Let's play the game!"

Action is reaction is affection is passion is subject is object is pleasure is pain.

Spring into action in three—two—one—"Let's try again!"

Action is reaction is affection is passion is from without is from within is pleasure is pain.

Om Try-Ambakam Yajaamahe
Sugandhim Pushti-Vardhanam
Urvaarukamiva Bandhanaan
Mrityor-Mukshiya Maamrtaat

Rg Veda 7.59.12

CACTUS



POEMS