

Nomad

watching America through car windows
is the same as watching it through a television screen
or the fragmented dreams of a droning poet
on stage with seven cheap Mexican beers in him
talking about the countryside as if it were a lost battlefield
reciting love poems to his old girl back home
writing letters to his *mum* and his dad as they watch America through television screens
in their chairs that recline and their cars that incline as their health declines
and their money wastes away in a bank vault like leaves on the ground during a parade
a parade to celebrate gay rights
or the fact that it's the year two thousand and nine
yet they can't marry because a bunch of religious hounds in Kansas
have buried their bones in a different backyard and have lost the scent-

threats out of Hell come loud and clear to the deaf
through books they read
and songs they sing
fire and pain and suffering
if you don't put enough cash in the collection bin each Sunday
and the tall white crosses outside of Illinois that were meant to crucify giants
burns its image into every fag boy and every queer girl
that hoped to be anything besides what the factory had produced-

baby boomers and hope oppressors
hard workers and dead men
who live on the street wearing a suit with no shoes
their lifesavings in a fedora hat like some Chandler reject
dejected like bubble gum wrappers
and ladies in white gloves step over them to get to places like Indiana...
for every church I see there are two graveyards
many devout followers laid to waste
hundreds of thousands in the ground
when there are only hundreds of thousands left in the homes
a wasteland
because they smoked Pall Mall cigarettes with no filters and got tattoos
believed
sailed on freight ships and hopped freight trains
leaving blonde girls on their doorsteps
so many nice Jew girls left behind for the sake of soil
just soil
wars fought over the stuff

and drugs brought back
the soldiers turn to mules
and that's what we took to get inspired
whole generations crammed their veins with junk so they could produce beauty
but all that was left were empty syringes and blood on the floor

the sailors pound on the doors looking for a woman
hookers and pimps flooded the streets instigating hundreds of novels about the hard life
and that's the way it went

America

festering while the folks on the outside covered it with polish
art was made a joke

a good ha-ha because people were too afraid to look within themselves for the creation
it had to be bought and sold like everything else

painters needed paychecks too

everyone did

doctors!

babies don't come from God or storks

they come from well paid doctors with sports cars-

these are the things you think about

as you lay looking at the ceiling of a motel in Dayton, Ohio

and your clothes reek of body odor but you're too clean for the shower

the semen spread across the room and the discolored pillow...

that's what America is

little dirty motels with discolored pillows

but that's what makes it great

its left-for-dead charm

we started as a group of rebels searching for freedom

and we still are

salvaging any recognizable thing

remember what things used to be and how places used to be

harness their ghosts and make them into something else

something new

walk until the soles of your feet bleed

travel down old route 66

never stay in one place for too long

make the road your home because there is so much to be seen

no matter how angry some of it can make you

there is always something beautiful about it

forget the lost generations

forget the wishful thinking of people past...roam...roam as far as you can until you reach a clearing high above the tree line and jump in.