pornographers with black fingernails sitting in the morning sun winos soiling the green park grass with yellow vomit dirty bars with unswept concrete floors i like the sight of blood the feel of a broken jaw under my fist the smell of shit on my fingers after i wipe my ass i like old unwashed women who grub for cigarettes in gutters the sweet screams of murder the ecstasy of steel parting flesh i like fires, earthquakes, the sinking of ships the exploding of bombs i like rape, incest broad-shouldered whores with callouses on their eyes ladies who drink piss like warm beer men who wear bullwhips looped round their hearts i like the taste of fear in my throat clear as moonlight sweet as a rotten lemon

-- Frank Prosak

Venice CA

lecture

I visited your classroom last night the students were as usual but you your beard grew more red your eyes were candles your feet seldom reached the floor myths flew about the room and Gilgamesh passed by the window as you said "Poetry is my passion" and fell back wheezing.

the front row stirred a little.