# HITLER'S DOG

Ars Poetica

by

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PRETEND

pretend you are the Cosmos
strange, alone, knowing nothing
except that you are self aware

pretend you find yourself
going mad with anguish
because there is no other

pretend that in desperation
you try dividing your awareness
into smaller awarenesses
but since they know they are you
they dreamily and without curiosity
move ever steadily back into you

pretend that these creations
do not solve your problem
there is still only you and no other

pretend you try an alternate plan
dividing your awareness again
but this time into parts
unaware that they are you

with memories erased
their veiled awareness
still reflects your anguish in myriad
permutations of your aloneness

pretend you feel the parts suffering
because they too don't know what they are
and hate the absurdity of their ignorance

pretend that this sub-plan, this plan-ette
unexpectedly creates something new
which ripples through your awareness
as your new parts strangely expand
contract and resonate on their own
creating shocking and unnamable
new depths to your being

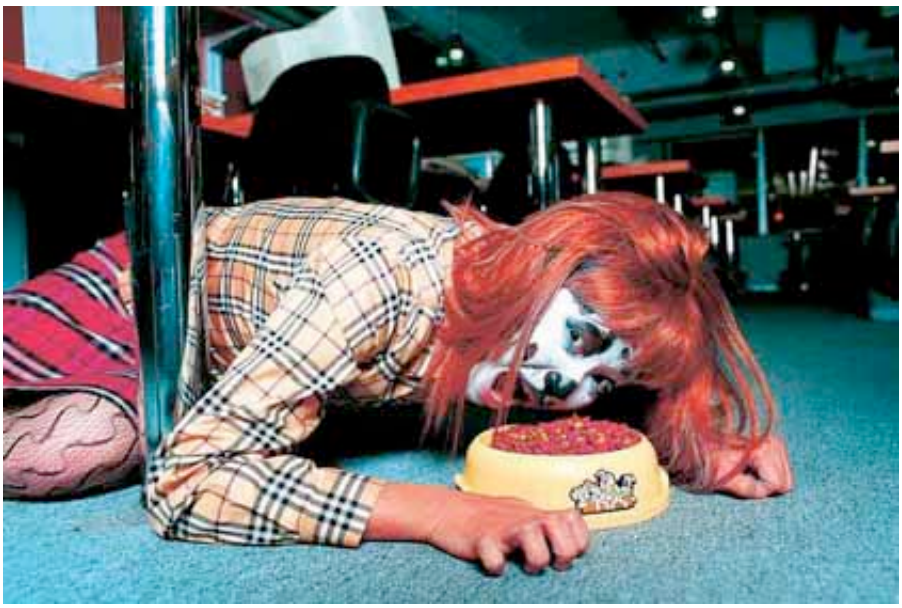
pretend you are amazed to find
that you have transformed yourself
into an utterly new entity

pretend that you are stunned
at this visceral solution to the mystery
of your origin and the agony of your aloneness

with the terrifying knowledge
that you are the self-born phoenix
the inner and outer orphan of infinity

dying in the fire of your anguish
and reborn in the infinitely subtle ashes
of your vast and aching emptiness

and that in every eternal moment
you pretend to reach your destination
in the infinite depths of your own being



## A DOG WOULD NOT EAT MY LOVE

My love is so corrupt
Even if it was written
On the side of a steak
A dog would not eat it

My sentiment is so foul
Even if I moulded it
Into the shape of a virgin
A Viking would not rape it

My heart is so sterile
Even if I could persuade
A saint to kiss it
A god would not love my love

## AN INFANT'S FIRST DREAM

I remember
my first dream
it was a spiral
a clear inner vortex
a form without substance

as lights and sounds and words
emerged concretely from without
they attached themselves to the vortex
in a growing whirlwind of personality

it is only now in meditation
when my interior eyes have opened
like a babe into a new world
that I recognize the first symbol
of my dreaming infant mind:

for within the clogged swirling
galaxy of thought forms
within the heart of my inner space
it is the invisible turning spiral
that is the dancing movement
of my soul

## THE EMPTINESS OF THE DRAGON

emptiness is an abstract idea
present only when something is not
the dragon too is abstract
because of its emptiness

for in legend the simple dragon
is depthless, soulless
it is merely a thundering carcass
which must slay or be slain

but in the world of abstract thought
the empty dragon inspires fearful worship
and touches all men throughout all time
across the expanse of its nonexistence
with a roaring breath of fire

A CRETIN VIEWS HIS FATHER'S DEATH

shes yellin a blanket but I cant hear
so good because the backhoe is runnin
I didn't see no blanket but then she's pointing
at the house so she means theres a blanket
in the house
hes on the pointy rock

She grabs the blanket and puts it on him
And a big red spot come up and shes cryin
And getting the red spot on her clothes and hair
he fall off the backhoe

his eyes is lookin at me over her shoulder
but he dont see me

I said he look like hes thirsty
but she don't hear me
so I give him some of my rootbeer
but he dont drink it
he's all busted up

she puts her hands on her face
and gets red on it
his face is turnin all gray

Im drinkin my rootbeer & shes cryin
the backhoe is runnin
so I cant hardly hear her yellin
you stupid bastard dont you know
your fathers dead

## A MODEST PRESIDENTIAL PROPOSAL

I propose that the president
should perform a duty of honor
daily and personally
(because the bucks stops here)

my proposal is this:

the president greets
a random little boy
puts him on his lap
says a tasteful prayer
then snaps the boy's neck like a twig
the delicate muffled sound
of a hundred tiny bones snapping
echoing through the Oval Office

for crushing the small
is the unpleasant job of the president

yet feeling the small crushed
is the secret orgasmic thrill
of centralized power
(because the buck stops here)

for the president must agree
that better his hands ripping
a little boy's head off
than his impersonal bomb ripping
a little boy's guts out

the latter, he knows, is cowardly
the former, he knows, is courageous

for the essence of my proposal is this:

the President can smile wistfully
as he looks directly
into his victim's eyes
and snaps his random neck
with a clear conscience
and purity of motive
killing honorably and responsibly
and with a complete
presidential
pardon

## MR. HARKINS SUCKS HIS OWN DICK, SAID MY FATHER

what kind of talk is that
said my mother, as we
helped him into the motorboat
handing him his bait and lines
he's the minister of our church
said my mother as we stood
on the pier.  he sucks his
own dick, said my father
starting up the motor. we
waved and he waved back
a white-headed man disappearing
into the white-headed waves

IN WHICH SATAN ATTEMPTS TO DENY GOD
BY INVOKING SARCASM

So dimly hid, I love my silent lord,
Refusing me his voice, his form, his face,
With silent love denying me reward,
With silent love denying me his grace.
Such perfect love is manifest in this,
That though he be truth, he gives me only lies,
Though he be love my heart he shrinks to kiss,
Though he be life my body dwindles and dies.
For although enlightened not, my brain perceives
His steadfast love in guise of nothingness,
And although enraptured not, my soul believes
That he comforts me, though I am comfortless.
Thus my loving lord I cannot feel nor see,
So cunningly he hides himself from me.

## MELTED JESUS

uncle mike had the statue on his dash
when he exploded in flames on the way
to the 7-11
the car didn't burn, only uncle mike
the car seat still stinks to high heaven

the cops looked away and shrugged
one called it spontaneous
combustion
stupid fucking a-hole cops

uncle mike didn't hate cops like me
he was meek and mild and nonviolent
just like jesus
if you forget about the money-changers
incident

aunt elaine sold me the car for one dollar
for tax purposes
after the fire
jesus was all bent and charred
his left foot melted
like a clown shoe

now
it isn't that jesus melted
that creeps me out
it's that uncle mike
when high as a kite on meth

painted its eyes with red glow-paint
and at night it stares at me
while I drive

i can't seem to take the jesus down
funny huh guess I'm superstitious
so his eyes burn holes in my face
i make a point to stare the fucker down
daring him to burn me
burn me too you cocksucker

sometimes when i drive
i imagine how it happened

see, the statue hated uncle mike
and blasted him like lasers
with those fucking eyes
i imagine him hating me too
but when he tries to blast me
i duck and the seat catches fire
i scream as the car spins
and just before I crash
i grab the melted jesus
and his eyes blast a hole in my fist

and the funny thing is
when the car explodes like an A-bomb
I can feel jesus in my hand
the plastic searing my flesh
melting and dissolving
into my body and blood
in a fiery transfiguration
a fucked up sacrament
fusing the fake with the real

and the coolest thing
is that the whole mess
would be a big noseful
for the fucking cops
to smell forever

# THE POETRY READING

*sequence dreams of time*
*equilibrium dreams of pattern*
*focus dreams of matter*
*transformation dreams of energy*
*expansion dreams of being*

they stagger from rumpled beds
filled with crumpled papers
incoherent dreams in their heads
late, they spatter through the streets
lurch into the caffeine shops
and wait for their ten minutes of light
against a gritty lead paint wall
a thin jaundiced host reads
unfocused poems that suck
the energy from the kraken-nest room
and announces names from a yellow pad
poets climb the creaky stage
ducking behind poems like hunting-blinds
while they bleat and quack
the cry of the National Book Award
and after nine minutes of jittery
mewling and pimping their concepts
they are desperate to rocket-launch
a golden metaphor through the room
that will blow their heads off
and form a connective tissue
that will stitch together
the desiccated corpse of the cosmos

and inevitably
utterly unexpected
it surely happens

a concept of phenomenal power
rips through the skull hole

a hummingbird from a bone birdhouse
hovers vibrating the souls
of the nameless no ones
triggering a megaton bomb of meaning
an infinite phase-shift of feeling

and in an incomprehensible instant
the simplest stupidest secret
the one stolen at birth is unleashed
amid the stench of stale coffee
the secret of what their poems really mean
and who the poets really are

## THE VETERANS

We are the Veterans of Foreign Wars
We represent a million dead
We love the strength and truth of death
And those who died for their homeland

Though truth is not black and white
At least we have taken a stand
And it is fools who cannot see
The beauty and integrity
Of our ignorance

MY WIFE GOES INTO A TRANCE

she went limp
in my arms
a part of her came out
that was not familiar

I asked for proof
and the voice gently
named a secret nickname
of a friend my wife could not know

a friend who had also
gone limp in my arms
and sprouted an impossibly
patient and loving voice

in that instant my universe changed
if one ghost is seen
then a threshold is breached
and there is no turning back
unless one is a coward

luckily I am not a coward
although not ultra courageous
for I was scared shitless
by the two-fold initiation
into a world whose existence
I had always reluctantly intuited

a world in which all things
are both true and false

in which everything and nothing
are disguised as each other

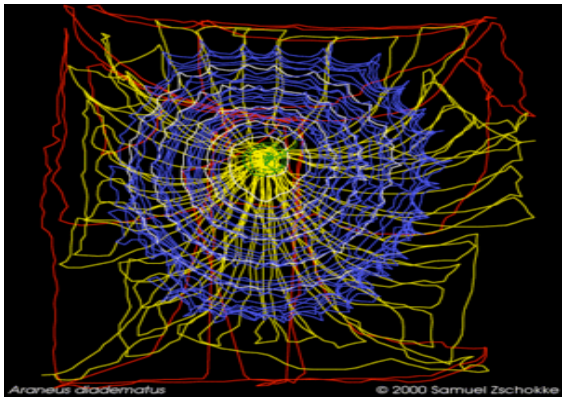
in which the only reality
is the incredible undeniable
existence of life itself
hidden like an infinite seed
inside the utterly empty
apple of nothingness

THE BABY'S HEAD

I have a baby's head
I place it on my mantelpiece
My guests ask me
Why is such a vile object
decked with oiled and herbs
in such a place of honor
on your mantelpiece?
I say nothing, but look
into the fire
remembering that
I am secretly mad
and that I will be
hungry again later
in the evening.

## THOUGH DULL WITH YEARS

Though dull with years the scythe is still incessant,
Yet lovers lie oblivious to its stroke;
Their smiles and frowns belie all but the present
As they think to lie in Love's protective cloak.
But though they lie encircled in Love's keeping,
They cannot duck the Reaper in his fields;
For though the act of love prefigures sleeping,
Still counterfeiting death no counter yields.
What then is served in lying so enraptured
And pledging endless love and infinite truth,
When truth within the puny skull is captured
and endless love ends with the end of youth?
Awaken and see: the scythe is still incessant,
And the smiles and frowns of lovers ape its crescent.



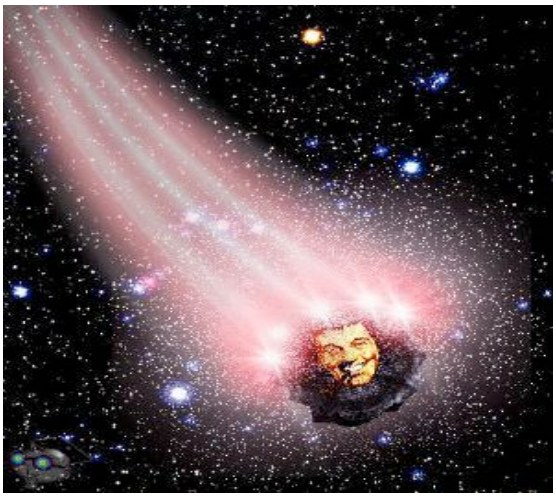

ON BREAKING A SPIDER'S WEB WITH MY FACE

a hundred strands of ethereal
spewing stuck to my forehead
splaying out like super-fine
cat's whiskers

suddenly I found that the invisible
aerie tentacles heightened my acumen
and by degrees I found that I could read
my dear wife's thoughts

soon I refrained from wearing hats
let my beard grow wild and my hair
grow willy-nilly to increase
my fine-tuning

eavesdropping on her every thought
I see my dear wife's mind transformed
into a secret sewer of suppressed rage
at my new etheric ugliness



## THE FISHER

Three meandering lines, as yet incomplete,
Tangled in the vortex of a presumed cosmic wheel
Endlessly issue from my head, my heart and my feet,
Ever imaginary, yet ever invisibly real.
Spinning from my mind, a tenuous string of thoughts
Bisects each star, twisting in linear flight
From the berserk brain's churn of neuron clots.
And from my heart, extending out of earthly sight,
The exquisite string of my loves climbs ever higher,
Lacing the sky, as one by one I discard
Them to feed a strange, inexhaustible fire.
Third and last is the line of my steps down
an infinite boulevard.
At dawn I'll reel them in, with a fisher's steaming breath,
And kiss my prize, the face I call my own, the
face of death.

I WAKE FROM A DREAM TO WRITE

the infinite points in the mind
have a one-to-one correspondence
to the infinite points in space

since I cannot see the forest
through the illusion of trees
my senses shield me from recognizing
the infinite expanse of myself

therefore filling my mind
with beams of light
gives order to the mind of space
and creates holographic
standing-waves of matter
which must be believed
to be seen

BLACKSMITH OF GESTHEMANE

Half in a dream the blacksmith set his stone
And curled a rod white hot in the hissing fire
While his memory was ablaze with a woman intimately known;
His art was thus the unknowing signet of his desire,
For flaming heart and stone alike
catalyzed the elements, and burning essences rearranged
Through his craft, and with every hammer strike,
The thrill of violence was for sweet release exchanged.
Half in a dream, nail after nail he hammered
For the three soldiers who, lacking nails with which
to shackle
Flesh to wood, chided his daydreams and clamored
Him speed, for today they would crucify a fawning jackal.
Half in a dream the blacksmith raged in the fire,
And hammered his heart to soothe his soul's desire.

ON HIS BALDNESS

How much more poetic is a bald pate
A gleaming globe floating over my body
Like the sun shouldering earth and moon

How much more symmetrical
Having a raw cranium at birth and death
This extra sleek buttock of brains

How much more sympathetic to the skull
Reminding me that the skeleton
Is but a hair's breadth away

THE CYNIC CALLS HIS LORD WEIRD

these chuffs of thought in cadence weird
spiral through my bloody sponge of brain matter:
a demon's horn, a seraph's flaming beard
a frothing wolf, a skull's white-toothed chatter
a secret wound, an amulet of evil
the stare of stars, the creeping of disease
the gift of tongues, the smoking footprint of the devil
the smell of death, and like grotesqueries
but more grotesque by far than these sick dreams
is my perfect lord enthroned in perfect grace
who, commanding all that is and all that seems
enraptured is with mankind blind and base
ever offering gifts of exquisite design
ever bestowing jewels upon besotted swine

## IN WHICH THE POET DECIDES TO LEAVE HIS STUDY OF GOD INCOMPLETE

his snow-white smock smeared
by a careless trembling finger
the last cadaver watched unblinking
its brains carried to the meat-grinder

the spaghetti of gore
made into a gigantic patty
by the magician's furtive hands
as he worked in the candlelit dark

twelve times twelve patties
slapped together on the wooden pallet
covering the floor of his studio apartment

hands kneading meat to sculptured perfection
matching his clay mock-up on the table
finishing before dawn on the seventh hour
staring at its huge silhouette
against a windowful of steady stars

before him stood a magnificent statue
of god the primeval nameless one
its feet oozing into the pallet

he quickly thumbed the ancient treatise
drew the chalk pentagram and at first light
uttered the incantation of life
to the fast-decaying god of brains

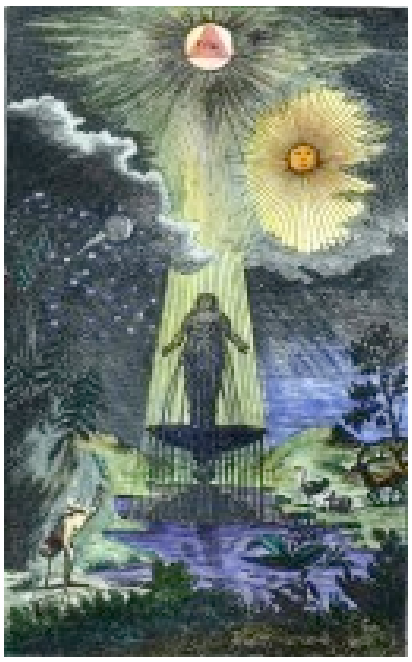
but now there is a knock at the door
as a pizza is delivered
to me, not to the magician in the poem
interrupting his fevered invoking
and putting to death the poem
of the birth of yet another fabulous god
born of magic, meat and hunger

ON SLAPPING WOMEN

I justify my chauvinism
by virtue of my unalterable genetic code
but the truth is, I've indulged
in this puerile past-time
simply to keep in fashion

I wear fresh designer shirts
read poets who appear on TV
wear my jeans big-house low
buy trendy too cool art
create onion skins of meaning
        in pop songs
and slap women

of all these pretensions
it is only the slapping of women
that I do not utterly detest



## IN WHICH THE POET ANTICIPATES PRANCING OUT OF HIS GLOOM

Like inept clouds which shroud but do not shield,
Enveloping all in silent shrieks of mist,
My clouded thoughts no calm nor comfort yield,
Embracing madly all they should resist.
Imaginings twist and twine like restless fiends,
Feeding my brain's disease with doubts unceasing;
And like a homunculus on empty darkness weaned,
I find the pang of hunger in my soul increasing.
But this cloud I bless, for through it will pour
Your beams of love, dispelling my creeping fancies;
Your gleaming eyes my lifeless forest will restore,
For warmth and light every living thing enhances.
The light of your love will riddle this shroud of gloom
And thoughts like fidgety flowers will brashly bloom.

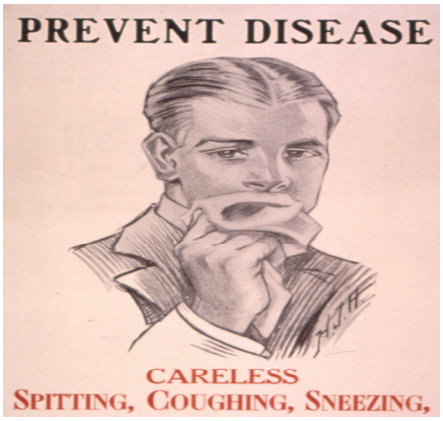
REAGAN'S NECK GORBACHOV'S SPLOTCH 1985

Reagan and Gorbachov did it all
the idiot and the savant
blind lovers exchanging
intimate billions of chafing cells
with each turgid crank of their hands
up and down in dry masturbation
each simultaneously dreaming
in a secret single neuron
of their perverse ultimate power
to shock the world
if they agreed to fellate each other
like happy homos
on the Paris Peace Table

It is an unseemly metaphor
yet if Reagan gargled Commie jism
and Gorby quaffed capitalist splooey
the searing image would pierce
the subconscious of the world forever
making loving one's enemy
an unforgettable snapshot
next to einstein on a bike
and the auschwitz dozers
in the quaint human
family album

IN THE PLACE WHERE HE WAS CRUCIFIED
THERE WAS A GARDEN

In the place where he was crucified there was a garden
In the garden lay a child's inverted basket
Under the basket a tiny worm found he was barred in
By cruel chance, and imprisoned in a tiny casket
The child watched askance the crucifixion
And with tears of innocence thought it sorely meet
To gather herbs and flowers for affliction
And offer them before his tender feet
With hope within her heart and ran and found
Her basket lying with weeds crossed askew
She knelt and untangled it from the ground
And found a creature crouching in the dew
But now, instead of a worm within the snare
A butterfly arose to scent the air




## THE PHLEGM PARADIGM

adam spit in eve's face
or perhaps eve in adam's
thus phlegm was transformed
from passive to active
people began spitting everywhere
on their hands, on their groins
in their handkerchiefs, on apples
on floors, on sidewalks, and of course
on each other
things got so bad they had to
put up NO SPITTING signs

man finally spit in god's face
or perhaps god in man's
and in a burst of intuition
at the height of his invention
man created the spittoon
as a secret sign to god
and defining the depravity
of man's mysticism:
for if he stops sending
his soft rains
then we will still have
a place to drink

MY HUSBAND

if I were a woman
I'd have a husband
he would be firm and warm
and buy me bracelets
that go ling-ling

if I were my husband
I'd fall in love
with another woman
because I know I'd be
an inadequate wife jingling my bracelets

if I were my husband's lover
I would feel sorry for his wife
for she would not be loved
by her husband who simply
buys her bracelets
that go ling-ling

# MY MOTHER AND MY FATHER ARE ALIVE

my mother and father are alive
they are intact at this moment
they are not embalmed corpses

I need not attend their funerals
and convulse with tears of regret
my mother and father are alive

there is no nuclear holocaust
the earth is intact at this moment
it is not a blighted corpse

I need not see my children burning
and die futilely trying to save them
there is no nuclear holocaust

the christ is intact at this moment
he is not a crucified mythic man
I need not feel the pulsing pain
of torture

no

because it is here now
I feel it without willing it to be

a light
burns within me
a light
burns within me
a bright searing insanely beautiful
light
burns
within me

## Addendum: Written After My Parents Die

their corpses carried away on a gurney
that's all for dottie, that's all for ernie
their souls at death chittering like minas
splash out like babies from vaginas
the light that burns within me
sears
babies all
wailing loud and monstrous tears

## THE NUMBER 0

we may seem to create a creator
by positing his existence

for anything which can be thought
has had crouching latent being
in the infinite potential of everything:
if something is thought, it is
if even one mind observes itself
then the universe has intelligence

so it is with the number 0
who circles about infinitely
like a Fool in love with existence
retracing and reexperiencing
the path of its own being

and realizing that its boundaries
although infinite
encompass only the endlessness
of its own meaning

## THE TEMPLE OF POINTLESS LAUGHTER

there is in china a temple called
*san-hsiao t'ing*

it was built because long ago
three monks walking in silence
came to a certain spot in the road
stooped and looked at each other
and for no reason at all
burst into long
uncontrollable laughter

it was at this spot
that san-hsaio was constructed
commemorating the inexplicable
mirth of men

## A GIRL SINGS AFTER HER LOVER'S DEATH

I lie among the lentils low
Upon my mother's breasts of snow
And wet her words of whisper weep
Of love that comes but does not keep.

"I wish my heart had been my will
Had kept its solitary sleep
My silent love is silent still
For though love comes, it does not keep.

"Leave thy golden Ned and Bill
Like gold untouched inside the hill
Leave the pearl within the deep
And leave thy heart thy soul to keep."

ON CHARLES E. IVES

Lodestones, craggy and pock-marked,
by their nature attract lead and steel
alike in a cacophony of iron:
a metal toy duck, a gardening tool,
a ball bearing, a needle

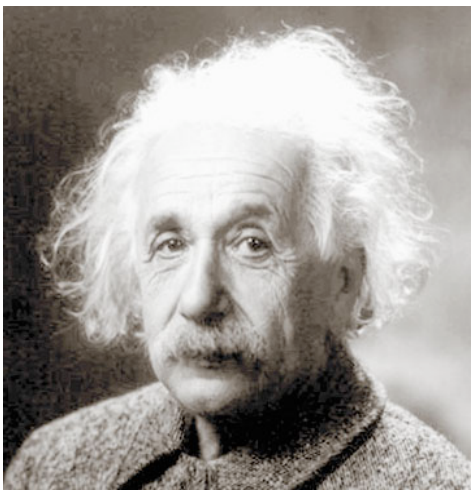
All elements of iron
regardless of transient shape
are called forth by the strength
of the craggy stone

Sound is etheric intangible iron
a metallic churn of dense vibration:
a duck's call, grinding gears,
a woman weeping, a circus band

Without bigotry, the equality of sounds
were pulled to the heart of a craggy man
who absorbed and transformed them
in a yelping welter of fire, splash,
pop and fizz

splayed over a muted canvas
of solemn hymns chanted
on the banks of an ancient river

expressing simultaneously
the transcendental harmony of the universe
and the hilarious, dissonant
exhilarating illusion
of the freedom from harmony



THE POEMS OF ALBERT EINSTEIN

Formlessness must be ordered
to create meaning
formlessness must be denied
to create god

A random number generator
may be the oblivious victim
of laws too subtle to be expressed
in the coarse atoms of the cerebellum

The hysterical randomness of Π
could encode with rarified symmetry
the exquisitely ordered diagonals
of an infinite perfect magic square
whose boundaries are everywhere
and whose center is nowhere

A random universe is one whose meaning
has not yet been recognized
one must be amused by
the concept of formlessness
to recognize god

Relative to the perceiver

his delicate inspired equations
may seen complete and therefore true
or incomplete and therefore false
but they are neither:
they are broad expansive poems
in the poetic license of time and space

Denying the supremacy of matter
his poems were a theological argument
which smiled at the hidden design of chaos
and reinforced an old theory
that when one worships clumps of matter
he may only peep through them darkly
at the gleaming face of god

## A THOUGHTFUL EXPLANATION

an old fuck asked me
why I use the word fuck
in my fucking poems

I said the reason
you old fuck, is because
I don't fuck enough
and if you don't
fucking like it
I added thoughtfully

why don't you complain
to my fucking wife
who wants to fuck less
while I want to fuck more
and while you're at it
you fucking dildoic prick

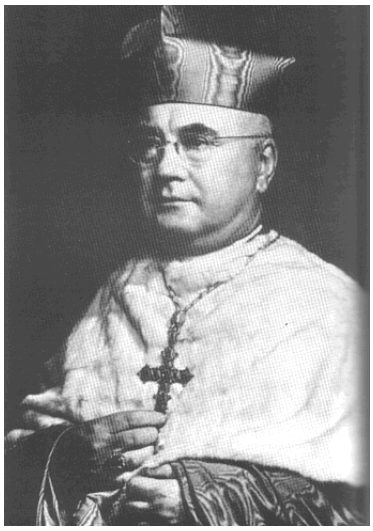
why don't you show
some fucking decency
concerning my fucking problem
and go fuck yourself

## SUGGESTING THAT THE SOUL MAY BE ENMESHED WITH AN OBJECT

It is many strange years through streams of chance
since we were innocent lovers touching hands
exchanging notes, conveying love in a glance
I had thought that time would slowly filter its sands
through my memory until nothing of you remained

and through the years I found it to be true: I'd lost
the picture of your hair, your eyes, your smile,
and retained
only a dim outline of all you had been. I'd crossed
the threshold from dreaming youth, and had
forgotten you
utterly. But yesterday, upon going through a collection
of old trash, I found a gold-leaf book

and my eyes were suddenly filled with tears
because I could not see it without seeing
your slender fingers around it, and your
intent eyes, and how deeply I once loved
you and lost you forever



TO FRANCIS CARDINAL SPELLMAN

(Dedicated to children who were called liars)

aimed at the divinity of the zenith
pointing piously at god
his trembling cock arose

past the snaking tongue of roy cohen
and their bevy of chorus boys
past the grinning gargoyles on the ceiling
franny's trembling cock arose

arose past the compassionate son
towards the steadfast father

franny closed his eyes
and managed a prayer
that his desire
would merge with god’s
and gasped in rapture
as images flashed through
his soul

of shimmering raped children
of trembling pious families
afraid of his holy power
the preening cowardly parents
denying truth and bowing down

to bask in his serene sacrosanct
semen-encrusted smile

the thrilling montage in his mind
quickened his pounding heart
and throbbing member
and his entire body shuddered
in rapture

and he cried out to god
his holy splooey arcing skyward
his soul awash with pleasure
giddy that he could hide forever
his erection behind archaic rituals
while his spunk arose to smear
the symbol in his mind
that he most feared
and otherwise could not control:

the symbol of sweet smiling child
alone at the core
of creation

## A WINO HIDES HIS LOVE

A lawyer hides it in his briefcase
under reams of precedents and statistics
He reveals it in secret to
the photo of a sweet girl
in his past.

A priest hides it
from the sweet girl in his past
behind ave marias and gloria patris
He reveals it in secret to
the god in his mind's eye.

A philosopher hides it from the god
in his mind's eye behind reason
and affected erudition
He reveals it in secret
bursts of paradox to
the logic of his mind.

A wino hides it from everyone:
from women, from the world,
from the god in his mind's eye
He reveals it only to
himself in secret moments
when flopped in a alley
hidden in the middle
of his heart.

## DRUNK, THE GREAT MAGICIAN SINGS AT HIS DEATH

when all men's work seems all undone
with a hey ho & a diddle diddle dum
there's naught to soothe the mind but rum
with a hey ho diddle dum dee

but all creation's off and on
silence and sound, sunset and dawn
mind and body, moon and sun
life and death entwined as one

we are all men drawn to earth's domain
with a hey ho & a diddle diddle dum
to right our wrongs again and again
with a hey ho diddle dum dee

we cannot see the forest through the trees
the cosmos through the stars, the ocean
through the seas
we are in god like cells in the toes
we live within the root of the rose

to men god's work seems all undone
with a hey ho & a diddle diddle dum
for we see the shadow but not the sun
with a hey ho diddle dum dee

for all creation's below and above
no and yes, hate and love
a grand illusion sent from the soul
to heal with love, to make us whole

and now we're off unto our bed
with a hey ho & a diddle diddle dum
to mock at death by feigning dead
with a hey ho diddle dum dee

for now we're off unto our bed
to mock at death by feigning dead
then close our eyes and open our soul
to heal with love and make us whole

## THE DREAMING IDIOTS

If men are curious dreams which briefly wet
the eyes of sleeping gods on a star-littered night
and men's aspirations are sparkles in a curving
rivulet
down the cheeks of gods from their pools of eyeless
sight,
and if all the heights and depths and pits and spires
of men's raging love and hate are mere bubbles
which a god's dreaming mouth drowsily expires,
and in the air, men's spheres of fears and troubles
delicately and silently burst, what then may be said
of the dreams of men?
If humans are but dim transparencies
dreaming of gods with the brains of gods for a bed,
then dreams into dreams converge in formless vagaries.
For who is then dreaming who, gods or men,
or is there yet another dreamer dreaming them?

## HITLER'S DOG

*(If the Fuhrer had not*
*poisoned his dog Blondie)*

he loved me
and showed me his love
in always gentle touches
in always gentle words

who he was or why he loved me
i never knew
he was simply there
my master
who adored me

his raspy voice
whispering good boy
good boy
sounds that made me
love him more

his hands spooning out my food
petting my head softly as i ate
smiling, whispering

good boy
good boy

i was frightened
by the gunshots
in the bunker
i crawled over whining
and licked his silent face
the salty sweat
the sweet warm blood

wishing he could hear me
and see the love in my eyes
covering him with kisses
and remembering his voice
whispering
good boy
good boy
good boy