

Today's veritable existence

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There exist in this world not just guys  
who get their asses waxed but ass waxers.

If Henderson Nevada is where irony goes to die,  
I am moving there and taking honey and a razor.

As a successful political consultant sound bites fill your head  
like shotgun shells in a Minnesota hunting season;  
you see the public as over populated deer  
'easy pickins' float across your lips,  
polka tunes waft away your constructs and the camera closes in.

There exist in this world not just guys  
who get their asses taxed but ass taxers.

In big market flashes and bear down-swings billions of dollars are lost—  
the big losers are those who have no shorts to lose.

My cousin questions why he has no new shoes  
dropping 50 at his dealer's again this week.  
He speaks of commitment to cause;  
why deep house mixes move more than divas;  
he is addicted  
committed to wearing beat up adidas.

There exist in this world not just guys  
who get their asses smacked but ass smackers.

I say I do not love you,  
I love my image of you when we first started fucking.

You love my languid libido  
until it fancies long dances near an olive oiled shower curtain.

I look back upon what I have done and said  
and hope that judgment is not about what occurred on individual days  
but what happened on over-all days—  
I pick up my shovel and dig.

There exist in this world not just guys  
who get their asses kicked but strict people  
who'd rather beat your hand than shake it and do not care  
if they never understand you.

O stairs to locked exit doors.  
O cellars protecting ancient places twisting winds won't touch.  
O great being--if you're out there,  
and it's not too much--hear my pleas--

Do not sneeze and destroy what little there is here to love.  
You beyond. You above.

You what makes the moon its moony bright and  
Brings up the sun to chase out that moon's night.  
Deliver me

Deliver me from boredom  
Deliver me from reality TV  
From idiotic leaders  
even if they are great at delegating.  
Deliver me from those who try to feed us  
public opinion based on polls--accuracy + or - 4 percent.  
Deliver me from whoredom and crackdom and being dumb  
or struck that way.

Deliver me from people who say 'Get the fuck off my land!'  
'That's not what my God believes'  
'Well Regis says . . .'  
'I saw on QVC today.'  
'But that's not all. . .'

Deliver me from expert opinion  
From fat free dessert

From automatic renewal.  
Domain name registry.  
Reader's Digest.  
Bathroom attendants.  
Extra strong breath mints.  
Weird food combinations  
like balsamic vinegar ice cream.

I had a dream I was at an arctic barbeque  
where they served only grilled halibut and salad nicoise.

Everyone wore white; it was so bright you could only keep your eyes open briefly  
It had a strobe like effect and made conversation nearly impossible.

You were there; talking with my grandfather and seemed  
much more at ease than him or me or the messiah for that matter;

And you had to climb a metal ladder to get to the beer;  
Nobody had gloves!  
So volunteers were seen as saints and given special status  
for the vaudeville show to follow.

There exist in this world not just lies  
in which we get our asses schooled but cool tropical drinks  
made with rum, sweet rum, that make those lies easier to digest.

I wandered questing for a rock garden and  
found all the gardeners contemplating empty sandboxes  
longing for a quarter history back-step  
listening to pre-recorded jack-hammers and loaded fishing boats on windless  
seas.

I spied one three days latter, trowel in hand  
across a lofted downtown office  
watching bubbles bubble up the water cooler  
telling no one in particular 'The end is here. See. Here.'

If I told you I was today happy  
I would hope that you would see the man above me  
grasping tightly to the ropes, cackling  
and shoot him with the shotgun  
I have hidden carefully in your coat.