

ELLIOTT MURPHY

Words

*The*  
*Middle*   
*Kingdom*

OLIVIER DURAND

Music

# A Poem a Day

Rhyme  
Rhyme again  
Rhyme better  
Rhyme with time  
And the words will somehow find  
Their place in line  
Most of the time  
So be there  
Or be square  
Although no one really says that anywhere  
That I've been  
Even living in sin  
Like Rin Tin Tin

A dirty dog  
Sleeping like a log  
Why a log  
Why not a cog  
Because log and cog  
Don't really rhyme  
Although they would  
If you pronounced cog  
With a New England accent  
Like Katherine Hepburn would  
And Audrey Hepburn couldn't

But when doves cry  
And rapper's rhyme  
It's more about time  
'Cause they don't follow no signs  
Because rappers rhyme words  
With beats they've heard  
Just because they can  
And if somebody tells 'em that they can't  
Then they start to rant  
Go fuck yourself  
I got 99 problems and the rhyme ain't one

But what pushes me to rhyme  
And that's almost all the time  
Is some kind of addiction  
Almost a mental affliction  
Close encounters of the aural kind  
Because a rhyme tastes sweet  
To my ears and then my feet  
Start to move move move with that cool poet's groove

# A WORRIED MAN

UP AHEAD  
JUST A BIT  
A CLOUD IS LIT  
THE SKY IS RED  
NO COMFORT THERE OR ANYWHERE  
A STRANGER'S STARE YOU LOST YOUR HAIR

IT'S LIKE I FEEL  
THE EARTH TURN ROUND  
AND THEN I JUMP AT THE SLIGHTEST SOUND  
MY LUST FOR LIFE  
CAN'T BE FOUND  
WHEN EVERY BAD NEWS SEEMS TO SURROUND  
EVERY NEW FACE LOOKS SO PROFOUND  
BUT I'M A SOLITARY FIGURE  
SO I'M FOREIGN BOUND  
I'M A WORRIED MAN (HE'S A WORRIED MAN)

I REMEMBER ONCE  
THERE WAS A TIME  
THIS WORLD WAS MINE  
AND I SQUEEZED IT DRY  
TEARS OF JOY LIKE A CHILDS TOY AS I WAS ABLE  
TO MOVE STRAIGHT ON AHEAD  
AND THEN IT'S LIKE WHEN I LOOKED BACK  
A SMOKE GRAY BLUE  
WAS PAINTED SO THAT  
I'D WAKE UP EACH DAY  
STOMACH IN A KNOT  
NO GRATITUTDE FOR WHAT I GOT  
GOOD GOOD LOVING RIGHT AT HAND  
BUT THE CLOSER IT GOT  
THE FASTER I RAN  
I'M A WORRIED MAN (HE'S WORRIED MAN)

INFINITY WAS SUCKING ME  
SO VIOLENTLY EMPTY  
'CEPT FOR DOUBT AND DISBELIEF (AND I DIDN'T WANT TO DIE)  
RANDOM THOUGHTS  
OF MY ENDLESS MISTAKES MADE LONELY DAYS WORSE  
AND GRIEVOUS HEARTACHES  
FOR GOD'S SAKE MARTHA GIVE ME A BREAK

THE TRUEST SIGN  
OF A SUPERIOR MIND  
TWO OPPOSITE THOUGHTS

COOKING AT THE SAME TIME  
LIKE FOR INSTANCE  
LIFE'S A BUST  
WHETHER YOU BURN  
WHETHER YOU RUST  
STILL YOU TRY HARDER – AND RUN FASTER

BUY A HOUSE IN MADAGASCAR

# Blues Progression

I woke up this morning and my baby left me with nothing but a headache. Called my doctor and he said come in for a checkup. I'm feeling so low I could tunnel into this city and cry me a river. Or maybe I couldn't but that's no one's business. Me and my baby - fight like cats and dogs - make love like ostriches - watch TV like monkeys - fight insomnia like spotted owls.

My baby and me - don't need no sleeping pills – my baby and me - don't need no sleeping pills – my baby and me ... okay sometimes we do but its not like its something that we do a lot.

I'm going down by the delta and I believe I'll dust my broom. Except there's no delta that I know of and my dustless vacuum cleaner blows my mind. Blows my mind like my current baby blows my mind like how my ex-baby blew my credit rating too. I'm a backdoor man trying to avoid my neighbors, I'm a backdoor man trying to avoid my neighbors. Because I hate that kind of small talk and I'm in a hurry to get back inside to my sweet computer. I believe I'll dust my MacBook.

Boom boom boom ...

# Chagall

A clock with wings  
A horse with hands Acrobatic lovers  
And a painter's grief Over a world gone mad

Sadists rule  
And losers conquer  
Can we trust something natural To figure it all out

Exiled in Paris  
Exiled in New York  
Exiled by death  
And left waiting on the shore

As his love floats away  
Her head arched impossibly backwards The Russian Jew  
A wandering genius  
Jules and Jim  
Take a spin  
Burn those lies  
Wear a disguise  
Paint a moustache  
On Jean Moreau  
Gimme some action  
Go go go

When you stop suffering  
Then I suppose I'll start

# Do Angels Wear Shoes?

Do the streets get cold in heaven at night?  
Or is there never a night and the sun's always bright?  
Do ice cycles hang from pearly gates?  
Or is there never a winter and the weather is great?  
What language do they speak?  
What secret signs do they make?

*Do Angels wear shoes? Will I be one of them?  
Will I see all those people - I thought I'd never see again?*

Does everybody know most everybody else?  
Up there how do you find the folks you use to know?  
Is there a skating rink?  
A fine horse show?  
And speaking of which, where do the bad horses go?

Is there heaven on earth?  
Hell in my head?  
And where do our memories go once we're dead?  
Do they live on somewhere in infinite space?  
Is there a distant planet where they find a safe place?

*Do Angels wear shoes? Will I be one of them?  
Will I see all those people - I thought I'd never see again?*

The challenge is to join the living and be the same  
Joy passed back and forth like a football game  
And speaking of which, why do we need games?

# Forgotten Already

I can't decide exactly what to do  
My pen is scribbling like it has been taught to  
I've had so much therapy  
'till there's no meaning to the word  
The winds are blowing around me  
I'm just another chirping bird

Long legs leaving the café this afternoon  
Putting on her gloves while I'm howling to the moon  
That's still hidden in the day's sober light  
Won't come out again 'till it's safe at night

I'm searching for reasons in a world gone mad  
Where there's none that I can see or that I really ever  
had  
Porquoi les innocents are slaughtered while the guilty  
sip tea  
One generation bleeds  
So the next can live free  
All the sacrifice it took  
Just to get to this place  
Some zillion miles from nowhere In quiet outer space

# FREEDOM OF LINE / SPONTANEOUS LIGHT

Young Picasso Looking like Rimbaud His father sad  
His mother tired  
So much genius Around the house Must be exhausting

His nudes are less beautiful Because he saw too much The human body  
Needs more color

Clothes & Paint

A wave crashes  
On *Barceloneta* Beach  
First communion dressed in white Science & Charity  
Blood & Religion  
Was Picasso making some kind of a joke?

# Grandpa Murphy on 10<sup>th</sup> Street

1. I have not had a drink
2. In over thirty years now
3. So I'm a sober writer
4. Something of an anomaly
5. A bird that doesn't fly
6. A fish that doesn't swim
7. A writer who doesn't drink
8. And really I don't miss it
9. Even though I live in France
10. Where wine is a religion

1. My father kept a photo
2. Of his own father whom I shan't meet
3. Atop his tall dark dresser
4. Twenty years separation of their deaths
5. Now fifty years pass since his own
6. And me alive and well
7. The curse is lifted I suppose
8. Dad took the bullet for all of us
9. Or so says my bald bright brother
10. Who likes to sum things up

1. Grandpa Murphy came from Hull
2. A northern city I imagine quite dull
3. On the east coast of once Great Britain
4. Although I've never been up there yet
5. Somaybeit'sahellofalotoffun
6. Shouldn't be so damn judgmental
7. But even he immigrated to Brooklyn
8. Where he continued pounding nails
9. Into the hooves of horses
10. Until the stampede of automobiles

1. And this the first time I've pondered
2. Why my father kept that photo
3. Of his father dressed in a suit
4. High up on his dresser
5. To look at every morning
6. In a baroque brass standing frame
7. As he pulled open a drawer
8. To take out a starched white shirt
9. Folded on a piece of grey cardboard
10. As stiff as his father's expression

1. Military posture and moustache
2. Decades in the English Army
3. Survived the Siege of Ladysmith
4. Although often drunk and disorderly
5. Andthetimeinadustybrig
6. In India or South Africa
7. He got out just in time
8. And came through Ellis Island
9. Before he would have been rein scripted
- 10.To die on the fields of Flanders

1. And then no me if that happened
2. Funny how it works like that
3. A man I never even met
4. Holds up the house that I live in
5. No fall of the house of Usher
6. The rise of the house of Murphy
7. Like a basement never visited
8. In that photo he wore his bright medals
9. That rot in a distant landfill
- 10.Somewhere on this sweet old earth

# Last Night I Dreamed About Lou

Last night I dreamed about Lou Reed  
We were both in a baseball stadium  
Could have been Yankees or Metz  
And I was sitting in the blue bleachers  
Close enough to see  
That he was with ex-mayor Bloomberg  
And when the announcer introduced him  
Lou stood up with a smirk  
Like always in a waist length leather jacket  
Whispering something to the mayor

Lou acknowledged the crowd politely  
Then raised his arm nonchalantly  
I don't remember if it was his right  
Or his left but that doesn't matter  
Because he held a card in his hand  
That was burning like we once did  
With Selective Service draft cards  
But it was his record company ID  
As if such a thing existed  
Oh how that crowd laughed and cheered  
Lou smiled his all-knowing smile  
For another trick was coming  
And a second card appeared  
And it caught fire as well  
A bright yellow MTA MetroCard

"Free Rides!" exclaimed Lou  
Shrieking like Peter O'Toole  
In a scene from Lawrence of Arabia  
And the crowd roared even louder  
Obviously a movement had begun  
It was as if he had set us free

# Like Gérard Depardieu Do

Cover my chin with stubble  
Good at getting out of trouble  
Gonna grow as fat as Dépardieu do  
Fourteen bottles of Red and then I'm through.

Living in the land of the last Czar lost  
Don't give a damn what these good times cost  
Let the sweet old earth go straight to hell  
Drown the Greens in their own wishing well

Jesus rides on Tyrannosaurus Rex  
Most everybody here was the result of sex  
Some people are lovable and some are just not  
So take the cards that you're dealt with  
And give it your best shot

# Nasty Wife

Nasty Wife  
Wants to get out  
Do her things  
Get ahead no doubt  
Earn some real dough  
Not ready to go slow  
Except when she wants to  
Been together now over  
A quarter of a century  
Now that's saying something  
Not like spending the same  
In a locked penitentiary  
Opposite of that  
We love to chat  
About anything at all  
About who's too tall  
This is a marriage  
Day to day  
Keeping up with the times  
Trying not to stray  
Too far from that magnet  
That brought us together  
That made us both better  
And produced a fine son  
And made us realize  
That our lives had begun

# ON THE DEATH OF PRINCE

He had his own color Purple  
He had his own year 1999  
He had his own kingdom  
Minneapolis  
And he came from the same state as  
F. Scott Fitzgerald, Bob Dylan and Charles Schulz  
Who created Peanuts  
Minnesota  
An Indian word which meant  
Cloudy

If there was one thing I swore I'd never do  
I've probably done it already  
A few times already  
Because the things I know I'll never do  
Like murder someone for instance  
Don't even make it into my bucket list  
Which is a term by the way  
I don't like at all  
And I resent other people when they use it  
In fact I could kill them

Because it seems to my ears at least  
To my resentful way of thinking  
To be a boastful way of saying  
I've done it in my mind already  
So I'm cool for just thinking of it  
And stuffing it into an imaginary bucket  
That my therapist had me invent  
As I paid off my 50 minute session in cash  
Helps value the hour, if you didn't know  
And I say  
Who carries a bucket anyhow?  
And is it wood like you'd dunk in wishing well  
Or galvanized steel like in a clanking factory  
Or brightly colored plastic like in a watery laundromat

You're thinking you're Huck Finn  
While I'm thinking you're Charlie Chaplin  
Who'd step on a bucket, get his foot caught  
And eventually fall on his ass  
With his legs spread-eagle and his eyes agape  
On a flimsy California movie set  
In a jittery silent film  
Where the only sound you would hear  
Were people sitting next to you laughing uproariously

Wetting their pants and panties  
Which is something I've never done  
At least from laughter that I can remember

Prince died last week  
And Miles Davis said  
Prince was part Jimi Hendrix  
Part James Brown  
And part Charlie Chaplin  
Three notes not normally blown together  
But Miles could play anything  
And understood the music of silence  
Oh and part Marvin Gaye too  
Oh and also Sly Stone  
Let's not forget Little Richard  
And that other musical royalty  
Duke Ellington

There have been military music men  
Major Lance (Walking the dog)  
And the one you remember all these years Sergeant Pepper  
And the three Kings from the blues dynasty BB, Freddie and Albert  
And Bo Diddly's sexy female guitarist  
Was called nothing less than The Duchess  
(Of what I'm not sure)  
And then of course there was Count Basie  
Not to be confused with the Count Five  
Who did Psychotic Reaction  
Better stop there

I must confess  
That I always found Prince's mascaraed salaciousness  
His bare chested lascivious come-on  
So corny, so mid-west Protestant  
But he danced like James Brown sans sweat  
And his women were always wild with splendid hair  
And true spirits on their own  
And his immense talent undeniable  
As he held vast orgies of harmony on stage  
Humping everybody in time  
Which you were invited to join  
But only if you could dance  
57 is too young but not as young as Jim, Jimi or Janis  
Or even Kurt Cobain  
Prince left two vaults full of unreleased music  
But no wife, no kids, no parents  
So let the squabbling begin

Amongst the distant heirs to the principedom  
Who will surely come out of nowhere

To claim the princely treasures  
Of Le Petit Prince who sang about elevators  
And then died in his own  
That's right, his own elevator  
And 300 million they say  
Let's go crazy and punch in a higher floor

Prince told Larry King  
Although at that time he didn't use the name Prince  
The Artist formerly known as Prince  
Which is to say the least a mouthful  
To gain the upper hand  
Of the evil encroaching Warner Brothers  
That once he wrote SLAVE on his cheek  
And it was all over then as far as he was concerned  
But he still loved them  
The ever-changing presidents of his record company  
Although the suits weren't invited to orgy  
And the year 1999 was his alone  
He played electric guitar so effortlessly  
It was hard to believe  
He could be that good  
But he was

Prince told King he didn't celebrate birthdays  
And was very very soft-spoken  
As befits a prince  
When questioned by a king

We are entering that age when last century's  
Icons start falling off the map  
Right into the lap of history  
Like Mark Twain  
And now Bowie and Prince.  
Me, I've yet to make the mark  
I believe I was destined to scratch out on this  
Twirling stone so I stick around  
Engine running in a no parking zone  
Like a Little Red Corvette  
Bound like all of us  
For the scrap heap someday

# Tapping

There is a tapping that I know is just rain  
In no certain rhythm on a window pane  
It sounds like fingertips gently reminding me  
Let someone in come out of my reverie  
Whatever that might be  
And reverie is not le bon mot  
Because when I'm lost in thoughts  
It's not always pleasant places I go  
Sometimes it's traumatic  
And that's automatic  
With a Post-Traumatic Stress Syndrome like that  
It's bound to want to take you back  
To the worst thing that ever happened to you  
To someone you loved and you had to watch too  
In the panic there was nothing you could do

Enough about that says the cat in the hat  
Places to go and people to see  
I once heard someone explain to me  
There's no such thing as any vivid future  
And that's a thought I'd like to nurture  
As the rain lets up and the sun breaks through  
As if that's the ordinary and normal thing to do  
Although rain is as much a part of the plan

As storm and snow and moo goo gai pan  
The name of a popular Chinese dish  
My mother use to eat 'cause she didn't like fish  
A billion Chinese who knows what they like  
Or as we said in the fifties  
I Like Ike

I'm rambling and rhyming and enjoying the hum  
Of the fan in my computer that I pray won't succumb  
To a hard drive crash or a malfunctioning screen  
Makes me remember my family's first color TV  
We got it one Christmas that was sad and weepy  
After the death of the head of the house  
Left each of us as vulnerable as a scared trapped mouse

# The Middle Kingdom

There was this boy  
Who grew up in a shady town  
Not shady as in crooked  
But shady as in leafy  
A lovely garden of a town  
First in a nice house, a very nice house  
On the corner of a modest prim avenue  
Just a block from the prim local school  
And in this nice house, this very nice house  
For as long as he could remember  
This boy had his own room to sleep in  
And his very own dreams to ponder  
You might have called this family affluent  
Unless you yourself were quite wealthy  
And your family had always been that way  
For as long as you could remember  
And if that was your fate to be  
And you weren't some nouveau riche wannabee  
You might have called this boy's family middle class  
Like a put-down to hint they was crass  
No more no less than an innuendo  
The American dream in a nutshell  
But if you were from a more modest background  
Where children often shared cramped bedrooms  
Where maids rarely came cleaning ovens  
Where your mom went courageously food shopping  
Checking prices on tin cans and wrapped cold cuts  
(Which this boy's mom never did once)  
And buying Family size Welch's Grape Jelly  
(No, not Polaner's Strawberry Preserves silly)  
If that was your life of daily toil  
You'd probably have called this boy spoiled  
And meant it as kind of an insult

With green jealousy hiding behind it  
Finally, if you came from a lost third world country  
Located on a poor distant continent  
That loomed large on the wallpaper maps  
That lined the walls of this boy's very own room  
But low on UN per capita income charts  
And if that was you could you even imagine  
This boy's daily life in a daydream  
While your mother walked forty-five minutes  
To bring home clean water from upstream

That won't make you ill when you drink it  
If that was your case then I think it  
Would lead you to think it was like Disneyland  
Although probably you wouldn't know how ...  
Because probably ... and I'm just guessing now  
You wouldn't know where the fuck Disneyland was

But this boy he knew where Disneyland was  
And he knew it came from sunny California  
Where everything cool seemed to come from  
Because he'd watched the original  
Mickey Mouse Show  
And he loved cute Annette Funicello  
And he remembered Jimmy Dodd's singing  
And as an adult he could Google almost everything  
Of every Mouseketeer who his eyes ever tasted  
In the vastness of the Wikipedia wasteland  
Where pointless and useless knowledge  
Can entertain us for hours and hours  
And he could peep back into those lives  
Like a voyeur looking through a mouse hole

And discover they weren't really as happy  
(And after googling Roy and Walt Disney)  
As they seemed on his black and white TV  
And he'd be left with a low down bad feeling  
Like saying who really cares really  
Because now there are more important entries  
In the endless melting pot of celebrities  
Like Kanye and Kim and Jay-Z and Beyoncé  
Well, we know what really matters don't we

I mean think about the ancient Egyptians  
Who feared one day sand might overwhelm them  
Something like nuclear annihilation  
Which could turn us to dust and sand eventually  
And then we'll be right back where we started  
Right there with the ancient Egyptians  
Who still managed to have three kingdoms  
And the one in the middle was called  
You'll get it  
The Middle Kingdom

But this boy mentioned in the opening line here  
Was also the middle child here  
You got it  
And only a few short years separated

Him from his more ancient sister  
Him from his more modern brother  
And these three once made up three-fifths  
Of a nuclear American family  
That eventually unexpectedly exploded  
When someone died and turned to dust  
And the three became seventy-five percent  
Of a sad post-nuclear family  
A family blown truly apart  
That still managed to stay quite together  
And loved each other forever  
And unless something unforeseen happens  
And fucks everything up again  
Unless that happens, God willing  
These three will become the whole enchilada  
The remains at the end of the day  
Because their mother who is ninety-one soon  
Will probably go first to the moon  
Or second if you began a countdown  
With the already space-bound father

I get ahead of myself so quickly  
That's a nervous storyteller's weakness  
Can you still now even remember  
The corner house I once mentioned in December  
With maps on the wall of that boy's room  
Well, maybe then they should have just stayed there  
I mean the family not the maps of course dear  
Because if that had been the case  
Nobody would have died in the next house  
The middle house  
The middle kingdom  
The middle child  
And you know I could jump to the epilogue  
Right now if I wanted to spoil it  
And tell you that boy is here drinking hot chocolate  
In the Vieux-Colombier Café in Paris  
On the twenty third day of December  
Two Thousand Sixteen year of our Lord  
Though I doubt any so-called Lord  
Would want his name associated with this year  
Or any other annus horribilis  
That's Latin for ...

So ...

The middle house was truly grand  
In every way you could possibly imagine

Like imagine Gone With The Wind  
Without the cotton fields of course  
Or a bright happy Wuthering Heights  
With a high fine friendly brick wall  
And cast iron swinging black gates  
That opened on to the leafy grand street  
That ran in front of the truly grand house  
And one night this same boy I mentioned  
Ran out through those gates aforementioned  
Pounding on his neighbor's doors  
Screaming for help to the heavens  
Dropping to his knees in prayer  
Because someone was dying or dead  
In one of the upstairs bedrooms  
In one of the four upstairs bedrooms  
Of the middle house  
Of the middle house  
And that someone was his father

Who never set foot in the third house  
Like The Third Man when Orson Welles appears  
Smiling in a doorway with a smile  
Like his father a magic man like his father  
Obviously both irreplaceable  
Who made Christmas feel kind of Disney  
In the dark and cold East Coast dismal  
And Christmas tree buying an adventure  
In the Never Never Land of Long Island  
And Christmas morning opening presents  
Like the greatest high imaginable  
(And I've known a few highs myself)  
The greatest high a child could hope for

But that magic man was replaced  
In what could only be called a mistake  
A terrible, terrible mistake  
By a sarcastic doomed alcoholic  
A gambler and a smoker of Viceroy  
Who destroyed his own very wife's joy  
(Who just so happened to come from old Egypt)  
And before you knew what had happened  
He had moved into the third last house  
The terrible terrible third last house  
Where if you stayed on the phone too long I  
n the tiny kitchen of the third house  
Or at least long enough to displease him  
Look he's taking scissors from a drawer him

And cutting the coiled cord in two him  
And leaving you ... I mean the boy now  
Standing there holding the damn phone there  
The dead damn phone right in your right hand  
Totally useless now unless the boy had decided  
That he was going to fight it  
And club the drunken sarcastic doomed gambler  
Over and over and over and over again  
Until he's lying on the kitchen floor then  
Beaten to a good bloody pulp my friend  
Until the cops took the boy out in handcuffs  
But of course none of that ever happened  
Because the boy was brought up to be  
Nothing if not polite by his father  
And thus he could only ever imagine  
Committing such a terrible regrettable act  
Every fucking day for the rest of his life

And then things happened as they do  
And four lives jumped ahead to part two  
And the new wife of the drunken doomed gambler  
The mother of the boy in the first line  
Once the wife of the magic now dead man  
Who died in the middle house truly grand  
Grew to hate her new husband with a vengeance  
To the point she really could have killed him  
If there had been sharp scissors in the drawer  
When he said the wrong thing at the wrong time  
And the boy married three times himself now  
Same number as the kingdoms of Egypt  
And someone once seriously told him  
Someone endowed with strange powers  
That once he was surely a pharaoh  
Yes a genuine goddamn pharaoh  
Of which kingdom was another sphinx riddle  
But I suspect it was probably the middle

# THIS LAKE

This lake like a mirror turns everything upside down  
One man's farm becoming part of his neighbor's town  
Then the unmistakable sound of a Farfisa organ  
Comes blasting in my ear  
Then it disappears and turns to night vapor  
Like someone wiped off a tear

I'm so far north that if I keep going  
I'll be heading southbound soon  
But that doesn't matter and I don't care  
As long as I don't meet an angry brown bear

They're wrapping the wheat in white plastic sacs  
Looks like a giant has been out shopping  
And now he wants to take everything back  
Who's gonna argue with him?

Pine tree lines delineate a jagged horizon  
When it comes to pure nature  
There just ain't no compromising  
With the real thing

I'm just a mixed-up poet  
Trying to make this world rhyme  
Sometimes I know what I'm doing  
But I'm bluffing most of the time

Looking here and there for guidance  
Can I redo my life from the start  
But I'm riding this rock 'n roll river  
And turning back is not in the cards  
If fact, you can't play Mozart backwards  
Well you can I suppose  
Standing quietly over his grave  
And you'll hear the Master decompose

I'm not such a worried man  
But do I sing a worried song  
Do I keep my true self-hidden?  
When I am brave and strong  
Money is some kind of magic  
Watch it disappear from my hand

## 300 WORDS

I feel so lost  
I feel so light  
I feel so embittered  
In the middle of the night

And I wake up  
With a pain in my gut  
And a restless feeling More tired then I was

I've got to move  
I've got to grow  
I've got to find  
A new place to go

I want to protect  
All that is mine  
I want my friends  
To love me all of the time

I want it all  
And then I want some more  
I want what's in this room  
And what's behind that green door

No satisfaction  
Is coming my way  
At least I didn't see it  
When I checked my mail today

And I'm so lucky  
And I'm so blessed  
And I'm so entitled  
To the best of the best

To hate one another  
I can't believe  
To kill our fellow brothers  
That we were put here to grieve

That's someone else  
That's surely not me  
I want to sit like Isaac Newton  
Under a rotten apple tree  
And think such great thoughts  
That my head will explode  
I will figure out infinity  
And how to recycle old clothes

Until we're all dressed  
The very same way  
Like we're in a funny army Led by Tina Fey

I see my time is up  
And I don't like it one bit  
So give me some of your time  
That's how it is

Cause now I don't feel lost  
I'm more heavy then light  
I love all of mankind  
Especially who I'm with tonight

So if there's war  
Let it be just  
Let me be on the winning side  
Let my enemies eat dust  
Let there be one truth  
And let me be its sole possessor  
Let me go to confession  
With Robert Lowell<sup>1</sup> as my confessor

# Uninspired ... And that's OK

Can't Move  
Can't Think  
Can Type  
Very fast in fact  
Can eat  
A banana anytime  
But can't find  
Something to capture my mind's  
Desire to escape  
Now I know there are books  
And movies and more  
But I don't seem to care about them  
Anymore  
Or at least not as much  
As I once did before  
I'm not depressed  
At least I hope I'm not  
And I'm not sick  
Or maybe I'm starting to rot  
From the inside out  
My dog is dying  
That's not really true  
My dog is very old  
But she's still getting through  
Each day like a dog does  
With crapping and fooding  
And a dozen pee runs  
Like me too  
I haven't read Tolstoy  
And I don't think I will  
I haven't been to Africa  
And I can leave it still Just where it is  
Without me there  
While I sit here  
In a comfortable chair

Staring at a screen Staring at a screen Staring at a screen Staring at a  
screen Staring at a screen Staring at a screen Staring at a screen Staring at  
a screen Staring at a screen Staring at a screen Staring at a screen Staring  
at a screen Staring at a screen Staring at a screen Staring at a screen  
Staring at a screen Staring at a screen Staring at a screen Staring at a  
screen Staring at a screen Staring at a screen Staring at a screen Staring at  
a screen Staring at a screen Staring at a screen Staring at a screen Staring  
at a screen Staring at a screen Staring at a screen

# WHERE THE ROADS GO

My brother wants to stay  
On long Long Island  
Because he says he knows  
Where all the roads do go  
But I don't want to live and die  
Forty minutes from where I was born  
So I chose Paris instead  
It's a long way from home

Fidel Castro's Brother  
The oldest one of three  
Chose not to be involved  
As a violent revolutionary  
Chose not to be running a country  
But to run a farm like his father did  
Till the soil and throw the seed  
Like how his ashes will be spread

I eat the same breakfast  
Nearly every morning now  
Muesli cereal and OJ  
And then some strong coffee black  
But that doesn't seem to bother me  
As much as the thought  
Of going back to where I came from  
'Cause I know I can never go back