

Except from an Endless Summer
For Guthrie Cunningham

I

The saguaro like clockwork subdivided our brethren
Into the shapes and sounds of August.
It was never going to be a party, absolutely not,
But by the time we laughed ourselves halfway
To Sardanapalus for chicken strips
Convinced as we clumped at the midnight's moon
Amidst the clouds and cups and the scream of the radiator
That we'd found The Idea of Order in Key Stone Light,
We'd come down with a head cold that left us late for class
Five bucks short and the space in our heads for ten days from Tuesday.
We laid awake til three waiting for convalescence
And the buzzing in our pockets that never came.
The crunch of the panini overwhelmed the nothing
Of the computer, staring, green and new,
And thanks to a flaw in the maths
Even Alejandro de Asa had his day.
We were buried under the Japanese garden smokestack
While our friend Jupiter stopped by from time to time
And nothing ever congealed in our minds except when
On the occasional afternoon sweat dripped and dried and
We meditated with our legs.
We opened a door for them and they for us and we looked into the mind's sky
With the knowledge that none of this would have happened if it didn't.
We copy and pasted our way up escalators
Took a left at the baba ganoush
And returned to the glow of glacial vomit oozing out of the corner crack.
We ditched phones and swapped dreams and stole across the prairie
Trying to find a quiet place to X.
We read sutras from peanut butter sandwich plates
Stabbed on occasion with a silence too sweet to name
And when the eyes finally shut the dog-eared Plato had long since died.
We crossed words and swords and savagery in real time
For the chance to cheat a few ticks of eternity
For ourselves and for the blue and orange sunset.
Whether we made it work I know not:
We ate our youth, after all, if not our ambition;
We shared this tumult if we didn't share each other.

II

It's true what, they say
America
Adventure

Youth
The West
The sensations are good today my friends
It's half past two, you
packed the toothpaste
And the band's all here so it must be relational.
The cows the clouds the chairs the crowds
Up up and adios
Give it a blue ribbon
Sputtering, blumbering, numbering, muttering
Perchance the proclivities punctuating the precondition of four times ten times three
shredding bazillion bits of blah bluh blah into the saturated sinews of our right and left calf
respectively. etcetera.
A hearty hello
Apple faces bobbing like apples drop down in the distance
Dropping, dropping one by one in the distance
Distance
Infinite distance
It's a long ways.
To where again?
It's an opolis, that's for sure.
I can't wait to sit at the foot and hear the story of why I got here.
Or there
A zip of the shirt
A tightened note
A click of the clicker
A timely quote
Yes yes, squeeze every drop of sweat out the peanut bag of life
Impressions, mister, we're after impressions, have you seen him?
I'm not talking about *that*
Don't misrepresented the label on the sign post
You can't just say things
Are you taking notes?
Someone must be.
What have I earned?
What have I bought?
What have I wrung?
What have I wrought?
Two hamburgers, for sure
Fries with dollops of all sorts of sauce
Ice cubes of generous proportions
A phone call
A pat on the back
A smirk, a smile
A tip of the hat
Can you tell me how to get from here to there.
I know where there is and I know where here is
And I'm inclined to explode into a snowman.

Emerald's the name of the game.
That'll put hair on the chest.
Buy a fruit stand
Open up a tamale
Tomorrow we'll be rich
And we'll spend it like today!
But first back to the unbearable umbrellaed horizontal blasted like dust of orange and brown
and a single sprout of blue announcing the grim presence of 17 dog, three cornered store
and twenty seven explanations of misery and I say again: can we get used to this?
In the dark of the night in your arms I took flight
In the heart of the south I found ice in your mouth
Prepositional phrases will never persuade
O, my heart's disarray—will shine for the rest of your days?
Truck up
Truck up
Shut
The truck up
Jacob,
I have two brown eyes and they each know damn well
The angle at which shards of rubber burn my skin
While you're at it
Just give me the guacamole
For there was a saying at Camp Krackerjack that only the hungry
Stay hungry.
Now tell me if it's possible that was a miscalculation and by the way with Mahogany Town
around the bend so it's time to swoop and drop
And would you look at that Mister Quicksand himself could ring up a hammock amongst
these trees.
I wonder too what Tim Tyler must be thinking right about now.
"I'm a real ghost in this ghost town john brown scary clown"
This is a hill. Can you image a mountain?
Have a milkshake.
Eat a giraffe
Eat my bitterness
Have a laugh
You have to be proud of me son. You have to look up to me with pride. You are my life. I
am only in your memory. Only you. Be good to your mommy son. Be good to your memory.
Think about me. From time to time. And only the best things. Please. There are tears in my
eyes. If you can lift your fingers up you can touch them. Please touch them, son. This is
crying. This is your daddy dying. Touch these eyes son. I will cry every time I look at you.
That's why I wear glasses. I have special lenses, son. The latest technology. They turn dark
whenever I cry so you'll never see my tears. Now go, forget, forget, live, son, live!
Green grass green grass brown fence blue sky
Do you tire, America? Up at night, starry eyed and spangled.
Up like a mountain goat, down like a lazar
and seventeen million celestials just like that.
It was the farthest I've felt
from home.

Moments later

In a commercial, a home town paper A home run hank the dog man I'm a millionaire I make the clouds open up like hullabaloo. Eternity chopped and folded into six hour chunks.

It's the sixth inning and I haven't crossed a sentence my mind beyond a third grade comprehension exam state bar law degree. Jesus Christ that must have been one hell of a burden. I mean, just think about it. We need to throw in the peyote just for kicks.

But as I was saying

This is independence! Tongue dog-chained to the drinking fountain, the whole shebang.

Tick tick tick tock if we don't wake up the Indians who knows how long it'll take to brush your toothbrush, sport

Buffalo buffalo buffalo buffalo buffalo.

Mr. Dash

The man with the stash

Won't you be my

Cross eyed trash?

They're inseparable, like two pieces of the peanut butter sandwich

The questions is: is there anything left to give? The Shark took his teeth and packed 'em in a lunch pail

And the interesting thing about it was that the difference between a deer and an elk makes all the difference according to the dictionary.

What's more, the ancient architects of southwestern Arkansas scoped out a cavity about three miles from here detailing the exact angle at which to stand gloved and with one leg steady as you reach straight plumb bob up the middle of this strange cavity.

We're the kings, we're the conquerors,
we watching over all your daughters

As we subdivide this mighty continent with our conceptions.

I have nothing left to give this report but from the vantage point of eternity

If one were to suppose and that's already asking quite a bit

That the wind composed as it is of seventy disparate breaths somehow senses our desperation and how lonely we are together.

We did it! We did it! Long live America! Long live the bike trip!

America the ten feet by two thousand mile wide mineshaft!

America the green and white rattersnake!

America the backdrop drip drop slip knot rubber goose!

America the yada yada

Whiskey watered whatchamacallit

We did it! We did it! Hooray for Mr. T!

Yes son, stand proud, see what your daddy saw.

How he strutted up and down.

Smoked em like Skokie

Take that, Tallahassee

Was it really so hard to roll a freaky twelve?

Now unwrap that guacamole

So soft

So sweet

Tap tap tap

How's that for a wrap

More like the bees knees

Mom's spaghetti'd the shit out of southern south Dakota, truly
And fuck Florida for all it's worth
Montana was hardly a hoot and a half
However
However
Imagine the circumstances in which all this was said!
Remember when we sat around the fire and shared our first love?
Our bitter tears?
The most colossal yearnings of our most magnanimous souls—
Oh god how we contemplated the infinite universe!
And so so many sweet tunes in the vibrations of coagulated Galapagos,
Surely those turtles had it made! It's almost inconceivable they held it together for so long.
Whiter whither
Always always
I want
What do I want?
I could have been a box by now
I could have had my dinner
I could have caught the spotted cow
I could have been a sinner
But just because the mystery
Has hardened into history
And all that's left is quiddity
Doesn't mean it wasn't f'real