

Poetry Series

**Bob Genevro**  
**- poems -**

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# Bob Genevro(February 20,1951)

1956...Willow School Kindergarten

1957-65...Nativity School

1966-69...Track & Field/440 yd., Cross-Country runner

1971-74...Fresno State University

1973-74...worked for VISTA in Anchorage, Alaska for Anchorage Head Start

Summer 1978...joined Hoxie Bros. Circus working props

1984...married

1985, '87, '89...births of my kids

1985...Thyroid Disease/Thyroid shrunk

1988-2001...worked for Child Abuse Prevention Center

2002...kidney stone

2004...sciatica

2006...benign brain tumor

# 14 Ways To Look At The Rogue, Sarah Palin

1. Caribou Barbie
2. Caribou Barbarella
3. Queen of Illiterata
4. Accidental Darling of the Right Wing Nuts
5. Twisted Sister in a Bathing Suit
6. Bride of Christenstein
7. Lenscrafter 'coptor Sniper
8. Russian Spy Probing Moose & Squirrel
9. A Toddler-&-Tiara Beauty Contest Judge
10. Abstinence Counselor for Daughter Bristol the Pistol
11. Playboy's Off-Centerfold
12. Rush Limbaugh with Lipstick & Maskscarea
13. Menage-a-Trois with Ann Coulter & Pat Robertson
14. Commander-in-Chief Speaking in Tongues

Bob Genevro

# A Post-It Note To Dr. Hannibal Lecter

This is just to say  
I have eaten the legs  
that were in the refrigerator

which you were saving  
for tonight's  
wine-tasting party

Sorry about that  
But the meat was  
so chewy but tender  
and the joints  
so rich in calcium & glucosamine

Later alligator,  
Jeffrey Dahmer

Bob Geneviro

# A Toyota Ad Posing As A Trojan Condom Ad

It comes  
equipped with an easy to open  
automatic  
double insulated  
wrinkle free  
fade resistant  
extremely snug fitting  
with an incredibly durable top  
that will probably never see  
the light of day

Bob Genevro

## American Haiku (One Sentence, 17 Syllables)

His teeth once white as popcorn, now golden as movie  
battered popcorn.

God bless ghosts, guns, Bush-Cheney and the summer  
Salinas Rodeo.

The Neighborhood Watch posted warning signs: DO NOT WAKE UP  
THE ZOMBIES.

You don't have to slice out his prefrontal cortex;  
he's dead.

Skateboard without your helmet. Watch the red splatters  
in the sunset.

Bob Genevro

# An Eating Disorders Christmas Wish List From A To Z

artichoke of self-loathing  
blizzard of Cherry Garcia  
bouquet of broccoli ecoli  
bungee cords of black licorice

cascade of Mountain Dew  
dustbowl of cinnamon  
Easter basket of deviled eggs  
flurry of curry

frisbee factory of pepperoni pizzas  
garden of onion rings  
geyser of Crystal Lite  
guillotine of pizza cutters

hailstorm of Cap'n Crunch  
iceberg of cookie dough  
jug of Listerine  
kilo of See's chocolates

labryinth of lollipops  
mattress of marshmallows  
mote of Hamburger Helper  
mountain range of Quarterpounders

nest of cheese mold  
ocean of Ensure  
petrified forest of wieners  
pond of anchovies

quagmire of chocolate syrup  
rockslide of doughnut holes  
shovel full of sugar  
snakepit of fetucchini

swarm of m&m's  
ton of pound cake  
uterus of baby carrots  
volcano of oatmeal

whirlpool of Nestles' Quik  
x-tra butter & sour creme & bacon bits  
yard of lard  
zest of cheese cake

Bob Genevro

# Ankle Deep Depression

Time is ankle deep in wet cement.  
A 78 phonograph record on 33.  
'Can you buy me ahhhhhh  
high protein shake from  
ahhhhhh  
Jamba ahhhhhh'  
Complete sentences fall incompl.  
Memory bubbles then pops.  
Feelings murky brown, not blue.  
Iron curtain eyelids.  
Cut phone wires.  
Fungus breath.  
No vigor in rigor mortis.

Bob Genevro

# Batman (Magazine Collage)

Hide out  
from the cradle to the cave

An ice wind bursts into your childhood

Blue fire eyes hidden

No shore sounds

A rock sail

A stone depression

A copper sun

Hide out from the cradle  
to the grave

Bob Genevro

# Beverly Hills, Or Fear And Loathing In Nirvana

Beverly Hills

'A pearl barf bag'

Your gold teeth munch red hot squirrel nut zippers  
Your Peacock Blue eyes glare through aqua sunglasses  
Your 2000 private body parts  
twisted in a fountain of Calvin Klein cologne

You vote against those people of color  
those 'eyesores' at Starbuck's  
You conduct Bible studies on Corinthians 13 Love  
You attend Reverend Robert Schuller's glass cathedral

You spare the rod  
using a wooden paddle with holes you drilled  
in your basement  
for easier wind resistance  
Your kid mauled by rabid blue frogs  
Your kid sipping Communion  
with a chalice full of Baileys coffee

Your mantra:  
Look good at 18 as you will at 40  
Look good at 40 as you did at 18

Bob Geneviro

# Cancer Zombie

'Jeez, ' he said. 'I'm sorry  
to hear about your brain tumor.  
I hope you're gonna be OK.  
My wife's first cousin's husband's sister's son  
had one  
and he got surgery and they cut him up  
and that was 4 years ago  
and he's still  
a zombie! '

(May '06)

Bob Genevro

# Circus Animals

## Ponies

Dancing prancing albino ponies  
dance to the cap-gun crackle  
of the lightening leather whip.  
The trainer wears  
a Miss America evening gown  
Marilyn Monroe lipstick  
Cleopatra eyeshadow and  
Cinderella silver slippers.  
She gleams her Pepsodent smile  
as she tiptoes through piles of  
pony manure.

## Chimpanzees

in the shatter-proof glass cages  
wear silver chains around their necks and  
puff cigarettes down to the filter.  
In the spotlight center stage  
they wear Shirley Temple dresses while  
pedaling Hot Wheels motorcycles and  
pushing baby carriages.  
Crowds applaud their marvelous monkey minds.

## Elephants

dump their dung  
on the damp green grass arena.  
They are waltzing on their hind legs  
to 'The Blue Danube'.  
After showtime  
their mighty pendulum trunks  
crush the rib cages and skulls  
of trainers.

## The King of Beasts

dead in his dungeon damp cage  
from the windy chilly evening storm.  
The next day on an emerald green field  
in the suffocating afternoon heat  
his carcass is rolled

into a muddy pit.

In the distance  
the organ grinds 'The William Tell Overture'  
as the albino ponies  
gallop to the center ring.

Bob Genevro

# Collage Magazine Poems

1.

LOVE IN A NAKED TANGO

I'd move mountains for her

but today

I'll start with a fist full

of golden skinscent strawberry.

Our love in a naked tango.

2.

A MARRIAGE KAPUT

Today's conditions-

ice

A Valentine's Day chill

Lots of frigid air streams

and

naked Arctic mudslides

Sour snow daze

ahead

Oh rescue me

BAYWATCH sun!

3.

ELDORADO

silk air etched in forests

diamond storm stars

barren mountains protect the cape

spare the blackbird and

spoil the hornet

4.

SHARK ALERT!

They have prowled the seven seas  
for 400 million years  
without moving a muscle

The most feared blood creatures of the deep

The tide has turned the predator  
into a lost little shrimp  
Your garden variety beauty cream  
is largely composed  
of shark skulls

5.  
MUSHROOM HALLUCINATION #16

It's dawn.  
You wake up  
and start to roll out of bed  
into a scarlet ocean floor  
three-thousand feet deep

Next to the clock  
a billboard large as a football field:  
'BELLY FLOP INTO THE BELLY OF THE WHALE'

6.  
GULF WAR I (1992)  
high tech arsenic  
children drowning in air  
children walking on a tomahawk

glimpses of looniness  
it's a lollapalooza  
volleys of yellow ribbon  
half price

all wired and wary  
life in a glass tank  
a dove faces a  
nuclear timebomb tightrope

doctrine: 'we're not going to lose'

7.

TOXIC TEARS

the war dogs in sheep's clothing thrash children

2000 dark mirrors

green fog

the long spark stalks

a cold Fatima

8.

MISTLETOES AND CORNFIELDS

Suppose you gave a Christmas Party  
and Uma Thurman showered and showed up  
with a mistletoe wanting to  
kiss you

Make the magic diamond moment sparkle  
all night long  
in a greengold cornfield

Bob Genevro

# Doing Nothing (Inspired By Poet Miller Williams)

We do things  
to keep something from doing something  
the milk from expiring  
the scale from cracking  
the skin from wrinkling  
the breasts from pointing south

We do things to make things happen  
To remember that first kiss  
not to freeze before a charging zoo tiger  
to hope the pepper spray will finally work  
not to see our secrets & lies  
to finally shout BINGO  
not to suffer a stroke while shooting baskets

But today  
I will punch the snooze alarm at least 5 times  
I will loafe on blades of grass &  
sketch a purple passion flower

Get dressed  
Get blessed  
Hide the key to success

Bob Geneviro

# Flower Found Poems On Bookmarks

1.

## TRUE LOVE

The most popular tulips  
were called flamed or feathered tulips  
usually featuring red patches  
with light backgrounds.

These tulips are actually infected with a virus  
that changed the flower's color  
and eventually killed the bulb.  
The tulip is a symbol of true love.

2.

## WHAT PRICE BEAUTY?

Pansies have a very light fragrance.  
One legend tells  
that the flower gave up its perfume  
because people would trample the grass  
just to smell it. In exchange,  
the pansy was rewarded with great beauty.

3.

## THE BLACK SHEEP OF LILIES

The lily family includes  
the tiger lily  
the Easter lily  
water lily  
& lily of the valley.

Onions, garlic & asparagus

are also members.

4.

## ROSE: THE QUEEN OF FLOWERS

The color of the rose

tells its meaning.

The red rose is a symbol of love.

A yellow rose means friendship,

a white rose innocence,

a dark pink rose thankfulness.

A fossil imprint of a rose

discovered in Colorado

dates back 40 million years.

The first written record is 5000 years old.

The oldest living rose lives in Germany

thought to be 1000 years old.

Bob Genevro

# For The Rock-A-Bye Child In All Of Us

Fingerpaint Minds

Brain Teasers forever as the world bounces

Non-toxic tears runneth over

Little hands submerged into a mermaid bubble bath

Dolphins in an underwater ballet

Lions and tigers and blocks, OH MY!

It is the Night of the Roaring Owls

Polka-dot parrots talk to millions of monarchs

Love a world inside an oyster

Eat at the Cinderella Glass Cafe

Bravo for the shiny heartbeat smile!

Indigo touchstones last a lifetime

Bob Genevro

# God's Top Nine Screw-Ups (Inspired By Poet Professor Poetry Hound)

God is female  
and the spitting image & likeness of  
Lena Horne.  
She has created the following boners:

I.  
Refused to resurrect Moses  
during the '04 Tsunami & '05 Katrina

II.  
Allowed bullets to penetrate  
Lincoln, Lennon,  
RFK, JFK, MLK

III.  
Implanted the scarecrow with  
George W. Bush's brain

IV.  
Should have given Rush Limbaugh  
a vocal-chord vasectomy

V.  
Stole my baseball card  
autographed by Ty Cobb

VI.  
I will never be blessed with  
the guts & humility of Mother Teresa

VII.  
Didn't grant me 20/20 vision  
Didn't grant me hearing of Jack Nicholson's Werewolf  
Didn't grant me a full head of hair...and especially  
Didn't grant me Matt Damon teeth

VIII.

Cursed Joan Rivers on a red carpet with a pink plastic face and  
Cursed Michael Jackson in a gold oxygen tank with a white rubber face

IX.

Named a Chinese dish after me:

Won Dum Fuk\*

Bob Genevro

# Haiku 2007-2010

1.

the refrigerator  
the maharishi  
ooommmmm

2.

'lectric fan left right  
left watches left right  
a tennis right match left right left

3.

my lower back pain  
pummeled in bed  
with lead pipe by miss scarlet

4.

I walk into the room  
the baby smiles  
claps flaps kicks

5.

exit bill clinton  
enter bush exit johnny carson  
enter leno

6.

nibbling a peach to the core  
my front tooth  
scrapes the pit

7.

stepping into the hot bath-  
two dead ants  
floating

8.

gene kelly hip-hopping  
hip-popping stomping in storm puddles  
on the El Camino

9.

el nino monsoons

on el camino curbsides

gene kelly tapping

Bob Genevro

# He Was A Faithful Husband, An Attentive Father, A Good Friend, A Bronze Star Medalist For Valor, Easy-Going And Fun And Never Had A Bad Word Said About Him (An Obituary Found Poem)

Robert Bishop (1918-2009)  
was born in Hibbing, Minnesota.

He was a devoted husband to Jane  
until her untimely passing in 1985.  
Three years later  
he attended his 50th high school reunion  
and met classmate Dorothy Nelson.  
After 2 years of correspondence  
and flying back and forth from San Francisco to St. Paul  
they married and enjoyed 10 wonderful years together.  
For the last years of Robert's life  
he enjoyed a warm relationship with his companion  
Alice McKinney.

Robert was one of those rare persons that never had a bad word said about him.  
He was well liked by everyone that met him and knew him.  
He was easy-going, affable and fun to be with.  
He was a hard worker  
a faithful husband  
attentive father  
a good friend and neighbor.  
He was unassuming

and you would never guess  
that he was awarded the Bronze Star for valor during WWII.  
He did not like to talk about his exploits during the war.

He was a sports enthusiast.  
He took great pleasure in cheering  
at the games of his 5 grandchildren  
Steven Ned Katherine Grace & Faith.

We will all miss his charm and humor.

He was a wonderful person.

Donations may be made to Hospice.

Bob Genevro

# Ice Cream Flavors Served During A.A. Meetings

A Bar Stool Sample Dipped in Chocolate  
Asleep at the Wheel Crunch  
Dry Heave Chunks  
Hangover Swirl  
It's a Rocky Road to the Betty Ford Clinic  
I Walk the Lime Sherbet  
I Wanna Dream Liver  
Long Island DUICed Tea  
The Co-Depeppermint

## HALLOWEEN FLAVORS ARE AVAILABLE:

Cockroach on the Cookie Dough  
Freddy Krueger on the Rocks  
I Was a Teenage Wino  
Johnny Walker Black Plague Chips  
Lizzie Borden's Chunky Bits  
Mummy on the Wagon  
Rosemary's Baby Floats  
Vampire Liquor Snickers  
and  
Cherry Garcia's Bloody Stool Surprise

Bob Genevro

# Kaiser Describes My Knee X-Rays (Found Poem)

Dear #00254666200,

There are marked  
osteoarthritic changes in the  
RIGHT KNEE  
with joint space narrowing medially.

There are also moderate  
osteoarthritic changes  
of the patellofemoral  
and patellofemoral joint.

There are also some lucencies  
anterior to the distal femur.  
The significance of these densities  
is not clear.

I cannot detect any real confusion  
of knee joint effusion.

Views of the LEFT KNEE  
are normal.

Dr. Bo N. E. Maroney

Bob Genevro

# Kinky The Cat

For her tom cat father 'Panther'  
For her manx mother 'Whoopie'

For on one dark and stormy night, she streaked into Adams St.  
For the hit-and-run car that smashed her head  
For her internal bleeding and chipped vampire teeth  
For her Steve Young brain concussion  
For her one-month convalescence in San Mateo County Kennel  
For her RESSURECTION

For her goofy behavior  
For she slipped into a bucket of dirty car oil  
For every morning at 6 a.m. she lies on my left ankle  
For she growls at Ginger the pesky feline next door  
For she bitches about her daily diet of tap water and dry IAMS  
For the stringy spider webs draped over her pointy ears  
For she licks my daughter Sarah's hair then chokes  
For she rocks and rolls into catnip flakes  
For she naps with her paws over her eyes  
For Kurt Cobain who seranades her full-blast  
For she craves deep tissue massages  
For she 'does her business' in summers squatting on gravel, hot as lava

For she is a master hunter.  
For she pounces on doves, sparrows and giant moths  
For she rotates her radar ears toward hippity-hoppity pigeons  
For she leaps and chomps on pencils  
For she plays red-light, green-light with white mice  
For she flips mice in the air to see if they land heads or tails

For Edgar Allan Poe's 'Black Cat'  
For T.S. Eliot's 'Old Possum'  
For Andrew Lloyd Webber shining spotlights on all cats  
For 'PInocchio' and Figaro fishing for Cleo, the sultry goldfish  
For Sylvester the spitting sputtering Loony Tune cat

And especially  
For Kinky the Cat's kinky tail shaped like number 7



# Let's Play 20 Questions

- 1) Why do we poets at poetry readings check their laughter at the door?
- 2) Jesus H. Christ!  
What DOES the H stand for?
- 3) Who will be the first woman to take a leak on the moon?
- 4) Are you crazy?
- 5) When you drink and drive are you afraid of getting a D.U.I. or an I.U.D.?
- 6) W W L L D  
What Would Lindsey Lohan Do?
- 7) Are you glad to see me?
- 8) Is that a gerbil in your pocket?
- 9) What's big and gray and sings 'Day-O'?  
Harry Elephante.
- 10) What's the matter with you?
- 11) Will you men grow up? They're only breasts!
- 12) Why do people who work in Health Food stores look so unhealthy?
- 13) Are you a man or a mouse?  
Squeak up!
- 14) What caused those two ants on the toilet seat to get pissed off?
- 15) Did you know that the French word for 'hernia' is 'Jacques-too-tight'?

16) Have you lost weight?

17) Why isn't there an 'O'  
in the word 'circle'?

18) If Diarrhea is not inherited,  
why does it run in your jeans?

19) If God is all-knowing,  
why did She ask Adam  
'Where are you? '

20) If you have any lesbian fantasies,  
will you please share them with me  
after the poetry reading?

Bob Genevro

# Licorice Ice Cream & Chocolate Syrup

Like the giant claw of a steam shovel  
the silver scooper bores into the  
asphalt-black ice cream

The dark ice-globe  
plops  
on a brown sugar cone.

Chocolate syrup  
as thick as house paint  
oozes over the pinball dome and  
hardens into a thin Hershey bar

A mouth  
salivating  
descends to  
CRUNCH

Bob Genevro

# Love Brighter & Gaining Strength...The Saga Of My Brain Tumor

'We now know why you've been having so much trouble'  
a neurologist said over the phone.  
'Your MRI shows you have  
a brain tumor  
behind your right temple.  
perched on your trigeminal nerve'

Ohhhhhhhhh....

That explains  
why my novacaine face tingles  
why I suddenly wake at 3 a.m. with my face on fire  
why my ear snaps-crackles-pops  
why my eyelid feels like Silly Putty  
why I carry 3 sticks of lip balm.  
Jeez...I need a brain tumor  
like a need a hole in the head.

I still have listened to  
my three cantankerous teens.  
They knew something was wrong.  
For years they have cried out,  
'For Christ sake, Dad!  
You oughta get your head examined! '

And this is happening to my brain...  
my second most favorite organ.  
I asked the Brain Surgeons...the Incision Physicians  
how could they tell  
whether the tumor was malignant or benign.  
'Well' they explained,  
'If it's benign  
the tumor would be branded with the  
letter B and the number 9.  
B9'

It could be check-out time  
in this grand hotel called life...at 55!

As Bugs Bunny used to plead  
looking into the barrel of Elmer Fudd's rifle,  
'Hey doc,  
I'm too young to die! '

We humans have a long history of...how you say...  
not being nice to each other.  
Who has lately received  
the gold statuette  
of Saint Francis Assisi? .  
Yet I am touched  
by all simple heartfelt statements  
from loved ones:  
'Are you going to be OK? '  
'Keep me posted.'  
'I'll be thinking of you.'  
'Call if you need anything.'  
'Let's get together  
for breakfast, lunch, dinner,  
anything.'

And it seems the late poet A.R. Ammons  
wrote the following words for me:  
'We are not giving up on the  
congestive heart failures or brain tumors...  
We will, as we must, leave it to  
others to love, love that can grow brighter  
gaining strength  
and getting more precious all the way.'

Bob Genevro

# Mnemonic Fun With Presidents' Names

Adams Adams Harrison Harrison Roosevelt Roosevelt Bush Bush

Ford Polk Pierce Grant Taft Hayes Bush Bush

Marilyn Monroe

Denzel Washington

Elizabeth Taylor

Michael Jackson

Kate Jackson

George Harrison

Hugh Grant

Helen Hayes

Gabby Hayes

Harrison Ford

Lincoln Continental

Hoover Vacuum

Carter's Pills

Johnson's Wax

Beer Barrel Polka

Ray Gun

Obombma

Bucannon

Pierce

The Arthur Godfrey Show

The Addams Family

The Jeffersons

Lincoln Johnson

Kennedy Johnson

Garfield Arthur

McKinley Roosevelt

Truman Roosevelt

Harding Coolidge

Taylor Fillmore

Tippicanoe & Tyler Too

Eisenhower Hoover Arthur Carter  
Tyler Taylor Soldier Sailor

Clinton Truman Washington Reagan Van Buran  
Jackson Johnson Johnson Jefferson Harrison Harrison  
Madison Wilson Nixon

Adams Adams Arthur Buchanan Bush Bush

Bob Genevro

# On Class Picture Day

at Nativity School  
boys reek of Butch Wax and Vitalis.  
White arrow shirts and salt n pepper corduroys  
stiffen like cardboard from laundry starch.  
Girls smell of Toni Home Permanents  
and Five-and-Dime store perfumes.  
White blouses button to their Adam's apple  
and accordion woolen skirts cover their knees.

Sister Mary Agony  
stares behind her wire-rim spectacles  
as the class slump into their seats.  
'Douglas  
come up here.'

Big Doug  
shovels his fists into his pockets  
and swaggers with buckled boots  
to the classroom stage.

'Give me your comb please.'  
She grips his Wildroot-caked comb  
with a Kleenex  
and wrinkles her nose as she slides the comb  
through his Elvis Presley hair  
transforming him into Saint Dominic Savio.

Doug blubbers down the aisle  
then sinks into his seat.

'Row one line up  
and go to the multi-purpose room.'  
They march down the corridor.  
Doug strolls  
whips out his comb  
and reshapes his hair  
back to Elvis.



# Pepperoni Pizzas & Salsa Dancers

my temples throb  
to the swirling potion of salsa dancers  
to the hypnotic beat of trumpets  
the crimson fire of my heart  
the intense pain in my bladder  
fill my brain with thoughts of  
melon collie

i'm tired of  
g i joe commando units  
aiming their rat-a-tat-tat mattel  
machine guns at innocent emaciated  
white tooth debutantes  
from beserkeley

i'm tired of  
my mother  
in my dreams  
she plays rich little  
playing rita hayworth leaping  
on restaurant tables stomping  
a fiery flamenco barefoot  
on half-eaten pepperoni pizzas

i'm tired of  
southern california dreaming women  
who hang posters of snoopy &  
beethoven over their toilets  
while wearing victoria's  
secret brassieres  
they contemplate contaminated concoctions  
from the 'julia child / yan can kookbook'.  
oh the grandeur of it

i'm tired of  
nuns head  
dresses designed by sally field  
blessed by pat o'brien  
piety & sank titty r their names

grumpy sneezy n dopey their gods  
holy water is sprinkled on their chest  
to deodorize their drippy stale sweat  
seeping thru black virgin woolen santa  
theresa robes  
life is very cheap

but most of all

i'm tired of  
this poem  
when will i get a word processor that  
prints punctuation marks &  
capital letters?

Bob Genevros

# Pink And Purple Butterflies

Our Art Teacher Mrs. Nickels  
bites her lower lip  
with her Bucky Beaver teeth.  
She slides yellow pencils  
through her brown curls like knitting needles.  
Down the aisle she clomps  
in her maroon penny loafers  
pivoting her head like a lighthouse  
inspecting our crayon butterfly creations  
drawn on on vanilla manilla paper.

I rub my bristly crewcut dome  
then push my glasses to the bridge of my nose.  
Her ostrich neck stretches over my shoulder.  
She snatches my paper off my desk  
and clip-clops to the front.

'Class...  
Attention please'  
crayons slam  
backs straighten  
necks snap  
hands fold

She holds my picture in the air  
large as a billboard on the Bayshore Freeway  
'Class  
THIS  
is a perfect example  
of faulty color combinations.  
Pink and purple do not mix.'

I cover my eyes with my hands.  
I whisper 'I'm sorry, I'm sorry'

I bet she would grade God's creations:  
sunsets-A  
elephants-C+ (10 extra points for originality)  
humans-Incomplete

Bob Genevro

# Rock 'N' Roll Hell

Elvis' pink cadillac crashing into a brick wall-  
rainbow pills rock n rumble in his mix master belly

Janis in a Seagram's Extra Dry gutter comatose

Kurt Cobain's Perrier Fame

The Official Rock Man's fragrance-  
Camels, burning rubber and yellow lilies

AIDS-  
smooth red guns kill the heart

Bob Geneviro

# She Gave Birth In A Fox-Hole

Victoria Elizabeth Borg

Born June 22,1920 in Agana, Guam

Died Pearl Harbor Day 2009

Victoria sang many lullabies  
to her

5 children

5 step-children

26 grandchildren

36 great grandchildren

2 great-great grandchildren

and a host of heavenly nieces and nephews.

She was married to Tomas T. Calvaron and his 5 children  
on the island of Guam in 1943.

After giving birth to her daughter Rosalita  
in a fox-hole during World War II  
she made it through  
to have 4 more children.

In 1950

she was widowed and remarried to her  
brother-in-law.

She passed on to be with the Lord  
surrounded by her children and grandchildren.

We

her many friends and family members  
will keep her memory in our minds  
and her love in our hearts

until we meet again.

Bob Genevro

# Sister Ichabod Crane

stares behind her wire-rim spectacles  
as the class slump into their seats.

This is Class Picture Day at Nativity School.  
Boys reek of Butch Wax and Wildroot Creme Oil.  
White arrow shirts and salt n pepper corderoys  
stiffen like cardboard from laundry starch.  
Girls smell of Toni Home Permanents and 5-and-Dimestore perfumes.

'Come up here Douglas'  
commands Sister Crane.  
Big Doug shovels his fists into his pockets and  
swaggers with his buckled boots to the Classroom Stage.

'Give me your comb Douglas'  
Her bony pink fingers grip  
his milky-white Wildroot caked comb with a Kleenex.  
She restyles his Elvis Presley hair into Pat Boone  
as she snarls her nose.

We press our backbones straight against the chairs.  
Big Doug blubbers down the aisle  
and sinks to his desk.

'Row 1-  
Stand and go to the multi-purpose room please'  
We march down the corridor.  
Doug strolls behind us  
ducks down  
and reshapes his hair back to  
Elvis.

Bob Genevros

# Sister Mary Vader

peeks out  
from her black curtain veil.  
We sit with  
backs straight  
hands folded  
feet flat  
jaws shut.

Her jet black  
St. Theresa  
virgin-woolen dress  
ripples toward me.

'Robert' she sneers.  
I stand erect  
as a crucifix.

'Yes Sister'

'What television shows did you watch last night? '

'Uhhh...Popeye  
The 3 Stooges  
and the Bugs Bunny Show  
Sister'

'If your eye causes you to sin  
Robert  
pluck it out  
and throw it away'

'Yes Sister'

I felt as if someone  
unbuckled my belt  
and pulled my  
salt and pepper corduroys down.  
I know...  
Next time I'll say I watched

Leonard Bernstein on PBS.

Bob Genevro

# Six Deep Thoughts From Haiku Masters (Thanks To Jack Handley's 'Deep Thoughts')

1.

mighty weight lifters get  
disqualified from painful  
urinary infections

2.

fresh urine tinkles  
like raindrops in the filthy  
Texaco latrine

3.

listen son  
it takes a big man to cry  
and a bigger man to laugh at that man

4.

hey kid-rain comes from  
god crying for something you  
did that was very bad

5.

my uncle cave man  
ate us up-  
we did not know he was a big bear

6.

the holy spirit dwells in me  
I hope she likes  
spicy enchiladas

Bob Genevro

# Ten Questions I Lose Sleep Over

1. Why were The Beatles' solo careers  
as bland as the cardboard on their album covers?
2. Why do those who drip in jewels  
jump off the Golden Gate?
3. Why do Born Again Christians  
treat the homeless  
like curdled milk?
4. Why are my health problems:  
foot fungus  
sciatica  
arthritis  
& brain tumor  
all on my right side?
5. What if we really will go to hell  
for not going to church on Sunday,  
for having impure thoughts,  
for eating meat on Friday?
6. Why doesn't the word 'circle'  
have an 'O' in it?
7. Who will be the first woman  
to take a leak on the moon?
8. What does the H. stand for  
in Jesus H. Christ?
9. Will I die from bullets,  
slings & arrows,  
or bee stings?
10. Upon my death.  
'will I call myself beloved  
and feel myself beloved on the earth'?



# The Dutch Resistance Heroine (A San Francisco Obituary Found Poem)

Elizabeth Steinbruner

Born February 23,1920 in Dulsburg, Germany,  
passed November 17,2005 in Roseville, California.

Elizabeth spent much of her youth in Holland.

During the German invasion in 1940,  
she became sympathetic to her Dutch resistance friends,  
fearlessly confronting the Gestapo  
who had jailed her fiancée's brother,  
exposing herself to suspicion and arrest.  
She lost her fiancée to the war,  
but was married in 1947 to Fredric Steinbruner  
whom she met in a refugee camp  
at the end of the war. They emigrated to  
the United States in 1954.

Elizabeth and her family  
lived on Fulton Ave. in San Francisco for six years  
where she washed and folded clothes  
in the Busy Bee Lauderette.

She was active with many crafts, her yoga,  
bird watching, hiking trails in West Marin,  
and especially growing exotic plants  
to new dimensions.

We'll remember the walks in Golden Gate Park.  
We'll remember the Sundays water skiing in Lake Berryessa,  
and exploring the dunes at Point Reyes.  
We'll remember her kindness  
to every stray cat in the neighborhood.  
We'll remember her patience, understanding  
and tolerance with her sons, who pushed  
many limits on their adolescent journey.  
Mom had a few extra bucks for us,

and despite her suffering during the war and thereafter,  
she never let us go without.

Elizabeth was preceded in death  
by Fredric, her husband of 58 years;  
and survived by her two sons Peter and Walter  
and her two grandsons  
Alex and Andrew of Tahoe City.

Donations in Elizabeth's name  
may be made to the Marin Humane Society.

Bob Genevro

# The First Anniversary Sonnet

We stood and proclaimed 'I do' wedding vows  
and the organ grinded  
The Taco Bell Canon in D Major  
and Chopin's Polonaise Mayonnaise in Egg Flat.

We dashed into the Sausalito Hotel  
into the Queen Victoria room  
sipping gold champagne, clicking crystals,  
shedding our fig leaves...and multiplying.

Let's celebrate our Paper Anniversary at the Gypsy Cellar.  
The candlelight steak dinner comes with a violinist  
who will serenade us  
to Leon Russell's ballad 'Song for You'.

Edna St. Vincent Millay sums up my glee:  
'I only know that summer sings in me.'

Bob Genevro

# Times Of Endearment During Courtship (To Paula On Christmas 1983)

I.

You abandoned your marriage cottage  
decorated with wallpaper of wilted roses.  
Your South African diamond ring now  
a penny arcade plastic band.

Our life began  
when you rang my dusty red phone  
and asked me out.

II.

On our first date  
we rambled in my dented brown Maverick  
to the Hillsdale Maul.  
Christmas lights blinked.  
Salvation army Santas jingled.

In elevator pods  
the Mormon Tabernacle Choir  
chanted 'jingle bell rock'.

Mr. T and SCAREface Al Pacino  
stole five golden rings  
from security guard Gregorio Cortex.

At Woolworth's  
we sipped mai-tais  
and slurped greasy noodles.

In a nearby movie theater  
Debra Winger died from a lumpy armpit  
and astronaut Jack Nicholson from  
poisonous mistletoe.

iii.

We dashed away down El Camino  
swift as eight tiny reindeer.

We talked of taking hikes up El Capitan  
in search of golden acorns  
and Southern Pacific train rides  
from Victoria Station  
to the Panama Root Canal.

After your dental assistant Christmas parties  
and Linda's golden wedding adversity bash,  
we shall clink our eggnog glasses  
to future Christmas-es  
and especially  
to dusty red telephones.

Bob Genevro

# Toyota Corolla Ad (Semi-Found Poem)

What do you call a new car  
that has standard electrical doors,  
available anti-lock air bags,  
fuel-injected leg room for your 1.8-foot revolvers  
and powerful rear-end space?

Toyota

Bob Genevro

# Used Car Sales Vultures

in the Dodge Center showroom  
they perch on mahogany tables  
flick their Marlboro ashes on their 3-piece navy-blue suits  
stare with bloodshot eyes  
through the picture window

They weave like pin balls  
through green gold red white blue cars & trucks  
in the hot black asphalt parking lot  
in pursuit  
of customer carcasses

'This is the best deal  
in town'  
peck peck  
'This truck  
is top of the line'  
peck peck  
This is the last one we have  
It'll be gone tomorrow.'  
peck peck peck  
'You're not signin' the papers today?  
What's there to think about? '  
peck

After the blue ink dries  
they clutch their claws around  
the pink & white documents  
and hobble back  
to their mahogany tables

Bob Genevro