

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 Genevro

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 Geneviro

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 Genevro

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 Genevro

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