

Poetry Series

**Dog goD 8Hate**  
**- poems -**

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## 300 Hyde St.

300 Hyde Street  
will be renowned, someday  
Years ago I opened the wall  
and hid a dirty invective...  
there between the studs  
a flagrant, presumptive intrusion,  
how it abused me.  
in the end I abused it  
plastered it over  
That was way back  
in the rudiment '60s.

Thenceforth that house  
became a paradox and  
and an inculcated repellent  
sanctuary against they  
the invasive clan  
and their pesty clamor

The house is now  
safe for they privileged  
that sanctified few

you can't buy it  
but it's free

.

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# A Merry Exit

The Xmas clan,  
a shrinking contingent  
of Santa's friends,  
contended for singular status,  
and at giving...  
that was last year.  
Now, due to apprising  
remarks, they're more cautious...  
and with such/that  
intrusive cause

It was successfully related  
how... a merry xmas involved  
a present to oneself  
and through a desist  
fervor

.

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# A Rundle Inspired Query

The fervent prayers of ritual  
Shall be no more!  
The program is set...  
Is blasphemy less holy?  
What about luscious bouts  
Of bawdy splendor; the  
&quot;Mongers of ecstatic orgies? &quot;;  
Is the robber not robbed too?  
And Hitler in HIS character, not his...?  
What about the assertive Jew and  
His terrestrial quest, money...  
Is he not Hitler too?  
In the end, who is oldest,  
Who has turned the soil so red,  
Crimson in depths beyond scale?  
Who has bled singular falls,  
Blood filling oceans beyond beyond?  
Who's endured the grisly grappling,  
As He, colossal ogre confers  
Fatal fate...?  
Is your nickel worth more  
Than mine...  
'Friend? '

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# A Vapid Simulation, America

I saw it but they didn't,  
they in their sordid view;  
the ecstatic wonder receded.

Then...

as the minions procreate  
more minions, more and more,  
the vision turns to vestige to  
very lost -

now...

A Vapid Simulation, America.

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# A Voluptuous Dance In Acerbic Display

The voluptuous dance of a lady  
can be seen at this site –  
various steps:  
jigs, twists, plentiful pirouettes  
and a curious view of rear-end-swing.

All free to they who seek  
this melody(dissonance over consonance)  
with a view in bouncy abundancy, albeit,  
exponentially acerbic display.

There is a message here, yet few  
see the suggestion, or know  
inherence for cause:  
self-actualization  
of monkeys' mothers' matriarchs

who eat fruit with their tail,  
swing through trees with their tongue,  
and know themselves as a rail...  
from 'San Diego" to...  
Timbuktu.

Alas,  
they've mastered their business  
and know the way...  
through jungles of Malls  
Sprawls & Monkie-e-es -  
it's brilliance in  
misconception.

(Dec.01,07)

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# Amish Vegetable

Years ago as an itinerate hiker  
to undetermined lands, I found  
myself walking down an old dirt road;  
this in a green-glen clad of eclectic nature,  
abounding charm, and farms of earthy Amish.

An epiphany accompanied and  
I realized the heinous contrast  
modern cities wrought with  
malls, sprawls, and glaring  
incongruities. Their relished  
debacles for design not realized.

Hoping to find a kindred society,  
I walked onto an old Amish farm.  
Approaching a bearded man  
in their mandated garb, I enquired  
if a commune for my sort  
and affirmed: "aligned with reality? "

"Sorry, uh, well uh...where you from? "  
his (circuitous) response. I thought: "I don't  
abide in corn fields where compromise  
plant's seeds of sour witness shave that  
beard monkey business is not my kind of  
banana fruit where are your balls? "

It's a special vernacular I've outlined for  
certain farmers who plant their corn in rows  
of words with no soil and fertilize with the  
dung of horse...shit! Seeing the futility, I  
'silently' walked away and to the nearest  
town.

In Titusville I walked into a crowded McDonald's  
and stole a cup of coffee. There I sat and  
pondered a cruel dilemma: "compromise  
with corresponding pain, or, germane witness  
and...integral pain? JESUS CHRIST! "



(Jan.21,08)

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# But Sorry

Truly barbed axes could strike  
No virtue could quell  
Ghastly prowess o' fuming goDs  
Careless thought incurs  
Images wrought beyond  
My guileless sin defers

Less than little  
My nil to none...  
I'm a goat herder  
Who pets sheep  
If the wool  
Is dirty but  
I wash my hands  
First but only once  
A long time ago

But sorry

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# Caldron Of Gold

who can fathom deceit with no sin  
if they've known naught, but a din?  
Can one see beyond the pious spew  
and glean that sacred, no evil view?

i've fallen and fallen - an inestimable  
descent. Too far down to abominable  
extent...

torn... wracked... ravaged by  
cabalistic gods too close to see  
too far in an inexplicable degree

Yet, anagogic prominence  
via eminent indigence  
the down/up route,  
an arcane decree  
an excellent end - for me!

'\$\$\$'  
(\_\_\_) - - a caldron of gold  
.....

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## Certain inference is written in your post...

Certain inference is written in your post...  
I sense a characteristic more at theosophy,  
No mere kowtow presumption, but...?

It's alright to preen an attribute, when in reality,  
The beckoning is of more auspicious design.  
I know, I'm no loser, while irony could betray.  
I'm here, you're there, and tomorrow...?  
Tomorrow extremity could relent to appeasement.  
And yet...  
Who needs what?

Fly me to Truckee? I don't know?  
You fly to Grass Valley, and...  
We'll purge of subjective notion...  
You go for coffee,  
I'll go for tea.

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# City Steps: Pittsburgh's North Side

You seem like one of  
those North Side mystics,  
it's that mystery  
in your eye...

and yes...  
i know the North Side boast's  
of curious pith, and but too  
various surreptitious exploits.

There's this curious yoga cult  
they convene late at night  
these arcane yogis  
that lay intimate with friends.

It's a palsy-walsy convention  
there, in accommodating postures,  
there ... surreptitious  
and up there, under those  
city stairs

You can hear them  
late at night, if you're  
into quiet walks. Up there  
under those North Hills  
access stairs  
and in these...  
palsy-walsy postures

One wonder's at such,  
this provocative lot.  
Do YOU ... live on the North Side?  
Do YOU ... do yoga?  
Palsy ... Walsy ... Yoga?

.? .

Dog goD 8Hate

# Clear Water Here!

Enticing forms numerous, even to me,  
daily send bait of bane for suckers -  
the sea of fickle fools.

Battering irony that cavorts to  
weak & well, seeking internal  
satisfactions known not to me.

Fishy morsels of baneful shark  
tease the pan's fry - blind the eye  
to baked bass with large mouths

I seek to speak and care not for  
impeding dangers, screaming  
intensities of temptation.

Moreover! I'll walk right out of here  
If you don't read into the aspiration  
conferred my soul - IT'S NOT MINE!

Guileless prowess - Nov.15,2007

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# Compromised Men?

Oh, we listen, we hear,  
the invidious and wonder...  
why compulsive men,  
subject to the plunder?

Cut off a head,  
or maybe a hand;  
hack their feet if  
a Payless brand?

Cheap shoes don't justify  
macabre mores,  
precepts inherent  
old bible stories.

who are these  
dissenters in what's  
regrettable cause?  
They, who in caprice  
state compromise,  
relent, don't pause?

I don't, so-o-o-o...  
so my head  
stays on,  
still imperious,  
a force and  
persuasion,  
at every occasion,  
a Jewish brand?

furbished or feckless,  
fussy or heedless,  
or even...  
the adamant Jew  
maybe like you?

Friend or...  
hmmm, fiend?

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# Coraopolis

Oh yes, Coraopolis ... curious old town,  
once wore a fine suit ... white shirt ...  
tie, it was all so ... 'suitable'.... Well ...  
that was until assumed harmonies  
played on irony's farcical flute  
and a tune too distant a key.

Appeased men once walked those now ...  
worn ... threatened ... grieving old roads ...  
it's a castigating view ...  
they punish ... a sensible  
eye ....

..

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# Cows & Meadows

Please!

allow some words...  
I'll seek an apt response  
something heartening  
and to declare...  
to amp the IMAGE  
of our...  
(the) solemn cow

Seemingly...  
nil has been said...?  
of this (our) biddable,  
servile friend...  
what is, grateful  
milkmen's imperative  
and...  
(the) requisite bovine.

Too, words for  
posh meadows -  
dapper-farm milieus -  
critical what's  
a pacified cow  
and that/their special brew  
it's - resourceful milk for you...  
foRrrr you...  
for you and your  
Muenster cheese

And then...  
there are  
these...

goats

·\_·

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# Cuddle/Coddle N' Coolie

How quaint, Molly-Coddle  
never comes in here,  
she's perceived things  
that aren't.

It's like what is happening to  
Chicago...  
the 'city of the big shoulders? '  
but 'skewed aroun' the waist! '

I don' know if they're still  
hog butcher to the world?  
The problem is...  
they're ill-o-noise.

This modern din,  
now shifting in status,  
and due to ungainly views,  
they say they're  
headed as hogs,  
to ill-fated pens  
of ill-tempored gods?

To be made as hams,  
smoked  
cooked  
and made ready  
to eat, they say  
for... sheep?

I couldn't say...  
there's this duality?

.

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# Destiny's Sin

Pontificate stealthy and "wise? "  
the words glossed with sweet style.  
Stand in the light of a dark-world's  
candle, alight at both ends.

Smile at they complicit as they confer  
a dark-world's praise and know -  
and "you know! "- something's wrong.  
"So what" you say, and I say too. Yet,

religiose proclamations are not all vagary -  
something strong incites their frame.  
The Irony: you are warned - do not do  
what the sacred forbids, yet, no one can!

Alas, suffer subsequent realities  
for what deities do,  
not we - victims of circumstance:  
Destiny's egregious sin.

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# Deterrent To A Dropout

Of course - a case of shifting perceptions...  
tomorrow the realization will convey  
a vitiating note to an already dulled  
impetus as reality takes hold.

Stay and flay some fishy-skinned posts  
with your exuberant blasts - that la la land  
literacy which we enjoy. America -  
on that issue:

goD forsaken land of cement and...  
KFC burnt to a crispy-fried-mall-of-morons...  
call the demolition man if the plumber  
can't fix this clogged commode...  
Donald Trumps (they) shit on...

Dog goD 8Hate

# East Liberty

>>

Axiomatic, your invariable response,  
'what is the relevance of here? '

This, sacred sphere in infancy,  
a place where perception first saw -  
people appeared, nature...things.  
Dogs, cats, and gnarly old horses  
pulling old-doddering carts  
for 19th-century bastions;  
they, adorning idiomatic garb,  
still reminiscent in the 40s.

Stark, emanating character,  
nature, and earthy being;  
The old Pittsburgh and a regional essence -  
a prevailing spirit designated and solely there...  
CURIOUS MYSTICAL WONDER; and then...  
several years later, and into my 30s,  
a vision so singular in character,  
an inestimable explosion so overwhelming -  
beatific splendor -  
I shan't presume and define...  
maybe the word...  
Ineffable? ...BLISS!

Something QUITE obscure  
sublunary and...  
insubordinate forces!

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# Emily Dickinson Would/Wouldn'T Like Me

SiR: the context is in the tone...

this train has that... a big... meaty... ENGINE...  
a 'fierce-throated beauty! ' and that can pull through  
mordant trials, up tracks that contend sacred cast  
and with a string o' cars n' coaches  
diverse in nature.

i...

i like to see it lap the miles  
and lick the valleys up  
and stop to feed itself at tanks,  
and then - prodigious - step  
around a pile of mountains,  
and supercilious peer  
in shanties, by the sides of roads.  
And then, a quarry pare  
to fit its ribs  
and crawl between  
complaining all the while  
in horrid - hooting stanza -  
then...  
chase itself down hill  
and neigheee like Boanerges.  
And then prompter than a Star  
STOP! docile... omnipotent...  
at it's own stable door.

THIS train is long - true - but  
full of mystical candy,  
exclusive portions too sweet  
for jaded mouths, they negligible  
palates o'...  
mere... mortal... men...

and me

·\_·



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# Enjoying The Decade?

I'm in the twenties, still...  
the architecture's real,  
the country's unsullied,  
the old McKim Mead & White  
RR station is still at  
W 34th & 8th Ave..  
New York is Old York  
for me. I am now  
on my way  
to the Village;  
Miss Millay  
wishes an audience  
of me, JUST ME!  
This for a vivified  
reading on 'First Fig.'

Of course, I'll have to  
remain reticent, it's mandated  
and by forces beyond me.  
She was extraordinary,  
actually eminent,  
but still can't  
hold a candle...  
to me.

Presumptive silly-nice

.

Dog goD 8Hate

# Equestrian Thought

.. ^-^ .. - - - - -  
.

## Horse Sense

It was that decisive vision...  
that distinguished the cause,  
he knew its reference and that  
privy would preclude their feign.  
He entered, entered and now...  
artless times past are erased  
as Delphian design strokes  
his image anew, and but  
too, in what's old motif

To put an old horse  
out to pasture  
when new barns  
have hay?

Nay or... Neigh?

·\_·

~~~~~  
~~~~~

Dog goD 8Hate

# Eternal Bequeathal

Netherworld drivel, delve to rescind,  
quote thy heart's prominent notion  
and seek your heinous quest; but...  
know reality prevails and thy imagination  
an adjunct feature to a sacrosanct  
preeminence for all...all  
to prevail!

Dog goD 8Hate

# Excess Meat, Without Confection

So ...

shifting with juncture demands  
i'm checking for a loose shoe-lace  
(too, plodders may trip  
due to, cagily-pitted paths)  
i'm hardly convinced, though,  
a deficit due a careless tie.

Momentarily, it's a bad place,  
there's less than  
a penny's-pence in pleasure.

And so ...

perfectly formed decorum  
appears where, in this land o'  
catty-stealth that steals?  
Yet, justification's wing  
fly's a distance unknown  
not even god goes there.

Like all ...

i'm subject mental shifts.  
bullying gods push with ease  
such anemic souls  
of this more-than-by-now  
10,000-year ... thrashing.

Despised variously  
by Heaven n' Hell  
fate has eaten these rebuffed  
flesh n' soul like candy  
there's naught but empty  
wrappers, now

We need more-than justified  
CONFECTION, after all those

perfidious bites, of ...

raw ... MEAT!

..

Dog goD 8Hate

# Expensive Candy!

Years a subject of deprivation's  
vocation - talent to deny -  
shall I speak of distant design  
beyond this adamant 'NOW, ' where,  
consummately fixed in precision of  
designation, I long for candy  
canes to walk sweeter the way?  
Speak your convolution - willful  
design - and prevail beyond the witness  
of truth...? I hear the subtle inference  
in the 'I' testimony, and, conversely,  
reality speaks to my tempered ear -  
the proclamation: 'you are here, you are here...  
and so are all, the candy store opens  
at five-billion o'clock.' Some candy, that's...  
some candy!

Out of my book of 'Inciting Reasons for Hate8' which is  
not yet written, and, I'm sure...never will...willful publishers  
annoy! ! !

Dog goD 8Hate

## Fall...From Past Seasons

Oh the beauty of death!  
Pungent nature descending  
a pedestal of green...  
a commute into the other  
as hidden forces explode in  
copious arrays of post-mortem depiction.  
Dare ye impugn the goDs over  
cryptic marvels of irony...ye too  
shall know the equanimity of  
silent spheres and beyond,  
and...the miserable joy of we,  
we who deem what is as not and  
engage the sordid forces  
of pain's...  
remuneration.

Dog goD 8Hate



# Familiar Discourse...Verboten!

Oh no! We don't say that:  
slipshod craft of a bubble's  
babble - mere soapy savvy!

You implicate quick a deficit  
in faith...every word counts,  
render your vision succinct.

Reality may implement the cause,  
and they adamant hesitate,  
yet, the fastidious disseminate

plugging at every turn:  
"Your manners - indicative,  
non-evincing...tainted theater! "

Know we see quick the notion  
debacle a bequeathal, and,  
it is for they imbued inversely.

Hence, summarize - reality requires  
reality and bubbles must break.  
Then! ...I'll take you out to lunch.

goD - Nov.4, 2007

Dog goD 8Hate

# Fate's Late Knock!

Please! do not suffer  
me subtle realms of  
lavish decorum where  
under the light of subterfuge,  
hidden deep within its core,  
bomb-blastic realities  
wait for that moment  
when duplicity goes too high  
and the fuse is lit...goodbye!

Yet, not yet...as time's  
invariable fate is late  
and hope is still at the  
door...will one open to  
its subtle knock and  
let my words come in?

Ye podgy perverts, repent!

Dog goD 8Hate

# Gross Irony Acknowledged

I know, it's not you,  
it's not me...  
who can see?

All this vocation  
designated with stealth -  
humans enjoying another's wealth.

I know the uncanny  
designation's spawning  
force...

And I do enjoy my  
slight portion:  
'HATE! ' with distinction.

Yet that's not mine  
either...I have to  
wait on his dis-grace

I'd love to spit in his face!

Hate8 - 11/10/07

Dog goD 8Hate

## Gross! This Irony

And today again - my mean  
Conviviality - How I show affection  
With acrimony.

The lady at "the purveyor of  
Assumptions" said hello.  
I shoved my groceries at her  
And said naught.

The war was on as she mustered  
Her resources - subtle gestures of  
Yea with nay tone, and, as she  
Scanned my canned goods.

It is an old fight and I've encountered  
Too many in these sly strikes at integrity.  
I respond mean - the dignity stays clean.

Why? The insufferable ironies that lead to...  
No ironies, someday.

(3/5/2009 12: 04 AM)

Dog goD 8Hate

# Herbert's Brew

I've engaged my faculty,  
pondered the art;  
this raw reality  
makes men smart?

Familiar discourse,  
tincture of queer;  
indicative disclosure:  
drink's German beer.

Dog goD 8Hate

# 'Hey? '

'hey? ' Hey, the plug of a nickel  
wood (would) excell prosaic  
moneys to extents beyond a  
copper penny made of would too.

Tears without 'still love you' cry dry  
Pheonix has kleenex  
wipe your 'hey' away...wipe your eye!

You punk...punctuate...punk-jew-ate:  
'German bread made with leaven,  
not Jew bread made of Levine! '

(Sept.9,07)

Dog goD 8Hate

# Hot Day, Hot Words, Hot Dog!

Bizarre how canny the uncanny;  
they paint their house white  
but with black paint: irony...  
fragrance for a heated fight!

Subterfuge of the feigning  
and pedantic notions of right;  
insidious witness pretending  
baneful assumptions bright.

Hey, I don't care: the Providence  
of contrary saints in their quest  
for felicity in caustic paths of  
question...they are my friends  
posing as fiends. I hate them, and...

I love them...I hate to love!  
Read 'A Poison Tree'  
William Blake knew me -  
'I was angry with my friend;  
I told my wrath, my wrath did end! '

Dog goD 8Hate

# How Green Is My Valley

The town has forthright style to they clear in view;  
I've seen elephants and giraffes where others see mere  
dogs, or even, just cats.

My old houses are recent antiquity and only  
a hundred-and-fifty-years-old.  
Current creations are old before they start and...  
I'll remove them in due time.

Most know Henry Hobson Richardson as eminent 19th-century  
and that his characterizations much-set the tone.  
Study at the Ames library in North Eaton, Ma., epiphanies occur.

Some have pondered at Harvard's Sever Hall and felt the 1880s...  
Allegheny County's jail (he) wrought for me as I was the only one  
there who knew...several times.

I'm not one to pan for gold and yet...  
I pan for literature's credentials and find iron-E;  
some can glean gold this way and boost their boast.

If I happen upon a strike, I'll reward the more amiable.  
Oh yes, obscurity won't go to my head, I'll remain  
true-to-the-end...the end of that road that dead-end's at start...

That translates recompense for trodden exponents  
and a house on the hill; I'll even build a barn for your saw horse  
so you can drill your skill...  
I ride a black one with waxed sad-ill - lugubrious equestrian.

Ironically, that horse has learned to pull a chair-iot and...  
where I sit in repose.

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# I Hear You! I Hear You!

This thy thesis?

I hEAR you! And...

I hEAR you! My Ear is BIG!

Pedantic testimony hold's no  
enticement in its illusory notion  
of art. Many many, big big  
houses out there, but...

their unfounded foundations  
of dog-ma are not...

....ma-dog - I don't pet coyotes  
feigning 'germane' sheperds!

I've been to Germ-money and  
saw the disease pervasive in  
its impeding, imposing barriers...  
COME OUT!

Remember:

I have a BIG ear

and...I hEAR you!

(Sept.19,07)

Dog goD 8Hate

# I'M Home-R... I'M Home-R

My large wings of muscle -  
latissimus dorsi - under large  
shoulders of sinewy girth,  
have swept me to distant  
shores of Elysium's hope.

And there...and there I bathe  
in the radiant sun of herculean  
Greek-grace...

I've made it Home-r  
I've made it Home-r.

(Sept.19,07)

Dog goD 8Hate

# Impetus Realized

<>

Struck by your resume, I wonder at  
what requirement reality would claim...?

Me, in my traveled zone, narrow and yet,  
(ironically) "CAPACIOUS" –  
wanderings in a vast and nebulous sphere,  
clear but to they who've known...

Who has entered the logic of inverse portrayal  
and not known that lever availed? I hold firm  
in the deployment, as invention's pen proves,  
guileless

Please, acknowledge: "it's not mine, "  
I merely comply to the prod....

And you, you in your literature's incited tout...  
who, with all due respect, who are you?

ME

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# Inscrutable?

inscrutable ...

yes, there's always this,  
a more finesse-ful say  
one that will quench  
your disarming mind, and slay

no stranger to this, variously  
bliss/piss existence  
it's been imposed to contend,  
and this wretched resistance

spawN-innng, in-avoidable ... distance?  
an enmity, and its cursed dismay  
(no channel open, for that: relished play)  
possibly you'll offer, assistance?

but then possibly, it come through i  
and to disconcert, and a tear fraught eye

fate-fashioned... wily-ploy  
a negating scheme, for you my toy

·\_·

Dog goD 8Hate

# Internet Overture

Judging by your photo, and a bit like Helen Mirren,  
I would say: the deities have conceived engaging notion,  
a jot of prestige, aesthetic design, and, possibly...

dramatic rendition in-and-of attraction's allure.  
Maybe I'll stop by for coffee, tea, or just  
a moment's hoped generosity (possibly some fat-fate?) .  
I deserve something, in spite of my (ratherish) desirous-design.

At least I'm beyond (well?) negligible stature: in figure,  
tittle of talent, and, of course...sumptuous-suppose. Hey, I get along! ...  
And would like to venture somewhere...

somewhere beyond a vapid circumstance  
(a people-preponderance subtly inferring enmity, non-simpatico) .  
Maybe, just maybe, we'll render the town...bushy?

Me

Dog goD 8Hate

# Just Riding Providence!

I'm from Pennsylvania and  
have never run into a ditch,  
but, I have run into a cop.

I was driving my civil liberties  
down the Pike of Providence,  
when suddenly an invidious cop,

dressed in tyranny, blocked my way.  
He said  $2+2=3\frac{1}{2}$  and I said  
he was crazy...he put me in jail!

The next time I saw him  
I spit in his face -  
"2+2=4, Jackass! "

His face turned red  
in the presence of said...  
admonition.

Me transmuted to...healthy hate.

(12-30-07)

Dog goD 8Hate

# Lady Of Chico

I've pondered certain inference  
and again lean towards...  
that liberal-lady in Chico.

Who can circumvent fate  
and still claim clear?

I realize a cynical hint  
may provoke caution, and yet,  
as W. B. Yeats speaks:

'...tis not inanity in nature  
that winds blow seed and sow,  
continuing beauty in the spring  
as piquant flora grow -

creation's benediction in diverse hues....'

This.....infallible.....destiny.

Dog goD 8Hate

# Less Than Felicity

My bastille  
and mistaken house  
has taken on  
deep and hidden  
character, a reality  
only I may perceive.  
This conceived through  
years of diabolic design  
imposed of they  
flagrant gods

I ...  
subjugated subordinate  
gaze from a dirty, obtund window  
seeking assuage, but relegated  
mere and dark suggestion -  
imperious clouds seem to  
growl in menacing mien,  
dark, thunderously ...  
unkind

there are  
no birds here ...  
not one affectionate view  
not even, a crow

.

Dog goD 8Hate



# Lifting Milk Cans

Dear Madame:

my hands may be clean,  
too, soft & lush,  
and the nail's filed...

(punctiliously) a sissy,  
but that doesn't mean  
that I can't render craft,  
or fashion apt things,  
and rather deftly:

knit a sweater...

or even wool-gloves -  
which, of course, they  
vital in harsh weather.

Winter is coming

and I don't like them cold,  
those annoyingly frigid  
blue hands,

it makes it hard,  
to lift milk cans

Dog goD 8Hate

# Loquacious Loathing

Loquacious Loathing

My effort is minimal, I refuse to work...  
the upshot of beleaguering fates, such...  
and fraught with perdition's spite. ' Now'  
I enjoy distinction, an inverse kind,  
I hate more than most! In spite of  
significant reserve, I MUST/will boast....

A murky mask? No costume here...  
merely a hacked up face...  
there, in those stunning, mulish lines,  
the sinister of what is...  
this and that  
a murderous virtue: honesty

goD Dog

Dog goD 8Hate

# Macabre Post

So...

certain renown owns nature,  
variant significance can be found,  
i saw one write knavish cartel  
to such states... bruised, alarmed...  
and dreadfully discommodious, and so  
displaced their assumed calm,  
haunted glances, grew too profound,  
and to such degree...  
one was found hanging,  
one day...

·  
·  
·  
pendulous, from a tree.....

·\_·

Dog goD 8Hate

## Macabre Post 2

So, certain renown own's nature,  
variant significance can be found,  
i saw one write knavish bar-maids  
to states brused, alarmed, and...  
dreadfully discommodious, and so  
displaced their assumed calm,  
haunted glances grew and grew,  
and to such degree...  
one was found hanging,  
one day...

.  
. .  
. .

pendulous, from a tree.....

Dog goD 8Hate

# Mainstream

There's a hint of ordeal,  
unfavorable descriptions,  
intimating whisper...  
suggestion at every turn.

They, an overwhelming clamor,  
stepping to the liable-beat  
of a device-nurturing band,  
further & broadening, marching,  
even in variable time.

This ever-evolving conglomerate,  
in spite of many knowing  
(egregious irony, again) ,  
advance in incongruity and daily.

Like a dog crossing  
the rush-hour freeway  
for a whiff of  
an old-dead-nothing,  
dirty, dry, repugnant meat.

An ugly indiscernible...rodent.

Dog goD 8Hate

# Marry Christmas

I drove to the mall today,  
the only place to buy  
razor blades, and contended  
with a heap of madness.

People everywhere seeking to  
keep firm the design as money  
went for money's method and  
I merely the Good News(Gillette) .

I spoke to several shoppers along  
with some clerks in a most  
apt expression, yet my silence  
provoked silent reproach and even

audible utterance inferring "Merry  
Xmas Humbug and we like you too! '  
I showed them how to "marry" Christmas  
in a precise witness of Jesus.

They didn't know him, not one!  
I went home and shaved for  
clean skin along with my  
...clean countenance.

(12-24-07)

Dog goD 8Hate

# Max

Max? ? ?

Come on Max, you can't feign finesse  
it concurs immutable rules, and ...  
not subject menial mental men. MAX ...  
nothing is hidden, show some vitality,  
show that you're not a mite n' mere minion  
and steeped in the mores o' men.

Max, are ye on the edge and open?  
For the infinitude beyond?  
Are ye - Max - an exponent of clarity  
or ... OR ... are ye content with  
the illusive assumption -  
the ethos of estrangement  
those minions o' (the) mundane?

Things are happening Max, are YOU in, or ...  
or ... another vapid feature,  
the insensible degree -  
incidental? ? ?

Show your (it's invariable) compunction,  
Max, veracity is ... crucial? Hmm, i guess ....

..

Dog goD 8Hate

# Merry Mary The Orphan!

Merry orphan - convenient bond:  
independence! - impeding severed  
for 'free-flow-fun' - all shall tout!

Know cryptic expressions deities'  
arrange for such extricated canon -  
move on, move up, move out!

Thrust thy piercing mind through  
shallow walls and slipshod ethos  
shed - whispering angels shout!

Know familiar - distant mystique -  
as eternity proffers the propitious -  
They denied such fortune - pout!

Dog goD 8Hate



# Merry Xmas?

I'm seeking an apt thought,  
something timely, too.  
The urge to accommodate  
the customs of Christmas  
is an embedded trait...  
I have to stop and affirm  
my motive. Stop and seek  
a response correlating  
given view. I don't want  
to go back to notions  
based on notions given  
down from notions  
downed from folks who  
don't know what the notions  
note...

hence, this hesitant  
approval...  
hmmm?

Merry Xmas?

No, that feels like...  
a cactus in a hat, one  
that makes me scratch  
the scalp of this/my  
minced-brain head,  
this due to such grave  
n' persistent insult,  
it gets...

so petulant.

.

Dog goD 8Hate

# Modern Fugitive And... Betrayal

.  
. .  
.

- + - equals:

foist thy cause... facile features  
may render lines smooth, and  
dirty old cigars smoke like a ham,  
but it's the exulted thoughts  
o'debased angels, we... guileless  
we... in our crumbled shrines  
and sin

it's that guileless sin o' we...  
inveterate angels... lost n' found  
entities your ravaged parents seek -  
frantically sought in venal stores  
the streets... in your LIFE

WEeee, so lost...  
in the paradox o'  
lucid words:  
a mortar n' brick discourse  
to our shielded estate

this, behemoth IRONY

= +... equals plus

Goodbye, then...  
farewell to thee n' thy  
Judas kiss.  
pose thy farewell...  
and so, miscarry grace  
and to distant zones.  
coddle that, the...  
fractious temper o' Baal...  
HE... HE...is thy FrIEND

Vaya con Diablo, my friend...  
Vaya con... Diablo

·—·

Dog goD 8Hate

# Morgantown

Years ago...

Morgantown offered assuage  
after numerous hours askew...  
stranded...  
outside (my) felicity's purview -  
that familiar... happy zone?

I'll find that friendly  
philip-anthropist,  
again... someday?  
When/if i do  
and the power is dispensed -  
and portions availed...  
I'll buy him a carton of cigarettes...  
he smoked

.\_.dg

Dog goD 8Hate

# Muse For The Moment

There's a faint chime ringing daily more...  
a widening gap in the temple door  
and its hinges are being removed.  
And that annoying garden wall?  
In this abashing, spoony rhyme  
of impeding walls, the exalting chime,  
it seems about to fall...?

I know, I kno-o-o-o-w,  
that frail, fine line goes thin,  
and as overwrought schemes  
trod paths stodgy... ennui... pathos.  
Paths of bards whose pencils were made  
o' lead and keyboards made o' ivory.  
Buddha's last breath? ... reeked o' pork.  
And this? ... humble finish.

DG8H

.

Dog goD 8Hate

# My Dirty House

Many are flying south...  
migration is suitable for many/  
many engage due to/for money  
riddles don't annoy and impunity  
is availed as they always  
(ab) solve themselves, it's this  
uncanny fate....  
who ties your shoe?  
my fingers - fortunately -  
never learned to tie  
my ego had to die  
for this fitting to be  
claimed...  
and my house?  
i think it's  
clean...  
the one that ties my shoe  
cleans my dirty house, too....

.Y. dg

Dog goD 8Hate

# My Emily Dickson Encomium

SiR: the context is in the tone...

this train has that... a big... mEATy... ENGINE...

a 'fierce-throated beauty! ' and that can pull through  
mordant trials, up tracks that contend sacred cast, and  
with a string o' cars n' coaches, myriad in nature.

i...

i like to see it lap the miles  
and lick the valleys up  
and stop to feed itself at tanks,  
and then - prodigious - step  
around a pile of mountains,  
and supercilious peer  
in shanties, by the sides of roads.  
And then, a quarry pare  
to fit its ribs  
and crawl between  
complaining all the while  
in horrid - hooting stanza -  
then...  
chase itself down hill  
and neigheee like Boanerges.  
And prompter than a Star  
STOP! docile... omnipotent...  
at it's own stable door.

THIS train is long - true - but  
full of a mystical candy,  
exclusive portions too sweet  
to taste, for the negligible palates, o'...  
mere... mortal... men....

·\_·

Dog goD 8Hate

# My Frame Hung Clothes

Bones that hung clothes...  
these bones drape lesser views  
with time aesthetic's eye fails  
blurred with apathy, the encroaching  
presence move's closer to the core,  
progressively growing vapid, muted  
the image shifts from vital, more to bore  
my hanger's no longer used for coats,  
i go cold in winter or just stay in  
my feelings on outside matters  
have waned as the media exposed  
more and more less attraction due to  
too too many shows, the gullet has  
known too many swallows, it deadens  
acuity's tone. With stomach fraught  
and with overfed fodder, i begin to see  
how pregnant their lapsed baby's  
listless fate.

i'll move to Florida ... pick oranges,  
just sleep in the grove

·\_·

Dog goD 8Hate



# My Glitter Is Back And I'M Dead At Dawn

I've arrived at dark morn  
As I step from a contentious bed,  
The sheets soiled with no wringles.

What glee the day in its suit of  
Armor as I seek retaliation in vain.  
The dead are alive outside as we,

imbued are dead of their destination,  
Homeless in a house but with a 'view! '  
I watch they from panes of pain.

I throw some reality morsels from my  
Balcony but none know how to catch  
In their distraction to delusion.

Cheerful disseminators of clouding  
Inventions they walk the day ardent  
In quirky little designs of night

This gruesome grow-some (my) existence  
That visits all, in time, in its veritable quest  
For reality's augmentation.

(Oct.17,07/Abused by Muse, a supplanted compensation...this.)

Dog goD 8Hate

# Mystique N' Cafe

I saw a potential for (the) intensity  
and in atmospheric trait; what spawns,  
incisively provoking that old coffee-house  
view: visions wrought o' brown-beans,  
redolent n' rife, sensations in browns n'  
cafe-like goad - the MYSTIQUE.

Yes! And ancient-rich sepia-tones caressing  
estimable hearts. A jocund friend for they who've  
ripened their soul & wit, and with culture's  
mandated tool: a CUP... ' first'...  
then... jus' maybe then...

coffee?

Dog goD 8Hate

## New Jello

I, hidden in the shadow of night,  
shall indulge my fancy and...  
saunter forth -  
obfuscating prosaic witness with invention;  
albeit, too, realistic portrayal.  
The proof may be in the pudding,  
and yet,  
alternatively...  
try this jello  
a slightly muted,  
mitigated...  
bellow

----- &

Dog goD 8Hate

# Nicky's Napkin

]]]

Nicky writes in restaurants while waiting for her check, sending thoughts to her pen for a paper-napkin too minuscule in scale; much runs off onto the table tops for later diners to blot up, and with awkward elbows, arms solely seeking to lever, and for easy access to the meal. But then, possibly, a waiter wipes all residues up first and rinses the rag at a drain ...?

Nicky doesn't like the cogent designs of some, and/or cognizant others. Some would in a way sympathize, though, with the usefulness of that paper-napkin, and as a tissue to blow their nose. Is this tragic?  
I don't know, i wonder what goD, thinks?

·—·

Dog goD 8Hate

# Nurturing Wolverines In Nature

How many do you know with that indecisive bent?  
I'm not one, but realize that misgiving trait disallowing  
brevity, or concise sojourn.50,60,90-years? ... sojourn.  
My 166-year-old (a hundred added for [obvious] allusion)  
has been precision in decision as I run into trees. Oh...  
they weren't their at first, someone/someTHING runs out  
into my path a second before arrival and plants these...  
noble features in nature, to nurture my nature...  
my Wolverine nature. This raspy demon eats imagination,  
leaving naught but bones....

.

Dog goD 8Hate

# Nyc's Redemption

Incite that/your fervid tongue...  
they've shanghai'd New York City  
a plot to plummet  
a portly plum.  
Exclusive cants  
master vengeful fights.

Sharpen turgid pencils,  
snarl with ink pens,  
type your keyboard tired,  
and consider...

exploit (that) your/an  
inculpable wit  
admonish that/their notion  
for the aesthetic that's fit

AL&i

Dog goD 8Hate

## Of Meaning Mere

Parody too can parrot  
the bird's song...  
I relinquish vanity's cause  
to relinquish what's convention.

Presumption's feathers  
tickle the throat, and  
a guileless mouth so compelled,  
to blurt for succor.

It helps to render light  
with valid bulbs...  
Old wax with wicks is dim.

Yet, the Muezzin can be a  
bird, too. A bird of pray

Dog goD 8Hate

# Okcupid Dating

And what about her overture  
to a (baseball) coach? - - -:

My friend, YOU seek a financially  
secure and healthy professional,  
well... that's... interesting,  
and...

of course, not exactly intractable,  
but... if the shape of the bicep  
is big and you can... slug-her  
with a bat?

Forget that!

And:

potent coaching requires capability  
beyond a mere n' rude, bellow...  
there's such a thing as...  
humanity?

Do you golf?

.? .

Dog goD 8Hate



# Okcupid: Response To...

## No Response

You're into ...  
Cognitive Science?

Dear soul:  
they who pursue the infinitude  
therein, come to realize  
that fetching vibe  
piquant posts can spin

i'm a man posing woman,  
but for a cause  
(seemingly) too wiggy  
to tell, yet ... honest.

it's one of irony's  
opposing ways to fool  
it's for FUN, and ...  
salubrious

Surely you've peeked beyond  
the veil o' assumption ...  
those impeded borders o'  
minion land? And ...  
into the endless beyond?

Your 5 foot four frame ...  
it fits an expedient composite  
if you know how to  
measure

·\_·

Dog goD 8Hate

# Old Ohio

## A Certain Village

Some years ago, I 'walked'  
into this small pastorl  
hamlet - quaint, pristine,  
and...o-o-old Ohio.

The forties where still  
unscathed by modern assumptions  
and I mused at the ecstatic view.  
Bathed in beatific sensation...

my soul recompensed heaven's  
sumptuous smile with ditto  
response..."praise ye! praise ye!  
America is grand with unspeakable

mystique, 'please! '...preserve! "  
Alas, my supplication not acknowledged  
and the minions veiled with impeding  
vision...

they implemented their cause....  
In 2007 my praise is transformed  
to inverse stature as I Hate8...  
Hell's fate!

(Oct.31,07)

Dog goD 8Hate

# Oracular Piece

Well...

I have to step into another  
mode....lest prosaic effort's feared  
commode reason's reproach to piteous  
states of rueful need and...I bleed.  
Fate has not been kind to this blood clot:

man of amicable cause, me, recompensing a curse  
in his vein's vanity of red rife to dispense  
in a moment's caustic design as they fling  
mammoth amounts of dissenting notions...

Something must be done if I can't render the  
moments in hopeful portions of spewing craft,  
some tidy oracular-piece of heaven for both  
my pleasure and their conviction to...reality.

Dog goD 8Hate

# Our Struggling Friend

Starting votary  
yes, the (sometimes) tawdry  
and gaudy  
and plebeian efforts of what's  
ignoble concern.  
shall we associate for unity's sake?  
For philanthropy's iffy virtue? Or...  
fashion fastidious flouts...  
to augment (his)  
personal doubts? ? ?

For me a moment's demand issues  
from theorems published outside  
the inside assumption, and...  
It gets cold/old... out here....

·\_·

Dog goD 8Hate

# Personal Pith

Sir...

the wound that might not heal  
is merely a moment's feel...  
when one considers... eternity

I've an abysmal gash  
from a most vigorous slash  
but, from an incompetent hand  
that didn't (perfectly) understand  
how to hold a knife

This will prove an egregious error  
for that most unheeding... MORON  
and... soon...  
and... soon....

(Shakespeare's alley (truly) leads  
to a more garnished... pith...?)

Dog goD 8Hate

## Piquant Moon?

Oh the moon in its invidious  
state of affair as I grapple  
with my slumber's adamant bee-  
queathal, and, as it stings  
potential to conscious states

of woe...  
my sleep comes slow and I have  
no poesy  
my sleep comes slow and I have  
a converse friend with goD  
Dog spelled backwards of the fiend!

I've caught a tear and it's mine;  
I've put it in my bathtub and  
will wash my Dog  
spelled backwards -  
he's so dirty!

Dog goD 8Hate

# Pittsburgh's Northside

(hidden benediction)

Ostensibly gaunt,  
the Northside harbor's surprise,  
dramatic visions, and...  
curious design contrary sublunary view.  
Outward vulgarity poses ironic contrast  
to mystical wonder hidden, hidden to all  
but they opened to requisite passage -  
an initiation in personal commitment; that,  
beyond extraneous assumptions of  
a way-over-confident mainstream.

I've empirical confirmation, enfático!

Dog goD 8Hate

# Plus

+

SiR ...

i bathe twice a day and e'er pray ...  
yet there's this assumed depravity,  
what's likened a tiger killing sheep,  
but this is due to critical lack o' sleep,  
(eYe) stew all night ....  
in the day i try n' sleep  
but am preyed upon  
of other sheep ...  
e'er waking my mind  
to their disloyalty.

And ...

as naivete  
avails their flesh  
to the mouths of ...  
ill-bred ... goDsss  
·\_·

Dog goD 8Hate



# Pop's Corn

Old MacDonald left the farm, one day,  
light injected his soul to effect.  
He let go, just walked away as  
one of the few to return, someday,  
for bringing in...  
the sheaves.

His corn will be...spared.

-----<>-----

Dog goD 8Hate

# Preachy?

People suggest... ME... ' preachy? '  
at times - other days - barbarous babbling-s  
plod skewed zones, it's that perishable conceit that i  
CAN do, too... and... coinciding that/a shifted-eye

Those, different days, days without (allocation) aptitude,  
or that presumed... without the so-called redemption  
and/or, the more instructional mien of they... pious men?

On those removed days? Let the world save itself!  
Besides, those otherworldly, more salient spots  
are given... not the astute rantings of  
mere Morpheus-addicts... like me.

·—·

Dog goD 8Hate

# Rainier In Winter

Hidden sensations availed as our coterie entered,  
consecrated, purged, and 'NOW! '

Thence, winter's impediment - screaming thrusts of frost -  
transmuted to secret Elysium and the trail was wrought.

We, ecstatic innocents, bathed in benediction, beheld the mount -  
transfigured, munificent...GOD!

DGH8

Dog goD 8Hate

# Returning To Manhattan

Walking across the Roeblings' prized project,  
I gazed out at an impeded dusk setting;  
This, as the East River begin to fade...

There was a faint object moving  
Close to the Manhattan shore,  
Splashing in lurid testimony, it seemed a person.

The frenzy stopped.  
What had been desperation's curious plight  
Had turned to an ominous deposition:  
Giovanni Nicoli had dealt with his girl friend's suitor.

He was now free to pursue his presumptive object –  
An over-stuffed cannoli oozing ricotta cheese.  
I ran back to Brooklyn ... for a donut.

Dog goD

Dog goD 8Hate

# Sama

The Mawlawi rites, sama, point,  
Incite, prod, preach the hidden.  
Desire then! Ineffable balm!

Ponder, albeit, critical rites:  
Can ye skin a Gilded Serpent?  
Will Tanura whirl away waste?

Mystic Persia! Wandering mystic  
And Rumi preach too...beyond!  
Who can glean grace and still

Confirm conflicting reality?  
Muse Yo Yo Ma;  
Seek ecstatic utterance in Kayhan;

And, but, will "The Whirling Dervishes"  
Disseminate enough, even with sacred  
Ensemble?

I know, I know, a thousand...I know!

Dog goD 8Hate

# San Francisco

San Francisco offered secret views,  
the admission was gross,  
yet I paid, PAID in full  
(that) 'detachment! '  
and that welded me to now...  
unimpeded, revelatory existence  
apprising days rife in what's  
singular presence,  
an exceedingly-benevolent vision,  
and yet...  
the streets,  
those squalid, dejected streets...  
vile n' dirty... foreboding execration -  
the streets.

Beauty n' the Hideous -  
a polarized existence:  
with all that  
deprivation...

I had a Mansion  
down on 6th Street  
and around...

San Francisco

.

Dog goD 8Hate

# Sated Men

+

siR ... i bathe twice a day and never pray  
and my depravity is naught but a cougar kill  
sheep, this due to a lack of sleep, i prowl ...  
all night. In the day i try to sleep but am  
preyed upon of other sheep, e'er waking  
my mind to (their) disloyalty. And ...  
as naivete avails their flesh  
to the mouths  
of ... sated men ....

·—·

Dog goD 8Hate

# Shrinking Contingent

The clan,  
a shrinking contingent  
of Santa's friends,  
contended for singular status,  
and at giving...  
that was last year.  
Now, due to apprising  
remarks, they're more cautious...  
for that derogate cause and vacuity.

I told them: marry Xmas, she's a virgin.

-----

Dog goD 8Hate



# Sleep

Z

z

z

Sleep? What an extraordinary benefit...  
and curiously diverse. In some, a very droll  
expression. I had 8 hours of sleep last  
in, uh, i think...1987? When i had  
my last... euphonic... phone call.  
It's a similar fate with my FB wall.

Why?

i'd explain on THE... but you'd titter  
and at a very (very) ... DROLL...

design....

^..^

Dog goD 8Hate

# Some Soup

Boog-a-loo...Boog-a-loo

Spunky...Funky...  
on Broadway, a  
principal road in rhythm  
in my time (quick-time) .

It's something  
clever  
HIDDEN  
FORBIDDEN...  
pigeons  
gulping crumbs.

Hidden from coolies  
that feed with fingers,  
bowls of soup...  
without a scoop. (Clever?)  
the BANEFUL assumption!

The restaurant's  
Outside to Inside!  
purge at the door  
merge with the meal

eat

.

Dog goD 8Hate

# Stale Food

Momentary demons  
they do arise, too  
unyielding paths...

peppered-roads to perdition  
they offer no turn!  
not 'til notable disputes  
froth-fury  
then permutate...  
and to gauged rewards  
that more proficient taste  
portions beyond past  
and... naive meals

Dog goD 8Hate

# Sugar For Halloween

Priorities absolute here -  
My pumpkin is sparse...  
Spurning the forged farce.

Flagrant masked parent feigning  
Daddy deems me demon, yet...  
Where's the Holy Ghost?

My candy's in my gesture,  
Can't you taste the sugar?  
Sanctity good as chocolate.

Dog goD 8Hate

# Tall Corn

&

Say me (you) trenchant?  
maybe? but...

i like to swim in clean shallow creeks,  
and where fish are small, but birds'...  
have long novel-beaks.

and where trees... reprehensibly tall,  
turn curious crowning colors, in the fall.  
and too, where nature's so dazzling as clean,  
due to a clement farmer, so amply mean.

he...

i... plough furrows for corn... and...

large quads

A. L. & i

.

Dog goD 8Hate

# The Party

.  
. .  
.

... Your Party

yes... (please observe!) ...

i wish i could attend...

alas! (a) strenuous distance

forestalls, a disabling factor

for a... disabled shoe?

i wear boots! But contingent on

where worn...

i, execrated traveler, an

impeded chattel...

so subject... so imposed

of they so imperious...

they so masked in their

invisible, non approachable

lair... they, those stealthy,

deceitful, but guileless...

gods

.  
.

dg8

Dog goD 8Hate

# The Pristine Chapel

a decorous, but too infused structure, and beyond  
the presumed premise, has always been a vision,  
a salient ambition for some. Most churches are insensible  
as hollow frames, but due to the laggard zeal of flat knee'd  
habitué' with naught but stodgy pews... to kneel.

The rite-o'-passage to vitality is a daunting curse, for most,  
but if the edifice is to be injected, paramount. No one  
wants to enter those trying zones beyond... comfort zones.

There are no churches but in the minds of they/the FEW -  
they who know to carry their head that/the primal shrine...  
purged... relented, and... a cogent enemy to...  
incautious... mordancy.

Thank You

Dog goD 8Hate

# Their Enshrining Notions On 911.....

Unconscionable! concern for distant events  
buried in the rubble of goD...

He, in his purpose, sketches such fate  
and solely and of omniscient design.

Tout hE!

And Me...

for knowing!

Dog goD 8Hate



# They Are Too Vegas

Vegas,  
in deviant distinction,  
outstrips the world -  
its corporeal design.  
Intensity that mutes  
the minuscule element  
of oracular being.

I shall go there  
and perform -  
obscure obligations  
of constructive,  
destructive play;  
GAMBLE my life away,  
for lucid cause.

You'd hate me,  
you'd L\*\*\* me,  
and...  
the mystery would  
take hold.

DG8Hate

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Dog goD 8Hate

# This Silly Silly Rhyme

MIGHTY

MIGHTY

MONSTER: ECONOMY!

Minute in its inception  
Years have formed a beast:

Money made a monster!  
Growing appetite to be fed  
Blind men to the task,  
Where sentient never tread.

Feeding, feeding, feeding  
The monster day & night -  
Mother earth the fodder  
Device that leads to plight

Pave the farm, shopping  
Malls for the field -  
Roads to the sky, till the  
planet denies a yield.

Keep the minions fed  
This "fabricated" life,  
Place a fire in your bed  
A life that grows in strife

Till long last, inevitable  
Response, a denied  
Future as the road  
Comes  
to  
its...  
end!

Dog goD 8Hate

# To Pittsburgh! ! !

me

&

mY (FrIEND?) :

Y has such distant thought

always entertained such

this oh-so-distant lot?

the place was genial

when i was there,

but when i left

they jammed

the fish-lost

rivers with

three wet routes

that were wasted on

boats without hauls

to hail. i'll get

back to this lost fish

intendment...?

.

.

.

Dog goD 8Hate

# Transmuted To A Desert's Dessert!

Hey! I don't want to stay here,  
the doubt of no doubt is nipping  
at my efficacy and who am I not?  
Maybe if I go for a ride to town  
and see all the friends I don't  
have a reaffirmed soul will appear?

Oh yes, the familiar folks who foster  
yokes and whose charms are as acrid  
potions...hell's delights, for me!  
My/this arid plain doe's offer respite as one  
look's 'back! ' at that lush realm and its hungry  
exponents eating their plates with the food...

then the table...  
then the floor...  
here's the dirt!

Dog goD 8Hate

# Vanishing New York

Yeah, I know, for one -  
the lost Bowery...  
I'll tell you what was there,  
along that cherished old tract:  
I was there! ! !  
I and my just-joust, zealot's heart...  
committed (it's suicide) , saturated in  
an obscure-scope of gaudy-god,  
what's ironic, Hell religion.  
Yeah, I was there & bent on the cause,  
contending daily contra forces,  
they (modern capitalists)  
steeped in the GROSS illusion,  
would roll on the walk of my shoe.  
I, chief negator, astute in the cause  
and what's beyond that ludicrous notion:  
baloney fried with hog snout,  
in savorless, blood-meal gravy.  
Me, by myself, standing daily  
tall as that copper Lady, the one French  
in the bay.  
Only MY torch had light, 'REAL LIGHT! "  
beyond mere intensity or stars. I...  
with my mightily & imbued psyche,  
so staunch, so given, so rare...  
filled with 'lunacy? ', His!  
Yes, I was there,  
for years and years,  
but now...well now...  
now I've achieved new status:  
I man-a-cure god's nails,  
and with metaphoric files  
made in my own notion,  
contrary versions  
in colloquial craft.  
I saw... I see...  
and I saw some more;  
I eat his dignity, daily...  
breakfast, lunch, & dinner.

It's... VIRTUE! ! ! ! !

Dog goD 8Hate

## Vanishing New York 2

Yes, I know for one  
an abating Bowery, and  
I'll tell you what was there  
along that cherished old tract,  
I was there!  
I and a just-joust  
zealot's heart...  
committed, saturated in  
an obscure-scope of gaudy-god,  
what's ironic hell Religion.  
Yes, I was there and bent on the cause,  
contending daily... contra forces.  
They, modern botch-ettes  
steeped in the illusion  
rolled on the walk of my shoe.  
Cursed negator, astute in the cause  
and what's beyond that ludicrous notion,  
baloney fried with hog snout  
and that savorless blood-meal gravy.  
So execrated but standing daily,  
aggrandizingly tall as Mrs Liberty -  
that symbolic lady of the bay.  
Boastfully (though) this torch had light,  
spark beyond mere intensity or stars.  
With my mightily & imbued psyche,  
so staunch, so given, so rare...  
so unfortunate and filled with  
LUNACY! Yes, and His.  
And, disdainfully at you, I was there  
for years and years,  
but now...well now...?  
now I've achieved new status:  
I man-a-cure goD's nails,  
with metaphoric files,  
contrary versions  
of cabalistic craft.  
I see... I saw...  
and saw some more  
eating dishes o' dignity daily...

breakfast, lunch & dinner.  
It's... very VIRTUE ! ! ! !

Dog goD 8Hate



# Vanquished Sin

&

You've no time  
for the poignant force  
beyond that prosaic assumption?  
No time for one who's  
bit with bite, that rife reality,  
and what is...  
a merciless and odious design?

I'm a resister,  
someone who stands  
against ill-fated views, the  
noxious novelties o' man.  
Please hearken, let me  
tell you this...  
I could be the best and most  
in friend/fiend  
you'll never find,  
'less that fraudulent fidelity  
converts, and...  
commits apostasy,  
against itself.  
and that is to say...  
Repent!

.

Dog goD 8Hate

# Venice Vagrants?

We were the conical coned wizards,  
privy beyond (even) pretty. We knew the  
mystic shires, and the shores we walked,  
and so well Venice delighted. Oh...  
they are ones to relish vagarious cause,  
but this was more than a mere kink.  
More than mere whimsy & DOMBAKs,  
we played a beat, the-e-e-e beat,  
we marched to rhythms unknown.  
Marching in curious variants walked  
by none but we, we-e-e-e...

you, me, or was it... me... you?

.

Dog goD 8Hate

# Wayward In Hayward

I was, once, wayward in Hayward...  
It was at a time when reality, inventing  
specious visions in dubious-design, beguiled...

and I, I immersed in that delusion, wandered about,  
nebulous in cause: up and down -  
Berkeley, Oakland, Hayward.

Led by forces unbeknown, then, and yet...  
now familiar in their childish blague.

They were games, that's all, 'GAMES! '...  
with rules for fools. Fortuitous me, although,  
that the impediment was met and I...

I sauntered away in my fervent...

DISGUST! ! ! !

Dog goD 8Hate

# Wet Bugs And Fish

There's an old VW bug in that lake,  
run in by vagarious means...  
a '60s-style hallucinogenic drill  
in detachment... yet,  
when the drug wore off, so did impetus,  
and I wanted my bug back....  
Well, I guess it's a futile cause, now.

Oakland features more than ostensible...  
so much more that credence goes dim and  
as excited spectators, privileged in their lot,  
realize ecstatic vision does occur, and, ironically...  
right in the midst of hades. Actually hell for some,  
the sensitive.

And you? Well, we're hoping for your benediction...  
you seem sort of... nice?

.

Dog goD 8Hate

# Yin Yang

I see, your dojo condones a sullied gi,  
one that bears witness to... recalcitrant  
bleach? It's not your fault, though, there are  
too many brands feigning WHITENER. It's better  
to train in a jump suit if you know aerial technique,  
a stained gi can cause... spinning roun' sickness.  
Me? I'd say... quit those speciously-formed schools,  
with their terrene n' as (impeding) rules.

We could spar if you could spare...  
a dime's worth of... purgation?  
It's jus' pocket change, 'roun' here.

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Dog goD 8Hate

# Your Party

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. .  
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... Your Party

yes... (please observe!) ...

i wish i could attend...

alas! a strenuous distance

forbids, a disabling factor

for a... disabled shoe?

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Dog goD 8Hate