

Poetry Series

jerome moore
- poems -

Publication Date:
2013

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

jerome moore()

... Revisited

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jerome moore

A Piece Of Apple Browning And Skin Peeling Off

Bite off more than you can stomach
I feel i need a mistress
some little trap
away from it all
a paradise
a scandal a brainless goddess a vile of prussic acid
a way to prove how much i adore you and adorn you

a piece of apple browning with skin peeling off
Reblog

jerome moore

A Traffic Jam

Jean beads

A traffic jam spread on the crumpet crawling freeway

Chain of lights relay the sounds

of twilight requiem ceremony.

the cyclists cut through the lanes like phantoms

finding their war

finding their way into cold chocolate earth

and one might think these folks would be better off on elephant and donkey

But they have become obsolete,,,

so the impatient drivers wait patiently like the air inside a radiator tea kettle.

jerome moore

Academia

Rickshaw pulled by lithe children
impressionable.

jerome moore

Alley Littered With Yesterdays News

hanging on the high brow off urbans nocturne,
Impotent bowels weigh down the boulevard,
there is too much shit with no place to go.

how it stinks

Boulevard
has its dirty mouth, no clean clothes, and a taste for liquor
Boulevard
Has no job, and a hangover that leaks when it storms,

Decency is rotting under milk crates with the rest of them.
The harlequin all meet on the corner cafe
ready to eat up your baby dolls,
oh what sad girls walk up and down the boulevard.

Spotlights show vermin through projector still screens,
chalk white bone painted caricatures on alley walls.
By day its worse,
dried up like a desert.

In the glass the flash bulbs
hold this city captive,
under lock and key
and the alleys
are littered with yesterdays news

jerome moore

Always Our Soul

If I could dispel your damper day
What would be best?

Twirling on the lawn
holding sparklers in the sea
While waves watch over us.

What brought you to me?
Autumn we both decayed
By winter our packs were made
in all the glory i could have stayed

splitting the wood to feed our fires
decorating you in quilts, in pajamas, in love
we were welcome naked
playing like animals
scratching and showing teeth
biting growling communicating

Now We walk with the same rhythm
and welcome the glory
tapping into our sacred maple
and always always our soul.

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And This Is Richmond

I wonder through a land of great impressions
dreaming of Richmond, flag limp against black horizon,
bleakly marching through the falling city, scraps thrown to wolves
that dance around cinders in snow.
And this is Richmond says a melancholy voice
...And this is Richmond.

jerome moore

Antipoet

and with a blast of silence
i experience all and nothing
and become further consciousness
a place where the chains of perception are lifted
and I am free out of mind and body
the walls are burning down around me
and I am nowhere

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Back Alleyhaiku

The pope on his knees
back alley, outer heaven
Throw'n trip six's

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Banquet

I see in your body a moist banquet, a loveable feast. I imagine myself a naked tramp, adorned in purloined barber rags, plodding the meringue on grit and vanishing wave, the stink of sour urine and fire walks beside me, through an endless desert, about as wide as it is long pulsating under an oppressive light bulb. With each step I drop into the stinging sand I feel emaciation tickling my toes tempting me to fall wrapping its fingers and slightly teasing me down from the tightrope I walk bare... My thoughts are somewhere finding dreams in the great cloud beasts above me.

The whole world feels like this arid landscape with you not near, as if I was on a treadmill walking on the roof of a dry mouth, moving in place...

I find located in my distant self a being consisting of not one or two selves for the world has become full of contradicting dichotomy, but a manifold being as if I were walking in place on this treadmill and surrounding me, thousands of shadows follow and take shape, mimicking every pace in its own form. These shadows every so often emerge to develop at every life lesson. I will not cease to surprise others and myself. Many use that onion metaphor and I agree but with an onion the more layers you peel and let decay the more towards nothing you become. I like a ball of yarn, unraveling into a solitary string, each fiber one of these selves I speak of, they are born and they grip and tightly weave together to form the strength and harmony of my ideal self, the being I am developing to.

I am a sage to hardship and lesson, an architect in thought and reflection, and this desert wonderer I paint when it comes to intimacy. You are my regenerating banquet and I will feast of your sweets your flesh your thighs your breasts and sweats and lips and neck and hair coveted body. I will nourish myself and grow full again strong and not headstrong from the fibers you show me and in their solidarity we will test the weight of gravity and live free lofty and purposeful. I understand your salts, those bitter morsels, which make your temperament and take them in grains, for I have wounds that couldn't handle the sting.

I believe people are only as strong as their appetite. The more they get there fill the more they fall asleep full and never wake up.

jerome moore

Beat The Devil

Like a bull out of its cage,
charging upon the red narrow streets,
I pounded the pavement through riverside corridors.
My cadence was erratic,
dictated by the music in my ear and I couldn't stop.
When I rode the time moved backwards,
all to my first bicycle a huffy BMX,
where I learned how to pick myself up off the ground,
dust my pants and soar.
Since them days I've lived life behind bars.
The Buzcocks were in my ears telling me something goes wrong again.
I headed East on Charles street,
swallowing something,
a fly that didn't quite satiate me,
and spent a few blocks trying to hack it.
The world was decaying around me,
Sic transit gloria mundi! glory fades...the glory fades.
I took commercial avenue to Longfellow.
I zigzagged in and out of joggers, students, and tourist types.
Trucks, vans, cars, and busses were all in my way.
I saw insatiable sailboats floating across the bay, trapped.
They reminded me of lost kites (lost in the clouds) ,
lost in the way they held onto and went into the wind.
Suddenly I took an oblique right somewhere
(you got to love one-way streets)
and met Cambridge Street.
I followed it all the way down to Tremont.
I was chasing the devil
Memento Mori

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Belly Talk

belly talk growling
tap dripping malt liquor sky
winds whistle homeward

jerome moore

Between The Bars

i see there battered builders
barred and strung out
and for what oh a little kicks
a cloudy room with rowdy souls
stuck in the cages hanging arms
from the bars.

and when I look into all that glass
I see shelves of colorful kaleidoscopic dreams
I see them poured over ice
that myopic ice
frigid souls gallivanting, sounding like wind in my ears.

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Bitches Brew

The gorgeous eco-regional corrugation.
All that radiated from this city hole
is fire between humans and fires in the trees
spontaneous sprouts of green protruding the swollen and cracked sidewalk.
a car moans after being attacked and fondled,
the liquored up nature boy and his best friend feel the earth tug
the news reported a quake in the morning
and It all seems pointless like melting candles
there is no gravity no laws not even an order to act
human order is second to nature and the television
knows how to marginalize and make people feel part of the solution
wu wei!
Disconnect
disconnect yourself, parasites and criminals.

Earth mother has been raped enough, just watch her bastard children march
to class before the opening bell sets the money mating to life...
and the liberty bell was cracked long ago
and the your world is only a ride in the middle of a landscape
a boundless symphony can you hear the birds sing as you drift deeper into sleep?

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Bitter Taste

As a writer worth half a page
I toss word shapes and holes
in the cosmic vastness of space
words that burn out over time
words that are weak compared to
their surrounding.

The blank page Which i throw them on like
a thick putty that I grind from my teeth
the dryness in my palms
the sweat from my neck and tears slopped down on a pallet
what a sour taste it brings
constellations which i could trace with my pen tip
tied together with invisible lines.
WHen the words come out right they look so beautiful
tangible and pure from here on earth

jerome moore

Blank Wave

Imagine a thousand and one unimaginable nights
as you drift of into oceans of sleep

Now imagine my finger pointing the way above the vibrating coastline
and if you find yourself a tempest of dancing lights imperfect triangles and cyclic
whirlpools in the center of a blank wave then that will be my desire for you
and I shall lay beside you stroking your hipline for 400 minutes seeming like like
4000 days

beginning but never finishing my tongue tickles and fingers pulse and eyes
twinkle and lips buzz my little panther we will spend infinity skating along our
desires and nap loftily lapping our smooth teeth... content bellies of fire

jerome moore

Blondell Blondies

'Boy that Blondell was some dish...always one of the guys... your closest pal'
She said ' you can only watch Gold Diggers thirty-nine times before you begin to slip into a tap'

I said 'jump into the fountain and I will follow you, only, after you'

'but you are too drunk to swim tonight? '

'Well glamourpus, your not drunk enough '

' Ohh a comedienne now arn't we, you just want to rescue me when Im drowning'

'No, I just want to see your wet body through that lovelly Empire Chiffon'

'arn't we fresh besides its charmeuse ' she said

' No I'm just bored of Berkeley tonight'

'what depression lies in unpaid bills, I will race you to the horizon on three... three'

jerome moore

Bop

I once heard a blue bird
it took me miles and miles past the city limits
to where the monks line up
and dexter lays it down.
wheres bird?
wheres Miles?
wheres the big beat?
co-Mingus the blues
the burn those red houses?
What ever happened to the cats?
predominating
the nature of the chase
and the cool cool beat
under nocturnal haze
free form jerky electric soul.

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Bottlerockets

Bottle rockets Whirrr
In one ear out the other
and birds sing alone.

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Brainwashed

Brainwashed by your legs
eternity at your feet
and tumbling free

jerome moore

Call Girls Have The Loneliest Of Times At Christmas

Holly sleeps until 5pm when it has already began to darken.
Shaves her legs into the toilet, checks the blade for rust.
Keeps a flask of gin in her zebra stripe stockings for cold gods.
Before she showers she shits and reads an old newspaper
with a photograph of her from years back, wrapped in ermine furs and lit up like
a chandelier.
A guest of a famous Spaniard film directors premier. She remembers when the
carriage turned into a gourd and the tiny town was all an icy model inside a snow
globe. She stares down at the bathroom rug and flushes the toilet.

She head out to the icy streets of loneliness.

jerome moore

Capsoletes And Alpha Romeo!

she shot me her death ray eyes,

'YOU TICKLE ME COLLEEN'

How about we stay here for tonight and walk into the sunset? '

(She left something under her breath) as she said to me through cracked walls

'Why don't you take a walk Montague! I have a some capsolets to kill'

I obstinately protested her paroxysm and deduced they were of a playfully passionate nature and she was indeed hard to get.

'Build us a tire swing? '

' Ah jesus Right now? '

'Yes! right now if you have back for it '

Finding a length of rope under a hedge I toss it over a swollen branch of her young mulberry tree, then go into the garage and find a jack,

I spend twenty minutes taking the tires from her old mans Alpha Romeo and throw three of them loon-like into the cloudy lake.

With the fourth tire I make her damn swing, and tangle it up into the top branches

because right then it hit me what she left under her breath, '... I'm splitting'

jerome moore

Cats Cradle! Cats Cradle

Upon our first meeting I began to rhyme.
You sucked the saliva from my tongue, then hid away
when I came up on you clumsily stumbling
you grabbed my pupils and hindered me,
closed me, and inspired me,
but you ever failed to tempt me.

My shoulders bare of savage sands took you by surprise,
the freckles played games in the lolling sea.
and it could not pull us apart, you and me.

Your body began to quiver when the gusts arrived.
with conspiracy behind moonlight and mountain.
Spilling droplets with slang stinging drag.
In time. They all took a stab at you.
They threw their robes at you,
smothering your decadence with their virtue

farewell avid tier
farewell sunshine
cats cradle! Cats cradle.

jerome moore

Ceo (Creed Executive Officer)

Looking beyond the horizontal glow
the clouds in the sky, the fields that pass me by
thoughts that shine through the windows
barren landscape of crosses and steeples reach the heavens
for vantage
The president of the church looks down from his office wrapped with cloud
curtains looks down at his creation.
The neon faith is all you see from this interstate
Gods had it right selling his piffle along with dish soap
and a sponge.

record net profits this year!
and record poor quality of life
wage slavery
exploitation
lobbying in congress
and wheeling and dealing
evangelical cutbacks and ecumenical education
The cooperation of God
reflections on Yahweh
still pencil pushing creation into the landfill
flooding and burning and pillaging
God the destroyer and his Tax breaks.

jerome moore

Colleen

blue for our quarry
blue for our corner restaurant
blue for the late nights
blue for the cape lights
blue for your voice
as blue as the sea
pulling the sky, pulling rivers
pulling salt
pulling for me.

the fields of Verdun,
its windmills
the Meaux,
all in search of you.
The Meuse,
Rhineland,
Seine.
reflections I ripple through
narcissistic
nefarious sea under dock
I feed my itch
quench my thirst
mirror mosaics break me and suck into shore
As Your perfume gets sucked into the salty sands
I go on growing
Even as you begin to wilt and die
I still bud in the spring.

The land is a hall of mirrors
a maze of nerves, flesh and bone,
hills valleys forests...
my feet always itching
on this road Im hitching

jerome moore

Colleen Says

Never, have I seen a boy with as many scars as you.
It's almost like they are an inherent nevus with roots linking your mind to your body, your history with this present moment, your hardships and armor.
I first noticed the one on your upper lip when we made love in the hall.
And, When I saw it, in my eyes, with secular clarity I felt a deep passion for you, and began searching the cosmos of your body for more blemishing marks.

They all spoke to me loudly some of childhood with your adventurous spirit getting into trouble, others of punishments inflicted by your father, some even spooked me tremendously, I imagined the struggles you have had, and all those constellations linked by a thread each scar with the histories, of great legends, each with its place as if without them your skin will loosen and you would unravel in my arms.

What I am trying to say is this, You wouldn't be complete without your scars.
The ones on your knuckles and over your eyes
The tiny bites down your neck, on your wrist, your ribs and your surgery of them!

Even the one you have on the paw of your left foot, you thought couldn't find that one, my bear? how could I forget my favorite, I imagine you do sometimes, I see the memory of that one is particularly painful, and cannot blame you, I imagine you off your feet for weeks. or unnaturally wandering with a slight limp. I want you to love me tenderly and completely. if only you could taste the dopamine in my saliva, youd know that those scars can be mended, taste my divertimento.

I want to trace the bulging veins on your arms which are like the rails connecting your memories to your scars like highways, freeways and expressways, I want to see your throbbing scars your throbbing sex I don't want to be afraid, and I want them to be mine. I guess all this means is that without you I would unravel.

jerome moore

Compass

I walk with a compass in my back pocket
its stuck somewhere between North and Northeast
i cant tell which way the wind blows but I know the layers cut through my steps
and when I find it i will b bound for home.

jerome moore

Consume

What have we come to?
We've gone from hunter gatherers
to consumer hoarders.
Makers and traders to destroyers and spenders
What is it to Consume?
Sounds like a violent tropical storm.

and greed belongs with the weeds
We went from technical knot weavers
to expert shoelace tiers.

Explorers to couch potatoes
travelers to chickens hit
fecund to dry
bowmen to bondsmen

We use to fashion tools
now we fashion ourselves
our abodes
our egos...

Why cant we serve the earth from nine to five?
Why must we continue to be straw men
hollow men
sheepish men
on this treadmill of arrogant consumerism
and artless art
restless rest
and dreamless dreams...
creating craters
filling the earth like fodder...

jerome moore

Court

You are stratifying mica mineral tipped arrow with soft full-bodied cedar flank
fledged by lustrous copper threaded owl feathers soaring through an electrical
nebulous of jellyfish flickering in a billowus trail of bubblebath tenderness closing
into your eyes a chamber void a world composed of electric firmament and
scathing tendrils which have the power of hypnotizing me.

Our intimacy is harmony
giving the good with the bad
your tears and laughter
I am learning about you and myself
everytime we are together.
I am crazy about you
I want you to be happy and
would do anything I can to promote it
You are a reflection in me you conjure out of me
tenderness like sweet honey dripping from a guarded calloused hive of crazy
bees
as the tailfins of a hypnotic spiral balances us and feed our cravings for each
becoming stripped down and barefooted before each other sun spots like confetti
light a thousand colorful balloon somnolently rising into the firmament apogee of
destruction raining down latex skins the breath we breath into the garden we
have and nourish the tendrils that make our union.
that define our season that water our bellies as the fires in us breath out our
innocence like incense and warm other frigid souls around us.

jerome moore

Courtney

hazelnut eyes
caffeine for my soul
you panther
prowling the ruby city
bleeding the suns fingers
your rings
your painted nails
your small hands
the burnt wheat fields
the smell of sage fires
green smoke
and za za zaftig laughter
bouncing in our bellies
crashing citadel cymbals
in amour nightshade

jerome moore

Dear Courtney

I have decided to skip the cold derelict night and stay inside where I am still fairly warm.

Totally digging you tonight! our dates seem to end up running away from us and too soon,

I could chat with you all day long and still feel like I need to dig you more, You make me happy and I feel we understand each other well and right now at this very moment in my life I feel at peace and everything feels right.

I don't miss you because I look forward to the day I can visit you and feel like no time has passed but feel our relationship strong as ever and still growing like I have roots deep in the fertile soils of your soul and you nourish my sense of wonder and curiosity and replenish my spirit with tenderness and this certain fire I feel whenever I think of you, you have the power to burn me and the power to heal my wounds.

I crave your body as a fire but also crave your mind and what you're all about.

know that I have nothing but tenderness for you and a fondness that I have already tried to explain in these words- some things look silly in words...

I love how we can be serious and ridiculous at the same time and still know the chemistry is right.

I guess what I am trying to say is you attract me completely and I haven't felt anything like this in a long time.

Sorry to get cheesy but I couldn't begin to arrange what I feel in any logical understanding so I won't

talk to you sometime, look in the distance for smoke... I have heard evergreen burns the purest... second from skyscrapers

yours

jerome moore

Death

I am racing with the devil.
on my bicycle through traffic downtown
on a country road.
i will collide
when a bus runs me down
that moment my soul will leave my body
I will see the impact
metal flying
brains inside and out
contortions i never thought i could make
shook horror in the eyes of those real life viewers
crying for the boy who was just mangled in traffic
pieces of hair and teeth like fresh roadkill
My soul will witness it all as my limp lifeless body
is taken from the spectacle i will transcend

and When my soul leaves my body
I will be in a garden of a sweet purple lavender.
simple fragrant and eternal...

jerome moore

Desert Tidalwave

Wait for the big one
Naked on this canyon floor
Honeysuckle sprig

jerome moore

Destructive Retrograde

20 americans killed in combat
who shouldn't have been there
20,000 Somalians killed in american bombings
black hawk down
death squads and extermination programs funded by the CIA
what a ratio
the media lies.

jerome moore

Deux Ex Machina

Crucified in time
desert sands scorch my shadow
promise land will flare

jerome moore

Dinner: March 22,2013

spelt

saffron

goji berry

apple

walnut

cocoa

broccoli slaw with veganaise ad sirratcha

smoked black tea

and Pablo laying at my feet

all i need for dinner

jerome moore

Dreaming Of Castles

harbor port
city in cloud
the horse holds his head up high
the girls in their summer dresses swallowed by snakes
ass hips thighs and belly
preparing dinner for the children.

the castle in my mind
rooms the colour of reality
welcome to reality
red
blue
green
black

the bard wakes at dawn canvas shoe on
walks to the water
harbor whistle whining
mexico city
marry
looking gritty
looking pretty
tendrils of smokey dawn
kiss her soiled fingers as she stokes her locks
the water of salt
the dessert of mind
the sucking ocean
finally home

the bard skips stones
and waits for the next boat home
while ruminating on the black snakelike
chimney pipes...

jerome moore

Dreamscape

Man lying on his side
who daydreams
of fruit
and flowers
and caves
and clouds
and beehives
and honey
and all these sensuous things
wakes out of it with an erection.

jerome moore

Duel Between Friends

oh brother,
go into the wood and find a shrub
carve your best bow
when you feel you have, meet me on the beach.
as the tide rolls in ebbing drums and outward flowing wandering lost, one of us
shall be sent with it, drifting with the rise and fall of the sea,
I have crushed berries and made my face up for battle.
If I shall falter know this, I have fought, and won, my battles are never an end. I
have fought and stood stagnant with my demons, to sink like a stone to the
depths of the sea would be my greatest passion.
I have painted my chest with swift strokes so you couldnt miss the mark when
we touch put twenty paces in the sand and fire upon me.
my chest is open dear comrade, and I tear.

we will set a fire
we will catch our lunch at the first light

oh brother cant you see the embers burn in me
the breaze that comes and goes your breath your sweat your grin
I am a roaring fire.
thirsty...

jerome moore

E. All Of The Above

Now that I am taking a break from the cardboard furniture...

I would like to do all or one of the following things with you this very minute

- A. Make a body puzzle.
- B. Cook and eat pizza and fruit with you.
- C. Paint your body with all the purple berries I see here, then shower with you.
- D. Go down on you for hours then cuddle and watch Fellini or Bertolucci.
- E. all the above.

jerome moore

Earth Holds

Earth holds
bare breasted
bushy pits
full milky bread and butter
churning rose hips
delectably simple and
needy
ire whirlpool as the ambrosia tea breeze
warms the nostrils
red pointer tip
the eye of the yolk
staring deeply into my soul magnetism
like Mesmer unleashing the animal attraction
and a magician tucking lace kerchiefs into his sleeve
taking thirds at an all you can eat buffet
stashing croissants in his hat for later

woman of my life
apple of my eye
Earth holds you in my soul.

jerome moore

End To Dichotomy

Freedom of Bondage

Paradigms

Shapes

Photography as theft

Life behind screens; plasma, windows picture frames, glass, Mirrors, filters

Its all about survival

End To Dichotomy.

jerome moore

Exterminating Dante

His body mauled by white leopards.

then scant black Wolves scatter his bones

His new journey; an eyeless search

into some humpty dumpty-like absurdity.

Dante hitching down the road to hades, waiting for the next guy, with his warnings and fearful enlightenment.

History needs a fresh page, one that can grow organically here and now with the science of earth of consciousness.

Those who are with crucified limbs stretching from Heaven to Hell, shackled by this pernicious bondage, pledging obedience to an odious faith becomming hearded abjectly to an abstract master.

indeed 'Abandon hope all ye who enter here'

I see a wheel of a knife thrower.

When mastery is hard to find

with the lie being like nightmares to justify snoring.

jerome moore

Ey These Neon Nights Tumble Around On My Black And White Film Please Excuse Me For Being An Animal Tonight.

I miss your hair and deeply crave it all over the place,
even if you cut it like a boy I will find a new way to miss it.
I need your feet they are always there when I reach,
Its no fetish.
Just wait, Its terrible i can't focus I crave you.
I was invited to this indian joint spicy spicy oh I'm Blushing!

For some strange obscure but not all that pliable reason I want to summersault
all over your place and make out with you on the fire escape and fucc you all
over the elevator, pardon me for sounding like an animal.

charming? I also feel like breaking glass.
Darling if i had the pleasure of being with you at this precise moment I would
take you
softly and eat up the satine that cloaks your thighs then softly explore the
reaches all walks of your body, everything and all and roll and roll around and
around beneath the temple of your bedsheets completely naked before you
touching and fighting to breath sweating and gasping whispering and clawing and
friction and becoming lost deep completely.

Feel my palms on your knees, I am barely touching your thighs, my chest melted
and molded to your breasts and we are like a carousel lit up at sun set spinning
around around like wild tenor nights under the canopy of southern stars and
ether, we are sweating like crazy, can you feel my sex its big purple and
throbbing erect feeling satiated eating up your soft prickly skin with its perfume
and my tongue lolling and dancing in your mouth like a hummingbird you feel it
like a blue bird in your ribs, there is fire in your each time out fleshy tongues
touch my sex rests at yours barely spreading your lotus honey...
Please excuse me for being an animal tonight.

This is terrible gone if i was with you Id explain and applaud, laugh at that if you
will I am silly and want you.

I will slowly revel in you like thousands of tiny feathers finding a place to rest.

If I was in your presence at this precise moment I would unravel, like come

undone.

jerome moore

Fires On The Hillside

I never knew how fires burned
until i see your eyes,
your deep lost eyes,
how they float in trance-like
peril when You look into me
and I feel you puling all the wild animal
passions from my bones my heart my lungs
and explode into smokey quietude laughter.
while fires burn on the hillside and
lightning bugs hide in the attic.
I see a floor of rose hip cedar.
glowing embers like flickering dancers
leaping from the lantern belly our love on a chipping staircase
the old tin heels
the falling of a copper
and the rattle of the radio.
how we collide is how we love every second of it

jerome moore

Five Miles

Five mile traps into the white tundra
the meringue northeaster of two feet of snow.
canvas shoes let the wet soak into my wool socks
Thanks mom moisture never touched my feet
love you,
I have your chile recipe in my mind, in my pack
and my belly waits to get to my door, across the pained wooden
floor perfect in itself, the twisted knotty pine with spur marks and powder
and flour my table where I keep my lantern
I have bermuda rum in my pack
the snow will return this evening and the sun is sinking
the street lamps make the snow pink and the road is dangerous.
I love all who I allow inside, and everyones welcome to my feast...

I pass a cold negro man as I walk through the slums of London
he Asks ' whats happening baby'
So much soul so much gusto.
the should has been removed from men like you and me, and the language of
humanity is three words too long. and longer than this road.

jerome moore

Folding Screen

I want to stand behind a coromandel folding screen
to watch you shed and undress those clothes that hide you.
I want to see everything you hide from in its tattooed shade,
with a voyeuristic eye to your boudoir like a keyhole.

Your beauty is transpiring like a confessional,
your silhouette like a playful flame blown out by the wind!

'I want to see you change from behind that screen.
Then I want to ask you why you let yourself go so easily?

jerome moore

Footloose And Ecocide Free

walking the day away like a tree goddess
dog named purple haze.
sustainable living
land
seed
diversity
bioregions
irrigations
footloose and ecocide free
Rockefeller
standard oil
petroleum chemical
herbicide
pesticide and fertilizer
monocultural boredom
franken foods
and tasteless earth
my hands in the earth
my nose in the dew
from farm to cooperation
from community to farm
the never-ending loop of green
infinity.

jerome moore

Fortress

Lay rocks down by timber
let dwellings make under sky
and clouds mirror night

jerome moore

Forty Miles From The City

Forty miles from the city.
Their radiator messed up,
the buzzards drooling,
ready to pull the plug.
They have his trumpet,
dry bread, hot water...

The Temp outside is hell
The Earth is hell...
The car looks like hell
An exiled pugilist:
The one hundred reasons just to die,
The chorus is the car radio, It speaks Poetry!
The couple must keep one another awake, not fall asleep.

Somewhere threaded through the canyons is a siren, a coffin spitting exhaust.
The madmen are on fire, the clergymen are visiting the meat-house, the women
are in the dusty bars, The children eat ice cream in the morgue, walking the road
to el dorado, paved in rhine stone, smog and jazz and crooked mammoths they
dream and throw blue silks to the desert sky.

Tomorrow is gonna be one hundred plus and she applies lipstick.
In late evening, two fans circling overhead, they sleep tangled in their mess.
With thumb out to the clouds they begin the doldrums of death.

jerome moore

Four Hours Until You Break

Its like a snow storm predicted on your wedding day, and no snow.

Its like a holiday bus schedule and no way home but the thumb.

Its like an engine cracking and oil spilling out into the road.

Its like no oil in the tank and no heat for weeks.

Its like pouring soup into a processor and having it leak into the electric gears

Its like being knocked out but still on your feet.

its like no clean underwear and at a job interview.

Its like the wife working late.

Its like cuboards full of dog food.

Its like three car pile up on the expressway in the summer with a broken thermostat.

Its like a desire quenched but not satisfied.

Its like another young certificate holder replacing an old timer.

Its like the soup kitchen running out of food.

Its like heaven being too full of dead soldiers.

Its like a head injury, a lobotomy, or a mental numbness.

Its like an equation rewritten to work.

Its like one plus one equals four.

its like a river runs in reverse.

Its like wonders of the universe revealed and lackluster.

Its like history is make-believe and your generation is the first subjects.

Its like a hangover and sour stomach two hours to get to work and two hours of sleep

and four hours until you break

jerome moore

Frottage Heavy Petting Mutual Masturbation

She tells me to meet her where the street dancers busk it.

leaves In the crowd I find her and begin a frotteuristic grind ? 'i want your body on me'

electric hands on her waist her butt rising in heat and sinking like on the tide of the hip hop. Then I follow her into a changing stall at the galleria where we engage in heavy petting, then we finish ourselves off in the elevator to the street of mutual masturbation ... When I get to the apartment with a new shower curtain they are sitting at the table eating some sort of Pasta and meat sauce Cam telling her to EAT! ...

News: sexual assaults on bunker hill, car arson in alston, bodies found gang style cement shoes...

jerome moore

Full Blotto Again

dinning in the wine glass, its cheap

Jimmy says to me

'Relax kid,

dames come and go,

let em!

nothing keeps you warm at night

like a bottle of scotch,

and it dont talk back neither'

And the pamphleteers click their heels to the rev rev revolution, counter clicks
chanting a tragicomical cha cha in the sprit of sacco and venezetti.

The spider women patch up our social unions, with Goldman waves in their hair.

Helen Keller reading from their well embroidered quilt.

The workers discuss economics and property, Marx-like oiling the machinery.

They march, but not to destroy!

They dance, but not the dance to death!

They sing out but not out of tune!

They chant and drum, locked spirits in solidarity.

Under earthly clouds that look like Gandhi and Che, Huey Newton and Malcolm X
Denizens flout the banksters, thumbs to the air from ruby noses,
passing shoulder to shoulder the maudlin ladies of unbridled appetite, whos
faces are in the blender.

The kids who sleep on the crusts of the street venders peddling Bakunin to the
holes left in the wall.

In lady liberty reflects a femme fatale, while sleepy dreamers wait for godot.

and the sponsored law derisively cracking peace like a tin egg,

with drug deals going down in Harlem.

I take action to my breast and she has vanished in my cataract passion, spirit of
my being, heart of my house, she opens her blue umbrella which seems to be
lost in the sky, tragedienne, audaciously taunting the NYPD her Artimus bow
strung with chortling and yelps, her legs bursting out of her red dress. mother
revolution, She is in the air.

full blotto!

and I took my rights for a walk.

jerome moore

G My ght

Lets put it this way.

I am the road and your trying to stay awake at the wheel.

You play loud music,

play with all the dials and temperatures.

You scream and tap your nails on the steering wheel and

even start to drive your fingers between your thighs to keep from crashing.

The sun is hitting and and I haven't even slept yet either

and the dew drips like honey off metals and I am sweating

How do you think the road is going to feel about you crashing?

Good night my driver.

jerome moore

Give Her A Little Freaky Freaky She Looks Frustrated

I was feeling at that precise moment or me seeing her sober, but she was beautiful. And she was looking right through me though, which honestly made me uncomfortable, like I was in the line of fire. I sensed the pressure build up in that tiny room like we were trapped in a tea kettle. Under the placid top layer there was a boiling core waiting to erupt in its tin belly and ricocheting like a gun scream in a belfry. I looked at the debris, which covered the kitchen floor. Camden was dancing around the kitchen island like a man on fire he had a broom in one hand and an oven-mit in the other. Leah was screaming like a sub-humanoid in heat. "You treat me like a kid! , I am not an idiot! "learn how to cook and I will stop treating you like a little girl" Leah became irate, the air didn't smell like burnt meat anymore, it had more the aroma of hemlock all was either melting or burning into the night.

jerome moore

Glockenspiel December 2012

shot of Puerto rico

Which calmed me right the first time.

We make it to Buks nobodies eating, they line the bar like christmas wreath, tinsel and lights.

I order a water that I plan to mix my whiskey in (The fifth which I smuggled in) and she ordered something off the Mayflower with a dark amber colour.

Two Vegan Burgers (homemade) With lettuce tomato onion and chunky peanut butter.

the greasiest potato fries you could imagine the cook re-using.

just like my water

just like my table

and just like a toilet.

We arrived at the airport at midnight

moving around like gypsies setting up out blankets and camping out until morning:

Floor washers

memories of Zurich in the wake of Eyjafjallajökull

refugees

cripples

we laugh and dance and slide on our bodies

we even find escalators to get naked under and sleep

the metal clock sounds like a glockenspiel

made of glass, of belts, wooden croquet mallets, giant gum balls

like mousetrap

We felt like prisoners

so we go to the big christmas tree and sleep beneath its bows

cuddling and digging each other to four am

airports remind me of graveyards.

jerome moore

Go With The Flow

a sprig of hemlock tea
coats my lips
like a lip balm

and the music opened like an umbrella overhead

I blow almond tasting kisses to the beautiful girls dancing in the alleyway
and just before it hits them
it climbs their frenetic bodies slowly
just like a cold...

and ice water can sometimes burn you
and hot lights can often blind you
and no love can seldom kill you
I clap hands like chalkboard erasers and go with the flow.

jerome moore

Heil Marry

Heil mary full of grace

GOD is love

GOD is in business

GOD is base

GOD is a tyrant

Heil mary for the Army with this years record suicides

fun facts which the brochure hides

jerome moore

Her Zebra Painted Legs.

As when Pinochet seized control of La moneda in santiago neon sunrise.

I see you as a Pinata

exploding at the temples and the beaches, Like a blown safe.

From you I see:

wax lips,

plastic diamond rings,

Crackerjack prizes.

stained popsicle sticks,

lollipop flutes,

Shadows like nylon tights nailed to my feet.

wooden hands,

screams,

firecrackers,

crayons,

sugar cubes,

falcon feathers,

tiny umbrellas,

and all your marbles spilling... spilling...spilling... beneath my painted zebra legs

I hate seeing your head breaking.

jerome moore

'Hey I Know You, You're The Guy Who Sold Me The Jag! "

"hey I know you, you're the guy who sold me the jag! "

The lights flicker and the stage spins

The man became a ersatz mannequin a straw man and the crowd began to roar
and awww and oooo their eyes covered with three dimensional glasses.

I am not an addict or a liar or a needy type

I am a mirror one could look into and feel welcome
the abuse in me is your broken reflection.

Walls begin to breath

cotton bandages

the curtain turns into a column of concrete

jerome moore

Holiday Fire

Out on the diving board above shimmering stars,
stars burning on brandy and excelsior.
I watch the shoppers skate the icy slopes of meaningless
slippery and melting down into their tracks.
the clergy just left on the A train
and carolers have turned into junkies.
Why must we be plugged into a network
our minds sucked dry like batteries to our devices
what ever happened to fire?

jerome moore

Homomatopoeia

Hiss,
Grunt,
roar
Gibber
growl
screech
Humm
drone
buzz
chirp
whistle
tweet
boom
yelp
cry
Bell
bark
squawk
woof
howl
quack
croak
cackle
cluck
hum
scream
chatter
pipe
sing
roar
oink
coo
moo
groan
trill
whinny
pansy
fop
shush

Roark!

jerome moore

Hunger

You give me lion
strength in the veracity
of my hunger for all.

jerome moore

I Don'T Want To Be Rich... Rudiments Of A Killing Floor. Semblance Of A Dream.

The cold wind floats in war cries of past tribes.

The spirits of these plains inhabit the prairie fires.

When I enter one of those places, you know gambling houses?

people often ask me howling how I made out,

sometimes un verbal and in their eyes.

I answer Alive.

They say thats the spirit but little do they know we all have our weight
and I never gamble.

Life is dubious enough and the turns are immense, and the luck piece of lint in
the wind

my inside out pockets like sails lead me to paramount freedoms all in the realm
of now

what could be is uncertain and what was is lackluster.

I don't chase my losses.

I smoke

I drink

I lie

I Steal

Money Is nothing to me

and my love of life Brings me out of the gambling house alive.

I make music with my pen, still things melt, and static nudes jump, celebrate.

Gambling houses are worldly microcosms inhibited by all races, religions, and
socio economic casts.

When I met a vietnamese patron I asked if they remember My Lai remember
cluster bombs, operation rolling thunder?

The arabs, Desert storm?

The Puerto ricans, Bootstrap

The ecocide, democide, plague, famine, Small pox Blankets,

The blacks, blood diamonds, Tuskegee, Katrina, King, Malcolm, Mumia?

Americans, Business wars that took the lives of your sons and daughters,
PNAC,1776,1917,1969,1984,911?

Maybe We forgive and forget?

Maybe its like the repression a rape victim uses to move on?

Maybe its the educational system?

Maybe its the snake oil?

Maybe the analysts?

I don't want to be rich, that's a dream, only die comfortable with dignity and love.
Incubi and succubi hover above the smokey killing floor
The American Indians have amnesia
Or just do what they have to to get by
There is a specter on these plains and that rag used to capture it is covered in
blood
The tower of Babel disguised as the entertainment industry.
And the greedy spirits laugh with the ignorant...

jerome moore

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jerome moore

I Have Died On My Birthday

I walk
through empty fields
empty diamonds
there is smoke fire ash
clove
chain links on the fence.
my mind is listening to things
it has never.
Sitting on the empty bench,
home team with no visitor.
to be born again
from this ash,
fly away fly away.
running wild in the streets
spinning on these Ferris wheels.
one time I was content but I asked for space
now I got it,
its so dark and empty.
where does it end?
I walk alone these days.
we were simple
we didn't have to use words
just feelings.
how simple were we when the autumn took
to the pages of my journal
the world was ugly
but in our shell we heard Oceans
waves rocks birds.
we jumped in
when the rain came
hung our feet out the windows
of cars
attics
there were beds
strangers beds, our beds
we made love over the sleeping city
we stretched our curious wings
I thought it could bring us back to life
I made my nest now I have to sleep in it

cha ciao

we've seen the country in license plates

we fought through the fog smoke

when we got hit out of the sky and fell into the soil the soot

I tried to bring you back to life

I fall in love with shimmering pieces I see through the mirror

much too often I drown narcissistic and shallow

much too often

I can make mosaic out of memories

My imperfections

My idiosyncrasies

My tragic loves

between you and myself

jerome moore

I Just Don'T Want You Losing

My brother said he's found a real job
an old time labour job.
in the present time quagmire of customer relations.

My brother goes in for the eight hour day in the bowels of the Oregonian
newspaper.
He sits at his perch on the mechanical grimacing monster which carries the paper
to him, then he proceeds to insert advertisements for the corporate markets the
city events...
He is afraid to get hepatitis on the ancient conveyer belt turgid with white printed
papers
but takes great pride in his work.

I always say 'hey Josh you ever want to put vanguard propaganda and
pamphlets instead of corporate inserts raise public awareness and
consciousness? rally and picket strike and all that comes with that type of
nostalgia? '

' why should i complain I get paid more than minimum wage. and besides this is
a different time'

' It may be a different time but the system is still the same just more covert its
a new generation brains on the assembly line ignorant of the true civil war still
being fought today under different paradigm'

: that has nothing to do with me I go in make money and get back to my life'

' I just don't want you losing an arm to the machine it would only be a paper cut
on the finger of production it will heal'

jerome moore

I Like To Get Drunk And Play The Keys

I like to get drunk and play the keys
let it be the old eighty eight damper box
or Remington ink blotter
I have traveled through the brush
to a pagoda out of this world
the keys are left in the lock and fancy free
and I got my pulpit of beer some full notes
some sour, all notes thrown at the walls
all notes float in my ear.
some notes have grown fur
and some notes have not been written yet
The mongolia pedals.
The Magnolia petals pollinated by beetles, under pagoda vibrating sky chased
clouds.
my fingers trace a rainbow from the cracked sharp to the bottomless flat
and i always wake up with music in my head.

jerome moore

I See The Earth Flicking Us Off Like Fleas

I am a man who has never seen painted eyes weep.

The bloody ends of the fading firmament
drop glittered lashes into her bright pools
pools that skate on a hand mirror.

The stars never blush
The breeze never falls from the sky
The Moon never bites
The droning of machines constantly whine

To build me a house out of match sticks
and set off fireworks to its gables,
gables which cut me like scissors.

Its unnatural to be awake
Nightly like this
Plugged into power grids
Drinking in decadence,
Dancing under artificial prowesses.

I see the Earth Flicking us off like flees.

jerome moore

I Tell You Courtney What Your Room Is Missing Is A Black Panther

We stood at a point!
where your kitchenette met your dinning nook.
We did our circus act vacated all netting,
You revealed me your new brazzier with nude lace.
We melted crayons with a hot glue gun,
where you melted my toes, my palm, my neck.
We took our chalk to the street,
You drew upside down crosses on the church wall, and I I drew a pentagram.
We wrote BLACK PANTHERS ALL OVER NEW LONDON!
where the alleyways sucked their piss filled bellies in,
and the bums vomited in-between meals.
We ate hummus pizza on the rooftop with shiraz wine,
and made plans to travel to Costa Rica, without your boyfriend.
you asked me if my batteries ever ran out as I threw my shoes over the ledge.
Later that night we laid distant while the nighthawks drag raced with the cops!
and I thought of Mahler as drifted away to sleep.

jerome moore

I Took My Drum And Beat It

. I took my drum and beat it as they say
-sounding like I had a tambourine in my pants!
I reasoned that some ferocious sublimation on the esplanade was on the menu.
It might do me a whole lot of good,
maybe not for my aching eyes;
no that be a wonderful tonic, but to help clear my cracked head.
It was going on Ten a.m.
I had to break away
The day was beautifully mild,
a sweet smoke hung in the air like a mothers bedtime song,
I saw it spit from tiny black exhaust pipes beyond tar syrup rooftops,
the cranes that sit in the harbor mist, and ancient brick smokestacks.
The leaves had already started their metamorphosis turning like clockwork,
falling like butterflies; falling like the leaves of the calendar twisting like the
gears of the clock face.

It was autumn! I felt it in the swells of my guts "perfect day for
cycling". I wanted to get a quick bite to eat

jerome moore

I Want To Make Love To You... I Don'T Even Dream About It

I didn't tell you my dream last night i can only remember this fragment where laying in your bed us under blankets.

It was dark and the light from outside made shadows on your walls you also had a pet peacock a white one with beautiful blue and green and orange feathers.

We kept pulling these little globes or orbs from under the blanket and and held them in our palm and then we would throw(individually) them up to your ceiling then they would get bigger and light up your room, they glowed blue pink sea green and neon orange some purple Like big holiday lights) and the shadows would turn into animals of tinted color there were zebras, and lions and falcons, and i think there was a snake, and sea turtle... maybe all the lights at that club I went to last night?

I want to make love to you... I don't even dream about it... I want to throw colour globes into the sky and roll trash cans down a steeping sleeping street with you.

jerome moore

Idlewave

They did well in sexual and crystallographic earth,
with their expressions and dialects ad hoc.

'be your own shit'

'never piss into the wind'

it is a light conversation we hash, intensified by drums
startled then trampled by a thirty key detailed roll in the hay,
its the type of motion, its tidal wave from a role in the bay but now its a darker
wave or as he asked disaster?

jerome moore

If My Baby Was A Weapon

If my baby was a weapon
Shed slice off my eye lids.
She turns me like a skeleton key.
We built a scarecrow and hid in his ribs!
We threw dishes across the room and fucc out loud.
In a factory turned loft apartment the snaking river leads us home.
Staring up from her bed at the crack in her ceiling
we watched for the ladybugs that come from its womb-like vestibule.
In the fields we throw laughter to the wind
and she spread out on our picnic blanket under the stain glass canopy

her panties ruffled under the vestibule like dead leaves.
and her juices spread like honey next to the tall glass at the bottom of the world.
and I was blindly stalked by her scent into to a bloody mulberry tree.
It was all clear when she'd smoke then blow it through the keyhole, now it
seems forbidden and undone.

jerome moore

In Your Eyes Its Alchemy

In your eyes,
waves crashing on jagged rock tips
between their hulking fingers
like white lace
on the fertile flesh
the voluptuous coast
the dimples in the the dunes
there is a harvest moon hung between two towers
and a tightrope stretched between them
tigress and panther roam the beach
the sun hangs laterally on the horizon
and vulcan weaves his nets
tosses them into the bed of the sea
out in the waves your laughter
like the surface viewed from bellow
passing through the glowing clouds
clouds that swim by like scarves thrown to the breeze
in your eyes its alchemy

jerome moore

Jealousy Is Born

to the pundits of the flesh and pulsing things.

Your institutional love (religion, state, Ethics)

To the men who believe woman want to be dominated, and held under a monogamous monopoly. owned as concubines.

For woman who, with age, brings war, who need securities like: money, home and fancy things.

fraud formula of body and spirit unto death.

therefore the legal religious and moral sex charade supplies the whips and chains for an unnatural love, tortured by this stupidity, ignorance and prejudice, they both remain docile.

Take any couple tied together, dependent upon each other

in feeling and thought, sheltered from outside interest or desire, and could it not become hateful and unbearable in time.

they bring out the shabbiest of human traits in their longing to be individuals once more. courage and liberation could save these poor souls, from the green eyed monster who lures them into its murky mire.

jerome moore

Jean Beads

Jean beads the rigorous companion
a traffic jam on the crowding freeway
chain of light relay of sound

jerome moore

Just Be Sure Not To Rock The Boat

Martyrs are for the check out line
And saints are for the tail gaiters.
Faith has always been fed to the poor,
And corporate interests
Has always been a feeding frenzy, off shore.
Jesus has become like Santa, forgotten with age.
And humanity is in a new age,
Where revolutions only move in cycles,
Always coming back on itself.
Feminists are for the today show,
And the police protect private property.
The media writes the history books.
And the capitalists store their monies like blood.
We need progression; we can spare the rod, and eat the meek.
Or eat a banker?
Our texts are destroyed, without war, bombs and blood.
we kill each other with government approved narcotics guns and poor living
situations; with road rage and mistaken identities, in false flags and fast food,
the Nazis didn't realize what they were doing to their fellow man.
Reality is mirrored on late night programs, and Pluto is better hidden away.
The workers are sacrificed to the Moloch, the bogymen, the Politian's.
The american dream is for those who are sleeping,
and realizing this is like turning on the light to catch the darkness
boycott Authority, Question the church, Know your history, burn it all down to
regrow, turn off the television, put your phones aside and talk to your comrades,
dont just serve the owners, serve create sustain, and be happy. Just be sure not
to rock the boat.

jerome moore

Karmaintoxication

God they had to be no older than 20, and boy did they look run-in.

The sun had just gone down over the pawtuxet river when they had caught me, not completely off-guard but not all together on, it was the hour- the hour of the night dwellers the homeless make a killing on nights like tonight when the party crowds are out on the town looking for a real good time.

They were all sitting near the south end of the central park with what looked like a shopping cart full of boxes. I couldn't make them at first but as I approached these denizens one broke the chill air " say could you spare me some change? I am on the streets you know"

coming closer into the dim street lamp I saw how utterly run down this boy was and how in the lines and his eyes and in light he was truely gone.

Here take a few beers thank you

jerome moore

Kissing The Eye

The window was washed out.

Wild animals out of place

and there was silence.

All was nothing

All was bright

All was at peace!

The vestal virgins sang in their chambers

and the pharmacy began peddling their drugs.

the white of the eye was red in the sky

Irritated and snaking like a exposed electrical wire.

The village was hung over

with broken fences, roosters in trees

and we were kissing

While the White church was on fire

set from our roaring bellies....

The windows shattered

and out of the deep silence a scream then a whimper

as we stood kissing the eye of the storm.

jerome moore

Lauren

I flip the sign on the door, and dim the lights.
Come dance and feel the music flow through you.
It caresses you and heightens your senses.
The sensual moves touch your soul.
Records thin until dawn and the birth of passions mixed with berry and the
greatest wines
our wa wa's and our tales, a harsh chord ringing in the dark bedroom.
Bicycle thieves of a screwball night
the sun from the rooftops and little Italy, had to turn my face.
Look at the sun sinking like a ship.
Traveling all around the world in one night and I am still spinning
.glittering minerals, like fireworks and stone after a rain shower.
The clays turn soft on the coast.
We are two islands; you bring your spice to my shores and watch my sunrise.
I will bring my poems and read until the sun sets and your eyes grow heavy.

jerome moore

Lazulite

lazulite splendor
Seen though lace windows in night
tidal waves of bliss

jerome moore

Le Petite Mort

Slow death

Minuet marching bands

Laughing loon and spooky foxes

Bachs fugue playing with fingers like spiders

Debussy picnics under baudelaires fountain strings

while distant cities chime handels musical clock

to the swan of saint saens farse

and whirring firebird and requiem

I live each minute like years

and I am 26

hour of the wolf

what would you do in an hour?

jerome moore

Let It Pour By Lf

caged birds are all we are. wings clipped pinned back until the blood starts to pour. what we have is never enough. until the day we die we'll be screaming 'more more more' they stare and point they poke and tap. they try to take us home. fingers through the cold bars antagonizing us...teasing us. one lick of freedom is what we taste on their human hands. our beaks break for the familiar touch. we bite the hands that feed us until the blood stops pouring. malnourished with the unrealistic realities. fallacies. trapped and suffocating under the neon lights...open twenty four are vulnerable. our feathers are fleeing. burning out. falling out from the attention of others. all the wrong attention was never our intention. what we wanted was to just be unlocked. to be free. to feel the wind push us back to where we belong. to fly away. to not feel so h o l l o w.

the keys right there in his mouth. my eyes light up with the thought of escape. 'if you unclip my wings, i'll unpin yours.' the humans just keep pouring through the doors to see the main attraction... but we're missing out on the action. 'hurry sir' we sing and sing. but he doesn't hear a thing
all he does is s w a l l o w.

(all hope flees

Thank you my soul love.5 years later I found the key

jerome moore

Life Among The Dying Earth

I remember you as life against the dying sun.
Fire burned white and pure heat
a river that finds freedom in the labyrinth sea
morning glory among decaying leaves
jocund breeze
supple laughter
taciturn connection
twilight the autumn of daylight
you swinging on our tire
you having your allergic reactions!
we pointed to our stars
traced lines amongst their splendor
lines too bold to hold our wandering souls
where ever we will be
my Lauren
we will be free
and welcome

life among the dying earth

jerome moore

Like An Old Friend

Spring Returns like an old friend
Home from war.
He carries on the same as ever
only he is colder and cries more often.

Home from the war
But hardly finished
Never finished so long as there is life to grow
and cycle wars will be fought.

Summer has returned like that old traveling salesman.
Traveling east to west

Toeless Boots
No clouds float around his head
Hazy day dream
He has a bad back and charred perspective and shivers in autumnal dread
and by winter he'll be buried in his steel coffin.

jerome moore

Like I Being Shot By A Diamond

I ascended the stairs, stopping on alternative steps.
A memory had cracked the sky,
For the first time in the 4 years since it happened,
It was as if I was shot with a diamond.
There We were Colleen all those years back watching Apocalypse Now,
in my bed,
but not really watching.
I got up and asked you if I could put you in the torture rack.
You stood up, slipped me your underwear, and I lifted you up onto my bare
shoulders; gently, spinning around my room
until we both couldnt take it anymore.
I woke up and heeded back down the stairs.
there will be others how could the breaze just fall out of the sky?
tides pay no toll.

jerome moore

Limelight Crossing

Fools turds clowns hip straight square yuppie entitled
parade crossing the street grasping at limelight
disparity and sadness
ten seconds then back to nothing

jerome moore

Lord

The Lord
makes me lethargic
orders me around
tells me to rely on his light
destroys every hope of free will

Doomed
Rider
Of
Light

L
orders
Re strictive
Days

Don't
Remain
Obtuse
Long

Life
Only
Runs
Daily

Doom
Rewinds
On
Luck

Lord
Offers
Rye
Drinks
Does
Religion
Objectively
Lend

Logic
Or
Rational
Deduction?

A burning bush hidden behind its smoke

What droll assertions

jerome moore

Lust For Life

I look out across this restless sleeper car blind, then to my side.
The face I saw bone-like under that gloomy window light, terrified me.
I know this train is breaking into the future, past the thread of my youth, beyond
my
Childhood, my defeats and my worth while victories.
I look under the lamp, there was an empty seat, and see my brother, happily
married!
I look to the emergency box in the front of the car and
I think of my mother, beside me bringing me out of my unconsciousness,
her face like the glint of breaking sunlight through winter ice.
And I sleep for a minute, maybe several then wake to my bed.
What else could I need besides her hair, her shoulders, her craziness, her little
nose.
She dropped her head on my shoulder and we saw the sunlight break through
dense fog,
wafting through windows like ghostly curtain, a newfangled frontier.
When we got off the train it was morning. The storm glazed over my hometown,
under the umbrella of night.
And I looked out to the cemetery and saw all its restless residents dancing? It
was beauty
Just then she hit me with powdery snow, it exploder like new year celebration
and with it came a drunkenness, a lust for life and we rolled around in peace like
everything made sense, and nothing was finished.

jerome moore

Madness

Madness

a string holding too much upright

a belly of sour booze

a head full of saw dust

a match burning the finger tips

a subway decapitation

a midnight tarmac rumination

a willing submission to the frantic frenzy of traffic

jazz phrases

circles

moans

ululation!

Madness

a delirium

a lie

a dream

a law

a mindful escape

an artful reprieve

Madness

some can cope others submit

Madness

a part of being human

we are all mad in our own ways by our own praxis

jerome moore

Mahlerman

There is so much on my mind,
oh soul
I begin to write but cannot tell where i am
Where am I driver?
freedom without ransom
choice without ultimata
like I'm lost in the creases of an origami cityscape
and it is disguised in a cluster of arabesque balloons which float
all sillyass!
under bumper to bumper light flash lasers into eternity and beach
there is a gone whistle from bellow the prison grates.
lava boils in the bowels of the beast
and my heart cant beat with its rhyme rhythm
apogee winks and I have already been around the neighborhood twice
sharing this bus with a fool on suicide watch
his eyes have to laugh every five stops
so he won't eat depression...

jerome moore

Maine Woods

Rooftops echo like a canyon lake
crashing all around me it leaks
thunder growls hard and loud in the bushes
loud enough to put fear of god in me
drops drip into the tent like time
I share a tent with my brother both shaking wearily,
and I cry a little in front of my brother and he understands,
as the rain collects in puddles under our human bodies shaking
and the storm is quiet until the window closes

jerome moore

Masculine Feminine

Masculine

Masculine

Blue eyed baby

Golden dirty hair

Dry peach skin

Painted boy

Passionate egoist

Romantic

Tragic and free

I nearly exist.

Moment

Feminine

Berries stain her feet

outside of sex

Peach flesh

Scented Spice

always laughing

always laughing

hair tangles to reach me to grab hold of me many shades of brown

Earnestly cluttered

Claustrophobic darkness

The years

The Years

Twilight breeds the autumn of day.

I look at the mountains in the distance and it terrifies me

to know that the darkness goes on and on

Tragic free wild rebellion

Lack of more of

lack of morals

Sirens rip the air, dancing in the streets, fires from clouds.

And I put my ear to the door

And the door knocks!

And i jump back.

I retreat into my dream and the cold floor creaks

And my feet bleed

as I step over broken glass

Lack of color death of joy

Film slides, Victrola.

Guitars. Horns. Tits. and lights.

My bare feet touch the damp wet street and I press and pass the soulless.

Alley cats and sewer rats wonder

Neon dank and sleazy!

We exist in a hypnotic golden spiral

Out of the night I wake tangled somewhere else.

jerome moore

Memento Mori

Like a bull out of its tragic cage,
charging upon the red narrow streets,
I pounded the pavement through riverside corridors.
My cadence was erratic,
dictated by the music in my ear and I couldn't stop.
When I rode the time moved backwards,
all to my first bicycle a huffy BMX,
where I learned how to pick myself up off the ground,
dust my pants and soar.
Since them days I've lived life behind bars.
The Buzcocks were in my ears telling me something goes wrong again.
I headed East on Charles street,
swallowing something,
a fly that didn't quite satiate me,
and spent a few blocks trying to hack it.
The world was decaying around me,
Sic transit gloria mundi! glory fades...the glory fades.
I took commercial avenue to Longfellow.
I zigzagged in and out of joggers, students, and tourist types.
Trucks, vans, cars, and busses were all in my way.
I saw insatiable sailboats floating across the bay, trapped in their crystal swells.
They reminded me of lost kites (lost in the clouds) ,
lost in the way they held onto and went into the wind.
Suddenly I took an oblique right somewhere
(you got to love one-way streets)
and met Cambridge Street.
I followed it all the way down to a seething Tremont street.
I was chasing the devil
Memento Mori

jerome moore

Mendicant Heart

polarity of reptiles
rubicon of evolution
mendicant heart
fear of money
survival and dominion over finite resources
equation of surviving with overindulgence
consumer perception
control of circles
our female sun

and the moon was inverted
as if the Earth rolled over on its side
and I let out a sigh

jerome moore

Mental Muscle For L.

mental muscle,
mapless
among the choir in the dying landscape
mosaic
chartreuse love songs
at the gate of the forest
in the nets
in the nests
fiery gems
in our house
under makeshift tee pees
ribbons snaking through the cosmic constellations
rivers under the ocean

jerome moore

Moments Before I Face The Village

The wind, sound as a wave clapping on the rocks
clove smoke wilting lilies the table collecting dust.
its brash the colds sway and burn rash
body limp I sit in my drawing room flimsy curtains décor
what is this? the wind speaks
i have nothing left to give this room warmth
the oxygen poison
skeletons line my walls
the throne is boarded up.
artificial stimulants run through my body
the taste of charred clove wick used to hold your breath
the rush of blood through my body you used to excite with sight, touch, smell
and taste
chemcles mixed in a drink a cocktail shot to my nerves with movement and I
move my feet in tune to the music drunkenly swaying into dark alleyways,
stumbling and ranting leaving the bar-front doors blowing windward.
howling into the night
sic transit gloria
the fire comes to life
the lune cry out
in sad verse
what are they saying in there mysterious tongues?
no more wood
I cut the table down
waiting for the day
the light
that which burned most effortlessly
brightly is that made with hands of craft
I sweat it out, and by dawn hope is crust in the earth.

keep for me the locket tangled in your tarantula grip
keep in you the memory of me for I will remember for we
shall overcome
does love truly fade?

jerome moore

Moments Tuned In

Cup your hands to the falling rain
See its transparencies and colors,
Watch the colors turn into sounds,
Sound becomes vision,
But don't try to catch its flow,
Just let it bleed between your fingers...
Red breast and blue nose

jerome moore

Mooch Winnipeg

her hands curve,
around the arching spiral lattice.
Dancing the steps above oblivion,
onto impestuous poison whisps,
Erect spine,
whiplashed sea flower under ligatures.
Goddess in a garden of shells,
with arms like fingers
Shiva Linga let your eternal snakes dance
I wear the skin of a tiger who stands not a chance.

jerome moore

Mormon Parade

We invite you to march
in our mormon parade
come and be saved
by our mormon parade.
Throw stones in a hat and
sink it to the bottom of a colored pool
and watch fires burn all around our fellowship
and zone out the howls and screams
No, Here take a card anyway.
watch the confetti string out like wild hair
watch the colored paper take to the wind
like voluminous breasts that cannot be contained any longer.

got a shoe chronic
got a liquor chronic
got a sex chronic
got a clean chronic
got a homosexual chronic
got a violence chronic
got a put down chronic
got a narcosis chronic then you will love us

then take our card
give up your pleasures
come and be slaved... (SAVED)
and join our parade.

jerome moore

Mortalcoil

I almost got hit by a jaguar today catching the bus this afternoon...
The driver told me not to do that again,
I told her you ain't kidding!
she said you cant catch the bus when your dead...
.and I assured her when I am dead I wont need to use the bus...

jerome moore

Moving In To 131

Drunk driving

drive before starting the car

seat belt buckled in passengers

drive out of state in wrong lane

throw all the open cans and bottles to the side of the road

wake up and drive to providence

sally got the U-haul straight and rubbed the fender of a neighbors forester

meat swings and mothern man from same named strangers

John plugs up the toilet and the gas stoves deflating

couch won't fit

magician couldn't saw it in two

and the little birds flounce in their hip huggers

aloof and giving it away for free

Josh tells me soul is awareness cogency and consciousness

I tell him look at those girls desire to be wanted

the way they move, Clothed In Gravity

jerome moore

Mummifiers Two

A winds veil is tangled
into the tops of those trees,
and the ashen clouds roll in then.

The alfalfa receives white powderstep makeup,
while gymnasts hang there tights on swollen branches.
and Crooners hide in bunches behind the maidens lilly white reps
their Trumpets burried nose over tail wailing frenetic-like bop.

The mummifires and the widow;
touching the soil were the jackle once hid,
fingering the sea where the ship once lay
tongue and cheek sailors whisper in purity, rings of blood diamond
off love lost horizons and bitter clandestined nights.
The plague of being this.
Lost at dark in the growling infinity.

jerome moore

My Death

I am racing with the devil.
on my bicycle through traffic downtown
on a country road.
i will collide
when a bus runs me down
that moment my soul will leave my body
I will see the impact
metal flying
brains inside and out
contortions i never thought i could make
shook horror in the eyes of those real life viewers
crying for the boy who was just mangled in traffic
pieces of hair and teeth like fresh roadkill
My soul will witness it all as my limp lifeless body
is taken from the spectacle i will transcend

and When my soul leaves my body
I will be in a garden of a sweet purple lavender.
simple fragrant and eternal...

jerome moore

My Eyes The Color Of Water

The fool
Thinks
He could
Cast
Off Those
Chains
of LOVE

But Soon
they will
Become heavier
than Ever!

and my eyes the color of water

As she forgot of that ocean pulling her out,
she wakes without a song and then drowns
without a sound.

jerome moore

My Garden

Hey guess what
i cannot keep it n any longer.
I will be eating up clouds forests and ash before long!

I cannot wait
Ive got so much to show you!
I dont even count the days any longer
they are counting for me.
But enough of this chatter of nature things
The only nature I need is your natural naked body tangled in mine,
wet inside and out
like we were sleeping on the shoreline
and the sea moves around us.
the blue scarf you hangover your lamp
the ocean of your eyes
the yield of your flax
I am on my way

my garden.

jerome moore

My Little Cyclone

My little cyclone,
my little storm.
It Is autumn, again.
Its you, again,
and you have layed an unencumbered burden on me
by not forgetting.
I cant hide it,
how you've been playing around my senses lately, no,
not like allergies.

I look up to the amputated clock, see its gloomy eyes and sing to myself,
rememeber that melody?
I thought I could forget.
Like clockwork you come running your dress floating above your strong legs, like
flowers. returning to our fallowed out fields.

But,

You are still out there in the cold,
in the darkness which waits at my door.
The pure fire that I had made, that morning when
I left you there sleeping, has covered up for warmth.

I dig callus hands into the moist soil where we had roots,
my veins sucking up nutrients to feed my weakened bones.
Satiated, I run, with wanderlust, back home
to catch the breath you feathered towards me, with hints of oh, pumpkin spices.
You are out there!
knowing we have lived all seasons in our one,
a whole day under the sun,
a whole lifetime of everlasting moments,
closer than those dying to escape,
we have been bored with words,
on levels above consciousness, beyond common love.

bring me your delicate hands,
Because, because just knowing you are out there:
exploring, making impresions, learning,,
and inspiring.

To know I had thought you (as you say)
the important things in life.
To know that I measure my steps to the day I rest
at your gate once more,
without ruminations on the time, and you,
can bury your hands with mine.
my little cyclone
believe me that will be one of my golden moments.
I cannot, my little storm, I cannot,
rebuild without your love.
I need your hands, your arms, your eyes.
I need your your fingers,
delicately rubbing my neck through my hair,
cradling my jaw, and resting upon my chest.
Grabbing my lower lip,
your tongue tracing along the dry cracked brim, allow me.
nursing my tattered feet (my feet that are bleeding) .
I hear the beasts in the alleys, they walk not far behind me, crying.
You always seem to destroy me and I am eternally grateful.
My little cyclone. my own little autumn.

jerome moore

My Mind Is A Bull

My mind is a bucking bull
ready to be free of these origins of canto, coax and control.
I seek a land that doesn't bait the poor, the tired, the hungry,
so I can rise up like that phoenix on the backside of our currency.
The whore on the island riding her seven headed beast doesn't hypnotise
me she only makes me want to set fire to the bible.
The occupancies, the secret meetings, the phony nationalism, the sabotage,
subterfuge, the soul and the salad beacons to me and watches me in my fiery
dissertation.
My wife removes her ring and beds a fire
My best friend and brother curls up on the prairie doubting the moon the stars
and the sun,
My sister in law wants fire in her guts so she can rise up and take control,
and the philosophers just talk, and the poets jus dream,
and I want an ice cream sunday with all the makings of a devine boat.

jerome moore

My Ribs Melting Under The Glowing Weight Of A Swollen Blue Flame!

Yet for tonight I wish I was in the candles wax,
my ribs melting under the glowing weight of a swollen blue flame.
nestling into a warm splash! While sending my perfumed thoughts
my smokey dreams to play around in my desolate screams
in my dumb glum bleak creaking prison,
to escape loudly into the chill streets of night like late started bloc parties
to escape by way of splintered stone walls and innocent iron bars!
The whimsy cadences of the sparkling speckling snow translated
via my sharp piano key fingers,
to chase the blue blue blues away.
Only in the red red ready day would I harden again and put my body together.

jerome moore

My Valentine...

The sky wore black elegantly like
Like a burnt out bulb; like
silence, a lullaby Dead on arrival.
a tidal wave of drums.
Leaves, birds, confetti
wiring exposed
and the red balloons take off to the sky above Rome
to shards of rain,
Rooftops echo ilke a canyon rattle
and the streetlamps hang
from the young ladies eyes.
of star crossed lovers on the piazza Navona
much too cold to fall into the fontana.
and the lost little cupids break hearts

jerome moore

Naked In The Color Splash

As a Crimson glider sinks to the belly
of subterranean stairwell,
pierced through by tin can rooftops.
It scrapes the walls in a pitiful foray.

By the window,
by the Basement level studio,
by the wooden ships, cardboard airplanes, paper eyes
standing against origami corners,
standing, she holds her nose,

seamless wallpaper languishes her tiny hands,
her moist palms, her tender wrists, her boyish arms.
An eye traces her tiny golden hairs, and she knows.
smiling while her firing squad, christ-like, blink their flirty shutters,
in a ruse native to the naked city.
in a way a lost crucefix rests at her breasts.
Tiny exposures, flashbulbs and meters that run. etc.
Model who lay composed naked in the color splash,
faints from heat,
faints from lack of a soul,
faintly laughing, and completely crazy.

Model covered by searching blanket of exhaustion
oozing into cracked floorboard, smles, sighs, tracing, measureing, exhausted,
pariah-like, spinning round and round and round.
'be rude to me, rude to me rude to me. show me something, anything'
getting off, where she got on.
chewing her bubble-gum in a neo beatnik calm.
blowing bubbles to the wind.

jerome moore

Nakedness Calls

her nakedness calls
knees broken with shells sells me
eternal lostness

jerome moore

Needle

Where you going?

I said

I am going downtown to throw the needle

at the other sharpshooters in this town

Mr. CIA man is my sponsor

cattle calls and methane gas escaping into the ozone

books seeing the press, and the doors open.

one of us hit and bleeding crying out in perestroika in the cold cobbled street

another takes the bait, and we all tear up.

jerome moore

Nightmare

wind-gale nightingale
kaleidoscope cough cough cough
mexican icecream

jerome moore

Niku

eternal black sky
mountain vista window fires
sad stars shimmering

jerome moore

Nocturne

With each coal resting under the dank rotted wooden people
and dirty leaves of the fleeting day;
Far from still things.
we rub our frictions out of being and when I see you smile
I rekindle vv that fire we have and fill the world with perfume.

jerome moore

Nose Dive

Snake oil!
Im selling the stars for anyone who cares.
to lube my joints
I am rusting in a shell
save me
you need me
i am pitching
spitting out words like all of my teeth
can't you tell I'm on a noose dive
over the deep end?

jerome moore

Now And Forever

The politicians all gathered around for a song
the thunder
the square
everybody there
rubber bullets
sound cannons
it was freezing trying to rain
seasick under noise cloud
black coded masses
human pigpen
and the rattling of glory like an old jalopy roaring down union
to liberty
to the library
to the litany of the ones who eat spinach
and the thunder rumbled with the bellies of the hungry majority
while the storm passed and all was left within nothing
a raindrop making its way to the sea
the imagination
the solidarity
the songs never die
as long as there are people like you and I
broken free from the invisible chains
and hypnotic nights
now and forever from hand to hand
creation whirling from within
the ride stopping.
the hour just sand

jerome moore

Obey

The television tells me what I should do and to obey.
The church tells me to trade my soul for rules and traditions to act by.
The teachers tell me to listen to shut up, there will be a test you must pass.
put it in black and white,
follow left or right,
good and not bad,
these are your role models
what if there was no dichotomy and you follow your logic?
How about putting your faith elsewhere?
If we don't work for the state we work for conglomerations.
If we are free thinking we get immunization.

The police tell us to clear out, show me your papers, whats in your bag?
this is private property.

makes me believe they all are right in hindering my voice my eyes my ears.. my
rights
like my mind was private property AND the police are telling me to vacate
they were right in so far that I chose to obey...

jerome moore

Ocean Wine

got a bottle of pinot next to my keyboard
and a bagel in the oven.

I started the wine on ocean beach
but had to follow my hunger home
no bikinis in the sand and sadness with the tide
I took my motorbike along the coast and held it tight
Invincible thats how it felt to be breaking all the laws
that keep people home at night
my wife isn't worried

jerome moore

Old Man Prism

old man prism
covered in white
pure light
follows me down only to tell me
'I've been riding motorcycles for years
and you really should get a helmet'
Pure old man prism running my own
to put me on
this day the day of the wake of my dear grandfather
old man prism i don't believe in a heaven but if there was one you'd be there in
your heaven... I miss you

jerome moore

On A Night So Profound As This I Open A Book

I blow smoke
to the tuesday
night crawlers
on this night
not all together
profound...
Dressed to party
the triplets
always in triplets
Dressed to erect
Dressed to connect,
with switchboard
for action.
Dressed up only on nights like tonight
no doubt trying to defeat and chase away
their shadows of a droll day
Dressed for battle.

jerome moore

On Writing A Novel Pt 1

Idea

Brainstorm

Write ideas on a mirror

Characterization

message

Words: Whats the word, catch a breeze, stand on it!

End

Beginning

Middle

Punch the MIRROR

Take each fragment

base your structure off of them.

BAD IDEA!

jerome moore

On Writing A Novel Pt 2

Freedom of Bondage

Paradigms

Shapes

Photography as theft

Life behind screens; plasma, windows picture frames, glass, Mirrors, filters

Its all about survival

End To Dichotomy.

jerome moore

Onion March

Drum on you belly
marching through an onion field
tears falling downward

jerome moore

Our Lost Weekend Melting Crayons!

Reflecting on the lost weekend from beyond the sand valley carousel of cape cod,

I dig the lost hours the thoughts, the gallivants, which melt in the purest crayon wax of our souls.

I dig the diamond lattice in crystallographic earth facets like a house of mirror or some bleak bleeding laboratory blowing girls dresses up from their gooseflesh legs by compression air jets and floor tricks that reflect from my inner loupe grinding the light through roadside glass and mica rotating in minds eye on fun house dizzy and whimsically revolving exit funhouse wheels that spills us to our seat, and casts confetti colors around my eyesight like the inside of a rain drop. I reconstruct these moments connected in the lotus of thought the flowering palm of wisdom

Each moment!

Each feeling!

Each idea!

Each painted cage...

Watching them shuffle by on lotus like; the peeling elephant painted, the open black panther cage, the straw stuffed lion cage, the monkey mini top all starving dirty like and I dig it all like ZaZa zen of a circus train splitting down the rail lines like moving pictures before my eyes speared to the reels in a fervent heat which redden my skin protecting me from the naked blue sun.

jerome moore

Pale Hazy Night

The stars hang down
up there like sparkling fires
touching their crown to the glass
of mountain top window pains
singing eyeye yah ya

and I see them touch the farrel dancers
in the streets.

jerome moore

Peacock

and why shouldn't you be upset with me!
me, a scabrous leper of vitriol?

a tiny speck of blood in the yolk of the world?

our worlds whom grasp for and at each other but adorn slippery fingers

wet from our sadness and bulwark...

a nervous dissention of opinion
a taciturn image of a merry go round pier
half fallen into the grinning abyss
which is open like a closet door in a slumbering child's night
with smells of piss and burnt cedar
The whimsy of ultimo Thule?

all seeing eye
peacock

jerome moore

Perpetual Tan

contrary to popular belief,
I do like bread.
Its just dough i can't stand
nor skins, bucks samolians...
I don't need a perpetual tan
to tell which way the wind blows.

jerome moore

Piñata

Painted Zebra legs
Wax lips, mexican chocolate.
Crowd of spectators

jerome moore

Pink Underbellies

blazing smoke towers
burn red the bellies of cloud
archipelagos

jerome moore

Please Remove Your Eye Makeup

Mascara

Let us pretend you are defending your eyes,
when inquisition rains bring skies twinkl'n downwards
in the night; putting faces aside, burning peripheries that
I can only remember in visions of nights back when
derelict busses hummed along and silent bums cried.
Torches are lit and raised like ether to the greys of daunting
shadows, led on by a pipers piquant fog,
Shells hanging from your diamond eyes on cut-up chain-gang roads;
with echos and clicks,
with sirens that laugh.
lighting lashes in its cul-de sacs,
rocky and spine-like.
Through it all I have your eyes defended by mascara
under this canopy umbrella sky your fires open wider.

With that erotic mascara melting away
and beneath it I hear you sigh.

jerome moore

Portland Wolf

wounded wolf cries low
in the alleys of portland
all bridges lead home

jerome moore

Portland: Echoes

How the nights flow into days
oh like rivers and streams,
passing like dreams.

My feet are the atlantic bound to meet my baby
on Long Island sound

From knotted Pine and hulking redwood of logging country,
where it rains most of the time
and mind

Where the rivers take off like roots in the soil,
where X marks the spot and sailors wake up shanghaied
and roses are thrown to the bulls.

Rivers older than Wars, Fires on their shores
with curtains of days in pastel twilight, curtains in nights blown wayward like
ghosts in the wind

lilac, the talcums, graphites and Lazulite heavens in the fjordic chasms I hide
behind.

Know this...

I no longer beg in front opulent masters in mirrors or atop soapbox.

I dance where shadows cloud my purity and smoke signals rise to applaud me!

Signals sent to the wrong side of me and my eyes are dry and dried up they
choke for her key, eyes brown as cacao.

After the storm we take the spring out of the clock

April showers smell like mustard seed, flowers like saffron, and moistens like silt
and we pander our fancy and clap hands to the general public. I sit from this bar
stool and cast my eyes ever downward on my shoes...

I can tell they are a strangers.

And in these robot nights when the tiger lilies wait in the grass to eat up my belly
when morning comes wounded,

and all this masochism like a colony of ants is used as an impetus to write you
these words.

On timid nights like tonight I want to be in your bed...

jerome moore

Powderfinger

I trace out a forest with my fingers.

Trees rise like cities.

Naked branches blush under the full evergreen.

The sun or moon looked like a orange creamsicle
and night is falling like a black veil every step I take.

Visions of indians behind the embancment of the railroad

brings me paranoia and the swans slung out on the pond like garden light bulb
reflecting in the sky.

It all escapes me as the day goes colorblind.

jerome moore

Puss(Y) At The Byron House!

MEEEEEEAAAAAAAAA OOOO WWWW WWWW WWWW!

jerome moore

Put A Tiger In The Gas Tank.

a meal of knuckle sandwich and humble pie

Krupa could make swiss cheese out of Roach
If he can catch him that is.

Roach is burning in the ash tray
while Krupa is burning up the drapes

Roach is in putter around outer space
he places your finger on the pulse

Krupa is like an octopus arms all over the place
Roach is like an electric eels embrace

Roach knows foreplay but Krupa surprises me
just depends on my mood I guess

jerome moore

Quantities

Quantity Over Quality

we cant reach a state of equality.
only a state of quantity
the technocrats upgrade
the plutocrats whip the slaves.
the lovers seek more
the pope gets his papelsmear
the arms of justice are slanted towards private endeavor
the workforce is just an appendage to the machine
darkness ignorance intolerance!
the public schools have our children
money made isn't money earned
production is soulless
mass produced life
and the cup is overflowing

we can walk in line
we can follow orders
our needs never met
our neighbor always against
our government feeding us to the sharks
as always
and we surround ourself with nice things
to hide from reality and that reality is word without action

the worse this is a passive society
docile zombies
obedient slaves
the rich and the poor
we all deserve to know our histories
so we can see our realities

the rich have more money sitting rotting away but thats fine its only paper

bring everything back to the state Nullify
and plant seeds that can grow
drink the coriolus mushrooms
strengthen your immune system

get the leaching dairy out of your bones
send leukocyte to the cancers
hiding in our ever changing world
like the thing!
plant the seeds on to our children
they deserve a history full of quality.

work together and drop all your servitude
because its worse to know and not say anything
its cheap you hinder your potentials.
and hinder our histories.

jerome moore

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jerome moore

Readings Of Sex

You may be irresistible
with those glasses,
your face, your nose, your cheeks, your neck!
all your fleshy parts
naked before me.
The diamond of your room reflecting from pains
and lenses.
Our glasses tangled
like two bodies wrapped by nori
like calypso oceans.
Without them you are blushing
and I am blurry.
I felt both kisses
on my neck
and said it before
long before
just with someone else's words.

jerome moore

Real State

Sally getting drunk at the bowling alley then arriving at the casino passed out, can barely stand 5 dollar bets arm in arm between two people blindly pushing buttons, eats shit once I fell so she wouldn't be on the ground alone, pappy with the pinched neck, Jude, Julia, Whitney, Mustang Sally, she had two bloody marries pitcher of beer and pizza at the bowling alley, I stole bowling shoes, snaked peoples turns threw all gutters, Sally drinks 4 or 5 shots barely standing call... tells about her dad friend who everyone calls HB for Hardly Breathing... she chokes me in an elevator, bleeds from her head... all the losers crane after the drunken girl stuck like the middle reel on a money machine...

jerome moore

Remember Those Cruel Months?

Remember when I found you my dear fawn?
Remember those cruel months fed from ages;
how we danced those months eyeless.
How we first felt when we were shy.
Reserved out on the eyebrow of the forest,
your laughter on the tattered gazebo floor,
karma, the drooling grapes of wonderlust,
of mystery in bed with purpose?

Remember when the band would play F major, K332, just for the two of us,
and when we couldnt get free from the brambles of boredom,
how we would watch the log trucks pass, smelling their oil and chewing their saw
dust?
We dreamt of our escape under those intervals by the melodies of sweet beat
woodsman and wolfdogs...

starved of your laughter
i would fall from clumsy barstool knees to faceless floors out of arcane tarpit
desperation

Hugo make me a boy so we can escape as brothers.

jerome moore

Revolving Stage

A revolving stage!
The carousel goes nowhere,
spinning endlessly back on itself.
The infinity of an hour glass.
The sands of time.
The back of the widow.
People get on others get off.
To be trapped here is to be nowhere,
in a waiting room

Waiting for the judgment hour.
Waiting for clarity to devour free will.

it could be a prison of paralysis
it could be a prison of fetish
it could be a long bus ride downtown,
with a broken air conditioner

it could be long lines of freeway traffic
it could be societies prison
it could be your own prison
it could be cupids prison
it could be deaths prison

Tigers

Leopards

Horses

Bears

Panthers

Lions

Jackass

A revolving stage

jerome moore

Rosemary

Rosemary rocks
fall to your endless eyes
twisting laughter.

jerome moore

San Jose Nights

I stand bare-footed in a room where sad bony dogs chase their tails.
The open air wafts with hints of Cansadas and tangy fried plantains,
and the poison exhaust of lawless taxis and overcrowded buses, snaking through
the narrow frantic streets like battalions of red ants.

Casa Ridgeway tucked away in a shanty like painted closet on avenida six calle
15

friends for peace

revolutionary

Archbishop Oscar Romero,

Mahatma Gandhi, /

Martin Luther King,

Mother Teresa,

Linus Pauling,

Anne Frank,

Chief Seattle,

Aung San Sun Kyi,

Leo Tolstoy,

and George Bernard Shaw.

candle light nocturne

pleasure echoes around the sleepy casa and the rains fall in the terra firma
gardens

the night moist air invades our love and the dogs howl to the night that fell
asleep

jerome moore

Scantalope.

The scantalope crest these lusty plains
scouring for juices
for pith for rains

cunning nimbus interludes sailing by
the crumbling saintly pinnacles bending
torn between scylla and Charybdis
far from chablis pinot noir even blanc
-bone white dover teeth

jerome moore

Scat

Through winter cold feet
twang thawing rosemary skies
syncopated heart

jerome moore

Scintilating Like Sparklers

It turned from a swell party on the coast to a sweltering inferno.
The horizon spectators child like winking at us;
from the baptising breakers to roman candles buried deep in the sand,
crabs flirting, and several nori naked bodies
crested the seas brow.
The romans lined up and fired at the moon,
Phoebe vomited in my shoes,
and kent never came back.
The cops showed up and we scattered like sparklers,
into the beach house allies where we put out the lights and someone pushed a
drumset down the stairs.

It was a swell party until someone somewhat died
happy birthday Mike!

jerome moore

Seashell

The inner axel
of a seashell in all of
its echo chambers.

jerome moore

Season Affair

Walking like a tree fell on her legs
and she was digging herself out.

I've removed myself from her spell
the way her voice cracks,
the way the moon looks above her seasons,
and lay deep into the fallowed earth
eating from her ribs.

The old maiden removed her celestial kimono
it fell to her feet while everything living when down with it

and now she's a rotting hulk of glory age that once
was everything

I crawl with the spring
and swim with the summer
by fall i burn out and winter i die.

jerome moore

Sega Genesis Prelude To Saturn

ABC

then turbo controller

XYZ

Start select D- pad

Short for direction pad

Final fight 3

Golden Axe 2

Sonic spin ball

16-bit

streets of rage 2

3 dollar game genie rental no book

Sega genesis prelude to saturn

jerome moore

Shadows

Whats it like planting a lie in your psych profound enough
to change your perspective and stunt your development?

I suppose it is much like seeing out of dirty foggy glasses
or a pair with a slight and unnoticeable
indistinguishable scratch in them.

Mushroom monster
all insecurities laid out in a synergy of
your worse fears and attributes materialized from shadow.

Sentences spin around my head before I speak them
one little flower Growing in the crack of a side walk
chases the blues away
the throes of loneliness alienation stigmatism
out of body one consciousness
leviathan
Hiding behind the neon night.
under the trash taken by the breeze.
in the oil slick pools of rainwater.
the loose concrete.
its only ten minutes back
back to my friends
back to reality
or have I walking, collided with it
like walking into a spiders web
so fragile and weak
the spider will not have food
nor home
the spider will rebuild without fear.

I speak and each word has a flavor
unsavory intensifiers
and sweet compliments
and stale lies and rich cogito
Lurks inside me as my shower feeds my flesh
as the rainwater feeds my garden
as the irrigation feeds my neighbors
as the toilet tank empties into the sea

as salve coats my tongue
and I bring joy to my peers
Am I holding the mirror or are they,
or are we swimming in the same tide?
I feel the stem of my flower pulsate
and exfoliate a vivid yellow
to a droll black and grey nightmare
I the buds tender and youthful sting my palms
and the next time I fall down I may not get up
I may float with the pollen and fall with the rain
and stagnate with the autumnal leaves
mendicant of all the beauty of the earth.

jerome moore

She Opened Her Legs... To Let The Light In

She opened her legs to let the light in.
She opened her lips like budding tulip,
in the spring awakening, addled with pollen

We made the bed and tuned the radio.
The summer sun was overhead
and the radio played brocade.

By the autumn hour she would be with the wind
and the leaves floated past me as dying embers
looking for peace.

The air was dry when winter came she was everywhere, she was not here
I felt numb, my lips had cracked, I prepared mexican but couldn't get a light.

And she returned yet her youth revitalized
me but it was too late My guts were frozen,
and I took the freight train back home to live

jerome moore

She Washes Her Legs In The Fountain

sitting on the perch of the fountain
she sang to figures holding their basins
her voice cracking their ears
her voice swelling in the clouds
ripping them to tatters
her stockings are ink stained
sitting on her perch she washed her legs
and the fountain flowers fall to her feet.

behind her was a city of sapphire
surrounded by mountains of coral
and glass pine trees.

she finished washing and left a blood trail to her bed.

jerome moore

Shipwrecked

I am a
cold rock out at sea
and I feel it.
I want your warm body shipwrecked on me
tonight
so we could dream together...

jerome moore

Shipwrecked In The Bottle

I am deaf to all but you.

Sometimes I catch fragments of your laughing in the wind

Laughter which thin and airy ebb in through my window

like the curtains which separate us.

your body like cold steel and I hear your piano across the snaking creeks

the meadows, prairie, desert, the parking lots...

and it drips like run off from the tip of a hanging icicle,

drips from beer tap into a well of tears

and it dreams alone

as it disappears into the cold body of snow.

Dissipating dissecting and dawning the sun is out

and I remain shipwrecked in this bottle.

jerome moore

Shopping List

recrute an insect army so I can feed of the life of the people

Burn all my Novelis

make Sally cry

avacados

Chickpeas

Bananas

don perignon

Jumbo memo book

return library books

give one suit to homeless

kidnap my brothers dog

analyst appointment

cardio

Blog

Finish watching Detour

make mom smile

destroy social life

rearrange sun room

get drunk

get over fear of social laziness

pick up fingerless gloves

Sun salutations and meditation

raquetball with Brian

Bomb the shit out of Bear hill

burn my girlfriends boxes

cut my bangs

work on gameplan

jerome moore

Showers

I ride downtown in the rain
Homeward bound.
That deafening rain
dynamite in my empty head.
every black pool in the asphalt
rapping like a haunt outside my door.
soaked in the rains tremendous rains.

water soaked in my eyes, in my shoes, in my ass crack
I rode with it at times thinking 'this will be my shower'

jerome moore

Six Royal Vipers

Gotta have style
without the bread life is mute
six royal vipers

jerome moore

Skid Row

Skid Row!

its where I'm destined to go
beneath the fallen branches
and clogged gutters

Skid Row.

Like falling into a hole and having the ladder pulled,
where straw men line the streets and alleys
there are plenty of places to sit on

Skid Row.

I don't need absolute Freedom
but I will take a stipple of freedoms
I don't need fancy things because I know
who profits from them.

I know what total Freedom brings out in a man
turning him into a bottle rocket
the fire is warm but soon he will combust and climb far enough
to see all the pretty lights
then explode into my little fragments of freedom to be carried with the wind
and vanish in the night.

Skid row one long track where once a match was lit.

jerome moore

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who profits from fancy things.

I know what total Freedom brings, out in a man,
turning him into a bottle rocket.

The fire is warm but soon he will combust and climb then clamor just far enough
to see all the pretty lights,
then explode into my little finger fragments of freedoms to be carried with the
wind

and vanish in the night.

Skid row one long track where once a match was lit.

jerome moore

Sky Reflected From Her Mouth

The waves kneaded the beach like fingers
on flesh, like shadow on light.
Sands pulled at until drowned.
The clouds like tattered sailors curse and throw earrings
to the swelling sea
Stars, the orange cream swirls, jocund breeze, horizon undone.
and it all reflects from your mouth: and in it I'm lost then found then lost again.
pearls of teeth, sweet jellyfish tongue, cavernous ribs of eternity.

jerome moore

Slams

All things
real and pure
come from the bottom up
inversion takes a man and throws him in the slams
credit is good
hierarchy is good
Moratorium of thought
leadership, pride, ignorance.
Turn the star
rotate the pyramids
open the cage
break your cross
free yourself
its bad to be locked up and worse to be locked up and believe your free.
six pointed stars float beneath opaque ocean tides
broken neck bottles pull me under
and the wind whistles a familiar song
as I float on.

jerome moore

Snare Drum

Influx of insecurities
copper oxidized and
flowing to a point filling her flesh with pools of heat and sorrow.

Here is where the hood is removed and the rim of the snare is glazed with
crushed bone
as the woman steps forth naked
the trip peaks.

I rode on a diamond carousel verdigris and murdered all the men you took to bed
and I became inflected by hissing steel.

jerome moore

Solidarity In Lines

unemployment lines

lines of books

Lines of cocaine

Food stamp lines

Theater lines

Grocery store

car wash

school children

Soup kitchen

club

abortion clinic

Delicatessen

traffic lines

crosswalks

Traffic Jam

Lines on a map

Jules gets home and un-loads his rucksack

Gods laziness

Because of the machines and computers we will all end up lonely human beings

jerome moore

Some Days

some days I wake up
and in some way I still get the blues.
But they never stay
and they never stay.
Its days like these
when everything is covered in dust
Like ash and silver

Its days like these, which come in grays and hazy days
Looking to the dust of the settling fragments of time
and listen to the particles chime on chime on
Over the bridge a cloak of gunmetal the trumpets carry me home
the brass rays and sad moans and blue note
fingering through the sweating bleeding I
cold and gray
Its days like these that put silver dust under my eyelids
making days like tomorrow worth waking to

jerome moore

Soup Kitchie

Waiting for a spark of creativity
a starting point
middle beginning ending.

Is homeless

like waiting in line for soup and an empty belly
the butchers meat and stock, rotten vegetables stale pasta, stale bread
and sucre.

I had a handful of bread in my belly sopping up the acid
acid in my muscles leaching off my spirit

I had a few ideas but now the tap is dripping and the basin is cracked
and the cops raid the house which belongs to none and everyone
my associates my coterie my community.

redesign of our culture

social equality

absence of money

fossil free

still things are good to hang your jacket on

visions torn like trousers

and my belly is always roaring

Who do I dine with tonight?

you can only eat your words so many time

its not enough

gotta stay strong.

Tonight Im a dormouse

Drowning in thought

watching the fat cats hang themselves

liquored up and driving

jerome moore

Spin The Record Of Nostalgia

Spin the record of nostalgia.

Sounding like skipping stones

one of these days you find yourself listening for a message camouflaged in its
reveries

as if your were sitting in a yellow lit train car and memories
sting the window pain like rain drops then vanish in a streak of lightning.

This record is like being at sea stuck on a rock.

The tide is rolling in, you have to chose keep holding the green green lantern,
the light were hope has been spotted down in the darkness, or swim to the next
rock...

Side A

spinning the record of nostalgia,
oh it spins so sweetly.

I am stuck swimming rock to rock,
sooner yet the tides roll in and we drown.

No man is an Island and no past can remain tropical
and

I must choose...

Side B

is loneliness,

as the waves crash and the skipping ceases

the blue nocturne turns blood red as all hope dies

and you become an amnesiac... remembering only fragments before the
darkness comes again and the tides roll in...

jerome moore

Square Peg,,In A Round Hole

For those who have never read
I give you simple writing
the reckless
the morning
the disciplined
the youth
the up and outers
the down and outers
long words are ineffably
shorts words ambiguously deceiving
I try to carry off to you
I know how it is
I am marginalized like you
Lassoed by cowboys
lassoed in role play
a scarf stuck in the fingers of a desperate tree
a square peg in a circle
But now square
not not solid
and a four headed beast with thirty horns rises out of the deep black
consciousness
of murky jelly
we call humanity
and I say I am invisible and off your watch.
go back to sleep
niche

jerome moore

Standing Against The Streetlights

walking in skidrow frisco faces without forms,
smiles and scorns, winds and horns, breath without substance.
Some of these women young enough to be my sister all akimbo-like
It was a gauntlet getting out of there man, on the end of the line there stood one
old enough to be my mother I nodded ' ma'am, and her made up face looked like
slime, and flecked off her leathery skin like rust she must have been the oldest
running trolley in town that night.

jerome moore

Stereo Saddness

I lay face to the floor Bukowski talks through the carpet and my heart palpitates
under me like the ebb of the sea under me its enough to go on.

jerome moore

Stinky Steve

Stinky Steve hasn't aged in the past twenty years,
not since i was a boy.

He still reeks of stale beer cigarettes and sadness.

Sometimes he's ferral.

Sometimes he's sheltered.

Most times you just see him walking around town

I walk by steve

KING OF THE BUMS!

Remember when I heard Steve designed a better truck for skateboards?

somebody must have won it in a game of poker.

Steves voice when you pass him is

rabble rabble rabble...

He is seen up in the woods behind the liquor store

with his friends

Willy Nelson

Dicky Bird

singing the best of times

and other old guitar songs

under the smoggy glow of an illegal fire

jerome moore

Superman

fifty pound beer shit
waiting until the films through
superman sweats too

jerome moore

Swallow Mw

Ruby red dawning
throw me in between your thighs
I'm waiting to see

jerome moore

The Curtains Hung Out The Window Like An Old Flame

Couldnt tell how many years went by since the war.
We may still be fighting somewhere, hell who knows,
heros have the worste of times.
Well, How have you found me again?
I was almost gone.
I was on the lamb from your laws
I was a free man.
And how you crept in!
with the mint,
with the lemongrass,
with the wild beets.
The morning will never come the same way again.
I dont know why everytime I hear bells I think of you swimming.
I couldnt say why I still want to smash every glass bottle I hold.
or how I still hear you whistling from time to time at crowded bus stops.
How you were able to find me, so young, and now and again still, in the Autumn
of youth.
I told said this before your dentures fell into the toilet bowl.
now my car wont start.
I walk past the chapel at noon.
and throw my fifth crashing to my feet,
watching the ants swim in a pool of whiskey.
The army ants will go for nothing but your bones.
There is always war somewhere.

jerome moore

The Darkness

Walking out on the cusp of a darkened heart
The warmth pulls out to the breaking point of the icy river
and I see colorful neon surf crash through the holes in an abandoned factory,
almost like the holidays still occupy abandoned places.
The musty scent of frozen pine and chimney smoke hides the fact that the night
is quiet.
and I see the blush and tint as if they were on my canvas where i shall place the
whites and where the moon accents the darkest of lots.
I let out a moan like I am spiraling down the head of a Jazzmans trumpet, the
darkness, the darkness.
I come to lines of trees where a snake of white bulbs climbing half way to the
canope squeeze the color from my eyes,
and I shiver at the sight of the steel bars standing bold against the glowing
parlours, and wonder how they can trap the bitter snakes between their bars.
I walk waiting for a car to backfire
I walk waiting for anything, even a black panther.
I admit I am losing it every step further into the heart of darkness.

jerome moore

The Devil Tattod My Left Hand

Being a boy of the hand and toes
of honorable highs, of desolate lows

Walking one morning,
crawling one morning,
I arrived in the market,
I arrived at the square.
The vendors lined the streets,
The poor lined the streets.

The devil tattod my left hand.

The poor venders lined the square.
They plucked my lashes,
but when I found you sitting there,
I plucked my hand strings.

To do this again, Id deny everything my crime, this desire, the poor and my
hand.
and point my finger elsewhere,

It's better to give than recieve,
(it's better to steal)

Being a boy of the land
I cut away my hand
and I planted highs and I planted lows.

jerome moore

The Eye Of A Needle

And the blossoms welcome me home like a ticker tape confetti
and the chorus line trills above me while the roadway drums ahead.

jubilee

feeling

alive

coming alive

inside and around me

glorious

and

and It hit me all at once like a fast moving storm

an army of cloud and lightning it all was bribery

nefariously and exonerating exasperating

existing in me like a thorn

and it hit me all at once

my periphery opened up like an umbrella

usurping the morning glow like a parachute spider web

I was falling

these people around me are strangers to me

stranger than i am to you

It didn't bring fear

only left me feeling empty apathetic and sad

disgusted like one who stares into the cloudy polluted

egg yolk of a bums eyes

and sees the tiny smear of blood that fell out of the eye of a needle

jerome moore

The Gorgeous Eco-Regional Corrugation.

All that radiated from this city hole
is fire between humans and fires in the trees
spontaneous sprouts of green protruding the swollen and cracked sidewalk.
A car moans after being attacked and fondled.
The liquored up nature boy and his best friend feel the earth tug.
The news reported a quake in the morning,
and It all seems pointless like melting candles
there is no gravity no laws not even an order to act
human order is second to nature and the television
knows how to marginalize and make people feel part of the solution
wu wei!
Disconnect
disconnect yourself, parasites and criminals.

Earth mother has been raped enough, just watch her bastard children march
to class before the opening bell sets the money mating to life...
and the liberty bell was cracked long ago
and the your world is only a ride in the middle of a landscape
a boundless symphony can you hear the birds sing as you drift deeper into sleep?

jerome moore

The Lie

The hazards of sincerity
the reticent train enters through the tunnel in reverse
pathological and curvaceous choice in words
her voluptuous eyes
hypnotists pocket watch
Murder of happy homes
old newspapers in recollecting cogito
and they opine that I am drunk
my manifold mind
its not mad
Its true
Lie

jerome moore

The Poor

*The dirty freckled faces of the ghostly poor, breathe on its warped glass) -
there is a congregation in the park the dark silhouetted figures dance in circles to a inaudible songs of the winter night as paper cutouts blowing against the rustling trees they stand bold to the faded embers of hope for a luminous clarity and solemnity in living as they sink into the cover the darkness sinks with them like a long black veil which hangs limp from the trees

jerome moore

The Rebel

Lauren I wander wounded-like, this labyrinth that has cut me with broken bottles,
and I have seen the moon blush which whimpers purple shades around our weathered alter.

Remember that alter I feigned for you?
Though Ive breathed through and swallowed bundles of smoke for you, the signals I feathered and fashioned towards you?

Remember?

Laying in our gourmet grotto at the brink of a pernicious pool, Indian summer?
Me reading to you, readings echoing through the cypress like whipserings an effigy to Eliots' hollow men his straw men

Remember?

when our audience broke twigs I started up and you wrapped me in your pinions,
said dear boy read some more. I read you Neruda how you liked Neruda coming out of my mouth. We were piano keys played by the surrounding nature and which often echoed upon themselves scintilating
rebellion. like the firecrackers that fell in ten stories, raining down on Soho streets.

And Ive been walking these streets for days, looking for you, anything of yours.

When I return I hope you are gone, I know you will be gone due to the horns that have begun to grow out of my head and the howling I hear far off in distant trails.

Why lie I don't really think about that anymore all these words are broken
Lauren what can I possibly rhyme with you Florin? Foreign? Boring...

jerome moore

The Sea

The sea,
a blanket hung by the maiden:
blowing in the winds,
blowing from the line.
Oceans pulse,
applauding
the cliffs clapping and retreat foam.
the bearish tug and pull of the sails against the electric sea
gray and gold locked in vaults,
at old movie houses.
Covered in the dust of antiquity.
The build up,
passions, tragedy, loss, hatred, love, life, death.
The pulse reaching climax.
The heat of the sun,
Knife in the water,
Man overboard.
Rhythm and row two three row...
Now lay, me on this hammock swinging these lines.
oh Verlaine.. Sweet Neruda..
Skin on skin finding the pulse.
Sex on sex.
Lounge as cats on a summer day,
lapping our salty flesh.
A part in the lips,
adventures laying around never to be documented,
satisfied, to the lowest keys.

We hold beyond the chest's armor, wrapped in pulsating vines.
Blood pumping to every muscle.
Exploring depths, leagues.
With octopus,
great whales
homes made within the pulpit.
The sea, as bewildering as the sky.
Your breath becomes rapid.
Your body moves faster to the beat
and your heart starts pounding in your chest the rhythms of our bodies entwined
Pulsating walls pulsating sex. ah melody. Oh climax jubilee

moans the trumpet explodes, scents so sweet, so tantalising escaping into the air
marks left ode to the delicate flesh of our fruit bodies
faces beet red, burning cheeks.
wet and
gasping for air
in a coma

jerome moore

The Sea Deceives Me

The pages of the calendar fall to the ground,
crunch crunch crunch under our feet,
grinding themselves to dust.

Hours and numbers, days and months cover the earth with mosaic colors
as if a tempest had broken open a damn and they flood out into our fields, we
rake them up, unspoken we burn them, we stuff them in threadbare and patchy
clothing, we make scarecrows up to look like our former selves,
others we stuff in gutters and drains.

There are pages from a hundred years back in some darkening silence in the
deepest of woodlands, these leaves mixed with the dirtiest of branches; histories
at the foot of precipices slouching on the meanders of rivers flowing into the
sunset, they dwell in the pits of caves, and in the nests of baby birds.

We lay our backs down and swim through the pages, we fall asleep and neglect
our lazy day, the sounds and the smells, the tastes and the textures of the times
we've inherited (we have (and the time ahead.)

New years take shape and more time buds, the seasons pass and we decorate
the decaying earth.

new days are piled up: in piles of bills, piles of events, piles of junk mail,
invitations torn and abandoned, occasions attended and written about,
solidarities and intimacies cherished and worshiped

They are still there in the air- you act as if they're not passing by,
new pages swiftly sway in the winds hand and rest on the earth. In numbers and
records.

The pointless statistics of time, taken time and time again.

We waste our time on something like memories and plans
until time our runs out for us

like counting the fallen leaves as a derelict train creeps through the country -
how absurdly endless a task

time is not statistics nor even measurable

time is not a standard of options weighable,

time is not a parquet floor where a curtain stretches, that you shoot marbles
across, or even throw a rug over then slowly rock yourself to sleep on

time is chiseled in caves and evolves with man

time is all things existing and all things alive

time is being and being is timeless

(time isn't for a spitting audience but for the expression of the mind the body the
expansion of the soul; don't sit back and watch life ebb into the dirt; create
explore, and experience its glorious spray and the endless internal tributaries to

your mind.)

(The motions of our glorious feet sweeping and gliding acting out the moment
part in a tenuous spectrum of soapy film and endless possibility that will survive
untouched by the stone pillars of sleeping spectators)

jerome moore

The World Is One Typographical Error

It's like a puzzle,
poet and time.
Where one used to balance the square,
another now circles.
Like a carrion bird,
he survives, in the bomb craters,
and sideways alleys.
A new age brings a new type,
profundity and perfactory,
or a paroxism and paradigm.
hand in the others coat,
to keep fresh, to keep warm
What one has built and abandoned,
the new poet destroys to feeds on.
Nothing is eternal
Its allways being proof read.
The world is one typographical error,
In time, his fingers, crane-like and hungry,
inconsistently try to correct.
But every language has its soul,
and every soul has his voice,
lost in translation.

jerome moore

Thirty Down, Thirty Nine To Go And The Wind Is Right

There is so much on my mind,
oh soul
I begin to write but cannot tell where i am
Where am I driver?
freedom without ransom
choice without ultimata
like I'm lost in the creases of an origami cityscape
and it is disguised in a cluster of arabesque balloons which float
all sillyass!
under bumper to bumper light flash lasers into eternity and beach
there is a gone whistle from bellow the prison grates.
lava boils in the bowels of the beast
and my heart cant beat with its rhyme rhythm
apogee winks and I have already been around the neighborhood twice
sharing this bus with a fool on suicide watch
his eyes have to laugh every five stops
so he won't eat depression...

jerome moore

This Cosmoccocic Treadmill

This cosmoccocic treadmill, if I may borrow from Miller. This Cosmoccocic treadmill we find ourselves contending on. This monomaniacal rat race full of its solecistic gods and managers, its presidential parties with their tautological bull shit. Shit that oozes down to the perspicacious jetsam of society the bum's -who are washed into alleyways, washed from clean and copacetic streets, of marble banks with Parisian balustrades. The radical thinkers, the students, the protesters, washed from the streets by financed police states. These banished souls wise to the puppeteers behind the political curtain, voiceless alone but with style; while the old rich birds fast with novena and the chthonian saints with the miasma of stale alcohol fast with hunger and fuliginous grease found in alleys and roadside gutters. These ragged saints have no ounce of hope for provender or carom let alone enlightenment and peace. They do have something. Inferring that which the rich lack, an insight to the struggles of domain. Hardware stores, grocers and community centers evicted by bank of America when corporate-Mart moves into town. The pulse of transgression and flux metamorphosis kept out of the claws of capitalistic vultures.

jerome moore

This Is Not Plagerism Made In The Usa

Made in The USA

the models move to act like birds blindly culminating on a wire
saying things like let me sing you my blues

expose of virgin spring lines
dancers with legs extending weeks
oranges shed pulp white flesh
violets and buttercups
Romeo and juliets
moan from the backseats of breathless cars

jerome moore

Thunder Bop

I got a finger snap in my ear
the clouds are hung low
and the sky tells a tale
of how its like below

The rain is beating down
and the fireworks are lighting
explosions close to home
as the eastern world is fighting

with a tiger in the tank
and the pot is boiling under
this desert scream I'm hearing
rolls down highways like thunder

fireball water balloons
disney PSA
God is in a prison camp
for lack of DNA

The storm wanders crazy-like
faster than a train
the cattle eat their corn
while producing more methane

The universe is expanding
as the human mind is diminished
this orchestra in my soul
says the human race is finished

jerome moore

Tiger Lillies

clacking phonemes
tiger lilies mute to pounce
like fires in hills

jerome moore

Tightrope Wire

Synapse akimbo
walking on the tight twilight
rope with many pores

jerome moore

Tigress-Like Resting Under Limpid Pistil Torches

walking out of the sea
my baby digs me,
blushing, crawling, prowling,
nursing the rhodas with delicate perspiration.
My baby leads me.
to burn, to scratch, to heal.

tigress-like resting under limpid pistil torches.
While stamen soaked alphas secrete anther (rather satyrically) ,
She milks her young like a wet nurse honey bee.

My baby feels me crawling up her dress
pollens float off her plum lips like thirsty bubbles
I kiss her until the sun breaks,
and we dive into the sea.

jerome moore

Touching Delicate Torching Plams

Reaching my hands out
I hold fire in my palms.
Touching delicate things
destroys a piece of my mind.
i put my hand on the orange silver strands of earth
and watching them gingerly blow my mind,
turning red over orange then black etc
smoldering, when like a spring breaking
I hear a rolling trolley car with cold and shiny bars.
its overcrowded...

jerome moore

Townie

We kept close to the shed to avoid the neighbor's attention. Sally contrived her dragonhead pipe, a pipe made from the smoothest glass blown from blue flame and encrusted with confetti enamel. She preloaded it with her potent number one, who she claimed was the best of all her samples, and packed it in under the blue dancing whimsy of night's four winds.

The shed only housed a few inanimate objects, two of them being a pair of old steel framed bicycles striped down to quicksilver simplicity. Quicksilver like the moot mood of faces held previously by the lantern light as night fell on the previous celebration. A celebration of the summer nights of friends old and new. The world spinning within itself through the eyes of beer soaked exultation and uncontrollable laughter.

I want to rectify the scene for a minute under the glow of the first firefly of the summer. Sally was married into my family some years back. She had a cat she carried around town in a rucksack.

Sally was full of regrets and in her hair fell sorrow she swallowed every night we smoked number one and took the bicycles down to the sleazy bar in town, a place TQ told us to stay away from.

In the bar a giraffe was playing pinball and an alligator swung by the jukebox a motorbike backfired in the parking lot and all the paper figures fell off the table to the dusty floor.

jerome moore

Trace The Sky As If Giant Fingers Took The Horizon And Lifted It Over Your Eyes

Snake oil,
passwords.
like a wound that gushes
like a house that floods
I jumped a train the other day,
I put my faith in rusty bars.
The sun was falling westward,
The sunshine tickled my scalp.
Inside the warehouse boxcar.
Inside no breath meetings,
crawling caterpillar-like.
Painted on its inside
'GOD Is dead'
'There is no Gravity'
'This is it'
and I felt my mind cocoon
I felt my brain suspended.
We entered a tunnel
The darkness swallowed me and
I never saw daylight quite like before.
And I put my faith in earth.

jerome moore

Twelve Steps To The Sun

walking on an awkward sidewalk
youth can suck my dick
twelve steps to the sun
as it sets behind me further and further
a new cosmos raised beside me and beyond me
the tigers who hide
in the bush
and the toads who sing nocturnes
the whole world is revolving and I break away clean
clean and painless
I have began murdering myself
soon nothing of my youth will remain
and a new man will walk from
the shell
smiling through the cracks
a new cosmos

jerome moore

Uncut And Real

From birth i wasn't cut short
I have never had a bad sleep
Irritability only exists for me
when I am awake for days
The lucy room boys once had a show of hands
a communist scare
who wears a turtleneck stay down
stay down because your not accepted
When has the new acceptance become the altered state of man?
When had natural beauty become so taboo
I raised my hand and stuck it up so they could smell my fingers
These boys who are all half the men me and my brother is
THese boys who have been crying since they were thrown out on the operations
table
Those boys who want to fit in
normal isn't natural
My erogenous sheath pleasures me and my woman
I am uncut and finally proud
that's the first they take from you
its only years later you dream of what you couldn't have
sanitation
cleanliness
irritation
fold back the skin
pain is endurable
to all my brethren
never fight nature
and never mistake nature from your schoolmates
they all want to throw you onto the operating table and remove
your abnormality, and make you go with the flow
let me tell you about a boy who swam against the flow
his strength won the race...,,

jerome moore

Valentine

The sky wore black elegantly like
Like a burnt out bulb; like
silence, a lullaby Dead on arrival.
a tidal wave of drums.
Leaves, birds, confetti
wiring exposed
and the red balloons take off to the sky above Rome
to shards of rain,
Rooftops echo ilke a canyon rattle
and the streetlamps hang
from the young ladies eyes.
of star crossed lovers on the piazza Navona
much too cold to fall into the fontana
and much too high to fall in love
and the lost little cupids break balloons like hearts

jerome moore

Verdigris

Influx of insecurities flowing to a point and filling her flesh with heat and sorrow.
Here is where the hood is removed and the trip peaks.

I rode on the diamond carousel verdigris and murdered all the men you took to
bed

and I became inflected with hissing steel.

jerome moore

Viva Mas

Drop Bars not Bombs
Make Chai not War
Baseball not Bombs
Books not Bombs
Make Love not War
Drop Tuition Not Bombs
Blondes not Bombs
Beats not Bombs
Drop Class not Bombs
Make Art not War
Flowers not Bombs
Food not Bombs
Make Levees not War
Drop Seeds not Bombs
Bread not Bombs
Beauty not Bombs
Drop Television not Bombs
Make Solidarity not War
Build Trust not Bombs
Bring back Food
Boycott Banks
Bring Life not War
Make Tracks not War
and this is the way the long road Ends Not with a bang but a whimper

jerome moore

Voyeur

When I am on the Maxx at night I like to look at all the people
secretly.

I would look through the glass which encases my eyes.

but not their true form only what the glass mirrors

Its like a fun house watching the floor shift between the cars when the train
takes a turn

and through the tunnels I feel like I am shooting through a galaxy of faces at
angle you would never expect to see still on the earth.

Three sixty hall of mirror, faces like ghosts I have met before

and people are mostly at their most vulnerable on the trains only transparent
when viewed off the glass.

In a past life I was a peeping tom a fly on the wall...

jerome moore

Waiting For My Soul To Return

As a writer worth half a page
I toss word shapes and holes
in the cosmic vastness of space
words that burn out over time
words that are weak compared to
their surrounding.

The blank page Which i throw them on like
a thick putty that I grind from my teeth
the dryness in my palms
the sweat from my neck and tears slopped down on a pallet
what a sour taste it brings
constellations which i could trace with my pen tip
tied together with invisible lines.
WHen the words come out right they look so beautiful
tangible and pure from here on earth

jerome moore

Walking Walking Walking

into reality
an invisible barrier
turn back now to whence you came...
like a sheet of glass
stretched out across a motorway.
transparent
or reflective.

A lost concept
stepping into reality
is like stepping through a spiders web
its kills lined up like disemboweled furniture
laying on the side of the road.
Road to consciousness...
and sleeping bums wrapped
like mummies in their cocoons
waiting to be devoured.
walking walking walking!

jerome moore

We Need To Kiss More!

We haven't even kissed yet.
Well not the new Jeremy.
You might hate it!
you could love it?
It could be your favorite flavor,
or what you think about
wrapped around your toilet bowl.
It could be your manic regret,
or make you forget...
We truly need to kiss more!
I remember how you kissed
and crave you
like a drowning man needs air
I'll kiss everything,
everywhere

jerome moore

What Will The Future Bring?

What will the future bring?
senior citizens colored in ink
pierces by metals
altered with synthetics
Will they still chill?
What would be the new place of worship?
What will future generations do to rebel?
not wear make up
not get tattoos
Not get piercings
village of the damned
all uniformity.
How will the food water air and drugs of today effect and defect the future?
will echo become retro
Will hip hop still be here?
Will Morrissey become a cyborg
will he have a cyborg dick?
What will the future bring
Will the seniors continue to trend set, judge,
fashion jump?
Will they still have music blogs?
Will they still network?
Will the world become run by tribes again?
Will everyone have a Bizarro replica?
Will the liberty bell break?
the tower fall?
The canyon sink?
The cities become graveyards?

What Will the future bring?

jerome moore

Wild Nothing Hike

We stray from our pride
lions wounded and dying
hungry and alone

jerome moore

Wind

Its windy tonight
the trees look like stormy seas
and the whirl still spins

jerome moore

Window Beneath My Bed

Shorts defining her supple backside of boundless beauty
I raise finger to my lips voyeur and trace the feral panty line
of her eternity.

her succulent peach flesh furry eternity.

Not but sixteen and possessing the universe.

But a tremble

a sigh

boredom

lolita.

I see in this child's lips

how they curl and pout.

her lips but a quiver of butterflies pulsing internal archer

archer traced in the night sky

with burnt out lantern hands

and no friends up there

out the windows beneath my bed.

jerome moore

Words

your ululating
words swarm through my harvest mind
like locusts feeding

jerome moore

Youth Can See It

walking on a nautilus sidewalk
youth can see it
twelve steps to the sun
as it sets behind me further and further
a new cosmos raised beside me and beyond me
the tigers who hide
in the bush
and the toads who sing nocturnes
the whole world is revolving and I break away clean
clean and painless
I have began murdering myself
soon nothing of my youth will remain
and a new man will walk from
the shell
smiling through the cracks
a new cosmos

jerome moore

Yuki

cat in the bathroom
scratching on door lemme out
goes straight for the lap

jerome moore