FIRE TRUCK [293]

Christmas day
tearing open the present
colorful paper, torn and shredded
Beneath the paper, a box
within the box, a fire truck
Bright red, white ladder, big mama jama
mine
Thanks Dad
2.9.14

FORMULA [294]

Length 6X6/3SR 6X6
Times width
Times Height
~~[redacted]~~ Divided by 1450 (cost) Pencil Code x
Equals how many patients
can be crammed in a single room
2.10.14

A FINAL RENDERING [295]

I'm Afraid this is the final rendering
of ideas expressed
Through the Imperfection
of randomly chosen words.
It is Essential that
Tacos never again run Riven ~~through~~ within
my thoughts processes, a warp
bubbling up to the surface of my thoughts.
I embrace the freedom of choice
to not have to refer to potencies
as cardinal numbers.
And now, I take a Sabbatical
from these words.
2.12.14

GAME COMPLETE [296]

I'm in the tub, relaxing,
and I think I'm winning the game
but then you change the game
and I find myself constantly losing
even when I'm dead on point, tiptoeing
around the champ.
I have these visions of riches;
I stay up late dreaming it:
Two girls hanging from my lapels,
Making it rain.
I'm the center of attention,
the man of honor,
models and martinis.
Oh wait, I forgot these are all hallucinations,
the realization stabbing me through the heart.
Time crawling by so slow, sneaking past;
and despite what the weathermen said,
life's just a series of fluffy white turds.
2.12.14

PJ3 CJB C-J/Brad/ battle rockets #31 August 2014
brD-d

PHONE ON THE WALL [297]

Bolted to the wall, a phone hangs in its cradle, the steel cord connecting it ~~[redacted]~~ to the body stiff and short. The hard plastic of the phone, cold against my ear, asks if I with the automated voice to speak to me in English or en Español. I pick English. Will this call be debit or collect? At 9pt a day wage, I dial '0' for collect. The voice asks for my PIN. Prisoner Identification Number. I dial the eleven digits, and I'm told the number's invalid, so I have to start all over. English. Collect. PIN. I get it right. Area code plus phone number for another ten digits. I'm asked politely to please hold while my call is being processed — it may take a couple of minutes. Then a digital ringing echoes from the earpiece, sounding so distant, like it's a million miles away and it's just barely reaching me. Then a click, a familiar voice saying hello, another click, then silence. And the silence drags on. Sixty seconds. One hundred twenty seconds. The seconds keep morphing into minutes, and then another click and another familiar voice.
"Your call was ~~not~~ accepted. Please try again later."

a hallway fan
stirs the dust bunnies
Someone coughs
2.16.14

MY SABBATICAL OVER [298]

My Sabbatical over,
I find the potencies of these words
Essential to my creative freedom
in which my ideas are Riven
by Tacos that warp Through
dreams already tainted by
the Imperfection of being Afraid
2.17.14

THE PROCESS [299]

The process I use to create
imaginary Tacos involves
Complex quadratic equations
using simple potencies, each
side of the equations Riven by
mathematical symbols that
my dear aunt sally never
found an excuse for using.
I'm Afraid implementing this
process through sleep perfection
will warp preconceived notions
of Imperfection. Is this
incoherent babble? Not
if you don't think about
it. And it is absolutely,
without question, axiomatically
Essential that we all
be Afraid of the freedom
that lucid dreaming can give us.
2.17.14

WAITING FOR SHANNON [300]

Waiting for Shannon
beneath a maple tree,
the stone bench cold
in the autumn evening.
2.22.14

DIFFERENT DAYS [301]

Day 1: A program interferes with work: WSR

in a room
in solitude
and emptiness

Day 2: ...

Day 3: not a single word
put on paper —
I forgot

I must have had a lot on my mind the day before. And later in the day:

at the theater
in a seat
beneath the icy rain

Day 4: Two public addresses I have never heard before:

medical records
tx
control

and

attention on the big yard
the track
is closed today

Day 5: Someone asked me to carry a song:

early this morning
I played
the blues

Day 6: I learned a new scale and progression:

blues soloist
keeping the licks
real

Day 7: I wrote a poem in spanish:

solamente basicos
anagrillo
golf lapiz

2.24.14

DIRECT ORDER [302]

On your bunks for count PF/WB
Secure your doors
Face to a table
Yard is closed
Chow time
Don't go past the yellow line
Don't step on the red lines
Put your ID on a spray bottle
Critical tools
Don't leave anything in the day room
Clean from 6 to 8
Get your pass signed
Swipe your ID
Take those curtains down
Put your hat on straight
Pull your pants up
Show your itinerary
Movement is in progress
Shakedown
Mock push
Put your hands behind your back
Have a seat in the day room
Monday, Wednesday, Saturday whites