

Some poems, digressing into the night.
Paul R. Carr

The Prin-cess

She is
the
Prin-
cess

rose-pedaled
velour shades
of glistening
woman

transparently
caramelized
a syrup of
feminine
truffles

the foamy latté
flittering
in rhythm
to seduction-glazed
pupils

the hazy
slumbering
drawl
of her silky
skin

She is the
Prin-
cess.

The War on Terror

Mercenary, guerilla, incensed hatred.
The war on terror.
Pounding the face of the enemy.
Smoking him out of his hole.
Let's get it own.

Killing is what they do.
Technologically perfect, precision-tested, money-back guarantee.
Except for the landmines that maim children years after the
Vic-
Tor-
Y.
The bible is a quaint paper-weight.
never seek peace
if you can
decimate
the other,
My brother!

Law is not Justice

Law is not
justice.
Lawyers are
magicians.
Judges may not read the
briefs.
If you lie,
it's only a lie if you get caught.
For a retainer plus an hourly fee billed every six minutes plus disbursements plus
incidentals plus,
get this straight,
plus interest,
plus,
stay focused,
if you lose
you pay the other guy's legal costs.
To say that there are systemic, systematic and system-wide whatever
is to say that without air
life would be uncomfortable.
Hurt, pain, oppression, invective, diabolical hatred
and
Law is
not justice.

Swimming the Lava

All the Motown music that Diana Ross
let slide from her lips
into the buffonted, shakin', swivel-chair, juke-box

jamborees

I looked into your eyes
while I moved mountains
and slammed colliding tables and chairs
into a garden-heap of hope
to hear you
say
Hello

The second
when the libidinous strangling
pull of your retina
flooded the convulsion of blood
pumping anxious desire
into my veins

All the torture and misery and deceit
of mankind
forever
is not but a drunken slur
of temporary nightfall

You are
the vapor
simmering the lava
running through
my dreams.

I dream

I dream in waves of Esperanto
Swimming the shores of euphoria
Scaling the peaks of heaven
Succumbing to the foamy latté framing the haze

The melancholic swagger of jammed sidewalks leading to nowhere
Rail-lines streaming to the margins of the Depression
Automobiles with cruise-control, heated seats and 48 monthly payments
The smarmy avoidance of those who have left everything for wealth and fame

I dream of sand-dunes covering buildings
Where no one has a key to anything
Mandatory jail-terms for slicksters proposing tax-cuts

Razors are illegal, and we all eat rice, fluffy and white, together

The rules and guidelines and directives and administration
Flatten our children like the new toll-roads that keep poor folks out
Genuine church meetings that do not prohibit human contact
Tea-time with the Queen where the monarchy is decided to end

I dream
And
I dream

I wait

I wait
In a line that gathers
moss and dust and collections of anxiety
Jostling, looking inside
Questioning if this is the place,
huddling with strangers
Watching people explain why they need change,
inhaling other people's smoke
Fondling pockets,
zipping coats, fiddling with sun glasses
This place is Time Square, it is Big Ben, it is le Louvre, it is the Vatican
The intense bustle and need to be,
to join the ranks of the chosen.

A smoked meat sandwich
at Schwartz'
on St. Laurent.

I am a humble man

I am a humble man
From where the maple grows

And I have no way of comparing the frozen tundra
Swimming through the lush, tropical vines
Bedding down Palm trees that light up the satellite images of
Patriotic war delirium about evil empires

Where beads of sweat trickle down open negligées
Ice cubes mesh with glazed faces
Intrinsic rhythms vibrate the stoic staidness

Staining the pupils of edgy foreign stares

I am a humble man
From where the maple grows

Oh, Brazil

Oh, Brazil

You're mixing and melted and mestizo and mulatto and
Margarine and maple and marmalade and mantequilla and
That capoeira is no samba at the Ritz,
It ain't no tails and tux salad fork for a shrimp cocktail cacophony
Of neo-liberal smarm

Oh, Brazil

The forest that we decry and heap our rage onto as we chill in the A/C
of a brand new
Automobile made with very, very cheap labour
A million piles of cement plowing the landscape of freedom
Makes us feel so good about our pity for the pitiful

Oh, Brazil

Those bodies on beaches in freshly baked dental floss strings swerving to the
stream of perfectly translucent, sparkling
Cachaca
Making the herbal tea and guanara powder
A delectable bed for indigenous sovereignty

Oh, Brazil

The Wall

They came, they lived, they were human, they left
And that was then, and this is now
And the land that was theirs
Has now been declared permanent eminent domain

And the only mistake that the White man made
The only small, miniscule, almost irrelevant over-sight
Was to not make English the official language of the
United States of Gringolandia

Mr. Gorbachev,
Will you tear down that Wall?
That despicable, insidious divider of humanity,
That scourge of indecent scurvy
And the Wall came down
So that victory could be declared over the evil empire

A new century and new insanity
Celebrated with cod-liver oil being forced down our collective throat
They are the enemy, they are stealing our land, our jobs, our women
They will be stopped,
One by one, by dogs and foot patrols and infra-red, lazer-beamed, hi-tech Pentagon stuff

And this mammoth Wall will stop no one
from speaking the truth

War and peace

War is peace,
at least that is what Bush says

You cannot prepare for war and peace at the same time,
at least that's what Einstein said

Give peace a chance,
at least that's what John Lennon said

An eye for an eye makes the whole world blind,
At least that's what Handhi said

If you want peace, fire the military,
at least that's what I say

Can you have peace and kill?
Can you count your own
who are killed and not those you kill?
Can you spend on war on not on peace?
Can you send poor people to kill and give tax-breaks to the rich?

Peace of mind,
piece of change, piece-meal, piece by piece,
if we change the spelling
Will the dying stop?

If religion mattered,
would there be peace?
If we are under attack over there,
why so much violence right here,
where there is no war?

Is it possible to have a war on terror when
Clearly
There is a
War
of
error?

Hair

My head is full of
wavy, thick, flowing, textured
Hair
It was blond when I was young
Then it turned brown
It gets light in sun

And nobody wants to go bald
And I don't want to shave my head
And the hair-line is receding into the night
Like the musical,
long beautiful hair
Everywhere

And she makes a braid so I am all there

Hair, this hair, should it be there?
And a thousand products, creams, lotions, waxes, sponges, razors, scissors
The economy of hair
Beware, don't stare

On the back, out of whack
On the legs,
if you're sexy and feminine,
she begs

And everywhere else
Well,
You can kill a deer but never
Enunciate the fear of

exposed veneer

Hair
Simply
Hair
