

November 2014

it started again today the sound it started again today the sound I woke up I heard it it started again today I knew what I had to do that sound the slow buzz not the sixty cycle hum of power lines not the white noise of the city the sound it started it started the sound of nothing it started as quiet it started a second trip to joshua tree ostensibly to look at property can't take the wife can't take the dog no euphemisms no nothing no hopes can't take the bike just six point five hours straight on through six point five gassed to the gills loaded up on pills running rolling siding and riding Oaktown heading south the California five, the fifty-eight and the two forty seven a cup of coffee no make that a double espresso no sugar no cream black and double black driving the highway heading for doomsday heading for doomsday time is short need a place to stay no reservation hotels booked keep driving don't pray don't stop a mighty fortress was your god the walls are gone now overrun with the parasites roaches charlatans and bloodsuckers men get broken hearts too heartbreak what of it what of it I'm strong I know when to bend let water wash over driving I will not forget the heart break what of it I'm driving fiendishly to escape what of it as its come to be known we are no longer find coyote needs my help need to to kick old asshole ass find a place for us to hide found the coyote lodge retreat ranch and old folks home haven for the trickster sly coyotes looking a place to die in peace no bullet holes no bullets no pits three squares a hot and a cot like ain't quitting won't settle who still believes in a place where just useful isn't good enough not a type a but optimists there is something out there amidst the stars hiding in the great square waiting in a wormhole for deliverance a patchwork of survivors floating waiting to link if europa has life so can we the state demands regardless of the cost regardless of the victims the state will impose its will on all those who object whether based upon conscience will or general contrariness be brought to heel or killed sometimes systematically sometimes arbitrarily sometimes at random and other times as collateral damage we ride to their rescue and mine as they are me I hear them screaming for justice it will be served not decency but justice the lord is righteous in judgement and absolute in punishments but is merciful as I have been shown mercy so will others if they choose life a god of mercy not by our own doing but by grace driving road strips rub strips speed bumps driving tire rotations sounding

spinning hub caps on the side on the round on the road lane changing still I drive ride on stay in the left lane seventy eighty ninety backing off for the black and whites I run in the desert with the coyote we will outwit them with collective intelligence imagination and evolution they refuse to believe we can they refuse to admit to the mutability of life they refuse to admit that life has changed us will change us is not static it is for us to evolve this is all the better for us as they will only kill the slow ones so that the fast crafty creative ones repeat it the fast crafty creative ones will be left to reproduce to teach the young well they will be confounded they do not know to look where we are they will only look where they think we should be I drive on I can run in the desert bare foot for miles can you I choose not I stay out of the sun I stay out of the sun the sun our star the stardust we are the remnants of the last supernova coalescing to form this rock this magnet for water this magnet for life this magnet for life no you cannot kill us we will not let you our conscience will be your guide when yours fails you we will be your guide drive on has everything become a product emotions interactions visions truths and untruths the commodification of culture society measured weighed packaged sold off in easily digestible packets a product for distribution with no inherent value other the dollar sign attached to it and the status of the sign when you're a hungry coyote everything looks like a small rodent you would think the everyone would be happy no cost rat eradication but you can't please everyone avoid the garden parties I tell my friends take the road on the other side take the road get to the other side run barefoot take the other road run until you can't then drive we are not disposable indistinguishable replaceable we will not be arrogant condescending smug we will not anger we will create our future what has happened in the past is done we face forward and remember we are worthy we will not lose sight of the prize we are and can be healthy whole we will not be the child who is dangerous to themselves and to others we are driving to no where somewhere no where get in the car you drive sit here sit close to me on the bench seat a fifty eight chevy turquoise blue two tone chrome trim vinyl and cloth seats seat belts be damned honk the horn night calls the car is transformed for us drive I navigate you drive we share one path drive left turn right turn drive the road is open it is not summer winter is on us greenery shorn hills the desert calls I see you I hear you you know my name I know yours drive I know yours the coyote howls we are on our way our way it is their way we are coming drive the freeway of the absurd

lays ahead hidden then revealed exits time to rethink the directives instructions mandates we will fulfill ours to the planet clown cars flash by the windshield peering through it rain washes cleaning steady hum the sound of shadows crashing in the night head lights paired trucks illuminated christmas trees on wheels the sound that sound gets louder clinking of glasses fondling of asses slinking in grasses hissing swishing wishing everything moving stop what is that sound stop hands off the wheel stop gas and go stop outside the window the coyote runs in the night stop barefoot in the desert leading the way I keep pace stop when there is nothing you can do there is nothing you can do except drive coyotes cry in the night they know sorrow they cry caught in traps swept by bounties dumped in pits hearts bleed dime a dozen baker's dozen neatly processed stacked on sheets behind the glass case your choice a selection sprinkled glazed raised or cake but there is always that hole in the center where something is missing but I hear it can you if you listen carefully it is that sound the sound of hearts not beating hearts missing emotion suspended consciousness denied they dare to be who they must be must we be as we are we think that we are the only way the truth the bright light shining city on the hill the standard we pretend we are not aware of the truth that others bring we have forgotten the coyote I am whistling nonsense but still I whistle the tune harmonizing to the sound if I whistle I can hear the sound at times there are words at times more clearly than others more nonsense the words when I can hear them tell me to run chase the coyote barefoot in the night don't turn around run I drive instead six am in the morning one quarter tank of gas camera one change of clothes trepidation the coyote is curled at my feet are you going to do this chase this rabbit kick the can the road opens shower soap shave coffee timer say it's ready French press the time is later turmeric hills shadow trees stick figure houses empty shells the last light the last light starlight moonlight straight right left right left a good home you couldn't stay there driving a coyote whistles I stay awake following the lead I press on undulations the coyote disappears reappears near then far what is a hallucination what is time a device on my wrist numbers on a phone the sound we measure silently in our heads rising and falling starting again voices heard dismissed I'm not sure of anything anyone says I am not sure what is time there is a fence it measures time the space between each post the wires perpendicular a mesh a web capturing each and every memorializing each instance whether we can recall it or not the fence in the desert hoping to keep out the coyote

to no avail runs parallels the road the power lines humming that hum only heard by those heard by those now heard there is dirt on my boots I stop to add oil the annoying ping of minimum levels illuminated oil can on the instrument panel sandwiched between the speedometer and the tachometer not welcome but a reminder I drive there is a place stop a break in the fence the fence separating separating asphalt from dirt road whose dust clings to my boots my boots reflect the dust I unscrew the cap with a paper napkin the smell of motor oil stains my fingers a second napkin wipes them the container is in the trunk empty motels drive thru's no sleep blank TV's hissing background motorcycle pipes too loud straight no muffler perversity to the quiet of the desert she asked I said nothing actually I said unlikely truth of the matter it will be never I looked at myself in the rear view coyote in the middle of the road wrong way turn around around and around circles stop circles donuts when you're done this way waiting by the yucca joshua tree purple flower blooming before dawn gives way to blackness threading through the night grey asphalt headlights twisting memories are removed and returned a shutter clicks daylight almost sunrise almost the light is not the same as before silhouette rocks sunrise streaking across gray then pink then yellow then white rocks shutter flicks wider narrowing frame the sound click flick twist the sound of home I do not see them in the wash I know they are there they know I am here we are waiting the sound of nothing fresh dates waiting at the farmers's market stuffed with candies walnuts plain plump juicy desiring to be eaten the cafe coffee dueling notebooks words spilling spelling dreams imagination a story scripted flowing mud dirt plowed now flashing across the screen unseen not heard or read shutter click mouse over roll over vertical what is that sound what of it what of it the long road not seen before imaging scenes framed located distant close flats trees boulders but not the same nothing is the same around the bend circles sand embankments the sky solitary the sky blue imposing streaks white contrasts not clouds crossing here then not imagining forgetting I was here yesterday what does tomorrow what will tomorrow stores conversations vintage wear leather coats cowboy shirts western wear eastern wear silver buckles necklaces large and gregarious unappreciated covered porches additional underneath plaids stripes earrings low heels and high bolos neck ties fuzzy vests hang unmatched in time unmatched out of their era unwanted by anyone except wanters wearing preferring the incongruity of time displaced fashion watching this absurdity pleased choices waiting road

unpaved packed running in the open leafless desert scrub stalks scraggly weathered brown
burnished high on the hill joshua tree large not lost seldom visited here maintain dignity in
solitary grandeur beneath muffled sky against forest backdrop waiting the sound is heard what of
it tires against sand dust against boots shutter against camera what of it the quiet what of it the
sound what of it the sound of quiet what of it