

Do Aluminum
Chickens Eat
Metal Feed?

POEMS BY

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DO ALUMINUM CHICKENS
EAT METAL FEED?

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A NEURAL IMPULSE BOOK

A night on the town
cheap port
tasteless gin
a pipe filled with opium
i ready myself for bed.

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FORWARD

Do aluminum chickens eat metal feed? Do psychic cows produce more milk? Do humans truly have it within them to understand the universe? These are all facets of our daily reality that have perplexed me since my youth.

In my short travels about the planet i have come to learn that no one reality is ever supreme, unless of course there is money involved and in that case everything becomes null and void, no, in an absolute setting of serenity, say, a bar in the Green Light district in Pusan, Korea, now there is where you will find your answers to the questions of life; your supreme reality. I found mine there, along with a couple of other items which provided endless hours of amusement and infatuation, and i quickly discarded these answers as soon as i realized that i had found them. Would have led for a most boring life to know that you hold all the answers to the questions of life in the palm of your hand, or, perhaps, the brim of your hat. No, none of that for me. I quickly discarded the dastardly mutant thoughts that spoke to me of true understanding and became quite involved with the local Red Cross. It was an exhilarating experience and perhaps some day i shall write a book of poetry based upon said experiences. Ah, the folly of youth. To be young and free indeed!

Do aluminum chickens eat metal feed? I'm not sure. But i do know they can dance. And when you get right down to it, that's all that really matters.

DAVE

IN A WORLD FILLED

with beautiful dancers
a smile is pure ecstasy.
And the gifts of
diamond
jade
or gold
will never equal the madness
of any one
given moment.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON

Come on, Sunday's so long
you know?

Did you take him to the
bathroom?

Well, lets do it
we haven't got
all day.

Yes, i've put gas
in the car
did you pack the sandwiches
potato salad
beer

No, i'm not going to drink
while i drive
much

Yeah, yeah, lets go.

Well, Jesus,
the damn thing started
a minute ago.
Shit.

No, i don't know
 what's wrong
 i just
 here
 you start it then
smart ass
 i'll drive it
 just because you started it
 doesn't mean
 you can drive it.
You sure
 he's been to the
 bathroom?
Alright
 just checking.

END OF THE WEEK

here in home town.
Setting sun
 lazy breeze
neighbors playing ball
 by the shadows
luke warm kool-aid
 served up
 no sugar
 makes it taste
like fine, cheap wine
 i wish
But the shadows
 have grown even longer
and they're right:
 you can never go home again.

REGRETS

The only real regrets
i have in life
is that no one
has ever called me
excellency,
and i'm beginning
to go bald.

A POEM FOR YOU ON

your way to the city to make sure
that you don't get side-tracked
by a pink yellow great big
sonofabitch and want to turn around
and yell into the ocean
the fact that the last time you
saw the pink yellow great big
sonofabitch
you lost your mind, there
on the streets of san fran
or perhaps it was another
city
who knows
who cares
for every time you lose it
they find it
and mail it to you
C.O.D.

NIGHT CLERKING

It's a rather ignominious place,
a hotel.
Sterile walls,
crisp, uniform sheets
bible 'neath the phone,
could be anywhere
or nowhere
nowhere at all.

They ask;
"What city?"
He replies;
"Any city. Take your pick,
make your choice, they're all
the same. There is no difference."

He smiles.
They're new at this
still learning the rules
still attempting an answer
But for him there is only laughter
lonely, silent laughter.

They ask;
"What city?"
He replies;
"Any city. Don't you know?
they're all the same.
All of them, dead, decayed,

lost cities, lost lovers,
we're all moving in circles
going absolutely nowhere,
nowhere at all."

Hotels,
i'll try to explain:
Picture a tomb
 lying empty
a waiting grave
 to swallow you whole.
A friendly night clerk
 hands you your key.
You ask him what room.
 then, what city.
He smiles, as he replies,
 "Any city, my friend.
 Any city at all."

THINKING

of times past
i stumble through
a memory
and apologize
softly
as i leave
the room.

WORDS

Stand here
no gas
just beans
blank walls
no bed
cold cat
wet dog
burn it all
for a price
get high
come down
touch ground
Big Bad Limo
gonna
run
you
down.

Walk soft
vote mean
gotta stay
in between
don't move
to fast
man on top
got cash
toll booth
thirty five
you got
thirty two.

SORRY BABY

last chance here
was five miles back
way too late
for love lost
in subways/highways/byways
anyways
love is lost
thrown out to gutter
washed away
what was no more
i'm cleaning house
throwing out garbage
give to trashman
he'll take it
down freeways
highways
anyways
love is lost
last chance here
was five miles back.
Sorry, baby
sorry.

AFTER READING OF MASSACRE IN
BEIRUT, LEBANON.

And it's like it's
 happening
 right here
all around us
as sit
cafe style elegant
sipping 'spresso
being cool cats
hanging out
talking Nietzsche/Goethe/Hesse
main man scene
of artists/poets
hanging out
being cool, really cool
in upstairs room
with heady smells
of mushroom people
laughing twilight
through amber eyes
wizened gnomes
while Beast be driving
in hepped up caddy
through some sand nation
with war and of guns
but cafe type hipness
don't fuck wid dese matters
of Beast in some caddy
of war and of guns

too many bad news
be spoiling espresso
sour our outlook
on beat madness self
And it's happening right now
all fucking 'round us
we cafe type people
been left in our dark
and ramblings on inwards
from eastern mad visions
i got go leave dump now
& sort this all out.

HARVEY

Wind blows softly through
the trees
like shadows drifting through
my soul.
Steadily, though sometimes
faltering
i walk that thin line
some call sanity:

Colored lights
dance before my eyes
while on my shoulder
stands an imp.
Oh, he's quite harmless
actually
the most he ever
bothers me
is when he urinates
on my friends
draperies,
but that's okay
really, it is.
i merely scold him
and send him out to
play
in fact,
if i had my choice

between a child,
 or Harvey,
 my imp,
i do believe
 that i would
 choose Harvey
for who would want
 a child
 that urinated
 on
 friends draperies?

BROTHERS AND SISTERS

throughout the land
are dying for the cause
of freedom
lord have mercy on us all.

All you Americans
gather 'round.
All you Russians
gather 'round.
All you Asians
gather 'round.
All you mankind
gather 'round and bear the arms
of resistance.
Lift up, brothers,
sisters of the land.
Lift up your voices, your
hatreds, your joys
lift up your sorrows
your spirit of man
and decry
revolution
for the time is now
companions of the land
to reclaim our souls
to reclaim our spirit
aye, our spirit of man.

Heads high, brethren
the march this time
an arduous task
is long indeed.

Centuries, brothers
centuries, sisters
of fascist suppression
have led us to this point
to this edge
we must not let it pass
nay, let it slip
from our grasp
for the time, companions,
is now
to eliminate the cancerous
growth of racism
eliminate the cancerous
growth of starvation
of hunger
of deprivation
of monetary and spiritual
suppression
i call to you
my brethren
kindred souls of the land
to stand in unity and
declare
revolution.

Heads high, brethren
the march this time,
an arduous task
is long indeed.

Hundreds of us dead
thousands of us dying
lives, wasting away
while intellectuals discuss Camus
politicians cavort as fools
and the dream
of earthly unity falls to the
wayside
and hundreds more are dead
and thousands more are dying
and fools, bloody, fucking fools
we have no need for intellectuals
no need for politicians
nor bankers
nor oil lords
brethren of the land
i embrace you
the guns are roaring
we have no right to remain silent
we must shout revolution
we must shout it throughout
the land
we must reclaim our destinies
we must liberate
the spirit of man.

i embrace you
the guns are roaring
we have no right to remain silent.

A TRIBUTE TO MARCEL DUCHAMP

three views in an essential order to be found in
three views in no essential order to be found in
three-views in an essential order that state
three views in a state that order
three-views that may state order that
three-views that order
three views
are in a state of being
order
that are in
three views of worthy
order is in a view that
is worthy that
is a view that is worthy that is
three-worthy views that
no one wanted to hear
anyway.

BEFORE I SING

the body electric
before i breathe
 my last breath of air
i'll feast my eyes on
 passionate visions
and blind my heart
 with beauty
 bare.

I'll search for formless
 scripts of sages
dwell on tea leaves
 taste the air
i'll swim a mountain
run a river
kiss an old hag
 stroke her hair.

I'll look at laughter
 as a point well taken
dance madly backwards
with no partner there.

I'll begin in the carving
 of my tombstone eclectic
and singing my body
 electric
 with flair.

REFLECT UPON

your images before
you write it down,
the words, that is
because you might
have misspelled
one in your mind.
Oops.

FOR MADELYN

Dance
sister
under the cafe's
neon
brightness
dance
sister
dance
till the night air's breath
blows fresh
your upraised skirts
and dance
sister
dance
under the cafe's
neon
brightness
dance your dance of
ecstasy
your dance of
satori
your bejeweled slave dance
of hope
and devotion
and cry
sister
cry to your lord
under the cafe's
neon
brightness

cry to your savior
cry to your messiah
your gentle
lord
yes
cry
sister
cry while you dance
for your salvation
till night airs breath
blows fresh
your upraised skirts
and dance
sister
dance
sweet mother of life
dance
your dance of devotion
dance
your dance of surrender
dance
under the cafe's
neon brightness
young woman of desire
for sorrow
is such a waste of time
indeed.

1984

Orwell was it
you
or i
that believed love
to be a facist?

I began your year
with lungs
filled
with fluid.
I entered
your domain
with body
heavy
with heat
with pain.
I survived
the stone
that blocked
my body
survived
the tubes
run
through my skin
where once,
twice
i took upon myself
to inject.

Orwell,
you were not
a god

Nor were you
a lesser
god
you
were a man.
A man
who could write.

In May
of your year
i lost
a brother.
i lost him
final
to a piece
of metal.
i lost him
final
in your year.
We gathered
under your sky
gathered to leave
his body
final

in the ground.
I muttered
chosen words
not of yours
not of your god
but of mine
and of mine alone.
Friends understood
family
i'm still not sure
but the words
were valid
as were yours
as was
his
death.

Orwell,
you never hinted
in your words
i would lose
one
that i loved.
Orwell,
you were
undoubtadly
a bastard.

In August
of your year
i lost use
of my legs.

crippled
superman
reduced to
crawling
infant
in order
to move
an inch
realized
it was words
nothing more
nothing less
that you wrote
in your book
and only your book.
I crawled
Orwell
i crawled
for months.
Orwell,
i came closer
to an understanding
of your words.

In December
of your year
i no longer
crawled
i walked

slowly
always slowly
but never did i
crawl.
Understanding
your words
came upon me
towards the last
minutes
of your year.
I lept
off the floor.
Came crashing
down
towards it.
Felt the pain
deep
through my legs.
Wept
openly
knowing that at last
your year was over
and you
were not a god
but a man.
Mere
Mere
Man,
with a vision.

WITH THE NEW DAY

dawning
upon us
phoenix rising
from the
flames
ashes
of our ancestors' past
will a trumpet
 be blown for glory
or will the day
pass by
 as uneventful
 as the birth
of a child?

A POEM OF HIS WORDS

is really quite an
 interesting thing
 to hear
for as you
 hear it
being read
 hear the vocali
 zation
of the words
 being read
you begin
 to appreciate
the beauty
 of language
the sound of words
 syllables
as they rise
 fall
carrying you with them
as the poet
 works the words
weaving a symphony
 of sound
breathing his magic to you
 rejoicing

in the sheer
 pleasure
and enjoyment
 of hearing a word
being spoke
 and rejoicing
 in the pleasure
 the poet obtains
from speaking the words
 for you.

Big bad
 wolf
 ate little girl
 in woods at night
while baby's cried
 in city sewers
 longing for mothers
 who've gone and left them.
But no one writes
 of baby's in sewers
 only big bad wolf's
 eating little girls
in woods at night
 such a pity
 such a pity.

A THOUGHT

If two children
 angered at each other
were to build
 arsenals of rocks
with which to show
 the other
 that he is better,
 stronger
more powerful than the other

Now, wouldn't we laugh
 at that.

ONE LAST TIME

With winter days now almost over
spring soon shall come around
and hobos like yourself and i
will soon be leaving town.

So pass that bottle
 one last time
 been nice knowin' you
 so long

We both know spring days
 mean a travelin'
i must be moving on.



Photo: Cherie Pipes

David A. Boles is publisher and editor of PRIMAL URGE, an alternative magazine of semi-irregular status, former publisher and editor of the now defunct SACRAMENTO FREE PRESS, and is currently soliciting funds for his latest venture, NORTH CONTINENT NEWS. He has no real credentials to his name, which is kind of nice, and is best remembered for his quote "Take it to Nicaragua". He lives in a small studio in Reno, NV where he pursues his goals of writing poetry, a decent play, a short movel of nondescript endeavors, and surviving a friday night at the Pink Pussycat, a local bar and grill.

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