

The musicians that play in front of crowds full of 13 year old girls waiting to be cornholed do not know me. The girls see me and how *old* they must think I am. Just a wily, old man looking for fresh tail in an old world. Do not let the young fool you, for they are keen to the game. They parade themselves like show dogs, completely pulverized by the sight of the musician, but not of the human poet. The thing they do not know is that the poet is not human, he is a machine, impervious to assholes and pussies, most of the time. I fuck like a motherfucker should, hard and fast. Although some times I attack your soul or your mind or your body rather than your pussy or asshole. These are the most uncommon and unused orifices of the human body. Only aliens can properly use these orifices, hence why they use telekinesis to communicate. Aliens only speak in prose. They leave poetry to people like me, which like actual love making, I have no idea what I'm doing. The musicians who know me ask,

“Do you like Burroughs?”

“I don't like what surrounds Burroughs.”

“Do you like Camus?”

“Before he died.”

“Do you like Céline?”

“He's good.”

They all died the same way the youth in a face dies, slow and unnoticeable. Seemingly put out to pasture like the rest of the animals in this job; the way I will eventually go. Two other writers hang around me and speak of unity. The truth bringers. All full of lukewarm ideas and room temp. writing with no balls. Writing straight from the gut, like wise fools who dance to the song of absolute possum shit. The gut is the second mind and the heart is the third mind. You must learn to use all three to have some semblance of a decent sentence. Love breaks out like wildfire, unadulterated madness, brutal and glorious, savage and bloody, absolutely cut loose from normal practice, like war-driven insanity, and to bask in it is a rare thing, let alone writing about it truthfully. Love can live in the guts, in fact most of the time it dwells in the guts, the heart is only a muscle that pumps blood and beats and keeps you alive, just like the penis is just an organ for fucking and making babies.

Writing is love. It is love compressed into something man-made. We take control of something as overpowering as love and claim to fornicate with it until it is beaten into submission and then made malleable by human hands. These two other writers are not bad writers, in fact they are good ones, they say beautiful things and discuss important subjects, and they ride the horse of passion and digest the leftovers of irrefutable genius, but they are still young, as am I, although I look old and beaten by life already. They praise me by writing about me as drunken madman genius, who ran his course and they describe the happiness running from my eyes like wild unicorns. As you can see there are no rules to this game, but beware the metaphor, because it can kill you. Metaphors in death make me laugh, for there is nothing on the planet close to death. It is the end. A undiscovered land where pale horses gallop. I have been close to death. My first poetry reading where I was savagely beaten in the alleyway, beaten for no other reason than to be shown I am ant shit. The thoughts of suicide that are pellets

from the shotgun blast, spinning out of control. The midget who I decimated in the lobby of a fancy hotel, or the orgy where the smells of the room were a mixture of body fluid and canned heat. Where lice and crabs jumped at your balls like snapping turtles. Rubber assholes all over the floors. It makes you think how insignificant you are when you see a landscape of rubber assholes. It makes you wonder how Napoleon conquered so much land as you sit in your room alone and bleed through the typewriter. Although Napoleon fell, as did Hitler. They were not consistent. To be consistent is to be good, to be truthful, good or bad, is to be God.

There is no more wonderful gift than being alone with the typer. As a writer it is your lover. It is your weapon. It creates lives and takes them away and then creates them again. And when you're onto something good, you punch the keys like a prizefighter in the 15th round, so goddamned tired it's hard to breathe, and the finishing punctuation is the knockout punch or the orgasm. Hookers, bums, junkies, cops, children, mothers, fathers, dogs, and cats are only part of it. TRUTH about oneself is most important. The ability to tell the reader that you haven't fucked in 5 years or that there is more brown hair on your body than white skin or being able to tell the reader to go fuck himself or herself is where the real power lies. THE FORGOTTEN CHRIST CHILD OF POETRY IS TRUTH. We mull around like jerks, not living or dying, just being, trapped in a locker with death, watching him waiting for you to give in. Writing bleeds into life, because it is the writer's job to relate to the dumbass sitting in his house in Kansas City reading this. For enough money the hooker will lay you. For enough money the crook will kill your spouse. For enough money the barkeep will keep serving you, but none of that adds up to good writing. No one really knows what that is. Art is subjective. A lovely thing like a single flower left in desolation. Like the eyes of God in *Gatsby* who watches over the ruined city, that is what myself and these two other writers are doing. Watching over like gods of our own reality, of our addiction to art. Although they need to follow their own way.

Forget the Beats, Kerouac was too busy sucking on his mama's tit. They were all addicts to something. The addict comes with a black case. "Mr. Krainock, do you want some?" The alloy mercury is sending shock waves through the black case, and I can almost feel the death. It could be some made-up drug, falsified for your pleasure. I decline. My drug is love, I use it until it is no longer moist. Moist is something always good. A reliable thing in a world full of unreliable things. But the love that I write about is personal love. I close the door to others and pretend to be indestructible, when the thing that truly inspires me is her. A woman so lovely and fine that it doesn't even matter if she loves me or not. She is fluid. And somehow it always comes back to her, and the two men, my allies in this game. And will I dry up? Sure. Nothing stays moist forever.