

*Nomad*

watching America through car windows  
is the same as watching it through a television screen  
or the fragmented dreams of a droning poet  
on stage with seven cheap Mexican beers in him  
talking about the countryside as if it were a lost battlefield  
reciting love poems to his old girl back home  
writing letters to his *mum* and his dad as they watch America through television screens  
in their chairs that recline and their cars that incline as their health declines  
and their money wastes away in a bank vault like leaves on the ground during a parade  
a parade to celebrate gay rights  
or the fact that it's the year two thousand and nine  
yet they can't marry because a bunch of religious hounds in Kansas  
have buried their bones in a different backyard and have lost the scent-

threats out of Hell come loud and clear to the deaf  
through books they read  
and songs they sing  
fire and pain and suffering  
if you don't put enough cash in the collection bin each Sunday  
and the tall white crosses outside of Illinois that were meant to crucify giants  
burns its image into every fag boy and every queer girl  
that hoped to be anything besides what the factory had produced-

baby boomers and hope oppressors  
hard workers and dead men  
who live on the street wearing a suit with no shoes  
their lifesavings in a fedora hat like some Chandler reject  
dejected like bubble gum wrappers  
and ladies in white gloves step over them to get to places like Indiana...  
for every church I see there are two graveyards  
many devout followers laid to waste  
hundreds of thousands in the ground  
when there are only hundreds of thousands left in the homes  
a wasteland  
because they smoked Pall Mall cigarettes with no filters and got tattoos  
believed  
sailed on freight ships and hopped freight trains  
leaving blonde girls on their doorsteps  
so many nice Jew girls left behind for the sake of soil  
just soil  
wars fought over the stuff

and drugs brought back  
the soldiers turn to mules  
and that's what we took to get inspired  
whole generations crammed their veins with junk so they could produce beauty  
but all that was left were empty syringes and blood on the floor

the sailors pound on the doors looking for a woman  
hookers and pimps flooded the streets instigating hundreds of novels about the hard life  
and that's the way it went

America

festering while the folks on the outside covered it with polish  
art was made a joke  
a good ha-ha because people were too afraid to look within themselves for the creation  
it had to be bought and sold like everything else  
painters needed paychecks too  
everyone did  
doctors!  
babies don't come from God or storks  
they come from well paid doctors with sports cars-

these are the things you think about  
as you lay looking at the ceiling of a motel in Dayton, Ohio  
and your clothes reek of body odor but you're too clean for the shower  
the semen spread across the room and the discolored pillow...  
that's what America is  
little dirty motels with discolored pillows  
but that's what makes it great  
its left-for-dead charm  
we started as a group of rebels searching for freedom  
and we still are  
salvaging any recognizable thing

remember what things used to be and how places used to be  
harness their ghosts and make them into something else  
something new  
walk until the soles of your feet bleed  
travel down old route 66  
never stay in one place for too long  
make the road your home because there is so much to be seen  
no matter how angry some of it can make you  
there is always something beautiful about it

forget the lost generations

forget the wishful thinking of people past...roam...roam as far as you can until you reach a clearing high above the tree line and jump in.