

Firing Squad

it's been a while
since I've been in front
of the firing squad

this last month has been hectic

I've been working earnestly
on the graphic novel

attending a convention
in San Diego for 5 days
putting me away from my
writing

seeing some good films
seeing some poor ones

submitting a manuscript
to Stephen's Press LLC

and now it is
approximately
4:33 in the a.m.
And I am typing
with nothing to wake for
tomorrow morning
for I have been
let go from my
job as a driver
at a dry cleaner

some men would feel low
being laid off
after three weeks of work
but to me
it feels as though
I was set free

punching clocks
isn't in my blood

many artists like to hide
behind the fact that they create art
which is a convenient excuse
for why they can't do anything else

but for me
I am able to do
manual, dull work
I just don't like to
similar to the way
I have always been able
to play sports with ease
but never had the stamina for it

I guess
the competition
isn't in me

that goes for
writing as well,
I don't even think of the other writers

I sometimes forget that there is countless
others trying to do what I do
some much better
some much...much worse-

Walking around San Diego
getting out of the heat of Vegas
humbles you,
cools the bones

riding the train from Old Town
to the American Plaza
connecting to get to the
Convention Center
and the Gaslamp district

the Gaslamp
seemed like a quiet number of streets
but it had a noisy, rambunctious soul
with the middle full of drunk men and women
clubs thumping music out into the streets

four Mexican men taking a bite
of a white boy's ass

and the police
that lined every road
seemed to disappear
in that moment
letting the fight break out
into a vicious brawl

San Diego's finest women
with big thighs
and delightful breasts
that danced as they
walked intoxicated
through the pothole filled pavement

it was a place alive enough
to do a good poetry reading-

I had began a good savings
\$1,000 in my account
a wad of money so fat
I could barely close my wallet

but in a place like the Gaslamp
money goes fast
and once again
I'm broke

it makes me feel like
Butch Cassidy
robbing banks
but spending too much
working like a dog your whole life
but never being able to get ahead
only to be met by the
firing squad