



Wheat on the Due

Charles Michael Craven

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The Man

I'm the perfect mate
if you don't like
saying anything,
doing anything,
getting complimented,
holding hands,
surprises,
or sex multiple times
in a day.

I'm the guy for you
if you don't mind
lying,
a quick temper,
verbal abuse,
neglect,
or going down on me
without the chance
of the favor being returned.

look no further
if you're into
a guy who
doesn't dress up
or use hair gel,
sleeps a lot,
smokes a lot,
and shaves once a week
with a trimmer
to achieve the
five o' clock shadow look.

we're soul mates
if you hate
everyone else,
cuddling,
romance,
or feeling important.

if you are down for all that
let me know,
but to
tell you the truth
even I
wouldn't like
anyone like that.

Redundant Speech

I'm
not
drinking
ever
again.

how many
times
have you said it?

I said it today.

a mistake has been made
and now
my dick itches.

stuck on a ride called
Bad Decisions.

when my only answer is yes,
my only option
should be
no.

strippers, lines, booze, and lighters
move me
from
one rain drop to the next,
on a window seal of
indecision and self pity,
acting
all the way through,
auditioning for
happiness.

the role isn't for me.

smoking better pot lately

breathing cleaner air
working more hours
staying in relative shape
telling less lies
waving at strangers
looking people in the eyes
having cleaner thoughts
shaving, kind of,
participating in family events
grinning
putting on real clothes
getting haircuts
taking regular showers
watching less TV
eating more square meals
dropping fewer of those darned cursed words in conversation
and
just
trying to live an overall better life

but
I must say
it fucking sucks.

Zombie

there are days I feel dead inside,
the couch is as far as I get,
if I get there.

I eat nothing and
drink very little,
fasting for the sake of it.

a knife could be stuck
in me and I wouldn't
feel it.

all my dreams could come
true but I wouldn't
know it.

the world closes,
the lights go off,
sound is muffled.

a coyote creeps up behind me
but I don't
blink.

Sartre

people walk in and out of here
through the hour shaped glass
of smoke and booze.

girls, boys, family members,
drug dealers

just plastic dolls

existentialism at its finest.

no world exists out my
glass window.

my wind is the air conditioning,
my sun is a light bulb,
the water can be heated and cooled
by the turn of a faucet.

if yesterday didn't exist,
and tomorrow never happens,
what should I do with today?

L.I.V.I.N.

when I woke up this morning
I lived.
no, I failed to
see the sun come up or
hear the rooster,
but my experience was still the same.

Molecules, Breaths, Stimuli.
LIFE.

breakfast didn't quite get down
and most of my morning was spent
reminiscing with my porcelain pal,
but I'll survive, I have to.

no work to go to
no errands to run
nobody to see
nothing to do
not on my day.

on my day,
we sit around
contemplating
the invention of the shoe lace
and the first person to go from
hyper and annoying to clinically
A.D.H.D.

yes, on this day,
this glorious day,
when wars rage on
in this planet,
but happen in a different world,
I do nothing
because I am nothing,
this is nothing,
an escalator of misplaced passion,
a fumbling of time.

this day,
where all over the world
we say God three different ways
and decide who's chosen by blowing the other believers away.
this day,
where elephants scream
babies are born positive
nobody reads
nobody listens
nobody sees
nobody thinks
nobody calms.

if only today were
tomorrow,
we'd all be better,
better to each other
better in bed
better in traffic.

tomorrow, tomorrow,
I'll make a change
for my world and yours.
I'll bring people together
and plant a tree,
I'll show we're all a victim of circumstance,
that the differences dividing us
are just the results of the areas that separate us.
I'll read a child a book
and play some cards with an old timer.

tomorrow, tomorrow,
I'll cease the day

but today is not tomorrow.

a nap sounds good.

Rerun

ears bleed wax as
the bubbles in my stomach
bust a jig on the walls of my colon
like I have accidentally swallowed a
group of Spiderman's snorting bumps.

immobilized in a small bed,
sheets
pillows
comforter,
waiting for relief not coming.

with a hand below my belly button
feel my colon throb
feel my pulse
feel my ____.

just let me outside.

stock market crashes
USC loses
suns set and rise
coyotes stock
lions get shot dead
but I wouldn't know.

if you ask me what exists
I'll say
a fan
clothes on the floor
a mouse in the cupboard
a journal
a pen
and a night light.

a sheet covers the window
to keep the light out
to keep me from being envious
to keep the humming birds
and sunflowers
and bunny rabbits
and anything else
from mocking my large intestines.

yesterday I made it to the toilet,
today I saw my kitchen,
tomorrow may bring rays of sunshine
and a smile I forgot existed,

but let's not get ahead of ourselves,
I wrote the same thing yesterday
and my stomach hasn't stopped barking.

Desert Warrior

we ran into him at the bar,

“How you been doing?” I asked in habit.

he had done back to back tours
in the Middle East
giving blood, friends, and his right leg
for my freedom.

“Not too bad,” he replied with no emotion. “You?”

we were just there to eat chicken wings and waffle fries
maybe hit on lonely divorced older women
who need to feel young.

“Same old, same old.”

“Sit down and have a beer.”

so I did
and it didn't take long to realize
we had nothing to say anymore
our experiences divorced along the way
leaving us with no words in common.

in awkward silence
the veteran and I
shared dead chicken
a few toxins
and fried potatoes
pretending we were living
in the same world.

Leaks

all the lights on
on another empty, stale August day
under the constant supervision
of an unforgiving sun (son)
heat gives way to stars
which give way to alcohol
which in turn give way to more
bad decisions
a little more jock itch
and words barely recognizable on notebook paper
so what
the bank account is in the red and
the liver begs every morning for a break
because when the pressure builds
even the slightest hole will leak
and the hole needs a plug
and luckily for me the local grocery store
sells plugs at 24 for \$12.79
and the local dealer
sells plugs at \$10 a hit
and even the young street girls
sell plugs for \$15 a release
and even with all the help life still leaks
out of each crevice
on each night
under each moon that decides to look
and another top pops
and more suds pour down
and each toxin absorbs
and I'm free
one more time.

Revolution of the Tongue Civilization

we must speak out,
we must rebel,
we must
always
do so.

our voice,
the voice of the youth,
is being muzzled
muzzled by video games
muzzled by Ridolin
muzzled by manufactured music
muzzled by over parenting.

our country began with revolution,
civil revolution.

what has happened to my generation?
there is war
a corrupt government
outrageous oil prices
noticeable environmental problems
bad race relations
even worse foreign policy
gay bashing
and the unraveling of the church

yet we remain silent.

the talking heads on the tube
cannot be the only voice,
the teachers at the podiums
cannot hold the only opinion.

these old men making all the decisions
won't have to live in our world,
where Islam becomes the largest monotheism
where Mexicans outnumber Texans in the Lone Star State
and gay people being married is as accepted
as a mixed race marriage.

the old men
want to live in the old world,
they always have,
old men always will,
we will as well when we're old
and when we do,
the next generation will speak,

hopefully.

they will
unless
we drown out their
voices
as ours have been.

speak
and speak
often
speak of the problems here
speak of the problems there
speak to the people around you
speak to the people far away
speak in person
speak in message boards
just speak.

someone will have to hear you,
if they don't just keep going
eventually they will hear,
and when someone hears you
there is a chance they will listen
and when they listen,
if you speak well enough,
they just might begin to think
and when the masses think
the revolution can begin.

Another Round

a beer goes down-
the world shrinks
a fog covers the landscape
my eyes gain weight
my nerves grow brave.

a beer goes down-
a used woman sits
at the end of the bar
waiting, hoping for
for the next pay check to come her way.

a beer goes down-
the old timers
lean over their beer
like a money making putt
hot and sweating
from the day
from the sun
from the journey.

a beer goes down-
a few youngsters
hoot and holler
in the center of the room
the others roll their eyes
knowing life will eventually
take away the need for noise.

a beer goes down-
and when the one legged man
bumps down the road
and the girl cries
and a mother looks around
it goes down smooth.

a beer goes down-
the woman finds her check
a hand grabs my cock
I fondle a breast
bad jokes are laughed at
and eyes are met.

a beer goes down-
and we leave
and my babies are swallowed
and my mouth resembles a glazed donut
and the man living next to me
misses another night of sleep.

a beer goes down-
then I wake up
and can't find the rubber
or the wrapper
and my mind goes blank
and my stomach cramps up
so
another beer goes down.

Broke

bowling?
no money.

new Bat Man movie?
no money.

drive over and hang out?
no money.

hit some golf balls?
no money.

watch cable?
no money.

eat a sandwich?
no money.

read a book?
no money.

go to sleep?
now I'm talking.

Teacher's Lounge

"I like to wash dishes in the morning."

"Instead of taking medicine I just wash dishes to get rid of a headache."

"Usually washing dishes alone is just as good."

this is what my life has come to:
listening to old fat ladies talk about sex in code
on my lunch break.

I used to be the guy coming down from an acid or coke binge
smirking at the other motorist
headed to work with the moon overhead.

my sandwich tastes stale.

What We All Need

with the good ones
the build up is slow.

soft, shallow noises,
heart beat picks up,
the tension builds and builds.

rubbing, blowing, pressing,
never know how
or when
it will all end.

the pitch gets higher and higher,
the banging harder and harder,
the exhaling becomes meaningful.

every movement,
every sound,
every feeling,
controlled by a man and his stick.

finally it busts,
explodes out of nowhere
and every where at the same time.

blood, sweat, and tears
all poured in.

then nothing,
just relaxation
and fulfillment of the ride well ridden.

Man, I love Classical music.

Ant Eater

there is enough ignorance
on this planet
to drown
civilizations.

mix a little arrogance
with that ignorance
and a winner is born.

too oblivious to know the difference
he'll enjoy this existence.
thinking everyone else feels just like him
he'll put himself out there,
he'll talk out in class
and in business meetings,
he'll volunteer his services
and brown nose with the best of them,
he'll be loud at restraints
and think he could get every girl
that looks in his direction.

this guy will be
the typical drunk and stoner
the typical freshman and senior
the typical frat pledge

he'll be the typical student
the typical employee
until he becomes the typical boss

he'll be the typical husband
and father
living the typical life
before experiencing the
typical death.

the man I speak of
enjoys his life.

I wouldn't,
would you?

Strawberry Sour

bumbling idiots howling aloud
thinking they have a shot
at the strawberry sweetie I've
been eyeing all night.

some of them may, I
hate those ones.

round 1:

went pretty good for me.

I got the first one in,

a straight right to his jaw

followed by a left hook to the

liver.

two rules of fighting;

always be first

and

the liver is on their right so dig with your left.

as he crumpled over I gave him

a little knee to the head for good measure,

he went down.

I got that one 10-8 in my opinion due to the knockdown.

round 2:
surprised me. unlike most,
who can only fight until they get hit, this one got up,
pissed too
and he charged,
hard
like I was trying to get a first down.
I didn't.
form tackle put me on my back
with him on top,
this is my favorite sexual position
and it bugged me a little this crept in my head,
but that is an issue for a different day; I
needed
to get him off.
I tried to control his body with my legs to limit power like on T.V.
he got in a good right to my cheek,
the crowd of friends and drunks groaned.
many had seen this play out before
and knew when crowd participation was needed.
another right.
“ooh” goes the crowd.
he looked good
he felt good
but it was false confidence; I
knew I had him now.
when given a chance a good fighter throws an elbow
instead of a hand
or a knee
rather than a foot,
more bone
more damage
for the other and
less for yourself.
I got a leg sweep and
we were back on our feet.
I'll give him 10-9 for that one;
this is a three round fight.

round 3:
began with me feeling good.
he was done, way too pissed,
don't get pissed,
the energy is way too valuable.
I was blank,
on the outside and the inside.
he liked round 2 more than round 1
so
he charged predictably in.
knee to nose is the last thing he saw,
if he ever saw that,
he probably had his eyes closed.
while he was
unconscious
I got my slaps on the back,
a cloth and some ice for my face,
a free drink,
and the red head.

best payday of my fighting career,
usually,
the only person around afterwards to
discuss
the war is the cop in the squad car saying
what I call a fight they call assault.

not tonight though,
unless the red head takes a couple of things the
wrong way later,
which she won't,
we've played this game before.

he had slapped her on her ass
nobody does that to my strawberry,
not on my watch,
she likes it when I'm there,

though her tips never seem to be the same.

Roadside Monkeys

my people are out on the streets
they can be 70 years old
in wheelchairs
celebrating wars past
bunkered down
with a bottle
far away from the old battlefield;
in its place
lay urine soaked corners
and unappreciative strangers
going to jobs
that only exist because
of the sacrifice.

they can be 50 years old
waiting for social security
walking up and down the stop lights
with scruffy hair
and far away eyes
blurred from drink
blurred from rock
blurred from hunger
blurred from mother nature
blurred from emptiness
asking for some change.

they can be 30
lost in a huge world
not knowing which direction to start
so they stand still
for comfort and familiarity
being passed by everything
and everybody
but the bottle and each other.

they can be even younger
skipping class
or work
full of tattoos or piercings
wondering the streets
looking for something
anything
to do
until the next gig.

all the ages
on the same street
no time or energy for prejudice of any kind
black, white, brown, yellow, red, and green
nursed back to the basic needs
all civility stripped away
grown adults
wearing the same clothes
no showers, shaves, or soap
just life
in the concrete jungle.

Avant Garde

the purpose of the old writers allude me,
not because of the odd words
or the order they're in,
but the ambiguity and the unsure
meaning they represent.

to me,
they try
to say things
without saying them,
to put words
on the paper
so that meaning is interpreted and relative in nature,
but I suggest
humbly and without ego
that the purpose of writing
is to illustrate with words,
as an artist does with pencils and paint,
what the author sees in his or her head.

why use 10 pages
when you need 2?

why be vague
when you know what you're saying?

leaving the analyzing to the
scholarly rejects
is blasphemy in its purist form.

so, I swear, right now,
on this piece of paper,
my writing,
will show,
what,
I,
think.

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