for a woman to smile with
No familiar toilet seat to seek privacy upon
No fraternity house to pass out in
No front door to lock behind you

Instead ...

There are polyester discards; haggard women;
urinating in public citations, and
personalities pushing your limits.

To Be Stripped Naked

Defeated and scorned
Despised and humiliated
Dehumanized
Homeless
Stripped.

—*Carol in Tacoma*

We Can Have It All

We can have it all
only the weak are limited
old men drooling in their gruel
peasant women stooped under loads
of firewood
it is children who want limits set
not us

We want it all

We crack whips and nations jump
through flaming hoops
little setbacks like the Titanic going down
are nothing to us
we raise the Spanish Armada
from two miles down
rebuild Atlantis
pave the Arctic ice caps
and park stretch limoes
among deadpan penguins

I want to be buried on the moon
I insist on golfing at the bottom of the sea
who needs the rain forest
with its canopies of birds and insects
we have Disney and Miramax for that
360 degree wraparound reality on the big
screen
soon enough virtual world
a universe of flesh in any hue
texture curve or angle
will be ours
is ours

I want to pop a wheelie
on Mona Lisa's smile
I have no limits
I can grow out of this skin
shed blue planet shell
like a hermit crab with skin
itchy from long confinement
take off into space
and make the void
my next landfill

We can reach the stars
standing on mounds of garbage

I know we can have it all

—*David Thornbrugh*

Patronas

She gathered wishes
in a shopping cart on Pico & Western
gave names to the pigeons
and prayed to them
like patron saints
offering crumbs of bread
and scattered wine
that would dribble
from the bottle
to the concrete
they never drank
but she did
drank till her teeth fell out
and the crows
carried them to heaven
where they wait for her in a dish

—*OPUS23*