

dream



POEMS BY RON ANDROLA

dream

doug is about 10
years old,
maybe 8. he's
a little guy,

chatters
after running
behind the fence
of a baseball field

with a wave
of other boys.
he talks as we
walk his voice

is below
me -- something
about putting a
banner in a window

for the cleveland
indians of all
teams -- we never
in real life

care an iota
about the
cleveland
indians

& now doug
stands taller
than any rust-belt indian
& his words are

deep-throated
argumentative
dream-filled
opposite baseball team talk

my son
was young
once
you too

& you
& you & you.
the past
of years is long

gone
& everything
has changed
amidst decades of

panic & mayhem,
calm repair,
panic & mayhem,
calm repair,

that's
our pulse,
that's what
we live.

ann sleeps

she huddles her edge
of our bed like a sideways
felled & frozen
vaulter,

one knee way up,
other straight.
sheet, blanket
clasp near her eyes.

she breathes
thru her
mouth. she sounds
underwater, but clear.

i keep waking
thru the night,
roll to
embrace her back,

or reach out just
to touch her warm
skin. she's in a
deep sleep.

what she
feels because
she's dreaming
alters her brain chemistry.

will she wake &
remember where
she
was, what she was doing

or what another
person, another intense
human being,
did. the bark of a dog

blooms easter
morning,
winter is all over,
she hallucinates.

her eyes
are open.
slits.
two minds wet with visuals.

it's friday

dawn hasn't even smudged
the winter sky gray,
that's how friday this is.

6 & a half hours
into the day
i eye a bottle of imperial

whiskey beside our toaster
oven in the kitchen.
hot coffee & whiskey is a great

drink in the morning
& i keep considering
it, pluses & minuses,

balancing
good & bad.
bad is an inevitable

sore ass
& painful dribbles
of shit,

that cld happen,
has before. good,
of course,

is hot coffee
makes whiskey
plow into the brain

faster &
with more
force -- ann will wake

to my red eyes
& whiskey
peck. goddamn

hemorrhoids,
if only
such affliction

doesn't pursue
the after-
effects of coffee

& whiskey
before dawn.
i'm balancing

it. it's
a big
decision.

plastered
but peppy.
high but

a flowering
bloody
asshole.

it's friday
& i have a while
to deduce it all

down
to
real action

getting
drunk or
not.

i'm not asking
for yr opinion
what you think

about my
way of living
life means

jack

shit
fuck.

drinking whiskey

ann is singing
along with the simon
& garfunkle album
greatest hits
"i have my books
& my poetry to protect
me" hah!
fill that pipe you

old hippy chick
more a mutation
in amerika
than even
myself.

period'd.
half gallon
of whiskey.
scarborough fair
sways behind my
head as
ann hums it
next to me

oblivious
eyes closed
drunk
her hands
weave like
rubbery aliens
in the air
anemones
of a foreign
substance
whiskey
ginger
ale
the
time
thyme
simon &

garfunkle
as pre-
teens
sing
ann is seven
years old & she
feels the emotion
of homeward
bound
paul simon &
art garfunkle
i'll bet
don't smoke
cigarettes
i
bet
they're
both still alive
still lung-
cancer free
they probably
vaporize
two thousand
dollar an ounce
modified pot
& create
reality

under
troubled
water

second cold mug

seagram's is what it is.
seagram's & soreness,
my lower back too.

somebody is starting
a car in the parkinglot
under our window.

5 in the morning
& the temperature
is about 3.

crunch of ice
as car
backs

out & growls
ahead
into pre-dawn

experience.
we don't know
any of my neighbors

in this apartment
building of probably
30 apartments.

we like that.
tony across the
hall seems cool.

we say hey.
i think he
works 2nd shift

somewhere --
maybe a radio
station

or a radio

shack,
a cia radio-listener?

we can easily
hear him blowing
his nose in our

bathroom butting
his bathroom
i think both mirrors

are at the same
spot only reversed
at least that's what

i imagine.
below is some fuck
who complained to the

manager about
our noise.
i sd anna we're old people.

we don't make noise.
anna sd i know you've
been there FOREVER &

nobody else
has ever complained.
we have to turn the tv

up, i admitted.
fucker downstairs
is going to medical school

at erie's famous
doctor-college about
half a mile from here.

LECOM it's called.
he's a student.
drives a new very

fancy gray
jeep with
extra fog-lights

& a safe-guard
grill &
a big luggage rack.

nice.
our red jeep
is a red rectangle with tires.

pouring whiskey

i forget whether the "e" in the word
whiskey is to signify amerikan or
canadian or blended or something.

maybe i'm drinking whisky, no "e",
i don't know. it doesn't matter.
i showered the fiberglass shit

off my body, got a mug
of booze & ice & water.
ann is asleep. we're not

getting along.
it's probably my fault
mostly, i'm a fuck

when it comes to
emotional communication
contrary to sweet-talking

poet that i am percieved
to be.
hah. fuck. i'm a

nutcase.
about twenty screws
loose & no holes

left for them anyways.
my right arm
throbs from over-work

with dumb-ass files &
exacto knives & fuck
you motherfucker it

hurts even
to turn
the asshole switches

again & again

& again.
this isn't funny.

it is a serious
expose of
ethics

& the crumbling
of amerika's
factories.

it's a supervisor
like a chicken-hawk
swooping down

a-siding
sure there's another
company that'll

hire you
at yr
age we pay you

good money
to do whatever
we say to do

so i do
what they
say.

writing this
poem isn't
anything.

i can't possibly
articulate
the situation --

think of millions
of men, & women,
boys who haven't

yet mutated
into drastic
tensions,

think of generations
dead & forgotten --
headstones. nothing.

now it's
us -- jobs
are incredibly

edged.
the amerikan
worker is being

murdered by
an ignorant
management of

computer-
geeks & their
thugs, their

boss
hit-
men,

but maybe
we're
the last of

amerikan
factory
workers --

the last
they can
kill.

then there's
me with a tender-
muscle'd forearm

typing
crybaby
poems on the internet

almost 4:30

in the
morning, drinking whiskey.

life has been long.
regis dying
rattles something in my

head.
& hearing from
friends i haven't

seen in decades upon
decades on the
web -- emails,

pictures,
flashes
of movie-like

memory
& between
flickerings

all the
things we've
done

filling
time with
circumstances

with holes
with pain
& inarticulation.

we lived
a life
& we can say that

fully,
sure,
proud. i am changing

my nimmoesque
philosophy
that all the trees are dead

no i say
we tremble
with blood

jerking
sloshings
the whole world

is awash
in blood's
tears. black rain.

black
snow.
black windows.

inside me
i'm this
blackness

trembling
with inane
insights.

have i been
drinking,
yes, i've been

drinking
but i'm home
alone with a wife

who sleeps
a normal sleep
but we're fighting,

we're in
turmoil, we
are locking

horns
like sea-urchin
unicorns.

we're all

under a
deep, dark sea.

amerika
is ruptured,
bleeding, pissed.

it's
like
right before an action

happens
this
moment now

disappears.
don't listen
to no drunken

factory
fuck
with shit for brains.

bizarre
if you
do -- then again,

you are obviously
bizarre to be
reading this poem

half-thinking
ron's
half-sane.

jim beam black

i've just returned from a rainy
afternoon trek in the jeep. mailed

some bills, picked up my prescription,
purchased five \$1,000 a week for life

instant lottery tickets
because i thought of it

& thinking of it
is maybe a sign of luck?

of rainy day fantasy?
well, next i hit

the state store
since it's friday.

jim beam black
on sale,

bottle in a big black
collector's tin too.

sits on the kitchen
table, uncrack'd,

awaiting
the calm flurry of

ann in an
hour.

i'm having coffee
now.

i'm biding
my time.

picture us
throwing back

shots
toasting the war,

toasting peace,
toasting toast,

toasting jim beam
black, toasting

the first day
of spring.

& yes,
later,

we'll
be very toasted;

yes,
twin pieces

of black
toast.

a thing about death

you feel a dead person
spread thru you
altho they chill
in a morgue's
wall of vaults.

cold stone.

you blink, sway
with vision, frame
of focus shifts
on somewhat of a face.

you feel wet
with active biology,
electric brain
activity sizzle of thought,

of awe.

as if the dead
fly
up & become
air, they're here,

somewhere
close.
a burial
but the dead watch

from the trees
or in clouds
or over yr
shoulder.

after
some time,
natural morphine,
time,

things

become easier

& the dead
fade

with the rest
of memory --

a life ends.
all lives end.

suspend
from the thought
of eternity's
hook-like moon

kick back

be stars & the swirl of the milky way galaxy

swirl of the milky way galaxy

5 a.m., eternity

up, out, up, out,
that's how i live
weekends,

out being asleep,
up, awake,
a few hours at a time

i'm up now
chugging a second
glass of molson's

30 degrees outside
in black
night

furnace blows
hot
heat

ann is
asleep
naturally

up at 3:30
in our black
bed she twitches

twitches
snores
mumbles

i'm half-
hallucinating
kangaroos bounding

across a grassy culvert
& folding-chairs
fall into a mud-puddle

i bounce

my brain up
into the center

of space
fill a beer
then the cellphone

beeps
hello?
talk for an hour

to someone in texas
who has a vast
supply of cocaine

whiskey
kind-bud
xanax & crack

his sweet
girlfriend
is a little concerned

there's a mexican
drug-dealer
crashing there

she has to
hide her
purse in a closet

& i'm to tell
mister filipski
hello she misses

you
otherwise
the texan jellyfuck

wants me
to tell cait
he's sorry he didn't

submit to the-hold
altho it's the first
time in four years

cait
under-
stand

maybe i can
squeeze a
third full

glass
of
beer

from the little
5 liter
keg-like container

in the
fridge
tilt it forward

gulp
it
down

as
dawn
spins gray light

across
our
red eyes

thousands
of miles
thousands of miles

you

you wake in the afternoon
without realizing who you
are. there's a red blinking
light, you push a button on
an answering-machine
& a girl is calling you dad.
dad, dad, i got the job!
she excitedly announces.
you know it's yr daughter's
voice, & parts of life
begin to intersect & take
meaning. you remember
yr son then, is he working?
you stand at the sink
splashing cold water on
yr scratchy face,
gaze up at the mirror.
oh it's you alright,
but so old,
mutated -- one eye
half the size of the
other. you know yr
name.
you know yr wife's face
& her name too.
she's at her job.
you cringe recollecting
what you must do for a
living, midnight-shift,
entombed in a windowless
factory.
you are a slave employee.
you are dad.
you are grandpa too.
you are a son.
you are the mate of a
woman who has left
a ten dollar bill
on the kitchen table
for cookies & pop
out of the machines

at work. you see
all the things in the
apartment:
things that make you
you. then you
write a poem
like another layer
of you is
poet.

last night

last night bart
phones when i
answer he immediately
asks if this is a sex
line & wld i talk
dirty to him
i'm at a loss for words
i say
laughing

i came home
from work & drank
a six-pack of rolling
rock in an hour
& now i'm on beer
twelve it's
what
ten at night
& i'll drink
a magic eighteen
he explains
after we gab
for an hour
as i gulp a few
too

100 miles
shrink
it's tele-
portation
of our
molecules

consider
molecules
of a saturday
morning
hangover

atoms of last
night
slam

into
orbits
pull our
lost
neurons
spinning
around
memory

pittsburgh
& erie
mix like
wet
mars
mud
wheels
of the martian rover
fucking up

how human
is that
fucking up
on the surface
of mars

a ten dollar bill poem

first i wake
on the couch like splashing
up out of a dream ceiling sea
into bright white afternoon air,

birds, cars, voices,
war television. it's 2:30
& i slept
long after 2 cans of beer

after a long back-breaking
shift on an asshole
job. every lay-off this
happens. they want to kill me.

they want me sniffing
their asshole
as they dic-
tate shit. most 50 year old

men wld have broken
long ago
& it pisses management off
i still breathe.

asshole
unethical
asshole-
fuckers.

but deep sleep
came this morning
& like a spliced
movie:

with sore back
& legs i stand
by the end-table
peek thru green

mini-blinds at the day,

at sunlight & rags of
snow thrown
around in the shadows

under cars in our parkinglot.
cut to my bopping head
listening to the silver jews
washing the dishes --

ann left yesterday
to tampa until sunday
but she also left me
dirty dishes since she

pre-cooked some
food for me, & i really
have no choice but to
wash them, clean up.

splice me in sunglasses
driving the red jeep
to hollywood video
dropping rented movies

into a slot.
it's about 4:40
& traffic on 26th street
is thickening

so i stay in the right-
hand lane, & drive
past champion ford
as my stomach growls

for food. i have
a twenty in my wallet.
i see a long john
silver's seafood drive-

thru & order
a number 4 variety
platter,
\$6.49. i pull

up to the window
& give a rather

plump girl the
bill -- she mutters

something
then hands me 3 dollars
& some change.
then a yellow bag of fish.

I GAVE YOU
A TWENTY
i tell her.
she turns

to the register
& seems to be
doing something.
i wait.

she pokes
a crisp
ten dollar bill
poem at me

without
even
an
apology.

bukowski's ghost

he hangs at his house
now -- 10 years have passed

& he didn't dig heaven at all
& hell got so boring one can

scream for only
so long then it's just

a sizzle of
infinity. bukowski's ghost

blends into the paintings
on the walls, molecules swirl there,

the rest of all molecules
spin faster

than his
ghost spins

he feels
pelted by

thick paint-
whips

paint
he lingers

drenched
within the fleshy fabric of canvas

his mentalness
filters upstairs

to his
room

his typewriter
his books &

papers
& half-smoked

cigar
with the ash still bridging

time
& breath in a glass ashtray

attaining nirvana

no matter the mind
levels & a balance of moments
occurs there is eventual
dread -- disarray
is the real world
of people -- disarray
& luck. some men
ape along,
stay within thick leaves,
& some men hop out
jack off
cackling in front
of the path you're on,
you're lost, confused, are you
dead? are you sure
this is biological life?
a mind & a body
rubbed within a woman
slips out
this thin, fat fish of a man,
economically retarded.

where the world is

song-sprinkles of birds as dawn
brightens the blackness gray

english sparrows
great dog-size'd crows

waddle like charlie
chaplin down a quiet city street

wet with early
april chill

people are
yawning all over town

bend into
their colorless bubbles

of cars
george jetson violins up

into heavy
star traffic

putters
along

oblivious
he's a dream cartoon

we're like
that, oblivious,

puttering along
dreaming

as a friday
begins

on the dewy
surface of concrete

& black-top
earth

black cursor pulse

vertical black cursor line
pulses as i hesitate typing

between words
like a tiny

repeating
slit of a window

into
infinity behind

electrical
molecules -- huge

black
space

or empty
whiteness

what the
fuck

what the
fuck

what the
fuck

this is
the poem pro-

duced when
no other

poem
can materialize

a blinking
black cursor

mind
a frozen wave of brain

over the
forehead

black saturday

don't i wish.

unfettered sunlight 5 p.m. blue
white afternoon 46 blocks above
the plateau of lake erie -- ice
is disappearing on the horizon.

day of prolonged torture, hopeless.

as spikes rip up wrists
one must rise to
exhale, one cannot
constantly inhale, things

go very fuzzy with excruciating

pain involved, serums
fill the lungs,
ya gurgle, moan, hallucinate
& try to rise which only

shreds thru wrist tendons more

plus involves furthering
the wound thru both feet
spiked knee-rise -- raise up
& flesh rips more, & you

must rise, nobody gives up,

completely decapitated
people, headless, pull
the trunk of the body along
searching for the upper torso

grab at grassy yard for a few

minutes until hopelessness
says fuck you
fuck you
fuck you you're done.

then don't this fuck

ascend & materialize
as ghost tomorrow a couple
thousand years ago
it's all very angelic

magic that continues into

our normal world of whining
& no wine, ann is getting
her shit together
not me i'm spreading my shit wider

circle of swirling light

visual spectrum we see & recognize
as reality -- nothingness, actually,
a very tiny experience
of monstrous existence.

what do we know but things

sprouting from our skin
that know our names
some of our secrets
& nothing about singular mas-

turbation turbo-powered technology

our skin rots off us like
wet red rags
when we are most
beautiful.

