

To Virginia Woolf: Is This What You Meant by Stream of Consciousness?

So this poem
is like a train
full of masturbators
and lotus eaters
falling down a
mountain
(E.G.)--

a

a

a

a

a

a

a

A

A

H!

KABOOM!!!!!!!!!!

b d & g f --e
l o u f v e
o t u e r
s t r e
& s y h
w

--real nasty shit.

Like my friend
making a mustard
sandwich at 2 a.m,
and I say something like,

YUGH!

...Can I try it?

and he's says,

"NO,"

"I made it. And I get ulcers from this."

So I take a trip
to naked Spain
where all the brown
skin cooks under
the fucking yellow sun

AND

all the people's
feet there
smell
like Mentos
"the fresh maker"

AND

There's this woman
on the Barcelona beach
and her boobs are dusty
with sand
and this guy
laying on his stomach
scratches his ass,
so I urinate
on his back
and he gets up
really pissed off
and yells,
"WHY YOU LITTLE SHIT!"
and I yell, "VIVA MEH-HEE-CO!"
and run off
and laugh so hard
provolone cheese
comes out my nose

And the coyotes have gone to sleep
because the desert blue moon
has cleared the land with its cock eyed look.

Then I ask "El coyote negro"

If I can ask him a question,
and he tells me,

"I liked you better when you didn't ask questions."

I unpack a pizza
and all these noses turn to me
so I stuff it in my shirt
and hug it and pray
my desert friends hate mushrooms.

And this Chinese prostitute
walks by offering foot jobs
and I tell her,
"No thanks,
I'm currently employed."

And then this earthquake hits

THE BIG ONE

even bigger than the last
BIG ONE

So I end up
on this other side
of the page,
—right here.

And this huge white dog
with gigantic balls
carries me on his back
and flies off.
And guess who's hanging
on the fucking pelos of this HUGE dog?

YES!
You guessed exactly correct!

It's VIRGINIA FUCKING WOOLF

And she speaks to me
in plain English
and says,
*Wow, You're poetry
is truly remarkable!
It's better than Walt Whitman—
I mean,
his stuff is good,
but this--
this is even better.*

and I give her a kiss
on her cheek
and she blushes
because she thinks I'm a girl.

She asks me,
Do you know when this poem will end?

And I tell her
“Not really,”
as I turn to the backside
of this page
and continue to write with invisible ink.

