

Day Before Spring Break, 3:08 a.m.

I want to write poetic newspaper
stories about drug babies slamming
computer keys staring holes into
screens, amateur movie-makers
in San Pedro with \$40 budgets,
undeclared major files
in administration basement,
teeter-tottering sororities
at 4 a.m. in the rain
holding umbrellas with one hand
like Mary Poppins, capturing
the beautiful ugliness of
the world, the double dimension,
subtle what's-it-all-about aspect.
I see myself as Tom Wolfe,
riding with Ken Kesey and
Merry Pranksters, LSD-spiked
cherry kool-aid in tow, hanging out
with Black Panthers, american
astronauts. Up at six a.m., reading
newspapers, looking for drama,
love, conflict, love, out already
talking to the all-night newsstand
guy. Anything going on? Pull out
notebook ready to move hopping
lily pads improvising vigorously
to internal saxophone notes full
of flow beat chord life time speed,
slowing down only for a moment

because I learned from Poetry
beauty is in THE MOMENT. Everybody
should read poetry, nobody, man,
nobody has hands jammed in pant-
pockets like they have to go,
be, do, find, hear, see, make,
smell, love. Poetry! Writing is
about the poetry of life showing
it to those who don't know poetry
breaths or the beautiful ugliness.
3:20 a.m.