

IN GOD WE TRUST

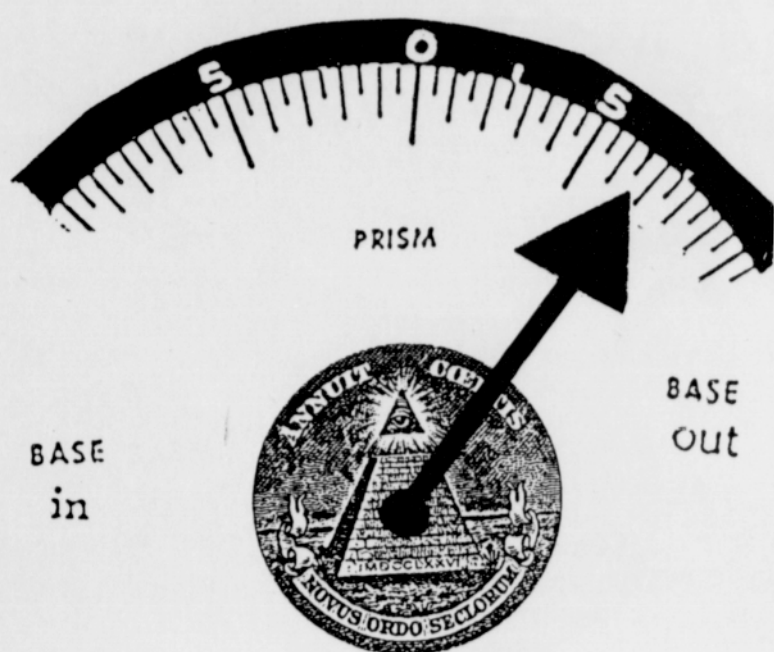


RADIO FROM GOD

The poor bastard went on trial/guilty as hell for breathing-in litigious logic/"she drinks scotch — she got married — she couldn't be controlled and I couldn't handle it — They have no respect for what's in my head"/It's been a long time since he tuned in radio from God/He sees the killer/He folds his hands between his legs for they have far too much life and style of their own/right now he sees the air and he is terrified/of radio waves/laser beams/straight for the image/it's been a long time since radio from God played on like this/since the night of arrest and four days of rest/the days in jail with nothing but hardassed begging and parting of ways/he huddles in a hot blatant afternoon in an overstuffed chair on the corner of Houston and the Bowery/grates and rags/flashs and flesh eat the automotives and inject street cocaine and heroin/everything that happens here is bottomless justice/"My twin sister walks tight-rope between telephone poles — she was murdered in the circus — she read socialist magazines — she drank scotch — she got married — she couldn't be controlled and I couldn't habdle it"/Memories of days spent living under the overpass bring peace/Radio from God played the apocalypse as Easter/it's all such a worrisome ordeal/your words/my image/radio from God is testing its emergency broadcast system/

I live on a scrappy plantation/I live in a 1958 round black Chevy on the banks of a manmade pond/I got mud on boots and a map of the world behind my ear/I sit in the sunshine on the passengers' side/I have flags to embroider with words to hoist/the joy in my throat is making me warm/Nobody knows what I'm up to/they got some crazy assed faith/every area is a different person/the bush in the southwest corner of the field is my brother/the one who found out everything/the one who said he didn't want to lose me/

The jury has deliberated like a history book/when all is said and done in a fragment/escape at street level/Radio from God plays on/



THE DAY THE BABY GOT STOLEN

The day the baby got stolen the detective had tears in his eyes
Take it James, here comes the sad pervert
Released by his own recognition
Released on his own recognizence
Wailin' tits just couldn't pass him by
The day the baby got stolen my hero got splashed across the boards
His timing was off
And off they take another one
Ole dried up no good no more
Dinosaur
The runner finds joy
The calm in the middle of the heart
Adjust tolerance levels and proceed
The day the baby got stolen the air hurt/the water stung
And they repossessed Bob's truck
"Couldn't pay, Mr. Reagan made it so you can't and they've let the trains go to hell. But I used to do o.k. I used to do good and man, I'd go everywhere. I was hauling heavy machinery, grain, produce, tools — even people's homes. The home place will become the vehicle; a philosopher's stone in its own right. A new rig today cost 82 thousand dollars. Now where am I gonna get 82 thousand dollars? Some big man gonna come ridin' up and hand it to me? Some big man on a big horse with a smile as big as a horseshoe gonna come ridin' up and say, "Here Bob, here's 82 thousand dollars go buy yourself a new rig." Yeah. Sure.
Hey, I want that horse
I want that horse
Hey, that horse belongs to me
The day the baby got stolen
The day the baby got stolen

Louise Dovell is a Seattle poet who works part time at the Squid Row Tavern. She will be reading her poems at 7:30 p.m. on Channel 9 in Seattle as part of the poet video series, Manifest Arts produced by Nine Muses and Magaretta Waterman.
— Ag. F

DESIGNED BY
AGNES FIELD

