

Hey!

You know...  
sometimes,  
a time happens  
when everything around explodes.  
It bubbles and seethes...  
and all of a sudden  
glows strangely!

It's not that I think this.  
I really sense it.

I say sense it  
because  
it's more than seeing...  
and definitely more than sensing,  
in a head-sort-of way.

It's a toe-tingling,  
crotch pulsing  
itchy arm-pit sort of alarm  
that your hand  
or head  
can't satisfy with a  
mind trip  
or  
scratch.

I know it  
as a sensation  
better than an idea...  
but  
I'm driven to the only way  
I can share it.

Words.  
Inadequate,  
in form...  
yet, I'll do my best...  
to seduce you.

Let's begin again. Sometimes...  
(only if you've been promiscuous,  
And had a case of crabs...or weren't,  
and enjoyed inhibition)...  
There's an itch to life  
that is distracting.

Poison Ivy...  
hives, crabs...  
homework or a project  
in search of conviction...  
the gas tank on empty...  
no clean clothes...  
a limp dick and a volcanic desire...  
out of cigarettes or beer  
at 3 A.M....  
your best friend,  
then the next and third phone call  
getting no answer...  
all of this being  
the suddenness of life...the need to connect...  
and no response,  
is an itch.

(Silence here... for you to think!)  
(Think of what pisses you off...  
or when you need to, and can't scratch.)

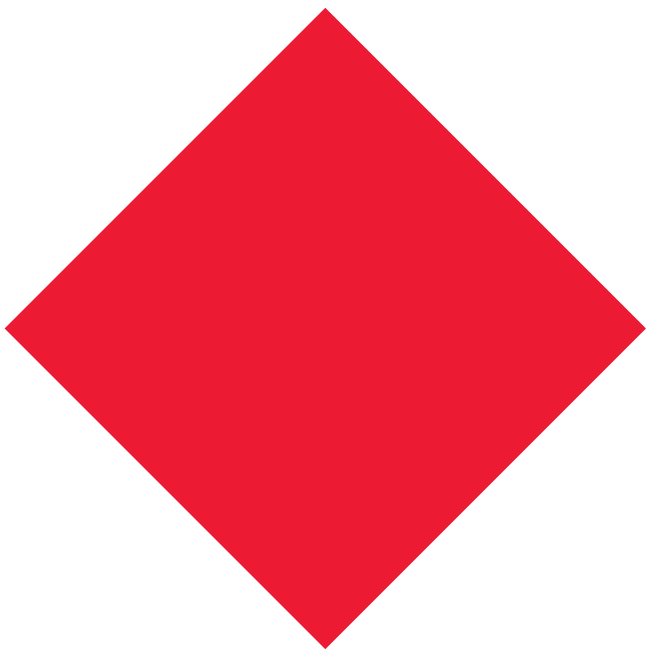
Anyway,  
all that  
that seems to itch  
is about the  
most of the time  
when a disaster  
of any size  
would be welcome  
as a change to the life  
that seems to be  
happening to our every moment.

And then  
that sometime time happens.


Our blind eyes  
churn emotions  
out of things too ordinary...  
magnifying things  
of normal nothingness  
to see stuff  
we want to touch,  
to taste,  
to smell,  
to know.

I'll begin again.


And fair warning...  
this is tissue talk.



It's about that special time...  
when the dark matter of life  
falls in the shadow  
we cast as we walk into the sun.  
When we go to the dictionary  
to define frustration and anger.  
It's a time  
when tireless energy  
holds the hand of rest  
to embrace  
the night light of the moon.  
(Get a tissue.)  
And rolling clouds  
become pillows  
to comfort our tumbling emotions.  
Winter's mist  
moistens our soul,  
turning troubled dreams  
to satin caresses.  
The wind  
sounds a symphony,  
a metronome  
by which to breathe.  
And the pulsing horn  
of the garbage truck  
backing up,  
sets a rhythm  
to our twisting night sheets.



Rain turns danger  
into rhinestone reflections,  
as ice  
transforms  
special Key Food flyers...  
chipped styrofoam coffee cups...  
last fall's oak leaves...  
page 17/42 of the Daily News...  
and surfacing sand buried arrowheads...  
or pointed rocks...  
into a diamond garden.  
And debris shines,  
as we remove our glasses,  
and rub them in our...  
mercy my handkerchief is...  
oh well,  
goodness,  
how the ground shines!  
And snow becomes  
a sugar frosting  
on chocolate cars...  
and makes ice cream cones  
of yesterday's debris.



In an instant,  
we are different.

We are transformed  
from a being that looks...  
that uses our eyes  
to observe  
for confirmations  
that make sense...  
to see what we know...  
to ratify  
and justify  
and deny...  
we are changed,  
somehow,  
in this special sometime.

Our sense of self,  
our soul of self,  
suddenly sits  
in another dimension.

The day,  
today,  
tomorrow and yesterday,  
the eve and tonight,  
are suddenly alive with anticipation.

Alive!

Not to a notion.  
Not to a program.  
Not to a plan.  
Not to a pantomime  
of the responses to life  
we've rehearsed  
from that forgotten beginning...  
that original signal  
that sent us into ourselves  
with some Nordic notion  
that we must be an exclusive  
ME!  
an exclusive I!  
More,  
better,  
bigger,  
right...righteous...  
more, better, superior,  
above standard,  
not average...special!

ALIVE!

And in that special sometime,  
all the world  
of scientific explanation...  
of television distance,  
of book-studied morality,  
and second hand comprehension...  
suddenly...  
everything happens to us  
strangely...  
and makes  
this moment special.

Lenny Bacich,  
Astoria, March 1, 1987