

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.)

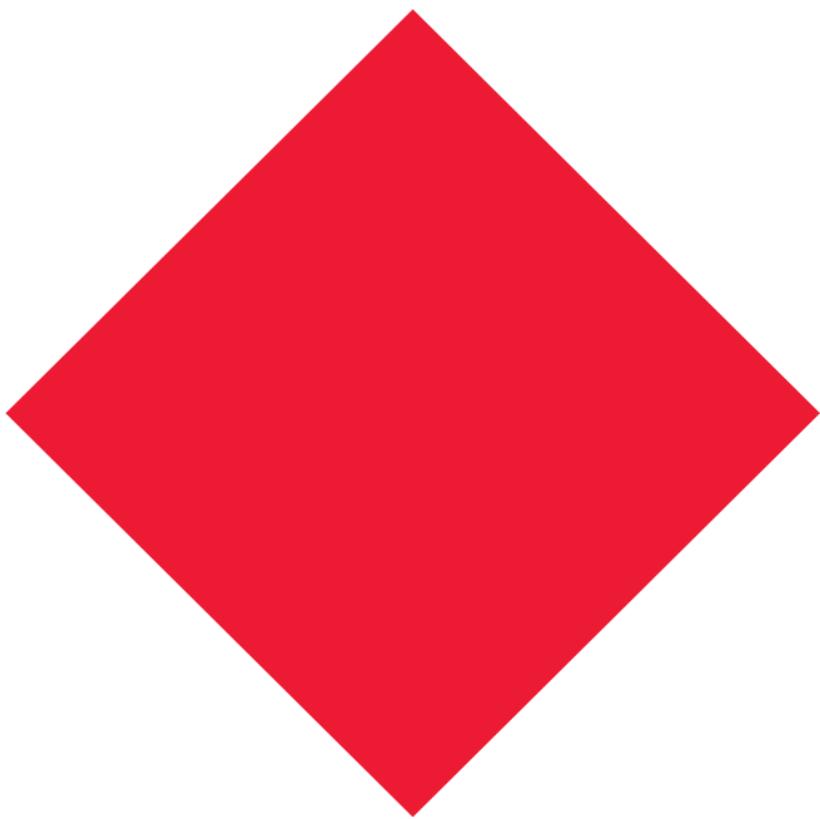
Anyway,
all that
that seems to itch
is about the
most of the time
when a disaster
of any size
would be welcome
as a change to the life
that seems to be
happening to our every moment.

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.

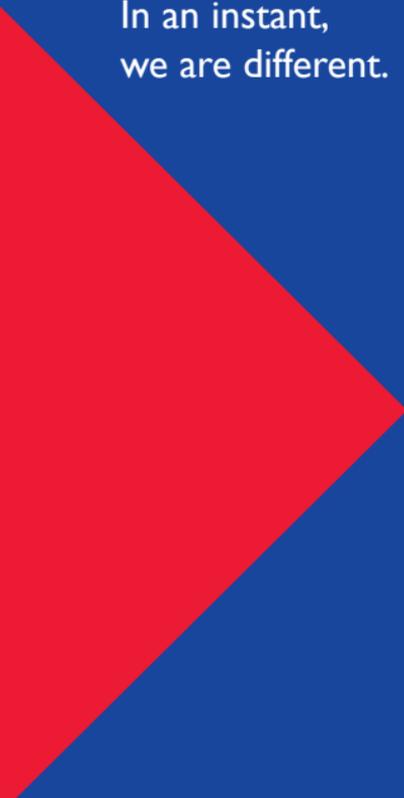
And fair warning...
this is tissue talk.



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