

The Orpheum Marquee

The Orpheum marquee has always read life as a theatre of impulse, mocking, marking and making us out scene by scene and doting on our every breath from up on the gold aged glow letter of its signage.

Its language is represented by stop lights forever in the sullen pause and in the image of itself and its city. Its permanence in thin rain puddles, blurring at the edges, pressing out the loud life of flickering neon strip bars whose doors have been left hauntingly open with an invitation into something uncomfortably easy, like a sluggish narrowing nightmare of disorienting distance, becoming a loathsome creature of bat wings and of angels tongue with star dust falling from her outstretched thumb on the pre-dawn of Santa Monica Blvd., on the late hour strut of Cahuenga Blvd. and its boys that are on the easy walk brushing about the gay bars, circling the front door sex of the Palms. All is now regarded a tortuous heartache, like the innocence of a tire swing left empty in the deserted asphalt playground, in the overgrown pleasure that's forgotten everything familiar.

Morning forgets to wake, so the afternoon comes in dark like cemetery eyes to the twilight.

Steam showers on Burberry rugs

soft robes and a cigarette.

Sunset Blvd. is a tourist of lights

Santa Monica Blvd., a prostitute behind lampposts leaning on the brighter parts of the Winchell's

Donut wall by the corner

and Wilshire ends at Cha Cha's and Pepe, who meets you a half-block over to sell you an easy night cap baggie on less than three words and two bills.

LACMA. The long-time running Chris Burden out front and in the back room is Tim Burton passing through at \$20 a pop peep show.

Two broken fotos and \$10 beers.

It's time for that flight

soon the curtain will drop again on that scene, on this sun in clouds of black, that eyes part nevermore. That in the silhouetted montage of solitude comes the Empty, warped in ribbons of Christmas by an orchestra of violin razors and ivory murdering keys.

The piano man, in funeral posture and the numb Catholic patients are kneeling between the splintered wood pews and the Jesus morphine drip that trickle, playful church prayers into the wailer's arms, that trembles its white street soap box dogma.

You among them, whisper inward atrocities that come greater by the minute, by the violent charm of silence. I rise with you incoherently with my head still and unmoving; chin to chest, eyes to floor with hands in stone supplication.

All is calm in this place of windows, stained by the immovable feast of saints that remain encased in heavens color and solemn upward tilting penance, petitioning us, that are living by the rules of sin and sacrifice, "Yield to me your hungry souls inscribe me into the savage garden of your eyes, bear with me the fruits of divinity, for I cannot make it on my own," to make your blood my blood, the sanctity of His term, their term and sentencing.

I plead, continuing my prayers that spill empty

On this linoleum stained poverty, where dead limbs reach for cold coffee; only pennies found in the caffeine cup, echoing the empty of my belly, now cinched tighter by the fifteen lbs. less, under the starry crown of my head coughing up my heart of acrobat city sick love.

The city hours are running moneyless cold and finds me walking drunk on wet shoes and in a tired town of yesterday. I leave the words to drink themselves together while the cigarettes draw in the life deep, as I closely whisper... 'lie cold with me under my winter sheets that I can kick off my blistered shoes and remind them nothing lasts.'