

CALIFORNIA DREAMING

Trying to clip those big toenails
Trying to manicure callouses
Barnum and Bailey was good training.
Thick grey leather
Wrinkled with passion
Wrinkled with creases of pleasant thoughts
Wrinkled up smiles
Which are leathery-skinned fortifications
Leather boots of San Francisco
Whip in hand of a Berkeley Barb
I make my prostration
At the feet of a three-ringed monster.
Sometime we find ourselves
In the classic good grace
Of Sanit Francis' sanctuary
Or in holy communion
With Lord Berkeley's stately hillsides.
Three types of indigenous plant life
Body of ancient bones
And leathery skin
And feet broad and flat
Calloused with toenails of fossilized fantasies.
Speech with barbed wire tongue
Pretending to be bee secretion.
Mind with same old longing.
We plant our elephant's seal
On the hallowed ground
Of rebellious and insidious hard hearts.
Nothing can withstand this proclamation.
Everyone is trying to smile.
If leathery skin cracks the surface of itself
Then humor makes us feel alive.
God bless our happy home.

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VROT:MAR/db