

CAL EXIT



Cal Exit

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Locofo Chaps

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LET'S GET OUT OF HERE

We are adrift --

A fish named
Evans
along San Diego

his tongue licks
the water
of the Pacific
now a question
over the
peninsula

It is not being
controlled by
the Russians from
afar for this
land has its thinking
citizens too.

It is the

the whiteness of the
snowpacks at the Sierras
for finally your
drought is gone -

The sun
when the
lights come
from the houses,
the buildings,
classrooms of the
land

The stars he kept
at his head before
Trump won the
elections

Deny the bear still breathing,
month, after thousands sign the
voice clutched my frozen heart.
as we have Hollywood, Silicon
Golden Gate Bridge and the keys
they cannot take it but the only way
clutches of Trumpeters - the bugle
sounds and the taps. Goodbye-

and question me
I was told it would last a
petition to leave. Your
How would D.C. take it,
Valley, Aerospace and
to the West. At first,
to keep out from the
will now play mournful

The buildings —
as the
employees in black
chatter as crows after
sunset.

The continent
leaves like the passing train -
on the way to Canada.

The Ringling Bros will hold the last show - crowds the
said - now down and sobbing on
clowns- do not cry –they
they say have long memories and got
the ground. Elephants
us here - laughing and
jumping during the boom years. There
was a simple joke- and
they all laugh until we break into tears.
What makes you come-
after all the years- and find us here
waiting and expecting that
you lay the tarpaulin for us to come
in and join the fun...I can't
remember how I got here and where
I'm headed. I can't move
beyond the shape of her thigh, smooth
and cold like when I begin
to hug....

We're desperate for truth and love.

We're desperate for reason and joy.

Wear the bright red jackets

over bodies like wings of

the scarlet warbler

-- opens your palm of her hand-

before she sings

and rue that -

it is Bannon- and Kelly Anne - who wrote

the hate letters –

responsible for the migraine pills

We lick the postage stamps

forget to listen

right – even in four years

terrifying consequences in

are drifting into darkness.

everybody in California,

I forget to eat sometimes I even

how the years will turn out

under Donald Trump. The

voting for him when everybody

Let us get out of here like in

looking for a way out---

“Praise the sunlight
while the continent
still stays in one place
as we shift like sand
below....”

Every day before our prayers- and
felt the continent moving—

below Hayward
It's your fault

millimeter by millimeter –
but still the same
the sidings of the house

remain

the murals of old restaurants
and Hunts Canning
Factory that
Leticia love to
recite –

The litany of r.....

Cal exit the tunnels running to your mind where
homeless sleep at night

Cal exit the bridges where you drive and the
jampacked rush at 5:00 o'clock

Cal exit the highways which you drive at night to the
drive by shootings close to downtown

Cal exit the universities rocking to the students
plunging at the speakers with black parkas

Cal exit the high school and elementary schools
learning the benefits of hate and more hate

Cal exit the actors & actresses of Hollywood-that this
is no longer the world of make belief

Cal exit the engineers and technicians of Silicon
Valley –not welcome due to travel ban..

Cal exit the scientists knowing that there will be
more than 100 degree heatwave days

Cal exit the women marching as lost in the forlorn
city moving under the shifting sands.

Cal exit the immigrants not welcome and confined to
work for spoils and leftovers.

Cal exit the dreamers who cannot find the way in the
fog and the sky warned of rainfalls.

Cal exit the poets who have lost their eyes after
crows shit from the sky in a rain of stones.

Cal exit the muni drivers who drove all the streets
trying to hit and kill more runaway boys..

Cal exit the teachers calling for silence for us to
meditate and discern the lessons of the
day.

Trumpeters

And for once a cacophony of voices borne
by every moment, for after his inauguration, we saw
dancing under the light of the White House,
the shadow of Lincoln Memorial- yes-

how to make slaves of the minorities again
and roll back the liberties of the citizens.
Your are poor and powerless- best-

to relegate to the shadows of the warehouse,
the farmhouse, the care-homes and the tenements
..the ghettos of the urban cities, and slash

The taxes of the rich who tend to your plantations-
but now only Silicon Valley firms and Las Vegas casinos and
Wall Street firms. Ban the muslims coming from those six
fundamentalist countries like a centipede

across the horn of Africa. Yes, I see the demon in shadows
across the land as they load on leaky dinghies and
rowboats across the Mediterranean Sea to escape the
sands blowing from the Sahara. Call it escape- whatever it
is- for soon

Europe mainland will be overrun- As we say- how about a
Caliphate in Rome and muezzin from above calling for prayers...

Cal Exit II

The insulation- but yes
we cannot
be isolated
from the White House

After all – it is the beat up door-
he wanted to ignore

the women (grabbing their
pussies)
and brag about the
the machismo

the regime of
Fidel

Let us get out of here-
and leave
the worn out buildings to

the washers and the janitors
and the cleaners
and call it a day.

The earth is moving under
our feet
It is your fault

Hayward sliding down
to the ocean

like a sleight of a
magician's hand.

Thank God, let's get
out of here

Watch the sun rising

from the waves...

God...

when the moon is entangled
on the branches
of trees

this day
when a dove pinned on the
chest of a nine year old
girl

kindergarten school.

shooooooooo... I'd rather wear
a bird mask
before she prepares

to fly..

banned all the incoming
gophers
even rangy dogs
with green card holders from the
dusty countries

The empty parking lots
when the security guards walk around
to check the tire marks-
Look- I saw the houses
as if our homes are vaults of the
banks- full of coins

talking and rolling
before they got
lost in the fog..

bird masks..

and where we check the keyhole is the
night of the birth-

and the sounds are the
the
way they let go of the sky
-- snowflakes are
paper torn into pieces
and riddles on
the last day of January-

the calendar dates gone
as we strive to deny
the
presidential proclamations.

The joker went wild-
as the pilots found the
way too hazardous unlike
the migratory flights of
the geese, for example..

around the world---

Let us get out of here-

Land of the Free Home of the Brave
where the moon is a pinned
bird- a warbler - on a young girl's breast
and the eagle flies
easily over the mountains.

A voice I am trying to
remember

when the interpreter, also a refugee cannot
translate – Do not enter –in English
to his wife and children and
parents in the airports..

After the smoke and tires burning
over the sands
like fog they try to catch
a dream-- a door

Is a bridge you easily put together
with wires , above
the waters...

as John Fremont found the shortcut
to Monterey and the Pacific Ocean
breathing with great relief

Let us get out of here
California- out of the Union

when the joker went wild- parsing

with wild abandon and disgust..

California will be the

The 8th richest nation on earth-

just below below Germany

and Sweden

but above France and Italy

in per capita income

and GNP

Who got the Silicon Valley

Hollywood.

The Golden Gate Bridge

--- the keys to the West

before they can enter the Mainland

and the Grand Canyons and

the Rockies--

Who got to singing – ‘ from

sea to shining sea’ when yours

is murky and ours is still

free....

A moon is pinned warbler on the

young girl's breast silent

in pain and

a crow squawking as it

lost its voice, trying to regain its

memory...

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