

where pungent piles of
pavementious pigment smolderingly await only their spread across fertile basebed
by laborers having just snorted smacks of addiction
and are ready to steamroll

in the middle of a different chapter
assembly lines strain at their chains to weld finishing emblems on bright
fancy killing machines for immediate shipping
to some just flavor-of-the-minute
frontline of hell

and its swell in aromas of subtle
decay seeping from creepings of laid lower strata where laborers dwell
with the rodents and remains of a bygone republic
that in a fairy tale time did bestow human rights
and real ways to have a decent life
on what's now stripped down
to the retched

who all do scramble in the scrabble
while magisters of manufacture make fires of all that once grew
emerald green now the hue of extinction
oh a few knew the lush language

of luxury always
lies one iota away from the fingering dreams
of colloquial speaking

a whole idiom of humans pointedly pile
in stark iches on a crackle of ultracold concrete reality under boxes and
sadrags almost worthlessly filthy embellishments
to predicament naming the homes
they inhabit

first degree frostbitten flesh thawed
from flickers of flame lick from metal storage drums that once thrummed
from the industry that paid them the wages for meals
been revealed to be something reviled and toxic
and unfit to exist with organic entities

but here we all are under this
unlucky star light star bright first star I see tonight wishing just to be
part of

debates that must rage in the bought and paid halls
once venerable where we the people were
considered and administered to
now turned to a throne room
for imperial audiences
with all the dough
dripping CEO's

and the bristling battalions banged
brass shield bosses with the butts of their blockbuster bombs
bringing bruising and battlefield oozing
into their faceplates but not into ours
for defense of american dream greed
from the razored metal swathes
and crimson chaos through
the lung lusting labors
of gunpowered air

and what's never dared to be
aired about such beginnings foundationed on the depths of so many killings
still going on and on and imperially on

and the so many someones isolatedly
there with their stare at the just switched off tv to buy me and get me
and take me and have me on display in the way
of actually thinking about anything
actually happening that's
fatally finagling
the whole of
reality

these herds of humanity
following the bellows of
broadcasted frenzies of buying needed to be continually vying
for all the attention in the tension of keeping up
with the latest and greatest what tell me please
tell me what the mother fuck are we
doing all screwing eachother
in this smother

once upon a present time three
immigrant families
wedged into a two room rhyme with the rats and one bathroom
and the gloom of cracked glass with seventy years
of city grime settled in with the heater in
winter whose only shiver was to clang
louder than the constant rattle
of an eL passing train

and the swelter in the summer was
unbearably different but exactly the same insane stain on a human brain
constantly made to feel dazed with the singular passage
of days that never change from one exhaustion
to the next dregs of context

and where is the freedom and where
is the reason
and where is the justice for the real treason of this whole thing
being taken down like the terrorists wanted
and now they have won

where have the trees gone and where
is the birdsong and why are clean streams something bygone
and where are the wrongs that used to be righted
and now have just gone to the right
and their justice of secrets
and claim to an
exclusive god

Predicament EMBELLISHMENT

Jeffrey Scott Liebling

I was born in Chicago Illinois

in 1949 and was packed off
in a yellow and black Ford to the San Fernando Valley
in Southern California with my Father, Mother and two brothers
when I was three.
After attending Thousand Oaks High School,
I received a Bachelor of Architecture Degree midst happy war protestations
from the university of Illinois in 1972

Married in 1979

I'm the father of two sons
and currently single.
I am currently practicing architecture and am also a professional sculptor.
I have written two screenplays
but neither has sold
I like studying and thinking about what underlies the formation of the

universe

and the construct of reality
as well as football, medieval history, science fiction,
Greek Mythology, Politics
and art in general
I'm a music lover, play harmonica and
occasionally get together with musician friends to jam.

I am an Inclusionist,

a Taoist, a Jew, a creation of my own mind
and only pledge allegiance to the planet.
I have only as yet been self-published as a poet.
My favorite poets currently influencing my work are:
e. e. cummings
Dean Young
Liz Waldner

Yuseff Kumenyaaka

