

# THIS FILE IS CORRUPTED

The liquid people  
with their evaporating views  
exist everywhere  
alongside men with stout conscious's

They exist on the bus  
at the supermarket, and even  
in 10 year relationships with  
friends

They're at parties  
giving nuclear capabilities to  
dumbass drunk whores

They're in the good times and  
the bad

They're wearing a twenty dollar tie  
with their ten cent opinions  
and they exist to make the buses  
late  
and full of stink

The bus driver who doesn't let  
me on, because I don't have  
one more quarter

He is the antichrist

Why are the bus drivers such dildos?  
Driving people around is hospitality.  
A waitress wouldn't get away with  
being a bitch  
unless, of course, she's my waitress

Is that the price we pay for dyeing our hair  
and listening to the radio?



That last part was too bad  
But, suffering creates art.  
If I rip my face off  
the words will come more easily  
and, then, maybe  
I'll get published by  
one of those obscure journals like  
Lesbian Breast Milk Quarterly or  
Gauche Sock Puppet Press

That would be too easy

I pick up the paper and read about  
ubiquitous sexual abuse in the boy scouts  
A real American institution.

Richard Stenger, troop leader  
had hundreds of photos of young boys  
chained up and nude  
when police searched his home

"This isn't in the handbook."  
said one shocked parent

I'm getting soft

And all I can hear in my head  
is this quote from a David Bowie biography

"He sank slowly into mediocrity."

Sooner than I thought

## J.P. HERRERA

J.P. Herrera. Actor. Poet. Lifetime member of the human cancer. He likes men, great white sharks, and diners with waitresses who talk back. He writes to keep his hand off his dick. Largely influenced by Bukowski (who isn't?), his poetry reads like rejected New Yorker pieces....because they were rejected by the New Yorker. On stage he has played many a jerkoff character, such as Othello and Staff Sgt. Hal Taylor from Nation of Two, the Tom Burmester play (which will be the only name dropped). He doesn't have an MFA or a BA, but, lacking deodorant, he may have terrible BO. He is currently dicking around at college and is not paying a single cent. Thank you, government. J.P. does not miss his mother's placenta, nor does he like flowers in his poetry. He fashions himself more autistic than artistic and his appeal....exists. He is very aware that not many people like him, but there are no more fucks to give. Ultimately, his lovers, friends and family, past and current, have been the only fans that mattered. And, whenever in doubt, he subscribes to the Bukowskian maxim, "When I write, I'm the hero of my shit."

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