



Greg Boyd

HAWAII

CRYSTAL BALL

Poems by Greg Boyd



With a tip of the hat to A. D. Liano,
Jordan Jones, and Richard Martin,
my collaborators on The 365 Project,
for which these poems were originally conceived

Copyright © 2006 Greg Boyd
Cover art by the author

First Edition

Obscure Publications
Paul Rosheim, Series Editor

Chakannah

I Don't Believe in That

"Excuse me, I am not convinced, and I cannot go to the public and say, 'Well, let's go to war because there are reasons, and so on,' and I don't believe in that."

Jascha Fisher, Foreign Minister of Germany

Let there be no mistake about it
water flows uphill
I can run a five minute mile
work will set you free
I did not have sex with that woman
pigs can fly
these pills will cure you
I had a happy childhood
the earth is flat
I could have been a big star
America is a democracy
triangles have four sides
we are a caring, ethical nation
her breasts are real
celebrities are interesting
our educational system works
junk food is good for you
I'm not overweight
the government will protect us
I graduated at the top of my class
television is educational
popular culture reflects our values
you can survive a nuclear exchange
writing programs teach creativity
I was a virgin until I married
corporations protect the environment
one can never have too much money
I never inhaled

religions serve God
other people ruined my life
justice will be done
the Internal Revenue Service is constitutional
cat shit tastes just like ice cream
the sky is yellow
the people elected him
a baseball is worth a million dollars
we're winning the war on terrorism
I know what I'm talking about
We're winning the war on drugs
we advance human rights
I have a fourteen inch long penis
war is necessary to preserve the peace
it's not about oil
our leaders know what has to be done
I'm the best poet in America

War Stinks

like burning flesh and gasoline
like gunpowder and cigarettes
like the skull and crossbones grimace
of a Pentagon press briefing
or the unveiling of a new weapon
like exhaust from machines of destruction
like cluster bombs in a schoolyard
like the shit-smearing self-satisfaction
of dog-collared politicians
and their corporate masters
like journalists in bed with the military
like high explosive vomit and electric piss
like sweat, like fear, like decapitation
like nuclear fallout and radiation
like the decomposing bodies
of dogs, of crows, of children
half-buried under rubble
like a plastic sack full of amputations
like a hospital without medicine
like an open wound, an open grave
like ammonia, like chlorine
like shock and awe
like diarrhea and dysentery
like cholera and hepatitis
like mustard gas and nerve agents
like rotting fruit and potatoes
like an army field latrine
like hatred and lies
like greed and power
like uranium enriched scat
like suffering and sorrow
like the concept of wealth
and the myth of nations

like the fanaticism of religions
and the death of the soul
like a river of raw sewage
like the end of all reason
like self-induced madness
like a rubber mask asphyxiation
like the cold embrace of chaos
like rotting seafood
like the black heart of a murderer
like vileness and filth
and whatever else festers
in the unholy empire of death

Chakannah

"This is shock and awe, Tom, for the population of Baghdad: shock and awe, indeed."

— Peter Arnett, NBC Nightly News

Beyond the recurring nightmares
of exploding zeppelins and flocks
of dead sparrows and gutted crows
falling like feathered stones
from mushroom cloudy skies
dreams of toxic soda machines
and tokens from the smallpox subway
of airliners punching the Janus face of the city
and overreaching towers crumbling to dust
like some ancient prophecy
foretelling the wrath of an angry god
unleashed on a society of sinners
beyond the solemn excavation
of mass graves from secret assassinations
beyond the erased faces of fanatics
the lunatic recruitment videotapes
of horror movie hoods with raised Kalashnikovs
in terrorist summer camps
beyond the black veils of cheerleaders
for suicide bomb martyr squads
beyond the borders of chaos
the small arms domain of warlords
beyond the Tora-Bora cave clan
and the daisy cutting special ops
beyond the dividing hive of politics
the what-do-they-believe-in senators
on the capitol hills of capitalism
the unwise men in uniform suits

the accusations and acquisitions
in the futures market of diplomacy
beyond overtime shifts at the fear factory
beyond the black blood of the desert
and the searing sermons of hatred,
beyond definitions and deadlines
beyond promises and threats
beyond the sudden flashes of light
in the nightclub of death
transmitted via cell phone,
and projected onto high definition
flat screen televisions
like some obscene sporting event
the psycho logic of psychological warfare
our contribution to the civilization of despair
the immoral science of destruction
beyond the hammer throw of tomahawk missiles
the laser guided mistake of genius bombs
that will never cure cancer
that instead teach fear and feed hatred
as they land in school yards and markets
as they inhabit and destroy neighborhoods
beyond doctors without medicine
hospitals full of burned and mutilated victims
of children without parents, without limbs
without sight, without skin
children without hope who will never
laugh, or play, or sing again
children who appear uninvited
one evening like ghosts
in our living rooms
children who are already forgotten
beyond the red eyes of grief
beyond the bloody corpses and charred tanks
beyond the truckloads of hundred dollar bills
beyond the crowds of protesters
and the American flag lapel pins
beyond the renaming of fried potatoes

beyond liberation and looting
beyond the lure of lucrative contracts
cheaper gas, broken taxes
and the myth of reelection
beyond anything we've seen or heard
this is shock and awe for all of us
citizens of the shrink-wrapped earth
global shock and awe dropping
like rain, like bricks, like cluster bombs
through the cracked roof
of the abandoned palace of reason

II.

Chakannah the ministers of deceit
with their wormhole logic
and their open casket policies
Chakannah the corporate economy
and the growing breadlines
Chakannah the homeless and the hopeless
Chakannah the Trojan Horse of technology
and the Pandora-box of science
Chakannah the white-haired men
preaching hatred and the Apocalypse
Chakannah the abandoned lighthouse
and the destruction of the rain forests
Chakannah the oven of global warming
baking up tsunamis and hurricanes
Chakannah the crimes against children
by the high priests of shame
Chakanna the penis enlargement schemes
breast enhancement hormones

blue pill erections
and zombie mood enhancers
peddled by the whores of pharmacology
Chakannah the war against the imagination
and the systematic extermination
of independent thought
Chakannah the needles of escape and despair
Chakannah the impossible arguments
for the necessity of war
Chakannah the chain link and barbed wire
hell of secret prisons
and systematic humiliation
Chakannah the internet videos
of roadside bomb blasts
and ritualized beheadings
Chakannah the fascist democracy
and the president of the absurd
who pledge alliance to the wealthy
Chakannah the poor and the homeless
living in the wealthiest of nations
Chakannah duct tape and plastic sheeting
Chakannah the oil slick politician
and laws written in the lobby
Chakannah the erosion of truth-
Chakannah the fiction of reality
Chakannah the blood cost of health care
Chakannah the god-driven predators
Chakannah the blue glow of television
and the blink rate attention span
Chakannah the black heart of evil
Chakannah the smoking guns
and the cigarettes of industry
Chakannah the opium of entertainment
Chakannah the pigs at the trough
with their steaming plates of flesh
Chakannah the uniform code of injustice
and the indifference of institutions
Chakannah the prostitutes of advertising

and the exalted cult of greed
Chakannah the rockets' red glare
Chakannah the science of destruction
Chakannah the damned and lifeless rivers
and the forests of stumps
Chakannah celebrity values
and the serpent tongues of politicians
Chakannah a generation tattooed
with designs of selfishness
united in a state of chaos
Chakannah the rhetoric of hatred
Chakannah the crusades that never ended
Chakannah the Godlessness of clerics
praying for the death of infidels
Chakannah the phone solicitations
for black belt Bible schools,
police balls and magic septic tanks
Chakannah the weapons of mass destruction
and the monkey pox of sorrow
Chakannah the assembly line of lies
and the rising self-interest rate
Chakannah the schoolyard snipers
and the windshield killers
Chakannah the Texas two-step
of oil and arrogance
Chakannah the commander-in-chief of deceit
Chakannah the smart and dirty bombs
the Osamas and Saddams
the hysteria of the masses
Chakannah the rising cost of energy
Chakannah Korean plutonium
Iranian plutonium, American plutonium
Chakannah the enchanted serpents of finance
Chakannah the performing seals of mediocrity
Chakannah the buttered toast of indifference
Chakannah the empty horn of plenty
and the pork barrels of folly
Chakannah the dial tone of obscurity

Chakannah the artholes of the academy
Chakannah the parrot poets
with their prizes and degrees
Chakannah the assassins of God
Chakannah the wildfires of fear
Chakannah the psychics and the psychos
Chakannah the ghost dancers
Chakannah slum lord corporations
and their chain gang workers
Chakannah the corked bat
and the transfatty Oreos
Chakannah fast food and liposuction
Chakannah officers and gentlemen
Chakannah grieving mothers
and millionaire brides
Chakannah impotent protests
mustard gas and nerve agents
Chakannah the umpire strike of diplomacy
the mothballs of silence
the caves of superstition
Chakannah the crops ploughed under
Chakannah the executive criminals
and their country club handshakes
Chakannah the jails and prisons
Chakannah the electric freak show
Chakannah the self-induced coma
Chakannah the end of imagination
Chakannah the sharp beak of destruction
Chakannah god of a thousand teeth
Chakannah lord of chaos
Chakannah hungry Chakannah
Shock and Awe
Shock

and

Awe

Lords of Iraq

"And when I crossed the Euphrates River finally and headed for Baghdad, it's like the Lord just gave me this tremendous peace and joyfulness and he said, 'You have done it. The mission is done. Jesus is Lord of Iraq.'"

"Jesus is Lord of Iraq?"

"Yes."

— Paul Strand and Pat Robertson, The 700 Club

Jesus is Lord of Iraq
like Allah is Lord of America,
like Buddha is Lord of Mexico,
and Shiva Lord of England.

Jesus is Lord of Iraq
like Coyote is Lord of Denmark,
like Cit-Bolon-Tum is Lord of Poland,
and Zeus Lord of the People's Republic of China,
like Isis, Thoth and Sokar are Lords
of Canada, Argentina, and Peru,
like Aphrodite is Lord of Sweden,
and Dionysus Lord of Australia.

Jesus is Lord of Iraq
like Saraswati and Jagannath,
Enki, Ninhurag, and Inanna
are the Lords of France and Spain,
Pakistan, Germany, and Columbia,
Like Hera, Ares, Apollo, and Demeter are Lords
of Tunisia, of Cuba, of South Africa, of Iran,
and Shiva and Ganesh
Lords of Russia and Isreal.

Jesus is Lord of Iraq
like Freya, Odin, Thor, Heindall, and Baldur

are the Lords of Japan, Chile,
Vietnam, Panama and Liberia,
like Hermes, and Persephone,
Nammu, An, Ki, and Enhil,
Ra, Geb, Nut, Shu, Set, Sin, and Tefnut,
are Lords of Iraq.

Jesus is Lord of Iraq
like Nodens, and Epona,
Hathor, Geb, Bat, and Bastet
are Lords of Iraq,
like Atum, Horus, Heket, Maat,
Nekhbet, Wadjet,
Tara, Quan Yin and Yab-Yum
are Lords of Iraq.

Jesus is Lord of Iraq
like Caer Ibormcith, and Boann,
like Branwen and Eadon,
like Angus Mac Oc,
like Copil and Kianto,
like Macaw Woman and Jaguar Night,
like Yemaya, Zotz, Nacon,
like Master of Winds,
like Nebo and Adad
like Ishtar and Artemis
are Lords of Iraq.

Jesus is Lord of Iraq?

With a Mal-Formed Eye

(found poem)

We maintain the everyday hopes
I think and always have—
but this looks like a rerun,
a scuffle with the brokerage sect.

We don't have much to go on:
Man is overwhelmed by language,
by the mainstream media barrier
and meaningless conversation.

Does anybody want to disarm?
Excuse me?
No one does that.

Last night an infant
was born on the bridge
in Raelian County—
a son, a child
of the street.

Tonight on CNN a couple,
Dutch Pitman and Nicole Hussein,
are being charged with second degree asthetics

Five years ago
the average child
wanted to leave school
to perform in, at and on videotape
and take his or her mother's
legally purchased drugs
and operating room medicine.

Don't think about that order.
Don't follow through on it.

The New England Journal of Psychic Dysfunction
reports today that such dangerous stunts
as chowing down on thirteen inches of horse rectum
or killing in the name of peace
can lead to a twenty-nine year old policy
that would hurt as much as 37% of America.

And I said this: serious problems
can occur without warning.

In order to fly, a coalition of folks
who work with clamps and other tools
will be picked to have their bodies transformed.
The directors said that if
they did not meet
an increase in ridership
not one can be committed.

This is a first.

Because the proposal advances
good sportsmanship teams
and chess practice
1,500 sports patients
pursue a policy of a happy
and healthy tomorrow

Because worker's bonuses
have been short changed
County internet deputies charged
mentally ill mother Dawn James
with a little over \$48,000
of credit card crimes

They said that no amount is okay;
they said that's not the overall plan.

I think that if he doesn't use the restroom
in June I will lead the producer class
to turn him into the mother of a lesbian

Metro Bridge Media co-executive Saddam Stroop
and mentally ill high school student Khalid Van Praagh
paid themselves with potassium cyanide
to produce a bad movie
they called "The Human Rights."
Homeless casting director Jackie Naijili
said, "that is the way
the producers have made millions."

As I said, other than this
and that, you just have to learn
it's not like that's other than this is.

Then last night hundreds of people
rejected the celebration
of sponges inside the head.
The fact of the matter is
there are a lot of us that are sick and tired
of hog-horseshit and of this proposal
for bloody murder.
I think they are looking for
some men to say that
they are not interested
in suicide.

I said: disarm the bleeding stomach,
police the willing coalition,
check the proposal for assault.

I think it's time someone
charged them with murder.

I'm for it now.

This watching
of the tapes has people
high on television killing
and addicted to a warfare economy.
They ripped up heaven
like 80 guards during a fight,
purchased a bonus year of breast-feeding
at the Wal-Mart in Ellicott City, Maryland,
and ate it in a day.

I showed you the tapes' vernacular.
I'd rather no one has to
down that visual.
Now I think that
if some would critique
this idea at the CNN
of Wall Street banks...

Allegedly getting my advice is lethal.

Poem for a Snowy Evening

"It just goes to reiterate how everybody has their own style. They just gotta find what it is and then play it."

The young couple upstairs are at it again.
He's a thin guy with a pointed beard
who I think works for the post office,
while she's an art student
with dark hair, pale skin,
tattooed shoulders and arms,
and a silver nose ring.

With what goes on I can't help wondering
if the jungle of plants and birds
also spreads in blue, green and red
ink across the white canvas of her breasts,
if wild boars and tiny deer
scurry from the dark canopy
and run down her thighs.

Even in my sleep I hear the sound
of their squeaky box springs,
the animal grunts and jaguar roar,
the rhythmic song of macav cries
that rise steadily into the tropical night
and suddenly explode,
like a thousand birds taking flight.

Bride of Frankenstein

"He branded the initials of his alma mater, University of Kentucky, into the uterus of Stephanie Means, and Means is suing for emotional distress."

You think you got problems?
Jesus, honey, take it from me
you ain't seen nothing.

First I'm dead in a car accident:
took a header through the windshield,
straight into a tunnel of light and bliss.

So I'm home free, right?
Guess, again, sister, it was my luck
to get pulled from the grave,

dug up and put back together
by that lunatic Dr. Frankenstein.
You can't begin to imagine

the humiliation of the whole operation.
That quack even gave me implants—
or rather the torso to which he sewed my head.

Drooling and spitting his thick accent
in my face, he told me how his monster
had specifically asked for big tits.

Of course he fucked me first himself,
right on the table, just as lightning

struck the rod that reanimated me.

Then he branded the initials
of his alma mater, Transylvania U.,
into my uterus.

Christ, what a shitty deal:
stuck in a drafty castle with an old freak
who thinks he's my father,

then married off to a moron
with a horse cock (literally).
And you think you got it bad.

This edition is limited to 60 copies.

This is number

6

My Boyd



Obscure Publications