

THE DOG PARK GATE

Nights fog winter
Through the golden gate. Morning
Chills fog spring. Noons sun a warming summer.
Evening winds make falls chill sing. Down in Berkeley
Dog Park repression's the good scythe of life. Over-trained
Health food under-fed heart fixed dogs circle in desolate
Packs of toothless strife. Their morbid New Age cyclones
Mud slash the grass like death's curved, silent knife. Pent up
From too many lead rain dead days being almost good in the house,
Realizing this evening's the time to become a total call of the wild louse,
Our Jewish Shepherd of beautiful spirit, our affectionate, frisky ball of fur
Snaps her teeth at a huge dumb dog at least three times bigger than her.
A screaming, brillo hair white woman staggers out of the hot wild barks—
Cape, sandals, book, leash, teats, sack, admiral's hat all falling into darks,
Now her teeth flash, her salivas foam- all dogs do the bad when joy is at it—
She grunts, "Your dog is a shit. If you can't control it. You better not bring it."
Next time the bitch gets aggressive, hold a lit cigarette lighter under her tit."
Not having acquired sling shot or perm it to destroy Goliaths of mean shit,
I contemplate that silence is the best answer to non-aggression's nit-wit.
"This is a non-aggressive dog park. Watch out! Or get your salami cut apart,"
She snarls, "Your lousy dog and good old reliable Gorby looks like Napoleon Bonaparte.
This world is a Dog Park of, and always elects, down and dirty tricky dicky jerk^s
Who ain't too smart, just sort of knows how life's lousy dog park works
Low ambition's lousy worm cold bites- Like old Gorby's phoney pearl
Sharp old Corsican Brother's teeth push of stubby, glad-paw smile furl."
She growls, "All Gorby's flashy, stor my, Jupiter forehead's blood-spot swirl
Says to me is- So this is why they brushed Napoleon's lousy hair in a curl.
I know Napoleon burnt old Moscow, but who in hell says old Gorby can't?
Spengler, Toynbee, Thucydides, or Fermi, Tolstoy, Freud, Nero, or Kant?"
She howls, "Your mad great Dane, F uhrer, itchy Tzarina or pschitzzy Tsar,
Whether hiding in a deep frozen bunker, icy carriage, or bullet proof car—
One for whom training and breeding fail- Clever Caliph to snappy mutt—
Like any lousy, failed, and burning mutt gut that has just erupted a cut—
Either sooner or later, in dreadful unhappiness the hard way learns—
It's not the inflammation that bites, it's the cold poker-face worm's
Ill bred ambition that bites not with the fire but the ice that burns."
She barks, "Read life's lips: The mean lean cold cuts has always burnt worst—
You want one like that snotmean, ratbitch Adolph Hitler's iced deathhead bratwurst?"
She snaps, "You ask your lousy mutt if she's Napoleon, Gorby, or any big shot mess.
That bitch'll scream- I'm The President Of The United States! Tooth to tail! Hell yes!
Now call your lousy rotten mutt off my poor little fucked out Kierkegaard's butt!"
As we stoic away, she screams, "It's not your dog, it's your attitude I hate!"

Stars shine bright on shatter light. In starless fur dark dog park night one dog star moons: I'm Indy Daniels and I
Can lick any dog in the park: Thee.The.The. That's it's too bad we all don't minus some of the fur perhaps folks.