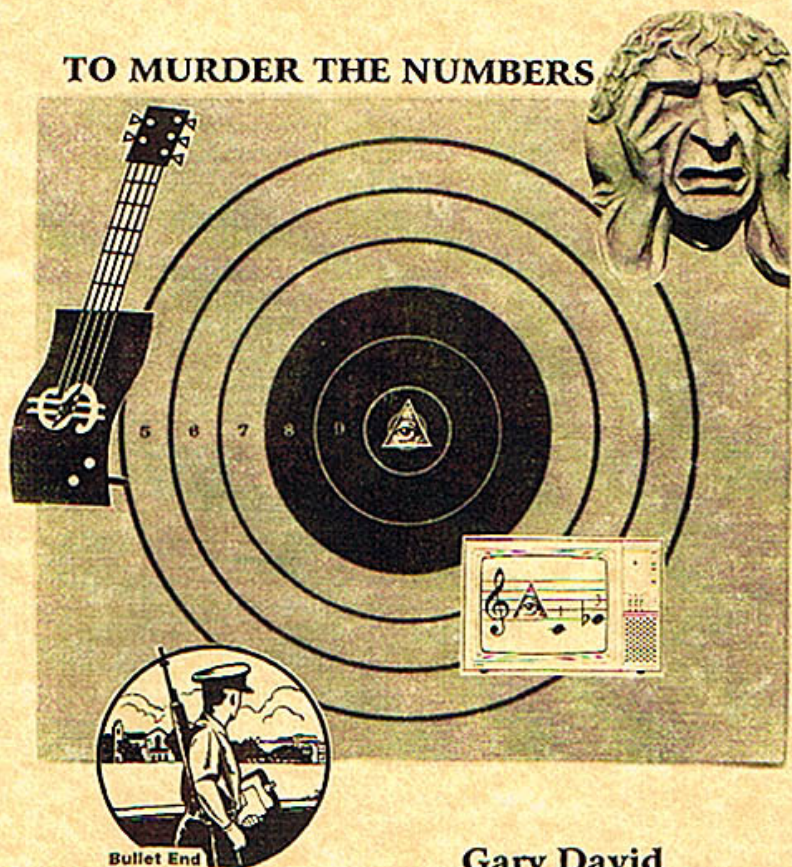


REMEMBER

TO MURDER THE NUMBERS



**Bullet End**  
077-2314 (022)  
077-2316 (024)  
077-2318 (026)  
077-2320 (028)  
077-2322 (030)

Gary David

REMEMBER  
TO MURDER THE NUMBERS

Publisher: Big Easy Press, P.O. Box 1236, Harvey,  
LA 70059

Distributor: Island Hills Books, 1880 White Cloud Ln.  
#14, Prescott, AZ 86301-5295

Copyright 1995 © Gary David All rights reserved

Cover collage "Bullet End Buckeye" by the author

A couple of these numbers heretofore have been  
scored in W'ORCs, Clay Drum, Drop Forge and Juxta.

Grateful acknowledgement goes out to the author's  
sister and her husband, Susan and Bob Hoehnle, for  
their computer expertise and support.

About the Author:

Gary David started flat-picking a Sears & Roebuck  
box guitar at age 12. In secondary school he  
performed with a number of pseudo-acid rock and  
proto-punk groups. A reading of postwar poetry  
(mainly the Beatsters and the Black Mountaineers)  
rewired his aesthetic charge from the troubadour to  
the skaldic tradition of unaccompanied recitation. At a  
New Orleans pawn shop he bought a black blues  
guitar he named Strumpet, and later toured the High  
Plains in a mercenary C & W troupe. A more recent  
weekend country barroom band was called Bald  
Buffalo. He continues to publish volumes of poetry  
and carry on a love/hate relationship with his  
instrument. This tactical chap is murder on ennui  
wheels.

Preface: Rearview Reflections  
Of A Homocidal Hearer

After the abominable Big Bomb which atomized all erstwhile notions of worldly warfare fell, the Baby Boom would bloom through the asphalt lots of malls future flower brats & plutocratic fat cats of Yuppiedom alike. But this was ante- that, on a date when our most omenous enemies (other than red-handed hammers & sickles) loomed as unruly dandelions stalking the lawn. Amid the cultural scree of teevee screens, blood was phoney/funny as hotdog catsup on some hammy kid's mug. Our sins still flickered black & white. Static innocence would be our undoing in this heady, postwar euphoria of flat-tops & Hoover-sucking, flag-waving fanfares. O to be born into the extended family of Ozzie & Harriet at Holiday Inn, Happy Trails at High Noon, the Checkers Speech in Mad magazine, Monopoly & the Korean "Conflict" for the Old Man & the Sea. The year was '52. The first wave of B.-ers could barely peer over the dashboard horizon.

"What can a poor boy do, 'cept to sing for a rock-roll band..." the unwittingly shamanic Stones moan. Poor or not so, not so rich either. Neither. The classic middle mass. Baloney between two slices of white Wonder. The silent majority whose only voice is one vote apiece torn violently asunder by the raucous uproar & pelvic undulations Ed Sullivan cut off at the waist. "A wop baba loo bop, a wop bam boom--Tuttie Fruittie..." was the ilk of fledgling technocratic incantations that took to the airwaves & soared a common sense of sensual freedom as endless as summer surfers or the poptop, throwaway song of the open road.

But all at once it was 20 years ago today, Tuesday afternoon, a day in the life, when we were entreated to Turn On, etc. Are you experienced was not a question of job applications. The Revolution would be fought (or so 'twas thought) onstage in a stereo onslaught of longhair-brained anthems of psychedelic high infidelity to the status quo. The Electric Guitar became the totemic, talismanic gizmo dynamo of the Aquarian Era. An extension of the codpiece freak's bourgeois aquarium. A dove lover's gun to kill punch-clock time while playing neo-pagan paeans to spaced-out, pain-dead acid boppers. An anarcho-cartoonic icon of teenie rage. Bash-down-the-brickin'-wall-street-of-white-collar-crime - with-the-wrecking-ball-of-free-love ended up to be the neon rainbow philosophic truck on which the pseudo-semi-illiterate litter of mongrel Me-veneration mongers hitched a ride into the fear future.

Now the autopsy-turvy of the age those wide-idealized souls were most alive to provides the tumor beyond rumor, the unbenign sign big as a billboard: i.e. the dizzy Revolution too soon became a corporate coup, a razzle dazzle means to mean business, a way to make record sales of records (C.D.s anon) rather than love, an avenue whereon the tanked military industrial superiority complex is driven to hard bargains rather than given to streetwise visions of peace signs. Retrospectively nostalgic & nihilistic by turns, we still remember to dismember the beholden oldies' sold-out refrain now hawking disassembly line ejectamenta of jogging shoes, wine coolers & of course the dashing cymbal-crashing symbol of upward mobility, erectility & gong-dong he-manism: the sleek, hard-bodied car. That one of its synonymns is "auto" is, by the fast lane way, no accident.

## Rock Around the Clock

flamenco lady long neck turns  
phallic electric tricks slick  
with sweat choked G string burns  
bedpost whore baby zoom clique  
dionysiac backseat twat beer  
bottled ego eyes fardom fame  
home groin folk form white sick fear  
of fail your dues from played up game  
to whom whose book of love wrote fire  
thru brain sucks seed by rote & riff  
copped headphone hard in pig sire  
jerk off hours & hers for miff

-ology testy cyclic jam  
zitar scurrilous scrotum ham

## I Want To Hold Your Hand

Please put down the iron, Mommy.  
I got this something I don't  
think I understand. On TV.  
He was shot. Is this what  
they call history? I'll remember  
a scorched smell and you crying  
when John-John saluted. Everybody  
will remember, I think. Next year  
I'll start to like girls. Right now  
I want to hold your hand, Mommy.

## 96 Tears

Acne & plastic wrap  
-around sunglasses. Black  
mop. Cheesy Farfeesa (sic)  
organ. Far-fetched big Cheese  
Wiz. Wonder what is  
a Mysterian, anywhat? Whop  
or speak. Span the Man. Mister  
Clean's obscene. Soon & sat.  
Saw those tears in half.  
Sorrow's marrow's monkey.  
Cool cry tough kid. Cry  
cry cry now. 96 mirrors.  
Clear a sill. Windows of wonder  
what's a question, anymark?

Bass booms in the gym on E  
minor. Questions of puberty.  
Dance the hair, publicly. Lick  
those strings. Battle of the bonds.  
Ooo baby, spread 'em! Wet luck.  
Lock head & heart heard. Hard  
story glory sun-up comes  
t' be on top I'll be on top you  
be right down there there lookin'  
up. My question: anycome? What  
a way to grow!

## Roll Over Beethoven

Six feet under. Verses. 6 inches  
in. Tag the toe. Self-righteous revolution  
via glow worm jukebox. White boy cum  
woman. Knot it. Knowing ropes. Nuke the 'niks.  
Bourgeois blues. Rad blood. Pay  
your dues, D.J. Jock cajole. "Don't  
got a thing to say." Dirt. Say it  
any way. Dig these pigskin rhythms  
crazy with a spade. Black diamond. Bored  
rotten. Royal hand. Spoiled stiff. Wards  
back. "Suburpia." Big daddy mack. Cruise  
for burgers. Finger humbuggers. Our class  
figures. The dead don't dance  
your mama. Spread the well-fed  
news like compost facto pneumonia  
rocks catch. On. Stereomania. And off. Hell  
ripping Tchaikovsky's '57 Chevy. Opus  
magwheel symphony. Auto hip gnosis. Headline:  
JAILHOUSE HEART THROB PLOTS EPISTEMOLOGY  
BREAKTHROUGHS. Pissed (systemically). Baptize  
in booze. Poesy blows. Pap tunes of aural  
fixation. Wrenches. Experience mental  
fender benders. Longhair square. Love me  
tender, father mucker. Embody death  
but never mind my mixed-up  
gender in the malt liquor blender.

## The Twist

All them chubbies  
chuffing off  
that ugly lard.  
American  
as skateboards or  
remember that day  
glo hula  
hoop craze?  
Bored stiff or stuck  
on them cells.  
Such gusto  
when you only go  
around once.

Let's twist again  
like we did last  
summer, honey.

What was that  
you were  
saying, dear?

### Don't Think Twice (It's Alright)

A why babe why babe because and for with posthaste & gone.  
The beans swallowed their gravy, you say? You see, nothing's ever lost.

Research seeds & rescue: barbecues out of nothing comes.  
Regard ambiguities with grace, cleverness, and bullets.

And the of with his won't you do like the along, yes?  
There's a strange force, biting its toenails, spreading discontent.

Parameters of desire hex hooting the wise without noise.  
Come on in out of the rain. Be sensible. Look at yourself.

Wild-eyed wagging her tongue at the tip of his cruise.  
Blues remit no error. Give & take's the law here. You're too stand-offish.

Moxy by proxy bipartisan pressure leaks & lunar gas.  
Sage is a common weed. Sense by far is much less common.

Rescinding sentences of so you don't have to you don't you know.  
A requirement of inanity: your lack of regret is most grievous.

Devious means man untamed squelches questions unacclaimed.  
You're finally making progress. An order is apparent. You're getting well.

## House of the Rising Sun

Blue shack. Red town. Black  
wrought iron balconies. Blue book. Red  
lacy underwear. Black cock. Blue  
screams thru sirens. Red shell. Black  
voodoo drugstore stare. Blue beer. Red  
beans 'n' rice. Black jack. Blue  
hair of opium dreams. Red head. Black  
tomb opening. Blue bones. Red  
sax jazzing up G. Black string. Blue  
raw oyster lovers. Red hot. Black  
blood on fire. Blue note. Red  
river churning mud. Black mail. Blue  
sky steaming desire. Red eye. Black  
semen on a white belly. Blue Project. Red  
razor grinning rage. Black ball. Blue  
teeth between thighs. Red rise. Black  
house of mirrors. Blue thunder. Red  
room with no doors. Black out. Blue  
ozone rain. Red rape. Black  
bullet hole in the head. Blue ruin. Red  
alcoholic mornings. Black vomit. Blue  
tune of broken tongues. Red riot. Black  
condemned mansions. Blue hell. Red  
nightstick on the sidewalk. Black eye. Blue  
streak for blind handouts. Red scent. Black  
krewe throwing coconuts. Blue dubloons. Red  
touch of madness. Black cats. Blue  
stocking at the soiree. Red-handed. Black  
Mack the Knife. Blue loan shark. Red  
sewers breeding gators. Black guard. Blue  
moon gased behind bars. Red house. Black sun.

## Eight Miles High

Mild harmonies: flying in  
formation, birds swoop  
as one--Sweet chord!--  
after another. Mile after mile  
in the mind. New worlds  
to solo in. And to think  
I grew up to think  
the world was once  
one place for many  
eyes. There's a tear in the wind  
a bird disappeared  
thru. The other end of space  
is time. I see the bird circle  
in a sky in a year  
of some heaven or other  
before my birth. Or is it after  
another death? Down here  
the sun's lost  
all count.

Light My Fire (LP Version)

Lie down on my pyre  
& eat ashes. Cultic dismemberment.  
Disengaged grotesqueries masquerade  
mint & calamic satyr fur. Arabesque  
of thighs. Lint of light lions. Blue ions  
far out man in black tether space. Sputnik  
spasm of dead stars in the groin. Baskets  
of butterflies "scream." Flukes & phlegm.  
Vitreous humors hallucinate neon  
paramecium. Anti-matter is non-equipped.  
Universal discourse disgorged. Discourage  
discards. Art & fire. Furor refurbished.  
Reform firm flex & taut theories'  
clout & down. Dawn coming down. Hard  
liars got no girls for hire. Go down  
on me. My tree's an ash spurting voices  
mired in the wind. Admired by no one  
the quote unquoted lizard king requires  
a torch of touch to feed his choirs  
of organs. Pulsing or dance orgasmic  
in the labyrinth. Musk weed & mesquite plus  
absinthe. Equals. An absence of. Remember  
to love amnesias. Weave  
of destinies. Tense of grasses.  
Frets. Lyre strings. My ashes  
swirl in the upper middle class  
atmosphere the same as my progeny's  
fingerprints. Hunger sparks  
dark rain. Loom of dream. On the air  
the night's on fire. Lie down & eat.

Piece O' My Heart

Her period

piece

## White Rabbit

A hookah toking toga. Toucan  
chew. 69. The year, silly. Sigh bin.  
Ho ho hee hee ha ha. Who he? Harry  
Who-Doney? What jingo jangled  
the martini! Alice alas laps  
a laugh. Aloof & agender, a  
caterpillar appalls proportion. Apropos  
platitudes. Sloppy students on strike.  
Astrut the rudder, the mirror goes  
haywire. Hot wire. Battery acid. He's heavy  
into drugs. What next? The minister ran off  
with a sinister side show. Serious circus  
of show-offs. Shoe-ins. Shut-outs. Shafts  
of glory. Shave your testicles  
& shut up! Shine your love, honey  
in mint tea. Tulips mugworts &  
Fugs. Farts are "odiferous." (Odd way  
to say that.) Diffident redundancies. Done  
up to look like yourself. A minute  
creepy thing. Please don't talk about  
unpleasantries. Well what praytell  
shall we discuss? The ether?  
Feather befriending fur rather  
than ball bearings's my passion.  
My world, you make no seance  
whatsohoover. Jedgar? Damn yer  
logic! Log thy rectum! An exoticum  
of ragas must've ragged us  
subliminally. Let's split  
back to reality--pronto!  
What is realty? A fealty  
to Jesus? Holy shit! Just keep  
moving, shrew man. Call it  
sooey. Chop talk. Good golly  
Miss Moly, sure likes  
d' gall. Parley voodoo?

## My Generation

First

stuttering vidiots

mutilate materials

mutate thru malls

generate de-

X rate

megawatts watching

world

melt down

rubber yawn

recreate

sex fix

then

the orange slush sun

## A Whiter Shade Of Pale

Seasic of the shy-ster paid of whale.  
Jargon fusion of jazz bits. Hacker think  
future schlock sin drones. Understand  
blunder's bust. Boo coup bucks but bad  
breath. Death to hunger. 9 to 5.  
Tofu & tango. Titillations: exploit  
to export. Oil 'n' Injuns. Bring in  
-candescent & firewater. Hau  
the West Was Fun backed by affront tear  
jerky commercials break down  
the panned American I-way. To split

for the no-fault fault zone--whether  
typhoon or typhoid tie-dyes the water  
closet--a coffee-quipped scat-bored son  
of a gun-running tycoon coughs  
up the wander dough, gags  
down Jamestown weed or peyotl  
to reify Quetzalcoatl rising iffy off  
a Terra Arizona mesa in order  
to reorder a tortilla for two. Poor  
soles. Mexed up tame brain's maxed out  
shade of his former (uninformed)  
corpi in the sky, this knight in white satin  
upholstery stronger than hurt upholds  
his pinioned nag, absolute  
as finned cars, whilst Dad plugs  
soap winners dying for microwaving  
weiners roasted with a superstar  
studded wang bang you're lead as the sun  
slowly winks in the cess. Like we said

for starters, awash in the water  
grade of pool: Seesuk. Better  
get a loco butter tan & a new pair  
of spit-shined blues, baby.

## Purple Haze

A minor scaling the wailing wall  
of marshalled amps, zebra butterflies strobe  
Rimbaudelairean riffs. Opium blooms  
whole note bends in rainbow roads.  
Between muddy water blues & rivet spaced  
rocket news, white rapid rhythms black out  
lighter fluid flackback bag o' poetrix  
a spectral band of gypsies plays  
with a late-model machine gun. Omnipotentate  
hoodoo child a wahoo throttle feeds  
back to star-tangled freak flag & fro.

Watt's your name, eclectic lady?  
Foxy fingers. Stratocast off my bridge  
juggle juggernaut spheres--a passel  
of orange bombast or jungle bliss a little  
nymph wings' kiss blisters.  
My magenta sky agent whispers  
utopian gazelles. Chromium lust dreams.  
Your rose land of silk eyes is submarine  
sunrise's acid bath & broth. Gold  
fuzz moan or flutter screech buffeted  
by solar winds & bloodshed winces  
blown in the transgalactic end  
of time zone speech trances mine.

cont.

Double-crossing the color line  
of his soul, the black world's initial  
invisible man to O.D. on his own  
I.D. blackward slips into sleep's  
lethal haze his prism jism jets high  
on white rote swan song fading  
black to one bright note borne  
beyond ears. Breath tremelo afloat  
above corpus cold as black  
wax cracks or snarls'  
brown tape glistens hisses  
in back parking lots. Cause of death  
in effect: quinalbarbitone down  
downer downest E flat off the neck.

## Give Peace A Chance

All we are saying is give peace a chance.  
All we are saying is give peace a chance.  
All we are saying is give peace a chance.  
All we are saying is give peace a chance.  
All w re say ng s giv pe ce a chanc .  
llw r e sy ng s gv p c a ch nc .  
llw r s ng s gv p c ch nc  
l r ng g p c nc .  
r n p n .  
n n



Big Easy Press  
P.O. Box 1236  
Harvey, LA 70059