

## **Greatest Hits (2005 – 2010)**

*a semichronological collection of poetry*

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*My Masterpiece*

When I read what I have written,  
I cannot help but be smitten.

My pen proves through doubt and hope  
As my only way to cope.

In the winter, birds fly south.  
The warm recesses of my mouth

Can hold them all,  
Can hold them all.

*Let Go*

Tie one down,  
And you bind two.

Is this what  
You want to do?

*Telegram to the Not-So-New Millennium*

Do your homework  
I'll work alone  
Get lost in the job  
Turn off my phone  
Caught in the zone  
Heaping landfill  
Searching for scraps  
Finding the deal  
Food and drink  
Basic subsistence  
Storing strength  
To spark the resistance  
Driving insistence  
Forcing the iron  
To the fire  
Sound the siren  
Tap the wire  
Fuck your lover  
Then take cover  
The war is home  
Band fast my brothers

*Cash*

The money,  
The stocks, the bonds,  
The gold —  
These things satisfy desires of  
The soul. But  
The amounts in the accounts,  
The great piles of  
Jewels, could fill to content  
The hearts of a trillion fools.

This begs the question: “What could be the intent  
Of the few that possess infinite currency,  
Which they have plundered with such fearful urgency?”

The answer is clear:  
They don’t want the gold.

It’s not about money.  
They just want control.

*Same Time, Same Station*

Red ink outlines blue streaks.  
Why not separate the strong from the weak?  
Granted, I'll agree, the future looks bleak,

But look at the past —  
Not exactly a blast.  
You can look at it fast, see,

Cause we're in the future.  
Emotional sutures  
For split, bleeding poopers.

On latex we're spoiled.  
And when there's no oil,  
Will there be enough soil

To grow enough crops  
To feed all the babies that no condoms will stop  
From going *ker-plop*

Out the vages of their moms?  
And what about bombs  
Dropped on Uncle Toms?

But it's just so much fun  
When they're on the run.  
Hot dog on a bun.

Collapsed in the back.  
Just back from Iraq.  
PTSD is a breeze on Prozac.

*What Would Geisle Do?*

Pink ink got spilled on the mink,  
Revealing the source of the then-missing link.  
In a cold grave, old Dr. Seuss rolls around  
Because those kids put that Truffula seed in the ground

And then sold off the lot to a big corporation.  
They now live in Fiji on an endless vacation.  
While back in the lot of the Truffula seed,  
Prepubescent Filipinos work their hands till they bleed,

Turning the fabric into fabulous products  
To satiate desires of craving and star-struck  
Celebrity addicts hypnotized by means  
Of broadcasting, education, and trash magazines.

So after all this, Dr. Seuss is real pissed,  
But he's deep in the earth and dead as a stick.  
Besides, he was the same as an early cartoonist.  
If you're killing already, why not be an opportunist?

Smart men can be dumb is all that he teaches,  
That and *The Butter Battle Book* and those irascible Sneetches.  
Let's all just slow down and look at all sides.  
Let's all talk very calmly and look at all sides.

*Playing Field*

Pen is hard to erase,  
But you can do it  
If you put a good enough eraser to it.

Blend to send a frequency.  
No need for secrecy.  
The speakeasy runs through it.

Mask your light,  
But not at night —  
Sometimes it must be seen.

The margin's tight,  
So bum a light  
And wipe your chalkboard clean.

*Everything I Have*

I have no food to eat.  
No, I don't.  
I have no food to eat,  
But I don't want.

I have no song to sing  
For all my friends.  
They will hear no songs from me  
Until my end.

I have no blood to bleed  
In my heart and veins.  
There is no blood for life in me —  
No blood for pain.

I have no more words to speak,  
No words forming in my mind.  
No words now leave my lips  
To reach your ears in kind.

*I'm Not Really Sure What This Means*

Aloof at sea,  
My eye drifts.

I laugh at what I find —  
The beauty in the rhyme

Or lack thereof. But  
Which, the substance or the form,

Is the form of substance?

My mind is whole and torn.  
My mind is full and empty.

I've heard the sage stops short  
Rather than filling to the brim.

*For Emily*

What glittery eye shadow.  
Those brown eyes are sad, though.  
You have so much to say,  
Acting in this play.

What can be make-believed  
If we lose the heart to grieve?  
A world where all the grieving's done —  
A beach umbrella in the sun.

*Looking Back*

I've been locked up for weeks.  
The beds I've slept in reek.  
All the girls I've fucked are freaks.  
Somehow I still think I'm sleek.

My fragments have been fragmented.  
The window to my heart is tinted.  
This time I'll let the pieces stay  
And find something else to break.

It seems that soon they'll set me free  
To refind things left behind.  
I fear they may be found already  
By someone else. I hope they're ready.

*You and Me Both*

What have I learned about love?  
The obvious first: nothing.  
The next would be there are some things  
I don't want.  
And chemicals play a big part.  
Biology, hormones, pheromones,  
Genes, psychology,  
Penis and boob size and  
Bodies.  
And societal influences.  
Who could forget  
Walking through the checkout at a supermarket?  
Inevitably everybody falls in love.  
That's probably the one thing I do know.  
And something else I know to be true,  
Though not directly pertaining to love, is  
People prefer to be together  
Doing the wrong thing  
Rather than be alone  
Doing the right.

*Time to Get Up*

The loud bass octave  
Pounds in my ear.

Realization — only the alarm clock.  
I hit the snooze button,

Lower the blinds,  
And bury myself in my blanket.

Sometimes the sun is too bright.  
My eyes need time to adjust.

I wonder if I have enough time.  
I wonder if it matters

How long  
Any of us have.

*I've Got Class*

My brain fills with worthless crap.  
It would be nice if I could nap.  
Syllabi program the thoughts  
Of students. Oops. I mean robots.

*Heard It All Before*

At midnight last night, a prophecy came  
Into my dreams. The vision was rain.

Fast-moving clouds, dark and looming,  
Covered the sky. The thunder was booming.

Certain events Nature desires.  
Gusts of wind begin wildfires.

*TV Dinner*

Television can suck my dick.  
The assholes on it make me sick.

The shit they talk will make you crazy,  
Apathetic, fat, and lazy.

Into homes such hate projected.  
Connect by being disconnected.

*Too Close to Home*

MySpace,  
You whorehouse —  
Where money isn't the only thing exchanged  
For sex.

You chafe like an STD  
In the crotch of a soldier,  
Whose uniform rubs and irritates  
As he marches through the streets of a blast zone —  
Once a bustling metropolis.

The soldier posts pictures  
Of himself — shirt off, six-pack  
Exposed, straddling a tank turret  
In the desert.

And MySpace,  
You cackle demonically.  
The acute curving of your sinister smile  
Breaks your face,  
And you gulp down the gushing blood  
Like Jägermeister.

*Why It's Better to Be a Vegetarian and Not Watch Adam Sandler Movies*

I remember the morning we went to Planned Parenthood.  
We got up early, and because we were in a rush,  
We stopped by McDonald's.  
I got an egg-and-sausage McMuffin value meal with a coffee.  
She got a McGriddle value meal with a coffee.

We were in that waiting room for fucking ever.  
They played two movies on a small television set.  
One was *The Waterboy*,  
And I don't remember what the other one was.

The room was crowded.  
Everyone watched the movies intently.

*A Note to My Poetry Writing Teacher*

I'm sorry that you felt the need  
To restrict the discussion of my poems.  
I'm sure you had your reasons.

They were probably the same reasons  
You had for stifling our creativity  
With your ancient conventions  
And for offering nothing  
But criticism:

Because you didn't want anyone to shine brighter than you.  
Because you wanted to douse our flames  
So that your flicker of talent would seem like a torch  
In your cave of depression, in which we have all been trapped  
For a semester.

And by the way, William  
Carlos Williams is dead.  
If you love imitating him so much,  
You should dig a grave right next to his,  
Hop on in,  
And get all of us to cover you up with the dirt.

*Soon*

When we all cataclysmically die  
From nuclear war or something else,  
I'm only afraid  
That we will all have to be happy  
For the world because it will finally be able to relax  
After all these years of us royally fucking things up.

*First Real Day*

The word *dead*  
Is scrawled in pen over the sticker that reads “chicken warmer”  
Next to the circuit-breaker switch  
In the back room.

At the register,  
A short, curly black hair accompanies change  
Into my palm.

A fat white girl —  
Nine dollars on pump ten, candy bar, two-dollar lottery ticket —  
Makes a phone call: “Is Ray Ray there?”

Her redneck bark echoes  
Through my ears and then off of a satellite and  
Is swept away by solar winds  
And pulled down by its own weight to the darkest regions of all existence.

Ray Ray is not there.

*Carnivorous Congress*

Let's chitchat about  
The reiteration of repatriation  
Of profits and taxes  
And drugs and immigration  
And a whole lot of programs.

Then we can have a nice lunch  
Of fine wine and the very best dead animal flesh.

*Hmm*

If God ever played Duck Duck  
Goose, do you think that He  
Would let the goose  
Catch up to Him sometimes?

I do.

*It's Alright*

Nothing is  
As it seems.  
See the world bursting at its seams.

And beer is cheaper than soda.

And water is thicker than oil.

And water is thicker than oil.

*Crackhead's Lament*

I worked all day  
And I'm so tired.

Alls I wanna do  
Is come home and smoke some crack.

I wish my bitch of a wife  
Would stop naggin' me to do the laundry,  
Cause alls I wanna do is smoke some crack.

*Where, Oh Where*

Where are the road workers?  
Why have they stopped working with their machines?

They must be dying in Iraq.

Where are all the policemen?  
Why are they not arresting any criminals?

The criminals must be too sneaky.

Where are the garbage men?  
Why is there still trash in the streets?

They must be watching the game.

Where is my hot neighbor?  
Why is she not fucking her athletic boyfriend?

She must be walking the dog.

*Not a Word to Lindsay*

I'm not saying anything to Lindsay,  
Except that tequila should only be taken carefully and in moderation.

That poison can uproot utmost sacred alters —  
Once esteemed, innocent, pure —  
Water of the holiest river  
On the holiest pilgrimage.

And all there really was for me to say is  
“Probably not.”

*A Letter to the Power Elite*

There are an infinite  
Amount of other options  
Than the plans you have devised.

Please consider some of them.

Yours truly

*April*

Aprils come and Aprils go.  
Winds of change came with the snow.

This is something I know:  
Time is valuable.

But sometimes,  
How I let it go.

Some things are better left unsaid,  
And some things aren't.

The question in my mind remains:

If love is eternal, limitless,  
All-pervasive,  
Then why do I still act  
Like a total asshole to people  
I care about?

*Will the Revolution Wait?*

Will the revolution wait for me  
While I do drugs  
And fuck my girlfriend?

Will the revolution hold on  
Just a second  
While I go back for my master's  
And raise a family  
And pay off my goddam mortgage?

Will the revolution call me back  
Later on this week?  
I've got a lot going on  
And not even enough time for myself  
It seems these days.

Or will the revolution start tonight  
While I am sleeping?

*Wednesday*

What's today? Wednesday?  
Must be.  
That's what I titled the poem.

When I close my eyes,  
Sometimes I see words —  
Words for days —  
Endless words —  
Moving.

Grab hold  
And they will take you places.

*Student Teacher*

My words hold me back,  
So I'm giving some away.

Here you go.  
Maybe you can make better use of them.

*Have You Seen?*

I don't want a car —  
I want a tank,

A metal hulk  
So ferocious that, when driven near the ocean,  
Sharks commit suicide.

*My Wal-Mart Poem*

Sam Walton was a good man,  
So I've heard.

Wal-Mart is an evil company,  
So I've heard.

To fear is to feel.  
To hear is to squeal.

To buy is to steal,  
Or give away,  
Depending on the market.

Let's spend less time  
Watering leaves and branches,

And let's spend more time  
Nourishing roots.

Let us spend less time  
Choosing lesser evils,

And let us spend more time  
Choosing greater goods.

*I've Said It Before*

To let go is  
To be held.

To find is  
To lose.

To make  
Is to break.

It is not  
What you choose

But how you choose it.

*Campaign*

A taste of freedom,  
A quick fix,  
Once every four years.

Since when is the last step  
The whole process?

The beginning must receive as much care  
As the middle and the end.  
It is written in ancient texts.

There is a habit to be kicked.  
But how can abstinence be taught  
By a user?

The more things stay the same,  
The more things change.

*He's Got Sexy Hands*

I need a candidate who is:

As bold as my Chex Mix,  
As refreshing as an ice-cold Shasta,

As courageous as the writers  
For *Everybody Loves Raymond*,

As beautiful as John Kennedy  
Twitching in the convertible's  
Blood-spattered back seat,

As believable as the cover story,  
And as nebulous as the life

Leaving Jack's body  
And floating elsewhere.

*A Poem for Me (Meaning You)*

You are more beautiful than  
A comparison I cannot make,

As there is nothing even similar  
Anyone can see with eyes.

And so, you see, these words  
Are masks, like poorly and not-so-poorly

Disguised emotions within mixtapes —

The highlights of which resound  
Through my mind on endless repeat.

*Overheard*

I'm an angel  
And a devil.

Don't you get it?

*It Does Not Stop*

Listen with your ears,  
But hear with your heart.

Truth lies  
Between the lines.

*The Economy*

In case you don't know,  
Our money is fake.

So if you lose your money,  
There's no need to worry.

You will have lost nothing.

Real value is hard to come by  
In this little world of ours.

And that is why, eventually,  
We will all look somewhere else.

*Never Change*

In 500 B.C., Heraclitus wrote:  
“Only change endures.”

And since then,  
Nothing’s changed.

*What's Not to Get?*

What you see  
Is what you don't get.

Don't you get it?

None of it is yours to have  
In the first place.

*Where's the Evidence?*

The only proof of God I need  
Is that nobody

Except an omniscient, all-powerful being  
Could ever, not in a million years,

Never ever write a story  
This damn good.

*There Ain't No Tellin'*

I tell ya what:  
There's not much to say.

It's true, so they say,  
That conversation is useless.

But that's just because we're all used  
To talking about nothing at all.

*Every Day I Write the Short Story*

I write every day.  
We all write, yes,  
In every way.

Thoughts are words  
And mind is paper.

Listen to my voice taper.

Make every word count.  
Leave nothing out.

*No*

I've had the biggest tits  
Shoved in my face.

I've astral-projected myself  
Into the far reaches of outer space.

I've eaten the best filets  
And drunk the finest wines.

I've won every race on the planet —  
All in record times.

I've rubbed shoulders  
With sultans and kings and czars;

I've painted for them masterpieces  
And test-driven their cars.

But I keep coming back to this.  
Am I happy?

*Staircase*

Ancient buildings  
Below me,

And gentle rain now, night,  
Wind. My old

Wooden structure creaks.

Something's not the same.  
I sit on my couch and play a game

I'm no good at.  
My lighter's run out of flame.

*Is Somebody There?*

I've given up  
On giving up.

Instead, I'm giving in.

I've found something  
After all these years.

I've found there's nothing  
To find — only uncovering,

Dusting off — a helicopter's wicked blades,  
Limousines, rustling Styrofoam behind you.

*Friends of Bill*

Pocket-sized notebooks are

My Alcoholics Anonymous.  
They are my coffee and cigarettes

And a little weed every now and then.  
They are me sitting around

With some other fuckups  
And just bitching for a while.

They are my support group,  
Because I can't do it alone.

*What's That Smell?*

Lilies that have festered  
Are the best kind of lilies.

The weeds in my yard are  
Overgrown, and I roll in them.

I am a pig wallowing in mud.  
I am a monster. I am a

Rapist. I am a saint.  
I am an eternal spiritual being

Full of bliss and full of knowledge.

*Nectarean Poison*

Lotus is the name  
Of a scent and

A flower — an eternity  
Smelled in an hour.

O heaven, your heavy doors  
Seem light as a feather,

In the fragrance of devotion  
Known by few, known by all —

Let me swim in your ocean.

*God Spoke*

Those eyes could crush  
The Taj Mahal with a mere

Eyelash flutter. But they wouldn't.  
You can tell. O, how I envy

That Ziploc of weed  
She just stuffed into

Her bluejeans' back pocket.

You may have to hide your love  
Away, but it's hard sometimes.

*Lights in the Sky*

A bird flies west in the autumn.  
A bird flies north in the springtime.  
A bird flies south in winter,

And in the summertime,

I go to the park or whatever  
Place my heart takes me.

I will fly to the places  
My wings can flap to —

A fearless pilot, a bird, a UFO.

*Gross World*

Birth is gross.  
Is it not?

Sex is also gross.  
Is it not?

Think about it for a second.

We are a smelly nation.  
That is my revelation.

Evil has no refuge  
Save by invitation.

*Not My First Rodeo*

At six thirty last night,  
I could've made dinner.

But I took a  
Hit of acid instead.

This is what I learned:

I am a member of a secret  
Society so secretive that

I didn't realize I am a member  
Until I just figured it out.

*Listen with Both Ears*

Sing! O, sing to me, Muse!  
Sing to me under the full moon!

And this and that and this and that.  
And I am soaring above it all,

Above the moon, above the stars,

The firmament, filled to the brim  
With conditioned jivas flying here and there,

Doing this and that and the other thing.  
Ain't no thing but a chicken wing.

*Man of the Hour*

Bob Parlocha, you are the best  
Thing to happen to radio

Since frequency modulation.  
Your voice will travel

Out into all  
Of space and time until

This universe's quite opportune demise.

Boo dop boo dop bop  
Boo ba doo bop sha-bow.

*All About Me*

Low, fast-moving clouds  
At night. Am I high?

Or are they just low?

In the distance,  
Swirling over the city —

A man on his bicycle scares me.  
My hand-rolled cigarette's ember

Is burning my fingers, but  
I don't care. I'm used to it.

*There for a Reason*

Recovery is lovely.  
We may be sick,

But you've got to admit  
We're getting better,

A little better all the time.

And in the meantime,  
Let's keep picking up

The pieces. I've got a feeling  
They're all about to fit.

*Why They Killed John Lennon*

“Bring on the  
Lucie (Freedda People).”

“Woman is the Nigger  
Of the World.”

“John Sinclair.” “Attica State.”

“Angela.” “I Don’t Want  
To Be a Soldier, Mama.”

“Luck of the Irish.”  
“Give Peace a Chance.”

*Straightforward*

In all of history  
There could not ever be

A more important thing  
Than Krishna Consciousness.

And mainly, just sing

The Lord's sweet holy names.  
They will purify you:

Hare Krishna, Hare Krishna, Krishna Krishna, Hare Hare,  
Hare Rama, Hare Rama, Rama Rama, Hare Hare.

*A Poem for a Contest*

I am writing this poem  
For a contest.

I know it will win,  
Because it is the best

Poem in the world.

I've read the other poets' works.  
They all sound like the words of jerks.

I've won already. Just look  
At this motherfucking poem.

*The Waiting Room*

The number one killer of Americans:  
Heart disease.

The number one food sold to visitors  
At Vanderbilt Medical Center:

McDonald's.

Is this a coincidence?  
I think not.

Is this a conspiracy?  
I think so.

*Keepin' It Real*

Everything is real.  
Even illusions are real.

If illusions were not real,  
How would we know that

There are illusions?

Nothing is not real, but  
Some things are more real than others.

The only illusion  
Is *illusion*.

*The Surface of Things*

Everything I see  
Is most definitely

Much more  
Slippery

Than a  
Lemon seed.

*Ouch*

After lunch, my coworkers'  
Idle prattle sounds like wails

Of dying livestock; their  
Laughter, chickens about to

Get their heads cut off; their

Belly-aching, oinking little piglets  
In a feedlot in

A meth town in  
West Virginia.

*When the Road Becomes Home*

Our home  
Is in Krishna,

Not in any place of this material world.  
If one takes

Shelter of this

Wonderful world  
Of Krishna as his only true

Home, he will always be ecstatic in  
All times, places, and circumstances.