

Coughing Soul

"Screenwriter's Blues"

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Exits to freeways
twisted like knots on
the fingers
jewels cleaving
skin between
breasts.

Your Cadillac breathes
four hundred horses
over blue lines
you are going
to Reseda
to make love
to a model
from Ohio
whose real name
you don't
know

You spin
like the cadillac was
overturning down a
cliff on television
and the radio is on
and the radioman is speaking
and the radioman says
women were a curse
so men built Paramount
studios
and men built Columbia
studios
and men built
Los Angeles

It is 5 am
and you are listening
to Los Angeles

And the radioman says
it is a beautiful night out there!
And the radioman says

Rock and Roll lives!
And the radioman says
it is a beautiful night out there
in Los Angeles
you live
in Los Angeles
and you are going to
Reseda; we are all
in some way or
another going to
Reseda someday
to die
and the radioman
laughs because
the radioman fucks
a model too

Gone savage
for teenagers with
automatic weapons and
boundless love
gone savage for
teenagers who are
aesthetically pleasing
in other words
fly
Los Angeles beckons
the teenagers
to come to her
on buses;
Los Angeles loves
love

It is 5 am
and you are listening
to Los Angeles

I am going to
Los Angeles
to built a screenplay about
lovers who
murder each
other
I am going to
Los Angeles
to see my own
name on a
screen, five feet
long and luminous
as the radioman says
it is 5 am

and the sun has charred
the other side of
the world and come
back to us
and painted the smoke
over our heads
an imperial violet
it is 5 am
and you are listening
to Los Angeles.

You are listening.
You are listening.
You are listening.
You are listening

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