

UNTITLED

Pico Boulevard is a MOTHER A SLAYER

A bottle brush hummingbird

A big grumpy crow walking around like he OWNS the place

An overgrown orphan

A blast of fennel

A militant cockroach from the storm drain....

Her yin is a witches broom

and her yang is an exhaust fume

She's a stark raving liberal

A geriatric musician

A pigeons nest in the traffic light

Pico is a Raging Art Fag

A mattress behind a bush

A bed of straw on a roof

A mascara-smear drag-queen

A glowing cross A White Rose.

She's an old photograph

A polka-dotted culture bath

A gypsy gaucho

An armchair magician on speed in the twilight With card tricks.

Pico is wood, blood, bone, and water

Pico is an anguished holler an opinion of a backward snobbish blue collar.

Pico is a mean horn honk

Pico is a honky tonk

Pico is a fresh clean start

Pico is way too smart and EVERYONE hates war on Pico.

Pico is a madman

A gum plastered trash can and by morning, a scrubbed-clean U.P.S man

A snake of metal cars slithering across the cement

East and West and fragile aloe vera in-between

Pico is the city of lost children

Found objects

Beast moments

Proud mementos

Blinding sunshine head-aches and sultry communion.

A suspicion

A harmless gossip

A dream

A recollection-

A river of redemption scratched in the heart-

A first time shop-keepers shaky start

A dead fly in the window display

A clock stopped for years

A brown paper sack to conceal a bottle of beer
A weathered Pinata
A gaudy paint
A circus of desolate souls
Oily black with white purity
Pico is halfway there
Pico is the scavengers share.
Pico is the change to spare.
Pico is the gnarling grace
She is Dust on the vintage lace
A fond old reverie of granny's place
Pico is a vampire
The most astringent voice in the choir
The fear of drowning in mental mire.
A splendid mix of dead-serious/absurd
Sad lonesome in magic Bottlebrush hummingbird.

-A poem, forcibly written for the Pico Artwalk by Jamie Rusche 2007