

suspicious vehicle

suspicious vehicle

poetry and art
by phillip woodruff

suspicious vehicle

suspicious vehicle
poetry and art
by phillip woodruff

copyright march, 2006 By phillip woodruff

this chapbook is dedicated to:

the republican party, the democratic party, laura and brian's 4th annual halloween party, all the other parties, and the good people of roswell new mexico (at least i think they're people)

and a very special thanks to:

the whole crew at write-on aurora, and my bro
- wayne gilbert

about the artwork

i have given no credit to the "original" creators of the images (that i have manipulated and reworked) in this chapbook, simply because i have no idea who they are (or what planet they now reside on). However, all of the "finished" or "altered" images in this chapbook were created by me, and sole property of me, all rights reserved, etc etc.

1st printing March 2006

**Printed with arrangement with,
In Search Of The Universal Truth Publisher.**

In Search Of The Universal Truth Publisher - e-mail:
publisher.director@insearchoftheuniversaltruthpublisher.com

Publisher Web site:
www.insearchoftheuniversaltruthpublisher.com

Author contact: phillip woodruff
e-mail: wood_zig@yahoo.com

suspicious vehicle

strange they said

that boy

with poems in his pocket

he is out there
a strictly non-sequence
decompressed nebula spinning
counterclockwise around
cassiopeia's left knee
(and why is he grinning? tell him to stop
it's scaring me)
born of some deadly collision
hazardous sleepwalker
lost in the oh
zone

but sends us postcards

suspicious vehicle



suspicious vehicle

) mission statement

never poke a bear in the eye
never serve alcohol to a moose
these things won't improve relations

if your elected leaders want to
trickle down on you, get out of the way

if you get jet-lag driving passed the airport
you're driving too fast
always remember
the faster the dog humps, the more tired he gets (i don't know
what that means)

you can love your neighbors
and you can love your wife
but you can't love your neighbor's wife
at least, not on his front lawn

ninety nine point nine percent
of all the advise anybody could ever give
tastes just like chicken

if you eat two fortune cookies at the same time
they will cancel each other
and leave you without a fate

don't pee in the shower—that's just gross

you can lead a horse to water
but they're difficult to drown
(horses are stubborn like that)

pay your taxes on time

plant your tomatoes early

suspicious vehicle

and lead us not into temptation
as i can find it on my own

suspicious vehicle

) i believe in friction

i believe in friction, gravity
and static

i believe in the almighty
godallahbuddhasatan
ruler of the universe--who
sometimes angry
overbearing and rather foolish
still looks down and smiles
upon a) children b) dogs
c) baseball players

(i believe a plus b equals c
if children chase balls like dogs
then baseball ensues)

i believe the mailman is an astronaut
who brings me strange tid-bits
parcels and moon rocks
from faraway worlds
but mostly obnoxious advertising
on glossy non-recyclable paper

i believe in aliens
not that they abduct me
poke or prod me, but the nightly
intrusive anxiety, death gripping
reality
that i might be one

i believe in fate
not the ordinary kind of fate
but the random and unpredictable
totally unplanned and unforeseeable
kind of fate
that isn't so much a kind of fate

suspicious vehicle

as a complete lack of fate
(i believe in not believing)
i believe in godzilla, time travel
sidewalk chalk, lemon flavored cough drops
band-aids, love that never fades
punk rock, clean socks, and the pot-fairy too

i believe that algebra
is a small country in africa
but I've never been there

i believe the heart is thermal
and burns on every kind of fuel
i believe the mind is dynamic
racing around blind corners
to impossible conclusions

i believe in thermal dynamics

suspicious vehicle

) easter eggs

you can hide easter eggs
in a toxic dump
and i will not look for them
turd-balls smothered in peanut butter
still taste like turds, with just a hint
of peanut butter afterglow
santa claus and leprechauns
and trickle down economics
fairy tales and bedtime stories
tuck me in tightly i can't breathe
thank you network television
my ninth-grade education
unreal reality game show
psychedelic science fiction
over-glorified war porno
to masturbate my gun barrel
I'm glued to my tv
glued to my tv
glued to my tv
glued to my tv
break for this commercial
use crisco, the anointing oil of
self proclaimed gods everywhere
drink beer get laid
drink milk get laid

(...she asked me if i voted last year
and i said yeah
i chose coke over pepsi
and she said no you dip-wad
the presidential election
and i said
same thing
choosing the right incorporated
conglomerated concoction to swallow
is a matter of blind taste testing

suspicious vehicle

and she said
there's something seriously wrong with you...)
america is a get rich scam
the nightly news is a fashion show
and the devil is crying on my shoulder
his monopoly of evil blown all to hell
so now wake up
sleeping beauty-product-applicators
wake up and smell the epiphany
the serendipity
the accidental sadness of it all
you lied to me
you lied to me
you lied to me
and i can't find those brightly colored eggs
behind that garbage and those soda cans
and i won't look for them anymore

suspicious vehicle

