

Mike Faran

How I Got Here Despite the Odds

I was the last one out from the sea;
I was a stranger when I arrived.
No pretty girls with towels and
champagne standing next to
swaying palms.

The Evolution must have happened *fast*,
too fast for my weak fins and geezer gills.

They must have slipped right into their
slick new suits, rushed to their new jobs
in skyscrapers, etc. - leaving no scales,

equality and justice would be dealt
with in time.

What could *I* do?

I'd had no training in anything;
no crash courses.
My navigational system had crashed -
no school of cod to point out the
coastline, the commencement of an Age!

I was a victim.

So I pried my new feet into a pair of
abandoned tennis-shoes,
took my first swig of cherry wine and
shouldered South

towards the swamps and heavy forests -
far away from my kind.

I Teach Creative Writing

during the summer months & we
often sit out on the grass with
cokes & coffee

I try & make it casual because I
know the kids don't want to be
there

They all want jobs in the tech
industry
but they need 3 credits of English

So I read my own
poetry & plays & tell 'em it's
Shakespeare

Rewritten For The New Age or
something

They don't care -- most are high
on pills anyway

So they get their English credits &
caffeine buzz & I
get to read work that has taken me

a thousand lifetimes to write

If I Thought Anyway

For Robert Creeley

If I thought anyway different
than I do now - at this precise moment -
about the things
that have caused me to be the man
I have become,

or even if I went insane for one day
perhaps on a mud-slick river bank
fishing endlessly for fat rainbow trout,

then things will be as they are now

Hopefully I am
the way with you that is proper and that
my thoughts
are of those taught to me over the
years by
good men and women from all places;

it would be as events play out

And if our children grow with quiet love
and compassion
with handsome faces,
even if they do not do well in this world,
then this is what happens now

Let Me Be in Love With the Things That You Represent

Like the Confederate
& skull & crossbones flags stuck on the
bumpers of
your candy-apple red '55 Chevy with
its strips of rusty chrome

Your thunder-music that crackles from
dirty-white tuck & roll,
the sweet fragrance of marijuana that
sleeps in fuzzy dice

Let me be in love with your short tussle
of spiked orange hair;
your turned-up ringed nose,
your blazing blue eyes with the purple
eyelashes

& if I can't love you in the flesh,
let me love you as a wild, independent
creature of creation

Allow me to love your gas-guzzling,
ball-busting, anti-social freedom of speech

we leave some bar in colorado

escorted by the bartender & 2
pool-players

the rain is heavy but we shake
it off like dogs

what did we say or do we ask
ourselves

but there's never an answer

we hold one another around the
waist &

wobble along snowdrift drive

children watch us from makeshift
sleds

too cold to curse us &
so innocent we seem amid the white pines

Mike Faran writes from Ventura, CA. His poems have been published in *Abbey*, *Misfit* and previously in *The Homestead Review*.