

SKY SMITH

A Night in Bangkok with a Werewolf

Prologue: SFO→BKK

Good Bye
SFO Jumbo
eating mold
candied
like a scarce
olive-saxxon
expat'
in a teaming sea
of air conditioning
"Tao wuaa!
Shi shing yaa..."
I'm a grunt with
bond shades
writing loosely chaos
on mustang cowboy
Marlboro paper
waiting for noodles
and alien fruits in
far Siam.

Twilight
A Vampire Once Told Me
"Immortal is nothing.
Why is because your fear."
When speaking
about Vampires,
part of me desires
leaf caked
lightning hair
bramble bush
feral banshee...

tame,
quite like
a desk lamp
crooked reading glass
fantasy
“But a larger part
of me
really sucks blood”
claims the chocolate milk
schoolboy
with a crown of leaves

Fashion Strip

Fat Victorian
pink tiles
and cold, cotton candy
blue rug

every color in
Taipei
landing strip
culture gangbang
transfer orgy
perfume runway
melting puddle
is golden arches
hot blood
jack’ O lantern
molasses and crude oil.

Nobody wears
CoCo Chanelle
uniform like that
outside of the airport

Most people here
live between flights
only existing for me
as phantom phashion
bleeding gender
Styrofoam
runway dolls
fitting entire lives

into now memory
of American cynic
caught in a layover
between:
City of Golden Gate
(needle junky
feather boa
methamphetamine
oxycontin speedball
cocaine crutch
fusion meltdown
West Coast
Bay Sewer)

and

City of Humid Rotting Dogs
(land of
extra Baht
oil massage
“ok special deal
for you”
cheap elephant plastic
on dresser at home
in Feng Shui disaster
Suburbia
sticky rice nostalgia)

EverRich

Coming down
off perpetual
bad coffee in small
paper cups—binge

remembering
vague, self absorbed
cultural brinksmanship
rambling critical anger
of youth poems
now I
grin, wild
much more wild now
with teeth in smile

of processed
cartilage bones

at gate waiting
black chair
grey tile...

I see:

way too asian
cocaine hipster
sideways brown leather
studded conductor's cap
big low metallic skull bling
and V-neck

Chinese Abercrombie
shirt under pre-skuffed blue jean suit jacket.

stands nervous
embarrassing snort
but not ashamed
enough to stop
friend from
paparazzi
digital
snap shooting
as he is leaned against
fake wood
art display.

Neo-new edge replica
straight out of
nylon culture
teletubby rock and roll
art zine

I got
at the news stand
\$10 USD
on cover says
"Too Fast to Live
Too Young to Die"

white letters
on red background
over black speed metal skull
outline.

Recall shopping bags
pervasive in
Taeyuon Intl' Airport
scrawled with

inescapable block letters
reading
EVERRICHEVERRICHEVERRICHEVERRICHEVER
RICHEVERRICHEVERRICHEVERRICHEVERRICH

On {Big dark shades,
American Chinese Dragon
step railing slide}
strut over to
black chair by gate
I saw Big Poster
(advertising
sugar coated food coloring
dietary supplement
candy garbage)
“Inspire Their Imagination”
says the root canal
future diabetic
Little Brother
child smiles
like first hit of crack
with look in eyes
that say
I am
Ever Rich

Prostitution

- I. Grumpy Fat
Atkins diet
business men
buy sex in bottles
at
Duty Free liquor stores
- II. Soon Cum
call order brides
that love them
- III. Blood smash
Yakuza drug trade
14 y/o
in kimono

waiting for shining armor
tacky-lipstick sponsor
where was father?

Part One: Sangklaburri Feral Venturing

P. Guest House

I. Early wake
upon sloping
terraced
reservoir paradise
P. Guest House
complex
at 300 Baht per
cloud bed night
less than \$10 USD

morning yellow mist
with whisper temple-speak
between Thai attendants,
French honey-mooners
and philanthropic
Hawaiian hill tribe cousins
alike

Bizarrely unabraisive
juxtaposition
of watered down
ritual pop Thai music
and bump and grind
MTV American Singles
weave across reservoir
between hammering peasants
with occasional motorboat solos
in a soft blare
that could not describe this
feeling any better

II. Golden Robe
aviators,
blue rubber slippers
Thai monk ascends

large river stone

aggregate staircase
that flows continuous
up walls of two dozen
chambers we rent
as if Kings
and where we go
for breakfast
on patio with
stone furniture
and glowing, transparent
local staff

On porch of room 6
feet up on smooth
drift wood railing
laid back
hand crafted chair
and leather bound journal

off now to rent
six dollar per day
motor bike w/ picnic basket
Bamboo clearing with machete
at orphanage in half hour

Intrepid Lobsters
Bulbous lobster flesh
hung giddily
from sturdy pillars
of bone
made far off
in body mills
over saturated
with dead starch
and heavy proteins
later said "Australia
the lot of us"
in an accent I mistook
for Scottish
amidst the guttural
and raspy exclamations.

Almost caught off guard

by Western tongue
(grown accustomed
to the quiet and quite
raw connections
of Thai-fusion sign language)

I speak slowly,
not for the language barrier
but to penetrate thick fog of
under priced alcohol
at this
our P. Guest House
I have grown so fond of—
just but a half week
of soft living—
deep hard love
boils up from
wells—left for centuries
untapped—
rice paddy farmer
wide brim china hat
classic smile of Capricorn
seeps across memory
illusion
surfaces with newfound
pace of careful
measured sentences...
re-broken English.
forms in place of
dead scar tissue
Nor Cal
sarcasm
ego-masturbation speech
and I stumble
down rough
endless
caverns to lie
broken to pieces
in the light
of new being—
regrouped like specks of dust
from faeries' wings
and clumped loosely in
body that sways
in the Thai breeze

Now body sits
watching crimson
meat sacks
mean slue of
words that sling
in rough speech
again mistaken for slurring Scottish.
nice people really
bid their painfully
attractive
slender but firm
tour guide a throaty
“sleep well,
see you
bright ‘n early”
then eventual
sluggish
melting up stairs
to groaning beds
built for the
more slight in frame
but shockingly strong these beds
like thai boys
half my size
who carry twice my weight
surely
I chuckle to myself
the rather larger
presumably more drunken
drooping Aussie-blob
now bright with Sangkhlaborri sun
will soon
churn his own lard
purple in face
to thoughts of
his ethereal
warm smile
nice voice
good heart
angelic
“Intrepid” tour guide.

Part Two: Suburbia Relentless

Iridescence

Stampeding bull dykes
picketing for the
feminist apocalypse

Blackberry Visionaries
text revolution
blue prints

Drooping menopause
retired Sufi dancers
unwind with hypnotic
Zen Garden I-Phone
application

Air conditioned
energy drink
taurine junky
satire catalyst
peddles
organic farming
ideals
to irate
SOHO BART
sardines

with polarized
brand name sunshades
the sprawling semi-rural
metropolis Bangkok
suburb outskirts
become flooded
with iridescent
rainbows

and hypocrisy
becomes
all at once
completely
irrelevant.

Eye Fucking

Bangkok Airport again

Domestic Departures gate B1
Billabong Dundee hemp woven mad-hatter
Prescription Ray Bans
orphan-made fashion
trench coat
with a one dollar button up
Chinese dragon
showing through
and khakis covering down
to my mud-stained
Longs Drugs
two dollar slippers.
I feel notorious.
It occurs tome
for the first time
that I can be totally
beautiful
without eye fucking
every asian skank
in the baggage claim

Feather-layered
Abercrombie knock off
China-blob-kid
wearing non-gender-specific
shades
from afar sports abrasively ironic
T-shirt reading "This is USA Style"
suddenly reminded of
Japanese premadonaa
hipster dudes at
security imposing
Red Bull uniforms
and "Playboy" brand
pompous billboard shirts

Barely outside
in low flying
smog stench climate fusion
health fanatics remove
"Polluo-Gard" face mask wear
to shove cigarettes
in their fish mouths

On scarce occasions
perspective can be so

blaring
that gratitude
(for my wolves' hovel
meditation cave)
is almost an offensive
understatement.

Bone Armor

I. Seemingly
as a virtuous but mislead
philanthropist fallen angel
and victim of Lucifer's
beguiling touch
I've become well
aware in fact
wary indeed of
those words that present
my demise—
those foul flicks of the
tongue of dread
that seem to proliferate
death itself

Yet this distinction—
of life and death
and the infinite
shape of cycling
the scent of time
and the feel
of partiality—
remains the one
original fallacy.

For shame
and the guilt of
remembering forgotten things
I spew my own
mistaken army
these legions of word
upon this page
as my final defense
my bone armor...
and forgetfulness in itself

the only true brother
of glory
all my own

- II. Still in the light of
beginningless dawn
my bone armor—
waxing molten flaw—
becomes the only suitable
beauty.
No metaphors can forever
contain the Blacksmith
who set his crown upon
a king, forgot his anvil
he who does not pretend to lead
but never follows

No asylum
self portrait
smeared in bile
and amniotic fluids
no inken masterpiece
can express this masterpiece
for something so essential
expressed in essenceless paint
or words becomes charcoal
but a twisted and drugged
memory of a chained
polygamist
who beats each
wife with a
new decrepit fist
and withers
forever untraceable
half hearted flailing
sinking into its own
bottomless witches' well.
Exactly the same as
the sleeze-hipped
slumping opium glaze
of a Chiang Mai
prostitute resigned
outside the palace gates.

- III. One so beaten
with feverish nightmare
deserves the soft kiss

of gentle awakening

But one such as I
the original
drunken elephant
requires the swift
accomplishment of
the dagger
the bludgeoning
of crazy wisdom
and the selfless feast
at the banquet
where newly confident
slave lies upon a
blood soaked silver plate
offering to the guest
a host of demons
and the king of dread
himself—our own beloved
wearing a fang necklace
and a bone fashioned
breast plate

Forbidden Love

Si Nuot

With tender lips
which unfold like slips
of lotus, full slivers and fruit
and hover, and quiver.

How our
brushing past
was much like
descent
in fear
spiraling
in the dungeon
yet clung to each other
in a dizzy, whirling,
stumbling embrace—
each containing the
impossible in the other—
and each expressing our

own guilt
born from the same fear
and each, how different
we've become
spoke in broken tongues
yet commuted fire
in a way that crystallized
raindrops of refined
language intellect
could never express

and how the sixty baht
I gave you—
as we parted
in terror
with the words
“Chiang Rai pai”—
was not expected, I left no trace
I received more
than I gave
but asked for nothing lower,
while binding becomes the ultimate
freedom
and how the beaming
secret smile
I glimpsed as I paid
and left
was not in your
job description.

Part Three: BKK→SFO

Deserted Grace
Bangkok sun
is boisterous today
blistering in the shade
such brutality
melts my paraffin mask
and a boy beneath has
long been bawling, his bloody
tear ducts cry to be
filled
but crusted over
in a false joy

bolstered by
confidence in many fragile forms.

Despite this plight
this painful reverie
for once, twice, a thousand times
each layer of honesty
removed reveals a deeper
humbleness
and I remain
by choice
on my knees
in reverence of
Grace.

O, these dread snipers
are many posted
each nests a cocked rifle
on each glory's window sill
and a lazer guided
shuriken
beneath each
insecurity's hatch
and I am forever scared.
Mostly I fear
that I am alone...
for he who
drowns a ship
yet leaves not his
duty post
will sure as the setting sun
be sunken to his grave
as one
bewitched and lonesome
mortal soul.

In my earlier days
when I was frail
and foolish
the past I would run
from full tilt
now I lean against
her supple breast
in a desperate attempt
to gather milk
for the future seems

dry, lifeless and terrible
and the present
moment is of such
curious nature that
I seem to be
caught between two
disgruntled hellions.
When the behemoth past
and wraith future
collide
the Now explodes
in the vanishing of
an instant
and I am left
nowhere
in no time at all.

Howling

Hurling in
drawn like iron shavings
to a 10,000lb magnet

First on the plane
I board this cubicle
simulation jostles
rocks back and forth
drops till the pit
of my stomach
stretches like silly puddy
and then just as
dreamlike
ejects me into a
new land
full of the same bustling
translated in different
sounding whines and grunts
and fabrics
while the cars drive
in familiar lanes
and the street signs
are legible again
and the people are the same
but with more

expensive costumes—
and I'm hurled still.

Next the howling BART
(Bay Area Railway Tyrannosaurus)
and again I am ejected
onto cobblestone,
light head
heavy baggage
all the buildings big
and everything crisp—
in air that lacks
humidity of burning
trash heap vapors—
almost like a cartoon
San Francisco
after sepia toned Bangkok
recedes into vacuous
memory quicksand marsh.

Then Art School Kids
each with façade
stitched elaborate
in tight jeans
and messily stenciled
in V-neck wife beaters
and fluorescent belts
purposeful fashion
that says "I dress
for tomorrow and I talk about
art we made yesterday"
Living History
back to the West
where we calculate
speech that hides us
from ourselves.

Then various trains
and cross walks
and subway paranoia
coffee vampire
draws wings in close
and pretends to
disappear
can't hide this heart
always been my

greatest curse.

I know by the
way my sleeve
is drenched in blood
that the San Francisco
around me is not
the cause of my
discomfort
with honesty leaking from
these tired eyes
I know the Market Street
and the Bay Bridge
and the Turk and Polk
within me are
tearing the people around me
into hostile bits.

I feel the same guilt.
the same stranded at
the station
after the final
whistle and screech
missing-my-own-wedding dread
expands in the cracks
of my regrets
when I think about
this drug addict
mentality that surfaces
around the edges
of the twilight pond.

When the moon is full
and my fangs are out
I've got a virgin princess
in my claws.

Epilogue: Life as a Werewolf in Santa Cruz

Or Life?
We don't fear death.
death is too easy
death is every sweet bliss we chase
every moment we live

waiting for the number
waiting for the lottery ticket
that says
“Jackpot!
you’re dead.”

When I became a lover
three days ago
for the first time I was afraid
I saw death
we fucked
we had incredible dead sex
and we sucked each others’
blood
we ate the world
but when it was over
that bitch left
me

Now here I am
with only life to live
and I’m so afraid
because I know that death
doesn’t work
and I will never die...
I’ve tried for
six hundred billion
blue moons
each landing on the perfect
late Sunday afternoon
I’ve driven stakes
through every pore
in my body
pumped myself with arsenic
and silver bullets
but here I am
kind of living.

When I decided to live
someone told me
“Sky, musicians don’t
make music, lovers don’t
make love
fearless leaders only try
to follow and
all of these great

artistic heroes are
only a little better at listening
than your average fellow”

The Shadow

Can't sleep
the mania sits deep
and I'm afraid
of nothing
except my own
chemistry—
gnarled perceptions
of gun shot wounds—
vicarious infusion
of terrible fumes
and sirens remain silent
as the local
enforcement of night
SCPD
the Santa Cruz Prohibition of Darkness
creeps by quietly.
I ensue the traffic
and my shadow chases.
I'm always on the edge
of infinity
strong, grey hands are
in demand
when a being of light
over steps
the railing.

Vampire's Diary

I've been hungry for
a while now
but nobody's holding out a plate
for my paws

Your hypocrite's
half hearted embrace
does not satisfy my desire for blood

from your veins
I want apology in the
form of sacrifice
and I mean the
whole you—
not just the body—
because you owe it to me
because I was your best friend
and you forgot me
betrayed me twice backstabbed
relentlessly fell short of my
standards for such a beautiful
star
but now in the light of
dawn you fade
I no longer need your politics
the only expectations on me
are mine
I asked for this
but got more than I wanted
I'm exhausted by leeches
on my vampire's throat.

Bone Armor pt II “relinquished”

Back in Santa Cruz
where denials hot breath
attracts water droplets
in a thick mist
that allows my mane
to thrive
in the dripping twilight.

I've become a total monster
no longer scared of
showing my claws
in public
no longer afraid of
what the soccer moms
think as my fangs descend
upon the necks of
their daughters.

Purely for the record

I was chained and
hauled kicking violently
to address this blank page
I growled until the
pen came on a silver plate
I've been practicing the ways
of a particular local demon
for years now
under guidance of an extremely
gracious angel
and I'm still the victim of
extraordinary circumstance
like this inescapable destiny
that inflicts offensive
quantities of beauty upon me
every time I try to speak
I devour my own words.

The paranoia becomes a
dull moan as I continue to
subscribe to a very sick
thought system
that exists entirely within
framework that is ethereal
and so contains all askew subjectivity
that even those close to me
remain unphazed at my delusional
insanity.

And the funny thing is
I'm a pretty normal guy
despite the fur and fangs.

But so today my bone armor lies
at my feet
in a purposeless heap
for so long I rode with
headless horse people
and hopeless thieves
"once bitten by a bandit
never a dull stroll at the edge
of a twisted patch of trees"
and yet as I proclaim
this fearless transparency
a voice that will be timid
for quite some time yet
from within my deepest

cavity speaks
“bring the blood bath.
I am ready.”