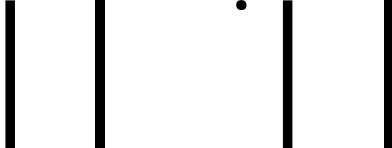




colon wanted



charles michael craven



cc&d (issn #1068-5154)



scars publications 2009 chapbook

table of contents

Crohn's Disease	3
Pit of my Hell	4
Gut Buster	6
The Colonoscopy Blues	7
Yesterday	8
Rerun	10
With the Sun Comes Pain	12
Skeleton	13
Eroding	14
Stummy Stew	15
Nightly Stool	16
Paying through both Sides	17
Eat it too	18
More Colon Wanted	20
Anus Blues	22
Sick Day	23
The Cycle	24
Pain	25
Brown Eyes	26
The Doc with a kick Save	27
Meds	28
On the John	29
Shit,, More time to Waste	30
Logs in the Water	31

Crohn's Disease

another day,
another suffering of stomach pain;
a knife in my belly would offer less pain than this.

the problem is one of timing,
it always comes late at night
or early in the morning
either when I have someone where to be
or have found someone to fuck.

a moldy, stewed, sludge
festers like Hawaiian lava
somewhere in my large intestines.

little midget hands use
my colon
to ice a wedding cake in the toilet
and my invitation was lost in the mail.

I've lost 60 pounds,
seen five doctors,
had tubes shoved in every crevice,
but no cure exists.

I'm stuck inside again.

my mind wanders on the commode
as the world keeps moving
out there.

Pit of my Hell

maybe it's a good
home,
but I still fail to understand
why the devil
is living
in my stomach.

he visits my mind
every now
and then,
but for the most part
he camps out in my
tummy.

the arrogant doctors
call him Chrono's
but I call him
the devil fucker in my belly.

I never seem
to catch him sleeping.
he's up at night.
he's up in the morning.
he's up in the middle of the day.

he's a strict bouncer.
my stomach is his
night club,
"the pit of my hell", he calls it.

he takes his job seriously.

not everyone
can come in,
but everyone must leave,
usually,
way more fucked up
then when they entered.

no dairy.
no grease.
true to form,
nothing good is let in
by the devil.

it's hard to eat,
it's hard to sleep,
it is impossible to reason,
with my little devil.

every now and then
I give in.
only natural foods and
high fiber
for me.

wouldn't you know it?
that fuck still gets pissed
and kicks everyone out.
they run out
wet and hot.
I cramp,
symptoms of a menstrual cycle.

I look for an antidote.
medicine helps,
but not much.
the devil
treats the pills and the shots like a morning drink
sleeping it off
just to raise more hell.

God made pot,
man made pills,
who do you trust?

I've got some good news
boys and girls:
the devil is a pot head too.
he calms down
mellows out
and watches TV
while eating chips,

and for now
I do too.

Gut Buster

stomach cramps
keep me down
even on a sunny day
even for the Super Bowl
even for fornication.

it is my parents
my drill sergeant
my girl that has me whipped.

it is my stomach condition
my Chron's Disease
my colon.

more red than most
I almost wish it was cancer,

there's a cure for cancer
my only hope is menopause.

the Man upstairs has a sense of humor
if we like it or not.

The Colonoscopy Blues

no matter what I do:
beer until 4 a.m.
fast food late at night
cheesecake for breakfast
no exercise.

the weight of illness will not come back.

still
six foot
138 pounds (141 at night)

friends
family
and state officials
think it's the drugs
and I wish
it was.

if it were the dope
I could stop (maybe)
and fix the problem (maybe)
as it is
the chronic nature of my condition
keeps the forecast
weak
dehydrated
and waiting for a morning
without the gnomes ringing out my colon.

Yesterday

spent most of the morning
throwing up yesterday's escape,
spent the rest of it
shitting out my colon's sloppy seconds.

by noon
I felt good enough
to fight down a waffle
smothered in Log Cabin syrup.

after that
I choked down a six pack
to prove
I'm not a quitter
and by the time I finished,
the night before
and the brutal morning
had been lost to a burned short term memory.

the afternoon
consisted of a Cuban cigar
smuggled back for me in a tampon box
and some more howling at the setting sun.

still had seen no humans
no smiles
no frowns
no tears
just the noise of a quiet storm
attempting to herd some cats.

the stars and moon and insects
come out
but by the 11th beer
and third joint
the recognition has slowed
to a toddler's crawl.

a strange girl vibrates my cell phone
but my dick lies comatose
between the legs disappearing from Crohn's Disease.

fuck Crohn's Disease.

a yawn circles the hay
as cows bellow towards the clouds
that refuse to piss on the grass.

I watch from the dead pan porch
sipping toxins
and blowing smoke
towards a God
no long concerned
with the flock
that keeps getting confused by the meaning of
time.

Rerun

ears bleed wax as
the bubbles in my stomach
bust a jig on the walls of my colon
like I have accidentally swallowed a
group of Spiderman's snorting bumps.

immobilized in a small bed,
sheets
pillows
comforter,
waiting for relief not coming.

with a hand below my belly button
feel my colon throb
feel my pulse
feel my ____.

just let me outside.

stock market crashes
USC loses
suns set and rise
coyotes stock
lions get shot dead
but I wouldn't know.

if you ask me what exists
I'll say
a fan
clothes on the floor
a mouse in the cupboard
a journal
a pen
and a night light.

a sheet covers the window
to keep the light out
to keep me from being envious

to keep the humming birds
and sunflowers
and bunny rabbits
and anything else
from mocking my large intestines.

yesterday I made it to the toilet,
today I saw my kitchen,
tomorrow may bring rays of sunshine
and a smile I forgot existed,

but let's not get ahead of ourselves,
I wrote the same thing yesterday
and my stomach hasn't stopped barking.

With the Sun Comes Pain

every day I weigh less and less than
the day before
recently the dissent has slowed to a
half pound a day
better than March where I lost six pounds
between Monday and Wednesday.

I've practically starved myself
for the last year and a half
but every morning my colon
pushes out bowel movement
after runny bowel movement.

each morning (and the nights without sleeping pills)
is a series of cramps
sludge rolling on itself
trying in vain to clump,
but it comes out like cheap soup.

for hours this happens
then all of a sudden
the last bowel movement happens
and hunger overcomes me
usually to the point of nausea.

marijuana gets the first meal down by two
and I'm pretty good after that
as long as I avoid lactose.

then every night I avoid sleep like plague
hoping my colon will keep resting.

Skeleton

now when I look in the mirror
my rib cage sticks out
it hasn't always been this way
in fact
a year ago today
I could barely see my feet
or my dick if it was soft.

a year's worth of malnutrition
disease
and stress
take a toll on my body.

apparently I look much better though
that is what they tell me.

I feel like shit
or maybe
I just need to shit.

it gets harder and harder to tell.

Eroding

starving with
food in the cupboard
sometimes because
my stomach hurts
or my mouth is tired
or the food is
too far.

my body
is withering away,
1/3 of my body weight
kidnapped.

waffles
bananas
apples sauce
crackers
and
the occasional sandwich
keeps me from drying up.

marijuana helps
the stomach and the hunger
and sometimes
the mind
but
I think the prolonged use
is weighing on me
or maybe now
I'm just so light
I finally feel it.

Stummy Stew

the witches stirring their
brew in my stomach
don't understand my pain,
their good - my bad
their dinner - my shit.
or they get my pain and
are just bitches like all the
rest,
cooking for an unwelcomed
banquet audience -
a buffet fit for a
gypsy.

gurgling, turning, smoldering
stew of inner death
just go away.

I'll refuse you ingredients
for the poison if I must,
just a Friday morning for most
as World War 1 through 8 play out
on the battlefield of a once youthful colon
turned black through experience.

on the night of my suffering
I needed a friend.
anyone to say the right thing,
to distract me,
talk about the bird shit on my porch
or how music sucks these days
and how it is our fault
because this generation has no soul
but just as much our parents fault
because they kept our soul from us
because they realized they're soul was to blame in the 70's.

that night I could barely walk,
I limped to the toilet
curled halfway over
pressed my hands against my public hair
and tried to get the monster
in my colon
to calm the fuck down.

there is no good medicine for life.

my heart was in my ankles
my blood in my cock
no thoughts in my head
but I remember needing someone,
someone who was not there.

my phone didn't ring that night
no lights pulled up to my gate
the combination of
marijuana
sleep aids
and cough syrup
gave me a way out.

the stars did not move
the air was still and perfect
and so was I,
until my self prescribed therapy
wore off.

Nightly Stool

Paying Through Both Sides

on the toilet
at 3 a.m.
then 4 a.m.
again at 5:15,
5:30,
6:45,
and 7:15.

we went to a late night movie.

\$6.99 for jalapeño poppers
\$3.99 for basket of fries and
\$15 for pitcher of Mexican brew

with tip that's 30 bucks.

\$30 for two total hours on the john.

I dumped \$15 an hour,
my commode would be considered a prostitute
in at least 12 states.

Eat it Too

early in the morning (5:15 a.m.)
when colon cramps
thanks to my friend Crohn's
get me up to take a dump.

this trip is no different
than every morning for the last
three years;
yesterday's fuel
spurts out like the last bit of ketchup
except this time like the ketchup
my toilet paper comes back red.

blood red.

I run into my bedroom to wake up my girlfriend.

"Holy shit, Holy shit. Wake the fuck up!"

"What the fuck?" she replies.

"My shit is red. I'm crapping blood."

"Are you sure?"

"Hell yes I'm sure. I'm not color blind. I didn't flush so you could check."

"Is this another joke?"

"No God Damn it, I could be dying."

with a sigh
and a blank stare
she rose to check on my stool.

it is hard to find these kinds of women.

"Damn it Mike," she said as she stormed back to bed.

"I know right, I knew it."

"That isn't blood."

I stood there confused.

"We had red velvet cake last night you're just too drunk to remember."

slowly it all came back,
the grandma's
the dinner
the dessert.

she went back to sleep.

I vomited and tried to do the same.

restless I stared at the ceiling,
the relief had made me hungry
and with my new found memory
it dawned on me -
we were given the last of the cake.

red velvet has always been my favorite.

More Colon Wanted

today
I stood up off the
shit brown couch
and
fell the fuck over.

not out of
clumsiness
or
lack of agility
but
because of dizziness and
malnutrition.

it's not that my life
has always been
shitty
it is that all my life I've
had to
shit.

seems hard to be
upbeat
when you're crapping
all
day long.
nights and mornings
too
before I come off as a prejudice
defecator because
believe me I'm not,
I have plenty of
rock star nights or country morning shits
I just tend to not like
those
because they're usually
lazy and late.

FUCK CHRONE'S DISEASE.

praying it rains so I
can just stay inside
by myself.

stomach cramps suck in public.

and come to think of it
the public sucks too.

Anus Blues

at the bars
on the street
and driving in cars
the pretty girls
sit with prettier guys;
the girls are rehearsing for a role
they're dying to play,
will die to play.

the guys are just actors,
warm ups,
nobodies on a local little stage,
practicing their lines
as the girls pretend to care.

the girls dream of the big top
while the guys know this is as far as they'll get
and they hold on to the woman for as long as they'll let the charade go on.

after thinking of this on the toilet
I realize I'm done shitting and
even though my stomach still has more
my ass has thrown in the towel.

the ass hole is made of the same
material that makes our lips.

our lips are stronger;
they have more practice
spewing out shit,
even mine.

this reality reminds brings my mind
back to the bars.

Sick Day

woke up at 7:22 in the morning
and called in to the
substitute teaching job.

I never wanted the particular job
but I needed a day without drugs
the couch
the TV
and the internet.

I called in anyway -
my colon hurt.

after I called in I
took a shit
and tried to practice being dead
for a few more hours.

by 8:04 I was up for good
and by 8:16
I was on the couch
with a bowl
watching TV
searching the internet,

and my colon
still hurt.

The Cycle

my stomach condition
keeps me from working
on a consistent basis,

but to pay for
insurance and medicine
I have to get a pay check.

this
is a fucked up
world.

I'll just keep writing it down.

Pain

take
away
my
pen and pad
and
all
that is
left
is the reason
I
needed them
in
the
first
place.

Brown Eyes

looking in the mirror
I wondered out loud,
“where did I go?”

the answer was down the toilet,
literally,
I’ve shit away sixty-five pounds
in one year
and feel another one coming.

everybody had been right the whole time:

I’m full of shit.

The Doc with a Kick Save

arms weak
eyes heavy

mind swimming on itself.
throw some blood on the fire

just to watch the flames
spiral downward.

grey clouds lie just under
the bright blue sky.

a torrential downpour
in a central Texas draught.

down and out
but nobody sees.

liquid Vicatin
saved the day.

Meds

the bad part
about
taking medicine
and being
a drug addict,
is sometimes
I forget if
I've already taken the medicine
and take
too much.

the good part
about
taking medicine
and being
a drug addict
is sometimes,
I forget if
I've already taken the medicine
and you take
too much.

On the John

can't remember the last time
I had a solid bowel movement.

oh how long it's been since
I've been able to sit down
drop two solid logs
wipe
and get back up feeling relieved.

to shit is one of man's last pastimes.

I honestly can't remember the last time,
other than the one 15 minutes ago
which inspired this poem.

I will now spend the next hour
searching through my journals
because I'm sure the last one
inspired something too.

Shit, More Time to Waste

less
than two months ago I
was shitting at least ten times
a day. I
had gotten used to it
in fact
my time in there became useful -
phone calls
book reading and
thinking
all came on the toilet.

with
the medicine now I
can barely go once,
I can't even have the joy of passing gas.
now I find myself just
going to the toilet out of habit
to read
or think
or just get away.

people will follow you anywhere
unless
you're going to
defecate
so now
I
just go to sit
relax
and listen to the sweet sound of running water.

Logs in the Water

then all of a sudden after a few years
my poop is solid
and it slides out easily
with no real effort
and when I wipe
nothing shows on the paper,
a dry ass after a clean shit
and I realize if this is what always happened each time
I'd be a doctor
or a lawyer
or a motorcycle cop
instead of a 138 pound bum
killing trees with thoughts.

colon wanted

charles michael craven



scarsuoppeagnd

published in conjunction with **cc&d magazine**
the unreligious, nonfamily-oriented literary and art magazine
ccandd96@scars.tv <http://scars.tv>
ISSN 1068-5154 INTERNET ISSN #1555-1555

the Copyright for the written pieces is retained by the author. Design Copyright © 2009 Scars Publications and Design

other publications from Scars:

Magazines: *Children, Churches and Daddies* (cc&d magazine), founded June 1993; *Down in the Dirt*, conceived 1994, founded 2000

Books: *Hope Chest in the Attic*, *the Window*, *Close Cover Before Striking*, (Woman.), *Autumn Reason*, *Contents Under Pressure*, *the Average Guy's Guide* (to Feminism), *Changing Gears*, *the Key to Believing*, *Domestic Blisters*, Etc., *Oeuvre*, *Exaro Versus*, *L'arte*, *The Other Side*, *The Boss Lady's Editorials*, *The Boss Lady's Editorials* (2005 Expanded Edition), *Duality*, *Seeing Things Differently*, *Change/Rearrange*, *Death Comes in Threes*, *Moving Performances*, *Six Eleven*, *Life at Cafe Aloha*, *Creams*, *Rough Mixes*, *The Entropy Project*, *The Other Side* (2006 Edition), *Stop*, *Sing Your Life*, *The Beauty and the Destruction*, cc&d v167.5 (*Writing to Honour & Cherish*, editor edition), *Blisters & Burns* (the Kuyppers edition), *S&M*, cc&d v170.5 *Distinguished Writings* editor edition, *Living in Chaos*, *Silent Screams*, *Taking It All In*, *It All Comes Down*, *Rising to the Surface*, *Galapagos*, *Chapter 38* (v1), *Finally*, *Literature for the Snotty and Elite* (v1), *Sulphur & Sawdust*, *Slate & Marrow*, *Blisters & Burns*, *Rinse & Repeat*, *Survive & Thrive*, (not so) *Warm & Fuzzy*, *Torture & Triumph*, *Oh*, *the Elements*, *Side A/Side B*, *Balance*, *Chaos Theory*, *Writing To Honour & Cherish*, *Distinguished Writings*, *Breaking Silences*, *Unlocking the Mysteries*, *the Book of Scars*, *We The Poets*, *Life on the Edge*, *Revealing all your Dirty Little Secrets*, *Decrepit Remains*, *Charred Remnants*, *Hope & Creation*, *Bending the Curve*, *Layers of Creation*, *Dark Matter*, *Infamous in our Prime*, *Anois Nin: an Understanding of her Art*, *the Electronic Windmill*, *Changing Woman*, *the swan road*, *the Significance of the Frontier*, *The Svetasvatara Upanishad*, *Harvest of Gems*, *the Little Monk*, *Death in Malaga*, *Memento Mori*, *In the Palace of Creation*, *R.I.P.*, *Bob the Bumble Bee*, *Remnants and Shadows*, *I Saw This*, *the Drive*, *Thomas at Tea*, *Crashing Down Nineteenth*, *Blue Collar Ballet*, *Hope & Creation*, *Bending the Curve*, *Layers of Creation*, *Dark Matter*, *Chapter 38* (v1 & v2), *Finally: Literature for the Snotty and Elite* (3 volumes), *Survival of the Fittest*, *a Wake-Up Call From Tradition*.

Compact Discs: *Mom's Favorite Vase* the demo tapes, *Kuyppers* the final (*MFV Inclusive*), *Weeds and Flowers* the beauty & the desolation, *The Second Axing* *Something is Sweating*, *The Second Axing* *Live in Alaska*, *Pettus & Kuyppers* *Live at Cafe Aloha*, *Pointless Orchestra* *Rough Mixes*, *Kuyppers* *Seeing Things Differently*, *SD/SD* *Tick Tock*, *Kuyppers* *Change Rearrange*, *Order From Chaos* *The Entropy Project*, *Kuyppers* *Six One One*, *Kuyppers* *Stop*, *Kuyppers* *Masterful Performances mp3 CD*, *Kuyppers* *Death Comes in Threes*, *Kuyppers* *Changing Gears*, *Kuyppers* *Dreams*, *Kuyppers* *How Do I Get There?*, *Kuyppers* *Contact* • *Conflict* • *Control*, *the DMJ Art Connection* *the DMJ Art Connection*, *Kuyppers* *Questions in a World Without Answers*, *Kuyppers* *SIN*, *Kuyppers* *WZRD Radio* (2 CD set), *Mom's Favorite Vase* and *The Second Axing* *These Truths*, *assorted artists* *String Theory*, *Oh* (audio CD), *Life At The Cafe* (3 CD set), *DMJ Art Connection* *Indian Flux*, *DMJ Art Connection* *Manic Depressive or Something*, *Chaotic Radio* *Chaotic Radio Week #1*, *Chaotic Radio* *Chaotic Radio Week #2*, *Chaotic Radio* *Chaotic Radio Week #3*, *Chaotic Radio* *Chaotic Radio Week #4*, *Chaotic Radio* *Chaotic Radio Week #5*, *Chaotic Radio* *the Chaotic Collection* *Collection #01-05* (5 CD set) etc. (audio CD, 2 CD set), *Chaotic Elements* (2 CD set), *Chaos in Motion* (6 CD set), *SD/SD* *Screaching to a Halt* (EP), *SD/SD* *Two for the Price of One* (EP), *Kiki*, *Jake and Haystack* *An American Portrait*, *Kuyppers/the Bastard Trio/Paul Baker/the JoAnne Powters Trio* *Fusion* (4 CD set).