

The Finest Truth

A Collection of Poems
and Short Stories by

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Three days after Love died.

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Self Portrait



The Author

About Me

Writer, poet, fictionist

~

magikal thinker and musical tinkerer

~

liar and dreamer, cherry tart stealer

~

philanderer and gambler, rugged midnight rambler

~

a virus, a cancer, a pox on all your houses

~

living each day
smarter, faster, and stronger

~

with more love and fewer fresh regrets

~

for ever and ever

~

Amen

‘ ’

Florida Man

I have been the butt
of your low-hanging jokes,
for as far back as I can remember.

But I gotta admit that ain't too far.

Between the bath salts, booze, and blunt force trauma
bout the only thing that sticks, anymore,
is the pillow
and some
macaroni and cheese
sometimes
when I'm stabbing my brother.

When beer is your coffee,
life takes on dimensions
mere muggles can't begin to grok.

When the zombies attack,
you throw bricks,
or raw chunks of crumbled concrete,
whatever you got on hand works,

but you can't do nothing.

And when you live like me,
it's better to forget
that your wife collected money
for your dead sons
while they were still alive,
and tried to bite your dick off
when you was too tired
for relations.

I got seven friends a day
dying from prescription overdose.
I got a hundred thousand brothers
rotting right now in prison.

I stabbed a Bears fan in the spur of the moment,
and shot my own damn self bowling on a Tuesday night.

I got caught masturbating on a public boat ramp.

What I'm trying to say
is that if you been through what I been through
you'd get a beer while fleeing cops too.

Cuz you'd know it'd be a while before your next one.

and if you ever let the booze wear off
and the memories catch up
you'll catch a hangover that could kill that skunk ape,
that I saw that night
trying to rape
that alligator
out behind my toolshed.

You can't hear about me without smirking,
and your silent "there but for the grace of God go I"
I don't blame you for feeling superior.
We're each just as we was created.
But don't act like you don't envy me.

My name brings them to their knees,
killing from Glengarry to Schnechdachie,
St Paul to San Tropez.
I got 400 million hits on google,
and 108 thousand followers on twitter
watch me come up
I'll be bigger than anonymous,
but I want you to know my name.

I am Florida Man.

I will get a blowjob from a hooker with my toddler in the car.

I will throw eggs at the courthouse.

I will sometimes be attacked by alligators while fleeing police.

I will often be found butt naked,
in the wrong person's house or apartment,
or on the side of the road,
proposing to a dead pit bull,
or making love to it.

and I love my little cock-shaped state
you can't take your greedy eyes off

born in the fountain of youth
washed in the blood of conquest
ravished by mad raving pirates
stolen from the seminole
plundered by capitalist greed
nurtured to maturity by drug cartels and the space race
and now mocked by tourists.

the voice of my land screams freedom
through a police gag shackled to a stone
spits

If you're too scared to push it to the edge
how can you feel superior when I fall off?
You rely on God's grace to keep you out of danger
because you can't handle this hot, wet kitchen.
Like a caged canary laughing at a raging wild turkey
you hold your manhood
cheep
while I speak.

And I'll leave you with the words
tattooed across my neck,
"Only God can judge this soul"
and YES, I know I spelled judge wrong
just go ahead and do that math yourself.

I am FLORIDA MAN!
And I will chew your fucking face off!

How Not To Get To Bad Durkheim

I'm drinking with Jeff at the Sembach NCO club. It's a quiet night, couldn't tell you what day of the week it is. We drink every night till we pass out. The only difference is that some days we don't have to throw on a uniform and stumble into work the next morning. The beauty of serving on a small base is that everything is within walking distance.

Whatever night it is, it's slow, we're bored. Then Julie gets a bright idea to spice things up a bit.

"Let's go to the Bad Durkheim wine festival, I think it starts tonight," she says.

The Bad Durkheim wine festival is everything you can expect from a traditional German festival dedicated to the production and consumption of alcohol. It's not as big as Oktoberfest, which just means you can't see the beer tents from space. They serve wine by the bottle or half-liter tumbler. There is no such thing as sipping from a brandy snifter and making pithy remarks about art at Bad Durkheim. You go to get twisted. It's big enough to kill a novice drinker. Luckily, we're professionals.

Many an Airman has been known to shit themselves and pass out in a pool of vomit and feces after a tame night in the Bad Durkheim wine tents. The previous year at the festival, I spilled a drop of Riesling Auslese on the bench as I climbed over the table to regain my seat, and an old German man said "Gar Aus!" and made a "Bottoms up" motion with his free hand.

As an airman, I knew how to take direction, and chugged the half liter obediently.

So we take to Julie's suggestion with gusto. Altogether, six of us pile into Jeff's Austin Mini Cooper and head for the Autobahn.

Julie drives, she doesn't drink, just smokes a lot of weed. She can do that because she's someone else's wife, and not active duty like the rest of us. The story with Julie is, she was my girlfriend till a couple weeks ago, and now she's dating my best friend, Jeff, and she's married to some crew chief who's never around, and isn't any fun when he is around.

At the ramp to get on the autobahn, Chris says he has to piss, so Julie pulls the mini over, takes it out of gear and engages the parking brake. We all pile out. Five drunk men pissing on the side of the road isn't as rare a sight as you might imagine in Germany. There's no law against public urination. We each shake it off and get back in the car. She puts it in gear and takes off down the autobahn.

A vintage Mini Cooper doesn't have a lot of power. I raced Jeff on the Autobahn once in my 83 Mexican Beetle, both of us running at top speed, without either of us breaking 80 kmh. With six passengers, it crawls like a tortoise.

To encourage the engine, all five of us passengers start rocking, pushing our torsos forward and jerking back quickly, and the funny thing is, it works. The little mini jerks forward as we hit the peak of our rocking in unison. You'd think it's the coolest thing since masturbation, from the giggles we catch.

We make it the 6 kilometers to the Bad Durkheim exit, pass a tiny little town on the country road, and the mini dies. Kaput. The engine cuts straight out and we're

coasting.

Julie pulls over to the side of the road, takes it out of gear, and goes to engage the parking brake.

Only thing is, the parking brake is already engaged. She never released it after the piss stop. The poor mini cooper engine is frying red-hot because it's lugging its weight in passengers, on the autobahn, with the handbrake on. The radiator coolant reservoir is bone dry, and the parking brake is shot.

"My bad," Julie says.

I can't help but point and laugh at Jeff. I warned him not to mess with her. It does nothing to improve his mood.

The shit part is none of us knows how to fix a car. We don't know if the damage is irreparable. That's the problem with being an electronics troop. Mechanical shit is more mysterious than what happens in a ladies restroom. We've actually spent some time in ladies restrooms, and usually what happens there is shameful sex and lies; things we're good at. Working on cars is for sober, dirty people. The last time I tried working on my car, I lost a wheel doing 80 mph on the autobahn the next day.

None of us could afford a cell phone, either. We spent too much money on booze for that kind of extravagance.

We can't see any towns ahead of us, and knew there was one about 2 kilometers behind us, so we start walking back the way we'd came.

In Germany, instead of flat reflectors, the sides of

the roads are lined with these reflectors on white poles. We called them "Machts Nichts sticks". To expel some of his unbridled rage, Jeff starts ripping them out of the ground.

We're all drunk, except Julie, and she's doing her best to go unnoticed, so we figure this is a great idea, and everybody starts ripping up the MoxNix sticks and carrying them around like caveman clubs. They're just square PVC with plastic reflectors, weigh nothing, and are designed to come up easy to minimize the damage to your car, I guess.

Chris and Dave are sword fighting with them, and Andy is beating on the grape vines of the fields we're passing. Julie tries to flag down a couple cars, even a taxi, but when they see a tribe of drunken soldiers waving clubs, they speed up and leave us choking on dust.

We don't mind too much. We're singing and laughing, and having a great time, except for Jeff, who is still kinda pissed about his car.

We make it into town, and call Jerry on the emergency standby line. Part of being a communications electronics troop is carrying a cell phone for on call emergencies a couple days each month. They rotate the duty to ease the pain.

Jerry's too much of a pussy to abandon his post, and he doesn't have a car, but he gets Tucker to come get us. We find a bar to wait it out, and half an hour later, Tucker shows up for the rescue in his mercedes. You can get a second-hand mercedes for a couple hundred bucks in Germany, so don't go thinking he was some kind of baller. I drove a BMW 5-series before I lost that wheel.

He takes us out to the mini, and by a miracle, it starts. We figure it isn't going to last, though, so we decide to make it home as quick as possible with Tucker following.

The country road is too narrow to turn around, so we drive up to the next town, which turns out to be a couple hundred yards further down the road in the direction we were heading to begin with. We couldn't see the city lights because it's on the other side of a hill. We give Jeff a hard time over making the bad call to turn back and walk what turned out to be an extra two and a half kilometers.

We make it back on the autobahn and about halfway home the car dies again. Nobody thought to stop and put water in the radiator, the engine got too hot and seized up again. Jeff and Julie wait with the mini while the rest of us pile into Tucker's mercedes, head up one exit, then back one exit to the nearest open gas station. We fill a milk jug full of water and bring it back to the mini.

We pull up behind the mini, and Jeff's pasty white ass is bouncing up and down in the back window, which Julie's feet are pressed against. We pile out of the mercedes, and Chris pours some of the water from the jug on Jeff's head.

Jeff is calmer now that he's worked out some of his aggression, so he laughs. The mini makes it back to base. It doesn't move again for two months. We all agree we'll try again tomorrow, and wait till we get there to start drinking.

Bill

Bill

he put three cigarette lighters
shaped like pistols
on the mirror top coffee table
with a test tube,
some tweezers,
and a flat-tipped jeweler's screwdriver
before passing the pipe to the left

he said they made these torches too weak
the smoke like an albatross
around his neck

he lit a cigarette
through three-inch butane jetfire
and drank cheap beer

somebody complained
that Bill would take forever
but nobody meant it
and he wouldn't hit it

until the fire was just right

but it don't matter
the meth high lasts
and he had stories
to fill twenty minutes more

he said he
stole the third lighter from the gook
that ran the quikstop and put it in his pocket
and called it his backup

he talked about how easy m-16s clean
as he pulled two of those lighters to pieces
laying each part down
side by side in pairs
and he only put one
back together
and all the tiny pieces were gone
and it was tight
as his nerves on the fourth of july
and shot flames twice as high

and I wanted to ask him

about the stories nobody can finish
unless they're trying to sell you something
or they're too high to be afraid any more

because Paint It Black is just a song and
Willem Dafoe is just an actor
and Bill is just a shell
that moves and smiles sometimes
when he's high enough and
shakes most other times

and he's alone not fighting Spiderman
just spiders in his head
sometimes he dances though
to Paint It Black and cries but
now he's focused

and tonight he's smoking glass and
fucking his best friend's wife
and it's all right
I don't want to ruin that
I take the pipe
and try to make him laugh

Rollin

Even with the five-hundred he stole from us, the dead trucker had a little less than a thousand in his pockets, plus a shitty watch.

Sarah decided we'd stack some cash the old fashioned way.

After dark, we drove into a quiet part of New Orleans, someplace I shouldn't be in the daytime. She a pair of obscene booty shorts and a black spaghetti-strap top.

That's all it took to make her look like a whore, but with her buttermilk pale skin and supernaturally red hair, a fresh whore worth top dollar to skeezy perverts.

"Everything will be fine, Benny," she said.

I said I didn't like the thought of their sweaty hands pawing all over her body.

She told me it was her body, and a little sweat never hurt anyone.

We parked the Buick and walked through an alley to the opposite block. Still early, there were no other girls out, but the first speculative Johns circled the blocks like sharks.

They tried to be discrete, but you could spot it in their eyes. Desperate, haunted, so horny they scanned the sidewalks like buzzards for the first available drug-addicted hag they could find, that was willing to bargain.

Tonight, they were in for a treat. That hag was Sarah.

She figured they couldn't resist. So plump and healthy, she glowed by comparison to the starving, track-marked, saggy grey mares stumbling through the streets most nights.

I sat down on the bus stop bench near the alley and she sauntered down the side street, trolling for suckers.

Within five minutes we had our first nibble; a fat, mustached type in a business suit driving a late-model Lexus with the windows down pulled over and waved her to the car. I couldn't hear the conversation, but I knew the script. I re-hashed it in my head as I walked back through the alley to wait for my cue. No matter how many times we played it out after this, it always played out the same.

"You lookin for a party?" she asked.

The John would indicate what type of service he wanted.

"That'll be three-hundred," she said. No matter what they asked for, she quoted three-hundred to start.

One guy, a slick baldy with dark sunglasses, agreed right there. Three-hundred for a half-and-half with an angel like Sarah was worth it. I'd pay it, if I was the type to pay for it. Baldy had five-hundred total in his pocket that night.

The rest of the perverts scoffed at the price. Some drove off without another word. That was okay. Those were the ones that wanted a five-dollar blowjob because that's all the money they had after boozing it up at the VFW all afternoon. I had no time or patience for those losers.

The ones that stayed, to a man, asked, "What can I get for X amount of money?" where X varied from twenty to a hundred dollars. Whatever sum they named, it was about seventy-five percent of what they were carrying, give or take a twenty. The odd outlier was flat broke, or flush loaded.

"Go park over there," she said, gesturing at the alley. "And we can find out." Some of them drove off, suspicious of a trap, but most of them, even our first one, Mustache Man, obeyed with enthusiasm.

I didn't think it would work, that first time. I wanted to rush him with the gun drawn and beat the money out of him. Sarah knew that wouldn't work. We had to take the teeth out before gelding the wolf.

Sarah sauntered over, her hips wiggling in anticipation, and slid into the passenger seat. Mustache man put the car in park and cut the engine. His keys dangled from the ignition, gleaming in the fading light. I could barely make out their conversation.

"You look like my daughter."

"That's creepy," she said.

"Whatever, put your hair in pigtails."

"I need to see some money first."

"A hundred to cups right?" he said, slang for fellatio to completion.

"Sure thing, sugar."

"How old are you?" he asked.

"Seventeen," she said, biting her lip.

"Alright," he said. He licked his lips and his eyes took on a glazed, greedy shine.

He pulled out a fat wad of cash and peeled a single hundred dollar bill off the stack. He placed it on the dash and told her to leave it there till he finished.

Sarah caressed his fat shoulders and legs.

"Okay, big daddy, let's get to business," she said. She put her hair in Swiss Miss style pigtails, and her head disappeared into his lap. He leaned back and closed his eyes.

I got up and stood next to the storm grating at the end of the alley. Sarah caressed his face sensually, covered his eyes, and pulled the keys out of the ignition with her free hand. Before he figured out what happened she grabbed the hundred bucks and jumped out the passenger door.

She tossed me the keys with a chuckle.

"What the fuck?" he said.

"Sorry, baby, not today. Gimme the rest of the money or my brother is gonna throw your keys in the storm drain."

I jingled the keys over the wide grating for emphasis.

The blood rushed to Mustache Man's face as his predicament sank in. Sarah laughed at his growing rage.

"He thinks he's gonna do something about it, baby," she said.

"Just hurry up," I said.

"I'm gonna fuckin kill you," Moustache Man screamed.

I heard the click of the car door latch, pulled the Desert Eagle out of my belt, and pointed it at his face.

"Not today you ain't," I said. I shook his keys again. "You've got to the count of ten. One."

"He's serious, honey, just gimme the money," Sarah said. She leaned in the window.

His upper lip trembled as his spirit broke, and he reached back and pulled the money stack from his pocket.

"Two," I said.

"Bitch, I'm gonna get you," he said.

"Thanks, hun," she said, taking the cash.

She stood up straight and waved the fistful of money in the air.

"Woohooooo!" she said. "Bye-e." She ran to me, and we jumped into our waiting Buick. I left the keys laying on the sidewalk.

She counted the money as we drove to our next trap spot. Twelve hundred dollars, our biggest haul of the night. We repeated the gambit about ten times in the next two hours at different places in the city, and pulled in a little over five thousand dollars.

Sarah knew how to get a guy off his guard. That night, and every night, she left a trail of broken men, clutching their empty pockets and shattered illusions like tattered security blankets.

I couldn't feel sorry for them. We cheated them,

but you can't cheat an honest man. Everybody wants love, everybody needs that special contact with another human soul, but not everybody is willing to put the work in. These Johns wanted it the easy way, they figured they could trade a little cash and escape the risk of pain and true sacrifice. They saw Sarah on the block like a rare find, some precious, outcast angel, so far down on her luck they could exploit it for a cheap thrill.

Like a fly to a honeypot, if they kept their nose out of it, they wouldn't get caught.

When the regular whores started prowling and giving Sarah dirty looks, I told her we should call it a night.

"Just one more, Benny, I'm in the zone," she said. I couldn't refuse her. I never refused her.

We picked a suitable side street, got set up, and waited. In thirty minutes, only one grizzled old whore strolled past to cast a withering stare at Sarah.

On the verge of giving up, a black toyota pickup turned into our trap, a younger man with the hunger burning strong in his eyes. He gave me a creepy vibe and I regretted deciding to stay out.

She waved him over to the alley and I took up my post by the storm grate.

The black pickup idled too loud, with a menacing, souped-up roar.

As she climbed into the truck, an overpowering wave of deep bass music echoed through the empty streets.

Their conversation was inaudible, and I couldn't

reveal myself until she had the keys or our mark might get spooked and bolt. I held my breath and waited for the signal.

Sarah's scream cut through the safety glass above the repetitive rumble of the music. As I rushed to the pickup I heard another sound, the arrhythmic thumping of flesh pounding flesh.

The young man held Sarah by her golden-red tresses in his lap with his left hand. With his right he beat her mercilessly anywhere the meaty part of his fist would land.

His mouth moved in time with his fist, I couldn't hear the words, but "Bitch" and "try to steal from me" seemed like the sentiment.

After Chad and the trucker, I didn't even have to think about this one. I slammed the butt of the Desert Eagle against the driver's side window, shattering it and raining safety glass all over Sarah and her John.

He looked at me and said "what the-" before I put the gun against his forehead and pulled the trigger.

A mottled pink fountain of brains and blood sprayed the rear wall of the cab, shrapnel shattering the rear window.

My ears rang from the gunshot in such close quarters, and the incessant pounding of the dead man's music disoriented me. I shot the stereo for good measure. Oppressive silence followed the gunshot.

"C'mon, girl, we gotta go," I said, prying her blood-and-glass covered hair loose from the man's cold, dead grip. It brought me a new understanding of the

idiom.

She blurbled a weak, inarticulate response.

I moved her over to the passenger side and emptied the man's pockets.

Twenty-five dollars and a swiss army knife. Not exactly a windfall. Not at all worth this trouble.

I threw Sarah over my shoulder and carried her to the Buick. I read somewhere that you should never let someone sleep after a head injury, so I tried my best to keep her talking.

"What happened?" she asked.

"Nothin, baby, everything is fine, we're gonna be fine."

"Hurts," she said.

"Don't worry about that, baby, I got that sonofabitch. Just rest up and stay awake with me."

"I'm tired, Daddy. Did I do good?"

"You did great, baby. You did great. I just need you to help me stay up till we get to the hotel."

I drove for two hours, and stopped at a skeevy motel that boasted COLOR TV, full bar, and a continental breakfast. By the time we checked in she was coherent, but in a lot of pain. I was happy enough she was still breathing and talking.

I picked up a first aid-kit and got her cleaned up. Aside from a deep gash over her left eye and a little swelling that would likely become bruises, she looked alright.

We split a pizza, counted our money, and went to bed.

It was my first night in a real bed since we left Cape Beach, and the last I would enjoy for a long, long time.

Makeup

I used to love
to sit and watch her
put her makeup on
in the morning

multicolored pastes and powders
flew furiously
as she colored inside invisible lines
smearing a thick, sedimentary layer
of goopy crayola #73
over the ones you could see

unabashed as a nut-munching squirrel
with the focus
and control
of a samurai

The Demon Pussy Cycle

White Tiger

I don't pretend I can hold the wind
make a horse drink
or talk sense into a woman
or any human

but sometimes I pretend
to be a lot tougher than I really am

the question is
how thirsty
have you become

and how much blue ocean
you can hold in your belly
at once

my love comes in waves
that break on the sand and scatter
tiny castles, overtop the levees
washing away truth
your fingers write inside your eyelids

my love shines warm on your face
undemanding, unrelenting
and merciless
it will burn you to a cinder

so it's probably best to hide
behind the sunscreen and umbrella
you're better off
not dipping toes in my foamy surf

unless you want to get real
and stop running
from your reflection
in twin blue pools

beautiful child
showing brave
for the ash-white tiger
come to eat your fear and pain,

I swallow darkness,
cleanse mud,
and burn lies off impure gold,
Little girl, are you afraid of light?

Pound Puppy

On her second day
at a three day kill shelter
she found me
with her bright eyes full of dark rain
and a hyperactive tail that drew my eye

I was looking for a cat
because puppies are dumb
chew everything
and piss all over the carpet

But she was cute enough to tame
and learned to come without a leash
we laid together afternoons
and dug up the neighbor's garden

On the way out one morning
I forgot to latch the door
and she ran

To the old man down the street
singing a recycled, borrowed lullaby
through tired teeth

So now I keep a plate of kibble
on the doorstep

Whistle strange melodies for her
and double-check my locks

Hoping she'll run back for a walk around the block
Or five

Stonemason's Lament

You. You were right about everything.
A warm blooded ghost casting shadows on my eye.
I. I knew it from the start.
Suspending reason to chase my love of sorrow.

I'm the one who reads a book twice
and expects words to change in the meantime,
while in between time, print is dead,
each syllable a mortared stone
art's illusion suggesting life
when the only possible change
is destruction.

So when you look back
(I don't expect you to look back)
You'll see me running crooked circles
around these crumbling monuments
forever bearing witness to ephemeral truths
locked in cold, dead stone
or as close as human feeling can approach.

The Black House

We walked to the burned out house in the middle of the avocado grove and smoked Eric's cigar-sized joint. Eric and Mike decided to grab some fallen avocados and a rotten branch and play Guacamole Baseball. It was a simple game, there were no winners, just us losers.

One player grabbed the rotten branch, the other player stood near a pile of windfall avocados. The player near the pile threw the avocados at the player with the branch. The player with the branch tried to put it between their body and the incoming avocados.

If you got hit, the pit would sting when it hit your skin and the meat would explode into mush in a million directions and cover you both with green shrapnel. If you hit it, the pit would fly at the pitcher and the meat would explode into mush in a million directions and cover you both with green shrapnel. Either way, you were going to get dirty, just not as much if you managed to hit it.

There were no points, no series, no purpose but the green explosion and the thrill of it. When you saw a head-banger kid coming into class covered in chunky green goop, you knew what they were doing the previous period.

Donna and I decided making out would be a better use of time.

"I want you to take my virginity," she told me.

"Okay," I said. "Right now?"

"No, not right now, stupid. I'll tell you when."

I didn't know what to say.

"You're a virgin?" was all that came out.

"Yes," she said.

"Oh," I said. "Me too." And then I got

hit in the head with an avocado.

"Sorry!" yelled Mike. "Foul ball."

"Shit, that hurts!" I said, and I walked it off, rubbing the green goop out of my hair. "This is fucking nasty, man, shit."

Donna laughed at me, and she wandered off over towards the blue chair corner and sat down. Mike and Eric dropped their sporting gear, and I stopped rubbing my sore and goo-covered head. Some things took precedence over pain and Guacamole Baseball.

"Donna," we said in unison, as we took a step towards her.

"Yes?" she said. She was a little uneasy at this development.

"Donna," we said again, moving closer.

"Uh, I'm right here, guys, what's up?" she said.

"Donna," we said.

"Guys, stop it," she said.

Mike and Eric made it to the threshold of the cinderblock. "Donna," we said again.

"Okay, seriously, stop it, you're freaking me out," she said.

"Donna," we said, "Donna. Donna. Donna. Donna." We were less than a foot away from her and getting louder and faster.

"Guys. Please. Stop," she said. She sounded weak.

It had a life of its own now, though, we had no choice but to continue. "Donna. Donna. DonnaDonnaDonnaDe-"

We all stopped at once because her eyes rolled back in her head and she fell over out of the chair, unconscious.

"Holy shit!" Eric said.

"Did we kill her?" Mike said.

"Hey, shut up, back off, give her some air!" I said.

I straightened her out on the ground and

put a brick under her feet to elevate them. She was breathing, and I could feel a pulse, so I figured she'd just fainted.

"Do we need to do mouth-to-mouth?" Mike asked.

"Shut up, Mike." I said.

"So what do we do?" Eric asked.

"I don't know. She's breathing."

"Dude, we need to take her to the office or something," Eric said.

"We can't go stoned, are you fucking stupid?" I said.

"We can't leave her here."

"Sure we can," I said. "We'll just wait till she comes around."

"No, we gotta take her to the office," he said.

"Fuck you, Eric, I'm not taking her anywhere."

"Fine," he said. "Then I'm getting Officer Friendly."

Officer Friendly was the policeman permanently stationed at our school. We had a lot of gangs, and the largest auto-theft ring in the state, he was more of a visual deterrent than an effective means of law enforcement. Friendly was actually the man's name, oddly enough, but like all cops, he was a total dick-hole.

"You punk-ass bitch," I said. "You're gonna fetch a pig?"

"She might be hurt, asshole. What's more important, her health or you not getting in trouble?"

"Fuck you, man, it ain't like that, she's cool, just give it a second."

And then her eyes started fluttering, "Guys?"

"Donna!" we all said.

"No, please, stop that," she said. She

put her hands up as if to ward us off.

It took a second to remember the name game that started this.

"Are you okay?" I said.

"I'm okay. What's wrong with you guys?"

I had to look around to figure out what she meant. Mike was standing speechless and Eric was glaring at me like he'd caught me fucking his mother.

"Nothin', baby, we're just scared for you," I said. "Are you sure you're okay."

"I'm okay. You scared me," she said.

"You scared me too," I said, and I kissed her. "Don't do that again!"

"Okay," she said.

"I, uh, I gotta get out of here," Eric said. He left without waiting for a response.

"Yeah, it's about time for metal shop," Mike said. "I gotta go."

"You okay to walk, baby?" I asked Donna.

"I'm okay. Can I lean on you?"

"Do you need to?" I asked.

"No, but I want to be close to you," she said.

She put her arm around my waist and laid her head on my shoulder. We walked to art class together that way and didn't say anything. As we worked on our drawings, I forgot all about Mike Short, and Eric's weirdness, and Donna fainting in the black house. After class, I told her that I had to take care of something, so I wouldn't be over this afternoon.

"Be careful, baby, don't do anything stupid," she said.

"I will," I said. "I'll call you later."

Sing

She limps across lead crystal eggshells
on leaky, infected feet
She bites her tongue
to keep from waking dragons

but blood seeps past
her prison lips
and drips in wandering lines
on white sand
for land sharks to scent

she just wants peace
and they want her in pieces

every movement demanding punishment
every apology a whisper
against hurricanes of shame
every defense another crime to persecute

she tears her hair
in ragged fistfuls
begs deaf ears for mercy

toes lines they haven't drawn yet
and lays her voice down to die
in the tight chalk outline
that her movements describe

but she has beauty
to bring the world alive
her mirror soul
accuses and exclaims

she has something to say
that broken teeth can't contain
something she needs to hear
to know she exists

in the silence she sits
soggy eyes clamped tight
to keep out the darkness
fingernails slicing deep
into meaty sweaty palms
and she starts to sing

sing

sing, sister, sing

and she doesn't know any words she just knows she wants
to

sing

sing, sister, sing

a melody only she can bring

sing

like the world doesn't want to hear it

sing

till your brother sees your light

sing

till the shadows quit the fight

sing

till the unmasked demons shriek

and shrink to vapor

sing, sister, sing

sing your song, and save a life

in a clear voice, strong and true

in a cotton mouthed raspy whisper
in a stutter in a lisp
sing
the words only you can sing

with a mouth full of your own truth
that doesn't need approval or proof
sing
to call the sun after the long dark night

to join the million scared and scattered voices
crying alone, to beat back the wolves
add your whisper to the symphony
add your ember to the coming of the Dawn

in air or ink or paint or stone
in bits and bytes along the wire
across the cold and empty spaces
warming each other with Holy fire

sing your song with borrowed words
and measured tones
machine gun salad or weak green tea
sublime truth or debased lies

sing, and sing again
find your voice
and find the wind
to fill your sails
and move these mountains
across empty seas and starving deserts

sing
till your last breath is painted on the fire

You Said

You said you loved me
What that meant was
“I’ll fuck you silly till something better comes along”
but I didn’t know that

as you looked past my face
with your prarie dog eyes
I ground my bones into porcelain
for you to carry off
in your sack of broken dolls
when the dinner bell rang
next door

PussyMonster

I've got a big, gay friend
that is afraid of vagina.

He calls it "The Pussymonster"

"There must be teeth in there,"

he says

"waiting

to tear my meat in half"

I understand the perspective because I've been around a bit
but I can't help trying to calibrate.

I tell him

"A hot wet mouth has a certain appeal

and a tight, empty pump

in a plump, ready rump

is naughty

which can be a real turn on

but there is nothing

on God's green earth

under the blue fire of heaven's passion

or writhing

in the fury
of hell's fathomless depths
that approaches the bliss
hidden
within those delicate folds.

True
it can taste a little sour,
sometimes

and the smell
can put you off your lunch
some days

and if I had a nickel for every pubic hair
I've pulled from between my teeth
we would all be reading bazooka joe comics
and slapping our foreheads

but if my penis was a tongue
she would taste like hot cotton candy
and if it could interpret scent
she would bloom like botanical gardens
dripping with the odor

of a thousand exotic blossoms
all competing for the attention
of the honey bee's tender probing”

I sip my beer, then, and silently ponder
before moving
to deliver
the finest truth

“and when you pull out slowly
soggy
dripping with her musky love
like excalibur
gleaming in the moonlight

a good girl will always lick it clean

and when she's done
you'll still want to kiss her”

Outro

Thank you for reading.

If you just skipped to the back page while deciding if you want to buy this book, let me tell you that you definitely should.

If you just got done reading this book, you know that I'm telling the truth.

In either case, I sincerely appreciate that you took the time to pick it up and look at it, but I appreciate those who bought it more.

You guys are my favorite.



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“The Finest Truth” is a collection of thirteen poems and short stories by Jason Eaton, who is also often known as Tao Joannes, which is pronounced like “Dow Jones,” so don't get it twisted, please.

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This book is dedicated to Melissa Dawn Craig, and the purest love I've ever had the privilege to experience.

-Jason Eaton

June 25, 2013