

You

Make My

eyes feel

good

You Make My Eyes Feel Good

*poetry and prose fragments
from the writings of*

Clark Rodolfo Rodriguez

*for
Lauren*

“Rudy” Rodriguez
Waterways Writing Coordinator
Auxiliary Services for High Schools

©2010 Ten Penny Players
A Waterways Project Publication

Your smile will cure my pain

And the sound of your laugh
will inspire me to move mountains

Your kisses will introduce me
to the feeling of pleasure
known only to those
who have sampled
but the finest of wines

The softness of your skin
will have me agonizingly counting
the seconds the minutes and hours
left till I touch you again

And when I look into your eyes
I'll know the secrets that only
those who are truly blessed
with pure love know

If only the bullet
would have known
the unendurable pain
it was going to cause;
do you think
it would have missed?

If the little head
it shattered
had a chance to make it laugh
the way it made us all laugh;
do you think
it might have missed?

Three Down and Six to Go

The kitty was momentarily blinded by the flash of light that descended into the box from the ASPCA labeled, "Pet On Way Home," or something like that. The kitty's worse fear became reality when he saw the pair of young eyes shining brightly with mischievous delight at the sight of the black two month old kitty.

"Muffin," as he was called in his first life or "Whiskers," as he had been called in his second life, was on his third go-round. He had six more to go. In his previous two lives he had had to deal with children.

It was not so much that he disliked kids. They were alright. It was just that they could be more hazardous to a

cat's health than cancer. They liked to poke, pinch, kick, slam, bite, punch, throw and just generally beat the shit out of defenseless kittens.

This kid seemed to be about three years old. A bad age for kittens. And if that were not bad enough, this boy or girl, he could not tell what, was a red head. The very worst kind!

He had had terrorizing experiences with red headed twins in his first life. And a brief, but harrowing experience with one in his second.

Now here he was eyeball to eyeball with another.

"Meow. Meow," the kitty said.

"Listen, Sam," said the mother, "the kitty is saying, meow."

"No, God damn it," thought the kitty, "What I'm saying is - me out! - as

in 'get me the fuck out of here before the little red headed bastard has a chance to get his slimy hands on me."

Sam said, "I want hold kitty, mami. I want hold."

Without waiting for reply, Sam pulled the kitty out of the box by his ear.

"Meow!!!" screamed the kitty at the same time looking at Sam's mother with an imploring look that said, "Save me, bitch."

But Sam's mother was doubled over in hysterical laughter.

"Oh Sam that kitten will never survive you."

Muffin Whiskers thought, "This little fuck has stretched my left ear six inches longer than my right one and the bitch thinks it's fucking hysterical.

First chance I get I am scratching out a paw full of her pubic hair.

Little Sam dropped the kitten on the floor, picked him up again then drop kicked him across the living room.

The kitten came to a stop only after crashing head first into the wall.

Muffin, recovering quickly, dashed out the living room into the nearest bedroom and scampered underneath the bed and proceeded to wait for the inevitable pitter patter of the littler monster's little feet. He did not need to wait long.

Note: I can't remember when I began to write this, but I think I can do something with it (9/16/91).

Escape the thought
the pain - indeed -
the torture!
Twenty plus
years is
enough already.
Think that it
never had the
time of day.
Destroy it and
cast it into a
bottomless pit
never to be
given thought of
again - and
begin life
spanking new and
full and large
and live!!!

When the elderly man entered the room John instantly jumped to his feet. The old man eyed him suspiciously and then shook the kid's extended hand without saying a word. John could feel the old man's eyes penetrating his thoughts. Probing information about his past, present and future intentions. John had never been so intimidated in his entire life. Still the old man said nothing. Then in a voice so strong and virile that it almost made John startle, he asked him to sit.

John prayed that Maria would hurry. The old man, now sitting also, but not looking at John was staring out the window deep in thought. The old man then said, "Lupanar!" John got out of his seat and went to the door and without looking back left the apartment never to return again.

Morning of the Addict

It is five o'clock in the morning, but Anthony can't sleep.

He is tossing and turning in his bed made of newspapers on the floor of an old abandoned building that smells of human piss and shit. Anthony has been living under these conditions for a while now. Ever since he was thrown out of his house by his father for stealing the family's TV.

His body is drenched in a cold sweat.

To a person who doesn't know Anthony is an addict, Anthony appears to have a serious case of a flu virus. He suffers from hot and cold chills. He is nauseous. And his bones are aching.

There are a few bodies lying around in the dilapidated living

room that had once been the scene of a happy family, but now only consists of torn walls and the sounds of chronic coughs out of the various junkies and winos scattered throughout.

Although the temperature outside is pleasant, Anthony wraps his arms around himself trying to curb the chills that run up and down his body.

The first signs of daylight are visible through the broken window panes, but there is not enough light to keep Anthony from tripping over the foul smelling and snoring wino that lies between Anthony and the window. Cursing the wino, Anthony gets up and wipes his hands free from the urine he fell on with the side of his jacket. Although he is staring at the filthy sidewalk below with its overturned garbage cans

and broken bottles the scene does not register in his head.

All he can think about is how in the hell is he going to get the money to get straight. Absently he feels the bump on the head he received from the supermarket manager who caught him sticking steaks in his pants the day before. Shit, there aren't many places he can walk into anymore without someone recognizing him for a thief. Macy's , Bloomingdale's, Alexander's, all of them have busted him for shoplifting at one time or another.

His thoughts were interrupted by a junkie begging for a cigarette.

"Nah, man, I haven't got any."

The junkie looks around the filthy floor, bends down and picks up a butt stained with dried urine. Lighting it up he asks Anthony what every addict wants to know, "What's

good out there?"

There is no need to be specific. It's the question that's asked a million times. Anywhere in the world where illegal drugs are sold.

An addict needs to know at least a couple of people whom he can trust to tell him the truth about the various labels that drugs go by. Unlike in the past, nowadays the drugs sold on the street carry brand names. Names like: Beetle Juice, Black Sunday, Excel, Night Train; and some ominous ones like: Poison, DOA, Destruction, Assassin, and the list goes on and on. The differences in potency can vary quite a bit, therefore an addict relies on a grapevine for information before purchasing his drug.

There is nothing that will outrage an addict more than to score garbage or be beat (the street term

for being sold something other than drugs, i.e. baking soda or crushed aspirin). A dealer selling beat bags is indulging in a very precarious act. An addict who has been beat will more often than not come back with a baseball bat, pipe, or some other weapon and try to beat the dealer within an inch of his life!

Anthony says, "I don't know. The shit I got last night was weak. I'm sick as a fucking dog right now."

"You should have copped Nova," the junkie says. It held me."

"Nova?" Anthony asks. "I didn't know they were out again. Are they still on a 144th?"

"Yeah." The junkie now leaning against the wall and dragging on the cigarette butt answers. "Not a bad count either. That's what I'm getting as soon as I get the fucking cash."

He pulls up and smiles as

he contemplates
the long cheese line
that is no cheese line at all.
He looks with mild contempt
at the wretched souls who line up
with dirty ten and twenty dollar bills
nervously twitching & eyes hurting
wondering and praying that they
will get to the hole in the wall
of the dilapidated building
before they hear the dreaded call,
"Bajando!"

In his bad Mercedes with the fine
though brain dead Woman/child
with the dazed look in her eyes
and the stupid smile on her lips;
she looks out from that Mercedes.

I paid for that Mercedes
with my dirty tens and twenties.
I paid for that Mercedes.
I think about this
as I get closer to the hole
and wonder what else I've paid for
and what is still to come.

You Make My Eyes Feel Good

As I watch you bounce
all over the place
with your beautiful curls
all over your face

You make my eyes feel good

When I watch you take in
the world around you
and pick up a flower
that astounds you
and you study its wonder
for a while
then you look up
with an incredible smile

You make my eyes feel good

As I watch you watch Wilma and Fred
and laugh out loud
at something they said
or change the channels
to catch Bugs Bunny
and you turn to ask,
ain't they funny!

You make my eyes feel good

When I hold your tiny hand in mine
and I rush you
cause we haven't much time
and with a disturbed frown you say
take your time o-kay?

You make my eyes feel good

And when you argue
about what dress to wear
and I say no! and you say,
but that's not fair!
and you stomp away
with indignant flair

You make my eyes feel good

And when it's time to say good night
and you say don't let the bed-bugs
bite!

You make my eyes feel good

Papito

June 21, 1996

21 years old

You're really a man now
and I've got to tell you that
I'm so proud of you!

You're a good young man, Pito.
You don't get high on anything
except women and music
allllll right!!!

Now it's time for you
to get high on life.
You need to get real serious
about what you're going to do.

Papito, now is no time
to wait for things to happen.
You've got to go out there
and make them happen ---
whatever it takes!!!

You are a beautiful young man.
You know it and I know it.
Now it's time to let the rest
of the world know it!!!