

I Did Not Go Looking for This

By PW Covington

I did not go looking for this!
It found me, stalked me, seduced me,
Swung open the passenger door in front of the San Antonio Greyhound station
And jumped right in
It bled red onto my cluttered floorboard and drank the last of my travelling wine.
I did not go looking for this.
When I weighed anchor in the mist
On a God-less Mogadishu night,
The mujahedeen punk-ass hid itself
And played spades in the chain-locker until the storm-winds picked up.
It jumped out at me, horny and afraid,
From an alley in the Tenderloin
Lecherous tongue and demon hard cock, hash-stained fingers and a needle in its
shriveling arm
It left saliva on my cheek
And saliva stains in my homeless dungarees.
I did not go looking for this!
I just knew how to find it
I followed the sound that hunger makes in the morning
Because, that tune has soul...
And I'd ride five thousand miles EASY, when I'm in the mood for SOUL....

Never Believe a Cop

By PW Covington

Never, never, never
Believe a cop
Not a smiling cop,
Not an off duty cop,
Not a grieving cop,
Not a drunken cop,
Not a cop that looks like you,
Or that you grew up with...
Do not believe the things they say
When they use words like "War"
Or peace
Or justified
Or probable
Or cause
Never, never, never
Believe a cop
Because, you know,
They will never believe you.

Ode to a Corduroy Coat

By PW Covington

I don't remember, for sure,
Just where I got this coat
This brown sport coat
This corduroy jacket
But, it might have been a South Austin thrift store in mid-Spring

It's a little ratty, a little worn
But the sleeves are long enough
And it's not too warm
This corduroy jacket;
Together, we've committed countless acts of poetry
From McAllen to Salt Lake City

This corduroy jacket is street-wise;
It's seen the French Quarter

I left it behind once
After a night of 3-way, power-exchange, sex
In a hotel room not far from the airport in San Antonio
But, it came back to me, the following week
Like something real and lasting
After the scent and sting of lust had gone

This corduroy jacket does not have suede patches on the sleeves
This corduroy jacket is a college drop-out
And, it is used to staying crumpled, behind a car seat, for months at a time
This corduroy jacket is my poetry - it fits me

It's got strange, hidden, inside pockets
It is out of place in Texas

I have other coats, but I wear it most
A favorite, sacred shield,
I wear it like safety gear
The full armor of my appetites
This corduroy jacket
Fits me, follows me, finds me

Writing Raw

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My wayward haberdashery
This corduroy jacket still has poems to tell and nights to welcome home.

PW Covington bio: PW Covington is a 100% disabled combat veteran and a convicted felon. He has been active in the Texas Indie Lit scene since the 1990's and his third poetry collection, Sacred Wounds, was published this summer by Slough Press. Covington's work has been featured in both academic journals and underground 'zines, and he travels in the Beat tradition, sharing his works from the Texas/Mexico border to the San Francisco Bay area. His work is fueled by the legend and people of the great American highway. He lives in rural south central Texas with his English bulldog, Chesty. Follow him on Twitter @BeatPW"