

You are just so easy that if we had a kid it would
never cry. Just ~~your bandana down in Louisiana and~~
~~baby i'll be there with a good n' pickled liver yet~~
~~we'll just live forever~~

just wavey

just wavey

just wave your bandana down in Louisiana
and baby i'll be there good n' pickled liver yet
we'll just live forever i'll wait for you by
the river in the red and orange casino. you know i
don't gamble just like smoking in the air condition
and the 24hr lights on you

Louisiana S Town 2013





CUSTOM COACHBUILT CARS

EUROPEAN STYLED AMERICANS

CAR

FEBRUARY 2013 #161



FACTORY-OPEN
CONTACT

RED EXPRESS
S FIB



MA

END OF AN AMERICAN CLASSIC



PHOTOGRAPH BY [unreadable]

WINDOWS UP

Boy always smoked with the windows up before giving it up. Always made it so it was a bubble, his world, thus our world, *the* world, a bubble full a smoke, rushing down the highway

like the highway *was his*.
And the engine, *he built*.
And the oil, *he pulled* from the earth himself

We we're passengers in this, in it to win it, in this bubble paid for in cash, often bullish with his foot. Under that black alligator boot. Suns rose and fell. Lands flew by. And nothing was permanent because permanence wasn't important, nor was it fast enough.

PINK WHIP

Even the soul who parks that pink whip in the YMCA parking lot has a YMCA membership and works it, wants to feel the burn, wants a

hot body

under that great suit, behind those dark sunglasses, down here in Nashville where the city slick of the North mixes with the sassy kink of the South. Like slow spun cotton candy is both hard and soft. All sweaty and sticky as he drives her home.

LAST PACK OF HOLY SMOKES

I was down in Lakeland Florida for a few days. An army of women were in the street outside my hotel waving banners, "WOMEN FOR TRUMP!", right after Trump had just professed to grabbing strangers pussies. So there I was

walking around Lakeland's historic district holding my pussy

in the cannibal sun and feeling betrayed by these women and furious about Trump, while noticing the streets were full of *insane* cars. Insane cars and these guys in their flip-flops and Florida gear slurping Pepsis dressed like toddlers loafing around polishing hoods and mirrors and cranking down windows. While the wives and the girlfriends, with under bites like bulldogs, swung their banners, slurred their slogans, burped their sodas - kept following me around cos I was

walking right thru the car show still holding my pussy

thinking to myself, probably out loud, I had better photograph these cars, since I'm here. Somehow save these cars' souls, if I can. The last of chrome innocence. The last pack of holy spirits in the glove box. Take 'em and run and go lock yourself in your room and

let go of your junk

triple bolt your door, close the curtains, light one up... see into future. If Trump is elected, all these folks who support him

will probably get screwed six ways from Sunday. Crying holy smokes! When all these pretty cars have to go to auction.
Lakeland, FL 2016

SALT LAKE CITY DRAG

Got my ear to the ground and I'm always looking over my shoulder, for I am never sure in Salt Lake City

what is street legal

Been plenty of times but never longer than 15 hours and that's only about enough time to cut up a copy of the New York Times from the hotel lobby and turn a ping pong table backstage into an art studio, play a gig, take a shower, make an exit.

LA

I have mixed feelings about you. I love you. 'Love' like the way someone falls for someone they've never met. Obsessed pathetic eager clueless easy love. You amuse me and suntan me against my will through my windshield. I think about you a lot with one eyebrow up. A city of movies.

You look like the movies

Your light is toxically cool. I've never been in the movies. Maybe one day I'll be in the movies and understand you and we'll become close- kiss on camera close- close in that kinda' ego-tastic dry sarcastic funny not funny brush fire kind of way I hear so many people say they love LA.

PARIS TV

I don't know how you got those American muscle cars for me through the narrow streets of Paris into the TV studio. I asked for them, but I was half kidding. I desired them but I never thought in a million years. And suddenly we're on stage and there's

2 American muscle cars on stage.

On my left- an old black Mustang. And to my right- something even more vicious- with us in Paris on a set without doors big enough to drive them in. TV magic. I'm so happy about this that I have burning sensations of love in my heart, kid wonder; it's like I'm floating. Around in a country that still dreams. And the crowd gets crazier and crazier the higher I get. Camera people spinning around us and the cars, guitars and the cars. Paris a city that runs entirely on the excesses of heart and passion, desire, makes true- the imagination. Beasts. Paris, where beauty can live forever and be worshipped openly, and shall be. And if you're dreaming, you are in fact a native, kissed on both cheeks extra. And plied sideways with wine.



