

# TOY FABELS

Cass McCombs

# toy labels

CASS McCOMBS

SPURL EDITIONS

## WE MADE OUR MOPS

We made our mops out of crystal geyser bottles and a sponge  
deco mops and wood stains  
shoe polish containers, like the long necked ones  
with the sponge on top  
paint racked from flax or jobsites or some person's  
garage  
doesn't count otherwise.

however deviant, it's all a game  
no way to justify except that I love to roam around at night  
to places I shouldn't have been  
muni yards and tunnels  
drunk retarded  
going over labored pieces as a gag  
when the throwup emigrated west  
the uglier and the bigger was the better.

I remember N Judah tunnel alone  
rolled on by a rival crew  
no coincidence they knew where to find me  
somebody sold me out  
got my teeth kicked in.

I remember breaking my legs in chicago  
all these memories streaming  
from a hole in the back of my head

yet will all come around again like karma's scales  
vandalism charges trials fines testimonies . . .  
just like a freshly yellow painted wall  
will be drawn over by the next kid  
whos tired of sanctioned psycho cities.

me I'm tired of beef and plebeian politics  
get me high shut up or fight  
I saw a scaffolding I want to check out  
and a billboard  
by the Nimitz Freeway.

There's the chance I won't make it back  
so just in case – remember  
tell my family I love them

my friends can have all my notebooks

I have nothing else  
throw my body off a cliff to be eaten by wild animals.

just kidding. I don't care what happens to my body.



Warlocks of sf shared there daily meal atop metallic whale pelvisbone.  
warlocks of nyc had yellow armpits from holy decadence of  
hang gliding.

warlocks of sf teased a dumpster sized bumble bee.  
warlocks of nyc danced the balboa through an underwater pet hospital.  
warlocks of sf racked ghost spunk to coat walls of there cryptwhite.  
warlocks of nyc propelled subway train by chewing bitter dragon  
wing.

warlocks of sf ritually ate body of martinez joe dimaggio.  
warlocks of nyc bleated a spurious tune.

## **VIOLENT STORY**

Saw a guy get his ear ripped off with a hammer, these jocks came up from la like these corny kid rock jocks. some people are violent because that's what they do, these la jocks were violent because they thought that's what they had to do: kick the shit out of anyone who said anything about what they were doing, anyone perceived as blocking their way, random people like bus drivers. they pulled us out of a liquor store and tried to curb me, you know what that is? when they hold your teeth on the corner of a curb and kick down on the back of your head. it was halloween and these guys storm into the liquor store wearing scream masks, the kind of guys that wear scream masks, the whole store became one giant exploded glass bottle. then there were these hardcore punks, the corniest type of person, hardcore punks. they beat up randoms with a bike lock, shop owners, other writers, but this is all violence in sf, it wasn't like new york, they would definitely be glad to stab you there. new york has a whole history the west doesn't have, each letter a whole evolution to it. I have this friend from new york, his crew was his dad's crew.

five out of nine guys in my crew are dead now. two suicide, the murder, drugs and cancer.

## TWO TYPES OF PEOPLE

Either you're the type of person  
that prefers to believe in a world  
where there was a Butthole Surfers  
Electriclarryland billboard  
up for almost a decade  
in SF –  
or you are not.

You say you never saw it,  
but you forgot to mention:  
You are blind.

People see  
only what  
they want  
to see.

The  
billboard  
is  
still  
up.







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