JAIMES PALACIO DOES NOT SUCK

Smallville

He is stuck in the middle
of the big, wide world feeling
the suction,the pull
of a trigger,the push
of a button,the twitch
on the mustache of the villain,the struggling
of the ingenue tied up on the tracks.
Ah, yes the ingenue. It's always about the girl.
If he was 10 years younger, could set aside
his disbelief in those unbelievable words that come out
of his mouth... The secret messages
tucked into his conversation reaching out
for recognition like a great white shark
trapped in a kiddie pool; hungry and flailing,
with very little chance of survival.
He could meet the ceiling
of her expectations if only he could
spread out his arms and simply let fly.
She could rescue him with the right
question. "Are you in love with me?"
It's never that easy. Sometimes even Superman loses
the girl. Again and again he has left tattered sacrifices
on the alters of rejection. Bits of himself to
discard as needed. Xray visions
of the future holding no recognizable bones, nothing
of use. Just once he would like to prove that he isn't
some fleshless cartoon, not made of iron or steel. A man, still
a boy, really, lonely in his fleeting power, earthbound,
waiting for someone

For the last nine years Jaimes has been a mobile D.J. for F.B.N. Despite this, during the week he still has to temp. evil, odd jobs. Among his accomplishments are inclusions into Tebot Bach's O.C. Poetry Anthology's (1 & 2) and chapbooks published by Far Star Fire and Inevitable Press. Oh, and he used to write the Poetry picks for the O.C. Weekly which most people never saw because they were placed right next to the hookers.