

SUMMER TURNS TO FALL 2005

STARTING OUT IN A BORROWED VAN, WE SET COURSE  
FOR THE LOWER PART OF THE PACIFIC FLANK OF LOS  
USTADOS UNIDOS.

INSPIRATION CAME IN WAVES WHICH CAME NONSTOP ON  
MY NONSTOP  
NO COPS  
DRIVE  
CONDITIONING MYSELF FOR THE THREE PART SUPER  
HAUL WHICH I WOULD HAVE TO TACKLE  
READY FOR WHAT'S DOWN THE ROAD

CAR FUELED AT ANOTHER SPECIAL SPOT  
TOPPED OFF LIKE A CHERRY ON A SUNDAE  
MY BRAIN TOPPED OFF, RISING LIKE A BIGTOP  
FUELED BY SPEED IN AND OF MIND  
WOULD MY MIND OUTFRAN THE ENGINE?  
MIND IF I BUM A CIGARETTE?  
COME WITH ME IN YOUR LITTLE RED CORVETTE  
FINDING EACH TIME WE DO IT  
OUR LOVE BECOMES BINDING  
ONCE BOUND DISBANDED AND DESPONDENT  
KILLER CURVES CREATED OPPORTUNITY FOR  
RISKY MANUEVERS

WHERE IS MY MENTAL TRANSMISSION?  
GEARS GRINDING AND I AM FINDING  
SPEED KILLS  
PRESSURE BUILDS, TIME PASSES  
SECONDS EXTEND OUT FAR PAST THE LAST THOUGHT

THE STARS OF THE PLAYING HORSE  
DANCING ON THE SYMBOLS AROUND ITS LEGS

FOUND ME, FINALLY, I WOULD KNOW STELLAR EQUINE  
TRUTHS  
UNIQUE IN THEIR ORIGIN, THROUGH UNIVERSAL  
APPLICATION

MOTHER MOON MIGHTLY LIT UP THE HEAVENS  
EXPOSING THE BARE HILLS, LOOKING LIKE SAND DUNES  
WITH THEIR PALE COMPLEXION, AND OURS AS WELL,  
THE LUNAR LANDSCAPE  
FLYING ALONG THE ASPHALT, MOONSIDE, SIDE BY SIDE  
WITH HER  
OCCURRING TO MIND THAT SHE RISES AND ALSO FALLS,  
POST ZENITH REALITIES WOULD UNFOLD

LOWERING HERSELF INTO THE ROLLING HILLS, COME  
PLAINS.  
TURNING MOLTEN, SUPERHEATED CRYSTAL BALL SLOWLY  
SPINS, DROPS

THE STARS OF THE PLAYING HORSE  
KICKS LEGS WHILE KNEES BEND ANGLE RELATIONS  
DANCING WITH THE SYMBOLS IN ONE'S MIND  
ELUCIDATE THE EXTERIORS, SHED LIGHT SO I MAY SEE  
WHERE THE DOOR IS  
TURNING THE KEY, SLOW OPENING HINGES CREEK FROM  
ACCUMULATION OF  
SPACE DUST

TIME BETWEEN THE SLICES OF DELICIOUS BREAD  
SOGGY WITH LIQUID RELEASED BY TEARS, BUT CRUNCHY  
LIKE BROKEN GLASS.

FEBRUARY 2007

Crystal Moon Meditation, Microphone Mathematics,  
and ICE COLD NuGrape Soda

Returning to my room  
the windows open  
the moonlight streaming in.

I fell to my  
knees, cast my  
gaze towards mother moon.

The clouds flew by her, so quickly.  
Around her was a rusty rainbow.  
Then I looked at it through my

Morganite.

And  
I saw red white and blue prismic  
bubble froth.  
And  
it was dancing.

Then I sang to the moon,  
some old school freestyle.

Listening to the NuGrape Twins try to sell me  
their  
ice cold soda.

And I went to bed, in a blue room.

UNTITLED

PLEASE PASS ME PART OF YOUR CLASS  
I NEED TO FEEL BETTER ABOUT BEING MYSELF  
BETTER THAN SOMEBODY ELSE  
FINDING YOUR BRAND ON THE SHELF  
ASSIST THE INCINERATOR, FUEL THE FIRE WITH YOUR  
PRIVATE PAPERS  
GOVERNMENT ISSUED MONETARY UNITS USE AS DRUG  
PARAPHERNALIA

SUPPER TIME COMES RIGHT AROUND THE CORNER  
BEFORE YOU KNOW IT THE MEAL HAS ARRIVED  
WON'T YOU COME AND EAT IT WITH ME?

DONE WAS THE MEAL AND WIPING MY MOUTH  
I SENSE YOUR INNER TURMOIL OVER WHAT WILL COME  
NEXT  
STAR FINDER PINWHEELS ORCHESTRATING ON MY BEHALF  
SEVERAL META COGNITIVE PROPOSALS RELEASED  
UNABASHED

MIMICRY MIMICRY WAS ALL I COULD DO  
FINDING THE SIMILAR NESS IN MYSELF WHEN I LAY  
DOWN IN MY TOMB  
ETERNAL OBSESSION WITH WHATEVER WAS COOL  
WAS KILLING THE MILLIONS OF POT BELLIED FOOLS

FEBRUARY 5th 2007

Thunder Road

Thunderous Egg Shell cracking,  
this is when destruction is so  
beautiful.

"Hey destruction, how`d you get so  
beautiful?"

"Aw shucks Lefty! You say the  
sweetest things!"

exclamation calamity bug spray hay day  
epidemic

Tingling sensation somewhere below my  
navel

graph it out man, graph it out.

Fate is another word for getting  
fucked in the ass.

Kindly catalog those delicate broaches  
up there on the windowsill.

FEBRUARY 15th 2007

I hear them women raving about their Monkey Men!

Who do you meet on the platform of the Bahn?  
What could it mean to them?  
How do you recognize destiny?

Do her lips pout for you?

Have her eyes been twinkling because of a silent  
reverie focused on you,

and you and her?

Where does it begin for two souls in communion?  
Is the first moment,

with the first spark,

always epic?

Or..

Can it merely be the dropping of a seed into the  
silent Earth?

Disinterest can be a sign of interest.

Watch whether or not she touches her hair,  
blinks excessively, or licks her lips.

If she is wearing earphones, she can only see  
how you breathe, and your only chance is if she  
takes them off.

What is the appropriate opening line?

Depends on the kind!

It takes all kinds!

Sure does boy!

swinging from one vine to another in this berlin  
jungle

Beats, follow the beats.

I wake up, napping from  
10 PM to 2 AM  
and I follow the beats.

We dance and we dance  
and we find those  
we hope to meet

all the while keeping time,  
and following the beats.

All of us go to the toilet,  
to insuffulate our treats.

Sometimes more than other times,  
our stash is so sweet.

Once everyone is taken care of,  
we go back to the beats.

Rocked to my soul,  
and shaken to your core,

the beats come pounding from the systems,  
and we always want more.

Two step,  
high step,

twist, spin, dip and turn,  
the movements you make,  
the fires you burn.

The hearts that we break,  
with our misplaced glances,  
and provocative stances,  
we do to the beat.

The money we  
spend,  
give,  
lose,  
and the liquors we drink.

All articulations of vibrations attached  
to the beat.

So dress up fancy, or dress down like a bum.

Bring your honey and your dough,  
please please do come.  
Beat the meat to make it tender.

The crowd needs beats, to help them remember.

PANORAMA BAR FREEVERSE

Gypsy heartbeat monitors

.....blip, beep, flat-line.....

cry for the monotone of the flat-line,  
pray for a kick-start  
last minute miracle.

If that beat comes,  
like a:  
celestial slingshot, comet dust catapult, stream  
singsong...

San Francisco, twin, with the Oort Cloud,  
within aforementioned context

Create space for interpretation to develop.

Real time revisions, every moment editorial,  
lost thought  
fisherman,  
finish it.

Limit me.

Bathe me in silence.

/\* \*\*\*\*\* \*/

Fuckuall,  
by angles  
complementary,  
cleavage, beaver,  
butcher,  
believe her!

Hidden cleaver,  
make me a non-believer,  
leave here to serve a lonesome warrior.

Harbinger and curious,  
simultaneous  
building status paradox,  
cliché class, lasso latch,  
gate key ring security blanket,  
codex de codes,  
do you smell what i am stepping in?

/\* \*\*\*\*\* \*/

Live stone cold, drink the strange brew down,  
remember the gods  
of solution,  
rekindle the flame  
of delusion.

Tricked with  
bamboozled by  
drowning in,  
subtlety



WATERGATE FREEVERSE APRIL 10<sup>th</sup> 2007 continued

*SUN DONE COME UP THROUGH A CRYSTAL*

Sun done come up through a crystal,  
don't shine nowhere to you  
from the barrel of a pistol.  
Showdown sundown  
go down, slow down.  
Sun done come up through a crystal,  
don't shatter the water's  
crystalline calmness  
madness and sadness.  
Great fruit punch to dance with  
late slick punch to connect with  
Shadow boxing with the Spree  
Shadow boxing with the Sun

/\* \*\*\*\*\*FREE VERSE OVER\*\*\*\*\* \*/

*L32 SPORTFEST HASENHEIDE PARK sometime summer*

GET REAL

panoramic track selection  
delectable taste craving reaction  
lose your loose-lipped factions  
and get real son  
get real.

energetic inquisitions  
of bad energy and conniptions  
lose your internal fictions  
and get real son  
get real

only the lucky ones can be facetious  
lies are iies, just ask Jesus  
I'll tell you the truth, for all the wrong  
reasons  
get real son  
get real.

/\* \*\*\*\*\* \*/

BAR 25 FREEVERSE APRIL 2007

Sitting around a fire of attention,  
conflagration,  
intention done driven me to drink the bar dry.  
Desert ease  
feeling deserted,  
and  
at home,  
and feeling  
satisfied by both.

Intercourse of vibes through  
joint smoking rides,  
and chemical tides,  
stretching your attention span wide,  
focusing on your tribe,  
when worlds collide;  
I wanna love you on the  
inside and outside,  
and extra-dimensionally.

MAY 7th 2007

**Drizzle McFizzle when the weather is Shizzle**

When it rains,  
                    it pours Mama  
and I  
know I  
won't see your face through the clouds.

When the sky  
                    turns to yellow

and the dust twists around  
                    you will know fear.

When it rains  
                    down on me,  
                                    it hurts Mama,

like ninja stars cutting  
into my most sensitive areas.

**MORE THOUGHTS ON RAIN**

Close the windows, shut the doors  
when it rains mama, when it rains  
                                    it pours

Unplug the modem, and the power too  
the lighting will fry your  
                                    C.P.U.

The ground is drenched, the river swollen  
as I scan the clouds, I see mighty Zeus and the  
44 Caliber Crackle Boom Lightning Bolt  
                                    he is holding

**False Start Relationship Retrospective**

*END OF MARCH*

Irish girl/woman/goddess  
Magic grains of island sand

Our history beefier than most  
in this history filled town  
Berlin

Girl/Woman/Goddess  
last night I came to you as a friend,  
sometime this afternoon  
i will still be your friend  
with new feelings and memories.

Your soft skin pressed into mine  
while happening, seemed unreal.  
or like  
we are 10 years old again.

Fumbling  
hands, limbs, lips, tongues,  
and egos.

We climb this new terrain, intuitively finding  
our way  
the next step a risk always, but not with out  
rewards

A long arching trajectory this night has/had  
but from the start we both knew the caliber of  
our respective munitions  
we also both knew at the beginning that the duel  
would not commence for some time

tonight,  
now,  
yesterday,  
was the time.  
this city of history this place.

Will we write a history together?  
*NOW, IN THE SECOND WEEK OF MAY 2007*

Users, abusers, and low down dirty shames  
name callers, and ballers, they're all in this  
game  
fashion fun passion, misplaced kisses and hugs  
i knew it was over  
when you no longer believed i could stay away  
from drugs

Your clothing and accessories still draped upon  
my frame  
now that's its over, this has to be lame  
but I love patterns and textures, to these i'm  
addicted  
but the fatal flaw in our approach, was that I  
felt restricted

Your cat never loved me, it was a whore for  
affection  
Believe me mama, I tried so hard to love you  
I must learn that life is not only about an  
erection

Woman/Goddess/Girl  
I haven't done you wrong  
Priestess/Waverider/Dolphin  
you will always be in my songs

OLD OLD ACCROSTICS FROM THE WINTER OF 2003

—  
JESUSTOWN!

Church filled with  
Religious zealots  
Offended by  
Sex and  
Sacred BULLSHIT

BIG AIR

Aloft with board  
In the sky  
Reaching for the stars

Hoping to keep my feet over  
Each screw  
And nut, so that safe  
Descent is assured.

VICTIM OF GHETTO DEMMANDS

Get out your wallets and give me your money  
Ecstasy, Blow, Pills, Acid, and More  
Take what you need, but remember i need your

Money  
Occupied with addiction but have  
No Connection?  
Examine your financial situation, and give me  
Your money!

---

415 (tribute to the S.F. DOGS!)

Soul searching on the rainy streets with  
An alcoholic, crack head, tenderloin bum  
No place to go but up!

For too long I've wanted  
Righteous engagements  
And  
Not until i arrived was i  
Certain that  
I would be able to  
Survive these  
Crazy streets with the help  
Of my brothers and sisters

TOO MUCH TOO SOON

Before the pharmies and cocaine, once  
Upon a time, i lived for  
Reefer  
Now when i make phone calls, i can't remember  
To whom i just dialed  
On the outskirts of the mind lies a divine  
fountain  
Under its pipes lies a spaceship, i wanna get  
higher than ever  
To the moon!

ON THE CUFF

(off the cuff comments)  
Many people forgive, however fuck with someone  
Enough, and forgiveness is no longer an option  
Right about this time you start getting  
threatening phone  
Calls. I'm sorry have some mercy, I'll give you  
Your money!

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BAR 25, WATERGATE, and PANORAMA BAR  
FREEVERSE POETRY FROM SPRING 2007

HATS OFF TO THE DANCERS  
SHUFFLE PAST EMPTY FACES  
CAN'T SEE THE FINISH LINE  
NOT EVEN SURE WHERE THE RACE IS.  
SHOW ME YOUR GAME SUGARCANE  
BRAIN DRAIN, LOST MIND MINE MIND MIND  
GRAVY DEATHRAIL TOUCH YOURNOSE  
IF I AM LOOKING

---

chipped road clapped out sundunes (sanddunes)  
oceanbreeze, drummers trapeze,  
no nets, no needs,  
merchandice, solarplexus  
flea and slice.  
shots up, bottoms down  
do right nobody left

-----  
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/\* \*\*\*\*\* \*/

Squeeling rubber burning  
dangertone.  
Handbuilt  
fully automatic  
shimmer grimace  
theater outlets  
golden bread pie  
baby go rockabout

/op928u93?/

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Dusty roads, Brokendown car  
backseat driver,  
unload

Dust in my nose, broke as a joke,  
backstabbed,  
unremarkable

Dust devils, brokenhearted,  
backbreaking,  
unbalanced

Eat my dust, leave me in the cold,  
shutters shout,  
you're down but not out.  
Cold street corner,  
wet shoes,  
hard wind,  
no cover,

Cold heart,  
wet pussy,  
hard eyes,  
no chance.

Cold nose,  
wet tongue,  
hard teeth,  
no saliva.

Cold attitude  
all washed up,  
hardknocks  
no limit.

---

Wandering eyes, its no surprise  
that my calls fall on deaf ears,  
replace the fears with highgear beer,  
and drink your pain away.

The rain falls down, it doesn't melt my bones,  
my psychic structure, my instructional impulses  
my beating heart, my heaving body,  
these bursting veins, my strained expression,  
all part of the test,  
its all part of the plan.

I know you know me mama  
we are in our dreams  
we have pillows wet with tears  
we have sheets to be for just one  
and a bed half filled

nothing can faze me  
i know what i want  
just be honest  
just be true  
don't tell

My secrets,don't break my trust  
cultivate us...

---

Argyle throw up,  
amidst varying gradients of stripes  
starkly motivated gyrations,  
sneaky pill crushing, split pea soup,  
drinking, misty maidens,  
stone cold, clunky, drugged out  
dancers,  
sweeping eyes of the weeping

---

drug dealer.  
Waving hands of the clammy faced  
dancer,  
big girls know how to  
throw their weight around  
last chance dance step

Airbubble shoed  
big watch wearing  
grumbling, mumbling,  
mama won't you dance with me?  
I came all this way form outside of Berlin  
I just wanna dance with my tight black shirt on.  
Sounds like falling rain in my brain,  
can I relax?  
hands out or in my pockets?  
talk to the girl, or ask for more drugs?

---

Kissing turkish twentysomthings  
makes me feel  
bitter

sleezy italian polydrug dealers  
just use me up

stone cold woman door people  
"are you on holidays here?"

slap happy idiots  
trouble

nail me to the cross

what a shitty night

---

absorb styles, stockings, and smiles  
the bathroom stink,  
the toilet paper trail  
come on bunny  
hop along the trail.

Shitstain disco  
crafty slinger,  
guns blazing,  
skipping around  
tomb stones  
epitaphs cryptic  
but consistantly  
cut throat,  
this is the dance floor  
grave yard after all,  
Berlin Tarpits,  
tadpoles and sounds of...pterodactyls

---

Silkworm weave me a trail  
soft as honest tears,  
my lies seal my tear ducts  
false reserves,  
developed over time,  
supply me with a ready fountain of crocidle  
tears.

I wish I knew what  
is/what/will be  
real?

Comprehensive reality  
is a tasty meal  
ain't it dear?  
/ \* \*\*\*\*\* \*/

extended recognition of patience  
chew the gristle of circumstance,  
and work hard son,  
work hard.  
encrusted with puss and blood,  
washed out jungle jingle basement  
drained  
god damn we drained.

can your nose hold all i can offer?  
will the casket be sealed or open?

Grandma is waiting  
Aunt Lewis is calculating

Hardly behest to the harbingers of reason,  
delayed truth mode node, start simply,  
siliently, in the vacuum.  
Heartboom highway infarction.

Statetroopers done tryed to search my trunk,  
all crunked dog.

That shit was locked.  
Smile like a guilty beaver  
duck your head in the face of an  
incoming cleaver  
leave luck to those who are eager beavers,  
and satiate the wolfboy,  
satiare.

COUNT DOWN THE STAIRS

six a day the visitors come awaiting life and  
something fun

five fold klans watch carefully they land  
patiently cradling their guns

four leaf clover imprint code upon a tattered  
tome

three strikes towards an early grave your story  
is almost done

too bad nobody stopped to ask if you knew your  
way

if only they had this might not be, the final  
living day.

/\* \*\*\*\*\* \*/  
Broken condoms, dirty needles, slippery weasels,  
out of pitch fiddles, hold her close,  
heartbeats play off each other.  
no apoplexion in this soulful  
transaction.

Lift the veil, reveal her icy palor,  
battle for love, enriched with valor,  
stolen cemetary

sad sack of shit

up goes the attitude, out comes the smile  
the eyes get small, at least for a while

then comes the drop, and the attitude sinks  
the frown comes to town, and everything stinks

awakened by a cold breeze, my day began with  
ease  
laundry, musli, music, toilet  
the day was young, and i was enjoying it

a hotflash sent a burst of something right into  
my brain

by afternoon the sun was shinning  
but inside me poured a deep dark rain

uppers, downers, all arounders,  
peepshows, voyeurs, penis holders  
sexy texas taco slut  
meet me at the hot dog hut

i love you all,  
you are so easy to hate,  
its been fun writting this just now,  
but now I have a date.....

HAHA, i said, it was all a lie,  
i date for me? not even if I tried.

so here i sit, and shit and moan  
in constant flux, with ever present groan  
i stumble towards some satisfaction  
thank god for my poetic action.

oh what a wonderful feeling  
oh what a wonderful day  
everything is coming up roses  
everything is going my way

during my tramp through the city  
it came to me maybe to see  
if i doth approached my fair lady  
would she be there waiting for me?

she let me in with out even asking  
who it was that rang upon her bell  
as I ascended the staircase  
i passed through heaven and hell

my handy so rudely interupted  
our first words as she stood in the door  
i cursed my friend red robin  
for calling me now, not before

her dress of dark green did shimmer  
the sequins which graced her chest were swell  
i inquired about the occasion  
she replied, "well well well"

as we sat and drank tea i felt inside me  
boy it was strange to be back

things went along splendid  
my tea cup even began to crack

secrets and lies  
nobody tries  
and everyone dies in the end

so why must we trust  
in those who we lust  
to dutifly swat all the flies.

oh what a wonderful feeling  
oh what a wonderful day  
everything is coming up roses  
everything is going my way

i departed her flat in a tizzy  
my head spinning from overdrive thoughts  
i raced towards a sudanese fallafel  
that awaited me at a distance of several blocks

as I chewed on my vegan tamiya  
and as the scharf sauce burned my heart  
my thoughts turned towards those of the fair lady  
whose flat i did just depart

and so it goes, on and on

JUNE 1st 2007

When it`s warm it`s warm  
it`s hot sometimes too  
with her light turned to blue  
it feels like i am in an igloo

why is she so cold, cold, cold?  
what has she been told or sold?

She sits across the room from me  
ignoring, continuing, always beautifully,  
what happened to those moments  
when you would say i looked so cute?

It feels like I have violated your space  
have I?  
Please clue me in, will you?

I have theories as to why things are so weird  
the timing, the people, the way I appeared.

Was it that I was drinking wine for breakfast?  
Or the hunting incident in Belfast?

How can you just sit there and look at the  
screen?  
You make me mad now, you are really fucking  
mean!

I know you are nice, you are good with kids,  
you melt the hearts of men, with the batting of  
your belashed eyelids.

The anger is passing as I write this short piece  
but smoldering inside me, is a firey beast.

I want to prove to you that I am great  
great enough to deserve your attention

I will earn your respect,

but but but but but but

why should I care what you think or what you  
respect?

perhaps you are a waste of my time,  
perhaps all of this writing was a terrible  
misuse of my resources

you arent worth my words,  
you arent worth my words  
your arent worth my words

you arent worth my words  
Blast! So absurd  
to have thought of you as such  
i really cared so much  
thank god i have realized  
and saw the light  
you arent worth my words honey,  
you arent worth my words

G O O D N I G H T !!!

the waves of yesterday

The waves, the waves of yesterday  
i wanted answers, i needed sleep  
no sleep for me, but answers plenty  
on the waves, of yesterday

awoke so toxic, but on i did go  
surfing the waves, yesterday`s waves  
approximate my goals  
the future of love, nobody knows  
under the waves, of yesterday

heal her body, search her out  
end up with something, but really with out  
saved by the interest of another  
rescued me, from drowning,  
yesterday.

i ate only chocolate, she would have  
but she would vomit  
yesterday, and even the day before.

we smoked, and we talked a lot  
sometimes i could see,  
she was getting lost in my eyes.

just as I thought  
no longer would I slip under  
she told me frankly  
she loved another.

Thrashing the tubular waves,  
the bodacious, cowabunga, wild  
waves of yesterday.

False love, misplaced intentions,  
a whole lot of wallpaper,  
torn down,  
yesterday.

LIGHT THOUGHTS

what is love my dear  
what do you hold dear my love?

The smell of rose  
the angles of my nose

what is love my dear  
are the skies clear?

The skies are full of clouds  
the clouds are full of thunder.

what is thunder  
when is over under?

Is focus essential  
to clear communications?

or can i find the station  
without schedule or directional orientation?

18 Jun 2007

Standards of instict behavior

Flinching  
Blinking  
Breathing  
Teething

Certain your welfare was being challenged  
Curtains drawn up tight on the windows of your  
carraige

I question my instinct to run to your cries  
Upon my arrival, the look in your eyes  
Expecting someone else  
this to me  
would be a most wicked surprise.

I would pray for your safety  
if i chose not to come running

We could have made babies  
if i had been more cunning

Instinct has told me that you need someone's  
help  
I wish it could have been mine, I wish I had  
been there to help

MORNING NOTES

morning notes  
just old jokes  
replayed till the sunsets  
on my life  
bicycle spokes  
coke spoons and dirty jokes  
looking for the spot light

evening rhymes  
just killing time  
over and over till the stars don't shine  
in my life  
never had a dime  
dirty rooms and bathtub slime  
nothing ever fits right

afternoon brainstorm  
catharsis for the forlorn  
always waiting for the clouds to clear  
with my life  
chow down on the cob corn  
Looney tunes and gay porn  
you never i know, i just might

### When Push Comes To Shove

When life deals you shitty cards  
shoot your creator  
When the hand that feeds you bites you  
Sweep the leg  
When the moon doesn't rise  
and the tides cease to lap up the beach  
Blow up all the coastlines.

Don't settle for shitty circumstances  
dance on the grave of your murderer.

### LACKADAISICAL LAMENT

See me duck down  
watch me glow  
i can't know you  
can you please go?

We both live here  
under starry skies  
living for pleasure  
dodging harmful lies.

if you loved me  
we could go away  
we could grow old  
and our hair will gray.

Disconnected  
I await your response  
Baited breath  
I don't know what your on.

Give me some of  
your precious time  
give me a little  
baby spare me a dime.

lots of lovers  
end up in flames  
expectations  
sunk their vessel  
brought them back  
to from where they came.

/\* \*\*\*\*\* \*/

Perhaps I will...

see you some time, out in the madness  
glances reflect, like ships passing in the night  
cold waters ebb and flow, reflect and know  
the deepest of rivers cuts between our polarities  
charged, recharged, flipped, switched, reversed,  
eclipse  
run your time out, i will mine  
i suspect with both have mountains to climb.

Perhaps I will...

See you some time, out in the madness  
(as smoke rings travel across the disco)  
glances reflect, like ships passing in the night  
(shoes tap a tap step step spin dip)  
cold waters ebb and flow, reflect and know  
(those flashbulbs and photoshops create and destroy)  
the deepest of rivers cuts between our polarities  
charged, recharged, flipped, switched, reversed,  
(fashion is the new insanity and that is the new Black, which is actually

White)  
Eclipse!  
Run your time out, I will mine  
I suspect we both have mountains to climb.

write me a song  
make it up  
or make it from fact  
write a song about us  
take it to heart  
this task I ask of thee  
ignore the sins of my past  
i will write you a song  
of leaving, loving, and returning  
subtle cycles dimmed by distraction

craving audible in my words  
my voice is that of hunger  
feed me with your attention  
sooth my irritated void  
apply a glaze  
cooling gel

i can smell the fresh layer  
but i cannot tell if it is shiny  
i lost my chair  
moving away from the table.

/\* \*\*\*\*\* \*/

### I WISH I WROTE MORE

I wish i wrote more  
babe  
baby cares and wears navy.

Focus on the future

underline important quotes  
while reading books  
blind bleeding crook looks  
through bars.

Bar work  
Arbeit macht frei  
take me to my end  
let me feel the fire.

I wish I wrote more  
honey  
hers is plenty and fine fantasy.

Grope your way through prison  
blind cat burglar  
by bending over to wash your feet  
your anal virginity is lost  
immature themes, keeping me  
sounding like...  
keeping me like a casualty  
take acid casually  
pay now or later  
psychedelics connect you to your soul  
can change your soul path  
soul destiny  
pay now or pay eternally,

Misty Morning ramblings...

Smile for darlings  
honey you is so charming  
is but it isn't  
convince me of your instinct  
we hoped for the best  
and recieved slightly less.

Smile for darlings  
that pose is disarming  
is but it isn't  
convince me of your instinct  
that affair most hum drum  
together did you always come?

Frown all over town  
as your skate rocks the slate  
tears in your eyes  
its no suprise  
To have found yourself gutter down.

Frown all over town  
no matter what get's done, no fun  
tears in your eyes  
its no surprise  
Eyes peering down the barrel of a gun

STILL HUNGRY

-

Get in your uniform though you don't have to conform  
this is your fight, and you know you are,  
still hungry.

Fight on the platform that you feel is your norm,  
push yourself to be who you are,  
still hungry.

Don't take the train, you better walk in rain,  
each soaking footstep helping your realize you are,  
still hungry.

Begin this day with a fervor, unmatched in intensity,  
remembered forever,  
this day your last, at sunset your final gasp, running  
towards terminal velocity,  
you are,  
still hungry

EARLY MORNING UNEXPECTED IRON AND WINE SONG ON  
THE RADIO, GOD DAMN!!!!

I MISS YOU BABY  
I MISS YOU BABY SO MUCH I CAN'T SLEEP  
THE PAIN IN MY HEART  
BURNS SO BRIGHT, THAT I DON'T GET NO  
GET NO  
REST AT NIGHT.

I MISS YOU BABY  
I MISS YOU BABY SO MUCH I CAN'T EAT  
INSIDE OF ME IS A GREAT OCEAN STORM  
WITH SWELLS SO HUGE  
THAT I  
I CAN'T EAT.

I AM SICK OF LIVING OUT OF A SUITCASE  
I WANT US TO HAVE OUR OWN PLACE  
MY CLOTHES ARE ALL WRINKLED  
I CAN'T FIND ANY MATCHING SOCKS  
MY SKIN IS BECOMING WRINKLED  
MY LIFE IS LIKE A BAGEL WITHOUT LOX

I HAVE GOT A HEART OF GOLD  
PURE AS MY LOVE IS TRUE  
SLUMBER PARTNERS TILL WE GROW OLD  
OF THIS I AM SURE, I ALWAYS KNEW  
I LOVE YOU.

BUT BEFORE WE MEET UP  
I KNOW I MUST BUILD UP  
MY LIFE AND MY WAYS  
MY HONEY MY FLOWERS  
SWEETNESS PLATEAUS

BUT PERPETUALLY PEAKS WITH  
LESSONS AND EXPERIENCE

FEATHERS FIND THEIR WAY INTO YOUR PHOTOS  
MAJESTIC WINGED PHANTOM BIRD  
I WANT TO PULL YOU OUT OF THE COSMOS  
AND SPIRAL WILDLY OUT OF CONTROL, BE HURLED,  
BODIES PRESSED TOGETHER INTERTWINED LIMBS,  
INTO THE SINGULARITY POINT.

I AM AN ART INSTALLATION

Here I sit  
surrounded by voltage  
buzzing  
cathode ray buzzing

Recumbent surrounded by  
electrical abundance

click clack shutter clatter shatter  
doughy silicon batter  
done driven me nuts,  
akin to conditions  
of  
one mad hatter.

i am an art installation  
we are all art installations  
from the theater of life  
we have no vacations

but at this theater  
opening night is every night,  
And as for the matter of understudies...

found this in my pocket this morning...

Afterhour  
powder power.

Out of drugs  
things turn sour.

Forlorn glances  
Half hearted dances

Wake up naked  
"I wonder where my pants is?"

From day to night  
we do it right

With style and passion  
draped in the latest fashions

So here we sit  
snort shit  
and moan.

Thank the lord  
we are all here  
and not alone at home.

CONSISTANTLY TWISTED

Consistently Twisted  
my days have consisted  
of squeezings and pleasings of my mind's  
eyes and heart.

Hopelessly consistent  
my intake horrific  
of pulverized crystals  
shot up nose through rolled up paper pistols  
enabling my ego  
and disgracing my honor.

All this I know,  
but like the accumulation of snow,  
what appears to be deep,  
is mostly fluff with foundation weak.

Consistently Twisted  
300 pound woman was fisted  
by a Beduine drifter  
I heard it from his sister

Her name is Sweet May  
she is twisted consistently  
around and around  
from the top of the crucifix to  
the dirty bloody ground.

Her secrets to me  
are a most valuable commodity  
information exclusive  
my rights to them all inclusive  
but damn,  
these tidbits dont come for free.

The payment in mind  
has everything and nothing to do  
with my behind.  
The guarded dirt star remains safe  
my reputation as chaste  
universally accepted by mankind.

This mankind of which I speak  
is plunging at breakneck speed  
into the briny deep.

I try to kill my self  
not my body self  
but my self self  
with drugs and pills

I try to kill my self  
and heck, i never succeed  
from this moment of polydrug sizzle fusion fizzle  
to my first dependency on weed.

I love you myself, and this I am sure  
i love you myself, you never bore me  
your relative interest in self destruction  
is my major malfuction  
struggling to mantain a consisant point of view  
third person, first person,  
perceptive ginger carrot stew.

EMOTIONAL ROLLAR COASTER

Still up and down  
still all around  
still sitting shitting and moaning.

The moans louder  
the shits larger  
and the sitting longer.

In time  
solution gone cloudy  
refluxed and frozen.

Crystals, crystals, crystals,  
pistols, pistols, pistols,  
ceremonial milk thistle  
and whistle toting  
East German tough as nails  
beauties.

OH, the east German beauties  
so strong, so tough,  
wild demons, unpredictable  
oh so, unpredictable.

Flowers, pirates, feathers,  
glitter gone gonzo,  
straight bananas dog, straight bananas.

Records thrown and broken,  
caught between my legs,  
i was freaking`  
didn't know what record to play next,  
ELVIS????

***This one is for the ladies...***

Tutti fruity girl  
what a challenge!  
Bedside manor,  
not my forte.

Wooly Bully mama,  
grew up in a garage,  
loves phantoms,  
and the San Francisco Bay.

Irish Goddess Mermaid,  
rotton four leaf clover carriage,  
so hum drum,  
I wish I hadn't gone that way.

Tender Tricky Tailor,  
black bride and wolf fox should avoid marriage,  
felt like i gone done you wrong,  
but only for two days.

Smiley curvy DJ ghost warrior,  
so far so good, helped me with sabotage,  
eyes beaming as I sang my song,  
sure wish I brought a tent for you to have laid.

Translation Moses Mother Tongued Entity,  
antics made our time feel as if we were in army traige,  
no catagory to which you belong,  
crystal pushing fairy.

Piece of Meat who was Stalked then Pounced Upon,  
I sit here, and write this on your computer without your knowledge,  
while you are in the shower, oh no, here you come,  
now you stand in front of me naked,  
trying on outfits in different ways.

AUGUST 9th 2007

bouncing balls and billy club wonder bats  
Billy boy bounce baker  
bakers man patty cake  
cake batter bake

sitting in her sexy jeans,  
i wear her clothes  
you know what that means

i know, you don't?  
well i don't either!

extract the alkaloids  
aqueous with ether...

down the crown  
with royal flair  
cut your toe nails  
primp your hair  
get ready for the final stare  
from the glazed over eye  
of the workhorse mare.

so unfair it is for such a beautiful horse  
to be lead astray to be lost by force  
forces yes, unseen and wicked again,  
no magic book, or enchanted pen,  
can tell the story of the fatal blow  
which took down old Bessie,  
where she fell in the snow.

AUGUST 20<sup>TH</sup> 2007

i think....uh....well...i think...  
so here we are  
lost again after finding so much  
and there we go  
off  
into our own directions.

alone i sit  
mouth dry, eyes wet,  
wondering,  
and pulsing with sadness.  
disappointment last night,  
false starts, misplaced anger,  
raw emotion.

I hope again you will land on my tree  
majestic bird,  
and make a nest in the shade of my leaves.

Knowing that future holds treasures  
that both of us will find  
i prey that we will be together in the physical  
realm  
you not to be a soul vapor in my mind

## CONFUSIONS

Confusion  
unfortunate  
confusion  
first move  
last move

sleeping alone  
and alone in my mind  
and alone in  
                    my heart

sleepless, soul-less  
without a  
                    Touchstone

please I beg you  
touch my body

so that i know that i am alive.

## BERLIN TIME

Berlin Time,  
Mind Crimes,  
Long lines,  
and loose ties.

Berlin Time,  
No reason or rhyme,  
High Dive, High Climb,  
No Day, No Hour,  
No smiles just sour scowers.

## FREESTYLE

*hats off to michael shanley for  
TOTALLY INSPIRING ME...*

Nice knots, tight snot, stuffed nose, ripped  
panty hose,  
i'm looking for an answer, in a stained pair of  
pampers,  
help me find signs,  
so i can eventually ease my mind.

crazed polytheist priests, meeting on the  
streets to discuss the future of beats. minimal  
maximal pragmatic and practical,  
for all things dyonisin and mostly fractal...  
we look for the math, but mostly look past,  
oblivious to the things that matter, the things  
that last.

you need the beaver  
your shit reeks of a newbie who is eager!  
let my coding sets make your pussy wet,  
my loops and spirals drive your subconscious  
wild,  
let us melt,  
let me whip you, cover your back with welts,  
so that we may both understand,  
so that we may both join,  
, the ultimate money maker,  
that's right kid, show my your groin.

Ride the waves in a Spanish Galleon  
place your bets on the classic medallion  
read the blog of beef cake mcscallion,  
because you can gallop and prance,  
sew up your pants, you can even do a rain dance,

but your results will not even approach  
the essential virus the patient zero host,  
so dude,  
come with us, make the most of the toast,  
which i give to you, as these buds we do roast.

what what, yo yo..  
drop the beat,  
like sweaty addidas  
fresh off stinky feet  
I throw your footwear in the street.  
Exclusive moose head abusive grundle boot shoe,  
nonsense,  
intergalactic voodoo,  
search for answers but only find mabuutoo,  
the african dictator who killed off the Hutus.

yeah yeah, the anorexic jew, coming at you,  
like a stilleto shoe,  
or heel rather,  
i mix your shit up like cake batter,  
watch your stacks  
i modify them like the mad hatter,  
rabbits, down the drain,  
looking for a transfer,  
but only find the "A" train,  
up in harlem,  
clock tower, alarm him,

of the scare, the most dangerous fear,  
of the nocturn,  
pirate vampire whispering in your ear,  
he wants  
a little meat,  
how can you hold him off?  
just follow the beat, keep in time move your  
feet,  
glance at that fly bitch across the street,  
she most certainly has hot shoes on her feet.

this is so fun,  
i know that as the ghost rider  
i am no longer number one,  
i got my man jesus riding shot gun,  
he is the one,  
got the inspiration sucker pun fun,  
i am ready for the long haul bun,  
in the hot dog snap,  
looking out for the communist trap,  
like pitfall, video game, time out of mind,  
jump over the lava, swing on that vine.

jungle hunt, looking for diseases,  
i fuck girls for all the wrong reasons,  
if ladies were a sovereign state i would commit  
treason,  
looking for the tree house but all i find is a  
long house,  
cat mouse,  
relationship crownsnest battle ship,  
help me, fix it,  
twiddle your fingers  
get bored with it,  
don't do that flip trick,

you only appear like hot sauce on that elusive  
sideways trip tip

posture like kevin costner,  
worked so hard for second base  
but never appeared on the roster.

I'm roasting toasting and boasting of new found  
glories,  
holes,  
like some blind mole,  
looking for a phallus amongst those who occupy  
the hole,  
thing,  
waiting for the arrival of the king,  
who is on leave,  
like the butcher, ready to cleave,  
i hope he waits,  
I hope he rolls up his sleeves

Jesus Jones  
riding in the mid west looking for hoes,  
hoping to find some under 30,  
hoping to find a shower  
cause my prick is mad dirty,  
soaked,  
in the pussy juice of a Philly,  
a Puerto Rican double jointed slut named Billy.  
mention, since i found the last fountain,  
while i was rocking out to fire on the mountain,

yeah right, 3-18,  
the first date when the magic combo did ring,

scarlet fire,  
Jesus never said Judas was a liar,  
though the Romans the didn't require much,  
of that truth from such a double-crossing bitch  
ass fallacy slut

#### LONG STONE THROW REALITY CHECK

Thank god for that reality check!  
I realize that i am more timid than I expected.

Had I made the first move, at first,  
than I would have been

Home Free!

I tried, Goddamn, I tried  
I wanted to get away, I wanted to leave,

But it was not happening  
It was not to be.

All I could hope for,  
was some silence.  
All I got was too many,  
too many words.

I just needed, someone to hold me.  
I just needed another soul.  
I just craved to be held tight, I just yearn  
for,  
our bodies to be intertwined and deep sleep  
breathing.



I saw my father.  
And in my dreams I tried to love him.  
And in my dreams with had a fight.

Oh Lord, I'm so depressed, I need somebody,  
give me some rest. And now I sleep in her  
father's bed,  
it's super strange,  
am I dead?

Oh Lord, give me a sign  
/////

locator was late  
find me at the crossroads of fate and destiny  
next to a dusty old bookcase and a bottle of whisky  
i chose to be standing there, where X marked the spot  
it was a plainclothes policeman riot, take it seriously, or not

////

All I want,  
all we need,  
is to look closely,  
at the mouths that we feed.  
Our children are growing,  
up in world,  
that they won't live to see.

To live is to be free. To die is to lose your infinity.  
Please child, grasp my hand, as I attempt to take you,  
deep into the woods, the wilderness.  
What is left of it, we will see, explore, find wonder.  
Creatures of the dirt, plants of the river, salts of the ocean,  
divine geometry synchronized to make reality tangible.  
Our natural inclination to make sense of equations,  
this is magic, this is fate.  
We were born to perceive our world.

right now, in the midst of dark days  
right here in the fire fiery backdraft of a life filled with rage  
i sit here and shit here and cry here and moan  
I know not when the torture will abate or from whom  
a life preserver will be thrown.

loosing laughter to the dark ones  
loosing ground to those who seek the shadows  
thick dark anti matter invisibility black backed shroud  
security in ignorance

liver savior like me love me lend me your time  
your skill will erase my crime  
skills and crimes  
committed and admittedly cowardly  
inwardly injurious, outwardly outrageous  
phobias of cages and unexplainable rages  
bird,  
i want you to be free.

stellar stalker staged the big shebang in a stark barn in the early  
morning hour splintered sunlight.  
didn't know charts or maps of the heavens, faulty memories  
shocked and rocked away.

as i move slower and faster on the dance floor  
well shuck chuck, the whole world is a dance floor  
feet before each other, and then back, up down  
loose loose fast tight, handicap!

Grover, drumming man Cleveland cowhand  
don't become a plumber, don't ask for disease  
don't ease yourself in nature of fate  
loss of mature reason and culture.  
rise to the higher level near top floor credit card escalator  
simulator  
flower wisely plant of my pleasure  
glower with hate and hatred hastily

## OTTER BRIDGE

ivory overtones list me twice  
grabbing at my collar stepping on my coat tails  
lets just end that now  
waltzing into the ballroom with tears in your eyes  
it wasn't enough  
until now

all i wanted was to have you back  
but as time began to pass  
I really realized that i was flat  
backing up against the track  
with nothing to push me and no one person

come with me to the otter bridge  
we can see some otters  
they swim in the water, even when it's cold

did you remember to bring the vodka?  
we can drink it whilst we watch  
then we can swim with the otters in the cold

have you seen the lost sweater in the box?  
we think that we left it near the bridge  
then when we left, we turned back for the sweater  
and it was gone.

## YOU DON'T CARE, SO I DON'T CARE

i went to club tonight babe  
knowing you wouldn't possibly be there  
I really couldn't care  
love me or leave me i don't care  
i moved on  
don't need to be thinking bout your needs  
if I ever thought you'd pay me back  
i would be waiting forever by the side of the road  
you will never change my mind  
i know you don't care  
so i don't care  
but in that order  
babe  
I just want you to understand  
but you don't even want to hear a thing  
I just want you to understand  
but you don't even hear the words in my heart  
if you can't hear this, then I've lost your soul  
but i don't care  
and you don't care  
alright.  
see you later you fucking hussy  
fuck yeah I'm bitter  
you fucked my friend  
you fucking bitch  
you fucked my mind  
now here's my wish  
please just jump off a cliff  
I don't care  
you don't care  
so i don't care  
alright.

## SWIFTER'S ADVICE

MOSEY ON OVER AND POP A SQUAT  
I'LL TEACH YOU A THING OR TWO, ABOUT NOT GETTING  
CAUGHT  
WHETHER STAGING OR JEWEL HEIST, OR JOYRIDING FOR  
FUN  
TO STAY OUT OF THE JOINT, LISTEN CLOSELY MY SON

NEVER TELL ANYONE EVER, ABOUT YOUR BIG PLANS  
I DON'T CARE IF IT'S YOUR MAMA, OR YOUR DAUGHTERS  
BEST MAN  
A SECRET IS ONLY A SECRET, IF NO BODY KNOWS  
WHEN YOU ARE COMING, AND WHERE YOU WILL GO

I ONCE HAD AN ACCOMPLICE, WHOSE NAME WAS DUTCH  
JONES  
WE MET IN COUNTY LOCK UP, AND SINCE THEN WE WERE  
BROS  
ON A STORMY NOVEMBER EVENING HE SHARED WITH ME  
HIS SCHEME  
A PLAN TO STEAL A BIG BOAT, AND SAIL ON THE SEAS

WE SET ASHORE IN MAURITANIA, WE KNELT AND KISSED  
THE SAND  
WE THOUGHT WE WERE SAFE, ON OUR FEET WE DID  
LAND

BUT WHEN THE PIRATES TOOK NOTICE  
OF OUR CRAFT ON THE BEACH  
THEY APPROACHED US WITH GREAT SPEED  
FLASHED US THEIR SHARP SABERS THEN THEIR GOLD  
TEETH

URNS OUT DUTCH HAD INFORMED THEM, OF OUR  
SECRET PLAN  
DON'T THINK SOMEONE WON'T FUCK YOU, THEY WILL IF  
THEY CAN  
SO REMEMBER MY WORDS AND PERHAPS YOU'LL  
SUCCEED  
YOU'LL GET AWAY CLEANLY, AND LIVE FANCY AND FREE

NEVER TELL ANYONE EVER, ABOUT YOUR BIG PLANS  
I DON'T CARE IF IT'S YOUR MAMA, OR YOUR DAUGHTERS  
BEST MAN  
A SECRET IS ONLY A SECRET, IF NO BODY KNOWS  
WHEN YOU ARE COMING, AND WHERE YOU WILL GO.

## BIG CITY BLUES

It was early in the morning, I just woke up,  
I slept all night next to loud air duct  
When I woke my head did ring  
so I started to earnestly sing.

I sang an old tale about a bastard son  
a little red haired runt who thought he was the one  
to take his family out of poverty  
and move them to the big city.

He went to school daily and he did his work  
even though he thought all the teachers were jerks  
all day long he followed their rules  
but things got crazy when he was out of school.

Every after noon around 3:32  
He found him self lighting the bottom of a spoon  
everyone thought he was a pretty nice guy  
nobody suspected he was getting high.

He sat in his room in his parent's house  
smoking and shooting as quiet as a mouse  
around him his whole life began to slip away  
until he found the lord on Christmas day.

While making another fix in a dirty syringe  
He saw the door open, heard the creaky hinge  
Surprised was he to see no one at the door  
but brilliant white light, so he dropped to the floor

God said Julius McJones my precious son,  
you grew up thinking you would be the one  
to end your families chronic poverty  
and move them up and out to the big city.

But son, oh son, you intentions were misplaced  
somewhere along you became a disgrace  
trust the rest of your life with me  
and together we can walk through those gates pearly.

Julius McJones was a man of strong mind  
but god's rap was the most convincing kind  
he thought to himself, well i had a good run  
so he blew his brain out with his father's gun.

SCATTER BRAINED NONSENSE

all quiet inside my mind  
you could hear my eyes blink  
I can feel my blood flow

nothing but noise in this rotten flat  
I can't hear myself think  
can't you please turn off the vacuum?

crackling energy bolts around my body  
i realize i am the missing link  
Can you still see my soul ?

Felix is a guy who doesn't take showers  
people sit and talk about his smell for hours and hours

I'm sad to say  
it will be the day  
when over hell freezes  
that he'll walk right in  
and stinking like sin  
making sweat pour out of mighty Jesus

analytical computer vibe  
producing different writing trends  
the spirit of the typwriting animist  
is obvious.

German style efficiency  
shaken up with a language style verbose  
and grandiose

like a wild rock tour  
on a night liner bus chock full o' drugs  
overdose from coast to coast