

Experiments in Order

Rice and Wheat

Rice and Wheat in the hands
Of commoners is a good thing.

Modern invention relies
On primordial machines.

Start from the beginning.

Wield a crude hand ax
And watch your progeny increase.

The War Dance

The sarcasm packed corralled
Dare not stray, or be singled-out,
Speak in a mantra of ambiguity,
Take violence seriously...

Body packed tight, stay down wind,
Do not agree, do not need to interact,
Take on gaunt posture, hunt...
There isn't enough here for the both of us.

The Lover's Fire

A hunter sits still
Waiting with a bit of bait
To have its will.

Lovers' hearts
Beat soft.
Leaves
Swirl-sway,
Sunny like the breeze,
Breathing hot.

Fire burns
For lovers
To out-live
The hungry fiend;
If a fire burns
The stock leans
To the light.

Conflict lives in this double fashion:
Those that gain temporary rank
Do not harness powers higher
And know no truth of how things function:
The hunter is second to the lover's fire.

Self Sufficient Flower

Tribes evaporate in time.
The beginning form,
Still moving on the ancestral path,
Shelters from the storm.
Who lives with passion bland?
Fearing sarcasm's wrath,
Mutual need is sublime!

Tribes are nations' foe.
Hollow Men are our source of power.
Relationships made through tribes work.
Hollow Men are our natural fall.
They have power over self-sufficiency's flower.
Flowers are adept to death's slow murk.
Death is master to us all.
Time breaks all but those that freely grow.

The Mighty Eater

Swarming carnie beatnik feeder
Brotherhood that floods the streets
Selling weed to the needy
Drugged-up! Hungry!
From feeder to feeder
Puking food the mighty eater
Swarming carnie beatnik feeder

Terrorism

They poured off the undocked boats
A sewer off the water floats
Self restrain for self preservation?
No! Erect a glorious nation.
Rats!
Blind, blood thirsty, wingless bats!
From natives to ghosts,
We become tombstone hosts.
From what I've seen or can infer
A nation is a predator.
Peace is a lion full
Well fed on the vulnerable.
War is communal stealing
Preserving poverty which preys on healing.
People kill each other everyday
As long as there is no price to pay.
There is a difference, pay you mind,
A nation feeds on its own kind.
But I can see
A creature with higher faculty.
When self-sufficiency comes to power
We will see a new age flower.
Nations will be archaic things
Like 21st century English kings.
When individuals sustain their own necessity
They become their own country.
Ancient trees came to be
Through self sufficiency
By no means innocent, still non-violent killers,
But successful structural pillars.
Rulers and rebels see askance
Without the sight of temperance.
How can we live and be sane
With inferno's on the brain?
The piper didn't cleanse the nation
With coercion through violence but creation.

Gesture Artifact

A shattered vase
Bloodied face;

Cracked concrete
Beneath
Subdued a tree-root;

Creation prolonged experience.

A Tourist of What Might Have Been

Consumed by the question: What might have been?
Ghostly wretch, haunting tree and bough.
Contradiction eroded hope from my empty vow,
To no longer cower in the place I view a sin.

A vagrant fringing the land I hardly knew;
Absent bound, lost, a dreary dark regression.
An animal that maimed its paw to escape possession:
The starving expectations, my only option to hew.

Indulging in the few respites of solitude,
Emotional and liberated, crying now and then.
I trip and stumble merely through the lonely glen,
“Dear God in heaven!” I croak hoarsely crude.

-Four granite face shapes grooved in the mountain side-
Slobber groping mouth, my heart begins to beat,
Standing in a bed of shingles at the mountain’s feet.
The scattered thirsty bones of the butchered stony hide.

Glowing with lost pride, gigantically standing tall;
Breeze bouncing off their face in the morning sun.
A slithering savage fear grips my urge to run,
But questions start to crop, convincing me to stall.

What forgotten will could fulfill such a plot?
The gulping shock choking thoughts of that hidden day.
Still I turn the other cheek for I dare not turn away.
Swimming in these eyes whose pools I’m caught.

I cannot breath, drowning in air like a new rose,
Staring eye to eye like a duel in a dusty street.
With a mouth of glue, I say a thick word I will not repeat;
A desperate flea eclipsed by this giant’s timeless pose.

Calm and lucid I grow, to tears of joy I wonder:
What might have been? What might have been?
The questions burn bare, burrowing under my skin.
Tell me old men did a might kingdom sunder?

What tale does their ancient wonder rhyme?
They were here? They were great?
They knew they couldn’t change their eventual fate?
Life doesn’t delay, indifferent from cruel time.

The flesh is fleeting on this mortal stage,
But their potential in a body with endurance against decay,
Like a mountain, or a page, can live to say:
My greatness will be realized despite my mortal cage!

I question the price of breathing life to this stony sage;
Achieving beauty by tearing the mountain apart.
Like a lion, lovely and beautiful until the feeding frenzies start,
For what does the hungry heart do, but for war to wage?

The selfish child shreds the art of a timeless gift,
Without a single glance given to the mother's wrapping.
In such feverish conquest, a cowardice sapping
Of nature's craft formed for the spirit to lift.

Inadequate flesh, you are the culprit not the treasure,
A better body is needed for man's glory to feast.
Less man's flesh could live to a thousand years the least,
He will war and consume with hunger to no measure.

There is something slightly unnatural with mankind,
Ever so slight. A conscious decision to walk upright
Possibly, disobeying the order of the savage night?
Something is not right, some missing link to coherence bind.

Man destroys the natural world and to his likeness restore,
The same purpose and no more, for it is no more
Beautiful than it could have been before,
This powerfully obtrusive, breath taking human gore.

Killing to create, that starving artist's dichotomy,
A shape shifter of nature, reforming her parts
To reward the boldest, coldest hearts,
Who 'did what it takes,' ferocious to succeed.

Such an unnatural pace, but natural for man's care,
The dichotomy is unfair when something must give.
And something will give for man must create to live,
Looming over nature with a predatory glare.

Still prey to the jungle's law, man is not exempt!
Ambition preys on stragglers of the human race.
The boldest and the coldest set the weary pace,
Man kills and creates with indifferent contempt.

There is a difference between nature and the wild:
Man is human in one and animal in the other.
A state of mind chasing glory's light will smother
All which was fathomed when man's soul was a child.

Compassion alone fights the beast within his own,
And only unbound will his virtue shine clear.
The flesh is meek and competitive from fear,
Where life is disposable, and reason is unknown.

As if to remove himself from the literal jungle
Only recreates the animals within his own kind.
The hungrier people get, the more savagely blind
To digression's depth in the conniving urban bungle.

Renewing my disgust, I spit. "Stone kings stay unknown,
Your maker's intentions are the reason why I roam.
I'm lost and lonesome for a better home,
But I'd rather be lonely than wish I was alone."

Father Craftsman

Watchman
Tick away
The night I'm in.

You spin
And gain new
Perspectives,
Points of view:

Steps wander
From birth to man
And back again.

Watchman
Paint skin too
Purple and blue
To fit in with the night!

Black hair
Shimmers Quicksilver
Inside almond light.

To dream upon a sea of wood,
Or faintly through a canopy.
The honor—

These are wasted times.
I live rootless
For new eyes.

Human History

Every thought resonates the silky twilight room.
Two lives perpetuate quiet enthusiasm,
The night's orbs alight illuminate the distant ceiling:

Gaping eternity blankets
Two impatient beings beneath a starlit sky,
Like Satan and Beelzebub bound to a sulfur lake,
Or latch key kids when something knocks on the door,
Two hungry children, intimate before mature.
Like young deer, quiet when the feared hunter lurks,
Or forgotten soldiers in a foreign land.

Two sober one night stand lovers drunk on each other.

Flower pot with seeds
Clinging for life on turbulent seas,
Driftwood refugees,
The tribeless soul's only home:
The Realm of Possibility.

Every thought resonates the milky quiet room.
The cave, the cottage, the quarters adrift at sea:
Two entangled beings in Human History.

Wall Licking Tongues

Ancestral path,
Curls round trees, distant skies,
Rushes through rain to feed a stranger's lungs,

Guide us not at all
Until all who gave their lives take back
All taken. When ghosts and lovers breakdown the wall
That tied lies to break the fall.

Words Resonate

Sooner or later a time comes that shows
Even the great works as finite things.
A place determined by youth's haste, which slows
The growing wealth a struggling soul brings.
The fiery youth can move a mountain,
Only in time to have the work destroyed.
What does the brash youth do? Having begun
A doomed path? Have Heart! Youth still is employed.
Life inscribes on Totality, growth from
The troubled spirit to maturity,
Through struggle to make a wealthy sum.
Mature souls live in a grown tale's purity.
People become the language they create:
After being written, words resonate.

Ancient Languages Gone

Patronizing ancient manacles
Enslaves generations.
Dreams are told instead of conjured,
Blank checks are cashed cash like water.
Is it possible to savor ancient languages gone?
I hear them, faintly and louder,
As those ancient languages are not so ancient
Without language from me to hide them.

Blessed Sexy

I wonder about the dreams
We lightly put aside for love and money.
When thirty no longer seems like an eternity, but
An awful awakening that lay
Dormant like a demon on a sunny porch.
When death and love shake hands
And congratulate each other on a job well done.
Then where do we go
As living things that need a heart beat
Other than commerce and affection?
Does the only heart left in the world hide until
Paid by some wealthy monster who has two
Heads but shows only one?

The Need to Know

Humanity's conception begins from the hips,
Branching out limbs, stretching finger tips.
Knowledge and emotion spins the trickling mind,
We are mediums of a higher kind.
Human beings: upright, intuitively we create
Environments in which we are to perpetuate
The things that our planet started long ago:
Our growth we can direct with the need to know!
The works of Great Spirit's long hours are who
Have forged through the darkness of human taboo.
Everything ferocious within us can pass,
Like an after storm pond: shimmering tranquil glass!
We build a garden in which we are to grow
Ourselves, our thoughts, organically changing slow.
We can influence, but we must not be deceived,
The maker's likeness was by us conceived.
Only my beliefs, but I deeply think it true
That we rationalizes truth with a being who
Has a likeness to our own, (though this thought won't last
Long in a garden like our fear filled past.)
We are sculptures of a world ever spinning,
Form flowing clay where the fortunate forms winning.
Intelligent creators, but this form is not the last,
Everybody and everything is being violently recast.

Average Joe

I gathered my coffee like a bird
And made my way to the condiments.

I prepared my drink
With concentration across my quiet face.

A lady engaged the bar.
I swallowed my blessing incomplete!

Still to this day
I will not admit being religious.

Cane and Able Struggle

Tweddle-Dee you do not know me.
Me sitting here
Not six inches from your face.

A candle in one hand, drip, drip, ticking.
My dry mouth sucking on my tongue.

In the jet still quiet of this tomb,
As you bloom a garden of sleepy sounds,
Wheezing beneath dreams whiling muttering,

I almost slaughter you in the night.

Contorting my hideous face,
I grunt apish, my teeth ground to silt.
You do not know me.

I study every nuance, every feature,
Not six inches from your face.
I almost pet you but recoil.
Our likeness sickens me.

As if my body were not my own.

I'll cleave your forehead, pretty!
Look at your blood flow!

Rank in the Tank

I would watch my fish
Swim back and forth endlessly.
Since I bought these fish I could not wish
For more quiet and tranquility.

Until the day two fish had a fight,
Which left one castrated where once it was finned,
While the other swam off like a kite
Enjoying the fruit of the wind.

My broken little fish did his best with a nub,
When another fish took a cruel bite! This behavior continued.
I awoke next morning and he had been hewed
Into a little skeleton at the bottom of the tub.

I sighed and got ready for work,
Paying great detail to appearance
So no one at work dare be a jerk
And give my illusions of strength interference.

The Buck, The Badger, The Snake

A mad badger scratched, snarled, and snorted.
Beneath his claws, Earth warped and contorted.
A stomping buck made Earth shiver and shake,
Which rattled the teeth of a little snake.
From their behavior, the small snake inferred
An important point that needed to be heard:
The snake said, "Who cares who up higher sits?
I don't! I think that you're both idiots!
Why must one sit up high, and be better,
Before two creatures can work together?
Superiority is true seeming
Only in the absence of true meaning.
Creatures with meaning allows things to grow
And feel no need to engineer a foe
In order for their lives to have purpose.
There is enough trouble in all of us
To keep our need for conflict occupied.
Leaders first deal with the fight inside."
Into the shadows, the tiny snake stole.
She was embarrassed, eyes peeped from her hole.
All nodded. Owls cooed in agreement.
In the snake's word there was no argument
Designed to gain leverage or powers
But a need to tear down the two towers
Made through binary of buck and badger.
Community drove the snake's needs rather.
So for the first time the forest concurred.
The badger and buck did not say a word.
Finally the forest could sing and play
With hegemonic jerks out of the way.

Michael

Gabriel...Gabriel. It is true?
Virtue's Scout. Chief Seraphim. Lucifer has fallen?
We must battle him to save Heaven?
And within the constraints of God's law?
How is this done? He is free.
His rogue strength is the binary of God's law,
God's law, to us, becomes his power.
Our strength is bound
To communal temperance
And unwillingness to stray
I have drowned in questions—
To his foe he endows his greatest aspect and our tutelage?
Where does one turn when Virtue's Scout leads astray?
Their actions complement each other well
Neither can be held accountable for them
While waging careless war
As if Heaven's populous were those alone who seek power.
Will God punish me for not wanting to be him?
If the powerful increase in power through mutual conflict
They are allies despite their shows of opposition
If this is true, God's greatest ally is not us or Lucifer but Satan.
If this is true, I know nothing. True, I know nothing.
But if I know nothing that means I know myself
I only have self-knowledge
I am not God nor would I care to be—
I didn't come here in pursuit of Glory
Or fear of Hell but for my deepest concern for Heaven.

The Ethereal Plane

Quality of thought attracts angels,
On the vast auditorium of ancient exchange.
In the inspired lot, the brilliance caught dangles,
A leaf 'come of age' with the season's mood change.

The chatter is deafening, beings old and great,
How genius and skill in this prophet to wed.
While the greatest angels tell stories of spoken words fate,
Considering the vast history of all that is said:

"Life's noon, such a brilliant melancholy mood."
"The creator still gives the gift, so interesting this make!"
"Earthly boon, Heaven's pride in sweet solitude!"
"Fathom the emotion and depth he will take!"

With concerns, that logic spent true turns without a care,
Heaven molds thought not caught by a line.
A love lightly told, yet brightly burns through, to spare
Them the anguish to watch the maker's chosen shine.

Bard said, "Fear not
Unrecorded thought, of that in our brain.
All is regarded, acknowledged and caught!"
The Ethereal Plane.

Solitude

The seeds scatter against the wind,
Battered from the drop to earth.
Competition within the dank soil so intense,
Desperate thoughts dare not expose.

Unsprung the seedlings go,
Perhaps for their entire light's glow.
Only a sturdy few may bloom on earth,
Falling to the net below.

A drop of rain, a ray of light,
A bit of earth to take a chance.
To stop the pain and set their frayed will right,
That is all the seedlings may ask.

Unsprung the seedlings go,
Never to have wept their heart's content.
Never to have slept a full night's rest,
And awaken to a morning's sun.

Under this savagery a canopy is sprung,
Night and day and darkness are one.

Awakening

He sharply awakens to marching steps of a new day.
They are bringing a morning kiss from the one
That provides guidance against the trendy sun,
That sun that pretends it isn't cold beneath its bright ray,
Yet lets the chilly winds bully his limbs as he makes way.
The day was never as good as the way it had begun

This laborious first step, with a deep breath, is taken
Among large cars, rude alarms on their dizzy ways,
And, like a reluctant mouse evading death in a cruel maze,
The cars terrorize his will, which is already shaken,
By throttling puddles that thoughtlessly awaken
Him, and unglue him from his home's lucid haze.

His mind begins to awaken despite the sun's false ray.
Then a storm cloud grows. His timid legs run
But his socks are soaked before his march is done.
He tries not to pay attention to what those children can say,
But a full day is left, to his heavy heart's dismay.
The day was much longer once it had begun

When home bound alone, sensations begin to grow
With a slow beat, as the gravel grits and plays,
Like nervous teeth, sounding different in strange ways.
While the leopard skin patterns of the sun spinning slow,
Like cascading rain, through the tree boughs glow.
He hopes this awakening is just a phase.

*This was the routine of his cement-slogging day,
Which shackled his two legs heavy until they felt like one,
But the moon, earth, and spinning sun
Were inconstant next to the warmth from his mother's ray
Which guided him to push on until he found a way.
The day is forgotten now that it's done.*

The Lost Decade

I lived the life of a modern hermit
I had a computer but not the Internet
I owned a television set
But didn't have cable
I watched only movies—
When asked 'don't you want to know what's going on?
Do you subscribe to only fiction?'
I said, no to both.
But beneath the yoke of a talk show Politician
You tell me who is watching fiction.

Fall Blazon

Come live with me and be my love,
The approaching storm clouds can spur
This once sprung trunk to plead above
To the rain's melodic nature.

Do sweet sounds sooth and prompt a brute?
The rain falls down in airy song
And soaks my core down to the root:
The rain is music that I long.

Mist and wind—like lips, reed and brass—
Compels the trees to sing and play.
A storm formed from falling soft mass
Can soil the earth in a day.

But sweet songs know a subtle score
On which all savage spirits feed.
O! Deceived fool! Take heed: Before
Storms roar, soft breezes lead.

Rain and wind can howl and trick
Erect things to fall beguiled;
Even so, savage souls still pick
This because rainfall is wild.

Over Confidence in the Mad Kettle Cooking

I

When writing becomes automatic
You will never blink lost,
Ideas will spring up, even sting like static,
Without a wink lost.
Writing is as physical as anything,
Like talking, only with your fingers,
Like a tendency to sing
You just do it by practicing.
Just do it and do it and do it
Until your fingers remember,
That is how you build ideas.
In every gesture an idea lingers
And one can always draw on that.

II

An idea has never been wrought
Without a gesture to complement the thought.
Conditioning your body to remember
Will fan the burning ember
Of the mad-kettle cooking.
Spend more time writing, less time looking.

III

Are you at a lost for words when you talk?
Then why do you suffer from writer's block?
It is because you have not spent enough physical effort
In the act of writing. Do not blurt
Sayings into a device!
Never use rhyming dictionaries!
These are vices
For uninspired mercenaries
Who work in absences of belief.
Through bodily stress, the mind finds relief.

IV

From the things we do, meaning is inferred.
Artists invent meaning hence.
Writers are not artists, they are carpenters of words.
Gestures are art. Writers hammer
Gestures into a sentence.
An artist creates, a writer works.
Divide singularity to reduce stammer.

To a Friend Who Fears Thirty

Let the Fear go! Let it be!
Your problem is that you peaked near perfectly.
Take it from me, a dumb-ass job is not a choice
But the lack there of...be happy your voice
Can sustain you in the wild dear friend!
I don't ever want to be a child again.
If you've done it once, why envy the past?
Your problem is that you run too fast.
The past is something you already own
And if you quit now, you quit alone.
I am not done fighting and giving.
I am not done loving and living.
I have twenty years of tales to be told;
I am swamped, and will be till the bell tolls.
So if the Fear has you on the floor curled,
Remember, Alexander wept after conquering the world.

Zero

There is nothing wrong crafting a stanza
From the past. It is not an easy task;
Every word must be chosen from a trance-
Like state, where the poet removes the mask
He wears and exposes himself to the glance
Of critical eyes in order to ask
Inward questions. Our poetic nature
Consolidates past, present, and future.

The moment is my symbol as Yeats
Championed the gyre, which is so cool
College was a time for my debates
On this matter, I let the blood pool
From my enemies and my mates
On this one; perhaps an insightful fool
But I cannot shake the need to know;
Time is a single moment, like zero.

Lyrics Whispered in the Dark

We speak less to increase tension...
My star, you still hold your first fan's attention.

Letters as smoke screen
Hide the guardian unseen.

We do not hear prayers that attend.
Lyrics whisper in the dark travel further than those penned.

Bullshit & Breakfast

I

Titties
Big
As Watermelons
Dribble Down
My chin.

II

Breakfast
Sits
Like a pine cone
In my ass.

III

Morning news
Scares
The shit out of me.

Oral Worship

When the worlds of poetry drop
To their knees and provide oral worship
To prodigy of my big pen,
I will let them for free.
I would reduce their ingenuity to a pile
Of Stone Age pebbles, if I could.

Heavy Light

Parables of light
Like angels in her hair.

Such heavy light
Amidst the air.

Sunny Days

Bright
Rays
At
Noon,
Driving
On
Night,

Leave
Until
Needing
Day.

Monday Morning Nose Dive

The pool below me sits,
Begging my face

To dive in deep
And erase the weekend.

The computer screen blinks,
My eyes are sore.

Pitter pats of keys
And monotony,

I should be working.
Writing amends the loss.

Good Again

When she needs someone to beat up,
She makes me a bad guy.

When the punch-bag has been wrung
I am good again.

Hold the Heart of Change and Color

Hold the heart of change and color!
The forest breaks the rising sun!
The filtered light sharpens
To a sparkling blade of color!

Afraid of the World

I would rather be a bad poet
Who engages the world,
Than an academic genius
Afraid of the world.
You have to take the grease
With the pizza.

Sexy Fiction (Song Lyrics)

Love tells a story in the form of friction.
Sweat mingles next, let's make a sexy fiction.
Dangerous with body language,
We're bound to go insane like the mad hatter
But without the strangeness
And senseless chatter
We've got business on a more personal matter.

Sweat then turns to heat
That speaks the language found between the sheets

Sometimes hungry is more important than healthy.
Writing makes me light through a glass wall's promise!

Life Becomes that Which is Given

About Death's touch? I knew not much,
What Life and Death the both had planned.
Too late grown smart, this foolish heart,
Now passing to Death's certain land.

I first took port, within the fort,
Of mind and limb, a virgin ship.
Before my flesh and Love can mesh
Death's closing in his iceberg grip.

This Soul has bore, the awful horror!
That Life to Death its price has told.
So as it stands, they'll shake their hands,
And then my flesh to Death is sold!
Where Love's soft light on Life shines cold!

I've been wronged by Liar Life!
Who whispered filth into my ears.
That I could take part in husband and wife
If this Soul would animate Life's dormant gears.

Oh Life! Too cruel! Not speaking of Death!
To court with Love then take it away.
This flesh is weak, bound to a breath,
Time eats flesh like night eating day.

And all along you knew full well
That Death and you were bosom kin!
Through you alone, with Love you sell,
The Soul to wade through mortal sin!

Life's love knew I would be gone
Before we could together be.
And left this Soul, Life's silly pawn,
Alone to wade Time's endless sea.

Sinking slow, a broken ship
That sailed Life's journey, alone.
Though Love let a few words slip
I will sink with Love's touch unknown.

This Soul is weary, my will to try
To find some far off happy sea.
My heart's hull, broke, this ship will die

With the drowning crew in me.

From deep within this Soul I think:
How quickly through this life can blink.
My heart strings tug of all unsaid
And all the hopes within my head.

When all I knew, a soft stone throw,
Within the Sea of Time sinks slow.
To what shores wash a fallen star?
My wisdom can't see that far.

Have I burnt enough to pass?
Starlight outlives the ball of gas.
When I die and I am gone,
I only hope my Life's Love lives on.

All Life to something will become.
This too I have been denied?
Unloved nor a lover to any one
Before my flesh has died.

I look to Life and see such beauty,
And I denied feaster in Death.
All I see will torment me
Till my dying breath.

Life becomes yet I have not
Knowing now that is my fate.
Thou Love smiled my flesh will rot
Oblivion again for me now waits.

Now in Death, approaching light,
I feel a sudden earthly calm.
Though I missed out on Love's height
I was aloud the chance to become.

I did not receive but I did succeed to become
Though not loved nor a lover...
For in this too strong world, so few become
One who loved another.

Though love was not given I gave,
Now my respite from this fierce fever
Life becomes that which is given
Again in Life I am a believer

Moments of Air

There is no more invasive feeling than giving up.

Be like the Seal

Stealing gulps of air

From the bottom of the pool.

Steal moments of air

Bobbing from the bottom of the pool.

Suisun Bay

Meditation is a duck floating
On Suisun Bay.
As the breeze swept over me
I thought of Shakespeare's
Seven Ages of Man.
I do not agree
With the Bard:
I am all in one.

A Spell I could Never Conjure

Failure is a form of perfection,
A spell I could never conjure.
I don't experience failure
I experience rejection;
And I have gotten good at it.
But a king of many gestures
Cannot grasp whether
A pig in the wild is just a bore?
Or am I always kidding?

The Bigger Idiot

The goal seems less
To grow than to prove
The bullshit of another.
High verse low, which
Is more legitimate?
We argue over who is the bigger idiot.
You can't be a part of my
Club, you are tainted.
I am current, you are dated,
I am the wielder of the secret power,
The unacknowledged legislator
Which makes you a slave
In my mind...so there,
Now I'm relevant.

Keep Kicking (Song Lyrics)

Are you keeping company with bad men?
You got less love when you're with them
You got too much good stuff, keep it tight,
Stay straight and narrow, set yourself right.

They got nothing to offer, but you to them
Got a whole world, don't share it with them
Less lose your lovely ness, you'll regret when it's gone
Cause you'll have nothing to sail on.

Don't drown baby keeping on kicking
Till something good catches up
You run too fast, who could keep up
With your pace, I know time is ticking

You don't want to be alone
But some of us ain't so fast
Throw a dog a bone
Don't pass on a good thing
I got no wheels, I only sing

So if your song can reach you
Maybe I have a vessel to be with you
And you don't have to wait for me
So turn it up, if you please
So we can be together.
Me with you don't get no better.

Don't drown baby keeping on kicking
Till something good catches up
You run too fast, who could keep up
With your pace, I know time is ticking

Song Lyrics

I guess I'm walking easy
It's no big matter

My big easy swagger
Walking cool breeze in the wind.
Swinging daggers
Side to side.

I'm walking easy as a cool breeze
A little laughter in my pride.
It's no big matter.

Who keeps it tight?
If you got it right it shows.
If you keep it light
Keep it tight down low

My big easy swagger
Walking cool breeze in the wind.
Swinging daggers
Side to side.
I'm walking easy as a cool breeze
A little laughter in my pride.
It's no big matter.

Staring across the packed sarcasm corralled
Many daring not to stray less being singled-out
Speaking in a mantra of ambiguity
I cannot agree, taking violence seriously,
Heavy with loss of all that might have been,
My body packed tight, staying down wind
We do not agree but we do not need to interact
Taking on gaunt posture, I hunt
There isn't enough here for the both of us.

Rice and Wheat in the hands
Of commoners is a good thing.
All modern inventions rely
On primordial machines.
Don't become great
Become what you should be.
Banish the illusions
We build upon.
Would you really kill your darling
To make others happy?
A vampire
Narcotic fed
Shimmering skinned ape?
Start from the beginning.
Put food on the table
For your family.
Provide for them,
Do not feed them to the wolf

Of your ego.
When someone turns the world
Into the jungle of the mind,
Wield a crude hand ax
And watch your progeny increase.
Art is your bow and arrow.
If you let them have that,
You're as good as dead.

Verse is Sexy

Verse is sexy,
There is something ugly in that;
I am hungry
Like a predatory cat

I'm not perfect though for many years
I perpetuated the fallacy for my peers
I've always been a little nuts
Only now I'm willing to spill my guts
I'm not powerful, I won't live forever,
But perhaps we can work together
As we always have,

I don't want anyone to get bored
Or feel that they are ignored
So I imply more than I mention
To keep people on their toes...
I've said too much, (I'm still hiding from foes).

I too can be warm and cuddly,
But for now, I mostly need a writing buddy.
I get lonely traversing the wild
Without another to help raise the child
Of my pen, my little prodigy
Made from my persistent odyssey
It is the job of a tribe
To divide
The labor of child rearing
So that we may stay peering
To the future unafraid
So that we may stay on the path laid
Down by us together long ago.
Only through friendship can this be so.
I shouldn't have to mention

That I'm always paying attention
It just isn't me
To paste my face
To myspace constantly

This is the only way to get to know
Someone... fun on the down-low
When bodies say hello

Life is full of contradiction,
Fools shout,
Sages listen,
Abandon what we know,
Stay the course,
Depict what we know
In slants of strange light,
Show remorse
Shoot to kill,
Be a sweet heart
Or a bitter little pill

But this here what we got,
This thing we do, nice and hot,
I can count on to deliver
the warmest shiver
Healthy pleasure,

The blossom of the moment is gone
By the echo of love lives on.

A kaleidoscope of color
Blooms when we engage each other

My good girl gone bad, my thoughts shattered,
I've gone mad like the mad hatter.
Do what you gotta do.
Project my words in front of you
Make a sexy fiction.

If we're still strangers our bodies say hello
I'm getting to know
You through a sexy friction.
Now potent with mental motion,
Ink got us linked in a sexy fiction.

Two sexy strangers on the dance floor
Hungry for fantasy, more sexy fiction.