



JOEFILES I: Continuing...

by
Joe Dimino

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QUOTE BOOK

"My life is measured in coffee spoons."

T.S. Elliot

"Life has a value only when it has something valuable as its object."

Hegel

"Death makes angels of us all and gives us wings where we once had shoulders as smooth as raven's claws."

Jim Morrison, 1974

"I know I'm an asshole, but at least I have style. That and charisma should last me awhile."

Jon Sweetwood, 1994

"Inspiration is medicine for the mind and body."

Joe Dimino, 1994

TIME I

I am as livid as the dew on the newly strewn morning,
father time follows to swallow the vapor.
There's no eluding the senseless figure.
No reason, no wonder..no time.
My lungs expand in hopes of my dreams.
I reach for the vision,
I taste the sweat, feel the blood pulsate,
I'm close, slow down..I..I..no.
Father time comes for yet another revisit.
Be gone you bigot, you racist, you sexist,
you waste my time and give me disdain for ignorance.
I see the vision again, the sweet smell,
It fills my blood and air, Ahhh...
Bliss cannot be replaced, so release me.
My shoes are lace, my hair is gone, but..no escape.
Run, run, run..Ignorance isn't cured that way.
Try educational baptism.
Bliss reborn.
The whirlwind comes to visit my soul.
It's no good, it won't work, I've tried.
I feel the warmth, the light is loud,
shine forth, 'cause all I got is that commodity.
Time, time, TIME, take me away...I fear no.

TIME II

Memories float by like fish on an empty sea,
I reach out to love them,

they are ambivalent.

Let me have this moment to relish,

The light is blinding.

I'm falling...Love is such a hard trip.

This time will pass me by,

Memories will be my template.

As I contemplate.

I LOVE HER, MOTHER earthly,

My woman, but I'm so shy.

Time, time, Time, ...

Don't deceive me...

I Love you so

BASEBALL...1994

The wind hums through the emptiness,
the seats echo a shrill echo of what could have been,
this is reality \$\$\$.

A golf ball here, a golf ball there, they laugh,
we wonder, the owners are ambiguous.

We are the victims, the kids...

If they only knew the real game I do,

it was pure, clean and....no money.

Three strikes, three months, its all the same,

THOSE LONELY FANS!!

What do they get,

A sportscaster to proclaim the fate,

Is it fair? Is it right? who cares?

It's obvious.

National pastime, well, pastime is right,

"Daddy, why is there no baseball?"

Hey MLB, you owe us sorely in '95,

if we show up.

Off season, forget autographs,

RESOLUTION, RESOLUTION, RESOLUTION,

I'll move on, and so will the next,

Get it right, don't do it again,

90 years is a long while,

rewrite that script, it's rotting.

P.S. You're welcome for the amenities you so greedily enjoy.

Think of the kids, until '95, I move on.

BASEBALL '94, ASTERISK*****

THE FAIR ONE

Where art thou in the coldest of nights,
the mist rises from the permeating breath.
The air encompasses the sweetness and sends it on.
I exalt my soul to the soothing of my heart.
melts with contentment.
A waterfall is but a smattering of the enrichment,
a third is what is needed,
the salt is replaced by sweetness.
Sweetness only attained by the calming of the storm.
Let me find a lonely mountain and meditate.
Let the birds float freely in the heavens above.
Who says you can't try to be free?
It is a basic premise,
I doubt Washington ever truly knew.
The 90's, Generation X, icon, icon, icon....
Push it all aside and smell the water,
that sweetness that the Gulls suspend above.
The world moves, the universe moves,
boundaries were made to be broken,
so they shall be pried.
Let freedom truly ring.
Malcom, Martin, Moody...You were the pioneers.
Let that freedom ring.
Capture the essence,
feel the power, like the scent of the honey suckle,
a sweet primavera morning.
Freedom..I think I hear you calling,
Don't give it up..NEVER GIVE IT UP!
Oh, the fair one of mine.

NEW FLOWERS

Tulips sprout in the barren grounds.

They surprise me with their sudden subtleties.

Their scent sends my mind to far off destinations.

Lovely as a tall cedar tree, it keeps sprouting its sweetness.

Warm brews of love fulfill my fantasies,

Ecstasy is again a reachable destiny.

Come sprout my way in times of fertile grounds,

that fresh aroma is a pleasant hope for the future.

New Flowers are the hope as the sun kisses the east.

FEAR

Hold off for this one moment
my nemesis and short-term companion.
Let me breath, let me smell the air,
GIVE ME A CHANCE!
Why is it you are not audible?
Wake Up! Listen to my cry,
I will conquer you.
Time, Time, Time...
That is all we have.
You hear me?
The bell will toll,
the animals will know,
atmospheric disturbances,
the stars wink at me eloquently.
You will know and then, and only then,
will you hear what I have been trying to tell you.
Yes, the sun will radiate,
you wait as I ponder.
I'm gaining, I feel it.
I can taste a smattering of the overwhelming,
Yes, I'm gaining, you feel it,
I know it.
She is our there as the red light clicks.
I knew all along, oh yes, you now know.

Where are You?

I think, I feel, I know,
but do I?
Do I feel, think, and know.
I visualize your that familiar smile and scent,
could my senses be that deceiving?
I hope, I fear, I understand.
Slowly, ever so slowly,
It's coming, why is it so difficult?
Do I really understand, or do I just want to?
It's out there, grab it, keep it.
I am told, "It's not that simple?"
Again, I revert into black.
I'm starting to become accostomed to that shade,
Will that one know, do they care.
That shouldn't be a concern, Where, where...
I'm grappling, take my hand..
WHERE ARE YOU?
Don't you love me?
Transcending into the subconscious,
maybe you are there,
your slipping...or are you.
I feel, think, and know,
that hidden question,
wait, wait, wait..
I know, false alarm.
Really, where are you?
I'm waiting...to see and smell.
For now.

THE BEST

He knew this world,
yes, he knew his family,
it was such an adult upbringing.
He fought, he struggled, he loved,
he touched so many.
Now you twinkle in the sky,
looking at me as I wonder what could have been.
Now you are ahead of this world.
You know love, I know love.
You fought that sickly hospital smell.
I understood only in a shallow shape,
You didn't ask for the fate,
You controlled it to the best of ability,
and my friend, you succeeded,
you still feel the love, wind, rain,
pain, sun, this world.
You harbor in my skin,
you moved then, now, and as far as the universe
transcends.
Yes, you did succeed,
You were a man,
and my best friend,
above all, Matt,
you were and are the best.

MEMORIES

Waves smack the coast of a suspecting sea,
I wonder what the unsuspecting day holds.
My thirst for knowledge presses on,
the present, past, and future meander.
Matt..If you could only see,
your happiness tickles my soul.
The pain is blinding,
mistakes, love, accomplishments,
templates that create the scrapbook of life.
Life adds up to these templates,
grab the pen and press on,
capture, seize, remember....
Existence..so essential, but not a guarantee.
One guarantee is memories, bitter & sweet.
Candy stores do tell much about the future.
Sweet, sour, long, short, expensive, inexpensive.
Let us venture onward, life is bliss.
Intricacy, meaning, depression...memories.

NOW

Spinning, tingling, Jigging--
where did all the madness originate.

I ponder the mystery.

My mind tickles with horror.

The earth rotates,
my mind stimulates,

Questions of a higher.

Einstein...the 90's would emulate.

Mother, father, FAMILY--

Life, life, where are you today--

Don't leave me alone.

Joke--Don't make me crack--

Now--Now is all that matters.

Come and contemplate with me.

Let the mind travel...

EMBRACE

Memories. Like a predator pouncing its prey.
I savor the thoughts and feelings.
They lie as footprints in my sandbox.
It was so sweet, bliss beyond belief.
Only for a moment did it last,
eternity will guide the sensation.
Don't leave me..I yearn for it.
Her nose itches..I laugh.
Just to think of her comforts me.
Love..that two way street.
I love to drive through that avenue.
Just hold me..and reassure me.
Time ticks, with the rhythm of my heart.
So sweet, yet so painful at the same time.
Come dance with me, lets sweep the mind.
Coalesce, embrace..remember.
The flight hasn't ended..turbulence.
I dream of a better day.
Realization beyond belief..I believe.
Come follow me, take my hand..No more PAIN
I savor, I feel , I realize..
It was only for a moment..but..
Lasted a lifetime..that one embrace. thanks.

LEAVE

A knock is heard ruminating around the room,
I go to answer the door, and it is a sweet vapor.

I embrace it, give it my heart, and accept it.
It receives, then contemplates the leave.

Sweet yet deceitful beings.
I love their intellect, but hate the sting.

I tremble to answer the door.
KNOCK-KNOCK...Idle is my stance.

I finally give in.
Maybe this time it will be different.

Tripping through my subconscious,
my mind escapes to the emerald bay,
could I always feel this way,
It is only a smattering on the pendulum.

Let us go forward a ways,
our minds crave that love and stimulation,
only a few can offer.

Excuse me, the door is vibrating.

I shake, dizziness, abstain..
I get up, and stand up for my thoughts,
NO..that's not the end..

It could be back, doesn't care.
I've moved, leave me be...

THE ROAD LESS REVERED

Winding around that cliff,
 smell the roses in the tunnel under the mantle.
It's mine, all mine..Or is it?
 Those feelings brush past me,
they kiss my spirit, they embrace my soul,
 baffle my brain, and sweat on my soul.
What could all this amount to?
 I wipe the dust off my sore eyes to find it.
That road, lonely, busy, windey.
 Let those feet grip its foundation.
Will that road ever know love.
 People come and go, they make fallacious wishes.
When do they ever learn.
 About that road, that old faithful...
Some roads are revered,
 some monuments are revered,
people can even feel the pelt.
 Who ever asked the faithful road.
The road of my heart.
 The smoke tickles my trachea,
the barley bombards my tummy.
 Give it to me one more time.
Maybe, just maybe I can wipe the dust away,
 stand straight and feel the surge...
Of that road..less revered.

EMPTINESS

It strikes suddenly or it lingers,
it has no taste, color, or smell.
A feeling, a sense, an enemy.
Where do you come from?
Why do you visit?
Don't you like vacation?
I relish at that time of absence.
My thoughts fly, I come to the edge..
I'm ready to jump to the other side,
come watch, come help, OH NO!
It has hit, vacation is over.
Pack your bags, its time to scrape to scum.
The chains are strong, the mind knows no impasse.
It is a difficult proposition..
Give me a minute, I got a scheme..What's this?
It's gone. I'm on the other side.
Where did it go..Vacation possibly.
I am eternal on the other side.
Inner freedom is achieved.
No use in hiding, hey baby I'm on the other side.
This is my home..until the vacation ends.

SOMEHOW

Lay a Kiss on my feather pillow,
let the scent send me into cresting.
The wind yearns for comfort...
The sun squeezed the mantle,
the rain strangles the soul.
Tears sprinkle my senses.
SOMEhow those familiar forces will enhance all.

HOPES

I curl up into a nighttime melodrama,
I try to encode my nighttime residue,
my mind travels through a clear celestial dream,
let's journey to territory of needed exploration.
The tingling makes me remember another time.'
Commodities quantified.
A orphan tries to figure the future,
a couple argue to divorce.
The hopes of a generation.
Generation Z, my name for an unknown generation.
Lights, camera...SMILE.
Candid candor.
The peacock flashes his colors,
NBC is not the delight.
Freud slips into the future,
psychology contributes to the masses,
sociology entangles the retina,
take my hand and sing some Hendrix.
Memories, good and bad, soothe the memory.
High and low, hope predominate,
HOPES, no drag, resistance resists, come with me...

THE GROOVE

My turbulent trying seeks restitution,
T.V., taxes, travel...

The cycle is unceasing.

We all seek a more reverent future.

A blind vacuum sucks up the slime of yesterdays mistakes.

The blind man slides into the future.

The rusty knife in unearthed and soon forgotten.

Why is the madness such a satire.

Let the music pollute my memories.

I seek the womb of exuberation.

Come with me, the cut is a well.

The Groove...don't leave me yet--

STRANDS

Interwoven into strands of intricacies,
substance blends into substance.
Reality bleeds into the subconsciousness,
the rotation of the masses breeds order.
Enigmas tackle my jugular.
My breath is but a molecule.
Snap your piece of the piece.
Life is like a delectable dish,
grab your slice or it will evaporate.
The masses congregate for order,
minorities feel the power.
Show me a strong man and I'll contemplate a higher.
Breach of mind waves...
The strands have captured my emotional pool.

FLOWERS AND LIGHTS

The meandering bee seeks the nectar of the unsuspected,
the sweetness transposes into confusion.

I hop in my jalopy to coast the meadows,
nature brushes the teeth of my heart,
and flosses my soul.

Sensational buzzes of yesteryear,
the gates unload their grace.

The sheet music tattoos my sweat.
propaganda litters the mindwaves.

Say yes, retort no...Ambiguity.
Floweres and lights mime my future.

LOGIC

The brainwaves cut into the confusion,
 blood pulsates regions of the membranes.
Stones club the dunce of genius.
 The forehead spans the horizon.
Warriors feud political satires away from mothers.
 Clocks tick our fate into confusion,
smiles unveil the cherry of another cancer stick.
 Boxes litter the attic of my red filled soul.
Fire thrives of an apathetic mountain.
 Snow melts the melodrama of another hairlock.'
Unravel the brands of an anchient wheel.
 I dream another mindwave once abandoned.
Unceasing ignorance pelts the moneyless in the suburbs.
 Robots proclaim the fate of a motor churning the battery.
Take my soul and recycle the sludge.
 The red lever drops a sugar grain on the coast
a weary gatto licks the carnage of yesterdays flame
 the drip seeks the mimic of lesser roads
Logic stirs the brand of a stable wise and sensuous---

THE TERSE

The Terse is stealing my minds purse
I have a profound urge to curse the movement
A hears hugs the dead pavement of forgotten souls
One lonely woman churns the cream of stocked livestock
Sing me a hymn of the dove bird
My remembrances travels into the light and back
Another tobacco leaf wraps minutes into years
Inhale the colors of another spectrum
A paradigm of another unread volume
Check the thermostat of a frosty mingle
The Terse provided solace to the lonely dove

TODAY

Toss me another bone of one's content
 tell me a story to caress my old factory
tickle my pores with the song of poetry
 A smile inked on the paper of one's labor
The mystery of the known spurns mysteries of the unknown
 fireflies light the mink of my younger years
Wiffle ball bats whisper the innocence of prepubescence
 Snow me with another dream
Thoughts...and pulses pump the hemoglobin
 Ambivalent children aimlessly build sandcastles
Generations indulge in fresh old news
 New news...landmarks for the starving
Rough sticks beat the severity of flashing desires
 Animals ponder ignorance
Humans pounce intelligence
 Shoot me another tune worthy of discovery
A smile cracks the time line...
 I smile...Today.

THE PAGE

THESE ARE THE ONLY TWO PAGES OF THE BOOK

THEY ARE THE ONLY TWO PAGES OF THE BOOK

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THE BEST OF MANY WORLDS

Another mind transcribes facts unknown
Intelligence floats into gravity
Far off bodies strangle the depths of my mind webs
hours slip into minutes
Seconds float into days
prisoners wonder how the free meander
the free unappreciate the gift
Hop on the swing set and let the wind ride the young
Fire ticks the validity of dollars and cents
Business men participate in jousting
Children master jousting
Mud pies propel the masses into troughs
If the key turns the knob---
The knob uncorks the metal.
Italians hold the horses
Irish drink the residue of bliss
African-Americans blind strength with their compassion
Worlds clutter the earth
Forget the confusion
Enjoy the best of all worlds.

CONSTRUCTIVE

One man creates with the pen
another hammers out his masterpiece with tools
tricks of the trade run rampant in lit alleys.
Animals laugh at our antics
An author hammers into thoughts of a journey gone by
A scientist crinkles with the life of now
Take the soul of a brilliant
Ride the horiscope of falsed celestial truths
Kindergarten kick starts the child
College dillutes the knowledge of a glass half full
No help can cure the forgotten chances of hopes
Grab the rope of chances worthy of completion
Groping wise men cry over spilled milk
wise youths forget their worries and inspire the
populace
Why question what isn't worthy?
Pick up your weapon
Hammer away into another man's ideas
Stop, listen, whisper...
Animals sense the upcoming
Humans sense the serene
Whats left is what one can only create
the construction of an idea another generations dissing

CAPTURE

Let loose the bars that cloud my rainy heart
Come to the edge and release the blues
Ramble a tongue yearning thoughts of other minds
Let the kingdom maintain its hold on society
Robes drape raindrops into secretive tinkermments
Rainbows chase the birds of ignorant nations.
Phallacious pots of gold let the parables tick into tomorrow.
Tingle the electrical shocks of more beating hearts.
Globulars spin scientists into mind tingling journeys.
Put the chain back on the aimless bicycle.
Take off the bearings of a meaningless jalopy.
Turn the page of a rhythm worth caressing
Peel my skin into shades of new remembrances
Don't sneak me a lie
Lay it on thicker than oppressive CFC's
Control, Need, Desires--
Capture the lock on my heart and dissipate doubt

VALLEYS AND PEAKS

Explore the waves of a lonely shore
Soar the highs of meandering sonic youths
Magnanimous rocks crack the facade of a left wing jock
 Make me laugh at the absurdities of reality
Wet my eyes with the truths of love & loss
 Journeys litter the catbox of desires
Napkins clense the venom of oppressive tabletops
 Fire skips the molecules of a chill needy of explanation
A little girl wonders who embedded her irises
 A little boy articulate residue of a lonely woman
Saxes belt the heat of suffocating bars
 Ashes Ashes pokey pokey
Another miracle moves mankind a step further
 Ponder the rich waves of a poor man's discontent
Winter bleeds into summer
 Seasons ring feathered friends into contusive impulses
Hendrix, belt me an opposite B-side
 drugs drove the heap over the cliffs of demons
fruits of second harvests nurtures blending generations
 Sports of flee float into memiors
Angles crowd walls into mirrors
 Religion, Crime, Substance---
Valleys and peaks riddle the rhyme of fallen ashes

THE MED FLY

Click my click and lets drabble to class
Toss me a first aid course and I'll slober on it like a
lonely bone
Call be a broadcast boy and I'll shake your hand
Give me a scapple and I'll work my unmedical wonders
Ask me my educational level
Spit on my benign ability to wonder
Don't quantify my broadcasting knowledge
Accept the unaccepted
Drive down the lonely pebble road in a hot ambulance
School didn't teach you that, cry me a lonely river
Stick to the clique and flic my bic
I'll stick to the mike and make a floundering communication
kite
This is the nature of medicine
That is the nature of communicative wonders
You stick to you penicillin hall
I'll wander in my 90's civilization
We all buzz in harmonious flows
Dig into the corpse
Krank out a harmonic monotone
Get out the beige fly swater
The clique has arrived...med fly time.

The Diner Scene

Take another story of yesterdays hope
blanket a fear that covers a lie
Dream of childhood ecstasy
Fill the brim of another quenching beverage
Look up, opportunity could pass you by.
Fill your lungs with another pollutant
contemplate the next breath...
Strands of life interconnect in a common source
Blind the misery of another night that slips by
Pack another pack of discussion that tickles the
imagination
Fill the airwaves, pass the time
Tick, Tick, Tick..
Light up the cerebral with more thoughts
Today I relish in the bliss of a good day
Tomorrow I grieve of a forgotten dream
Capture the essence---Eyeball the environment
Scents capture the mouth into another set of dialogue
A waterfall leads to the well called the Diner Scene.

POETRY GOSPEL

File in and let's dissect the collective unconscious
Huddle around and part with reality
Speak in tongues, communicate a happy face in sign language.
What an inventive concept
Fill me to the threshold with another cup of
thought justice.
Worry of another concept in the cellar
Dispel a prose of heart felt poetry
My semblence mirrors those of my peers
I explore the inhabitants of one.
They delve into the desires of many.
Why question what is unanswerable?
Grab a chair
Light a memory
Make me speak
Can't capture enough of that Poetry Gospel.

my love

As sweet as syrup on a stack of depressive pancakes
Your love compels me to yearn for your touch
I love you presence like a cool spring day
Spin me another tune that sparks remembrances of your
sweet smile
Morning Afternoon Evening...I ponder your love
The motor hums a sweet symphonic melody
Your caressing is the death of my desires
My heart is in your envelope ready for express mail
In your heart lies my hand
Chains barrage my heart seeking restitution
Give me a moment for another loving embrace
The unknown encounter...I wish for it again.
We will be together again when the seagull squawks
and the tide rolls into another sunset.
Take my soul and complete a dream
I love you more that I'm allowed...my love.

SNIBLET

SPLISH SPLASH I'm remembering a moment...

SPLISH SPLASH I'm inking a moment...

NOW is all I recall

SPLISH SPLASH I accomplished my task...

Motivation for beyond.

STRAIGHT AHEAD

The windshield wipers scrape away the worriment of minstrels
My mind floats with the wonderment of happiness
The car remembers my home of yesteryear.
Follow me and smell the exhaust of precious dreams
The headlights dance in mesmerizing blitzes.
I wallow in the gratification of future dreams.
Grab the carousel and imagine far off vacation sites.
Tickle the brain and dream of that sweet touch.
Tomorrow will rekindle what I wanted long ago.
Trust my judgement and I'll flick you respectful
notions.
Methods to madness keep mobsters content.
Answers to riddles satisfy philosophers.
Happiness soothes the soul of the aspiring minutemen.
Read another four star story and synthesize the plot.
Drink a fifth and laugh at my name...
It's all the same...solving a puzzle.
Monotony, intricacies, distress..
Don't look side-to-side.
All my hopes and fears lie in the barren land of hope.
Straight Ahead

THE WISE

They meander in happiness without machines called delight.
No thought escapes without wonderment.
They hop on the shuttle and take another flight.
Their desires have no worry for development.
Take their hand and pick apart a book in the process
Ignorance provides an antidote for the fearful
Forget the doubtful and let the mind go out for recess
What diversity for the resentful.

Let the flowers sprout into shades of escapism
Hold onto the invisible plyers that complete the grip.
All they seek is a solution to sexism.
Pat their back...the Wise on another boastful trip.

EASY YET HARD

Punch the petal and adhere the destination.

So easy yet so hard.

Toss a lie and laugh at the honesty of it all.

So easy yet so hard.

Give me another bit of credible evidence...

So easy yet so hard.

Complete that education and smile to the sun drenched sky.

So easy yet so hard.

Tackle that invisible dream.

So easy yet so hard.

Pardon me, repair lies in a tool kit.

The heart know no boundaries to conceal its pain.

The wind chimes another bell rekindling childhood purity.

Come follow my path, and let the shedding begin.

I promise today, complete tomorrow, soothe yonder.

So easy yet so hard.

ONE more time, 1, 2, 3...

So easy...So hard.

INSTITUTIONS

Toss me a card and marvel at the uncanny abilities.

Congregations pray for our survival.

Another necessity in life, slavery courtesy of the bourgeoisie.

Praises blind the honest into another miracle.

Houses hold the foundation of that endless timeline.

Parents tell us how it was.

Hippies tell us how it should be,

I wonder what it all means.

Wrong, Right, rainy, cloudy...

The puzzle in the sky creates another observable mass.

Men fight for notoriety forgotten centuries later.

Laugh at my logic, cry at the truths.

All the chasms will equal another confused state.

Relish completes the dog, and satisfies the soul.

Enclose a glory worthy of exposure.

Toss me an apron and echo my name in the corridors.

Respect the honest, clothe the fears.

The same goal is achieved by many...life.

Don't buck my system, I just began.

Look at the line, examine the result,

I sign my life away and look up to the institution.

DISTRESS

Flick my cherry in the upside direction,

Cure my wanton desires.

Flak my black into solemn shapes

I love ignorance dressed in zebra subtities.

As I sit here, I reflect on the absurd

Distress Distress...Leave me now.

MAGIC

Rhythms move me into melodic memories,
simple movements imprint remembrances.

Grasp the note of a shuffled song.

Sonnets connect the interested into relationships.

Questions are necessities for the populace.

Odd happenings end in memorable existences.

No being can rapture that moment.

Magic...beauty in the eye of the beholder.

OBSCENITIES

Shout explicatives at me in bland darkness
Clinch my fist, ponder the peacock
I look through the spectrum into the sunlight
Catch a rabbit by the foot & stick it in your pocket.
Society ticks with the news of another murder
Rape, Incest, Molestation
Sickness that drives people into happiness
Questions worthy of research.
Worldwide animals have the privledge.
Grotesque images blend into unquestionable beauty.
Smattering of beauty are sifted to section E
Why do Baby Boomers wonder of creativity?
Bosses love management in numbers.
Perplexities web the feet of platypuses.
I dream of Normalcy.
Society wishes for another Tonya
You go figure...
Questions socrates would hemmorage over---
Obscenities---The great question of the 90's.

INNER PEACE

Feelings riddled with mysteries,
emotions felt without touch or taste.
Home sweet Home,
stick around for the closing act.
Pieces of the puzzle that lock into perfection,
no grappling for this time in space,
The peace of many makes the sands churn in the hour glass.
All realms of possibility,
the welcome mat is spotless,
spend the night, my love inside my soul.
that blissful Inner Peace...

TRAVELING MAN

Fly by me on the open highway clothed and content
Flick a butt out the window to remember the mantra of it
all.

Fill the tires with the sweet smell of motorized air.
Buy a souvenir & mount it on the conquered stand.

Snap a picture full of glory and past girlfriends,
Thou shalt not forget the beauty of the Land of the
Free.

Giving up is half the downfall.
Scrape the ice, shake the dusk--Carry on into the open
atmosphere.

Sunsets smile lands forseen.
Light up a capracious story to keep the masses on end.

Fill the mind with fresh octane and keep the fuel tank in
denial.
The expanse awaits hugs and desires.

The soul seeks for nourishment void of Vitamin C.
The road greets my touch once more

Again--It's what it's all for.
Pack the trunk, remember a youthful quest.

The road is waiting--traveling man satisfies the soul once
more.

BROKEN

Repair Shop--Repair Shop where are you in my madness?
why have you closed your doors letting my spirit fall?
All I seek is the reparation of needful things.
Items without a price tag--
No woman can mend the madness of the bleeding heart.
It requires the work of a higher.
The work from the inside out--
Desires fulfilled--smiling faces...
The repair shop flips the sign over for another successful day.

MEET ME IN VIRGINIA

The runway reflect the mirror of strange faces--

Pilots cruise to familiar destinations successful and
redundant.

I light the ignition of another amuse emotion.

Grab my hand while I pilot through the oppressive fumes.

The east reaches out to shake my hand at high speeds.

Coordination fails me on my malignant midwest jaunt--
States conquered--Landmarks revered--I'm on my way.

My ancestors smile with welcoming arms from Ellis.

Sorry Paizon--Another day I'll visit.

That faint tune buzzes in my right side.

The left side mulls over another psychoanalytic perplexity.

The tune won't fade upon the descension to my destination.

Virginia is on my mind--The land of the spectrum.

Blind real life--smell the sea--Meet me on the coast...

Meet me in Virginia.

DRUNK

Midnight owls whisper my name.

Flies spell my name in enigmatic devices.

All wonderment floods my pleasures.

Life turns into eternal beauty amid trauma.

Temporary bliss for the meandering man.

I smile on the crack of today,

and feel the florescent glory of a new day.

Let me know how the glory reflects.

Today is a day to revel in the mantra,

I love the entertainment of many.

Love is the goal of my ends,

Take the hands of the wise and dowse the beauty of many generations gone by.

I feel worthy of another toast...

I love this moment...Continued.

INSOMNIA

Psychologists mow over the hair of their brain in search of a solution--

Another morbid reality realized at the late A.M. hour.
Bloodshot eyes look at the crucifix for an answer.

Diagrams-charts-paradigms can't solve the riddle of the weary.

More vivarin in lieu of another uneventful adventure.

Medication won't cure the blues of the endless nighttime tune.

Turn the lights down low-Escape into neverworld--close the world off.

Another dream for the traveling man in search for the solution.

Cold Sweats Prescriptions Weariness

Elements thrown into a bold stew that provides no new hope.

Another day--Another prayer.

A solution floating in the vacuum of restful uneasiness.

Come to the other side & escape the intricacies.

Moths lerch onto the mothballs of uneventful evenings.

Wisemen turn into ignorant saps due to sleeplessness.

Pound the yellow brick road into nighttime mindwaves.

Relax into hypnagogic bliss.

The cure is here---The light comes on abruptly.

No cure for the unintended victim.

Insomnia--Leave them tonite.

SAND OF MY MIND

The turnstyle churns to another soul searching.

I run through the corridors as the mother robin
nurtures the fruit of her harvest.

My pain leads me to a must-win battle.

The ten headed dragon awaits with his friends,
No princess this time around--just Fear.

Flashing its ugliness in my role as David.

Armed with experience and mental deity,

I overcome a basic human feeling with ten heads.

The sun sets,

the west wind dies,

I wipe the sweat off my weary forehead.

Fear lies in the dust of yesterday's mistakes--

Goodnight...old encounter.

SITTING ON A BENCH

Time slides by like an old woman inking her way through a busy intersection.

No solace for the lonely lad seeking answers to simple questions.

I mourn, I remember--I smile upon the happiness afforded the broke college student.

Happy remembrances helps the time heal wonders.

Sadness causes madness beyond the Ticks...

Take a drag--Pull up a story--Escape into neverland.

It's all the same--A Chari--A Car--A Bed--The Lonely Bench.

Reach down into the crevice of unexplored matter.

Smile upon my reach.

Wink at my effort,

Help me enjoy this increment of Joy as I Sit on the bench & escape.

RAINY DAY

Drip..Drip..The faucet is jammed.
Call the plumber--Complete the plan.
Bicycles stop to drown in the silence.
Locomotion fear the unseen forces.
Nature lurches to the precious ticks of nourishment.
The masses clean the residue of failing sunniness.
One-to-One--Needing the plan.
Tomorrow Noah will have realized his end..
Today, I meander through the haze of yet another Rainy Day.

CATFISH JACK

Cast the reel--Tickle the worm.
Whiskers tantalize me to waking hour melodrama.
Women squabble over the smell,
Men spit beer on the surface of a tantalizing meal.
Greet Jack & send a warm fishing escapade.
Flies litter the surface of the home of the amphibians.
Gills tickle the thoughts of my wonderful dramamine.
Release the fury & tip the sap.
Explanation is held for circles of fools.
Complaining belongs in cosmopolotain.
Pull a chair up to the real gospel of men.
Toss Cat Jack a non-filter--
Ready one for a waterfall of hope.
Around the bin lies the unbiased answer.
Fly to the edge & let Catfish Jack talk his truth.

LOS ZAPATOS

There once was a boy who lived in a shoe,
He was feeling quite blue---
No. He wasn't a jew,
he had a dilemma over wanting to sniff glue.
The time came to where he had to choose.
He continued to feel blue,
then began to chew
many a residue,
never deciding what to do about the glue.

THE GAME

The wandering eyes pierce the corners of proven ground,
Mouths speak truths unidentified to the observer.
One more cloud added upon a horizon of confusion.
The ball is tossed into the court of Shakespears dunces
The truth refrains from the attention of the attentive.
Take a bite of the realness,
Smell the batter of fresh dreams,
heed to the call of the alarm clock,
the future waits for the headlong journeyman.
The truth is all that matters,
the empirical matter that advances the human race.
All the ingredients for a thought made from scratch.
"The Game" is such a foolish venture,
Actors belong on stage--
not in the realms of real dreams and desires.
Leave the ball on the ground,
exit stage left,
Blow a kiss,
whisper movements that enlighten,
the "real" game belongs to the few able to endure.

LOSS

Slip by me like a trailer on Highway 69
Wink fakeness that tugs my rope.
Spit obscenities through a wire fence.
Climb a 90 degree inclination naked and winking.
Fuck me again and whisper sweet lies.
Solidify confusion into another falsed story.
Time ticks into more confusion for the infant female.
Jokes tickle your mind waves,
You use human emotions like jacks on a humid afternoon.
Don't tinker with emotions driven by octane.
Leave alone the museum masterpiece for fear of another
disasterous domino effect.
Pierce my ear with another hope of your balloon filled
dream.
Coercive desires riddle your fallen.
You don't know whats in the dark.
You don't realize the Irises of truth.
Back into your smitten corner,
Leave me be---I have a scrapbook of that muff.
Loss Loss..I overcame them breezes.

GIVE & TAKE

Sociologists dig to the root of the brethren tree.

Delve into the isolation of age,

Psychologists do cartwheels over catscans &

rever a man professing the Penis Envy...

Scientists unlock truths already apparent

then squabble over unworthy ambiguities.

UFOlogists face fears the collective pouch denies.

Another abduction--Another discovery of the broken link

Hypochondriacs fill the IV with another spoonful of unwanted discipline.

Push aside the knowledge & speculation.

Reach into the pouch of fulfilled dreams &

fly high above an abandoned building brimming with need.

Give me a quarter and wink at my love...

Take my heart and wrap it with warmness.

The ages have succeeded in surrendering to the credo.

Give & Take---Until the sun rises in the east amidst the dew.

SILENCE

Air particles suffocate the pollution hitting the diameter.
My senses become attuned to philosophical wonders.
Preternatural activities become a reality,
within my imagination absent of volume.
Dreams---Hopes---Desires dance to silent tunes,
as an invisible feather tickles my soul.
Humans cease to pollute the lobes of thought.
Seeds are watered within my synapses.
Thoughts hop aboard
& reality becomes both myth and non-fiction.
As I sit and contemplate---
My ears take a rest.
Silence---Medicine for the mind and body.

RACISM IN AMERICA

Packs of whites try to hide in silhouettes.

They snicker in secret codes,
huddle in packs with raging contradictions.

Colors of red persecute their supposed freedom
& riddle the crosswords of their fake smiles.

I feel ashamed at times of the color my skin projects,
although I relish in the colors my soul projects.

Ignorance--For breakfast, lunch & dinner.
Hatred pumps their hemoglobin
& fuels their automobiles.

Martin Luther King--Malcom X--Langston Hughes--
Voices that see no color barrier,
come back and give me hope.

Erase the ignorance--
Humanity is the answer--

Love sheds doubt that envelopes the misery...
90's Racism in America...take a nap.

THE PARABLE

Mind your manners---

Chew your food---

Smile on today

Don't apologize tomorrow--

Judgment doesn't riddle my paradigm.

Treat entities with respect &
follow the ways of The Parable.

DAZED

Thoughts fly by at ungodly speeds,
they scrape my mind of intricacies I revel over.
Time traces the thoughts flying by &
creates more thoughts that create a crossword unsolvable.
I slip & stumble in search of a cure--
Laugh & Cry to the end my mind projects.
Mind waves struggle to stay on their jagged path as
caffeine stimulates the process all over again.
Movies project an image
Music imprints a way--
I encode & decode the pile into blinding speeds.
Slow the process,
Crack the madness--
Confusion can only last as long as the spirit will allow.

1,000 WAYS TO DIE

Forget the snip from the node--

Slip into the world of altered reality.

Suck a needle into a pressure point,

Travel at high speeds with poetic thoughts
on riskee conditions.

Russian Roulette...

Way's that sneak past the normality of regularness.

Reality yet repression.

There are ways to eat,

Ways to walk,

Ways to talk.

All honorable--Why think of death?

But, it is a necessary consciousness that slips the mind.

Thousands of people--

Thousands of births--

1,000 separate ways to kiss the fresh earth.

THE WEALTHY (GREEDY)

Beamers spell greedy impulses that equal lifelong dreams.
Books--Geniuses--Contextual Analyses propel the dream.
Greenery replaces the shrubs in the front yard.
Reachable dreams become a reality as
the struggling bugs crunch on the linoleum floor.
Pulsations of one life blend to another--
Souls continue their blinding path.
Weeds are chopped--
Pipes are unclogged
Another dreamer realizes that "American Dream".
Pulses & Tears spell "Wealthy" in the navy blue skyline.

CONTENT

Semis erase the blotter called "The Storm",
bumble bee's drop the nectar of a day's work
into my imaginative right side.

Rest subdues me in waking hours.

Love churns the thoughts that satisfy.

Spindles hop for joy,

ball bearings dash to align in harmony.

Sweet scents pour into my soul chamber

as life becomes an enjoyable jaunt.

No alcohol or stimulants kickstart the motor.

Life is headlong on the threshold.

Clutch my palm & profess what I already know.

Happiness stirs my stew,

Moments become folly &

reality is alive.

Contentment overtakes my heart rhythm.

CHRISTMAS

The big jolly man rides on into the myth,
the reality of this holiday is hazed in many ways.
Children relish in retail bliss,
parents toast to another year of merry cheer.
Pets laugh at the absurdity of it all.
Train Sets aim for refunds,
little girls are officially indoctrinated into the
patriarchal warfare as they nurture their dolls.
Ideologies, morals, laws, ways--
They all come for a day and leave for 364 more.
A day stamped with paradoxical implications.
So musing yet so perplexing.
The birth of the messiah,
the decoration of a pine tree,
the continuation of a fat man in a red suit.
The whole mix meant no sleep as a kid,
and continued laughter as an adult.
So enjoyable, and worthy of serious thought.
Keep the egg nogg full,
purchase extra batteries.
Don't forget the reasons for the cheer
at the end of the year...Christmas '94.

OLD FRIEND (NEMESIS)

I muse at the recurrence of our meetings.

Filled with fakeness by them,
well wishes...smiles I care not to see or hear.

I laugh and muse at the past.
Their lives, my life...Directions north & south.

Meetings I don't look forward to.
Nonetheless meetings that give me anger and amusements.

Times to look at the rusty knives in my back.
Logic is hazed in his book,

reality riddles my book.

The past is gone,
the present is penetrating.

The future is a thing of beauty.

Thoughts and loses pulsate.

I move on into the fading sunset
leaving the rusty knives on the side of the road.

Returned to the old friend (nemesis) of the past.
Good riddens...

THE SERMON

High upon the ledge called adrenaline.
Creatures of habitat shed old ways &
look at man's mistakes.
Religions war,
Freedom boomers smile,
Music blares into barren corridors.
Corruption steals the cradle once sacred
as moccasins mimic love & hate.
Ministers are lights guiding ways,
Blue collar workers are the survivors.
All breadths of life bleed into a unit.
The whole is home.
Acutely aware of this home...Mother Earth.
The show is about to begin,
all rise for The Sermon of many in this eternal world called home.

SEASONS

Outcasts-Cohorts-Partners

They revolve without human intervention.

They make the behaviors of all concrete.

Invent signs, times, & thoughts churning.

Continually imprinting all phases known
to humans-God-Celestial Bodies.

Reincarnation every rotation,

Sending a kiss of bliss,

or an oman in the closet.

It relies on the ingenuity of the individual---

Harps of the rotation creating gravity.

The changes that resist none...Seasons.

TRANSPORT

Carry me to the other side,
Don't be snide.

I look for you to abide &
give me a ride.

I love your mind--
So let me slide by your side &
remember the anger in you that has died.

All I want is for you to confide.
So come on out...no need to hide.

CHANGE

Seasons kiss my soul,
Snow melts in my bosom,
Swans whisper sweet love tunes.
I chew on the fruit of one man's bittersweet labor.
Children will come,
Old men will grow,
all have a time, place, and reason.
Reality is waiting to grip the reason
as nature ticks into other intervals.
Man moves,
Women groove,
Children slip into understanding &
Change continues to persist.

NIGHTTIME

Movements above make me think of the beauty.

That lovely image playing over in my mind.

I can smell your touch,

sense your desires.

The darkness of the sky is riddled with twinkling---

Giving me hope of love I envision.

Companions--Lovers--Friends.

Movements the night can enhance.

Dreams bottle up my anger in place

of letting all the realm search & explore.

I will never forget the one or those

that touch my soul & tickle it with honey & sugar.

Dig out that special hole---

Stay awhile.

Nighttime is near...

HAMMER AWAY

Don't let loose that childhood vision,
keep the wheel turning and continue the vision.

Hopes & desires lie naked & trusting
behind the corner of fear & angst.

Give me a quarter &
expect a boastful return.

Life will be the whirlwind of your escapades
only if the mind is willing to try.

So don't give up &
try a while.

Things in life are both natural & anguishing.

So get to the tool box &
choose your weapon.

You can't go wrong with a hammer,
always remember ham ham hammer away.

PATRIOTS

Shooting down visions of summertime blues,
creating sorrow in fall time dues.

Run to the store--Smile at the marketing blitz.
No store bought remedy can cure the unending churn
of ulcers that plague the happiness of all.

Wind up the mind,
hire a soldier,

Honor is to be won---

So let the Patriot grab his gun.

BALLOONS

Hopes of helium fly into the pale blue sky,
they dance in deceptive moves,
propelling me reach for the beauty unpossessed.
Hope one day,
Despair the next.
The blinding beauty equals to venom
in my capricious veins.
Enigmatic fools reach for the melodramatic images.
Refuse the corner,
Look over the shoulder,
Caress the light &
marvel at another balloon attempting a fool flight.

WINDOWS

As graduation dreams turn into butterfly worries,
I reach for what is real &
not only smell the caffeine bliss, but drink it.
Nothingness finds no home.
Wanton images cloud the circle of light.
I look into the crevice &
search for hope.
Finding my niche I bleed with might.
Resolution at hand,
Love in numbers,
My search & seizure has done me well.
The curtain has opened,
sunlight is my friend.
Move you oppressive hypochondriac.
The window releases my stigma filled soul.

TREES

Tentacles reach out ahead,
no more time is left for all I have bled,
a river of joy runs under my bed.
No time to think of the dead,
I'm on my feet & fear has fled.
One journey many has led---
Brings me through chronicles once read.
Time is halted, that is all that's to be said.

HARD EARNED

Arduous labor keeps the home content.

Blue collars collect pigment under the white sky.

Spoiled misers muse at my toils,

They grieve of the future &

waltz with mine.

Their riddles are secondary crosswords as

I figure theirs & delve into my own.

Engines hum,

residue collects,

the day greets me with a touch.

Punching the dunce of laid back desires---

I reach for the cup of life

as smiles cease to exist on the spoiled.

I know my goal in the end.

Do they?

Only wishing for the Hard Earned stamp.

SCANDALS

Trick Dick--JFK--Hanger 18

Enigmas making the American flag four colors.

Accepting Baby Boomers,
Rebellious X-ites.

The truth is a smattering in the scum.

A nation built on morals,
downward spirals that make the youth vomit.

The edge is near,
a car out of gear.

Turn to the boat cove &
switch the scenery.

All the processes begin with beauty &
end with madness.

A dichotomy rotting into shambles--

So, look in the mirror--
Do for the country &
look at the scandals overseas.

HIGHER EDUCATION

The pen moves into microsoft miracles--

Searching for the dream exclusively "American".
Skills professed and later remembered in Trivial Pursuit.

A joke & seriousness wrapped into a monotonous
ball bouncing incessantly.

Stacks of work & years recycled into one prominent paper.

Chancellors make snide remarks,
Teachers snicker,

The student rolls into half-ass luxury.

Listen to the voices of the wise yet regretful--

It only hurts for a little while--
That Higher Education floating in the mind.

ENTERTAINMENT

Come on football guy,
toss a touchdown--
Laugh at a miser dressed in a Mets uniform.
Congratulate a striking hockey player for their solidarity.
Eat--Drink--Breathe the lone staple--Basketball.
Sports mirror life,
Movies depict the sad reality.
Books tingle the intellectual cells &
virtual reality deconstructs intelligence.
Wipe away the paradoxes--
Laugh at the fools.
Marvel at the splendor,
Flick on the beauty & enjoy the entertainment.

INVISIBLE

Disturbances of sweet myrrh and frankincense.

The woman is as beautiful as nature allows,
so giving...

Her kiss tickles my toe nails &
infuses the sweet smell of life on cloud nine.

Her face is a vision of happy portraits &
her touch stirs the pasta of the past.

The future has a sun rising in the east--
as the past lets the setting sun sweep the west.

I look over my residue,
check the tranquility,
looking ahead to a package extending beyond normality.

Her touch infuses dreams in the attic--

Until the next time--

Inspire my soul with your mixture of invisible touches.

SURVIVAL

Load the van--Toss the children a bone.
Shuffle the food stamps & electrify the look.
One times One--Grasp the reality
Reach into the dark & sing me a hymn.
Those rocks pile into the shelter of poor.
Grocery stores profess the grace of need.
No rambling--No quams.
Slide the glide of a open stance.
Cut the blood of thick dreams.
Beg a thought needing simple language.
Close the shop & ramble to other destinations.
Dangle the meal of faithful arms.
The family smiles.
The homeless hoorah.
Come to courage
Survive in the tent of life.

THE BLOTTER & BEYOND

Continuous scratching helps the cold enter the chamber,
its alieness changes the temperature of my heart.
I ask the reason for the intrusion.

No answer...

Alteration is attempted as I walk in contemplation.

I bury the hatchets of yesteryear.

This intrusion wants to unearth the repression.

Battles ensue, I wobble into tomorrow.

Battles subside after a week and I climb into bed to rest.

Tomorrow I will get out the pick & shovel
aiming to return the past to its proper order.

That's all I need. Order in confusion.

Love in times of war,

Peace when possible.

Solace in the morning,

nourishment in the day,

contentment in the evening.

I walk in sunshine shadows.

The blotter has left as I move beyond...

DREAM WOMAN: HOLD THAT THOUGHT

Move that coffee can collecting the sweet drips of my unknown
love from the barched ceiling.

Empty the love into a tree looking for companionship
unseen.

Pour another cup of caffeine bliss & whisper more teenage
mishaps.

Weave me a basket to carry my love to & fro.

Dream of my touch with the passing barley in the empty bar on
the corner.

Caress your lips with the love I will soon send.

Hold your breath,

Make a wish,

Draw a mental image of the silhouette in the window--

My dreams riddle the crossword puzzle of your heart.

--Head down that lonely street in search of the Greek--

Change the lightbulb in the unawaiting alley.

I wait there fearless & searching with magnificent irises.

Let my welcoming sweep your away...

Wait in the alley,

Sweep the webs of my searching soul.

I'll be there when the cows cry for help.

Dream Woman--I'm around the corner under the lamp.

So hold that thought & escape into me.

PICTURE GARDEN

Snap a picture--Pinch a thought.

On the open stretch of electromagnetic electricity.

I squabble to a sensible ending.

Liquid pleasure blinds the desires of blind minds

Grab a flag and beautify my mind.

Scratch a moment in mnemonic memiors.

Grab the rake

Christen the hoe

Baptize the manure

Saturday morning has arrived.

Time to flick a scrapbook of workable arts.

A time for beauty flashing on a lonely honing.

Those images lurch me into the tunnel of bliss.

The garden is capturing my essence.

Click Click Click

Sweeping the land to find a Picture Garden in the soul.

ANXIETY...WASHED AWAY

The muddle of my worriment turns into a puddle of joy.

I twist and turn in my bed of desires
to realize the successful conquers of a day gone by.
Tomorrow will replenish my pool of dreams that
brim with desires and joy.

The future holds the key to my awaiting kingdom.

Throw me the key and unlock my imagination.
Jitterbugs with songs that make my soul rejoice.

I have hugged the breezes that have burned me so.
Downfalls lead to the river of hope.

I stumble, walk upright, and smile because I have
succeeded in a game bigger than athletic talk.
Trust my intuitions and stop the bleeding.

Tomorrow and hopes are only a heartbeat away...
Anxiety washed away in lieu of greater things in the kingdom.

TINY TIM

Tiny Tim showed his head,

Tiny Tim pretended he was dead.

The foolish man fled his plan,

and ended up like a sardine cooked in a pan.

Listen to the wise men.

Tiny Tim certainly wasn't a gem.

DIM LIGHT

My brain flickers into a crowded hall,

I try to avoid the inevitable fall.

Ghosts roam barren nerve endings only to find mirrors
reflecting their tending.

The past rings a bell that inches me past repression.

I devour the pie of battles against fear.

The tunnel offers a feast of redemption.

The brightness lights the dim room

of lonely dim chambers.

Old friends leave and new neighbors crack the cork.

My mind is made up---

I'm no more a pup.

EMBARK

The journey has just begun.

Rains have swept the land,
the sun kisses the east amid the early summer dew.
Destinations only create visions of more beauty.

The past-present & future fuse into one.
All semblance of reality becomes jaded.

Ways become rituals.

Life is an everlasting journey to find one's self.

From sea to shining sea,
One constant remains...

The search for one on that endless journey.

SECRETS

Sneak a fib,
punch the truth,
whisper the way it is.
Ignorance is the bliss of fools.
Wise men wonder dazed.
Let me wonder in folly and encode
the sweet ways of secrets suffocating my thoughts.

NIGH

Nigh Nigh I wanna fly,
Nigh Nigh let me by,
Nigh Nigh I have gotta try.

REVOLUTION

Red glares speak death for the nation.

Baby's cry primal screams in mesmerizing confusion.

Young lads act out war games

Pretty teenage blonds plot relationship deception.

From private to public, madness runs rampant.

Run Willy run--

The world has gone utterly mad!

Wrongdoing-Sorcery & Evil work in the bottom of soup cans.

Beauty masquerades in blatant whites.

Take the smoke &

slip into otherworld.

A simple smirk

turns into a skirmish in the desert.

Cease the run--

Turn to the sludge &

Kiss it good-bye.

The mind can work miracles in Revolutionland.

ONE

Episodes dance in coherent segments,
they create the puzzle called life.

From city to city,
state to state,

nation to nation--

A common bond glues us in the heart.

Confusion spells demise for the non-believer &
healing is needed by all.

I search & stumble through my segments making sense
of all my frivolous travels.

From young to old folks, one thing is for certain---

Everyone is getting old all the time.

Time is a commodity--

Worrying & Ignorance holds no value.

Educate the mind--Erase fear &

bond with the common cause.

Gel into One.

BOLD ITALIAN

The sun greets the west as the dew leaves the land in the
mother of all countries, "Old Country".

Crack the garlic clove,
stir the pot of American-Italian delight,
Paizons gather for a common purpose,
rekindle the past & regret the opportunities afforded.

Pull up a chair, light the cigar &
toss lines to Italian classics. *my old factory.*

Pavarati screams in one ear,
my grandmother warns me in another,
that Italian flavor is all I need. *my old factory.*

My blood pulsate with the glory, *my old factory.*
and my heart smiles with content.

From one border to another, the bold Italian moves on.

NIRVANA

Flying along in a sky blue cascade field,
Pleasantries litter my tentacles.
Along for the ride,
patrons clap with glee.
Love is in,
Hate is away.
Gray sky's go into easterly breezes
as the scents of rosemary vacation in my old factory.
Hop on the bicycle,
let the mind float
Day's become years on a ride to completeness.
Clapping fuels my locomotion as dove's spell warmth in the sky.
Forget the mishaps...
All is forgiven as the seat belt clicks
on the ride to Nirvanaville.

OPENINGS

Come to my window,
curse the door.

My heart fly's with life

& kisses the fresh day.

Lift the chamber

& open up the lantern.

Thoughts and Meanings fly in blinding relays.

Believe in the truth

& grab my hand on the other side.

College is the prelude while

High School knowledge is chastised.

Gather all your experiences & bag them up.

Buckle down & enjoy productiveness.

Windows are choices pelting my path.

CRAZY HAPPY PEOPLE

Webs of truth line the domain of the happy headhunters.

Smiling here
waving there---

They wallow in their happiness with crazed looks
riddling those they encounter.

Their cars smile with sweet hums,

Their dreams glow with eternal

light as the dark encompasses their mind.

Lights through the fog,

Watchtowers in the world.

These happy, yet crazy people hippidy hop

in chronic groups.

Detesting few,

respecting all...

Their nature enhances the nature of the world.

Swimming through the layers of love inside

they come to a reasonable conclusion to the race(s)---

Stupid yet satisfactory.

Tolerance for humans is a thing of beauty.

Each day is a new conquest for the Crazy Happy.

Each person is a prized destination.

Extending barriers,

kissing the mistakes of yesterday---

Hope & Ritual remain cornerstones for the

Crazy Happy souls of the world.

PRESSURE

Squeezing my soul,
 crunching my brain--
I cope with the relentless carnivore in my brain.
 Attempting to eat at my mind & soul.

It's give & take for this
enemy and friend.

 The enemy rekindles the past---
Reopens fear &

 makes my soul stir counterclockwise.
My friend helps me to accomplish beyond normalcy--
 Content feelings without price tags.

Enhancement in my movement of self-actualization.

 Pressure in the atmosphere can cause sudden death &
 accumulating pressure at home can lead to inevitable death.
An invisible entity eating at all---

 It Lingers

 Loves

 &

 Hates.

The common bond that dances in both
the light & dark propels the human race.

 Grip the friend,
rebuke the enemy--

 Pressure Where are you tonite?
I yearn for you so....

U.S.A

Crime
Peace
Punishment
Love
Deceit
Embezzlement
Death
Birth
Lies
Life
America...

THE UNITED STATES-Trudging through the
sludge in the tulip patch.

RIGHTEOUSNESS

Come to the edge,
kiss the pale blue sky.
Smile on my mixture &
leave me in harmony.
Love conquers all,
belief heals the mess.
Present meaning on a warm heated plate.
Visions of dreams twist into truth.
Unravel the truth &
marvel at reality.
Force--Murder--Incest
Slap society.
Come to the other side
and tell me my vices-virtues & deeds.
Spill the magic,
laugh at logic.
Tomorrow is the solution.
Today is frolic.
Evil be gone---
Listen to my cry.
Righteousness is beautiful.

WEARY

The winding road searches for an end
to the restless heartbeat.

The motel of my heart says "Do Not Disturb".
My thoughts trick me into more waking hour bliss
as another red vein tattoo's my wandering eyeball.

Tomorrow is only just a shut eye away.
Today lingers into infamy.

Slam the door,
Turn up the heat,
Dreamweavers get out their translucent yarn...
Darkness Prevails---

FORWARD ON

Into the dark,
 resisting the dusk.
Plates of plutonium line my skin.
 Lines of love pulsate the feel.
In the dark things must pass,
 Joy is eternal,
all is real.
 Motions rest, people roll, constant motion.
In the murkiness exists the truth.
 Heart or lack of,
Decisions depending on the soul.
 Grab on before the destination ends &
 don't look back.
The motto still remains...Forward On my friend.

DEATH

Bit-by-Bit,
 slow entities.
Searching the soul
 Presenting reality---
Vacation is a must.
 Life is my avenue.
Matt. Save me.

