

“Pharmacy Dumpster Diver”

I got a post it
In the mail yesterday
From a woman I told to
Get away
Because I have obligations,
And things to do

I sit here,
Chicken shit scared,
It's the drugs that get me, man
It's the drugs that got me, maimed
It's really too bad they're not mine,
But who they belong to,
I'll leave unnamed

I got a woman
With a history of being rash, and irrational
I got a heart full of bitterness,
And a viciousness that's 10 miles wide
I got a sad story
But I'll keep it to myself,
For the rest of the ride

I got a cigarette in hand
And a fantasy
Of coffee with you,
When we all grow up,
And get out of the lives,
We're born into

I got a record full of
"For the records"
But the good shit
That gets down deep under your finger nails
And burrows its way into
Yellow nicotine tipped fingers
Might as well be lies
Like that beautiful song
That's chopped up into
Tunes
Coming from
Strings
We didn't even know we had
Played with your little finger
Gently, and pitiful

But I'm a weak woman
With a history
Of popping pills,
And drinking Nyquil,
Becoming docile
To understand

He said he does pharmacy dumpster dives,
Fuck food,
Go for the codeine and morphine,
Told us he had a wife
Somewhere in this great land of ours
That he came down

From Detroit
And he quit heroin
In 1980
Told us
You can't kill a corpse
He said that he favored PCP, wet
He
Shook shook shook
His head,
Had to get to the liquor store
Before god's day
Seeing as
The clock was coming around to
4, and a
Shake shake shake
Can't wake up without that shit
Gotta go, pop a top,
Down the drain,
Until the buzzing stops

“Here’s To:”

There’s an orange glow
Over my neighbors home
The city leaves a constant light
That stretches 60 miles wide
The headlights peering in
Through my open window
Make me less alone
When dawn comes
At least I’ll find solitude
In the yellow

The daylight beams down on my skin
Making me tan or sun burnt
I’m pretending I’m walking that strip of road that crosses America
And the only place left to go is ahead,
I could go anywhere, really

And here's to the lone star who shelters all these lonely women
Who are held by wet leaves, dry tears, and new scars
Here’s to whoever you think you are
Before you realize you're the last one left in the bar,
And you have no quarters to put in the juke box,
And no song to sing you home

Here’s to never finding what you're looking for

Here’s to being up all night and learning to live with your decisions,
Here’s to 4 am and not knowing anyone well enough to call

Here's to the disconnected phone lines
Of the ones you finally realized
You loved all along

Here's to the wish i made on every star up there,
Every prayer,
Here's to it not coming true

Here's to every inner pessimist,
With a smile and good nature

Here's to every mother who raised selfish daughters,
Here's to every photograph taken before they became wild, and crazy, and out of control,
Here's to every valium you hid under your pillow,
Before you clenched your cross,
Said your prayers,
And elapsed into sleep somehow

Here's to your wasted youth,
And the drinks you made,
And drank in the solitude of your bedroom

Here's to being young and wise beyond your years,
Here's to playing dumb because it's easier to be hopeful and stupid

Here's to closing your eyes,
Turning out the light,
And saying good night,
To yourself

“The Drawing Board”

I've only kept a few things
In between every place I've been
And Home
The search for paradise
Is a long circle back to square one
Souls are a compilation of
“Back to the drawing board”
For what you always believe is the last time
Hope is a song you sing along to
From point A to B
There are so many obstacles between shore and sea
So many things you forgot to factor into the equation
You intended to be so many people
Before you found out you're just you...
Still confused, and struggling with the truth

“Janis and Bobby McGee”

We took some X tabs before we left Houston
Instead of rolling I was dreaming while I was awake
When the sun set I slipped away

In the car you played guitar
And I sang along about Janis and Bobby McGee
I remembered sitting in bed with you
Watching you strum those strings
With your voice in my ear
I shed a tear
Cause I felt like you wrote that song for me

About 2 miles off 183
We parked the car under some forest trees
I held your back against my chest
Felt you breathe
Rested my hand underneath your breast
And felt your heart beat

We walked down an Austin street
Our poor boy feet avoiding glass shards
Over the past week I found out who you are,
And I think you found out about me

For a second we were alone
In San Antone
And you pulled your bandana over your eyes
And I saw you cry
For the first time,

And that's when I realized

I did all this

Just so I'd be ready to let you go,

I did all this just to know

You'd come back to me

'Cause you know time has never been on our side

Neither of us ever got our timing right

This is her time, not mine

And I'm crying, but I understand

I'll miss you, but I'll see you again

“Ode to Eisenhower”

Deep in a jungle
Surrounded by KB homes
is a man who used to run
The Houston Radio Show
And he was charming
And candid
And it was refreshing in the 80s
When the economy was thriving
And cocaine had just reintroduced itself to the scene
And self proclaimed chemists were in their basement laboratories
Cooking up the love machine
Otherwise known as ecstasy
And in the Midwestern states
House wives were hooked on methamphetamines
And in New York City
Fashion models
were undercover junkies
Becoming what would soon be
Tastefully skinny
And in New Orleans beat nicks
Were reminiscing in the turbulent 60s
And their offspring were growing up without the Grateful Dead
Aspiring to be doctors and lawyers
The cause had long since gone
And corporate America had thrown
Humility out of the question
Now bible thumpers are thumping their feet
To Jesus freak music in their
Mini SUVs

And tools are multi tasking between personalities
In their Hummer H3s
And the new generation is strung out on distressed jeans
And MP3s
And the Weathermen are still underground in Los Angeles
They're still killing for oil in the Middle East
Diplomats are still waving their white flags
And America shows no sign of release
Columbian drug smugglers are still taking advantage of South American poverty
Now Mexicans have to tunnel underground to get into this shithole of a country
FEMAs still making empty promises
And apparently Dish TV is delivering
The disease is spreading over the Canadian border
There are more killings in Montreal than ever
The constitution is still screaming free speech while the government is tapping our phone lines,
monitoring our emails
The only safe place is between your sheets
And the FBI is still hunting down "Domestic Terrorists"
Who are just fed up people, like you and me
Now Sand Niggers are the new Gooks
And Iraq is the new Vietnam
Eisenhower was right all along
It was the summer of 45 when Truman dropped the bomb
After Japan surrendered
A facade of justice
Disguising sadism at its worst
One nation under God, cursed

“No Ode to You”

I’m a thoughtful masochist

A sadist also

Well disguised

I’m a self admiring voyeur

A lot like an out of body experience

You should try it sometime

I’m an improve actor

A lot like reaction

But a melodrama is a lot less

Emotionally magnifying

I’ve been riding around with no hands

“Look at me, see”

I am the master of everything

The jack of all trades

The least expendable of them all

Watch this cock strut

With my photograph on the wall

And every tear

Is a Shakespearian tragedy

Every word sparkles with poetic majesty

A spectrum of 3 syllable adverbs

Cause I’m too chicken shit to write my message legibly

And with me it’s always allegedly

And hypothetically speaking

Cut the shit

And get to the chase already

With every woman I have left behind
I have left no reason or rhyme
No "Ode to You" in my poetry book
No forward address
No second chance
Because you never had a chance in the first place
I don't wish you the best

And I pull away
Tom Petty and his band
Harmonizing heartbreak
For God's sake
Or for the sake of forgetting

Another bar
In another Ghost Town
Another round for the soulless
Another drunken prayer for the hopeless
Another motel room
And another rendezvous
With Janelle, or is it, Susie Q.?
The graveyard waitress

“More Than a Feeling”

I watched your silhouette streak across the field
Your hair bounced against the moon's glow
You kicked up dew,
And it trailed behind you
And I closed my eyes
Raised my head so my chin faced the sky
I clenched my teeth and I cursed this lonely feeling
I miss you already

I was frozen there
In time and space
At this precise intersection of
Longitude meets latitude
Where X
Kisses Why

I frowned my face into
An upside down U
And felt my lips begin to quiver
My vision became a perfect 20/40
As my eyes glazed over with tears

It's like that song you used to sing to me
Back in '06
Month 2 or 3
It's more than a feeling
When I hear that old song they used to play
And I begin dreaming
As I see my Mary Anne walking away

“Waiting For the Tram”

The sky was as maximized as it could be
She stood waiting for the tram to arrive
She could go home or go on
Or just let the doors close on the opportunity
And stand still waiting
She paused her thoughts for a moment
And thought back to an open fire
Thought further back to an open casket
Thought harder this time
To remember a moment
That was effortless in its beauty
She could think of none
She reviewed the facts
Did the math
Her calculations weren't exact
But they were close enough
Though her heart longed
For the familiar path
Leading to the stoop
She grew up on
First trucks following chalk lines
Then a kiss
And what came after that
Then resort to her bedroom
To journal and
Reflect on the day
To journal and
Come up with a cause

Something to live

And die for

With this thought the northern girl

Decided she'd best head deeper south,

The search for yourself

She knew, in some distant way

Would not always yield the comfiest of feelings

“Dear Peggy”

It was a sideways march
To the old town motel
Where Peggy stayed in her pink robe
and hung up her sun dress
It wasn't that far ago
When you were mine

I brought myself to call you, finally
But your line was disconnected
In a flurry of fury about the past
I stomped over to your development
There was an eviction letter taped to your door
And at first glance I was glad
Then realized I may never see you again
I am so self involved and selfish

We made a child together in the month of May
You aborted her and walked along the highway
You were brave and unafraid
And I was me,
With a colorful tongue,
Scared, and a shade of gray

Every time you leave I know it's gonna happen
Before you put one foot out the door
And wave with an angsty posture, and a bitter grin
And every time I know you may never come back again
But I feel my muscles relax
I know everything is going to change

With you, nothing ever stays the same
You are as unpredictable, and invisible as the wind
But you are my muse,
And I can't help but take you back time and time again
And when you leave it's like crashing into the ocean
And each time I have to re learn how to swim
I am destined to wait for you
Because I need you to fly
I am nobody without you
Wish I knew why

“Free Write”

I can smell the donuts baking around the corner
5 am and the days getting started
Of course, it's almost bed time for me
But I got a couple things to do before I can find sleep
I've had a long night awake
Glued to the tube and pounding these keys
I always wondered if insects sleep
I learned in rehab from a guy in the military
That after 12 days without sleep the human mind begins to shut down
But we all know it only takes 48 hours to make the mind less lucid
Then there are some who let vivid dreams haunt them
While their eyes are wide open
But their brain is fast asleep
Leaned back in your chair
Your eyelids fluttering
I spent only one day on the lam
And it stretched on forever
Like many other days, with no beginning, or end
But this one was different,
Unlike those others where I wake up at midnight and wonder why it's so dark at noon
This one began and ended every 5 minutes
A lifetime of experience per hour
Rushing light-years ahead of those walking past me
I am just a blur in your peripheral vision
Red, white, and blue
Free of stars
All the things you leave behind
With just the swishing of cars
In the distance

The resistance has been building
Since 1964
Then in 84 Orwell re-lit the flame
And mankind burns on
Dares to fathom a predetermined existence
Prehystoria is laughing
Somewhere in history
And a book slams shut
After you solve the mystery
You can hear the church bells ringing
Out of the corner of your ear
And in a corner, in an easy chair
Rocking back and forth, is me
Pretending I am sound asleep
Only so that I can hear you breathe
As if no one is listening

“From Our Sins”

I followed you past the brook we played in as kids
I felt my spine tingle and goose bumps cover my skin
We stepped into those woods we got stoned in
When we were in high school
If only forever was infinite
I would find myself swimming inside you

Then I closed my eyes
Walked like I was blindfolded
So much of life is spent on the tight rope

And I will never forget those things we don't speak of
What tightens my throat and constricts my bowels
That white powder that held us hostage for so much of our lives
I will never speak of those fleeting feelings of panic that rupture my gut
Send me home, homesick still
But the images flutter behind my eyelids even since they've long gone away
But the acoustic guitar tells me this pain was made for folk music
The kind you sing along while the band plays

And I close my eyes
And I hope that the darkness will drown out the light
So much is obvious in the sunshine
There is so much left to be processed
I've only begun
So many documents left to sift through
I begged God to release me from my sins

But instead I get lost in the music

We all long to be famous
And leave behind the lies we told
Or maybe be able to revel in the hearts we broke
But it's a mentality
And a lonely one

“The Worst Kind of Dream”

Used to spend my nights with the girl next door
Shoot stars across the floor
Acid will do that
Used to party 'till the sun rose
Then crawl into her bed for a morning rest
She said I was the best boy in town for her
But since I'm not a boy, that's not the point
I felt whole hearted on those drunken nights
Sitting in her formal living room alone
A 40 between my split legs
I'd watch her guests float through the house
It was just me and narcolepsy,
A dance with Alice in Wonderland,
She was the mad hatter,
I was the dormouse
I'd watch her perform party favors
A staggering mess across the room
I'd feel my eyes shift beneath their lids
I had no idea the truths I'd learned on those eves
The regulars reveling in pleasure, or pain
Nameless, but part of the scenery
I was a house plant,
The loveliest kind
From Venus sent to trap flies
With right to spit on the wall flowers
I'd chew my fingers as my heart raced
I'd feel a sudden rush of heat across my skin
I'd immerse myself in the bath tub in her mother's room
Never mind the kids coming in and out

To use the can
Sometimes I feel like my life
Is bits and pieces of REM cycles
Prime examples,
Of the worst kind of dream

“North Star”

It's a long way down
From the sky of self image
It's a long way down
From the pedestal of unforgiving

Years go by
And promises seem made to be broken
Ties were bound
And unwoven
And you've been screaming lost and found
In the school yard with the your good intentions
Pretending its dementia
Not recollection
Collecting good marks
For the actors convention

Now you're calling me
The best invention since
Shock therapy
I'm recalling midnight walks home
Under the humid Houston moon
And it's the same old story
You came too late or too soon
Now you say you're sorry
When maybe it's me who should be sorry to you
There's no use in pretending anymore
We've already exposed our best suits
And they call me beautiful
But I'm just high cheek bones

And stories of a wasted youth
Articulated into a formula
With a chemistry that's fool proof

And I tell my wish to the North Star
On nights as cloudy as this
Where its just me and him
Kicked back
Getting stoned
Voicing childhood memories
That aren't so childish
Chilling me to the bone
And I'm day dreaming against a midnight sky
And I'm tired and tried
And I'm wishing I was home
But I guess you never really miss anything
Until it's gone, and you're alone
The song still echoes in my head
Though it's long since ended
Here's an open ended answer
To an open ended question
I'll pray for the lost girl
Who strived for perfection
It turns out that way sometimes,
Probably more often than you think
When the last drink
And the last bar
And the last moonlit stroll home
Were not as long
As you hoped they would be

“Desert Snow”

I walked along the shoulder of the road
I was looking for paradise
Or maybe a heart of gold
Maybe it would have easier
To give up
And go home
But I'm looking for the Promised Land
And I've got plenty of time to roam

I climbed over the barb wire fence
Separating your house
From your neighbors home
And I cut across his lawn
Shared a knowing look
With his garden nomb
And the December wind would have stopped me
Had I not been more than skin and bones
My heart is just an organ, but my soul is made of hope

The desert snow glowed in the moonlight
Each flake putting on an iridescent show
In the desert snow
Who you think you are,
What you think you know,
Gets lost between your brain
And your skull

I looked to the stars
And they blinked at me

Twinkled with a reflection
As endless as the sea
As endless as the space
Inevitably beneath me
As weightless as a young girl
Without a care in the world
And I closed my eyes
And imagined being free
Spread my arms
And pretended they were wings
Sang to myself
As if you were singing with me
And in that moment
All there was, was you
And in that hope
Optimism prevailed
Silence wasn't as scary as it seems
And it was as much if not softer
Than my wildest dreams

I am searching my face
For some kind of reaction
I'm looking for some kind of connection
Between me and the skin in the reflection
I close my eyes
Squeeze them shut tight
Remember what it felt like
When you said good night to me
Remember pulling out of the drive
And reminding myself to remember

Every moment that passes by
And here I am
Dead in the center of why
And underneath my eyelids
Underneath my eyes
I'm running my fingers
Over the outline of your face
I'm struggling to remember what you smell like
What it feels like
To feel safe
My tear ducts are dripping
My salty heart into the sink
I blink
And all of the sudden you are just a dream
The best dream I ever had in my life
The best dream...
That still takes me by surprise

“Lovey Dovey Mania Poem”

Make a wish

Blow your dandelion fuzz into my face

Grace me with your everlasting grace

And give me just one more chance cause I think I faked it last time

Okay, lets close our eyes

And count to ten

And put our hands over our eyelids

And pretend that we're someplace beautiful

Let's go to Italy and realign our souls or something

Let's remake that pact a dozen times

Let's go back to the past and play rhyming games

On the long drives to and from Hell

It's always so unfortunate how literal I tend to be

Dance with me like you're 14 and naked in front of the mirror

Let's laugh like little girls

And forget to breathe

Show me that move again

Your 80s dance

Where you put your hands above your head

Make love to me

Let's lie in bed and pretend there's shooting stars across the ceiling

Let's get stoned and revel in our idealism

Let's leave the real world behind, just for tonight

Just for tonight

Ride this hope out

Till the bitter end

“Green Grass and High Tides Forever”

Born to a drunken father
And a mother working two jobs to survive
She found her way to Interstate 84
Where the cars sped by
She stuck her thumb in the air
As she walked through the weeds
Can't nobody tell me
What I wasn't born to be

She learned back in '85
That there is no green grass and hide tides forever
When she told her daddy she wanted to be a doctor
He gulped his drink,
Slammed the glass against the sink
And with the stink of his Tequila Sunrise
He managed a grin,
And staggered, then with joy
He put his face in hers,
His rough hands tugging at her shirt,
He said,
"Hunny, The Money Tree is only an advertisement,
The only free money for girls like you
Comes from boys like me,"
He grabbed the seam of her jeans
A sea of dreams crashed against the shore,
A crow cawed, "Never more, Lenore, Never more"
Doctors come from white collar families
In some suburbia called Heaven
Good luck, Lenore

You're just high class white trash
Raised in the park across the street from the High School,
A nobody born in Nowhere Idaho
Another subtle tragedy
of the lower class' version of the American Dream

Lenore came home a few years after she run off,
Stayed with her friend Moss
Her mama was in jail for sellin' her body to a cop
Another sob story in the midst of the ranch exits and endless silos
She found herself again on the shoulder of the road
Hearin' the cows cry as they headed home
Across the street a saloon,
Where the farmer's go to drink beer and play poker
The juke box is singin' Willie Nelson through the open screen door
And its five more years down the toilet
Five more years of "Grit your teeth and bear it"

Lenore squandered thirty-thousand dollar bills
Tootin' gack with her mama
In a gutted trailer they bought with the first five thou
Daddy Dezzy died of liver disease
Mama said "Oh well, Good ridden"
I'd ask her, "Did you love him?"
No comment, another drip

Lenore died at thirty-eight, her mama outlived her by ten years
There in the valley of Emmett, Idaho
Green grass and high tides forever

“The Nonsense Revolution”

I keep on looking up
Maybe enlightenment will fall on my head
Venus will come crashing down
Attached to gravity like a magnet

Just before sleep
When I am creepy crawly
Pulling your arms every which way around me
I am stoked,
I tell you
And I start swinging my legs around
I have got the recipe to peace
And you laugh
Your gentle, closed eyed smile
And I say
No, no, really!
And you rest me assured
That you believe me
And I close my eyes
Shake my body from side to side
And revel in comfort
I fall asleep smiling like a jackass
Cause happiness IS success

Every thought
Comes a poem
Pen meets paper
A message for a bottle
Slip it into the sewer

Hope it will float out to the Gulf coast
But I have prepared myself for the disappointment
On the chance that it don't

And remind me again
Why it is I got this car all revved up
Windows down,
Stereo pumping
I am ready to rock and roll
And you hop in the passenger side
Put your feet up on the dash
You say, let's get this show on the road
And we get it on
Like we been getting it on since birth
Since we was in the womb, even

Man and we stitch the back roads
We adopt every highway
We bought every corner lot
And we took down every fence post
Every piece of barb wire that ever cut a cow
We wreak havoc in New England
The south
The west coast
We bring down some kind of stoned, revolutionary movement in the west
Nebraska, look out for us cause we are some crazy bitches
We are gonna get every one of your children fried
And then we are gonna eat fried chicken
And fried Buicks
And fried shoes

And fried telephones
Then we are gonna unbutton our pants
Relax in a recliner
Turn on the tube and watch the 9 o clock news
We are going to rate every commercial
On a scale from 1 to 10
We are going to laugh at every joke
On every sitcom
And we are going to have a pow wow with the local chief of police
We are going to demand higher flow toilets
And a hybrid feline crossed with cougar and bob cat
And then once we have that hybrid feline we are going to feed it aborted fetuses
ABORTED FETUSES!
And those fetuses will make roots in its tummy
And grow out its back
A big baobab right there on its back
With a little toilet in the trunk
So that the fleas can shit like civilized insects
Cause that's what it's about folks
Is being a civilized fuck face
Who don't say the fuck in front of the kids
FUCK SHIT COCKSUCKER MOTHER FUCKER DADDY HUMPER
GOOD LESBIAN LORD SAVE ME FROM WHAT I AM ABOUT TO DO
Save this mother raping planet from the revolution
Of nonsense
Yes ladies and gentleman
No sense
No cents
No silver dollars
No fancy brand new appliance for you

No way folks,

This is the era of grade school drop outs

We don't know shit fuck about nano technology

But we sure can add and subtract

and I am not clever enough to make a witty comment to attach to that

“Happiness is Success”

From the sky
The closest thing to paradise
Is the birds flapping by
The planes guzzle gasoline
And pollute the sky
The gods laugh in the face of man
And his attempt to match such majestic beauty

And from ground level
Set cement and bolted steel
Tower over me
Block the sun from growing leaves
Junkies slump on the stoops
Of housing buildings
Exhausted from chasing happiness
Still hanging onto the taste on their lips
A bitter sweet reminder of the fleeting glance
Of what they will never get

On every street corner
An ego the size of mother liberty
Men and women fought and died for this
And all we have is text books revising history
When the truth is
Some guy named Sal
Flashing golden chains
And diamond studs
Is playing God over those of us
Who Jesus couldn't save

And every 30 seconds
A dozen Africans die for man's vanity
Children are stolen away from their families
And turned into killing machines
A revolution without a cause
And blood money washed clean of its sins
And here in America
We assume freedom is a right
And in third world countries freedom is a privilege
A privilege to day dream of a future
You will never see
Your children's veins are tapped
And filled with what the rebels call medicine
Get hooked on heroin
Just to plead for another fix
Drugs are the closest thing we know to God
And second to that is money
We live in a society
So distant from nature
That the sun is just
A crayon outline
Skirting a world of imagination
That will be crushed in the name of
Budget cuts
Then inspiration will be fused with
Government standards
Then white washed into the sterile community buildings
Where young minds are raised to believe
That individualism is a joke
Where success equals happiness

Instead of happiness being true success

And everything I left out

Well, that just comes with the territory

“Mother Mary and Jesus”

Six cars down from Antonie's
Ten steps from Mother Mary and her son Jesus
Is a liquor store on the south side of 1960
Where there lies a bag lady we call Genevieve
From there you can see the army surplus
Managed by some white boy who never seen Nam
About twenty city blocks from Star Bucks
Is a real nigger full of cock eyed stories
a tattoo of Tiffany just below his ear
With 1,000 dollars huddled next to his Glock
In a penthouse apartment, 70 floors up
Is God in a satin outfit
Snorting cocaine through a 100 dollar bill
And at ground level of this city
Is a junkie waiting to die
And the silver lining is
That at least you look fine
Between the spinning rims
And just one song that captures an honest moment
Is a woman who died
Hoping she could be born again
Somewhere between the awful truth
And what we tell our friends
Is enlightenment
Or something like it
And just outside of what your pride will allow
Is a mother still calling
For her dead son

“Oh, Holy Sound”

Down the path to the mortuary
You can hear the black bird sing
And in the distance is a siren ringing
Sweet surrender, what a dream

Out past Hotel California
Is where the dead pray their souls to keep
Imagine you and me
Dancing into this long, and endless night
A song who sings not to fight for resistance
But to mark the end of the journey
To set free the black bird
To break the wind, and shush the cries
Lull me into sleep, comfort me
In a world abandoned by God
The Holy Spirit cast his eyes down upon the holocaust
And bore the burden what took the foolish not even a second thought
To hawk for a fleeting moment of a dreamer's paradise
Jesus Christ paid the price
For what you've already forgot
His blood rushed through the valley
Trickled into the soil and found the sound
The holy sound of silence

Beautiful creature
Nature is merciless and never ending
Nature is all she wrote
She left a note by the back door
As she slipped out into the night

Her coat taut to her body
I have no way of knowing if she ever thought to look back
And if she did, if she gave in
Maybe the sin was too overwhelming to bargain with
You know forever is a tricky thing
When all you can fathom is now
So I give in
The to the effervescent
Holy sound
Of silence

“Brave the Fierce”

The bravest of men
Are not afraid to cry
Silent prayers
Are those heard loudest by God
The Holy Son symbolizes enlightenment
But the closest thing I have found to it
Is the sand slipping through my hands
It is a treacherous journey
The climb to the heavens
Humility is the road we must tread
No one can lead us but ourselves
You can't depend on example
Only personal experience can see you through the pouring rain
And the burning sun
And light your way through the shadows
In the Valley of Death
It is either a mass grave
Or the promised land
I still cannot tell the difference
Not all are rubber bullets
They may be pellets of salt
Intended to sizzle the wound
That burns in your heart
But through the fierce snow
That will chill you to the bone
You must hang onto the hope
You were blessed with when you left home
Not all of your journeys will become fruit
And should they have rotted in time for your arrival

You must eat them anyway
And cherish every bite
The last should be the bitterest sweet
While you are sleeping
Should your savior come to you in your dreams
You must bow to his magnificence
And carefully choose your one question
For all you know, it might be your last
Hold her hand while you still can
You may never see her again
Do not assume you will win the war
You haven't won yet
It's a sure bet that arrogance will drag you through the dirt
Should you let your petty worries
Storm your summer mornings
Then you have learned nothing on your path through Hell
And you must go back again

“Out By San Diego”

Somewhere in the California desert not far from San Diego
You'll find my trailer where you'll hear the stereo blaring through screen less windows
I'll be in my favorite chair closing my eyes and making myself in sync with the melody
I'll have a couple dogs stretched out on the carpet
Orange, and the walls green
My neighbor's daughter is on the roof tanning
The plants in my front yard are shriveling and dying in the summer heat
I can't wait until the sun sets and I can howl with the coyotes
Take a long walk, hold hands with the moon
Reminisce in yesterday,
Tomorrow comes too soon
and my wife is in the kitchen
Drinking tea and because she loves me
Cookin' up some cat fish
And I can hear the wild dogs outside
Playing with our mutts
Then they'll dig holes in the dirt by the axle
And lay and pant in the shade
Smilin' and squintin' their eyes
Then they'll flop back
Oh, lazy days
And I got a cow roamin' the field back there
There ain't no fence so she could be anywhere by now
But she'll come around when its time to be milked
And she'll hang out and keep us company
And I'll fill her trough with water
And she'll stick her face in and slurp thirstily
Dingo dog will notice the water level has risen
Then he'll run over and stick his feet in

Splash around and bark at the sun
And the neighbor will come out and join us
As we sip our beer and sit in the lawn chairs out front
We'll talk about the crops we got out in the valley
Where it's not so dry
Then we'll watch the day turn gold, then blue, then all gone
And we'll roll us up some reefer madness
And then turn Christmas lights on
Then we'll get out the guitars and have ourselves a sing along
Around midnight we'll head to bed
And Elizabeth and I will crawl into our futon
And she'll wrap her arms around me
And tell me I'm the one
Then we'll wake up after the city people
Are already dressed and off to work
And Bob and I will hop into our pickup truck
And drive the 60 miles into Colorado
His daughter will ride along in the bed
Along with Dingo Dog and Samurai
Elizabeth will stay home sleeping
And we'll come in from moving the pipes
Sometime after one
Just in time for lunch

“Utopia for a Day”

I am headed home
Where the roosters crow
And the sky is a comforting shade of yellow
Where the neighbor’s dog barks me awake from their backyard
And my sheets smell like you
Where the front porch swing creaks in the distance
And the mail man drives an old sedan
Where the Indian reservation is at eyes reach
But us white people don't dare step foot on their land
Our house is the only utopian society we know of
And our kids never go unloved or unfed
Where we eat ice cream and pizza for breakfast
And smoke marijuana before bed
Our pigs live in the house
Along with the raccoons in the attic
And nothing goes unsaid
We are poor in American dollars
But we are rich in our heads
Brightly colored tapestries cover the walls
Potted daisies and aloe Vera plants line the shelves
Along with ceramics and knick knacks
Our projects are strewn around the living room
And our children are too busy being happy to watch the tube
And every night is family night
Where we sit on the couch and draw pictures of how we view life
We sit and drink tea when we can't sleep
And write poems in our heads
Our kids spin on a tire swing
Down by the creek

The one you hung from the branch
Extending from the bank
So they could let go and dive into the water
And every weekend is an all night show
Where Sarah plays the cello
And I play the banjo
And you play the guitar
And we all sing from alto to soprano
And for every choir concert
We sit applauding in the front row
And we never try and hide the truth
But we emphasize the joy in life
We'll never go to bed angry
Our toes will find each other underneath the covers
I'll wake up with my arm laid lazily across your sweaty back
I'll get up and open the curtains
And stretch in the sun
We'll have a white picket fence
And too many cats to count
And all the dogs will kiss them
In their mutt toothed glory
And we'll go back and forth on the front porch swing
And watch the sun set against the hills
And our tiny town will sleep its splendid slumber
And so will we

“All Hallows Eve, 1941”

First I saw the smoke clear
Then the planes flying overhead
The angels swept in to take the dead
It was then when I vowed
Never to kill again

Hitler's men burnt down the synagogue
Too, they set matches to my picture of you
I questioned God for the first time since birth
The light from above did not shine so brightly
Like the sun bleaching my hair on a summer afternoon
Our neighbors cried out without praise for Jesus
The streets, a Sabbath awaiting the next full moon

Can anyone tell me where goes yesterday,
And today?
Then comes tomorrow, rushed away

They etched the names of those dead
Onto a slab of cement
Thousands of lives lost
Only room for a name
On that 8 by 10 cement box
Generations of elation lost
To one man's cause

I opened my text book,
And in glory and gore
Came the story of a junkie

The world stood still for
The prophecy of Satan
Holding a political position
Almost came true on all Hallows Eve, of 1941
70 years and then some
Still, have failed to undo
What overnight, one man
And his army of goats
Left like a flag, taunting the country side
So many hearts broken
So many life stories,
Books bound, then undone

Centuries after Jesus
Arrived then revised the Old Testament
He sent a message of hope, and love
But his disciples, like men do
Bent the story, then broke it in two
Pulled it long ways, then high
To make up for what was lost
Only God is perfect,
And man is the only animal who is flawed

So, I walked
My back awaiting bullets from the battlefield
I shed my suit of lies
Threw my hat into the mud,
The gray skies echo this ominous feeling
The world could end today and I'd be happy
The rain kissed my face

My lips had been thirsty for relief for so much time
It's amazing the things we learn to live with
I feel betrayed,
I know I've been brain washed
But it is not us who inflict the pain who bear the cost

I squat, and press my hands to the scorched earth
Feel her pain race through my veins
First a shock tickling my funny bone
I recall the Giver
He bared the pain of all this world's memories
And he felt the joy too,
Of an infant in his mother's arms
Safe from harm and whatever Adam and Eve brought into this world
It's a shame, but I know
That no matter how sorry you are
You will not heal the scars you inflicted,
That is forever
Mother and teacher,
You gave me the gift of life
You supply the night which guards me on my journeys
And the sun who feeds the plants who nourish me
You will never know how sorry I am
Should I return to you this instant
I will have escaped all this hate and sickness
I will be the first one out of this circus
And I will lock the doors behind me
Let the howling dogs of Hell do their deeds

I am going to America,

Little did I know
That no matter how far I go
My memory will chase me
She will not let me sleep without remembering
I am bound to her like roots bound to the earth
Though I pray daily,
I know God will never forgive me.

“The Monster from Gondwana”

He survived the ice age somehow
His feet padding the ground
The ground shaking beneath his magnificence
How the scientists would love to catch this on tape

He traveled from what was once known as Gondwana
By ocean to inhabit the broken off pieces of the continent
His only companion today, a daughter of Eve
A cave dweller, she never longed for the surface
Everything she needs is right here
An education is overrated, and so is society
But alas, she's never heard of those things

She and the monster from Gondwana
We oblivious to centuries of man raping Mother Earth
For federal reserve notes and compressed pieces of silver
They lived in harmony where the Loch Ness met the entrance of a cave
Yards beneath where the Sun feeds the leaves
They won't be disappointed when she burns out
In fact, they'll be relieved
Loch Ness will spit them out into the sea
Where they'll shiver as they near where the Sun used to be

The monster from Gondwana will tell her the tale
Of when his ancestors were forced to take cover in the Arctic Ocean
He explained that Antarctica is now a sheet of ice floating above the sea, lonely
His only company a well known urban myth about a man named Saint Nicholas,
Who is alleged to travel this entire earth in just one evening
Once, he says, Millions of lifetimes ago

This earth's landmass was one
That is where I come from,
It seems like a fairy tale now, I know
But back then the Sun shone shamelessly,
Our mother flourished with no fear of her children
Conspiring against her to turn her soil into riches
That was when the Bible was written
Mankind is the only animal who knows Sin
My untainted Child,
It is just as well that he got wiped out

“Red and Blue Flashing Lights”

I turned on the shower
Sat down in the tub
Watched the water spin down the drain
Leaned back, repeated to myself again,
And again
Jumbled words even I couldn't understand

I imagined driving out of view
My tires trekking the coast line
The birds, m's floating in the sky
The falls leave
Comes spring in time
Jesus said to drink the blood, and spill the wine

Now it's the morning after
I stroll out to the street
Where the sun meets me,
Shining down through oak leaves
The neighborhood dogs come to the edge of the yard to show me their teeth
The traffic passes by at little to no speed
Everyone in this town is sleeping or day dreaming
And I'm wishing I could be

Last night two men pulled up to the curb in a white Impala
I saw red and blue flashing lights dance across my bedroom wall
I heard their shiny vinyl shoes scuff across the lawn
One went through the gate in the back
Then the butt of the other's flashlight rapping on the front door
I laid still beneath my blanket

Thinking if I pulled the sheet over my eyes they would not be able to see us
You stirred in your sleep but did not wake
More shuffles across the grass
A flashlight shown through the window
Revealing the candles on the sill, and toy soldiers
I watched your eye lids flutter as I placed my hand over your chapped lips
Then your pupils dilate with fright
I kept my hand over your mouth
As I wondered if we could hide in the attic until they left
The insulation developing rashes on our skin
In those two seconds before those men in uniforms kicked in our door
I fantasized a narrow escape onto the roof
Leaping like a superhero into the neighbors back yard
Climbing up into the branches of the crab apple tree we climbed as kids, to hide
Then fleeing to Mexico, stealthy in the night
Dancing to the band in a desert village
You shaved your legs and put on a cocktail dress
I bought a cheap khaki suit and parted my hair
And we danced
Your lips in a grin
Your smile, damp teeth on my skin
I looked up to the stars, and thanked them
Then came the police raid
Shaking me from my brief escape
You never spoke
And your eyes never left mine
As they pulled you from my arms
In your night clothes they put you in the back of their car
I stood helplessly on the curb
And watched

As they sped off, into the rising sun

“Elizabeth's Song”

Through high ways and truck stops
Motels along the fringes of states
Miles away from places I can't erase
But it doesn't matter
I am at home,
And this place is safe

My dear love,
Let me write a letter
Of the smoothest kind
The sort read in romance novels
Written by the toad you kissed that turned into the prince
To the princess who has waited her whole life for this moment
This is the one moment that will never pass me by
Elizabeth, you are the woman I want to fall asleep next to for the rest of my life

Depend on the melody
Strummed on your heart strings
To rush contentment to every facet of your body
I'll depend on your finger tips to make this love known
I'll depend on your graceful hands to write our song

It will be just for you and me
We'll guard it like our sweetest dreams
And this elation will float on through the night
To dawn's deepest blues
The kind of blues that will chase the blues away
Erase the wrinkles from your grandmother's face
These deepest blues will erase the wounds that haunt you

And should they peak through despite our best wishes
I will be there to guide you through the darkness of the phase
Turn the darkness of the latest night
Into the sunlight caressing your face
Our blood will rush like water
Through the river banks
This song will bring a hush over us
We'll feel the transcendence of the clouds streaming over us
We'll feel the goddesses' embrace
And I will lie down with you on our last rest
Our last breath
Before we leave this place

“If The Loveless Had a Love Tune to Spare”

The sun is setting on another...
The Houston moon is rising
All the lights in the cab of the car are like
My own private Las Vegas
Much like my own private Idaho
Only colorful, and sleepless
And here comes another ambulance screaming by
I'm still distracted by the sun setting on the perfect suburban sky
Insert the chorus of my song
Let me have your attention please, this won't take long
I know there are so many shiny things to buy
So many sights to see
So many lives buried beneath me
There are too many scars
Too many lost girls
In the trunks of cars
Watch me perfect the art
Of being studiously aloof
While you're slipping out onto the fire escape of my roof
I am pretending not to cry
Behind my sun shades- even at night- eyes
I am like your father hiding behind all of those lies
I am like your mother anticipating her
Martyr like demise
I am like your brother with his alluring eyes
As he crawls out of your bed
And slips into the night
I'm sorry, he says
But he'll never know what he took from you

You'll never know what all you've lost
What all it cost
When you finally forgot to mourn
I am wrecked and sent packing
Here's to the irony of real life
I asked the loveless if she had a love tune to spare
She laughed as she left the room
And left me alone to pine away over her image
Oh, and I pined
And I pined
Until the end of time
It's the end of the line
And I took my bag
And got off the train
Somewhere in the middle of Los Angeles

“Shaheem”

The barrel of his gun
Was rubbing against his hip
Can't he trip?
He smoked some sherm just moments before
Brave men don't take advice
And they'll go down gunnin' before they hit the floor
You wouldn't understand,
You're an angel
Watch Lucifer laugh
As Jesus dies again

He went to the streets
He had a choice sure,
But he was young
He wasn't looking for the answer to life
He just wants to have fun tonight
Sleep all day
And party till the sun lights the sky

I danced with Shaheem
The night before he died
It was a love song
Waiting for two lovers to dance along
The sky cried
Dawn's deepest blues
The sun rose on his skin
And he smiled
Then Jesus died again

In my dreams we escaped together
We stole a car and sped off into the night
And when the world came tumbling down
We shivered in each other's arm
And watched the bombs explode in the sky
Elation danced
Without shame and with glee
She shook her ass and she was the dancing queen
A tiny empress in the palm of my hand
Ruler of the holy land
With a castle a top the grandest mountain
The fairest queen Jerusalem has ever seen

I took my glock over to that nigger's house
His white wife and that half breed child were on the stoop
I banged on the door, he let me in
He shook my hand,
I lifted my shirt, showing him the butt of my gun
I'm here to kill ya nigger
You had it coming, you knew
He closed his eyes, slowly
Felt a chill rise up his spin
He asked me to wait a moment, I agreed
He moved toward the front door
And peeked his head out
Told his wife and girl that he loved them
Smiled half assed, so not to raise suspicion
But he meant it whole heartedly
He turned toward me
I screamed

You killed my brother you fucking porch monkey
And I lost myself in a song I heard before I left the house
Then suddenly I heard his wife screaming
And I opened my eyes
His blood splattered on the door like paint
Her clear tears made his skin shine
I knew my life was over when I heard the sirens
But I had never felt so alive in my life

“The Night Was Not”

Stumbled into the all night show
Needed a place to go since I couldn't go home
Met you, asked me if I'd like to buy a room, said no
Hell no, is more like it
You know, its nothing personal
But it's something personal
You're a mess like all the rest of these club kids
Club dread is what its labeled in my head
I bet you've never been as scared as I was
I just wanna go home, I said
To my wife and crawl into our bed
Slip into sweet dreams and play kissey face beneath the covers
Oh but, no she said
...No, she said
So I stood on the edge of the cliff
Felt the wind drift through my hair
And my mind's third eye
Whispered my apology into the sky
Closed my eyes, pretended I was blind
And to the stars, Wish I May, Wish I Might
Wish this all away
Wish me okay
Wish me okay tonight

“A Black Sheep is Still a Sheep”

I have been prowling through the darkest hours of the night
Longing for life after the wheels have left ground,
Set to fly
And to pause just for a moment,
To admire life as its rushing by
To add,
And then multiply this feeling,
Divide my heart into thirds
Convey everything I wish to be remembered
Into words
To pad through the Garden of Eden,
Every sin unheard
To capture the song bird
And expect him to sing,
An opera of
Lover's dreams
To pretend I own anything
That is including my poetry,
My soul dumbed down to... art, which is a joke, really
Mother Nature is
Both owner and teacher
Of everything beautiful
He found a way to express the trees
But if they weren't
Then he'd have nothing to say
It is not to he to give the credit
But the Goddesses,
And the wheel still turning
Despite the cross

Christ put between it
And Mother Earth
Matter cannot be created nor destroyed
Beauty cannot truly be owned
Only enjoyed
In society
We are pawns
In some dark political agenda
20 years of schooling,
As Mr. Dylan said
And they put you on the day shift,
A black sheep
Is still a sheep
Don't follow leaders,
And watch the parking meters

“Napoleon Drinking Whiskey”

The silent night
Is evading the sound of the party next door
You know, it's an ongoing thing
No rest for the restless
She'll sleep when she's dead
I am lying in bed
Trying hard to keep my eye sealed
I'm walking through the house I've yet to build
Hanging snap shots that haven't been taken,
And may never be
I shoot out of a sleeping position
Dress myself, half assed
Throw on my coat,
I am so many people I used to know
Grab the keys, slip out the door
Am greeted by the humidity,
Takes me by surprise every time
Go to the local donut shop,
Where I have a cup of coffee
To keep my hands company
Refresher,
This is why I could never abandon the melancholy
Of solitude
Feel alone,
While standing in a crowded room
The life of the party
is Napoleon
Drinking Whiskey
You were so busy playing your game

That you forgot to play
So busy humoring me
You didn't say
What you meant to convey
Some would rather peddle their ass on the street corner
Than work for the man 9 to 5
Seven days a week
Don't ask me
I'm just entertaining myself,
The hopeful pessimist

“Old Old Song”

An old old song
That seems familiar
Crooning to you
Through decades of pounding sound
The long lost wedding ring
Your mother never found
Hiding inside
That 2 by 4 box
Keeping your stereo company
Have a drink if you must
I know the silence in your living room
That never before seemed capable of such darkness
Can be overwhelming
So turn on that old old song
To walk you through the memories
You're drinking now to forget
But the secret is
That you're drinking to forget
That you wish you could forget them
Leave it to that old old song
To coo to you so softly
Like a lover's whisper in your ear
On its way to a moan
Nothing is ever so hard to obtain
As it is when you need it the most
I wrote this song for you
To dance to while you're alone
To shake and wail
And pray for hail

Or maybe a thunderstorm
To wash away all this truth
Nothing is ever in real time
So don't let that distract you
Let me hold you while you cry
And let this old old song
Guide you through
This long
Long
Night

“Now Is Not Enough”

I've been train hopping
Hop scotching
Across the back yard
Of a Texas somber story
Sob story writing
To ease my troubled thoughts
Love sick,
Need a home fix
Before dark
I been sleep walking
Across the valley of kings
Soul searching
For what was lost on me
And what the birds dropped
In the leaves of trees
I wish you were here

My baby left home
And never came back
In the cab of a cop car
The mistakes we make
Will eliminate every wishful thought
You traded your mind for your heart
Just this once in a lifetime
I wish I could get mine back
We all die happy,
Baby girl,
I'm not sure about that

I would trade all my silver
For one more chance
5 minutes will last forever
When now is all there is
A lifetime is an infinite equation
Of a mysterious God
And coffee break revelations
Set my skin a fire,
Let my soul drift away
I'm not sure that now is enough for me
But I don't think I have choice,
Do I?

“The Irony of My Medium”

Of every feeling rushing through my body

I cannot identify one

Of every land and

Cityscape

Each leaves my heart undone

My heart of hearts

My king of kings

Brought to his knees

By a demanding queen

Shown no leniency

Mercy is not the name of the game

No earth quake shook the earth

And left the view the same

If I could remember my name

What is my name?

The poetry of solitude

The echo in my ear

The whistle escaping my lips

The wind in my hair

No proof of god,

Yet even the cynics

Find a way

To pray

Somehow we find a way

To articulate each desperation

Into a colorful

But hopeless poem

For no one but ourselves

Will ever know what we mean

For no one but me
Will ever truly see the beauty
In my words
She spoke of the irony
Of my medium
And my vice against the art community
I am speechless
I am speechless
I long to say
Whatever it is you need to hear
To awaken the truth you have inside you,
Or set you free
The first step would be remembering to include the punch line

“Werewolves from Mars”

We'd been playing in the spring of eternal life
When a wild dog came to join our joy,
At least I thought so
He bit you and you cried out in pain
And he ran off with his tail between his legs
Later that eve I was nursing your wounds in our cabin home
You whimpered like a young boy come to his mama with a skinned knee
And you lying there vulnerable sparked my ignition
Then as I set to ignite I felt your teeth bear into my arm
And so begin our flight
Little did we know four weeks from now we'd be in for the experience of a lifetime
We treaded the countryside
Side by side, thought in thought
We did not satisfy our blood lust at first thought
We held off, and reveled in our new found freedom,
Being able to run at the speed of light
Not technically but, compared to before
The scent of the night air raised every hair on our body
We would catch a rabbit just to feel its pulse on our face,
We'd take turns
We'd pad fast,
Feel the twigs beneath our feet
But the moment that really set us free
Was when we killed a woman as she lay sleeping
The moon gleamed like an egg in the sky
My hair was not raised and yours was nye
Still, we killed her anyway
I can't describe how it felt when she died in my arms
To see your mouth on her cunt

Her face laced with fear
When we left you kissed the door with her cum on your lips
Underneath I left a bloody knuckle print
Then we walked the streets without shame
And the moon looked down upon our wrong doings
But still
Everything dies
To assure that those still living will feel more alive
We chose to satisfy our blood lust
At an unjust time
To dance on the fringes of humanity
And the lion roared from his cage
His lover's flesh between his teeth
Even the king will eat his own true love
To consume your kin's blood
Is to dance with the God's above
The falling stars lit up the purple sky
There were no questions and no answers why
The circle of life explains itself in actions
And in action it will cause grief
And by human nature it is misunderstood
Our fatal flaw is searching the tree tops for a greater good

“Charlene's Memory”

In walked a man
In the shape of a man
Holding a hat shaped hat
His laugh was pure
And divine
His smile was relaxed
And from first gaze I knew that he was mine

He took a stool
And sat down at the bar
He ordered a Guinness draft
Then again with that laugh...

On the jukebox a song about Uncle John's Bar
Out the window his Chevy pick up
Beside it my beat up car
A match made in heaven
You better believe it

He looked over to me
I slipped my wedding ring to an inconspicuous finger
He let his stare linger
Rested on my left hand
I felt my chance was lost
But of every opportunity on this earth
One lost, no big deal
That's what they say at least
Look at all the fish swimming in the sea

He flashed to me his yellow tainted teeth

"Hey," he said, "is that piano in tune?"

The bartender nodded

He stood, pushed in his stool

Sat down, and began

At his shoulder was a short man

His beard overgrown

He had a solemn tone about him

He put his hand on Mr. Guinness Draft's shoulder and said,

"You're the one."

As his finger's caressed every key

He looked over his shoulder

And like himself he spoke with ease,

"Why me?"

"Because you have everything,"

Said the man with the beard,

"You have everything a man could need."

And Mr. Draft said,

"I don't have my dear Charlene."

The bearded man grinned and said,

"Exactly"

If you give me your gift with music,

I will be every woman's dream

My beard will shrink

And I will grow five inches taller
In exchange I will bring back to you
Your dearest Charlene

Draft stopped playing
And turned to face the man with the mysterious grin
And the spray on tan

He said, Charlene died seven years ago
Seven long winters, and seven lonely summers
Spent alone on my porch watching the sunset
And listening to the toads croak

Mr. Spray on Tan replied,
She lies with me,
And if you give me your music
Then you will have the key to set her free

Draft thought for a moment,
That can't be, he said
My dearest Charlene,
She was an angel, and not only to me

The tan man replied,
You'd be surprised what the eye can't see

So he turned over his music
He wept beneath his glasses
As he felt every melody seep from his skin

The woman at the bar watched him leave

He left his hat hanging on the hook next to the juke box.

He went home to crawl into bed

With Charlene's memory

“21st Century”

Came in the Sex Pistols
Hit the scene like the hammer to the nail
When Vietnam was the cause to fight against
Back then Anarchy was more than a trend
A lifestyle immersed in bar fights and one night stands
And Sid Vicious was vicious as he might
Johnny Rotten has not been forgotten
But his flame burnt out
Along with the revolutionary light
Now vinyl is a limited edition
And the cops force all the kids to get a "good education"
Good bye Elvis,
Good bye crocodile rock
Like a sock in the eye
Similar to radiation shock
That's when good nature became uncool
And cruelty became the new purple
Now Heroin's the new Marijuana
Say good bye to Ganja
And hello to PCP
And then in walks the junkie fashion model tragedy
Now all our heroes are coke head's
They never show meth on TV
Oh, the toll it took on the American Dream
When some idiot dreamed up MTV
Now we've got VH1 Classic
And retro fashion
If there was really a retrospective revolution
Prep school punks wouldn't be sporting The Clash

And there wouldn't be bands like
Mustard Plug
And No Use For a Name
Now we've got MySpace to remedy our 5 minutes of fame
And in walks Patti Smith
And Pat Benetar
Then Blondie
Joan Jett and The Black Hearts
Then comes Nirvana
And Hole
Courtney love would spit on suburban homes
Full of scenester kids
No more rockin' out with the lights off and your head phones on
The grunge phase passed
Now we've got Emotional Rock
And a bunch of metrosexuals walking around in girl jeans
They'd cut their dicks off if it was the new in thing
In walks Aggie Dune
She brought the passion back to rock 'n roll
Mixed the Crocodile Rock with the Charleston Stroll
Let's buckle up and sit back
Get safe and relax
And watch the 21st century,
The lost generation attempt to revive itself

“My Little Runaway”

I watched you step
One foot on the curb
Your other leveling you off
Dangling in mid air
The cracks in the cement
Seemed to tell the story of the roots beneath it
And the leaves blew in the wind
On a chilly November day

You walked backwards in the gutter
Re-telling me your favorite story
Still over using your tongue on your favorite line
To you, it seems brand new every time

I watched your fingers floating against the blue sky
Your shoes slip off the curb then re-find their footing
You turn to see me
The sun shines against your teeth
And I can feel my knees go weak
But I have my ego to save me

On a Sunday afternoon
The church people are at their pot lucks
Eating their roast cow
And Jesus is napping
After a long service
The road belongs to us
And it's as long and weightless as a cloud

Remember, we'd sit in the back of John's pickup truck
And drive down main street
Van Morrison playing on the transistor radio
We'd sing at the top of our lungs
The notes would get lost in the air
We'd watch them trail off
Like fumes from the exhaust
Good bye and good day

I watched you change the world
With just one night on stage
You glistened like summer rain
On a bright and shiny day
You played the harp like a piano
And the melody sang to me
With each stroke your hands
Set the music free
And I watched the world swim beneath you
All the people, fishes in the sea
A school headed for underwater green
A flounder trapped in a mask of sea weed
And I watched the sun shine through the water
Like smoke in a flood of light
Accept the lines were straight instead of criss cross
And you couldn't hear me laugh
And I watched the sharks circle above us
Like buzzards to a corpse
The skin baking on the black top
The stench filling the nostrils of a nearby horse
And he reared and bucked his master

And watched the buzzards fly from the corner of his eye
Not far a sparrow picks the exo skull of a moth
And a cat purrs, and sighs

Then she played guitar
And the song poured down on me
I felt the melody splash onto the pavement
As I walked home
And her voice guided me through
The longest night
The street lights accompanied my vision
I swear the animals were humming along in key
Out of my peripheral vision I see
The lights turning off in housing buildings
Crying children being lulled to sleep
And their mothers relaxing in their favorite chairs
Settling down in front of the TV

I close my eyes
And nod my head to the beat
And my feet navigate the way
Oh dear you, I do say
I do say, harmonize my mind
And ease my troubled heart
Hush the roar under the bridge
The fish swimming upstream in such harsh water
And I wonder as I watch them swim away
Where will you stay?
And why don't your fins cause you to fly?

I've been a child in this life and the last
And when the skies overcast and the phone lines fell down
I walked the rail road tracks with my shoes untied
I stopped to explore the forests next to
And oh, the things I would find
A carcass dead for weeks
I'd devise an improve poking device
And watch the maggots squirm around in the skin
And I'd recall Sunday school
Voice the seven deadly sins to myself as I headed home
A couple of kids were getting stoned along my way
Everything is innocent when we know nothing is wrong
I remember when love was sacred
And when junkies were just something in movie scenes
My uncle came home from prison
Said they made him and his cell mate test LSD
Because the government wanted to make their war heroes killing machines
But they claimed it was a truth serum,
So they wouldn't have to torture the political prisoners
It's always just one more lie
To get you closer to belief

I never felt so alive until I met you
Every morning that I wake up
I turn on the radio and dress myself
Dancing with joy in front of the mirror
I lip sync with Brucie boy
You are my Wendy
But there is no sorrow ripping the bones from our backs
I smile as you fall into my arms

Tighten my grip and relax my heart
When I close my eyes to fall asleep
You are the sun setting in my mind
And with each REM cycle you are there to accompany me
Your image guarding me in my dreams
And should you ever leave
Del will tell you, I'm sure
Through your guitar strings,
You're my little run away
Run run run run runaway

“The Dark Things”

On the outside of the light
Where the dark things crawl
Searching for skin to reach the surface
Blood to feed their need
To further embrace mortality
Is a peephole into a reality
That we assure, and re-assure ourselves is real
Where it is to push out of mind
The tears that stain my face
And enhance the fine lines
That tell subtle but true
The story of me,
Objective -
Grimy and teeth bearing
Or leather bearing tooth marks that you hoped to hide

The dark things crawl and caress me
With their sharp claws
Their talons they use
To do a fan dance out in the jungle
Under the merciful moon
But still their truth shows no mercy

In daylight they leave ashes scattered
Where there once were eyelashes batting innocently
And in place of peace and harmony they leave
A solemn trail of footprints
Leading to a cliff
And out beyond the rocks

And carcasses left from
Fan dances come before mine
The water stirs
Each slush telling the tale of my misery
The dirt beneath my fingernails
Faintly resembles the bitterness I feel
With each lunar cycle that does not bring me what I want
My yearning tugs at me
Like a need left unfed
A child unnourished
But still untainted
Beneath the full moon
Who throws herself upon this valley
Shamelessly
Who hides the dark things
Waiting to creep up and pounce
Oh my image of you
What hurts so bad
Once felt so good
Before she cried without a shoulder
To lean her sorrow on
Verses of poetry
Fail to make good company for my heartache
My animal howls deep into the night
Crying for her mother
She prays for the one who came before her
Whose carcass lay decaying beneath the cliff
She tries to muster the courage
To drag her heavy limbs back to their cave
As heavy as they might be

Her heart weighs more
And with this weight lies an intensity
So fierce and scowling
Arms crossed,
Eye who bore tears inappropriate to shed
And beneath the veil
The dark things eat her alive