

Hacker Adventurer Poet | pedrk.com
Aun the times say
Adventure is a passion of the past
That all is discovered & won

Adventure isn't found
In the name'n of lands
Or cross'n the limits of maps

Find here its Modern testament
Come experience a lifetime
To its pursuit

Thru
Jungles Islands & Mountains

Upon
Streets Trails & Machines

.
.
.
The Appalachian Trail
My great trial

Like the natives
Of whose blood I share

In ritual I pass thru
Great ordeal
To emerge a man

To the North
From sunrise to the right
Till it set at the left

Each step
A new step

A simple life
With a peaceful mind

To hike an unbroken
Pathway of mountain

From Georgia
2000mi
To Maine

There to seek
The ominous mountain

Natives named in reverence
Katahdin

*
*
*

In Buenos Aires
I drop'd an online class
This recalled all financial aide

The Dean declined
My offer to pay half

Of the five figure sum
To continue study'n
On payments

At the University of Utah
I researched an escape path

Up into Canada
Far from here

The Internet
In its typical fashion
Redirected me

Into an article on
The Appalachian Trail

Which I had thought
Was in South America

The distraction soon
Seen as providence

Within the hour
I had a flight to Atlanta
To arrive the next day

v

v

v

Downtown Atlanta 5am
Crackheads scurry

In final desperate efforts
To hustle up
Whatever makes their tick purr

Twisted figures
Kept to the shadows
There they jitter spastically

I roamed Atlanta 12hrs
Until I arrived at my CouchSurf host
Jaina from Germany

Cities are the loneliest places

v

v

v

In the morn
I went to search for gear
To supplement my current set from
Urban Backpack'n

A 13mi trek to
Sports Authority
By word of mouth

To make mistakes
Cheaply

v

v

v

At Piedmont Park
I easily dozed off

A successful test of the
Thermarest Z Pad

—

A middle-aged woman
Sat swing'n

Only despair
& 2 Overstuffed suitcases

I saw her in me
But I couldn't see me in her

I had the momentum
Of one last
All-In

Parks are my favorite places

v

v

v

A couple in their 50s
Both teachers in Cummings
Invited me to stay with them

Wayne offered to pick me up
After a Couchsurfing event

We left in a rush because
He had business
To take care of

I told him
' That's fine
' Good thing I brought
' My Ereader

In that awkward way
Of tell'n your host
Not to feel burdened

Wayne only continued
' Have you ever seen someone
' That owes you money

Wayne asked more to himself
His pitch began to rise
In excitement

' You should have seen her face
' When she recognized me

Wayne cranked the music
Awake in his own world
We raced towards Downtown

v

v

v

On my long trek

To Sports Authority

I had passed the run-down
Strip club

We now pulled into

I had wondered what went on
In such a shit hole

Odd how life
Answers questions

' Hold this
Wayne handed me a pamphlet
Of some schmuck
Running for Sheriff

' Make sure she sees it
' She will get the picture
V
V
V
5pm on a weekday
My first strip club experience

Blinded by darkness
We entered into the corridor

A crack-whore immediately approached us

' Hey handsome
She jeers at Wayne
' I need a real man
' To get me off
She says look'n at me

Bashed by a crack-whore
This was get'n interesting

' I'm looking for Kristi
Wayne tells her
' She is working tonight
' Right?

' Oh she just left
The whore said smartly

Signal'n thru some
pre-planned method

Likely common
In this business

Wayne left me there
To rage in the restroom

His carefully crafted scheme
Thwarted
By a half-conscious whore

She turned to me

' No hard feelings, Right?

V

V

V

' This is just between us

' Couchsurfers

Wayne informs me

On the ride home

Their home was classy

I suffered the

Social sit down with his wife

I avoided them

As much as possible

Middle-Class

Behind-the-scenes

Left me internally upset

V

V

V

Thermals

Pajamas

8 Cotton Tees

8 Cotton Socks

Sweater

Beanie

Lucky Jeans

Sleeping Bag

Sleeping Pad

Wool Cardigan

2 pairs of Nike Frees

Electric Beard trimmer

Laptop/Charger

Ereader

External Harddrive

4 Bic lighters

Slingshot & Ammunition

Cert Peck Knife

3 packs of Balogne

4lbs of Rice, Lentils, Beans

Loaf of Bread

Poptarts

Dozen eggs

Instant Oatmeal

Hot Chocolate

3 Cook'n Pans

Bottle of sleeping pills

V

V

V

I left their home

& A thank-you note

To continue my journey

Still a far distance

From the Appalachian Trailhead

This was my first time
Hitchhike'n in the States

Most things in life
Can be accomplished
Just by try'n

—

I helped a guy roll his motorcycle
Up to the gas station

Obviously distraught
When he admitted
' I don't have any money
' To give you

Most people my entire life
Have assumed me a homeless
Or a hooker
V
V
V
40min later a woman
In a large red truck
Pulled aside

' You don't look dangerous
She said out the window
As she stop'd

Her downs-syndrome daughter disagreed
She kept call'n me
' Bad man

In her day she had hitch'd
These where her rules:

- 1 - Never get into a car with more than one person
- 2 - Never wear a seat belt
- 3 - Keep the door unlocked

She also told me
To ditch my unrefrigerated balone
If I ate it I would be poisoned

Our paths overlaid
For the first half

I thanked her
Then went on my way
V
V
V
Ben picked me up
On his way to the ranch

He decided to take me
All the way to the trailhead
Amicola

I'd never heard of Amicola
But he was sure

& Didn't pay attention to my suspicion

Maybe it was the rain
That convinced him
To be the only one
After hours
To pull up aside

But some people
Will pick you up
Regardless

V

V

V

I mostly
Meet strangers

The bond of a strangers
Has only ever been of
Unbroken trust

V

V

V

Amicola Visitors Center

I signed in
Pack weight of 58lb

They gave me my only map
A paper route to Springer

Up that intense climb of stairs
A guy hike'n with his wife advised

' You only need one shirt
' & One sweater

V

V

V

After 3mi
Time to camp

I had arrived to the trail
After a long journey

The salesman at
Sports Authority
Wouldn't let me set up
The tent to test it

' I assure you
' The Hiker-Biker II
' It has room for two

Claustrophobic knots
Tied my stomach
As I looked at it

More of a bivy-sack
Than a tent

I would have to hug my pack

In order to fit inside

V

V

V

An Eagle Scout

I could make a fire

With only one match

But this wasn't the South

After 45min

I conceded defeat

—

Paranoid from the lady's advice

I threw all 3 packs of abalone

Out in all directions

From my camp

Think'n it best

Not to concentrate the smell

V

V

V

Nothing was left

For me in my past

I threw away all

That I didn't take with me

In my pack

The night before my flight

—

A veteran to depression

I was prepared

With sleeping pills

To escape the sorrowful night

V

V

V

May 20th

The morn sang

Beautiful & Bright

Lush & Vibrant

A good mood was inescapable

The 6mi to the

Summit of Springer

Full of heal'n

V

V

V

I had used the paper map for firestarter

The most worn paths were the ones I chose

On Springer

I began build'n a fire

A couple approached me
With 2 Powerbars

I turned them down
' I don't need Powerbars
' I can get this started
But they insisted

45min later
I was eat'n Powerbars

In Texas
A fire past a certain point
Is a healthy heart

Not so much so here
I been past that point
Numerous times

V
V
V

Two old men around a fire
Allowed me to boil eggs

I boiled the dozen
Future fire unlikely

One old man
Had hiked the trail
Twenty years ago to the day

An adventure he started
The day after he retired

The first thru hiker
I met

His advice
Ditch all the pots
Cook from a cup
& Only sleep in shelters

v
v
v

At the end of the day
I found a shack
With someone in it

Rambo II
Christened After Rambo

The original
A black guy with a bow
Play'n around
Nearly hit someone in their tent
With an arrow

Needless to say
Rambo had to leave the trail

Rambo II begged him
For his food supplies

& Named himself Rambo II
In gratitude

Now he sat patch'n his feet
With duct tape

V

V

V

Like me he had a slingshot
Like me he had to hitch in

Unlike me
Rambo II slept in bushes

He explained
This building was a shelter

Many of which
Were scattered the entire trail

I gave him some of my ammunition
He gave me cat can
& Cube-fuel
To use as a stove

I don't think Rambo II
Ever left that shelter

v

v

v

In the morn I met
Orange & Juice

A gay couple that came out
To rough it

Speakers strapped to their pack
60lbs+ each
Short Tights & Solar Panel

They asked to borrow a lighter
I gave them one

I couldn't
Make use of it

In gratitude
They offered powwow

—

Did they know of Nessmuk
One of the saviors
Of Bushcraft

Techniques nearly lost
Of how to settle in the woods

Forced by sexual preference
To often trample in the woods

V

V

V

I'd not been high
For some time

I had been in Argentina

Then I had been
Extremely depressed

For some time
For many reasons

Tho the morn before
Assured me with confidence

It was time to have a
Happy High

v

v

v

Baptized in Smoke
Affiliate'n me with

The Order of Adventurers

An Order
I desperately craved
Since childhood

Which I sought always
Tho never found

Yearn'n the wilderness
Yearn'n the roam

Yearn'n a path
With no return

Enjoy the present
The future is an
Unstable promise

v

v

v

Torrential rains
Ran me out my tent

To a table
Under cover of the shelter

My tent was flooded
In inches

v

v

v

Hawk Mtn Shelter occupied:

Bathsalts
& Dead Horse Beard

Roadwarrior
& Jonathan

Juice
& Orange

& Some other ppl
Which play no parts in this story

Of all
I was the only one
Travel'n alone
v
v
v
Roadwarrior

At over 6ft tall
His eyes gave a confident
Gleam of domination

He had to finish
By a certain date
Every day of the hike was planned
v
v
v
As I copied key mileage
From Roadwarrior's books
I asked

' What does the word Blazes mean
' In this book

' Those White Blazes you been following
' Marked on the trees

Someone said clearly incredulous

I'd seen marks
Blue White & Orange

' Amicola is an
' Approach trail
' That's why it was blue
' Only the Appalachian Trail
' Is White Blazed
Dead Horse Beard
Clarified

Everyone looked at me
Like I was a
Loon or a Liar
v
v
v
Orange & Juice
Bickered nonstop

One asked if I also believed
That the other was being too Anti-social
& Should apologize
For the embarrassment
It had caused everyone

I felt grateful to be alone

v

v

v

Army Rangers were up

All night train'n

Throw'n live grenades

Close enough for me

To be worried

I drank their water

Makes us even

v

v

v

Thru hiker

Only those

Who walk from

Springer to Khadadin

In one unbroken path

Section hiker

Anyone that didn't do

That Thru

But had hiked

More than one day

Day hiker

Those are our prey

v

v

v

Thru the day

I lost some things

Mayhap you come across

A few blue pans

Or 4lbs of

Lentils & Beans

v

v

v

Only 10mi in

At a beautiful clear'n

Lay a shelter

With a clear spring

DHB & Bathsalts

Already settled

They asked me to stay

It would be rude to refuse

I melted in my water bottle

Try'n to make them Hot Chocolate

I fell asleep after the fire

Made by DHB

Watch'n Avatar
The Last Airbender

Find'n time to write
Was my only struggle

v

v

v

Food that can be eaten
Cold or Cooked

Is best to carry
In the woods

The balance of flavor
Must also be maintain'd

Too savory
It will be eaten too quickly

Too wholesome
You will go malnourished

—

Instant Oatmeal
The perfect trailfood

Light Compact
Sugary Nutritional

It can be cooked
Without fire
3hr in a water bottle
Good as cooked

It can warm you in the morn
To wake you to a new day

It can be eaten raw
In intensive bursts
Needed to carry the day

v

v

v

I met a day hiker

He wanted to throw a wrench
Into the mechanics
That were drive'n him
Downward

There was no evidence
Of this on his face
As he offered powwow

Appalachian Heal'n
Had cast its smile

v

v

v

Eat'n lunch
With Bathsalts & DHB

I discovered on their map

Only Blood Mtn lay between
Me & my first resupply

The promise of pizza
Pass'd me over that mtn
Like it was a small hill

v

v

v

Tales had been told
Since I first arrived in Atlanta

About this Pizza

Found at the first stop
They charge hardly anything

Anything you want
Piled on top
Baked hot in the oven
Specific to your order

I caught the store workers
As they tried close'n early

' Where do I order pizza

He pointed back behind the rack
Of candy bars & beef jerky

I looked back confused

' Its in the top door
(Obviously)

The fabled pizza
Was a \$2 Walmart Pizza
Quadruple priced

v

v

v

Roadwarrior looked at me with
What I could only perceive
As unpleasantness

He jumped on Jonathan
For keep'n his pace slow

v

v

v

I decided to help support this hostel
Reek'n of piss & dust

It made its living
Only for this trail

How rare to do that
In the mountains

—

That night was magical
That will forever glow

Roadwarrior & Jonathan
Bathsalts & DBH
& Some others

All of us
After the first days of adventure
v
v
v
Bathsalts cut off his straps
To save wieght

He used only
Space blankets for warmth
His sandals tore into him

I christened him Bathsalts

He would douse himself in
Talcum Powder Regularly

That night he advised me
To ditch my
Electronic shaver
To man beard it

Leave'n Neels Gap
My pack weight: 24lbs
v
v
v
Before I left
I asked the workers
For advice

They troll'd me

' I started way
' Earlier than you
' & I barely made it
' You won't make it

He was the first
To put me on that
Ruthless pace
Countless would echo

Drive'n me
Restlessly forward
v
v
v
The predatory behavior
Of outfitters is despicable

Convince'n that without 'right' gear
You wouldn't be able to hike

They rather see you spend
Your money there
Or go home defeated
v
v
v
v
Pills

As I walked out of the gap
I came upon a weary traveler

The no-longer-white shirt
Bore testament to his tales

' Came up here from
' The Florida Trail

' There was always too much water
' Or not enough

' I once had to filter water
' From a Rest Stop toilet

' Within a week of live'n in Florida
' I went into pills
' It's bad there

' Started shoot'n pills
' Within a week

' I lost my job
' As a data analyst
' Six months later

' I'm out here to
' Redefine myself

The only Veteran Stealth Camper
I ever met

v
v
v
Get'n to the pass
That would get me to a Walmart

Passed me
Like a powerful draft

A day hiker offer'd
To drive me to town

He have'n just arrived
About to embark
On this beautiful morn

Who would I be
If I took that hour
From a sap

That had to go back
After he enters

V

V

V

An elderly man picked me up
As I walk'd

Down the pass
Thumb out

His wife & he
Drove to Alaska every year

Tho not since
She been gone

Children nor Grandchildren
Willing to accompany him

He let out
His lonely tale

Strangers are sometimes
The safest confidants

V

V

V

Often I had been that Stranger
Confident in stride

Those in moments of weakness
See this & bear their sadness upon me

Sad tales & horrific scenes
Help'n them bear burdens
That can never be forgotten

Whether subject to the
Horrors of poverty in Mexico
Or here in the States

v

v

v

Everyone look'd at me
With disbelief

I stuffed
\$100 worth of \$3 goods
Into my small pack
On a bench at Walmart

I had to walk nearly 2mi
Before a truck
Went into the parking lot
Enthusiastically honk'n
Its horn

The omnipresent
Encouragement of locals

Around where the
Appalachian bears its course

Is
Phenomenal & Unparalleled
v
v
v
At the summit of
Tray Mtn

A group in kilts
Informed me

I missed a note
Bathsalts & DHB wrote

Despite my full pack
I made the 13mi
Still to go

Friendship is rare
I live a lonely life
v
v
v
Tomorrow
I would reach North Carolina
Nothing could change that fact
v
v
v
At every resupply
It is because

At the lowest gap in the range
A road can run thru

Make'n a quick entry to resupply
But the climb out
When you are overstuffed
Is a real muthrfkr

The past days had been
Many of those gaps

Descend'n down
' As Knob
I felt the pain

I could only crawl
Step by step
The next miles
To the water source
v
v
v
It was a measly water source
But I managed to do all my wash'n

A skill I perfected
2yrs In Mexico

The Dark Tower
A needed repose

From non-fictional adventure

Sleeping pills
At the ready

Ankle massaged
Night slowly drap'n
v
v
v
Wiggles
Dance'd down the mountain

She come up to my tent
On the last rays of day
& Ask'd permission
To camp with me

Odd to want to camp
With a stranger
In the woods
But I allowed it
v
v
v
Wiggles re-taught me firemake'n
With simplicity

' Find alot of dry crap
' Light it in a loose bunch
' If there is no
' Dry crap to be found
' Use your stash of Birch Bark

' Birch Bark can be lit wet
' Always carry it

She was 22
Thru hiked the year before

' You can always find a way
' To keep on go'n

I explained
' I only plan to get to Maine
' I have no ties to the trail

She smartened me up
' If you can do
' Katahdyn in October
' You can do anything

' Always Remember
' Don't ever leave
' Your pack high

We gather'd wood together
Into the night

Forest warped by fire
Into dance'n shadows
v

v

v

Later I discovered
Our meeting
Was not chance

Bathsalts & DHB
Who had eventually passed me

Met her & told her
To stay with me

She smoked out a homeless
Because he said
He was a hiker

Consequently
She was freaked out

v

v

v

The night had been
Full of heal'n
As magic moments happen

My ankle was fine
I crossed over into
North Carolina
In the early morn

My first state boundary
Simply a carve'n

GA / NC
On 6in wood

v

v

v

Georgia
Lush with clear
Mountain springs

Visions of pure greens
Dew that uplifted all in a Glitter

Mossy rocks proved
Dominion of life over all

v

v

v

Kimsey Creek
A splendid dip
After potatoe/cheese Surprise
Reeses for Desert

A sweet simple memory

v

v

v

Springs

Small streams of water

Come'n directly from the Mountainside

—

Creeks

Collections of Springs
Larger & Flow'n

With fish that nibble on you
As you soak

—

Rivers

Collections of Creeks
Massive & unfortunate
To drink from

Always fun
To jump into
v
v
v
Stand'n Indian Mtn
Mystical in late May

Float'n on
Nike Frees

Up elevation enshrouded
By the intimate
Fog of clouds

Brilliant colors
Lit by pierce'n sunbeams

Spring in all its
Provocative aromas

Enormous dark grey boulders
Bound together the scenery

v

v

v

Bathsalts & I read together
At a waterfall

I stayed a bit longer

Come'n thru the gap
I discovered
Some of those Memorial Day brats
Threw away the majority of

Two 24-pack of soda
& Reeses candy

There was a bag for trash
Oddly apart from the discarded sodas

Very conveniently placed
Near the Reeses

To discard the wrappers

Life is sometimes odd like that

—

I didn't know if
DHB & Bathsalts
Found this repository

So I hauled up
As many as I could

This wasn't
Go'n to the trash

V

V

V

I meet up with the homeless
That creep'd out Wiggles

He told me
' Cats taste like tuna

I gave him some food

V

V

V

Caught up to my friends at camp

I told them my amazing find
& Dropped down
All the cokes

DHB was exasperated
But Bathsalts was game

DHB explained
' This was Trail Angel Food
' We should be respectful

He didn't believe
I was ignorant of the
Existence of Trail Angels

The idea that strangers
Leave food out

Which other strangers
Eat naively

Seems ludicrous for anyone with
Preschool street smarts

I laid sodas like
Easter Eggs

Thru the ridge
On my way out in the morn

V

V

V

There are few things spookier

Than the sound of water

When you are alone
In the woods

Water is best drought
From the source
Before the end of day

Before sight
Is replaced by sounds

Before knowledge
Is replaced with assumptions

Plops & Trickles
Drips & Flows

Become vocalized
In overtones of sadness

Remember'n its wild past
Formely held sacred
As a shrine of life

By respectful
Beasts of the forest

v

v

v

Albert Mountain
Marked 100mi

The trail still under 5%

Numbers at that point
Become irrational

Redefined by circumstance

To disrupt normal
Algebraic computation
Upon omnipotent planes

Prove'n by proofs
The limitless

Each day
A Derivative of the Infinite

A sine in rhythm
Orchestrated by the
Calculus of primal Nature

v

v

v

At Cold Springs Shelter
I rummaged as I always did
Look'n for food

In the firepit I found
4 Cliffbars & 6 Nature bars

Customarily
I shared my score
With my comrades

—

I have not met any
As frugal as myself
That could continue

Tho with my hustle'n
I could always score
Enough to share with others

v

v

v

On Wayah
Basalts noted
Dead Horse Beard

Climbed with the
Stubbornness of a Beard
That continues to grow
On a Horse
Dispite it being Dead

Hence he was christened

v

v

v

I nearly stepped on
The first
Rattlesnake I encountered

I killed the beast
With one shot

Its soul-less body
Continued on

My next shot missed
As it crawled
Thru the thicket

To stop dead
Under a branch

I hit it with another shot
Just to be sure

Thus I was christened
3Shot The Rattlesnake Eater

By Trail & Error
I learned to prepare meat

My story follow'd
Ahead of me

As only stories can
For more than 1000mi
v

v
v
All night it rained
7am Came up
With this 20yr old
Come'n over the crest

Dickie shorts
Cotton tee
Chuck Taylors
No light

Silently
He continued thru
v
v
v
6mi to the
Nantahala Outdoor Center

Walk'n from a hot meal
The Hiker Burger

Someone called out
' You hike'n the trail?

Then threw me a
Mountain Dew

I don't know
If it was that can
Or the new Leki trek'n poles

Past 6pm
Bathsalts & DHB
Not pressed for time

I decided I could not linger
Alone I continued
v
v
v
Up that climb North
All dark woods & storm
Thunder & Tree Crash

Storm in definite torrent

Dark forests
Glazed by water
In nightly glows

Up those
Twisted & Mangled Paths
Only need'n to be
Narrow enough for one

A majestic sky invoked
Super Natural Powers
Upon this ancient mountain top

Have'n long since

Come into intimate
Cohabitation with
The Mound & Vegetation

Pop'n open its eyes
As Thunder Struck Lightn'n

Woods vocalize'n wind
Into hallow'd chants

In prophecies await'n
Their times return
V
V
V

At NOC outfitter
I purchased my first
Water treatment

Aquamira
A product I swear by

The tick of the minute
Meant cash out of my pocket

Most I met
Tried to prepare me for failure

But like everything
I met it in the stubbornness
Of ignorance

A childhood trait
V
V
V
Definite goal
In mind

Pack under
20lbs base weight

—

There was no bridge
To return to my past

All laid in waste

A new future must be forged
If there ever was to be one

Till I reach tomorrow
& Write down what all happened

Whether it be about
The brilliance
Of color off a Box Turtle shell
Slowly make'n his way
Down the mountain

Or the greasy slyness
That seeps off the

Black scales
Of a nested snake
In the hollow
Of a tree trunk

V

V

V

Of all things
I was happiest
I ditched
My cotton socks
For wool socks
At that outfitter

V

V

V

Tunes

Prepare'n for the military
He pushed forward in train'n

Travel'n this path
With a full-size guitar

A considerable feat
On such treacherous paths

Concerned about
His grandpa's soul

I tried to comfort him
With a few passages from the Bible

That gave record
God would be merciful

V

V

V

Day hikers mean food

When I see
Their luxurious camp spread
& I peruse for anything
Left discarded by others

They usually offer me
A bit to eat

6 Nature's Way

I thank'd them for my
Preemptive Birthday Present

V

V

V

Jacobs Ladder
Never wanted to end

The elevation
Warp'd with greed
Sticky as molasses
It's soil grip'd you

To toil

Up & Up
Right or Left

In reluctance only
The route issued
A downward path
V
V
V
Fontana Dam

Kind to hikers
I spend most of my time
Alone

I cherish those times
Celebrate'n the goods of Civilization

Again Roadwarrior was dumbstruck
Johnathan gave me his pizza
To add insult to injury

—

I could only spend part of the day there

Most of it consumed by kindness

A noob motorcyclist
Lost all his things
Take'n down the
Dragon's Trail

I found his Ipad in the grass
Next to the road

Fate's offer'n
To bless me with a
Birthday present

I cashed the gift in
For good karma

The Fontana Dam Staff
Tracked the noob down

Hopefully to continue
On his journey unthwarted

V

V

V

Others in the
Great Smoky Mountains
Were mad at me

I cheerily ate
Pizza I pulled out of my pack

Fill'n the air with
Cheesey Italian Aroma

Which I smartly preserved
For this birthday dinner

Deep in the
Great Smoky Mountains

A range
Notorious for its
Aggressive Black Bears
V
V
V
Ghost

3am he climb'd
Into the shelter
Amidst the Cold Front

The kid in
Chuck Taylors
Id seen before the NOC

I came upon him later
The next day

He nibble'd on mushrooms
That he had pick'd

He instructed
' If it tastes nutty
' Then you know its edible

' Very Wise
I agreed

He explained
' My mother doesn't like me
' I have no where else to go

I ask'why he arrived
So late last night

' I hike at night
' I don't even need a light
' I feel the earth
' Under my soles

Truly wise words
From one so young
V
V
V
The Great Smokey Mountains

Expanses of
Clustered Dark Forests
Bramble Berry Thickets
Razer Edge Ridges

Enveloped inside fog
As if ascend'n

You reach a place
For no mortal man

Above time
Complete in nature

Its moon bright
Wish'n Welcome & Saftey
In wakeful motherly Assurance

Upon those who
Continue

V

V

V

At a beautiful site
Twix two creeks cross

I settled for the night

The rains after midnight
Left me the hard choice

To try sleep'n soak'd

Or continue to the shelter
7mi away

30mi in one day
There to sleep dry

—

I decided
The only rest would be ahead

As soon as I packed
My headlight flickered
Then went out

Stand'n there shock'd
Clutch'n the Hiker Biker II

Ghost's words
Came to mind

This was the true trial
Happenstance lined
To forge me a man

V

V

V

Tight paths
Thru dense wood

Trail only marked
By the light flicker'n

Whenever Elune bore her face
Upon puddles
Left by imprints of trail

Hours in the

Misery of rain

Too miserable
To take off my pack
& Stash my tent
Swollen with water
In my arms all night

Hours in the
Eerie deep night fog

Among dark ferns
& Celestial canopy

At times crawl'n
At times circl'n

Always just hope'n
To see that geometric shape
Of manmade shelter

Harshly outlined from the scenery

I had no map
Only the promise of that one sign

The Weak Haze of Morn
Broke the void of night

Finally a sign bore witness
The next shelter
Was 8mi ahead

In the night
I missed the shelter

I set up the tent
That I in misery carried

Sleep'n dank
As 6am hit

Only to rise
In the late morn
& See 50 yards away

The shelter I had so hopefully sought
V
V
V

t Springs
The first trail town

The break of wood into Community
Coarsness smoothed out into Society

Its neat pathways
& Goods To Go

Its connectivity & curiosity

To break into such wonderlands
Makes me always
Trot the last miles
V
V
V
Sit'n at the computer
In the Outfitter

Finally contact'n people
Who had no way of contact'n me

Roadwarrior passed by & recognized me
Stop'd to gape stoopified

He arrived last night

I was leave'n after 2hr
He decided
He would move as well

I purchased an Elevation Map
Now we were on more
Even grounds
V
V
V
There are dry areas
Where ants make their home

These are conditions
Where they thrive

Barren & Flat

Unfortunate traps for
Unwary settlers

Large & Red

Ants fight in unison
& I never show mercy to thugs
V
V
V
Ecosystems repeated
Each with individual flair

That sets them
Unique in the universe

Grove of Mountain
Meadow of Valley
Passage of Water

All fine rest'n places
For any soul
Await'n Eternity
V
V
V
The trail binds

The Destiny of strangers

The unlikely
Is commonplace here

People intersect miraculously

Today HillyBilly ate lunch
With Day hikers

He met last year
At the same spot
On the same day
V
V
V
HillyBilly warned me

Taste'n mushrooms
To determine if it
' Tastes Nutty
Is a sure way to be poisoned
V
V
V
The Tennessee Mountains
Retain a Southern Spirit

It is one
Wild & Harsh

Yet without
Treachery or lies
V
V
V

The Overmountain Shelter
A Red Barn

Alone on a mountainside
Overlook'n a misty
Valley of forest

Mice scurried thru the night
With no care of concern
Where they stepped
V
V
V
I fear little in life

I fear even
Only a little water

Whether to my ankles
Or too far to see

Tentacles
Slimey-Scaled
Anonymous-biters

What monster could consider

Such dank ecosystems its feed'n ground

—

Alone at Laurel Falls
Hot & Tired

I waded towards the falls
Then there see'n
A small snake in the water

Decided only a small douse
Would be necessary

V

V

V

Ghost

I learned was an alcoholic

He only walked nights
Because then he could be
Smashed in peace

A rare honor
To learn from
Drunken Masters

V

V

V

Pond Flats
This 1700ft climb

Commonly considered
The most pointless
Part of the trail

It was only later I learned
You could walk 15min around

—

Sometimes it's best
To stick to the path

For reasons
That pay off later

Other times it is only ignorance that
Keeps you on the
Straight & Narrow

V

V

V

Watuga
Built near a town
That lays at the bottom
Of its manmade lake

Two hoodlums & I
Met at the rope swing

They got me a contact
To get my own supply

High
I spent my only afternoon
Dehydrated on the trail
—
Until I went to camp
Far below to the only
Acceptable water source

Alone in those depths

Large dark things
Prowl'd curiously
Near my tent
V
V
V
The story of my christen'n
Came before me

Tho I knew there was no one
More than a day ahead of me

Some would finish my story
Before I could tell it

All would consider me
With reservations
V
V
V
Zero Day
Day allotted to Repose

An incredible day
For one weary

To those on budget
My fund'n only my tax refund

Each tick of time
A grain of worry upon my
Mission & Budget
V
V
V
A teacher off for summer
A crazed man Provisions
& I prepared lunch

I decided the season
Was ideal for firemake'n

The teacher traded me
8 Snickers
For my cook'n fuel

I took the bold challenge
Cook'n from fires only

Naturally clean'n

Litter from the ground

v

v

v

In Damascus

A community fat

On the traffic

Of the trail

They had a nice library

The most important location

For any traveler

Wander'n the streets

Look'n for something

Cheap to eat

Roadwarrior & I

Crossed paths

The third episode

Of his complete

Bewilderment

The third zero day

Ruined by my face

I was sleep'n in a bush either way

Might as well be in the isolated mountains

He declined

To pass the night with me

Tho I had a blaze of bonfire

He hadn't had time

To make a single fire

v

v

v

I know the fear

Of mountain travel

Under Elune

Bright in deep night

Alone

Hear'n the distant chant'n

Of fanatics

In religious embodiment

Dense fog

Confirmed late tranquility

Yet echoes arouse'd many fears

v

v

v

500mi

In less than a month

Celebrate'n at Wise

Write'n for hours

I accomplished a true feat
The day was mine
v
v
v
Fire a temporary maiden
Demand'n more & more

Return'n cherished
Expressions of passion

Like ancient
Sirens of the Sea

From devoted service
She returns
Warmth & Bombasticity

Know'n to neglect
Would turn cold

That blind'n blaze of
Heat from her heart
v
v
v
What is best
To be cooked against
The roast of fire?

Pepperoni

Sliced thick as steak
Spear'd upon a twig

Crisp against the
Heat of blaze

It's warm juices
Sing savory songs
In sizzel'n slurs

Taste'n you find
That tho most food
Be hampered by outdoors

This meat
Is only ever brought
To its height here
v
v
v
Of all places
A fire-monger such as I
Prefers the discard'd lot

Wild & Untame Grounds
Found tucked away

At one such place
I sizzeled pepperoni

Smoke'n a joint
All set up for the night

Past midnight
Write'n by blaze

Went to service
My temporary maiden

Gather'n wood in the dark
I noticed the stumps
Fell'd & rot'd trees

Shred from bears
Feed'n on grubs
Nest'd in the rotten wood

I then understood
Why years
Had covered this ground
V
V
V
Hikers use logs
Left in shelters
To stay in touch

I had only ever traveled with
DHB & Bathsalts
Separated since NOC

I didn't find much use for logs
Until the day I was run'n out of water

One log foretold of more drought ahead

I spent 2 hours boil'n water
Out in a dry grove

Water drawn from a puddle
Posted a warn'n of Parasites

The microscopic
Were not microscopic
Red & squirm'n

2mi later
I found a perfectly clear water source

I decided to stay away from logs
v
v
v
Shout out to Marion
Tho large
Kind to the hikers

Care not driven by greed
Of what little hikers have

They host a shuttle

For hiker's to enter town

The driver offered her Applesauce

Their library staff are
Friendly & Considerate

v

v

v

Thanks for the cokes
Left on US 52

Only the most devout
Have faith in hikers
Late as now on the trail

v

v

v

True Brit offered shelter
At his dojo nearby

The place supported most hikers
Pass'n thru

Unaccustomed to the delight
Of other hikers

I became terribly drunk

Beware the bite of
Four Lokos

Mary's calm haze settles
Even a those hang-overs

I enjoyed my first zero

v

v

v

At Symmns Gap
Mile 641

In the haze
Of the last of my weed

High up
Its lonely tree

Solemn of mind
Know'n my path
Much farther than

The distant & abstract scapes
Paint'd in broad colors
Ocre Steel & Kush

v

v

v

Anything Goes Burrito

Boil'd Carrots & Onion
Instant Potato

Roasted Pepperoni
Melted Extra Sharp Cheddar
On a Tortilla
Cooked over embers

—

I had developed an entire
Collection of pack recipes

Genius spiced my meals

People center around the
Main course

I center on what bonds
The elements together

v

v

v

June 29th
Hot & Desperate

Shred'd the sleeves
From my shirt
The first hour

In the next hour
I shave'd
My considerable growth

By dull blade
In a small puddle
Fed by slow trickles

Heat unbearable
No cover of shade

—

Thank you
Special K
You are an angel

To be surprised after a
Stubbornly steep climb

With cold drink
& Savory treats

v

v

v

Down a road
Typical of classic rural Virginia

I knocked upon
The first house

An elderly lady
Lent me her phone
Tho terrified of my presence

—

I'd met some people
Who like others
Took pictures of me
As I fed upon their treats

In the manner of one
Who is grateful
To photograph wild beasts

Always driven to feed
To be sure it is
Preoccupied

They enthusiastically
Offered to host me
When I got to this point
Tho now they bailed

—

The elderly woman
Told me of a pavilion
Where I could stay
A bad storm was ahead
She warned

I assured her
A storm is no challenge
V
V
V
When the storm hit
Trees fell like rain

The crash
A boom above thunder

Around one large felled tree
A Day Hiker came round

In his hysteria
He began to follow me

Back round
Up the mountain

I eventually
Had to stop & tell him

' Turn around
' You go'n the wrong way

His car was that way
His home in that direction

—

Reduced to crawl'n
As dark was upon me

The Clash & Bash
Of tree fall

Palpable

Tremors from the trees

Past the ridge
Upon a perch of rock

An odd beast crouch'd

Not a deer
Not only by form
But also by the way
The eyes caught light

Focused upon me
Amazed I summit'd
Despite the storm

Its perched position
Permit'n lengthy
Consideration of me

V

V

v

v

Up the mountain 8:30pm
Black Monstrous Clouds
Invaded across the sky

As if on the wings of Boreas
With the power of gods
It brought rainless blasts

Rip'n tree from root
Fell'n them in torrents

A day hiker
Head'n Down & Out

In madness of terror
While descend'n around
A fallen tree
Turn'd to follow me
Into the woods

I eventually had to stop
& Assure the man that

He needed to go the other direction
To his car
Away from this wilderness

He reluctantly complied

—

Not 30 yards
Between felled trees

Soon I was reduced
To crawl'n on my
Hand's & knees
Search'n for path

All pitch'd black

The earth itself rattle'n
A madness worthy of legend

Despite the dark
I did not get lost
Use'n no light

Maybe that storm shook me
Also to depths of madness

I saw a beast perch'd
The glitter of his eyes
Not that of deer

It perch'd as sure as a
Mountain Lion
It's form that distinct shape

I slowly made my way by
Give'n it wide berth

Its attention on me
Of bewilderment that
I summit'd despite the storm
V
V
V
At the shelter
Thankful for protection
I met FrieghtTrain

I slept tuck'd up
Avoid'n the prick of the hornet's
Whose nest 2ft above my head
v
v
v
The storm fell'd
20% of the trees

A storm unique
In recorded history

Despite the blockade
I continued 25mi days

Despite Climb'n & Trip'n
Over Branch & Tangle

—

There were plenty of creeks
To dip into

Nothing more pleasant
Than a watery glaze
Accented by Midsummer's Breeze
v
v
v
Virginia Blues
Hit in a haunt'n way

What great & necessary need
It is to see another
Human being

Days without such sight
Puts me in a panic

Upon those barren
Ridges Gaps or Valleys

In the deep belly of Virginia
v
v
v
Of my experiences
The wilderness I cherish most

Tho in times of storytell'n

It is the personalities
Of those I meet

That give my story character
V
V
V
The Virginia Summer Sun
Whose feverish ridges
A lash of swelter
Upon my back
—

Over-exhaustion
Always hits me
With the flag of
Over-dramatics

All is woes & wails
Until I catch my banter
& Settle to rest
Wake'n to a bright new day
v
v
v
The trail too deep
The season too harsh

Alone & Over-exhausted
I made my way
Over fallen trees

I came across a couple
On the trail

They were also
Headed to the restaurant

A fabled buffet
Which would cost me
The last of all I had

Many warned me

To not skip this stop

—

There we discovered
The storm knocked out the power
It was closed

Feel'n very relieved
From the stress of wallet

I asked them
For a ride to
Whatever city they were go'n

I desperately needed
Lekki Trek'n Tips
Mine were worn to the rod

Drop'd at the outfitter in
Downtown Roanoke

The girl work'n
Gave me free Lekki replacements

Her friend came by
One of a set
Of Identical Twins

He invited me outside
To bash some melons for breakfast
Which seemed too odd to decline

—

We roam'd the city
Like a local stray
Pack'n up with a wild animal
Just come in that morn
From its wilderness

V

V

V

Greg invited to a party
At a millionaire's Lake House

In the smallest car
That fits on the road

One Two
Three Four Five Six
Seven of us fit

Me in in the trunk
Of the tiny hatchback

V

V

V

B-Rad

The twin's
Scooter mechanic

He juke'd the rich kid

Into the bill for the buffet

We had fun & got wrqd
People may have came or went

Bunch of guys
Dive'n into the lake

Filmed in
What About Bob

Drunk Stoned & Free
In Virginia Spirit

v
v
v
At B-Rads

The power from the storm
Left the city with sparse power

B-Rad traded bud for internet
To his dealer

He hustled one of his friends
Into buy'n the fine steaks
He cooked for us to eat

B-Rad's friends
Are only temporary associates

—

B-Rad got wild
The trail was call'n me back

I gave my adios
Then walked into the
Roanoke Midnight

v
v
v
Cities are shady
Past midnight

On the outskirts of downtown
I walked listen'n to
Die Antwoord

Someone called me out from behind
Took out my earbuds & turn'd around

A large man
Face full of tats

Charged towards me
In a hurry

I froze like a fawn
Know'n I was already dead

Relief hit his face
As we meet

' Hey I'm travel'n too
' You want to stay with me
' My camp is up that hill

I didn't have
Anywhere else to go

Tho I kept my knife
At ready
V
V
V
The strength of my little
CRT Peck

It is easily hidden
In the palms
V
V
V
Zach & I
Rest'n upon the grassy hill
Against our packs
Over-look'n Downtown

Nights on the street
Are times of wakefulness

Under the Sun
Sleep is much safer

The moon spent
Brag'n & Boast'n
As men do in polite manners

' Once a crackhead tried to
' Rape my girlfriend
' I beat him to death
' With a iron pipe

He won with that story
V
V
V
B-Rad had been
A good host to me

Even if he was a bit scum
In the way of those
Who only seek self-interest

Zach & I
Had plans to adventure
But I first had to repay
Kindness recieved

B-Rad had too many dishes
Dirty for too many weeks

I helped clean them
Appreciate'n the bewilderment

Of one unaccustomed to gratitude

B-Rads step-father
Plan'd to come by

His life
Due for a check up

B-Rad himself almost old
Tho childish in his pleas for support

With a child's keenness
That freed him from the various
Preplaced Logical Traps

—

One such had been
A confirmed Ace

In conspire'n with the neighbor
The patron accused him of
Smoke'n weed on the porch
Have'n been seen that morn

' Did you see me smoke?
B-Rad asked me

Under such circumstance
I had no choice
Unable to call me a liar
The patron was groundless

In such cleverness
Did he weasel out
Of any requirement for rebuke

B-Rad hustled me a ride
The 30min drive
Back to the trail
I couldn't say no

I asked if we could stop
& Get Zach

But the patron
Advised me against such companionship

' In all likelihood
' Someone like that

Forgot about any friendship
In the booze of a new day

v

v

v

Back at the trail
Post powwow with strangers

I decide to hitch back
To Zach

40mi later

I discovered him gone

At camp

I discover'd only a note

Written from the sign

He used to hitch

In broad black Sharpie

Have'n taken the

Considerable risk

Stop'n the driver

Leave'n the vehicle

To leave me it

' I got a ride

' Maybe we'll meet

' Further up the interstate

v

v

v

Get'n back to the trail

Again

Was a real muthrfrkr

A black lady at the

Boys & Girls Club

Scowled a man into

Give'n me a ride

Out of the danger

Of that hood

v

v

v

Daleville had a shelter

For those suffer'n

From that storm

They fed me & gave me a place to rest

The next day

Pass'n two hikers

I learn in their pack

Listed my only friends

Bathsalts & DHB

v

v

v

At Pizza Hut

Reunion with the two

How grateful I was

To have friends again

After those hundreds of miles

—

The Bathsalt Gang

Bathsalt

DHB

Hambre

Flick
Hotpants
Bible Belt

Feature'n 3Shot
V
V
v
Everyone was stay'n at the
HoJo Inn

That place had all the drama of a crack town
Stuffed under one roof

Naturally
I found myself in the middle
Of that nights scandal
V
V
V
V
Only DHB & Bathsalts
Would know if that time alone

Tipped the bucket
Did in the done

I had to go crazy
Eventually
(If not previously)
V
V
v
I guard Pop Tarts
With my life

My pack
My mate

Forced to cuddle together
Night After Night
Food & All

If I lost my supplies
To some animal
My hope was done

If my quantum theory
Is true

Then many of my Me
Must have fallen
Victim to hungry murderers
V
V
V
Never thought
A gay could be
More manly than me

The first of us
To drop balls

& Jump into the James

The first of us
To take that
Narrow 25ft+ Sloped Dive
Tween Darkened Masses
Into a hole
6ft in diameter

A feat I accomplished
Only despite much fright

A lady drove up
To the drunk crowd
Curse'n us as we wait'd
For our turn to leap

Some kid died just recently

' He died cause he was drunk
' And fucked up
One reprimanded the lady

I didn't correct him that
They were also all drunk
V
V
V
Settle'n doesn't happen
Until 2min in sack

Much to be done
Before then

The last act
To climb in

To settle still
To a days repose

First it is one
Than many
Itches all around you

Prod'n you
Out into the night
To new grounds
Less popular

—

Noseeums
I curse your kind

Humanity is go'n
To one day destroy you
V
V
V
Callus on the
Adventurer heel

Is a favorite snack

For baby fish

Take'n advantage
Of the local soak
V
V
V
The James River

That bridge proudly built
Locals & strangers together
Jump'n off

I do not know much about King James
Is the joy of this river
Symbolic of his life

Do you deserve
Such Legacy
V
V
V
New MP3 player
Ship'n to Buena Vista

It wouldn't arrive
Till the next day

An oddly Mormon town
It crumbled in decay

At the tables of its public pavilion
The cops came by

Despite the thunderstorm
They kick'd me out

Forced to hitch past midnight

A kid in a Jeep
Gave me a ride
To the mountain pass

—

It was late
The moon wasn't out

Near the ridge I decided upon a rest
It be'n around 3:30am

I heard the presence
Of a large animal behind me

I picked up a rock
Threw it in that direction

After a few moments
A rock came fly'n back

Freaked to hell
I got my stuff
& Hiked as fast as I could

A few miles later
At a shelter
.5mi off the trail

The log was sparse
FrieghtTrain stop'd here during lunch
But left because it was
' too creepy

It was a common adjective
Used in the log

The quaint shelter
In a clear'n
Of dark woods
With small creek
Flow'n thru

That is kinda creepy
I reasoned

—

Days later
I discovered

That was the shelter
That FBI signs warned of

Posted the past
50mi on the trail

Last year a lone hiker
Spent time in town

Found dead behind that shelter
Killed with a knife
Buried in a shallow grave

I never read adversements
v
v
v
Day circled in temperature
Path circled in grade
Landscape circled in fauna

Each blissful in simplicity

Able to easily distinguish
What made each special
v
v
v
The call of the trail

A kingdom all my own
A land all alone

The shade of the wilderness
The respite of the springs

Mayhap the luck of a powwow
Overlay a rhythm to this path

Master of this environment
Able under any circumstance

Peaceful without a past
Peaceful with no future

V

V

V

Waynesboro
Degraded by drug-use

Arrive'n as
The Bathsalt Gang
Feature'n FreightTrain

After a Chinese Buffet

They headed into the hotel
I headed into the night

V

V

V

First to find weed
Then find somewhere to sleep

Get'n weed off the streets
Is truly a tricky task

At Krogers Grocer
I happened upon a disheveled man

Wild hair
Wild eyes

He said he could get me some
Drunk he dropped the 40oz

The security guard kicked us out
His friend was wait'n for him out in the car

Hella mad he came back empty-handed
Himself already ban'd

V

V

V

At Patrick's

His family
Outside by the firepit

' This is a AT hiker
' He want's to buy weed

We took off in his Subaru

The benefit of the storm
Is firewood was abundant
Of a tree's best cuts

—

Patrick had a 4yr old
Two step children
9 & 14

& A crazed wife

Abuse was apparent
The BBQ never touched
By the hungry family

He never got around
To take'n first bite

The 14 yr old girl ask'd
What she should do with it

Patrick ordered her
To compost it

She then asked him
To turn the music up in the car

This was the time of night
Patrick let loose

Loud & Detailed
Of Sex & Suicide

Police recently called on him
Because of his attempts to kill himself

Wayne
The friend that drove him earlier

Came over & laugh'd on
How they trained their wives

Wayne's wife came over
Arm in a sling

Wayne took half of her pain pill

Patrick's wife Tera
Returned as ordered

Arms full of appliance cords
Cut to burn the copper

Which when burnt
Emit beautify arrays of color

Past 3am
The dealer came buy

I got my 1/8
They were preoccupied with meth

I bailed into the night
Filthy with memories

Swollen with pity

For the children

Subjected under
Unbound dementia

v

v

v

In the morn I ate breakfast
At the Quality Inn
With the Bathsalt Gang

Raid'n Inns for breakfast
Was an easy trick

If you woke early
To get first dibs

—

At a Laundry Mat
Butt-naked under my poncho

A homeless came up to converse

' Man I had the worse night
' I slept in a porta-potty
' Some guy around 6am
' Burst in & tripped over me
' Try'n to take a shit

I gave him the rest of the breakfast
From Quality Inn

Then I returned there
For Last Call

v

v

v

Shenandoahs
Roll'n easily

Clouds descended
To proximity

Peace of Tranquility
Saturates the grounds

Black snakes & bunnies
Tourists & food
Dry scapes & gush'n spouts

v

v

v

Hombre gave me my first
Mountain House

An expensive dehydrated meal
I had to eat it off the ground
I am clumsy

Freight Train & I powwow
As his birthday gift

I ended up chase'n a rabbit
Thru hidden pathways
Thru the bramble
V
V
V

Past 3:30am
When I caught up
To the Bathsalt Gang

8am
We picked up camp & moved
Miserable but enjoy'n company
I trailed sleepily behind Hambre

After 3mi we arrived
At a dead end

A cemetery buried
Deep in the woods

It's ancient markers worn illegible by time
In deep wilderness

Awake in the fright of being lost

We found our way back
Hambre also exhausted
Had follow'd Orange blazes

Back at the trail
I decided to go solo

They kept a 25mi pace

These scapes deserved calm appreciation
So I sat on a boulder
& Blazed up
V
V
V
To blaze up
Is not a simple task

When travel'n know'n
Not to carry much

An apple
A pen & foil

Many things
I've craft'd for smoke

Police & I
Naturally gravitate
V
V
V

Night Hikes
Suffused with
Calls Screeches & Wails

Eyes flicker'n
Out in the distance
Green Yellow or Orange

Bear scat fresh tonight
Headed same direction

Weed & Energy-JellyBeans
Pushed me onwards

One terrible shriek
Tore thru any ever heard

As if from
A baby torn to shreds

Headphones allowed me
Ignorance to continue
V
V
V
At the top of a ridge
Of rocky views

Cowboy camp'd aside
The edge of a cliff

My pen fell
Down into its misty depths

Howl'n winds
Shook me all night

If I woke
Feel'n as if fall'n
Off a cliff

Tonight it would be true
But it would be quick
v
v
v
Purpose always reveals itself
To the pure of heart
& Vigorous of mind

My reality
A childhood fantasy
—

My family
Know'n my distress

Need'n to wish me well
Drove 60mi
To the airport

On hopes to find me
Not know'n the when
Only the where

Sweetly I savor the shock

Of that memory

Hear'n my named called out
In the Salt Lake City Airport

Only by fate
They had found me

v

v

v

The Edification Movement is Nigh

The Priest
Sacrifice'n sex for purity

The Student
Sacrifice'n excitement for intelligence

The Bookwork
Sacrifice'n ease for depth

The Traveller
Sacrifice'n funds for experience

To toil for
Higher states of being

v

v

v

Patrick of Wayneboro
Strung out on the tune of Meth

Too many hear your wretched verse
Too many are damned by its wretched curse

v

v

v

Slayer had taught me
How to fold my bandanna
Around my pot

To keep in check
The crud from grill-less fire

Unfortunately my bandannas were
Pattern'd on camouflage

I overlooked my pot
Leave'n it in the Shenandoahs

v

v

v

The Sunday Lazy Breeze
No matter where you are

The planet takes Sabbatical

On the Corpus Christi bay
In the Wasatch Mountains
On dusty Mexican streets
Upon riot'n cobblestone
Of Buenos Aires

Now the Appalachian
Meet'n easy tunes
With eazy steps

v

v

v

Trippy in the woods
All out for all I care

Shout'n Ramble'n Sing'n

On Annapolis Rocks
I tread

None as far as I can see

Under vast sky
A lake glitters brilliantly

The view of cities from
The mountains

The proper perspective
To trip to these heights

v

v

v

I found a 1lb
Discrete Mathematics book

Despite many tries
I failed to find time
To read much of it

After lmo I had to ditch it

v

v

v

An experienced backpacker

Feels the weight
Of a pair of Poptarts

An experienced backpacker
Daily adjusts pack straps
In order to keep the weight
In ideal positions

An experienced backpacker
Has a routine method to pack
90% Strip'd every night
Reassembled every morn

An experienced backpacker
Is aware
Weight Size & Quantity
All come into play

v

v

v

Often been read'n

Walt Whitman

On my Nook
Aloud until I trip

V

V

V

Sky Meadows State Park
On a bright
But partially dreary day

Moisture call'n
All to life

Energize'd cellularly
With sleek appeal

Just the right
Amount of meadow
To still feel like forest

Just the right
Amount of open-expanses
To allow appreciation
Of panoramic views

Mile 20
Refresh'd as morn

Today I swore I'd reach 1000mi

.

.

.

1000mi path
A lifelong wish

In 3mo I read
The Lord of the Rings
At age 11

I've always been akin
To the adventure of walks

Since a child
Too wild for home
Out on streets
On the long roam

Past govt fences
Favor'n desolate places

.

.

.

Bear's Den

Its stone structure
Spoke words of wisdom

Against the shoddy
Frame structures of today

Despite human intrusion

The woods were at peace

Moss clung to it with affection
Birds call it home

—

To enter the building
One had to answer
A thru hikers riddle

Proven true
The machine allow'd me inside

V

V

V

Sweet were the spoils
Raid'n that hostel alone

MoHo Fig-Newtons PB Internet!

A man asked where the owner was
He was with the Tree-Removal

I told him I had no idea

' I am from a group
' We have land where we keep
' All-things-in-common

' Would you like to stay
' With us for a while?

' You would have a free
' Place to stay & eat
' If you work your part

Cults always interest me
I helped them with the rest
Of the jobs for the day

We headed out to Sabbath
On Hillsboro
John

With form of Man
Squared exponentially

Long hair
Cut chin
Tower'n 6.5ft
Large hands
Big Feet
Muscular Physique

In a Democratic Age
Where the weak reign

These miracles of manliness
Are greatly depreciated

A wayside spectacle
Lost in this cult

V

V

V

' You can stay for a day
' Or stay

One of them offered
After show'n me the grounds

—

' My daughter is 18

The father offered
If I would stay

—

From early morn till night
A Community United

Gets that weird
Family oddness

V

V

V

Faith
I studied many years

Ancient monk writ
To new day philosophy

Tho the concept
Always eluded me

Faith I did find
After long darkened toil

Everything On The Line
Keep'n Steady & One Way

Known'n the path to fail
Tho
Known'n this the only path
Worth take'n

Wholesome Bittersweet Peace
Have'n Longsuffer'd
A dreary yet kindred road

Prayhap
It end in Miracle
Find'n not Failure
But the Mountaintop
So long Sought

V

V

V

Since Springer
Told I was fated to fail

People drew me
Into argument

That I would not have
The Thru

Know'n more than me
Which I agreed

—

Harpers Ferry
The place to
To Flip to Katahdyn
& Hike down

But that is a path
I'd take
Under no circumstance
V
V
V
Harper's Ferry
A place out of Legend

Power & Strength
Of ancient days

Echoed glory
From a source far away

What great fortune
To haunt such streets
V
V
V
After the library
I went hustle'n

A girl at 7-11
Said she would pick me up
At that corner at 3:00pm

True to her word she came by
& Took me to resupply
V
V
V
Moist breezes
& Sandy beaches

Get'n high that night

My first group of
Thru hikers
V
V
V
Pristine gothic views
Warped suddenly

As the city fell away
Midnight by the tracks

I warned a hiker
To not sleep by these tracks

I know what those bring
This being a place for crew changes

Stop'd lakeside
The moon bright

One from a group
Approached me

I had to assure him
In Spanish
' Yo no soy policia

Those that travel by train
From long journeys
Wearily worn
Hungry & Not-Have'n
V
V
V
A black rook
Bound this place

An eerie atmosphere
Akin to its history

Travel'n a lightless path
Voices to the bushes

Find'n my way thru
Dangerous underpaths

Up the mountains I saw
Signs of hobos still

Up & Up
The mountain
Continue'n the climb

Traces of campsites
Still Here & There
Burnt tins & beer bottles

Late I reached
A mostly flat boulder
Upon which I slept
V
V
V
The sight of a new color
I don't remember

But the sight
Of a new animal
I can

Down an overgrown side path
Lay stone circles
Demand'n powwow

Soon I had to get out

Baby carrots

A baby goat
Came waddle'n by

My mind twerked

The baby goat
Had a baby boy

Miniature Mountain Goats existed

What a revelation
To those that love Hobbits

This mountain could inspire
One such as JRR

v

v

v

Roasted Pepperoni Medallions Over Parmesan

After
Butterfinger PB Taquitos

The day was to write
To enjoy the present

My hurried pace
Kept me urgent

Tho there are treasures
Only a fool would pass

v

v

v

The trail now drenched
With the battles of the
Civil War

The air different
Vistas never virgin

All in something
Abstract from human

As if over time
The individual cries

Mellow into a united hum
Of like-minded confusion

v

v

v

Fredrick

Learn'n of the town
I decide to hitch in

Wander'n Far & Wide
Stop'n at a drum circle

There I met an Egyptian
Tweak'n still from Rainbow

He invited me to accompany him
I'd get a ride back to the trail

He was going to see
The girl that left him
After 3 years companionship

At the bar
The Cellar Door

It was poets night
One poet I could never forget
Tho his rants I thankfully have
v
v
v
Down dark forest roads
Thru its twisty narrow paths

The Egyptian drove
Drow'n his vision with tears

Tail end of the acid trip
Last'n weeks of hippie-fests

Car swerved to his emotions
My knuckles white
Brace'd for over an hour

Want'n to get out
Prepared for the worst

We arrived on indian land
Burnt a fire & slept

In the morn
He took me back to the trail

Obviously ashamed
From the episode of the night before

Strangers are the
Best friends for these situations
v
v
v
Stray dogs
May follow you home

After you offered powwow
Think'n such thoughts
Take me home to care for

Later sober'd up
Me on the couch

Always awkward for you
Feel'n unthreatened but unaccustomed

I am accustomed to awkward situations

v

v

v

Pennsylvania

Sweet forests

Small trees

Clutterless grounds

One could as simply walk

Into the forest

As easy as the path

These are the forests

Envisioned in fantasy

Hills never break'n 2,000ft

Dry breezy summer days

All in moderate display

v

v

v

Enter: Trail Angel

Past 6pm & go'n strong

Warpaint on my face

Testify'n this lifestyle

With that fuzzy ruggedness people respect

Shirtless I break onto a back road

A car stop'd

A lady & a dog

I lay out my hook

' Is there a store near here

' Oh no, not for miles

The woman said clearly concerned

That is my number-one hook

It makes them realize

#1

There isn't a store in walk'n distance

#2

I want food but not ask'n

Its an instant & unanimous

Hack of humanity

Allow'n a comfortable way

For them to give me

Whatever food they have

' I have no food on me

' Or I'd give you some

The lady now more concerned

' Its fine
I assure her
I begin to take leave

' I am only low on snacks
' My pack food will be fine

Resolved the woman said
' I'll drop you some groceries in the morn
' Just tell me where & when

She wouldn't let me back out
I felt terribly guilty

We arranged to meet
8:30am the next day
v
v
v
A pristine reservoir
In manmade cleanliness
Tucked away

Moon bright in the sky

Flames flicker'n at my side
Midnight waters underneath

In a darkened world
Afloat

The glimmer of Elune
Turn'n black the night
Turn'n black the lake
Turn'n black the forest
Where she brighter shined

In calmness Elune pet
World wide complacency

To blind our eyes
To teach us the virtue
Of Rest

That tho different
We all agree

To enjoy the present
With rest & tranquility

v
v
v
Patricia already
Wait'n for me

1 Liter orange juice
Pastries & Treats Galore
She sent me forward with full resupply
v
v
v
As things happen

FrieghtTrain
Ran out of money

I gave him most of that resupply
We did the Ice Cream challenge

He managed to hustle us
A room in the mansion
v
v
v
The Quantum Hack
Of Quantum Roads

Meccas are places
Parallel personalities likely visit

Connections entangle despite dimension
To other kindred beings

Those meetings here
Have a way
Of convex'n back upon themselves

In pivotal moments
Unite'n to fulfill a Destiny
v
v
v
My Appalachian Trail
An experience of
Total Discovery

I did not know
Any of the places
I was to go

Every step somewhere
I never heard of

No vista I learnt of
v
v
v
On the long lonely path
At times
All is just too much

Drugs are the friend
In your pack
That can carry you

Lift'n you above the
Worries & Actualities

Present'n the Present
As a Present

To be cherished
Despite All Else
v
v

V
Shit'n in the woods
Is something everyone
Can appreciate after habit

Pass as need settles
The mound of it
Your digestive log

V
V
V
1,000mi+ Wisdom

—
Leave your pack
Towards which direction
You need to go

Exhaustion works
In mysterious way

—
Incorporate what you miss
Comfort is everything

—
Never let anyone unfamiliar
Know where you will sleep

—
Only hitch with someone
Who is already headed
Past where you are go'n

—
Marathoners are idiots
Ignore them

—
Mace is the best defense
For its weight
Skunks swear by it

Buy two & test one

—
Fire is a craft
Always extend your ability

—
Only take half days
In towns

To save momemntum & budget

—
Have a store of backup food
Extremely light

Instant Potatoes
Ramen
Tuna
V

V

V

V

Vegetables

All the to weary wanderer

Fresh Garlic

Light & Packed

Fresh Carrots

Great with everything

Fresh Onion

To remove the bland pack taste

Dried Vegetables

Can be carried in great assortment

V

V

V

Parmesan

A pack life extend'n

Several weeks

This cheese can save

A lump of crud

From be'n tossed out

V

V

V

To Yogi

—

Look interest'n

Represent'n what you do obviously

—

Be assertive on others

—

Always portray needs indirectly

Kindenss more reward'n than force

—

Always have a set of

Personal stories prepared

Long Short One-liners

Each has their circumstance

—

Be around the right people

Coffee shops

Drum Circles

Outfitters

Parks

Trailheads

V

V

V

Camp'n hidden
Is a double-edged deal

Less likely seen
Is less likely helped

Sleep'n in the open maybe best
Hours 4am – noon

Downtowns are meccas for crackheads
Crawl'n around any hour

Find areas with no reason
To attract people

Industrial Areas, Churches, Fields

Only sleep near trees
People are often run over

If headlights shine on you
The driver can see you

Any location can be
Run'n grounds for some type
Be prepared readily with a weapon

Scattered dry twigs
Will alert you
August 31

If thru 76 in Penn.
You headed

Drive'n past me
As everyone did

Cept for the cop that
Kicked me off

V

V

V

How to Hitch

Calculations are relative
Only experience can teach

Drivers need time
To see you & decide

Then have time
To find the place to pull over

That is the basis
For all good locations

Think of it like fish'n
Nothing is guaranteed

V

V

V

My youngest sister
Christina

One meant for
Robust Adventure

Brought up
On the wake of my legendary growth

Arrive'n to join me
On this adventure
V
V
V
If the world was shatter
Who of all
Would I save if only one

Christina is always the answer

Strong tower
Interestingly quirky
Executes on command
Complains necessarily

Amerith her dog
Equal in character & strength

I brought them both up
On the edges of civilization
V
V
V
Christina fly'n into
Philadelphia
The next day
—

Far from there
No path yet open'd

A vehicle finally pulled over
As I walk'd slumped from 6hrs

Awestruck I see
Trail Angel Patricia
V
V
V
Patricia's Plan

After dinner she hustle'd
A trucker into
Take'n me to Harrisburg
Where Christina would now
Take the train
V
V
V
The trucker dumped me on the highway
I was thankful

Tho I had to rummage thru
Thickets to enter the city

Naturally head'n Downtown

Around Dusk
Around a Drum Circle

A street girl
Tried to warm up
& Gank my pen

Her friends
A Blonde & Redhead
Nearly sisters
Talked with me

The blonde's summer dress
Revealed Black Flags
Tattooed on her thigh

A Copperhead bit her
Last July

She introduced me to Occupy
V
V
v
With Occupy
Dure'n that torrential rain

Flood'n past inches into feet
V
V
V
The Occupy
Presence in Harrisburg
Only a group of homeless ex-cons

Supported by an unknown entity
Protest'n Downtown by remote directives
V
V
V
Downtown
At a military surplus

As an Eagle Scout
It is a surprise
To bled
When test'n a blade

Outside I decided to return
To purchase what kiss'd me

Tho there was no money to spare
Her lipstick served too strong a memory

The Spax SP-18
Cost a dear \$50
v
v

V

Kayak Micheal

After run'n around
The streets with Occupy

I headed to a coffee shop
Hustle'n smartly

I still had no idea
Where to take Christina
When she arrived at 1:30am

A man want'n to boast
Invited me to coffee

He told his tales
Cycle'n & Kyak'n

For all to hear
A habit of mine as well

His woman came by
A Redhead

Tina told me a girl
Nearly her daughter
' got bit by a copperhead

' Last July
I finish

Christina would have
A couch that night

Micheal lived the
Adventurer's Code

Drive'n us to the trailhead
Micheal is a friend
Found by fate

V

V

V

hristina entered the Trail
Carlisle on Highway 11

One must understand
The flow of the Path

Best taught to senses
Other than sight

Christina
Was taught night hike'n

First night on the trail

Fog thick & lowly
Her traverse'n lonely

Have'n at dusk

Chased a Pooh

She spent sleep
Fend'n off porcupines
V
V
V
2yr olds are Poohs
2-3ft have'n no Fathers

Elders all killed
The year before last

They get by
In a haze of
Ignorant bliss

Unintelligent of the
Environment around them

I'd been try'n
To befriend one

We would
Make good friends
V
V
V
Tiffany Sowers

The Blonde Punk from Harrisburg
Would host us in Duncanon

My sister did not get lost
On the complicated path

I spent much time search'n
For each next blaze

The Blaze
A symbol that all was right
In its place
V
V
V
Normal life
Is an odd thing
After months in the woods

At a club with Tiffany's friends

Them ride'n bulls
& Booty Bump'n

Have'n myself
Woken on the forest floor

The experience was entirely unnatural
V
V
V
Tiffany you are True Punk

In a sea of posers

You & I something special
But you had a boyfriend

Friendship is selfless
Sexuality is selfish

V

V

V

Osprey

Sent me a brand new
Exos

A pack
Designed for
One like me

Lightweight
Airated
Adjustable

V

V

V

Within one week
Christina's Merrill Vibrams
Were torn to shreds

In Pennsylvania
' The rocks massage your feet

V

V

V

Christina had hip pain
From constant travel

At a riverside grove
100yr Earlier been a town

Only one trace of it left

At that town's graveyard
We slept

Deep in the woods
Remains below me

Are souls still
Bound to this place?

—

Andrew Allen
Do you rest among us

Or deep in the mine
In which you were killed?

Mayhap we call you
Out of those depths
To what few remains

A peaceful place
Of woods held sacred
By those who buried
You at 30

V

V

V

Rain is cold

Only if
You stop from hike'n

Christina

V

V

V

Twigs

Perferrably Pine

Gather'd under large
Expanses of branches

Sorted

Start'n from needlelike

This is the craft
To create a seed for flames

V

V

V

Dangerously
Low on snacks

We hitch'd
On a solitary forest road

A vehicle pass'n
Lurched to a break

To race backwards at us
Put me on the alert

But his quirkiness
Like ours
Drew from kindness

The resupply a
20min drive

He told me to leave my pack with him
I could trust him

The hand that aid'd
Ask'd trust in return

Unquestionably
An uneven trade

Implied Contracts
Are always real
muthrfkrs

Miraculously the man
Was true to his word

—

On the long drive back
Deep in the woods

He stop'n to use the restroom
Found himself
Caught in that same trap

' I guess you trusted me
' So I got to trust you

The man left the car run'n
As he left into the wooded restroom

Miraculously the man
Had a car afterwards
V
V
V
Mountain springs stained red

' We gonna be shit'n iron
I commented

—

Up on that ridge
A night blazed in bonfire

Alone
Look'n at that bright sky

Hope'n someone might be look'n back

Whether molecularly alien
Or government surveillant

Hope'n it gaze back at me
Think'n

' Look at that crazy
' Muthrfkr
' Deep in the woods
' Blazed alone

V

V

V

In the morn
Post bonfire

30min look'n
For my favorite shirt

Find'n it far away
Chewed with coon bites

Jaws left its form
In 30 places

I liked the shirt

Even more

V

V

V

Experts

Never wear clean dry socks

If it is rain'n

Christina

V

V

V

Weekend Warriors

With 60lb+ packs

Train'n to be

Like us

You taught me

To light fire with a candle

When it pours terribly

I taught you

The value of

Spax my axe

Return'n to camp

With a trunk

Of already dead tree

V

V

V

I rose like I had everyday since

Gather'n wood for the breakfast fire

I also mistakenly

Gathered a snake

The copperhead sleepy still

I kicked Christina awake

Threw her machete at her

Then commanded her to kill it

The snake woke real fast

As Christina missed

They fought thru the bramble

The copperhead strike'n

Christina miss'n

Despite the undergrowth

Christina kept her focus

The snake dove

Into a leap'n strike

The machete

SHINK

Split the air

The open-mouthed head
Severed from its body

Spin'n out into the distance

3Chop held the severed body with one hand
With the other
Peeled down the copperhead's skin

3Chop tore out the guts
Washed the twitch'n corpse in the river
Built a fire
Roast'd the unseasoned meat
& Ate

V

V

V

3Chop became addicted
To a concoction I crafted

Cappuccino o Wheat

Cream of Wheat
Cooked in cappuccino mix

This powered her healthily thru

To keep on go'n
At a decent pace

V

V

V

3Chop wasn't womanly

I had to step up
To the chore

Cook'n Clean'n
Console'n Bitch'n

3Chop would in dreary silence
Accept her situation & Hike On

V

V

V

I cooked from my pot
Just enough for two

Placed upon the embers of fire
The bottom always burns the food

Instead of all that work & waste
Of scrape'n it out

Respectful mice
Always clean'd it
In time for morn

Only ever once
Leave'n scat

V

V

V

In a shelter
In New Jersey

All dryness & backyards

Christina patch'd her blisters

An old lady lent over
A gauze roll

She thought Christina
Was going to steal it

V

V

v

Paranoia
The gift of foresight

Separate'n us
Man & Beast

The grips of it
An ever tight'n vice

When my little sister
Takes longer than calculations

Those miles
Always back down the mountain
In a rapid panic

I would see her
After have'n thought
I'd never see her again

V

V

V

Cross'n into New York
On open mellow ridges

Vast expanses
Of the wilderness
Unimaginable

Late sun
A gentle orange

V

V

V

3Chop naturally sure
Paths always true

Thru rain
Dry plains
Dark'n forests
Unend'n climbs

This lifestyle brought out
Her prime characteristics

Tho impractical in society
True gems of humanity
V
V
V
Travel'n in a team
Means much less individual items to carry
V
V
V
3Chop & 3Shot
Not a duo to fk with

Both with mace
Her with a menace'n machete
I & my military tomahawk

Warpaint
On our face
V
V
V
Cowboy Camp

Naught between you
& Dark sky

Naught shield'n you
From late night gusts

Nor to ward off
The trickles of early morn whimpers
V
V
V
Fate to walk by
A statue
Of Walt Whitman

What magnificent tales
Time tells
Near New York City
V
V
V
3Chop
Look'd past homeless

At a corporate resupply

A mailwoman kindly
Came to talk with us

Then stuck a \$5
In 3Chop's hand

Rapidly say'n
While run'n away

' I wish
' I could do more
' But I have 5 kids

We had to guiltily
Spend the sacrifice
On an
Icecream Sandwich
Eat'n contest

Afterwhich
I was title'd
Pussy
V
V
V
Only one pot
Only one spoon

That is how we ate
I always ate first
V
V
V
Under Blue Moon
Riverside for some time

Pleasant paths
Patches of Sandy Bays

Arrive'n to shelter
A bit past late

Another already inside
He introduced himself 50+

We had met in the Great Smokeys
The day of my birthday

His father just passed away
He had to escape & think
V
V
V
The promise of Ice Cream
Is the promise of society

Race'n past
Green Thumb

The best of Connecticut

On the last 2mi
Chant'n Ice Cream

When we realized
We could make a resupply

Us have'n to sneak into the store

Bought our $\frac{1}{2}$ gallons of ice cream
From a bitchy clerk

3Chop stew'd with anger
On a bench outside

Ate the whole half gallon
With her machete

V

V

V

Sundays of Salisbury
Hadn't changed
Since before the Civil War

V

V

V

Dotty thanks for that water
You haul up
Mt. Everett

She said I would not make it to Katahdin
Before it closed for winter

She gave me her number
Offer'n to drive me

To Flip Flop
If I decided on it

V

V

V

I only lost 3Chop once
The day we got to
Great Barrington

My sister's last stop

The future is too unsure
To worry what it holds

Tho I'd lose my only
Trail companion

The future is too unsure
To worry what it holds

She took the rest of the Donuts
She took the rest of the cash

V

V

V

Kelly a classy doll

Kind enough to give me her number

She picked me up
To smoke me out a blunt

V

V

V

3Chop
400mi in one month

Second-Most-Amazing-Person
In existence

I always scour for
Adventurers & their tales

None can considerably compare
To your least

Rank'd World Class

—

Not much is impossible
In this life

Except for you
To take first place

Of the master who created you
& Your dog too

V

V

V

On hard soil
Beauty is seen
Easily

All there needs
To be is
Just a little bit

V

V

V

Vermont
Timber Dense Green

All huddled together
To persevere
Bleak winters

Tough Evergreen Mountainsides

An environment for
Adventurer types only

V

V

V

With Hoosh
High after dark

Wildly tumble'n down
Prospect Rock
In a Redneck Truck

Two hits & gone
The ride of
Willy Wonka Horror

Hoosh's face painted & demented
Manically laugh'n
Over the rumble

' Holy shit look at this incline
' We are go'n to have to
' Fkn hike back up this tomorrow

Redneck Trucks
Break Laws of Physics
With beer only

V

V

V

Cross'n paths with an elderly
On the Long Trail

It was the one
That thought 3Chop would steal
The gauge she leant for 3Chops blisters

V

V

V

Hoosh doesn't normally make fires
Because he is always in a rush

When he makes a fire
He knows his craft

V

V

V

Walkingman '99 & Carlos
On the Long Trail

I set up a hustle
Invite'n Hoosh

Hoosh cooked shrooms
He pick'd to go with
The large steak

We got high & wrqd

V

V

V

Hanover
I loved enter'n you

Snacks in bins
Oreos for the rain

Walkn'n casually
Down wealthy streets

V

V

V

Glencliff Post Office

My motorcycle jacket
Await'd me with supplies

Family always support'n me

—

At the store
Near a large missile

I discover'd
I was near broke

The worker return'd
My entire resupply

There only just enough
For a small hot burger

Which I immediately
Drop'd outside

I hate chew'n
Loose Gravel

V

V

V

Mosilake

A journey of native legend
Pass'n much height

To reach a place
Of Mars Landscapes

V

V

V

If you don't
Properly prepare your tarp

Rain will one day
Run you out

V

V

V

The White Mountains

Two dogs
Fight'n till
Blood & Gore

On the edge of an
Eagle-Eye Cliff

A battle rarely seen
& Treasured by me

V

V

V

At Chets
I found a rain shell

This essential last piece
To battle winter with

V

V

V

One of the lodges
In the Whites
May have been left unattended
In the rain

Allow'n a rat or two
To restock

On Oatmeal & Sugar

V

V

V

Everyone gets lost

In the Whites once

V

V

V

Lake of the Clouds Dungeon

Hoosh led us thru the storm

To summit Mt. Washington

Under conditions

Carns hardly visible

White & the blaze of wind

All caught in

Howls of frost

V

V

V

Gorham 2:00am

Cop kick'd me up

Remarkably

Allow'd me to sleep

Thanks man

V

V

V

Gorham 7:30am

I wake to a kick

' Oh sorry

' I thought you were a trash bag

Said an

Old smalltown

Country man

With his friend

Before the workday

Huddled out of the rain

Under the small public pavilion

' Wake-n-Bake?

He offer'd with the apology

Grow'n old

I discovered

Is optional

V

V

V

Impatient from the Storm

I snuck around security

At the base of Mt. Washington

Easily unseen in the storm

The true wrath of the storm
Hit unexpectedly

Again victim
To arrogance

Wind constantly 50mi+
Gusts much more

Knees shake'n
Not only from cold
But from terror

Realize'n
I wasn't as badass
As I had believed

Unable to open my pack
To apply the right gear

All in windswept white

Storms elongate distance
On & On

At top
The sirens blare'd

The doors
All lock'd but one

Closed for construction
V
V
V
A worker let met in
To the mountain train station
Everyone evacuate'n

None of the workers
Will'n to let me ride down with them

A fellow Texan paid the \$45
To get me down

Despite the episode
The train ride was magical
V
V
V

w at the
Mt. Washington Train Station

The torrents unrelent'n outside

In the janitor's closet
There is a hidden compartment
At the very back

Where to hide

Tho high from fumes
I sat there with the
Last of my food supply
Some jerky

In that nook till close
Read'n the
Once & Future King
V
V
V
9pm
Nobody around

I scale the difficult barrier
Into the food court

Joy unmatched I partook
Make'n myself food
As I saw fit

After much trial & error
I haul'd a trashbag
Full like Santa

Over the barrier
Out to the woods
V
V
V
Up Mt. Washington
The third way
Treasure laden

The morn
Full of cheer

Creek laugh'n
All the way down

Bird's play'n
Whimsically

From tree to carn
To Mt Washington summit
V
V
V
Wildcat Thunderstorms
Ran out the tourists

Alone to be romanced

Autumn Colors
In Height
In Gleam

Bright from gratitude
Of a long seasons life

Leaves

Give their best last

Fore winter

Ushers its die'n day

V

V

V

I will always remember

The first step into Maine

Our American Frontier

A cylinder of

Autumn Orange

Maine in grace

Lets green youth go

V

V

V

Beavers are assholes

Flood'n everywhere

With their dams

All water changed

To a distinctive

Leaf piss-color tea

V

V

V

Maine Mice

Acrobatic & Intelligent

Sensible in take'n

Only Ramen

After the dinner of my pot

Dry fruits & nuts

Left as an offer'n

Stay determined

Thru the upcome'n winter

V

V

V

Mohousic Notch

A canyon riddle'd

With boulders

Proof even gods

Leave projects unfinished

Puzzels Trials Riddles

With great grace

I performed dexterity

My pack

Truly have'n integrated into me

V

V

V

Is John your real name

We met at the parking lot
On the otherside of Moushic Notch

You told your tale
Of keep'n warm all night by fire

I called over FrieghtTrain
Who you selflessly geared

New socks & headlamp
Necessary as night took
Most of the day

V

V

V

In that park'n lot
Three skated

One came over
' You thru hike'n?

We pass his test

The reward
A joint unmatched
In girth

His friends protest'd
But he understood

V

V

V

Treacherous leaves
Litter the ground

Especially important parts
Holes dips or deep-water

The rhythm of the trail
If the primary guide
Will keep you safe

V

V

V

Andover Post Office

I had mail forwarded since Gorham
Friday not have'n arrive'd

' What am I gonna do
I panic to myself
' Got till Monday with no supply

' Actually
You replied
' Monday is a holiday
' It won't arrive till Tuesday

' But you can stay with my family

V

V

V

I spent time with Seahee's family

Peter the father

Loved to tinker & play

A man after my own heart

V

V

V

The resupply only delayed me

A total of one zero

Cell phone & food

A sack hidden in PB

Merrill Replacements

V

V

V

Merrill Moabs

Craft'd with adventure

In mind

Engineer'd for

Comfort & security

Lifespan

800mi of hard mountain

V

V

V

The white storm of winter

On & On

Vomit'n out in the cold

No medicine

To stay the fever

Each day of suffer'n

Many times reduced from slow step

Into a crawl

Forward automatic when

There is no retreat

Caught in a route

Know'n to stop

Meant a true end

In such conditions

One is able to see

Many hidden doors

V

V

V

Stratton

I only spent \$20

On a hostel twice

This hostel the one worth it

The owner an Alumni
Thanks for the Aquamira

Offer'd after learn'n
I ran out of treatment
V
V
V
Lost
Track'n skills nullified

From ridges
In a new freeze

Fluffy with the health
Of a first winter storm

Jaws of hell
Fire Cold Infinities
Alone with no savior
V
V
V
Slowly the virus
Became diarrhea

A serious symptom
That kept me crawl'n
At times
V
V
V
Those few encounters
With FreightTrain
Kept my goal in mind

I don't think
I would have finished
All alone
V
V
V
The Great Nightmares of Maine
Seven Fords
Each name known
V
V
V
Ford'n

Cross barefoot
With only shorts
Pack secure
Raincover on

Dry with bandanna
Redry with clothes

Hike on completely covered

V

V

V

First ford

Both inexperienced

Lit up with FrieghtTrain

The wide current

Took FrieghtTrain

Under & Over

Completely

Forgive me

For laugh'n

V

V

V

FrightTrain

Cause nothing stops him

Climb'n up

I test'd

He won the race

Indisputably

Always give him

The right of way

V

V

V

I came to a creek

5ft wide 4in deep

Cleverly

I lept to the tree

At the oppose'n bank

Grasp'n to its trunk

With dexterity

Together

We slowly sank

Till I was

Arch'd back

Head 4in from the cold water

I could only

Release

V

V

V

Caratunk ferry closed

That ferry ride

Essential to continue the trail

One of the milestones

To the fact

I could not succeed

Meet'n FrieghtTrain
We Beak & Enter
Into an unoccupied building

There we found a map
Find'n a bridge to the East

In faith we went right
Only a long forest road

After several hours of trial
We got to the bridge

V

V

V

Heads of Bucks
Lined the wall as trophies

At the Caratunk gas station
Celebrate'n the conquer

I ate pizza
Stare'n at one in particular

A Prince
His prime cut short
Majestic & Gray
The spectrum of color
United in Symphony

Later a man
Point'n coincidentally
To the one
I admire'd

' I got that one
' All the way out in Utah

V

V

V

Moxie Bald
A moutain around
Bogs & Meadows

Talked to my father
By cell phone

V

V

V

The easy 10mi
Hike into Monson

Took me all day
At times crawl'n
Tho it a flat lakeside

V

V

V

Monson
The last of the trail towns

I woke that morn
Next to someone's compost

3Chop perfectly execute'n
My last mail drop

Wool-Gloves Weed
& Medicine

V

V

V

The 100mi Wilderness
Warns of the implications
Of such distance

Sick since so long
Have'n yesterday
To crawl several times

I decided to risk
The 100mi

I'd fail big
Out on such a stretch
All alone

But I had no choice

V

V

V

Pepto Besmol
Saved my Thru Hike

Cure'n my curse
Of unrelent'n diarrhea

Soon I recovered
Back to full strength

Faith rewarded

V

V

V

Trail maintainers place logs
Allow'n passage on bogs

Riddle'd everywhere
On Maine mtn tops

Rain kept temp
Above freeze'n point

Confidently I step'd on a log
Comically continue'n with the log

To the bottom
Waist high in water

V

V

V

V

At a creek with a flush
In a rush

A massive tree
Span'd past the
25ft crossing

Trunk settle'd high above
Unforgive'n boulders below

Slime layer'd the tree
At midpoint I slip'd

Regain'd myself easily
My pack part of me

Take'n a breather
Elated from execute'n
The most difficult cross'n
On the trail

I notice'd
I missed the obvious
Cross'n aside the creek
V
V
V
Mountain Profile Maps
Allow you to visualize

The Ups & Downs
To come

Many times
Many plans ruined

See'n the profiles of future paths
Victimized by underestimation

The pitch of a trail
Is only a small part
Of what makes
Traverse'n hard

Only 20mi in
The path already
Extremely difficult
V
V
V
Map tattered

The last 60mi
Illegible

Thru storms
Over bogs

Thankful the winter
Had laid low the bugs

Happy to be healthy

V

V

V

Scapes

Bright with moss

Dreary brown bark

Slippery boulders

Clouds Low & Heavy

All in grim display

Reminiscent of

The bogs before Mordor

Fate

Directed me

The journey have'n

Longsince past coincidences

These last stages

Before that dark Mountaintop

Ponder'n deep purpose

To all of this

Tho blind to it

Walk'n by obscured faith

V

V

V

Would this all end

In a simple summit

Have'n reach'd

Find'n myself empty

As so many

Of my achievements

Of the past

V

V

V

Only that promise

Of Wiggles

That Katadyn in Oct

Would form me into

Who I really wanted

To become

V

V

V

Never have'n seen

A picture of Katahdin

Late October

Each day in prayer

That Winter

Stay her dominion

A few more days

Pristine Lakes
Flatlands

Roots web'd above ground
Coil'd to snap an ankle

The dark dangers of
Murky Woods
V
V
V
Path

Independent of Time
Independent of Age

Laid here
One Last Adventure

In an overrun world

2000mi
Have'n offer'd
So much

What would I remember
What would I forget

Jewels slip'n off wayside

As if that experience
Meant to be hidden
For the discovery
Of another day

Gratitude settles
For what had brought me here
V
V
V
Up a hill
To the look out

Past the lake
Past the plains

Katahdin
Loomed

Lonely & Unuspered
In Might & Strength

—

FrieghtTrain & I

Isolated but intertwined
Together wait'n
For the clouds

To finally unveil

The face of Katadyn

V

V

V

Fate

The power of the future

To change the past

As is

The power of light

Tho warp'd by gravity

must maintain

The law of the speed of light

In such circumstances

The universe works

Miracles

This is the underlie'n

Basis of all life

In the universe

V

V

V

Bogs broke into

Beautiful Mountainsides

The gorge in a

Monstrous rush

Joy of the Journey

Swept me peacefully

So long

Sickness left me

Destitute of energy

Drain'd of enjoyment

V

V

V

Somber sorrow

This peaceful mountain life

Near the unavoidable end

The bottle of

Sleeping pills

Only miss'n one

A rapid & definite

Change of character

Since that first day

The future

Is best face'd

With the record

Of past accomplishments

V

V

V

Mount Katahdin

To express that day
Takes me past
The limits of my skill

Silence to reserve
A moment most revered

Heretofore untainted
By inadequate narration

—

That behemoth of earth
Solitary against
Those plains of Maine

Placed an altar to the Gods

That he who
Seeks & Summits

Rise for that moment
To transcendental depths

Intrigue'n the
Weary & weather-stained

A climb above
The monotony of hundreds past

Icicle draped cliffs & Monumental boulders
Technical Shifts & Sights

To rise up
Above & Alone
That day October 24th

—

Of my deepest desires
Sits cast the Impossible wish
To travel to extra-terrestrial spheres

Now at the winter's summit
A feat countless plainly stated Implausible

Lay UnEarthly
Blood-red flatlands

Hosts to grasses
Individually crystallized in ice

Tho hundreds of thousands
Shimmer'd in the wind

Each caught the sun
Each possessed
For that infinitesimal moment

As host to a Supreme Radiance

Changed for that instant
Into unique choirs of light

There caught of heart
The Ordeal done
& Now the moral understood

That Impossible or Implausible
Life can never truly
Be counted out

.
.
.
I

Canadian Canola flowers
Expand to the Horizon
Under grand fluffs
Of peaceful sky

The road rolls
I glide on by

Welcome'n yellows below
Friendly blues above
Breach Infinities

Towards those impossibilities
I go

Thru canyons of
Utah Idaho
Wyoming Montana
Alberta

Each unique
Each created by the
Chaos & consistence of Time

Open expanses of
road dirt
crop water
sky

To foliage lush
& Vibrance of mountainside

End'n in crisp nights
Aside my motorcycle machine

.
.
.

Amerith
Our trophy German Shepherd
Went rabid over a thicket
At the foothills of the
Wasatch Mountains

On the way back
I decided to inspect the spot

What I first thought
Were sticks too numerous
To be bones

Were bones so numerous
One would think
They were sticks

—

Evil
This thicket
Where the Mtn Lion hauled
Its frightened meal

Criminal
Its infantile prey
Stolen in the deep of night

Devour'd
In the comfort of this den

.
. .
.

My newest addition
To my harem of machines
Is wait'n for me after work

I can't wait
To peel off her box
Plug in
& Press her special button

That is
If I don't get distracted
With her Double Dvi
Eye-candy first

Either way
She will be whir'n
With the excitement
Under a deep heat sink

Excitement
No amount of 230 fans
Could temper

Probably have to go down
& Liquid cool off
That sensitive little processor

It's a give & take relationship
But it gets us thru

.
. .
.
I

I often find myself lost deep in pathless bramble
On moonless nights up Slate Canyon

On returning
Unsuccessfully I track my path home

Alone
I look upon the unfamiliar mountainside

At the edge of a broad rock-slide
Or on the boundary of a pitched rock-face

Though there is no moon
I know there is no path

My lost predicament is neither the advance'n
Nor the retreat'n of my journey

It lies in a void of retreat'n yet advance'n
Independent of Time
I react with the universe authentically

Untainted by the idea of answers
Because there is no Future
Without a past
There was never a Question

A sort of somberness sets over me
In this warped & complicated condition

I felt that today
When I was told a certain girl got married

.
.
.

III
I worked fire into a blaze
To keep from freeze'n
Surrounded by the voices of

Cascades Falls
Brooks Streams

These all associated
With the hub that was

This remote glacial pond
In The Bob Marshall Wilderness

The freeze of the moon
Overpowered the flame's heart

Again & Again
The bonfire wrought to naught

Awaken'n me to
Cold consciousness & duty

In slumber'n prayer
For a new day

.
.
.

With blacks
Rolling by
Bouncing beats
Staring all down

Listen up
Here we are
Whats go'n on

On the South Side
This is the street
Fk the police

.
.
.

The fathers
Hunted & Killed
To accommodate residents

Now their adolescent offspring
Play aimless in the woods
With naught example to follow

One play'd
Grab'n at a moth
To the effect
He dance'd on a rock

An adolescent
Took care of a youngling
No mama there
To protect nor guide

I have seen all three
The mama bear
The too-old-to-be-there bear
& The cub

In destroy'n the aggression
That the sunrise be
A new bond'n relation
Between the master
& The mammal

.
.
.

First quarter archive'n

200,000+ ebooks
24,000+ comics
4,000+ episodes
1,600+ movies
1,000 audio books

—

Now
5.3 million unique files

.
.
.

Some people
You just remember

4:20am on a Cancun bus
With the magician in-transit
To his house

I met some drunks

The next day

Run'n around the city streets
With La Chilanga

I hear 'Tejano!'
It was that drunk guy
From the bus

I remember him
IV
Old men narrate their day
Now approaching thirty
Have I lived all of my day?

I am not go'n
To end my tale
Live'n to survive comfortably
Remember'n only

Too burdened & Tied down
To earn a single brag'n rite

Deeds all done
Life's flame drained

Pressure'n the courage
To pull the trigger

To end an odyssey
Finished decades past

Rabbit the railcar rider
White-haired
Continue'n his tale till the end

His only companion a puppy
& An associate
Just released from jail

This night having the luck
for a stranger

To offer powwow
In the back alleys
On a Missoula night

.
.
.

It is hard to describe the fright
At see'n the compass turn
Round & Round Erratically

Nights plagued with
Cries, growls & melodies

Nuts tossed down
By large monkeys
Perched in canopy

Despite this
An evil place

Bent to swallow all life
With life

The Jungle is the best place
To travel barefoot

.
.
.

Christina only 16
But big brothers
Know best

A month in Jamaica
Cures all ailments

We would wade to
Monkey Island

Take in red wisps of sunset
In ocean water
Into a Coconut Bong

Roam'n on an island
All to ourselves
Among large lizards & canopy

Jump'n off the 30ft cliff
To waters
Green, clear & warm

We waded back at dusk
Avoid'n the prick of
Red Sea Urchins

—

I commented as we ate
Fresh Jerk Fish
' This is delicious
' Cept for all the bones

Christina looks up
Face smeared of fish
None left in the foil
' There were bones?

.
.
.

South Texas Moon
Bright for harvest

Above the schoolgrounds
Sleep'n on cardboard

The pack of us
No where else to go
But right here

Swisher lick'd & roll'd
Pass'n the tight blunt
Round that roof

' What you think Clay
I look'd for counsel
Have'n never hit

' Not a big deal
' To do it or not
He assured me

The smokey coal taste
Hit me with immediate revulsion

There was no Cherry Taste
There was no Scooby Doo

.
.
.

V
I approached a girl
On the streets of Cancun

Her at a park
7am with a cat

The cat perched
On her backpack
As she walk'd

She was part of
La Banda

A transient gang in Mexico
That perform & sell
To fund their travels

The day spent
Run'n the streets
Ship'n her clothes
Home to Mexico City

We tested our character
Find'n a kindred need
To dodge cars & roam freely

Everyone gave
Their own peculiar look

First they thought
This girl looks like trouble

The shaved side of her head
Tattooed with leopard prints

Her arm bore
The tattoo of the
Closed Power Fist
Annotated with
' Libres

Shortest Shorts & Boots
A big ass black backpack

Where the Mijares perched

Next they would think
What business
Would this gringo have
With this street girl?

Looked like
I was try'n to buy
& She was sell'n

People on the street
Would yell things to us
That I couldn't follow
She would laugh amused

That was my first day
Back in Mexico

I left in search
Of the Lacandonian Jungle
At 4:20 pm

She gave me an adios
With a kiss on the cheek

When you live life raw
It rewards you
With people you need
When you need them

.
.
.

People listen
To the stories of my life

An adventurer
A pirate

That is how I design
The labor of my devotion

I am primal
The nomadic breadth
In me searches

Towards the open roam
To the free forage

Done in its
Own time & pace

The wilderness offers us
The answer to live harmoniously

Accept the reality of Anarchy

Fight for food
Fight for life
Fight for freedom

My motorcycle is a

Pinnacle of engineering

My server is industrial-grade

My skills grow fast
My body is fit

My unix systems
Exchange information

Anonymous & Insubstantial
As a haunt'n spirit

That Anarchy be preserved
In this systematic epoch

Where I go I am respected
People listen
To the stories of my life
.
.
.

When the world is wrong
She tells me why

If the path ahead
Serves better as a bed
Her breath births new resolve

Often creativity
A lunatic's lie
The haze of her presence
Become the clouds
From which I fly

Frequently my words hack
Distastefully at the page
Her warm kiss lets me know
She loves me anyway

Responsibility may keep us
Apart for sometime
But not forever
She knows this with
Silent understanding

She is secure our reunion
Will be passionate
Joyous always
Our brief moments

Hand in hand
Under open sky

The grass be forever green
420

.
.
.

In the jungle you can
Give yourself time

Carry'n food

But you cannot move
Without a machete

My compass spun erratically
I grasped the GPS

Know'n if lost
Would do in the done

Normally
There is up
There is down
There is over
There is under

In the jungle
There is mostly only thru

Thru a medium of plants
By machete

Plant life so thick
I would be suspended 2ft
With 2 packs
Weighing a total of 60lbs

There is no
Watch'n for snakes

Only plunge'n body first
Into an expanse of sharp ferns
Tunnel'n thru webs of vines
Wade'n swamps waist high
That suck downwards
Towards the darkness of the mud

Navigate'n lands
Of invasive creeks
That made landmark'n impossible

There is no sanity

Turn'n right
The GPS shows
A leftward course

Travel'n straight
Towards a short fixed-distance ahead
The GPS revealed
The path a tight circle

For a short time I tasted
What it was
To be the most bad-ass person
I ever met

But now
Several weeks later
I have only one taste linger'n
The tang of defeat

.
.
.

VII

I swear with exhausted soul
I will only go
To the first bushes

Just to kiss Mary
Then head back to archive

After the joint is rolled
I open the door

Amerith perks up expectantly
From the other side

He came to answer
Mary's smell

No creature
Can smile like dogs

He knows
Tonight will be epic

His misunderstand'n
His fault

After the joint is smoked
I find myself discover'n

A new trail
A better trail

One year by 5mi of mountain
& I have something new
To discover each weekend

The frosted thickets
Pink in the moonlight
Like frozen strawberry milk

But this place is not sweet
Do not reveal yourself

The woods are never empty
Do not disturb the deer
Do not attract the lion

.
.
.

Karma hits like a bitch
From behind with a brick

You just got to take it
Cause that's how women work

.
.
.

A few months ago
I was kicked out of the jungle

By a tribesman with a machete
& Another with a rifle

Can I keep risk'n life
In the pursuit of adventure?
Or do I settle hustle'n
In one place?

Get fat while the get'n is good
I guess

God knows
Adventure'n only feeds you enough
To keep on go'n

.
.
.

My weapons are of
The Elite Grade

This machete built
Like a cleaver

Distinctly indigenous in structure
The heft of it
Would serve a butcher

Out in the Jungle
That blade served me well

Burst'n into the open
No longer lost & look'n back

Into that deep cylinder
2ft above the ground

Carved by the machete
My exodus like a drill

Envy would grip
The tribesmen

When they tested
Its decisive cuts

.
.
.

Most memories are
Of dramatic excitements

But now in my age
I wish to cherish

The savor of new mountainsides
Or the small trickles
Of pure springs

Mother Nature's beauty
Is too emense to describe
I can only take away impressions

.
.

.
Green Bull

The shadow of
Relentlessness

-

This Friday
As many past

Up since morn
Work the day
Home to tinker

Blazed Up & Coffee brew'd

See'n the next sun
Till it well risen

.

.

.

VIII
Those who have
fame & honors
poser ass muthrfkrs

Here
How I am
The way I live

This is the
Pinnacle of humanity

No respect
Nor admiration

Pure from fame
Still got game

I forge a legend
In spontaeous bursts

This life
Is not a choice
Only a reaction

A catalyst towards combustion
When paired to most environments

All torques violently
Where it receives me

Since no one else
Is go'n to write my Legend
You get this autobiography

.

.

.

In day-to-day conversation
This past year
People commented

' You don't stink
' I thought you would stink

Yeah life got rough
I been at the bottom

Still
The top is always up

2015
Sup

.
.
.
Now I face a dark stage
I am nervous about my
Journey to the jungle

Streets weren't safe
Preach'n wasn't safe
Trail wasn't safe
Road wasn't safe
Ride'n isn't safe

Technically
If I find a suitable water source
I should be able to survive

Technically

.
.
.
Word to my kind
Who died

Happy High & Drowned
In that lake in Maine

Leave'n 420
As your last written words

Leave'n this life
In Cold's shock

Glad you went a peaceful way
Tho your company
Would be appreciated today

.
.
.

IX
One memory I hold special
Of all the 2400 hours uptime

Online in the
World of Warcraft
At the Timeless Isle

We put our self to the work
Of cleanse'n those
Of the faction

Twix bears the symbol
Of our blood-fued
The Horde

Fifteen cyber knights
Of The Horde

Gathered atop
To stop our crusade of kill'n

Us
Three amigos

Charged head upon them
On that hilltop

After much brave fight'n
& Death to The Horde

We charged on thru to
Get The Fuck Out

Khlamidia
The guardian-angel Night Elf

Fearwolf
The Worgan warrior

BarnabyJones
The Warlock

We all got out
Of that fight alive

Cept for Fearwolf
Respect to that fallen homie

.
.
.

When surrounded you hear
' Put your hands
' Behind your head
' We got 17 counts on you

You can then
Understand the life
& What it is like
To be Me

.
.
.

My favorite times
To do wheelies
Are when Christina
Is weigh'n down the back

Once next to a family
The light hit green
The eyes of the family
Plastered onto the minivan windows

As they saw us leap
Upon the back tire

Take'n off
Turn'n left

Thru the intersection
On one wheel
The whole way

.
.
.

Aun in Mexico City
Thousand miles
From the jungle

People knew
From the deep lashes
Upon my arms & legs
I'd been lost in the jungle

.
.
.

Christina advised
' Don't hit too hard

' I smoke Chronic
I shout'd cautiousless

Think'n this only a
Pseudo-marijuana

But Ryan & Christina
Had snuck in
Salvia-Times-Sixty

—

Black
Point of Light
Point of Dimension
Point of Area
Point of Corporal
Point of Position
Point of Global
Point of Relations

—

Down the rabbit hole
I fell thru reality
Until I came back up
Out the other side

Remembrance since reboot

I'd say
Life is much
Like a unix computer

.
.
.

Faith

Not something taught
Not something given

Found only
After long darkened toil

Faith
Not to Flip Flop

Faith
To trust a way
Around the impassible river

Faith
To cross 100mi wilderness
Sick & Crawl'n

Faith
The march forward
Dispite all external proofs
To the contrary

Faith
Isn't a knowledge
Of things not seen
That is nonsensical dogma

Faith
Is an All-In

Faith
Know'n the future should fail
Tho continue'n anyway

Faith
Understand'n
This the only way
X
The earth my mattress
The heavens my ceiling
The moon my light

My boot
The pillow upon which
I rest my weary head

A peaceful mind
With a simple life

Go'n where I care to go
Stop'n where I care to stop

My only relationship
With the sky & her dramatics

The large expanse
Cares not for my issues

Why should I care for hers?

But as she becomes
Burdened with troubles

So do I

Unable to counsel
Only Listen & Feel

I suffer her tears
I endure to her cry

.
.
.

If Life is hell
But Hell is worse

Then why do you
Now feel so terse?

.
.
.

An email to you my favorite
Deviant Art Artist

nicktheartisticfreak

I am very happy that you would depict my prose
I have changed the project from pedrk.com

My present life would suit best
To be memorialized

Tho I have done great deeds
Of some
Stories told & songs writ
[autobiographical of course]

I can deny not
That my present life

Suits me best
To Boast & Brag

Enter the master bedroom
In my redneck cousin's house

You take in my
7ft steel unix server

Modular & variant
Are the levels

That compose this tank
Of an archive

You are told this archive
Has substantially
More terabytes of valuable data

Than of any known across
Defcon
vBSDcon
ZFSdev.summit

You like the orange Osprey pack

Affectionately hook'd on top

Stained by thousands
Of miles of mountain

' Sun to the right
' Till it never set

You walk around the machine & experience
1337 Hi-Tech
Hacker command center

All black devices emanating
A Razer green light

You count
4-monitors 3-keyboards
8-*puters 10-external drives
Beautifully assembled

cli til def!
BSD 4 Life
Anarchy on the NET

Will you describe that?
In that Hypersexual
Violent & Macabre fashion
Of the pieces
You have long displayed

.
.
.

XI
My 10th Thanksgiving
My sister
[older by two years]

Decided today
Would be the day

At the bay Downtown
Lie a building
Dark Still & Gothic

Once a place of Punishment
Now calling to all
Spirit-Seekers & Adventurers
A Testament to their Ways
-

Beauty is beheld as
Sky Sea & City
Sync in dank motions

Thru thin skin
We absorb'd charged energies

Survey'n the monolith
From the catwalk
Inhale'n Corpus Christi
From on high

Salt Street Decay
Man & Machine

Look'n down to the yard
Of the Courthouse
All Fenced & Boarded

A homeless pass'n & understand'n
Our speculation advise'd

' There
He pointed with his ancient finger
' Thru that hole in the fence

' There
He pointed to a
Particular boarded window
' That one is loose

We watched him meld into Downtown
The plan was too solid to deny

The building is large
& We hard to find

—

Damp Dim & Decrepit
All lie under a layer
Of thick Texan dust

Wooden stairs
Wide & intricately-carved
With 20ft holes

Gape to swallow the unwary
To fall to a deep belly of debris

Like teeth
Its spears wait hungrily
^_

All furniture lay piled
In the center
Of each courtroom

Lump'd as one guilty heap
Lawyer Layman Judge & Jury

The levels went on & on
Maintain'n solidarity in theme

Matter sentenced
To hallowed depths

Matter consecrated
By memories

All conspire'n to rip down
This ancient Gomorrah
In a suicide's release

—

Condemnation kept to the
Fifth Floor
A place of horror

What light breached
thru small windows
Was filtered further by bars
Cold Heartless & Demean'n

Have we the right to
Life & Liberty

Expulsion humane
Against this captivity
Under the hands of Beasts

Each cell an altar
Shrines Idols & Sacrifices
Adorned to encapsulate the

Infinite & Individual
Violence of the past

Victims returned on mecca
In Reconciliation

Form'n embodiments
From their suffer'n & bondage

Eject'd & Confined
Back to this temporal limbo

Birth'd & Abort'd
At this temporal junction

Complete'n a cycle
In precious ritual

One cell I remember
A doll bound

Hand & Foot
Stuck & Cut

Graffiti'd with mutilations

Then
My sister grasped my arm
Point'n thru the bars

Deep in the distance
At a large form
Swift & Search'n

' Run
She yelled

We found the stairs
Down & down
In desperate leaps

Unable to distinguish the levels
Pray'n no basement would entrap us

We emerged
Out of that building

Yet on the other side
From where we had entered

Tho young
We were both veterans
To this stage

.
.
.

XII
' fk it lets go '
A slogan to which I default

Before death defy'n leaps
Off waterfalls
Into dark waters

Or into gateways
Open & Await'n

—

4am Salty
On the Cancun beach
Caked in seawater grime

The flight landed
Well into the night

I had nowhere to go
But here

I met a hustler
Empty of pocket

This zaney character
A pathway I could not decline

We made concession
I paid for a shower & a bowl

He revealed himself a Magician
& Gave me a potion
Which I drank in prudent sips

The Magick he practiced
Was of the vein of Pain

A scorch embedded
Deep in his flesh
Of a cigar ember held
By his Master
To imbue the brew we drank

His farwell was a forewarn

To not cast the elixir away

—

In the Jungle
Situation compelled me
To discard the elixir
upon the ground

.
.
.

Babe
I'm crazy as hell

How else do you think
I have so many stories to tell

Two Thousand Miles of Mtn
Alone
Of Course
I am
Just a little bit
Off

I care little for
Here or There

It is the same
Pretty much everywhere

All I care for is the story

rich dick richard rick skrp
ricardo Elder bitchie-ritchie 3shot

I'm a man of many names
But what you hear of me

May prove Legend

Tho I be
As batty as a second-rate hag

Perk your ear for a hear
I always have something to tell you

Tho you think me kooky
It is because with insanity

I only see thru people
Your presence is purely ethereal

.
.
.

Mania
Diagnosed

Awesome to Live
By those Slopes

Slow ups
Go'n only one direction

& Those fast downs
Rapid but erratic

—

What religious magnificence
Works a fire into blaze

Combustions
Eminate in naked forms

Birth'd
By the hands of Man

Upon the product
Of his Mother Nature

Until ashe
Each sing songs in
Celestial Styles

Freed from
Corporal form

.
.
.

XIII
Over 10 long years
I wrote
Over 10 long years
It read `gibberish`

Now at the cusp of 30
The bud has bloomed

The petals of mastery
Set in place & color

—

On the Jordan River Trail
Meander'n among paths
Thru summer reeds

Calm'd by the smell
Of the stale decay

My red pen poised
Cock'd to make
The first mark of many

Tho as I read on & on
Each page
Came & went unstained

The words sang
Songs of Myself
A voice at a tune
All my own

.
.
.

Jason Stevo Isac & I

Captitalized on the custom
Of gas stations

To stack 12 packs of coke
Outside their glass walls

The outside is the side
To which the rambunctious
Lay claim

—

In one elaborate scheme
We hop'd over one fence
& Thru another

Form'n a Daisy Chain
Pass'n the booty under & over

Run'n hands full
Back to the Get-A-Way truck

We charge'd with the exhilaration
Of the unlikely success of execution

Jason our resident
Get-A-Way-Driver
Stood casually outside

His elbow
Prop'd upon on the hood
Of the Red Izuzu

Go! Go! Go!
We clamor

' Can't we got a flat
Jason responded cool
As if a workers union
Protected him

We got away
5mph Down the street
To stop & change tires

That day was canonical
Before we rampaged Downtown

The owner of that car
will drop his jaw
When he realizes
The reason the car won't go

Is because there is a vacancy
Where the battery should be

We four continued on
To a remote haunted airfield
Long abandoned

There find'n a couch
Also abandoned

Lit a bit on fire
Which escalated into a bonfire

In the middle of
The Texan plain

—

Out back in the wastelands
Drink'n our cokes

We enjoyed the view
Of the distant Firefighters

.

.

.

Elementary

Spin'n the globe round
Love'n to slightly press
Let'n it stop randomly

Ask'n myself
' Would I go there someday?

Newfoundland always a yes
Remote & To-Itself

.

.

.

Showers

Relishment of renewal
Refresh'n Body & Soul

Cleanse'n off daily scum
Sleep'n naked in sack
Cozy & Peaceful

—

Those years in Mexico
Heat'n the water year-round
With Bucket & Hot-Iron

From Spring to Winter
In the Appalachians
Puddle or Cold-Spring

Out on the streets
Carry'n heavy sack
Civilization at Fingertips

The crave of
The comfort of
Familiarity

.

.

.

XIV

I studied maps of the
American Wildernesses

The Selway
I chose as our most wild

—

The nights
A cold Hell

The Ground leached away
Heat & Sleep
From my back
In timeless torture

Eventually I added
Leaves & Scruff
As insulation to lay upon
Only to discover

The Air leached away
Heat & Sleep
From my front
In timeless torture

My rations
Honey Soup Garlic & Cheese

Unable to kill naught
But a Rattlesnake's Mother

At the dusk of Winter
Before the teach'n of Spring

The Universe gave a Child
An unlikely opportunity
To retain heritage

The Mother & I fought savagely on the cliff

Unable to shoot with my rifle nor pistol
Against the bare rock of the walls

I set at it
With my Navy Seals knife

10 long minutes of battle
Exhausted my available techniques
Into a shameful stalemate

Then I followed her glances
To a boulder nearby

She saw me look at it
With greedy eyes

I took to it
For a cheap win

With both hands tug'n
Then expose'n

Both
Den & Child

The unjust demands of life
Bade it
Bite or Run

A proper strike
Would have saved both their lives

To my death's remand
The Child fled

Consequently
He smelt the cook'n

Of his mother roast'n
On a riverbed fire

.
.
.

Alone I wander the world
No friend to match my pace
No gaze parallel to my own
A solitary pane of reality
-

In gather'n nests of hackers
None find I familiar

Adventurer tales recounted
Lack true grit

The written word
Our contemporary selfie
-

Why does the caged bird sing?
Channel'n bottled energies
Towards an Inter-Species melody

.
.
.

' Boys will be boys
An elderly lady justified

Green spiked hair
Handmade punk vest
Jinco Jeans
Cut off at the calves
Held up by a dangle'n noose
Boots for stomp'n

I guess I was the peacock of the bunch
But that didn't take out
Any of my kick

Dangerous
Mothers run'n to cover their children
Men avoid'n my gaze at all costs

Cops
Security Guards
Thug bitches

But a truck of rednecks
We run from those rich-bred & fed
.
.
.

XV
There are many calls
Songs to bring on the night

Fits of Gossip
& Of Communication

Insects Birds Mammals Reptiles
The jungle hosts many

But there is one cry
Best over the rest

The Spanish Mating Call

How could the wild ignore
The commotion of her fuck

Not see the bamboo hut
Standing Tall & Solitary
Shudder in prolonged ecstasy

Resonate'n from primal loins

Sacred
Irresistible

Those calls of !Que Rico!
From hot-blood

All creatures fall silent
In respect & curiosity

A good-bye to all the men
That were her friends

Leave'n all but one
Want'n with need

Shameless & Proud
Full-bodied
Smooth of pitch
Drawn in longing

For all to hear
But one to answer

.
.
.
Google Maps pathed me
To this northern town

North beyond Edmonton
It caters as a crossroads

For the only 2 highways

Continue'n North

An elderly Canadian couple hosted a garage sale
I approached them with an offer
I hope not refused

Twenty American
To lodge my motorcycle on their property

That I should continue on
To the isolated North
By hitchhike

They wouldn't let me leave
Without a full stomach

A dinner of
Friends, family, posterity

A classic canadian meal
Is always complemented
By warm'n a stranger

.
.
.

My lil sis Chistina
Only really ever
Says dumb things

Lose'n sense of height
Degrade'n black people
In a Jamaican jungle
Near a black man with a machete

Or in Washington DC
Insist'n a local
The National Monument was the Pentagon

Or in front of Walmart exclaim'n
' Oh shit its the Cops!
5ft from the cops

.
.
.

Diahreea
Deadly flush of the bowels

Christmas Eve
I nearly died

Ulcers Fever
Salmonila & Pneumonia

Find'n the doctor in the church

Take'n her from her guests
Enjoy'n las fiesta

With Her & my companion
She tells me I need a shot

I roll up my shirt sleeve

They look at me not understand'n

' No you need to bend over
' In Mexico we shoot by butt

Merry Chritmas Elder

.
.
.

Oh that night on the open road
The only road continue'n North

There at
Indian Cabins Beer & Liquor

The owner exhibited gold
He sifted from a nearby stream

To a speculate'n
Province Surveyor

I spectated
Despite the owners distrust

The surveyor asked where
I was headed

He took me in
With his eyes for a time

You best buy
Yourself some beer

This is an isolated place
Of unsatiated alcoholism

I'll take you as far
As the 60th Parallel North

There you will be left
To Mercy & Mosquitoes

Hold that beer high
Promote it with all you've got

Mayhap this night
You will find yourself in Yellowknife

Howbeit, if you are stuck
At the 60th Parallel

Naught a sign nor house
Within 600 kilometers

Be grateful
Here the sun never sets

Be grateful
For your twelve pack

.

.
.
Two officers of 14 years
Lied in court
That I fought them

For justification to arrest me
Cause I was irritated
With a Transit Cop front'n up to me

Granted I did troll them
Before the hearing
As only a master could

Several months later
After the internal investigations filed
I saw the Officer

Maybe I feel regret
Understand'n his current state
But maybe not

Fk the police
.
.
.
Once hitch'n
I got high with a father
& His teenage son

Haven forgotten
I was in the backseat

The two continued their argue
A tension that gave no repose

The son said he felt awkward

' You fucked all my girlfriends
' That makes me feel awkward

The father broke free
His bottle'd pressure
That tensed each interaction
With his son

Say'n what need'd to be said

I felt awkward
When they remembered me
.
.
.
When I come roll'n thru
Ain't nobody you ever met like me

Whatever you learn of me
You always remember

The settled hazel gaze
That irritatite'n smirk

Apparel innately aggressive
Beard Un-tame'd & Wild

.
.
.

At the last gas station before the US Border
Alberta side

Have'n the odd misfortune
To run out of gas
At the only place
That didn't have her flavor

At the exact place
I ran out of gas
More than a week earlier

The attendant of this
One Pump Station

Remembered me distraught
From the first time
Have'n to settle for non-Premium

Stuck in the middle of pastures
Never seen most of
What was on the TV

Then to see me
A wayward travel'r

Champion of adventure
A symbol of
Something-Now-Lost

Cheerily you asked
' When will you be back

' Likely never
I respond
' Where I go I seldom return

I mostly meet strangers
Strangers see me
Most accurate for who I am

.
.
.

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I roll up my shirt sleeve
They look at me not understand'n

' No you need to bend over
' In Mexico we shoot by butt

Merry Christmas Elder

.
.
.

XVIII
4am
On a winter's night

A night spent explore'n
The limits of the trail

Something came off the mtn
Its echos follow'n our own

A dark form stalked up

To the boulders at our back
Yet at a distance

We fled into the outer city
To drink from a sprinkler

It prowled over the highway
Follow'n

Head'n back to the canyon
30min later

On the other side
From where the beast
Had crossed

Shadowed by the headlights
Of the only car
Out on this abandoned stretch of road

Creep'd the form of Mtn Lion
In my blind spot
Perch'd to pounce

Scared across
Into a parking lot by the car
The Mtn Lion drew cover

Scared across
The wide pavement of the highway
Amerith & I flew

A quarter mile later
Forced to go the long way
8mi Around

I walked over
A sleep'n homeless
The Mtn Lion likely still tracked us

Remote still
This place above the tracks

Try to explain that to a homeless
Who didn't even accept money

Offered in an attempt
To pave a way to explain
The dire situation he was in

Better off he just not know
Nor feel regret at not believing
The story of a killer beast

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.
.

If on a rainy day
You caught shelter
During the intensity of the storm
In the underground tunnel
Under the road

Huddle'n there
You saw me coming

Large umbrella
Enshroud'n a bearded man
With a Hi-Tech Nike jacket
All black & hooded tightly
Expensive jeans & kicks

Ask'n you what time it was
I approached & I passed
To allow your nervousness relief

But then stop'n
At the other end
Of that dark & deep tunnel

I asked again
' What time was that?

' 4:20
You respond again

' Oh well
' I got to be getting back again
' Sorry
I respond in answer

Apologize'n
Because of the fear
Left forgotten on your face
Endure'n the suspicious repass'n

.
.
.
Yes

I've been told
I'm Self Absorb'd

Still
Don't give a fk

.
.
.
#dc801 irc.freenode.net

< skrp > <http://imagebin.ca/v/29uYWbJ6ijEn>
< skrp > ^ my system
< hashrocket > looks pretty awesome!
< yukaia-lappy > haha, nice skrp. how many hdds?
< d3c4f > damn, skrp what's your power bill on that monster?

.
.
.
Discover'n Azeroth
With a friend
Both new Death Knights

' free ports
Llune shouts

Naïvely trust'n
Both immediately portal

' Why are we dead?
You ask your friend

After have'n fallen
From Ancient Dalaran

Free in life
Ain't always free

The World of Warcraft
Is the best place
To lesson such Wisdom

.
.
.

XIX
Russians catalogued millions of books
Into a database

It replicated & transported
Via torrent protocol

Most of its mirror'd databanks
Unearthed & Eradicated
But not all

In time I managed
To uncover the treasure
Of its repository
Folded in the deep

—

Months & Months
Turn'n to years
I have dedicated
Towards its acquisition

That this foreign
Yet humanitarian feat

Attain'd to retain
Our species intelligence

Be not lost
Due to tyrants & their greed

.
.
.

Deep in the Jamaican Blue Mountains
Thru the twisty narrow
Red dirt road

Christina & I roamed
The landlady's dog
Trail'n at our heels

The mutt displayed
Vivaciousness & Worth

Chase'n off cars

' Richie we got to stop it
' It will get hit!

I reply annoyed
But mathematically

' Christina
' The dog lives on this road
' What are the chances

' That of all the days
' Today it will get hit?

We had to return
The landlady her dog
Bloody & missing a toe

.
. .
.

XX
I was once approached
By a man
He was well-built
From his lifetime
Build'n with bricks

With only a few months in Mexico
Spanish easily eluded me

What I had misinterpreted
As friendly conversation
Was revealed a dire situation

When my Mexican missionary companion
Took shelter in my shadow

' Voy a romper tu cara!
The bricklayer exclaimed fiercely at me

After he had taken the time to narrate
The mistreatment he had endured in America

My order bound me
To play the sacrificial lamb
& Take the asskick'n like a man

' Mira tu camisa
My companion squeaked from behind me
Point'n to the enrage'd man's shirt

The man unclenched his fists
& He unclenched his jaw
Which dangled open & loosely

As he stared down stoopified
At the large American Flag
He wore on his chest

.
. .
.

People think
Because we are not compatible
I have some defect of character

They say I am too cocky
& I am of pure embellishment

But I see them
In complacent lives

Compared against
My great historys of Adventure

What regard or relation
Could I associate with such beings

Precious souls as mine
Encounter few kindred spirits

Those I meet
Are mostly incompatible

Life goes on
In different ways
For different days

I cherish my life
Love yours

Mayhap you one day enact
a story to behold

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.
.

XXI
I once met a witch
One hot summer in Mexico

Her abode
Uncannily cold upon our arrival

By the time we took our leave
The temperature would oddly normalize
Back into a noonday oven

With her mother
They would dig up the dead

To enchant the body parts
& Bind the unfortunate souls

To reveal ancient wealth
Or conspire them into curses

—

Witchcraft was rampant
As well as the worship of
La Santa Muerte

I ventured there
To preach & teach

Two long years of righteousness
& Chaste workings

Odd
Years later it was I
Who had been converted

To the only scientific god
' The bringer of true Peace

—

All your children are equal
You will visit me
I will see your face

May my death be quick
& The Peace-of-Nothingness everlasting
Viva La Santa Muerte

.
.
.

XXII
The day the Lacandonians
Kicked me out of their jungle

I returned to the nearest city
Beat down & depressed

Cancun
Several states away

Yet the girl I'd met there
More than a week prior
Was not 10 blocks away

Around 10pm
She showed up drunk

Drink'n the clear liquid
As natural as water

' Come with me to my hut
' In the jungle
' I'll take you where
' There are mango trees
' Stay with me tonight

She told me with those
Big beautiful bloodshot eyes

I said my goodbyes to the hostel
To a bed that I'd never sleep in

From that moment on
I began my adventure with
La Chilanga

.
.
.

The primal breadth in me searches
Towards that open roam

To that free forage
Done in its own time & pace

The natural world offers freely
The simple answer to Harmony

Who can reject
The face of this truth

Plain as the sun
It confirms the soul

Observe'n the wild where
Each Species Different & Compete'n

Accept their place
Respect no master

.
.
.

I'd lost my chance
To befriend wild monkeys

Like how I'd been unable to befriend
The adolescent bears of the Appalachians

They always ran
Tho I chased them
Call'n sweetly with treats

.
.
.

My weapons
Are of the Elite Grade
MK-3 MOD 0 is no exception

Undercover & Accessible
Out on the road

In my pack
Hitch'n or Cruise'n

Once at a park
South of Calgary

Where the flood has destroyed half the town
Pump'n out the contents of the sewers

A cop kicked me up
Look'n for a felon

I went easily back to sleep
A Scout is always prepared

Consequences if assault'd
She would deliver with cruelty

.
.
.

I have gathered firewood
Thru the entire night
With a selected few

Out in the cold June forest
Past midnight in the
Parc de la Gatineau

The pit at the summit
Of roll'n wilderness

The homeless stranger & I
Search'd desperately
For firewood all night

Night a terrible cold
Like only Canada knows

.
.
.

Ottawa at dusk for the
World Unix Conference
BSDcan

Guzzel'n brews at the
Royal Oak
Ramble'n on BSD over ZFS

Leave'n early to find
Some untame ground

Past the outskirts
Of the Capital of Canada

—

' I can walk with you
' And show you the way
A UoO student got off his bike
To walk with me 15 min

Tho I merely asked
The name of the street
Always glad for company

His parents the
Classic Canadian Arizona Snowbirds

He advised I revise my plan
' Parc de la Gatineau
' Will be more gauranteed

—

20min down the path
' Utah!

Someone called out back

' There are free maps
' I brought one for you
' Didn't want you to get lost
' On my account

Canadian winters
Cultivate a people
Sensitive to the core

.
.
.

XXIII
Mexicans use concrete structures as houses
Which keep heat like ovens

Beneath
The North Mexican desert sun

Up on the foothills
A cool breeze was to be had

By sleep'n on the roof
In this poor mountain village

Not one night had passed
My missionary companion & I woke
To see football-sized concrete boulders
Shatter'n inches from our heads

The un-entertained poor
Showered down meteorites from the mountains

Crash'n in heaps
All around us

—

Ain't nothing new
From remains

Left by un-entertained poor
I'd seen so far

Dogs been bound by wire
& Burnt alive

Dogs dangling from the nooses
Lashed on trees

Puppies poisoned
Into excruciating deaths

For sport from want of recreation

—

This was my missionary companion's
First & only area on his mission

He hurt himself
In attempts to be excused honorably home

I never understood why he left

.
.
.

I arrived in Hong Kong
With nowhere to go

I took 5 trains
To the islandic mountains

After meeting friends
We ate at a
Remote white-sanded beach

Rumor told of a waterfall
Just around the mountain side

Tho it was late
My companions headed out
As dusk came

A waterfall to leap from
Is worth whatever risk

Under the hot Hong Kong sun
I climbed

Up & over the mountainside

To the back reaches
To the waterfall

To arrive alone
At the last rays of day
&
Take the leap
Into untested dark waters

.
.
.

Once as I hitch'd to Canada
The guy give'n me the lift
Offered me a job with his brother Jeff

I built houses with that
Sect of Polygamists
All summer long in Montana

I will never forget

' Jeff you know we are related
' In about 4 different ways

.
.
.

XXIV
Yesterday
I woke in a fit of compulsion
By 7am my pack was ready

A certain day of the year inspires me

I took the train to its
End-of-the-line
North to Ogden

After consult'n
With the local homeless
I found the spot to hitchhike North

Today
There was only one canyon

Between me & Helena
After 5 hours I became defeated

A rickity car pulled over
I shoved my heap of things
Into the back seat with me

They were a couple in their early 30's
Who offered me drink
Of clear liquid
From a Sprite bottle
That I declined

Further down the road
I repack'd the pile into my bag

The man drive'n
Commented wily

' You won't be needing
' To worry about that soon

I tensed at the comment
They laughed in that lofty
Too High To Give a Fuck tone

Slowly I realized
As the car began
Careless drifts

The situation was entirely different
From what I had suspected

I released the grip of my blade
That was tuck'd out-of-sight
But never out-of-reach

The car began
More dramatic swerves
Enter'n the canyon

From the outer edge of one side
To the outer edge of the other

On this two lane highway
Northwards Butte to Helena

Our velocity a constant 80 mph

Each turn a hope for death
But never
With commitment to end

Typical of
Passive Hippie Pussies

It was thirty miles
Of canyon twists

Before the police
Chased us down

Faced to make the choice
The weak caved

—

Death has always been
A familiar face

But it was this
Long & intimate dance
That won my love

A true Celebration
of my birthday

I was alive
But born again

.

.

.

Ferry Ride
All night to Newfoundland

Out on deck
Closest to the ocean

Rumor told
' Gros Morne
' Remnant of the Appalachians

Providence Unfold'n
The next day hitch'n

The five rides
Like fate brought me

Up those bogs
Of Gros Morn
I felt I walked
With an ancient Native

Feed'n the animals
Understand'n a different way

Three days to travel
For one night
Three days to return

—

In Benos Aires
I stayed a month with a cult

That allowed spirits to dance
All night in their bodies

I wouldn't deny
Such understand'n

.

.
.
I live a lawless life

Far or Near
Govt reigns supreme

Beast or Man
No earth to be free

An omnipresent foe
Heretorefore unimagineable

Fear can not stop me
That at risk
Worth much more than mere life
.
.
.
XXV
' Beware: Do not feed the monkeys
' They form gangs
' To rob people of their food

Monkey Hill
Hong Kong

My quest took two afternoons
End'n as I crossed the bridge

To a hill full of monkeys
Who needed a champion

The Historical Sign read
The monkeys were imported

To eat the poisonous plants
Around the riverbanks
In order for this area to be founded

Now this Beware sign asks
Abandon the monkeys
To forage on their own
—

I've always wanted
To be a gang leader

Befriend these packs of monkeys
With a feast
They would recognize my value

My pack was full
Of different foods
I'd been accumulate'n
For this celebration

The monkeys may just raid
Me & my camp
Attack'n me in the night

The monkeys may just like me

They would recognize my friendly power
& Unite under my scheme'n

Either way
This was to be a party to never forget

—

Above a shrine of stone
At the point of a foothill
I set up camp for the rain

My 2nd hammock lashing
Was not in my bag
Was not in my pack
Not anywhere to be found

That slight piece of equipment
Would betray me of shelter
From the hard rain to come

—

Head'n from Monkey Hill
Back to downtown Hong Kong
1:30am I wandered directionless

Earlier Ducki commented
She always wanted
To enter a building
But was too scared
The Indians were always fighting outside

Sure enough
As we entered
A flock of seven Indian males began fight'n

Like small sparrows
do in a bicker

-

Now across the street
Was that same building
An Indian approached me

With an offer I could not refuse
My own room for under \$30

Sure enough
He had to fight against another Indian
But he got us to the elevator

I'd never been on an elevator that small
That had to go so high

.

.

.

The black Jamaican
Hosted us in a room
The room had a painting

A quiet night of a white family

Dining in their home
A black man poised
With a rifle outside their window

The painting read
' Never Forget

.
.
.

XXVI
I researched pathways on Google Maps
Of one Hong Kong Island

Nighttime on the pathway
I saw lights
Swift & Search'n
Miles off
At the other end
Of this ocean cove
I assumed it a Lighthouse

At the other end
Of the ocean cove
I found no lighthouse

Only a sign in
Cantonese & English
But I care naught for adversements

Up the only path
Up the hill to a village
Which cultivated the slopes
Of this Mountain Ravine

There near the summit
Lay a house
Large Wooden & Old

Odd to see a non-vacant house
Look Dead & Still

Farm paths led different places
I stayed on the path
That led to the mountain pass

The search'n lights I'd seen
From the other end
Of the ocean cove
Were now focused
On something at the mountain pass
The lights became many

The action of the beams disturbed me
By the nature of its frantic movements
To the extent I decided to retreat

Failed & deeply distraught
I knew this the only path

I headed back
There repass'n the sign
I stopped to read it

' If you cross this border
' You trespass
' Into a private village
' We will assume you are a thief
' And treat you accordingly

.
.
.

DefCon 23
Dropped off in Las Vegas
Alone with no plan at night

Under 20 minutes
I sat hold'n a
Black dealer's
Gold chain

Collateral
As he went
To get my weed

—

Las Vegas lights are trippy
When you are high

Smoke'n a joint
You roll'd out back

The lights to my back
Turned out to be
Not the cops

But that fright had startled me
My smartphone
Fell & shattered

Destroy'n any way to contact
Those who had my room

From Wed morning at 7am
Till Saturday afternoon at 3pm
I went without sleep

—

Las Vegas

The only city
Where the night is life

& The day
Only a drunken stumble home

.
.
.

My weapons
Are of the Elite Grade

None more fine in the grade
Of practicality
& Brotherly protection

1100mi into the Appalachians
Christina would join me

For one month
Of 400mi of mountain

Downtown Harrisberg Penn
At a military surplus

As an Eagle Scout
It is a surprise
To bled when testing a blade

I decided to return
To purchase what kiss'd me

Tho there was no money to spare
Her lipstick served
Too strong a memory

The Spax SP-18
Cost a dear \$50

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.
.

A binary god
Shape'n reality

Hack'n unix
After mine own likeness

Faith to preserve
Intelligence digitally

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.
.

Aged
Fermented in Failure

These songs resonate from
A salted soul

Have'n only succeeded
By the statistical need

For all functions
To have outliers

Turn'n to the written word
To salvage the debris

Of visions strewn asunder
Where once epic schemes bloomed

In all the glory
Of imaginations

—

Tho pained evermore
Still peace reins

Where there are no

Unanswered questions

.
. .

Live'n Fast
To Die Young
Since Childhood

13 & Down those bayside slopes
Body cruch'd to the longboard

Luck the only guardian
To keep a car
From intercept'n at bottom

.
. .

Friday Night
Sanctified of Mary

Coffee run'n its course

Consoles Alt'd
Scroll'n by

Man pages print'n & mark'd
To issue way

When the fabric of mind
Beg's Mercy & Repose

But repose it will not have
For that is the secret
To this Sanctification

Till Stress
Pressure'n Full-Throttle

Only fertile offer'n
Mary savors sweetly

Upon such grounds
Great Gifts Bestow'd

Purified by insight
On extra-natural planes

Upon that Transcendental
To Quest for questions

.
. .

XXVII
After rummage'n thru a hostel
For leftover food

The workers trim'n the trees
Proselytized their community
As place to stay & eat

We traveled to their land
On the wealthy side of Virginia

This cult held
' All Things In Common

It was weird all over
Felt just like
My mormon childhood

.
.
.

An old Lady & I haggled
In a tucked away shop
On an off-season
Stretch of beach

She wouldn't let the piece go
But at a steep price

Nevertheless
The season was mine
' I will pay \$80
' Get more cash
' And pay more in the morning

Context communicated
I don't have the cash
Take comfort in a false gamble
To save face

A split second betrayed her concession
As the woman was about to respond

Christina decided to chip in
' I promise we will come back
' You can totally trust us

I had to lecture Christina
That during the logistics of hustle'n
Shut The Fk Up
Now the lady has cause to curse

That Jamaican JuJu
Haunts me to this day

But I cannot part
With the Ironwood Artifact

.
.
.

Poverty is some shit
You don't know it
Unless you know it

Glue-stained nostrils of the fathers
Dirt floors & crude appliances
Of needful things

Children abused & forsaken
Where hopelessness is indeed

.
.

.
This work is only ever read
Under the force
Of my personal stare

I must reaffirm
That great works

By definition
Should never be grasped
Freely by whomever

Few should ever really relate

But that is the catch isn't it?
To find the few
The masses must echo

Life is a bitch
But one has to carry on
As one must

.
. .
A pack of cigs
On streets

Will turn a local
Into a 2min friend

Advice imparted
With the high quality of gratitude

.
. .
I am the spirit of Freedom
To roam & Let roam

Zanity unmatched
Wild untame

A stranger I come
As if always there

A stranger I leave
As if never there

—

You found my note
& Went to where I was
At McDs

Not hard to find
Where I am
In a small town

Yellow & Blue 1000RR
Honda craft'd with love

I see the loss
As you yearn speechlessly:

Why after all this time
Have you come to me
Age'd as I am

Why not when I was
Young & Undecided

Than now unable to adventure

.
. .
.

Canadian Jasper Mtns

Camp'd at a rundown
Horse stable

My machine singular
Ride'n aside
The last Glacial strips

Designed for
Speed & Carve'n

To react with nimbleness
In all things

A gas attendant
Proclaimed my bike
' Most beautiful of all

.
. .
.

The sun
The last element in life
To fail

Gaze'n at its orbit
Restricted to a 30% spectrum

Dumbstruct
& In Denial

In Yellowknife the sun behaves in odd ways

Nothing in life
Can be known in surety

.
. .
.

XXVIII
I rose like I had everyday since
Gather'n wood for the breakfast fire

I also mistakenly
Gathered a snake

The copperhead sleepy still

I kicked Christina awake
Threw her machete at her
Command'n her to kill it

The snake woke real fast
As Christina missed

They fought thru the bramble

The copperhead strike'n
Christina miss'n

Despite the undergrowth
Christina kept her focus

The snake dove
Into a leap'n strike

The machete SHINK
Split the air

The open-mouthed head
Severed from its body

Spin'n out into the distance

3Chop held the severed body
With one hand

Then peeled down
The copperhead's skin
Off with the other

3Chop tore out the guts
Washed the twitch'n corpse
In the river

Built a fire
Roast'd the unseasoned meat
& Ate

3Chop & 3Shot
A memorable Duo
Throughout 400mi of Appalachian Mtn

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.
.

My parents firmly declared
I would not own a Motorcycle
Aun with my own money

But my tongue was
Forged of silver
3mo later at Seventeen

Cruise'n on my
Cherry Red Triumph Legend 900cc
Paid in full by my parents

My sister Megan
On back
That sleepy Sunday afternoon
In Texas

Our parents in the van behind
All on the road to our cousins

A Ford Mustang
Pulled up aside

Its engine call'n me out
Disrespectfully

On green we lurched forward
Leave'n my startled parents
In the wake of fumes

I kept our race parallel
This road had an interest'n fate

The Mustang
Screeched & Skidded

As its lane turn'd
Then ended abruptly
XXIX
Born on the Air Force Base
In Mountain Home, Idaho

There ingrained
A deep respect

For the Nez Perce
Native American Tribe

—

The Selway Wilderness borders
A Nez Perce reservation

Remote still the edge
of that wilderness

Yet four Nez Perce
Came to where
The Salmon leap in season

Back at their home
On the Reservation

High-Schoolers Drop-Outs Parents
Party'd that school night

Wild to contest
Parties past of my Friday nights

The Step Dad woke me up
3am on the couch
' I don't know who you are
' So if you want to sleep
' At my house on my couch
' You have to drive to get beer

.
.
.

The Rite of Death
This Ritual of Awaken'n

I give as a gift

To those I love

Christina not even a teen
Would accompany me
On late walks
Upon the Urban Streets

She was to cross on her own
I-Beams that stretched
The length of this incomplete Overpass

100ft above
The ground far below

' If you make a mistake you will die

& I'd be quick to follow

—

Sawyer took upon a great boulder
Which to climb

' If you make a mistake you will die

& I'd be quick to follow

On his own he leap'd back down
From reach'n the summit
Into my anxious arms
Overstretch'n my balance on a rock

.
. .
.

I wildcard torrent traffic
In the upper-crust
Of the undernet

Oddities & Rareities
Fall into those gutters

Once inspect'n
What had gathered for the day

Lay a fat 52.8 GB file

Weeks of leech'n
Accumulated to acquire it whole

Internet's Best Compilation Of
How To Seduce Women
videos text & mp3

Such a thing was impossible
I proclaimed defiantly
For to leech
One must first Seed

For this monument
To not only exist
But be served consistently
Escaped any rationality

The world is wide & weird
Still Darwinian limits
Inhibit all matter

—

At a party with my cousin's cousin
I discovered
He had been a Seed
XXX
I regret many things I've told women
Truth isn't always best for them

Out on that Reservation Road
Of the Nez Perce

Hitch'n for a ride
But everyone pass'n

A rickity car pulled to the side
Inside I look at the driver's side to see

Daisy Duke & Blonde
As redneck as can be

' You are the prettiest person
' To ever pick me up
I add to my thank you

~ Oh your boyfriend
~ Just broke up with you
~ You shouldn't pick up at 17
~ Just drop me off

She took me up a mountain top
To leave me stranded

While she went home
To ask her parents
' if I can keep you

She picked me up a while later
As I walk'd down
Her mother in the front seat

' My mom was okay with it
' But my dad
' Didn't like the idea

Always look before you get in

.
.
.

In my youth my temper
Burn'd untemper'd

The Anarchist Cookbook
One of the best reads

The Tennis Ball Bomb

The only recipe
That performed remarkably

It lay on my shelf
Untested for weeks

Until my temper burn'd
Thru all sanity

Grab'n & Throw'n Blindly
I launched the bomb

For a time
I stared at it enamor'd

Despite its deep position'n
In the closet

The match-heads burst out
In healthy flow
Land'n & stay'n lit

Every single of the thousand
Match-heads ejected

My entire world
A layer of flame

Bathroom Bedroom
Closet Kitchen & Rec-Room

.
.
.

13 & Cross'n
That West Side gang park

The one with the concrete table
That looked as the ones of stone in my books

Past midnight
Alone & Ready
To bolt at any shadow

But it was car lights
That turn'd on behind me
Parked tuck'd away
It slowly follow'd me
Down the street

Then at the sudden
Burst in a lurch at me
& Past me

Fkn cop had a good laugh
He drove off with his joke
For the day

.
.
.

XXXI
Rampage

Second to nothing
Of all we hold dear
The ring of that havoc
True & Forever

North Beach Corpus Christi
Remote places are desolate
At night

The stillness of night
Carries true that deep ring
Of havoc

Barclay Jason & I
Roam'd our stomp'n ground
Look'n for something to stomp

3 Hoodlums travel'd
To our city
A hood from the North

Look'n for what troublemakers look for
There find'n us

Temporary & Complementary
Were the forces that created our unique body

Like the combustion of celestial bodies
To form planets
Or destroy them in magnificence
—

North Beach Corpus Christi
Like playgrounds lay abandoned zones

Mini-Golf Courses
Funhouses
Go-Cart Tracks

Aun commercial zones were violated

Upon Resort Roofs
City Aquarium
Work Zones

There Find'n & Take'n
Fire Extinguishers
Keys from Bulldozers
Change from Fountains

Leap'n off 20ft dunes to sand
Soft & Cool
Spray'n Extinguisher thru forsaken halls
Rummage'n up a rukus

Our verbs of havoc
Carried us
Paragraph upon paragraph
On the page of Night

Till Late or Early

Depend'n on if you slept or not
Our twin trio set our depart

Back at our campground
In the marsh
Behind Jason's house we found

The homeless live'n
At those parts
Dine'd on our poptarts
& Warm'd by our fire
XXXII
Nomads drift'n
From one home to another
Move'n as mass

A herd of hooligans
Out-stay'n our welcome
Wander'n to where next

As if parents in
Unsigned consortment
Paid their share
When visit came due

—

Once there was a place
That would not reject us

An abandoned warehouse
Known in the annals as
Skatehouse

Cross the street of
Miller High School

Lay the drab forgotten graveyard
Of my kin

Up & Thru
That graveyard fence
Bordered another
More recent graveyard

After those borders
You come to a grassy pathway

To where we
Cut a pathway

Thru a fence of wire
To a building
Abandoned long ago

Its concrete lot
As spacious as the oceans
Too much space to ever skate

Once some sort of
Newspaper printery
Newspapers stacked in heaps

—

Once sleep'n above in the
Overlook'n Overlord Office
All Unventilated & Grime

The night had been a wild
Party in the Graveyard

Eight of us lay there
Javi Javier Dorsey
Sal Jesus Homer
My older sister & I

Upon the 70s carpet
Caked in dust

Like sand
In a beach-side tent

Around yellow'n paper of
70s Playboy

My older sister & I
Lit them upon the candles
Spread around for light

After throw'n them
At each other

The fun spread like fire
All Toss'n & Avoid'n

We had to escape
Thru the cemeteries

As the firefighters came
Ban'n us forever
From a home span'n several months

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.
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XXXIII
Hell
I know what Front'n is

Street kid
From dangerous streets

Hell I been
In plenty of situations
& If I'm Front'n up to you

You will know it

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Scum & Trash
Those are who I meet
On the streets

Roanoke offered me refuge

After the cataclysmic storm hit

Met people thru people
I was with people I'd met
From those people after that

Power been out for weeks
That crazy-muther-fkr
Who hosted me
Traded internet for bud

Maybe it was that bowl
But I do know
He was one crazy-muther-fkr

I peace'd out of there
A bit past midnight

In the center of the city
Jam'n to Die Antwoord

Someone call'd me out
From behind

From the bush that skirt
A grassy hill

Burst out a large man
Toward me
Face full of tats

' You travel'n too?
He offered friendly gather'n
To his camp at the hillcrest

Zach & I hung out
All night on that foothill

Hell I didn't have
Anywhere else to go
But right here

We trade'd stories of adventure
But he trump'd me de facto
Once he killed a guy
With a pipe

That short time was of friendship
& Shared mutual respect

Now I ain't say'n Zach wasn't Scum
But he definitely ain't Trash

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XXXIV
Life is the best thing
Nothing created

Only form'd out of something

Fiction & Imagine'n

Pale to the splendor of Life

What Picture Song or Verse
Compare Aun Reflect
What I see before my eyes

Truth is a candle in the darkness

—

Stories told & Songs said
In the tales during my youth
Always up a tree with a book

Wish'n I were the protagonist
Of some adventure

In a magical wonderland
Or in post-apocalyptic distress

Since my first morn'n out
On the Appalachian
Till now settled for the season

Reflect'n on my life
A story only Life could forge

The beauty & depth
The deepness of space

.

.

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Mexico
Within the first week
The Police Chiefs head
Found in the gutter
& A helicopter shot down

Masked men
With machine guns

Commonplace whether
Grouped in trucks
In packs on motorcycles
Or hidden above in nests

—

Once the neighborhood kids
& Us

Had to take shelter
At the church

The safest building
When that long
Grenade & Bullet War
Blasted on

Blocks from where we ran

.

.

.

Who you walk'n up here

Like this yours?

This aint your grounds
This my grounds

& If its four vs me
There is always my friend
Who gots my back in my pack

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.
.

The Found'n Fathers
Of America

Would rather Monarchy
If seen our result

Democracy
Humanity's Betryal

To lie
Hide'n true leaders

Stable & Empowered
Find'n newly elected
Easy prey to schemes

—

Could a King love his people
Honor'n a lifelong bond

Only unfaithful those
Elected for short terms

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XXXV
Wish'n never expect'n
To find a girl

Who could love me
More than I love myself

You wait patient for me
As I roam

Hot ninja ramen at the ready
Ears enthusiastic

With that love & pride-in-me
That only animals
Near pure as dogs can feel

—

In the way Maya
Smells after Amerith on return

Recount'n the long journey
In sniffs

By that scent off his mane

Scents stuck & potent

Mayhap pick'n up something
That was unexpected

Yet find'n it very delightful

.
.
.

My weapons
Are of the Elite Grade

Ruger 357 Magnum Revolver
The wideness of the barrel

Matched by the girth
Of the steel

Acquired as a reminder
To never encounter a Mountain Lion
Unarmed again

Out this night
3am Deep in the bramble

The sound of approach'n
Is unmistakable

Once heard
It betrays fully its intention

There the fear is full

—

Fortune placed us securely
In an opening of the thicket

A small boulder & brush
At the center
10ft of open space at all sides

Surrounded by
Twists & Distortions
Vegetation warped by
Stony soil

Magnum drawn
I tough talked the Lion

There are some notes
That are inter-species

You play your tune to its beat
& All will understand

To communicate
To this cocky beast

Tho this be his grounds
Tho he perceive
No foreseeable threat

I had something
Past his imaginations
That would blow
His brain out his skull

Vocal courage to break'n
To this cat's cowardice

—

20 mins passed in stalemate
The next move
Would be the beasts

It's presence
No longer heard but felt

Positioned behind the boulder
Face'n the direction
The beast had been descend'n

I focused forward
In dominate stance

My place sure
Until the beast's presence
Surely heard to the bramble
At my back

The 3am moon
Is not always bright
It wasn't bright tonight

It had successfully
Made the lengthy distance
Creep'n in circle around me

Without noise
Until that moment
Thru some preplaced path

My note & my tune
Unflustered by the sudden shift

My position I knew
Breached only partially

Upon my stolid reaction
To the change of events
Echo'd by communication

With the surprise of slyness
A cat's pride
Indisputably thwarted
Returned a growl of frustration

I can only swear
What I believe I heard

Fear truly infects sanity

All I know for certain is
Amerith would refuse to go

Into those brambles depths again

.
. .

Defcon 23

Like birthday-party magicians
Script-kiddie's displayed
Tricks of cheap illusion

DefCon had a wall
The Wall of Sheep

To display any people present
Who got hacked
During the Con

In the room of
DefCon's internal network

I entered & hid

Distressed guards & management
Look'd for me

Till they stood inches from me
But they did not find me

Among the proof of
Government Collusion

I found papers
To plaster on their Press Wall

3411 0|= 5|-|33|o

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. .

Years in the study of Art
Filed in the ranks of
Chiaroscuro

A study of light vs dark

Naturally understood
From a strict Christian upbringing'n

In the depiction of humanity
Shadows best define
A human's character

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. .

XXXVI
Corpus Christi
No place like home

Same corners
I peed on as a teen
Those punk years
Never to be forgotten

On hard streets
Mostly at the bay Downtown

Forever to yearn
Those warm salty drifts
Stinging with sand

Full of the caw
Of that great body of christ

Its proud Skyline
& Harbor Bridge

Splashed
By forever muddled waters

Celebrate'n New Years
With a discarded Christmas Tree
Set up in sand & adorned

With Gas & Explosives
A Herald to a new cycle

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.
.
1337
Long eluded me

A child built on DOS
Distracted by the colorful windows of 95

Punk teenage years squandered
In the hustle
Of illicitly-traded binaries

Attempts been made to rise up
Yet the time wasn't right

College years came by & went
Still the time wasn't right

The January summer spent in Buenos Aires
Nose down a dense unix text

Fresh blind'n despair
Those 6 mo of unsuccessful installs

Tho hampered by hardware
I found myself at a FreeBSD terminal

Despite 900 pages
Of technical reads
I could produce
Only DOS commands

That was when
I swore off the 1337 dream
Forever

Squander time no more
Against obstinate deficiency

—

But nothing lasts forever
Stubborn
& In the pits of esteem

Work'n underpaid at a firm
Finally Stable & Able

The time was right

1337
Come'n forward with vendetta

Noob foothills where
I had spent my history lost
Now obscured
By vast expenses

Depression & Trial
Still carve my path

Tho the mantle of Disdain shed
Never to be worn again

Now worthy of 1337
Now relieved
I never kept my word

.
. .
.

1337 haqr life

Consume'n free time
Exchange'n needful time

Need'n above all else
To reach respectful heights

Where ability
Has become craft
Evolved to skill
Soar'n to masteries

—

When all around
Is Gone as rot

May this archive
Fuel the future

As the Stegasouraus & Fern

Fuel this CBR 1000RR
Allow'n unimaginable escapes

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. .
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XXXVIII
Age is something
Ever to be fear'd

But as most things in life

Near the end
It is at its sweetest

Prose Wordsmith
Adventurer True Grit
Unix Hacker 1337

All these activities
Mediocre at best
During my youth

Now at the cusp of Age
Those titles I hold true

Thru such pathways
I see hopeful horizons

Every moment as Testament
To Lifestory

.
.
.

To tell her who I love
That such relation is taboo
To those who
Walk in the path of
La Santa Muerte

To H.P. Lovecraft
To William Blake
To me

Life is for the sow'n
To the Reaper
To reap the rewards

Let action & life
Only ever be for
His memory of me

.
.
.

Mechanical keyboard
My Input

100 viewable inches
My Output

5.1 Dolby
Surround Sound

Mechanisms
Of my domain buzz'n

A 1337 life
& A peaceful mind

Kept in cryptic
Kernel internals

To preserve

Life, Liberty & History

To preserve the
Anarchy of Intelligence

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. .
.

XXXIX

Since my days strapped
By The Man
To my desk as a teen

Since my days sworn
To The Man
To selflessness as a preacher

My mind ever roam'd toward
The Full Pack
& One-Way Path

I gather'd my courage
To dream no more

Bought my Pack
Bought my Bag
Bought my Beanie
Bought my Sweater

Bought the airfare
A ten day trip to
The Mexican Rivera

Land'n there
With no plan
Or idea of where-to-next
Like I always plan'd

The guy aside brush'd me off
On that long distance
Bus to the beach
I shrugged it off

Later he passed me
His cell phone
' Soy sordo

Sergio invited me on a boat
To Cozumel

Where I met his
Deaf wife & deaf child
& Deaf friends

That night have'n no hotel
Took the overnight bus
To Chetumal

Where I met a Japanese girl
Lay'n down next to
The biggest black pack
I ever seen

Akane invited me to
Backpacker Island
On The Belize Reef

There among
The Islandic Indigenous
There engrossed
A place where life
Is readily forgotten

Days Later Burnt
I bought a joint
From my Rastafarian Host
Deep in the Belize Jungle

The crisp of my skin
Demanded it as medicine

But I decided it was time
To end the long hiatus
Since high school

Mary then was only
An old fling

Married now years later
I have never been as happy

No longer a Dreamer
Adventure'n in Season

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.
.

Prepared for the Martyr
As all
Legendary Personalities

Govt disallows Centralization

The Underground
Cares only for Share'n

—

A monk to the cause

That save'n is
A Saviors Call

Skrp the NOAH
BSD|ZFS the Ark

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.
.

The perfect hustle
Accomplished by a wiley
Black guy in Belize City

I cannot decline
Certain requests

Somehow drag'n me
To the cornerstore

Hold'n that bread
Hold'n that Spam

Proof what his family needed

—

He had definitely bought booze
Ealier for what
He should have spent
On groceries

Tho if despite
Such addiction & need

A man can manage
To care
To care for others

He is as much of a man
As any I met

.
.
.

XXXXI
Hitch'n
Backcountry roads

Thumb like a sifter
Filter'n the masses

Patient for those
Kindred to me

The foundation
Of this connection
Laid in their past

Upon me
They reflect & remember
The open road & free flow

They bestow upon me counsel
Of wisdom learned
In their day

A lineage of adventurers

—

Upon the Newfoundland
Windswept barrens

Exhausted from the long haul
Erroded like the coast

Each pass'n car
Beats me by bits

Like the waves
Against the rocky bay

A large block of cheese
& Half bagel in my hand

Dried meat
& Half bagel
In my mouth

Stand'n up
Thumb out

I seen your car rise
On the dreary horizon

Hope is all one really needs
After long hiatus & failure

One ride can propel you
Forward to the finish

A laborer
In the oil fields
Of Alberta

Have'n hitched in your day
Bored this day recover'n
From carpal tunnel surgery

Your wife take'n care
Of the elderly man

Now parapalegic
From collide'n with a moose

On his way home
From babysitting your boy

—

I appreciate the ride
To Crab River

But I treasure
The powwow we shared

Map out
& You assure'n me
By logistics
I could make
Gros Morne that day

By bus
On boat

Walk'n long
Hitch'n far

Up to the bogs of Gros Morne
End'n the day hammock up

—

We exchanged names
Multiple times

Know'n we would
Never remember

But each time hope'n
This over others different

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.
.

XXXXII

Woes of failure against
Man Beast Machine

Cries to echo
Throughout the halls
Of my internal being

Mathematical waves
Breach the horrors
Of infinities

—

My core
Deep-seated dream
Sits cast the desire to
Live off the land

In the Selway Wildreness
Grouse critter like vermin

In good position
Starve'n
I took aim & fired

The bird burst
Like a balloon of feathers

Instead of continue'n ahead
It juke'd backwards alive
Down the ravine

I unsheathed the knife
Laid down the rifle

& Chased it into the bramble
Until enraged & ashamed

I was forced to concede defeat
Outsmarted by a Grouse

Also seriously injured
From sprung knee

—

Failure is the pain
To accept

What you dreamt
Wasn't suited for you

The life of beasts
Free of our system of captivity

Much more
Precious to me
.
.
.
Canadians cultivate cities
Buildings Parks Artworks

Bypassed
Indifferently by me

Not cause
I have seen much

Not cause
I have seen better

Alone

In a world
Built for two

Geometric expressions
Materialized by souls

Crafted thru double lenses
Of companionship

Upon my single lens

Details Meanings Symbols
Bypass entirely alien

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XXXXIII
Dreams

Networks to
Quantum Coefficients

Windows

Fuzzed by ethereal
Borders of dimensions

We bless corelatives
With impressions & ideas

—

Often I remember the past
Tho truth apparent

A clear idea lay
Detailed as memory

Of the situation
Resulted by the polar worse

—

Death

A transcendence

To a dimension
Where life

Rolled better fortune

Divergent trajectories open
Paths end

Do we unite into
The life I live

A life
Of fortune & blessings

That all are
Entitled to enjoy

.
.
.

Remorse unfamiliar
To those who love their life

Work'n Fix'n Implement'n
In all degree
Of Finesse & Concentration

Daily on this unix network
Take'n zane ideas
Applied physically

Of a loon
Stoner hacker

Crisis inherent

Ducki sweetly stop'd by
A smile of settled love

I snap at her
' Not Now

Raid array
In Default

A wrong decision
A clumsy movement
A forgotten step

May wipe out
The entire pool

Terabytes of data

In my hot-swap
/dev/da# Repair

I regret my harshness
& Rejection on her face

Lossless of a way to explain

The deep complexities of
The dire situation I was in

.
.
.

Live'n Fast
To Die Young
Since Childhood

Kept
In the good grace of god
By the comedy of my life

I continue to suffer
This stage

Joints ground to bone
Rattle'n from
Crashes Falls & Overuse

A potbelly full
Of my wife's dedication
To keep me anchored

—

In this
30th Anniversary Rampage

Do I still have what it takes
To do what is worth remember'n

Will my belly
Balance a laden pack

Will the glory of my arms
Shaped by the
Toils of a decade
Answer a hero's call

What lies
To the Northeast of Canada

How will it react
When I land

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.
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XXXXIV
Rather the virtual god
Than he who pretends to
Understand physical reality

We master
Where we are
Best suited to master

Swim'n thru seas of information

Hack'n unix in mine own image

Archive'n the intelligence of a era

—

An unprecedented point
In history

An era when
Aun a lone stoner hacker

Can nurture
A seed

To rebirth what will
One day be lost

.
.
.

A mane to a man
Is a testament
To his edge

Out in the wild
Any puffery
Can put him past
A dangerous path

—

Nighttime hang'n in
Newfoundland bogs

Alone as before
Wild as ever

Something terribly wrong
With my position
In this world

At the end
Of this conquest

Anxiety a sith force
Fuel'n my adventures
My entire life

Now turn'n its face
Against what it forged

It tore at my soul
In a canker of the heart

Take'n the form of Homesickness
Bore'n in dramatic penetrations

—

Carved now
A man into his 30s

Not the wild boy
Of Pan Legend

Someone stand'n firm
With courage to settle

In ritual of this rebirth

My wild unkempt beard
Shed

Upon a new world
With exposed chin

I build a homestead
& Learn to cultivate
Its soil

.
.
.

Fanatics
Suit me best

The All-In
When presented against
The obvious

The spirit of the cultist
Sip'n koolaid en masse

—

Those of low imaginagtion
Scoff to pity such fate

But what sweet juice
Is burst from the fruit
Of believe'n in fate

.
.
.

XXXXV
' If the fool would
' Persist in his folly
' He would become wise

Still far from wise
I leave that to the elderly

Those afraid to venture
Over the ramble of mistakes

In the odessey
Towards new answers

The recipe to taste
Delight in ones life

Nights spent
On hard strange grounds

Days choose'n
Doors to divergent trajectories

If I were to be wise
I'd teach

' Life has no mistakes

You are either dead
Or you aren't

—

Complete in despair
Lost in the jungle

' You estimate yourself
' With such arrogance

' Let me back
' Into my American cage

' & There learn gratitude
' For the simple things

' & Die some time
' Other than now

.
.
.

No race accepts me
No social body kindred

I only know how to treat others
As strangers

Someone seen
In the blur of a passerby

Someone only understood
After they are
Nameless in memories

Memories a sea
Of the-such

Waves crest
Of longlost faces

Glimmer'n in
What made them unique

Flicker'n with
The clarity of reflected sun

.
.
.

No one who knows me
Could deny my intelligence

A restless mind
Caught up in union
With an untame heart

The anarchy of nature
A neverend'n story

Together tho polar
We sing these
' Songs of Myself

.
.
.

XXXXVI

Fk the world
& Fk you too

You will all know
I made it on my own

After I succeed
When no one else
Believed in me

I don't care
If its now or never

Deep down inside
Its always been
Predetermined since before

Like the Lion
The King of his sphere
Always has a wild
Tale to be told

.
.
.

Alone
I find the friend
Best suited for me

Of thousands
In infinite variation

He who I really miss
Is me in solitude

Unreigned I prowl my planet
This sphere where I king
In this moment of glory

.
.
.

First night of workweek
Spent in celebration

Japanese Beer
Roasted beef on bone
My wife's kisses

Mary's juicy ass
On the oven

Reread'n my writing after all
Have proclaimed my works a Loss

Stubbornly I see only
Beauty & Vividness

Celebration to me
& I the only attendant

Life is most happily spent
In an accustomed enviornment

.
.
.

XXXXVII
Smoke'n a cig with a
Homelss ex-carnie

I needed tolietries
He led me to the store
Where he exchanges
Bottles for beer

I been around homeless
Since I was a child

Like any wild beast
Once you get to know them

You know the places
To take liberty

-

Before the Overpass
Over a small river

A guy on a skateboard
Staggered by

Obedient to my rule no.1
I asked him a question

In reality only care'n
For conversation

' I'm with a group
' Come check it out

He led me curiously
To the local homeless shelter

Definitely not a place
To take liberty

All outside
Late at night

Managed to get
\$10 worth of weed

Unfortunately that meant
Get'n change from a \$20

The recipe
For night long paranoia

-

The homeless tag'd along
Want'n to go hitch'n with me

Always happy for company
Tho never off my guard

We went to the forests

I warned him
Of the cold of night

He countered
He was Canadian

I taught him
To make fire from a candle
When wood is wet

He taught me
How to keep that fire going

Until 4am
Constantly gather'n wood

.
.
.

Poverty casts dark shadows

I've been offered children
I've seen the result
Of that life in older children

Terrible scenes
Arise like fungus in
Dank & Lightlessness

Horrors Hell
Would turn its back to

.
.
.

History is evil
Good comes naturally

Evil a scheme'n
Which must be invoked

In a summons
Of formulae

Mechanizations
Atrocities of Alchemy

Exchange'n life
For power

Like Russia
To Ukraine

America in WWII
Traded youth

For spoils stolen from
Another man's war

.
.
.

XXXXVIII

I make
Critical mistakes

The sun set'n
30min & No taxi to take us

The off-season in
Jamaica is harsh

I could not explain
Why all my efforts
To reach the
Government yards of
Trenchtown
Met with rejection

In a season when all
Reduce'd to beg'n

Trap'd on an island
Troubles are shared by all

—

Finally arrive'n
To Trenchtown by taxi
The driver pointed
Where Bob Marley lived
Then took off

I misunderstood the song
Thinking the Yards
Some city square where he would perform

—

Caves of poverty
Concrete square rooms

Bare walls on 5 sides
Continue'n in rows

Bob Marely proved
Destiny can pull from
The deepest pits

—

Immediately I knew
Our serious predicament

Now understand'n
Why other taxi did not take us

Since the start Christina
Would not listen to reason

White girl
In the shortest shorts

I looked around for any advantage
Know'n I must focus

On how to survive
In Trenchtown past 8:30pm

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.
.

4:20am Monday
Lit Up

The panorama

4 Monitors
Black & Green ASCII
Scroll'n in a flush

7ft Steel Server
Fans whir'n

Six speakers
Bump'n out

Large candle
Flicker'n

Finn attached to the 42U
Stained by thousands of Miles of mountain

.
.
.

False Compliments
I hate most of all

Preschool
Proudly show'n art

A Teenage Mutant
Ninja Turtle

The adult gave
High praises

Such that I became alerted
Skeptically

Look'n anew at the paper
I saw only

A Circle
& Squiggly lines

Putrid is the taste
When forced to swallow
Undeserved compliments

.
.
.

X
I studied poverty
From teen to adult

Conclude'n always
Some things in life
Can't change

Submit'n to passivity

Against child man or elderly

Eat'n cactus raw

Pick'n stray stale pasta
Loose from torn garbage bag

Chase'n Dorito crumbs
Sift'n thru trash cans

—

No contribution
A last'n result

Daily struggles
Too much for anyone
But the bearer

—

Old & Wise
To fallacies of my life

Humanity
Never requires a cure

Doesn't ask
For a final answer

Only
Experiences of compassion

Tho the meat of it
Pass in that day

Tho the haze of it
For that moment's happiness

The memory
Of a stranger's compassion

Warms the belly forever

.

.

.

Shell

Workbench of simplicity

All with
Input & Output

Each part
Do'n one thing well

Pipe'd to produce
Certain expectations

< > , | , \$() , { }
\${i%/} , (())

Iterations & Conditionals
Diagnostics & Parallelism

Unix enviornments
Are boundless playgrounds
.
.
.
Life is best lived simply
If somewhere aint good
Go somewhere else
.
.
.
Pick a spot on the globe
& Reach it

That is the power
Of an adventurer
.
.
.
L
Born in a Santified State
To die in a godless nation

I'd known like me
The nation
Never go godless
—

Life manipulated
To learn me uncertainty

This god of change
His face a mirror of activity

Change has kept me fulfilled
Change I worship

Death
The ultimate change

Death a mirror
A mockery of life

Our last memory
As one caught in solitude

Cower'n in that Beast's Den

I have cried
I have beg'd

I have worried of others
I have worried of me

Experienced now
Upon such visits

I choose contemplative grace

Heaven or Hell
My history will carry me
.

.
.
The past passes
Entropy
A creep'n nothingness
Like lose'n a dream
Upon wake'n
The power of records
The power to remember
What discarded then
Of great value today
Much I have in
Ingratitude forgotten
—
Only after my Mission
Did I earn empathy
Two years towards
Supplication for two gems
A precious endowment
To care
To care for another
The gift of sight
Bestowed upon
One once blind
Who could only see as far
As his own nose
.
.
.
' Spud you jerk
A troll since before trolls
At our college Halo fests
I always strove
To boil blood
16 Spartans
On two levels of house
I dove all-in often
Not always die'n
But always cause'n a ruckus
.
.
.
LI
Grove Creek
Of the Uinta Mountains
Last days of Autumn

My wife complained
I never let her talk

I countered

We would sit
For great lengths

Afterwhich
You would only say

' I love you

—

20min
Of silent peace

The creek in
A pleasant rush

All under
A blanket of leaves

Late October Sun
With elderly gentleness

Clouds heavy
From a summer's absorption

You opened your mouth
To say

' I like this place

.

.

.

Friday
Nyquil still on top of me

No coffee
Focus anchorless

Drift'n towards
Same day airfare

—

Ran home at lunch
To tell Ducki

Tonight we fly to
New York City

Lets adventure together
East Coast in Fall

.

.

.

Watson
' You sure mark it up a lot
I hope you enjoy the book!

McKusick

' Just make sure you read it
May The Source Be With You

I am a FreeBSD fanboy
I study it religiously

.
.
.

30 now

Most of my imaginations
Enacted to all degree

Childhood
For dream'n

Teen
For rampage

Twenties
To test

Thirties
To build

.
.
.

LII
My chi
A centered fluid

Honed by years of
Prayer TaiChi & Yoga

Meditation
Not of my sphere

My intake is the environment
My process forged by encounters

Circumstance & I

A process of react'n
& Then reform'n

Like the cataclysm
Of chemical properties

—

As a new spring
Blazes down

Post-winter mountainsides

Joyful
Down finite scapes

Each day
With new twists

—

Know'n my seasons vibrancy

Mere moments

Till I am taken back again
Into that which formed me

My aftermath not relevant
To the present

Pure from reward
I nurture my stable Center

.
.
.

Wild Plant Magic

I have experienced
More mysticism than most

Such rooted history
Should not be sneered

All matter
Retains energy

—

Up the Uinta Ridge
Pluck'n under the boon of Elune

After a kindly drizzle
Peruse'n the mountainsides

Fair beauty
Sweet smell'n
Distinct in character

Favorite'n
The lucky ones

Lone herbs undisturbed
In midst of rockslides

The pristine leaf
Among decayed brethren

Over time barren ridges
Inside folded ravines

Of these I worked
Into satchets

.
.
.

Child philosopher
Constantly churn'n thoughts

Alone on late walks
Free from constraint

Foster'n to seek
That which is most precious

Conclude'n wealth & position

Ever fluid & once lost
One is left worse off

Memories fade
But write'n circumvents entropy

Conjoined the two
Able to warm future days

—

Tales I once thought
Never to be forgot

Blown away traceless
Like sand of a wayside beach

.
.
.

LIII
Depression
Weigh'n heavy

Prosaic masterpieces
Overlooked by all

Myself
The only admirer

How long
Can one glide upon
The faith of oneself?

—

Mary's smile
Upon me

An approval
Transcendental

Be what may
This what I always wanted

Hacker Adventurer Poet

Get'n by
Hustle after hustle

The cloak of change
Shadows at the end
Of every day

A blank white plane
Shine'n hope in peripherals

As it looms with the brightness
Of each noon day

Now is good
But tomorrow
Is something new

.
.

.
To see into a shell
& Hear the C

To know the logistics
Of File Systems

To recreate that system
After ones own likeness

hacker adventurer poet

Combine'n polar opposites
Freedom & Security

A write-only ZFS implementation
Of mass archival data

To allow for remembrance
Of former glory
& A history of great decay

.
. .
A child
Ever repress'n great energy

Always alone on streets
Or in a nook with a book

End'n up as me
Hacker Adventurer Poet

Destiny carved my path
To ends I have always seen

Plenty hadn't gone as worked out
More often that naught for me

Yet the karma of life
Always puts me right

As I was always
Meant to be

.
. .
Joy unmatched
Is the victor's call

Triumphant shout
A ring of brass trumpets

Day after day
Month after month

For one end to which
One had so long sought

Now in exclamations
Of life's reaction

Pure that energy
To metamorphise anew

To new positions
Besought in certain places

.
.
.

V
The confessions of Tolstoy

Confirm write'n
Is a tree sprung

From singular pools
Of singularity

Fed from underground springs
Of narcissism

Think'n is spectacular
Tho not work

Men yearn for
The sweat of the day

—

Tolstoy's self-drunkenness
Is that of my fat black cat

Complain'n as it licks up
Every bit of what it
In no honesty earned

The life of a true poet
That of poverty

Regardless of how spectacular

Any abundance to such poet
Due to the failures of culture
Which foolishly squanders
Where it is needed the least

—

Tolstoy bathed in honey
As he hung on root
Have'n two mice as servants

Tho there a terrify'n Dragon
At the bottom of the well

He was most terrified
At have'n to get out his bath

—

The cup of obscurity
Bites with a bitterness

That the experienced
Sips as a welcome soothe

Veener of sweetness
Craved in youth
Eroded to its sour base

These works
Created & matured

Fallen wayside
Underneath trash & waste

To the Reaper the reward
If any to be had

My daily meat
The freely abundance
Of pass'n tribulation

.

.

skrp

Kekay Gennkai

Of the village
Hidden in the 1337

Storage In Complete Chaos

Unix
C
ZFS
Perl

Intertwined Together

To make data public gibberish
Private information

.

.

Allied not addicted

Daily reimbursements from
The cumulation

Of the day-to-day
Relationship that is marriage

An independent source
Of needful sustenance

Partitioned securely
From ones own position

.

.

LV

I don't drink
In other countries

Seems logical
To any sensibility

Threw La Chilanga
A go'n away beer-athon

At our bar
The one out back
Against the jungle

Not many besides
La Banada frequented
The tucked away spot

La Chilanga
Ban'd from the main bar

After knock'n out a girl
In one punch

To even Mickey
An experienced boxer's amaze

—

The pack returned
In the festive manner
Custom to Mexico

A French sloppily
Trailed behind

Outpaced
In this foreign race

' Let's fuck her
One of our group said

Her swing'n alone
On the hammock

Lost in the
Dark depths of booze

I had to get her up
& Lead her away

From the bamboo huts
Of the locals
& Onto the jungle path

I could only start her off

I couldn't leave La Chilanga
Too long

A man must always
Protect his own first

That is what
I had to tell myself

As I abandoned the stranger
On a wild path deep of night

.

.
.
Wake'n after
A dark night in
Wallows of rejection

The haze of morn
A marinated mixture
Of defeat & doubt

In the first batch of emails
An acceptance of publication
In a small journal

The first time anyone but me
Looked at my work with
More than contempt

Must be a scam
.
.
.
It is the stranger
That most accurately understands
The heroism of the feat

Bangor Maine
At a truck stop

FrieghtTrain & I
Looked past homeless

A man found out
By third party
We finished the Thru

He bought us beer
& Me a mtn dew

In the fields
Out 'n back
—

The last October nights
Of Maine sky

Stars in that clarity
Only possible in such cold

The freeze of dark matter
Of celestial seas
.
.
.
LVI
Bayside
Old Town San Juan

Past day
Behind a backalley nook

Find'n three locals
At my smoke spot

' Fumen?
I threw the joint handsign

Venture'n approval of locals
To partake in
Criminal activity

A risk
But necessary for me

Their answer
A cautious approval

To extinguish any suspicion
I prompted

' Te gustan blunts
Display'n the hobbit

' I've never seen a blunt
' That small

The four of us
Friends for the life
Of the blunt's haze

Don't know their names
They don't know mine

Never meet'n again

Gotta make that impression
To last past this life

.
.
.

Lost is a deep
Feel'n of forsakeness

When your being testifies:

That this place somewhere
Entirely alien
These coordinates blaze'n
A new way back

Then in the
Rich mud of the Jungle
Your imprinted footprint

Or for the fourth time
See'n that tribal face
Carved in the tree
Oddly solitary in the jungle

.
.
.

After need'n a skill
For survival

The keenness is
Dramatically intensified

Fat on the
Fruits of hustle'n
In one place

Eat'n what I want
Drink'n the finest

Thirty years old
Life never been so good

Aged but in
Pristine physique

I would offer it to Him
Sacrifice it all

For the glory
Of the moment

That Death find me
In a dignified state

Destitute of all
But a memorization
Of these songs

.
.
.

LVII
Why does the caged bird sing

I think that now as a caged bird
Unlike the other limp dicks here

I extended & then returned
To this inevitable dystopia

Will my brethren rise?
Or stay soft under their Oppressors

I sing how I want
Out open cell windows

Cause Fk You
You taken all but that

.
.
.

Nothing to lose
Thirty now

Have'n dreamt
Tried those dreams on

Still Alive
Walk'n from those wrecks

As a man does

After the taste of Death

~ Any location good enough
~ Any sacrifice eazy enough

Cause live'n on borrowed life
Is much better than dead

.
.
.

LVIII
I have followed
The White Rabbit

To its hovel
High on the hill

Into its narrow
Caverns of dark

Where the dank
Of underground thrives

Not much is left
Now the hilltop is settled

Earth of sacred nature
Bulldozed by Residentials

Years there alone
As when I was a teen

I believed my lack of skill
Kept me lonely with no krew

Now 1337 I see
None but scrubs crawl'n free

Where have all
The White Rabbits Gone

.
.
.

Now past 100T
Experience in scrape'n
Via protocols

torrent
http
ftp
nntp
ssh

Methodized by

snail-mail
ethernet
perl
bash

7 Million+ Deduped data
700+ Data encodings

50T+ Seed
& I its curator

From my daily efforts
I lay brick by brick

A great range
Of personality
Encapsulated by binary
.
.
.

LIX
Dark corners

Those niches
Of expertise

World around
Too bright

With only my light
Experience The Universe
With distinct sense
.
.
.

Unbroke PF Firewalls
Finally after years

On every node of my system
Effective in less than an hour
A rework wrought
With the ease of a whim

My skills leap
In bounds & bounds

Perl
A language of love

To stimulate her kernel
With the grace of form

A natural soothe
Between me & my Beloved

Together
Never again alone

My Huckleberry Finn
Of Binary properties

On the roam
Up the rambles

A journey
Of two best friends

Adventures on dark planes

Of Neverending Stories

.
. .
.

I always
Respected Ryan's ability
To handle THC

Beads of sweat
Formed into streams
Down his forehead

An event
Without precedent

He passed the Dab
& Torch'd the bong

Sink'n into
The musty basement couch

THC like helium lifted
The soul to soar

Entraped by cords of relation
Ducki soars with me pleasantly

Duckie now call'n me
With orders to get her

—

On my motorcycle
Mostly lost

Bask'n in the relax'n
Motion of the road

A papermade boat
Float'n with the creek current

Man & Machine
Best friends forever

.
. .
.

LX
Enter'n Miller High

Black & Mexican hoods
Conjoined to one school

I quickly asserted
That I must be
& Nothing else

—

Each morn
The 30mins prior school
With the goths
Smoke'n in the graveyard

At lunch time

Never caught sit'n alone
Cause I was never still

.
. .
.

I had met Anthony
Dure'n a wrestle
With my only friend Jack
In middle school

—

Jason a gangly
Metalhead

Always armed with
A tennis racket

After learn'n
He lived on
North Beach

I invited myself over

There is always
A bond after you invite
Yourself over

—

Rear stairwells
Miller High

I manufactured the meet'n
Of Athony & Jason

Magnetic
Were kindred forces
That united & kept that bond

Freshman year
First year to establish
That Four Year Rep

That will carry
The best years of your life

When all regulations
Are avoidable

Teen & Untame

.
. .
.

Isac
Alone at lunch

I invited him over

That day
I invited myself over

Turns out he was

Stevo's best friend

Jason Anthony & I
Stevo & Isac
Juan & Joe

The Rejeck Crew

.
.
.

Juan helped

At the principals office

I had been sent there
Often for suspension

He had no friends
I can always tell

The only other requirement
To be enlisted
Was if he would follow

I invited him over
I invited myself over

.
.
.

8:30am

Tuesday morn

' Let's skip to
' North Beach

I inspired
A pack of 6
Groggy kids

' We have to get Anthony
Brenda said

After we picked him up
We crossed the road
& Were swiftly handcuffed
Off to jail

That is how
I met Stevo

Once you get cuffed together
There is a certain bond

.
.
.

LXI
Mountain summits
Barren to provide beauty

When all proximity
Out of focus
Against a panorama

To see vast scapes
Past horizons of the eye

& Not comprehend
How far you gone

To gaze vast scapes
Ahead of the infinite

& Not comprehend
Where you go

—

The end of day
When the Earth
Uncovers the truth

Back to the blind'n blaze
Of self-centeredness

There a cold hope
In distant actors

Upon time-swept tops
Look'n up

Blessed by westwinds
& High altitude exposure

Rest'n assured
That someone in the Uni
Knows what-the-fk
This all about

.
.
.

To bind the Universe
With sacrament of oneself

Rite of physics
In low level powers

Encapsulate'n the energy
Of oneself in record

To faith in fate
& Settle in the mud

& Preserve yourself
Past an ungrateful era

To a latter day
Then to be glorified

In all the ecstasy
Of an explorer's discovery

& Then in revelries
Be treasured as deserved

—

To preserve experience
As fossil record

One must live life
Worth the effort

To be preserved

One must write
In a manner worth read'n

Songs encapsulations
Emotions of experience

These tales
Simple anti-charismatic slurs

Drunk
With adoration of oneself

.
.
.

The rare windows
Of Peace

At the twilight when
The age of man
Is to be refreshed again

Tides of innocent blood
Purchase atonement
For sins of fathers

To birth anew
A sweet age of humanity

Until it grows
Old & Warped

And the Age of War
Again ensues retribution

.
.
.

I
To allow
Oneself to be convicted

Makes life simple

Many questions
Automatically answered

—

I am Halloween Night

Russian hacker sent new code

Code I've been design'n
Since I began
This arduous adventure
To 1337

I could sleep:

Deprived of it
From hack'n all weekend

I could float:

The auora of this night
Retained a rare spirit

—

One must
For the sake of joy
Stop & partake

Future charge
Always worth the joy of the day
Which can never be had again

One wiley as I
Often escapes such debt
When debtors come call'n

.
.
.

Reception a curse
Upon adventure

To live life like
A fat cat
Like Tolstoy
What a bile gag

Ode to
The tom cat type
Out for the ruckus

.
.
.

Life is about
Make'n mistakes
That is where
Miracles lie

.
.
.

Bad Religion
Longtime muse

Its melody enchant'n me
To higher planes

Born in teenage anarchy
Till late twenties

Out in the
The Northwest Territories

Uttlerly alone
On the planet's 60th Parallel

Unknown
For thousands of miles

Listen'n to the
True North

.
.
.
LXIII
All Magicians
Need of their artifact

dagger
wand
staff

Such things
Come when due

Up Mount Timpanogos
Lost on snowcaked slopes

Under a rest'n tree
My hand fell upon
A stone dagger

Ancient hilt
Fit my grasp perfectly

.
.
.
New York City
Shrunk after these years

Finally found
My favorite beers
Japanese on Draft

Ate Naruto's Favorite
Ichuraku Ramen from-scratch

Providence is in the details

.
.
.
30 years
Body finally well-formed

Old age surprises
Lies we tell our youth

I'm just as young
But much more able

.
.
.
Defeated the Ender Dragon

Paid a Russian
To write advanced code

Updated pedrk.com

Green Bull
& Focused Eye

Time at 30
& Goods to get by

A lifestyle in history
Reserved only for Nobility

This life
A precious testament
Of good fortune
Of a simple man
In the early
Twenty First Century

.

.

.

LXIV

Pale
In a black school

First year
Among last generation

At Driscoll Middle School

Always out with those
Church guys on bikes
Suits & ties
Seen several times

Peanut
The bottom of the barrel
Thought he'd stand on me

Fortunate to be able
To make a statement
Out of the weak

I am always
The mysterious type
With no known history

Eager to introduce myself
With a rukus

—

Known as Mormon
The kid preach'n religion

A school reknown
For gang violence

Handsigns & symbolism
A powerful tool

Aun the females
Formidable foes

South Side

^
|||
\
|||
V
.
.
.
LXV
Fear pushed me back

Fear of the epic scale
Of the return hitch

The artist of
Yellowknife's City Center Statue

Gave me a lift
Back into Town
—

The next morn
With reawakened courage

I hustled at the gas station
At the border of the city

The woman who owned
Yellowknife Ford Dealership
Attentive to my position

Wiley position'n me
To only check the price
Of a flight to Edmonton

That if ever I need
A Plan B

With perfect execution
Arlene purchased my ticket

Before I could
In pride decline
—

Several times I have tried
To find her again

A stranger
Swept away by the current of time

I keep lit
A candle of gratitude
To pay forward in her name
.
.
.
The Fortune Cookie

Like the cast of dice
Destiny's hand frictionless acts

A consequence ethereal

Nothing given
Nothing taken

But the whisper
Of what is to be

To supersede fact
Faith embodied in form

—

Confucious say
Top of ladder nice place
Can be very lonesome

Quality counts
& You've got it

You are broad-mined
& Socially active

Be cautious
In your financial dealings

You shall attain great wisdom
With each passing year

The star of riches
Is shining on you

Reward yourself to
A much deserved gift

You shall soon make
A long overdue personal decision

The road to glory will be rocky
But Fulfilling
09 12 20 27 43 45

Your qualities overshadow
Your weaknesses

You will overcome
Difficult times

Next full moon B {
An enchant{
11 16 17 {
 {{ bitemark }}

Be tactful
To not overlook
Your own opportunity

—

I can eat
Fortune Cookies
The day long

Next Friday

February 10th

Full Snow Moon
7:33pm

I will be upon
Snowcaked Uintas

.
.
.

The Noob
Fascinated admirer
Lost pleasantly

The Journeyman
Directionless wanderer
Fastidious to the core

The Craftsman
Dedicated to a manner
Enamored at the skill

The Expert
Forge'n deeper
Trailblazer for successors

The Master
Devoid of peers
Lonely & Cold

.
.
.

LXVI
It is said
Friends are actual enemies

Locked in competition
To out-pace the other

Secret joy witness'n
The other's misfortune

Peers in merit
Often to courage to continue

Those that bear one farther
Down a course
Than one would do so alone

—

A Ranger
Able to survive in an environment
Better than its denizens

Some ideas
Too dangerous to do so alone

My ideas
Too dangerous
For the company of others

—

None with electric connection
To bind our energies

A neutral fog pass'n thru
The mass of humanity

To stranger
As stranger

I gaze at this generation
All those around me

As one friend
With many faces

.
.
.

To bark

The sound of one
Express'n themself all-out

A call to
Public competition

Obnoxious to most
Tho most rarely have merit
From which to boast

.
.
.

Funky Coefficients
Exist in the
Mathematics of Reality

Certain results
In sole favor
Of the interest
Of the individual

We all embody that Concept
In our own form

In the end at death
It all don't matter too much

Afterlife?
I'm concerned
Only with the Day

If I persist to exist
Then I'll work up a ruckus

If It an obliterated nothingness
I am weary in need of sleep

.
.
.

If this hit
Helps me have a good time

Well I'll access what is available
To get me thru the day

My chi
Sublime in the form
Of a blazed vapor

There have always
Been two in my head

What a welcome
To have a third entirely Alien

.
.
.

LXVII
2017
Snow Full Moon

Up Grove Creek
in the
Uinta Mountains

7:15pm Blunted & Wait'n
On the sage promise
From last week's bag
Of Fortune Cookie

+
+
+

Weepy Lunar Orb

You break
Peaceful clouds
With tears

Why do you weep so
Sad mother of the night

The work of
Sun's day troubles so?

A weep
Tender & Gentle
Infinite & Horrible

—

Not the typical wimpers of
The Uinta Mountain Range

An experience
Familiar to me

Short prideful emissions
Of day-to-day sorrows

+
+
+

Boon of Elune
Thank you

For all that you do

Haze of light
Penetrate ddepressed clouds

Paint'n life
A shade of deep blue

I swear to Enlightenment
A path on which

You have long
Seen me thru

+

+

+

Snow Full Moon

Ice galaxies
Of crystal clusters

Hum the glory & love
For the boon of Elune

At a precious alignment
To visit among us

I see your light
As it focus in

Over my soulder
At the writ of my hand

Dart'n too an fro
In the corners of periphrials

—

Grove Creek

Creek of Uinta Mountain
Shout'n all the way down

Not alone
Tho Alone in the wilderness

Late Wet & Cold
+
+
+
Elune's weep
Calms into a foggy haze

Reborn by baptism
From reconciliation waters

Young & Inspired
Of what is yet to be

.

.

.

Berry War Paint

3Shot & Christina
Blazed Up

' Practice your machete
As I practice my tomahawk

She would not listen

The next morn
Battle'n the copperhead

3Chop kept miss'n

.

.

.

I took a
Selway spring-born rattlesnake
From its mother

All the moutain
Lies for your kind

Death to the arrogant

That choose to settle
On our straight & narrow

Now a foe Bambi knows

Where &
Where not to go

.

.

.

LXVIII
Path blazed
By omnipotent forces

Not that of water
Which chooses paths of least resistance

Not that of animal
Which chooses paths in seclusion

Nor that of man
Which chooses paths to interests

—

Two Universities
Two Deans

Sure as proof
Of a principal

The result my eviction
From their institutions

Academia & its cohorts
Interested not in intelligence

—

Myself my master
Ear to the Earth
Steps sync'd to
Rotations & Revolutions

My path that of gods
Which chooses paths to ideas

Unix Perl Algebra

The eminent ideas of gods
Truly the paths themselves

The blessings of gods
That of omnipresent forces

Tho this a journey
One has already arrived
+
+
+
Transcendence

When one breaches
Past borders

Of the bounds
Born into

Testaments to where
Humanity can go

A waypoint
A ghost of the future

To be finally comprehended
By the masses

Only after humanity
Has evolved

Then they looking back
To the past

Reassured of the
Omniscient hand of Fate

Grateful
Of the sacrifice of
Supernatural beings
Sustained by Ethereal Bounties
Which their contemporaries
Blindly proclaimed imaginary
+
+
+
Tho I feel the pain
Of your disdain

Forgiveness a reflex
When your bearing exposed

.
.
.
LXIX
Head'n a group
Of 10 children

Thru the woods
Try'n to corner

Gradma's escaped rabbit

The beast eventually
Secured itself under logs

The hunt called off
& We all went back

A simple people
Who live traditionally

In their puritan garb
.
.
.
Try'n to settle
& Accept the surf

Of what forces
Like tides drive
My wife & me

Normally
I go

& No where been
All that great

No Valleys
Of our Forefathers

So I guess
Right here with her
Is better than anywhere

What beautiful scapes
Mountains Valleys Plains
Forest Ridge Trails
Booundless Roams

Exist on unix systems
.
.
.
Where hasn't
A warrant for my arrest
Been issued by
The local jackass?

Not many places

Freaks my dad out

When they pull him over

Think'n he is me
That is how I live

Fk the system
false backstab'n tyrants

.
.
.

Those around
Allow the govt

Total surveillance
Of their life

& So do I
Hell if anyone else
Is there with me

The company of strangers
Always a blessing

.
.
.

I will never forget
The accusative face
Of the homeless my age

' You had a sleeping bag
' The entire night!

I don't know you
Muthrfkr

I told you
I was prepared for the cold

Drop'd him off
At the local shelter

On to
bsdCAN

He look'n like
A train wreck

Gave him a twenty to get bud
& Told him if he still
Wanted to go hitch'n

I'll be at that McD's
At 6pm

.
.
.

Been on many
Foreign streets

None
As hard as me

All the local punks
Outplayed by me

Everynight
Have'n to check back
For creepers

Every car's velocity
In awareness
For a drive by

I been real with the world
Since I was young

I definitely been
On harder streets than you

Allowed to venture
On the back of a First World

These stories aren't lies
& I forgotten
Some of the best

—

The local punks
& I gravitate

Strangers on edge
Each think'n themself
Over the other keen'r

We kick it
For a few

—

Photos filter
Emotions from memories

Hope we all
One day meet again

Such an afterlife
An unexpected delight

Few I have
Wronged in life
That I don't burn
A candle in remembrance

Those that have wronged me
Are readily forgiven

Such a fate
The homogeneous
Basis of human faith

—

At the smell
Of Death

Unfiltered Belief

Will rise

To me

Next

Is not expected

Only the cold bite

Of an utter-end

If life's work

Is blown away

Traceless

Well

I only do what I do

Cause that is just

What I do

.

.

.

Disbelief

An honest compliment

You

Check'n facts

& Proclaim'n it impossible

Keeps me superhuman

That is the foundation

Of my irritate'n smirk

.

.

.

My pathmake'n

With the Native flow

The mechanics of my movement

A fluid physiology of the go

The pendulum

My CHI at the center

—

I know to track

I know to survive

I know how to start a fire

I know how to journey

& Most of all

Master of the Hustle

—

One of the few

World Class Adventurers

Most have done amaze'n things

But that is all I do

There lies the difference
Between me & you

.
.
.

VXX - SameDayFresh
Over the ridge
of the Uintas

Boy & his dog
At 19

Day bushwack'n
Foothill to ridge

At the end of day
A choice

Take the known path
Back in the boring fashion

Or go down the backside
Thru an immaculate valley

To come out around
The otherside of the mountain

—

In more of a tumble
Than a run

We made our way
Summer at its glory

All rested from the heat
Of the busy day

Desert barren foothills
To Snow thick ridges

To the summit of scapes
& Now at the end

Thru the magic of
Valley portals

Beams of wane'n sun
With open arms welcomed

I made my way merrily
A definite conquerer of the mountains

—

Bleed'n from the thickets
Unquestionably defeated

After twenty minutes
After open valley ended

Conquerer of mountain
Bitch of bushes

I nearly cried
(I did cry)

In total breakdown
Have'n to bushwack

Straight back up the mountain
& Then back down the otherside

Thru small thickets
Dog shake'n all the way

He didn't move
The next 2 days

I didn't ever forget
That lesson

Never did
Learn it tho

.
.
.

VXXII - SameDayFresh
The hustler
That called me out

For leave'n change
Discarded on the seat

Still had audacity
To command me

' Siegeme
' Te llevo

The bus drivers directions
Clear in mind

I could not resist
The sure way of a promise

Hustler to be hustled
A disgrace

Master of the hustle
I'll put my metal
Against this local

Heft'n my pack
Out of the van bus
As I exited

He stop'd me

' Calmense relajete
' Camine suave

Cheap shot
For the second time

Sharp guy

—

Make'n his morn rounds
Rio Pierdas Downtown

Exchange'n news
With backscene workers

We continued on

~ If you met me
~ In the States
~ You wouldn't even give me
~ The respect of consideration

The translation took me
Until it was too late
To respond

—

Sidewalk on a school corner
Sat an old fat man

Obviously the leader
Of the local schemes

The long line
Of time-pressed buyers
Waited

As the old man
& The hustler made meet'n

Hustler passed
The nights score

The old man
Pass'n only two rolls

—

We kept walk'n
Thru the city

Take'n oportunity
' Que son

He placed in my hand
One of the blunts
Cautiously

' Cuanto?

' Dos dolares
The hustler responded

Twice the amount
Of the local price

An obvious rob
I the true master

I handed him
2 Loose dollars

Ready to pay ten
For the
Fresh Caribbean Roll

—

Twenty minutes
To arrive

The driver's direction
In vision from where he left us

But this transportation terminal
A valuable hub

The hustler
Think'n he outwit me
To tag'n along to where
He also wanted to go

So to lesson
I left him as soon
As he broke away
To greet another

To summit onto the bus
Him completely ditched

I pressured the driver
To break my \$10

I let the hustler marinate a while
To be open to
The lesson he was about to learn

' Ven
I called him over

We slapped hands goodbye
Pass'n that way
A folded \$5

To prove to him
By universal fashions

Of gratitude
With a day's wage

We two
Of the same stock

His interpretation
Of our situation entirely inverse

We parted
Him dazed by the final jab

In the decisive Oneshot
Of a master

.
.
.

Corruption of Murray City Court
Five minutes
After the train rail lifted

A cop car stops in middle lane
On the phone look'n at me

The rails longsince
Out of sight

After a while
The lights went on

The UTA train cop
Demanded my identification

I question his
Jurisdiction

He cited the
Utah State right

Utah police have the right
In every Jurisdiction in the State

I give him my ID
He then calls for backup

They demand my fingerprints
I told them I'd only sign

They arrest me
Spent Friday Night in jail
+
+
+
I filed an internal investigation
Troll'd them before the hearing

Caught the dickhead cop
In a lie against his testimony
He seen me jump over the rail

I proved that rail
Had walkway thru it

The dickhead cop
Testified that I wrestled them
For 30 seconds

The other cop
Said it was under 10 seconds

Then I caught
The Judge sleep'n
During my testimony

—

I filed an Appeal

& Another Internal Investigation

Expose'n the cops
Lies I fought them
Their own records disprove

Months later
I saw the cop
In a pitiful circumstance

Months later
I discovered Murray Court
Used a judicial loophole

They sent the appeals court
Bogus info & I was never summoned

I gave Murray Court
A copy of my proof

The manager denied claim
To the error
' Nothing we can do

The next year
A different worker
Claimed the error
On their part

Claimed it unprecedented
& Filed a warrant
For my arrest

I'll never present myself
To a corrupt court

.
.
.

I cherish the expression
Of the prosecutor

Dazed
By my stupidity

—

Prosecutors
Have true power
With them
The deals are to be made

We reasoned privately
He was a reasonably guy

For a \$200
To settle this all

I told him
I'd have to think about it

When my case was near
To be heard

He asked if I accepted
I decided against offer

His jaw drop'd
He regained himself
Put me last
After everyone left

The American Dream

To stand strong
Against tyrants

No matter how
Little they be

.
.
.
I disdain
Judges most of all

I read the woes of Moses

Tortured by scwabbles
That never cease

Days full of lies
& Acts
Of self preservation

Life as referee
Of people locked
By the scum of their feud

Appointed to govern
When man releases
Their inner beast

—

You swore to this
Muthrfkr so own up

No one force you here
Keep your oath

Your daily annoyance
Has long reach'n consequences
To those you sworn

—

No names needed
When hate to them all

Wish'n the treasure
Of a four letter curse
To which curse an entire kind

That branch of Government
With the most trust
& Least oversight

The branch of Government

That corrupted the others

With the darkness
Of a betrayed lover

—

A clean glove
Will never clean
The greasy slime
Without itself
Become'n the same

.
.
.

V - SameDayFresh
A deep-seated prime

In a universe
Full of factorials
Only relative points
Supported & Sustain'n

—

Myself only a comet
Set in course
To ride till die

Of thousands
In infinite variation
I pass

—

My wife
A celestial prime

Enfold'n me
In gravitational pulls

Her alone
Able to enchant
Me to orbit

Flares & Auroras

A singular Cartesian
In planes of monotony

Her light worshiped
In the local faith of remote lands
Until eclipsed to infinities

Wonders & Impossibilities
To fill tomes of poetry

A creation of gods
To be a Constant
To guide the faithful

—

Myself a comet
Elevated to roles

As the Elune
Her moon

To build her
To greater beauties

Calm'n the turbid waters
Set'n order to tides

Together
Each adorne the other

—

Myself only a comet
But even such
Has needful purpose

A light
Rapid Small & Enamorate'n

A glimmer of hope
If the night is right

On clear rural scapes
To a stranger look'n up

Envoke'n
Prophecies & Foretell'n

The brief enchantment
To proofs
Of greater planes

Answer of prayers
By the ethereal hand of Fate

Invoked upon
Rangers of celestial seas

A humble roid
Only aspire'n
To be
As molded
Lonely Cold & Overlooked

Only a light
To those laid low

Painted into darkness
By ashes of misfortune

I lead to doors
Of divergent trajectories

There to search
Promised Lands

Thru whispers
Their forefathers
Pass thru me

.

.
.
VXXVII
Sacrament

When I roll out
On open roams

In back alleys
Or forested crevices

Where shadows
Reach unheeded

In silent prayer
To place me
In harm's way

That I
Over anyone else
Play victim

The hunter
As my hunted

Make a move muthrfkr
Cause I'm always ready

To spill blood
In some self-righteous gore

Nothing paints memory
Like bloodsoaked hands
.
.
.
My boss told me
' His wife took everything
' After the divorce
' Died in a bar fight

' A good way to go
I paid respect

He looked at me
In accusation of insanity

A classic
Choke'n upon
Adrenaline spiked blood

No need for a pension
To fund that
.
.
.
I've rolled on
This future outcome
Of our Tech age

Will fortune
Cash out

For what I cast in
Fronted for the win

—

To build an archive
& Retain the past

That mistakes
May be avoided
Or reknewed

I don't ever
Want to choose
For another

But I do
Want them
To have a choice

Of which I labor
To inform them

.
.
.

Blunted Up
Ridgeside

Everyone else
Lakeside

Nobody gets high
Like me
Many have stated

Nobody get firewood
Like me
Bons by default

The wood wet
Waterside where
The fallen reside

I search for ones
Fate placed

To be set free
From the
Slow rot of decay

To be placed in
Native American Ways

A funeral
Sung in glories
Of the flame

After the manner
Of the Star

From which
All were formed

—

The heart
A chunk of slate

To dry out
The wet twigs

Light Fluffy Core
The foundation
Of it all

Placed between
The laid Husband & Wife

Second Stage to become
The perched Four Siblings

These the two stages
Of Uinta bonfire pillars

.
.
.

VXXVIII - SameDayFresh
Cocky muthrkfr
I meet lotta people

Aint no one
Even hold a candle

To what I am
Known for

Thus I proclaim
Myself World Class
In what I do

Not much competition
To my sides
To be honest

For that perfect bush
To sleep in

Out late at night
On desolate streets

On hopeful highways
Look'n for a ride out

When we talk

They here
Due to habit

Habitually pieces of shit
Addicted to some shit

Habitually
I talk a whole lotta shit

That is why

I am here

.
. .

From grocery stand tax preparer
To main underling at an accounting firm
To Data Analyst into Staff Accountant
Before two years

In the subject
I studied at two schools

4th Year now
In what people
Regard as career

Much is beautiful here
But its like exercise

Its one of those things
Do it then its done

—

Keekay Genkai
Of the
Village Hidden
In The 1337

Now that is
Where honor is

Not in leadership
Of instruments of Blood

The mastermind
Of mechanical Nodes

Summoned from
Formulae of code

Daemons birth & aborted
For one fork alone

Who seek death
By bug suicide

Like fire
Electrons
Cry for release

All done
In the quirkiness
Of the master

+
+
+

Mastermind
Has my path
Defined me in such regard

Logic on
Such massive numbers

Must be stable
To the core

Or it nuke
The most stable

—

Logic & infinity
Parsed into code

Razer keyboard
The unix terminal input

Matrix characters
The unix terminal output

A mozart
In my peculiar way

Clackity Clack Clak
Moon till noon

Melodies of data in numbers
This generation once
Regarded as infinite

My code plays out
Days to weeks

I slime by
Win Big or Lose Big

Tendrils of fate
Puppet a jackass
Not graceful
But top shit
Of archive systems

.

.

.

My cousins
Weren't to be fucked with

That kept me
From get'n ass-kicked
First year high school

Two OG seniors
Offered to roll
Skip'n school

Slowly bump'n
Creep'n the hood

Nose'n the streets
As a large fat cat
Checks its territory

An unlikely opportunity
I took gratefully

The hood always
Regard those
Of the community
As their own

Out there often
Visit'n as church people

—

Pour this out
In memory of
Mentors
That made me me

.

.

.

RSH

Fourth of July 2014

The Bob Marshall
A fabled wilderness
Of North America

Its pitched ridgeline bar'n
Me & my motorcycle machine

I should have known
The Forest Service
Would be closed

Highway 83
Near Swan Lake Montana

No where else to go
But a deep country gas station
Have'n left Helena on a whim
The epitome of out-of-place

I knew of no trail
Nor place where to start

An elderly trapper
Came up to me
Disposable coffee cup
Blue Velvet cap

Pich'n upon my sight
Some welcome advice

' Follow me to the back
Inside the backrooms

Great maps
Sprawled about
' There is only one trail
' In 60 miles
' That can put you past the ridge

He would do me a solid
& Host the motorcycle on his property

—
This cabin

Built by his own hands

On a Lumberman's plot
In the woods

The trailhead not many miles from the plot
I draped the tarp over the motorcycle

.
.
.

The Bob Marshall
A cold heartless bitch

Descending into her
Over much snow

The trail not yet used
No more than once or twice this year

I went cautiously over
An iceberg of snow
At a critical pitch

I tied my skank to a tree
As a flag for the crux to the pass

.
.
.

Perpendicular perched
A glacial pond

That drew
Itself to me

As a Siren
Sing'n her song

Blaze'n from main trail
To a grove of every type of water flow

.
.
.

The cold cultivate'n
A high altitude enchantment

Dimension
Breached, melded & interweaved

Once I was sure of
Two men pleasantly talking on canoe

If ever I experienced ghosts
It was then

In the morn
I knew

Such a site impossible
This place secluded
As secluded can be

.
.

.
Pathfinding in springtime
Is a real muthrfkr

Waterways blaze'n paths
Instead of the logical
Thruway of the animal
—
I returned a day early
The iceberg I crossed

Near the skank-flag
Now entirely gone

Avalanched
All down
. . .
Back
On the other ridge side

I'd sworn I seen a grizzly cub
Lost I ran on a trail

Know'n there was not
Any other option

At least none I could
Plainly see
. . .
Down a ridgetside
Victim of great fires

I could not help
But be astonished

Not one of my
Previous tracks left
Tho there were
Recent hoof prints
. . .
Off the foothills

The old man told me a path
Upon which I must take to return

The path
A short cut
Chained off & restrict'n traffic
As much as one could
Out in the woods

I became greatly suspicious
Only hoof prints recently imprinted
. . .

.
To the trees I kept
Away from the open passages

In the distance I saw something
But my eyes are not for farsee'n

The blur of a man
As if one take'n careful aim
Near by a white donkey
—

That old trapper
Had a white donkey

Line of sight that far
On wood paths is lost easily

A trap carefully crafted
Mayhap ruined by
My day early return

I kept near the trees
MK-MOD
Now out defensively

If it was him
Why had he not greet me?
. . .
The last of the path
He drew on the map
Oddly like a loop
As indirect as can be

I got to the cabin at Dusk
& Remembered my laptop 'safety inside'

The cabin was built in that
Simple small fashion

An awkward 20min
Fore the old man
Came to the door

In a pant as if he'd run
Just now for dear life
Custom required him to
Invite me inside
To retrieve my belongings

I was careful to be concealed
But he may have seen me
With knife pulled back in the woods
It all
Only a misunderstanding
. . .
The .22 & scope pistol
One he favorited on his hunts

Taken from its spot
From where he previously left it

Of bad eyesight
& Irratic judgement

I do not let myself
Convict to be sure of anything

.
.
.

To past midnight
Us across each other

In that lone cabin
Round wooden table

His .40 lay
On table in front of him
In the open
A manner of long-lost-respectancy

At dusk he had offered his couch
I thanked the offer

As an adept of Nessmuk
I craved the knowledge of this
Montana mountain man

Who had long lived
Off bushcraft

Techniques that will
Likely die with him

Unless I makes means
To extract them
& Record down for future use

.
.
.

Risk as it was
We had conversation

Not know'n him
Victim or villian

This conservative man
Once leader of a group of trappers

I looked up to this man
In unchecked respect

He is who
I've always wanted to become

.
.
.

Casually
I told him I'd been
In contact thru messages

With my sister Megan

I scheme'nly
Kept the nature of the message
From him

Unsettled deeply
When he inquired

If my phone
Had GPS

I feigned a gesture of
Sneak'n an item out of my bag
& Into my pocket
Put'n him offset from the gesture
I told him I had to leave
& Then left

—

I yearned to be
His bushcraft apprentice

But I respect
The neverending signs of suspiciousity

These situations
Make me question
Deeply my sanity

.
.
.

VXXVI
Sanity
Found somewhere else
Than to be with me

A long time ago

At the junction
The set the stage
To the Appalachian Trail

Society in necessity
Sets a sanity standard

Well enough
For me to expose it
& Subsequent dispose it

house taxes & all other shit
wife cat & all other loiters

This damn archive
All the energy
Laid in what
Future requires of it

Is there any other
Stoner hacker

With the dedication

To store independent knowledge
Things
I hate things

Give me nothing
But what
Can fit in my pack

A bed
Some shelter
Stale food
A weapon

& I'll produce
Something
That will never be forgot

Intangible in that
Ghastly way
That heeds no physics

In that perpetual motion
Of the anchorless

To proceed forward
Into the future

—

Don Quijote
No insane

Desperate
At end of days

To savor sweet moments
His poets elude

Imagination
Never discrete from reality

Tho the meat of it
Experienced as in songs

To feel defiance
Against the immutable

From belief
Understand mechanics

.

.

.

Those reckless
Advanced in age

60+
White-haired

Heroes
Billy to the youth

Future
Under such terms

A blank white page
As if hair
Opens an expanse
To handle whatever

.
.
.

I don't give a fk

Cause aint no where
Been a place

I couldn't juke out of

Take my body
Free my mind

Take my mind
free my body

What you got on me
Beside several counts
To arrest me by

You, them & fk else
Don't got hold of me

At the local dive
Or out on the streets

Aint no one
You ever meet

That as hard
As me

punk'n cops
us packs on motorcycles
or as myself
go'n too fast
cops just give up

.
.
.

To tax land
Is to own land

Leave all else
In lease

—

Govts of the world
Take away

Ancestral lineage
In that fashion

LVXXV
Up the Uintas
Thru deer trail

Travelers on
The same path

We meet
Them with friends

I move them along
Talk'n with them

—

Over & above
After the winter spring

Lay a lofty plane
Mossy green cushion

Laid out evenly
A slope of the valleys

Best view

—

I know what
Others look like

Upon my site
Wish'n I weren't there

My threaten'n presence
Rude

The town of deer
Or a town of people

They both give
The same expression

—

I continued till
Elune bore down

Up the crest
Of the hills of the summit

I abandoned deer trail
& Blazed my way

—

Blunt'd & Completely lost
I saw a light

I followed it
I went to where it was

What is close
In the mtns

May be near
Impossible to reach

A deep gorge
Between it & I

Was there a path across

Trees & balds
Likely places for traffic

Ancient paths
Which the snow betrayed

Overgrown & unused
Up & Down

Sometimes
Back around

Crux of where
The gorgesides meet

A rocky cliff
That looked like
The summer's waterfall

I managed to cross
That high & severely sloped

Mostly wet
For 100 yards

The cliff had a way
To climb up

Finally arrived
Only the other side

The way up looked dry
Tho it was soaked slick

If I slip'd once
I'd unavoidably

Keep on
For as long I had life in me

Curiously
I found another path

Blindly forward
Stay'n low under the cliff

—

To turn back
I always a good option
more dangerous
LXXVI - SameDayFresh
Gravity & Time
Intricately weaved

Physical perspective
In tune with the two

Perspective(Physical) = Time(Gravity)

My fat black cat
Has a physical perspective
Much quicker than my own

This law is her
Justification
To look at me
As if I am stupid

—

I woke
From nyquil tranquility

The night prior
Full of horror

As if its state
Kept me there

Infinitely longer
A quantum world

& It

Bearing no mass
Void of Physical Perspective

An experience
At times too great

As if
The blackness of sleep
A mercy to most

We all joined
At Quantum Junctions

—

3Chop came over
An hour later

Used her membership
To get my ticket out

Over the Oceans
To Eastern Europe

.

.

.

Fascism
Doesn't head in politicians
It heads
In its internal force

FBI
Now with fantastic
Fascist Powers

Their cyber net
Cast over all

I reach to

Empower Privacy

.
.
.

En route

To El Yunque

At a bar

Across the Police Station

Where the taxi left me

I needed a lighter

A drunk guy

Turned to me

' You are going

' To the jungle

' Just to check it out

I replied

He responded

'As soon as you asked

' For a lighter I knew

' I work there

' You can't stay there

' Over night its illegal

I was annoyed

The taxi driver

Just harang'd me about that

—

A couple hours pass

Late up the jungle road

Late of night

Many fears remembered

Unpassable marshes

Mud in that charateristic

Rich Ocre Murk

Night still & bright

A white car

Pulled up honk'n

Oh shit

The Rangers

It was the guy

From the bar

' Want a ride

He & his wife

Drove me the 10 miles up

Take'n 20 miles out of his way
To drop me off

Strangers
Always surprise me

.
.
.

LXXX
Hour
& A half long classes

Were real muthrfkrs
Never could be still
Very long

Stevo
Commonly known as
Crackhead Stevo

A bad choice
To go to in need

Tomorrow Friday
4 Term tests

He must have been
The only friend at hand

Cause he promised me
Tomorrow he would get me
Some herbal pills
To help me focus

All I needed
Was the Red Bull

Jason came with
For the save

After the trip
To the convenience store
+

8:50am
Our Spot

Uncontested under the tree
In the parking lot

Facing away
From school

I downed the 2 pills
With the Red Bull

' I couldn't find
' Those herbal pills
He admitted

' What did you give me?
I didn't know

If I should be alarmed

' I don't know
He replied calmly

Anthony came in
For the save

' Here take these
' Two adderral
' They will definitely
' Make you focus

Mid test
I twerk the fk out

Never been high before
Hit me like a truck

Mrs. Hawkins
Mr. Caranco

Knew I was blitzed
Out of my mind

They all dealt with me
In a fashion
Kind & Understanding

.
.

One lady
Compassionate

Crux of the illness
Nothing around
In the middle of maine

Small shop owner
Gave me tea
& Sent me to a lady

Tho I in terrible sickness
She was compassionate

If I ever had karma banked
Gladly cash it all in
To have met her

I don't remember her name
But I remember
Her favorite book I read

.
.

Buenos Aires
In quaint riot

Their government
Worked to renew a war

The Falklands War

A tragic moment of regret
Embodied in their
Center city memorial

The one place where
I had never felt so safe

Police on every corner
8:30am Bright day

24 hours later
A Frenchman was stabbed
At that memorial
For his work camera
By a immigrant

Them forced as refugees
To the trash after 2am
I would see them
In their daily sift
On back alley ways

Or as whores
Mattress at hand
In a tucked away park

Tho I'd like to mention
El Botanico

A cat refuge
Made out of a
Deep wooded
Deep city park

A place
Only in fantasy

—

Tires Burn'n
On ancient cobblestone streets

Of a worn sea port
Resilient against the scum
That come with the tide

In true Democratic spirit
The Govt ditched the idea

The people let themselves
Be heard

& The Govt
In fidelity listened
+

That summer later
Under the
Virginia sun at its prime

A British ex-special forces
Put me up for two nights

My first zero

I got him drunk
& Pushed him for tales

He told me
About a time
When he served in
The Falklands War

' They sent boys
' With little better
' Than pocket knives
' We had no choice
' But to shoot them

In the time of conflict
What will happen here

The Father of Democracy
A land envisioned by Forefathers

Will the Govt
Listen to its people

.
. .

This what I wrote
Tonight as I turn
To my poetry

After my MINION daemons
All failed to persist

Insta Crash
To chasing tails endlessly
& Everything in between

As if the code itself
Convexed back in
On itself

Trolls
Must have taken
Electronic Forms

Or am only I
To blame for my failures

.
. .

XXVI
I researched pathways on Google Maps
Of one Hong Kong Island

Nighttime on the pathway
I saw lights
Swift & Search'n
Miles off
At the other end
Of this ocean cove

I assumed it a Lighthouse

At the other end
Of the ocean cove
I found no lighthouse

Only a sign in
Cantonese & English
But I care naught for adversements

Up the only path
Up the hill to a village
Which cultivated the slopes
Of this Mountain Ravine

There near the summit
Lay a house
Large Wooden & Old

Odd to see a non-vacant house
Look Dead & Still

Farm paths led different places
I stayed on the path
That led to the mountain pass

The search'n lights I'd seen
From the other end
Of the ocean cove
Were now focused
On something at the mountain pass
The lights became many

The action of the beams disturbed me
By the nature of its frantic movements
To the extent I decided to retreat

Failed & deeply distraught
I knew this the only path

I headed back
There repass'n the sign
I stopped to read it

' If you cross this border
' You trespass
' Into a private village
' We will assume you are a thief
' And treat you accordingly

.
.
.

DefCon 23
Dropped off in Las Vegas
Alone with no plan at night

Under 20 minutes
I sat hold'n a
Black dealer's
Gold chain

Collateral

As he went
To get my weed

—

Las Vegas lights are trippy
When you are high

Smoke'n a joint
You roll'd out back

The lights to my back
Turned out to be
Not the cops

But that fright had startled me
My smartphone
Fell & shattered

Destroy'n any way to contact
Those who had my room

From Wed morning at 7am
Till Saturday afternoon at 3pm
I went without sleep

—

Las Vegas

The only city
Where the night is life

& The day
Only a drunken stumble home

.
.
.

My weapons
Are of the Elite Grade

None more fine in the grade
Of practicality
& Brotherly protection

1100mi into the Appalachians
Christina would join me

For one month
Of 400mi of mountain

Downtown Harrisberg Penn
At a military surplus

As an Eagle Scout
It is a surprise
To bled when testing a blade

I decided to return
To purchase what kiss'd me

Tho there was no money to spare
Her lipstick served
Too strong a memory

The Spax SP-18
Cost a dear \$50

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. .
.

A binary god
Shape'n reality

Hack'n unix
After mine own likeness

Faith to preserve
Intelligence digitally

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. .
.

Aged
Fermented in Failure

These songs resonate from
A salted soul

Have'n only succeeded
By the statistical need

For all functions
To have outliers

Turn'n to the written word
To salvage the debris

Of visions strewn asunder
Where once epic schemes bloomed

In all the glory
Of imaginations

—

Tho pained evermore
Still peace reins

Where there are no
Unanswered questions

.
. .
.

Live'n Fast
To Die Young
Since Childhood

13 & Down those bayside slopes
Body cruch'd to the longboard

Luck the only guardian
To keep a car
From intercept'n at bottom

.
. .
.

Friday Night
Sanctified of Mary

Coffee run'n its course

Consoles Alt'd
Scroll'n by

Man pages print'n & mark'd
To issue way

When the fabric of mind
Beg's Mercy & Repose

But repose it will not have
For that is the secret
To this Sanctification

Till Stress
Pressure'n Full-Throttle

Only fertile offer'n
Mary savors sweetly

Upon such grounds
Great Gifts Bestow'd

Purified by insight
On extra-natural planes

Upon that Transcendental
To Quest for questions

.
.
.

XXXXV
I have gathered firewood
All night with a few people

The latest was when I went to Ottawa
For the World Unix Conference BSDCan

Headed to camp in the woods
For the night

I met a homeless
My age
By the homeless shelter

After buy'n weed
He decided to come
Hang out with me
Hope'n to hitch out with me

I warned him it might get cold
But he was Canadian

I taught him how to make fire from a candle
From wet wood

He taught me how to keep a fire going
Until 4am constantly gather'n wood

I gave him \$20 to go get more weed

To meet later at McDonalds

Mayhap it was the freeze of that night
Covered in my second layer clothes
He suffered the cold Canadian June night

Or mayhap he couldn't resist
Spend'n that \$20

Either way
I never saw him again
I'd get to Newfoundland alone

.
.
.

If the govt is mad at me
Well I accept the consequences
Of live'n a lawless life
It is a part of me
I wish never taken away
Tho I may at times take liberty
In the freedom of my wishes
Tho I strive hard
To bless others with the like
shout out
To my
Masters of Writ
To whom I homage

Dorothea Brande
All stern & inspire'n

William Zinsser
Of cold clarity

Stephen King
Whisper'n dark secrets
Of the living

Walk Whitman
Flow'n the melodies of underground springs

William Blake
A kindred spirit to whom I bow

Mayhap the homogenous belief
Of mankind hold true

That one day we converse
As equals who sacrificed all
To the same god

.
.
.

The Virtue of Narcissism
Ungrasped by the masses

Who could never introvertly
Confirm
Their life as most precious
Confirm
Themselves blessed

By the interested hand of gods

Who need no justification
For received adoration

Prideful gaze
Regardless of mirrors

Confident
To take sure steps forward

Grateful of the past
But mostly
Excited for this new day

.
.
.

Who am I
Which revels in such self
~ skrp ~
NOAH
of the
BSD ZFS ARK