

GOD BEGOT ME

why do i need your

bible when i can

write my own

?

?

?

?

BY NICHOLAS LAWSON

COPYRIGHT (C) 2011

These works are the sole
property of Nicholas LawsoSN
however if you write an email to:

nicholas@writealot.us

you can ask for permission to do whatever
you would like with the work.

This is for everyone that wants to understand me
or for anyone that does and wants to know
me better.

I am a poet. I am a writer. I am a dreamer. I am no longer a student and not yet a master. I wander the realms of the mind listening to Kanye West and Beth Orton. I love contemporary music and feel that I have peers in artistry that I am working to elevate my work to the level of so that one day I would have the pleasure of meeting artists who may respect my work and would find me interesting as well. How often do poets rank in the eyes of painters or musicians? I would like to know.

I have been hospitalized ten times in the last ten years for mental illness. I believe that my condition stems from my interactions with my environment and my time spent alone listening to music for countless hours on end and time spent in solitude writing and being creative. When presented with large groups of people I feel uncomfortable if not a bit sad. I stare at all of this and wonder where the artists are and why there are so few of them per general population.

I firmly believe that our purpose on earth is not to worship god but to create art and to create art that celebrates not god but to create art that celebrates us, the earthlings. I believe that if we believed in each other the way we believed in God we would be GOOD! I share zero belief in any deity with you, I believe we are at the pinnacle of civilization and that it is up to us to build the precipices we wish to conquer.

Foreward

Why do I need you bible when I can write my own? To all of the people following the people who preach from books they never wrote , about people they never met, about events they never witnessed, this is for you. These are modern writings written from a man who has seen the world, been to jail, been to psych wards. I still write, I still live, I still thrive, I still breathe. I still exist. Now read this and step into the Information Age.

that greatest poem of mine poem

I am searching for the words to heal my mind as my lungs pull in the universe one breath at a time, giving my consciousness the moments it needs to unwind these lines of writing that I find strung together like pearls.

These words are like worlds orbiting through our collective mind, that we are daily training to refine and collapse into syllables to be pushed through our mouthpieces, as our mind's eyes work to speak their visions into being shaping surroundings like "Oh my! What have we done?!"

It looks like we have begun to understand the power of our tongue and are working on discovering the secrets of the sun!

As we are all that is and all that is us.

The moments of eternity have found their ways into our veins that course through our systems of sonnets as our poetic natures collide and create our destiny while we all make movements with our manuscripts etched into our cerebral tissues that are working to raise the consciousness of an entire fucking generation!

We are deliberating on new ways to collaborate with the cosmos so that one day we can collectively open our eyes and see the sunrise shining over a city of sentience that is collectively reaching for the highest heights and the streets are paved with knowledge, while people walk with purpose building a future that can stretch into our dreams and pull out our collective majesty here in this queen city that is

the birthplace of brilliance and vision....

ideas that we hope to watch grow up and attain greatness and morph into adult bodies with mature thoughts and powerful aspirations and an appreciation for the community that gathers around the microphone.

It happens to be a beautiful tradition unfolding before our eyes where mortals flex their strength becoming spirits with a message.

As there may not be angels but thank the stars for the poets who burn with desire and determination to mine these words for meaning.

We are seeing what happens when we collect our thoughts and think weeks before we speak embedding messages into creation, marking our existence like a flag in this land because you were here and i was here and we were here and that means something and to me something is something and something is definitely better than nothing and when I come searching for the words to uplift my soul i come here where everyone comes to share their something and there's no better something than what comes from the mouth of the poets.

The people whom are seeking to know the unknowable and who observe reality with a beautiful heart and those poets come here and share their wisdom and custom nuggets of knowledge that help make it easier to make it through the day at least that's what happens to me so yeah I have been searching for the words to heal my mind and maybe this mic is just what i needed to find.

that sweetest sarah kay poem

With the purest voice in the poetry community untainted by ego or absurdity and who tells the softest stories with the greatest strength Sarah , you refresh the name as the most Sarah of the Sarah's and there are quite a few ...

The minds you inspire will only bring joy to the world. Isn't it about time that a voice emerges and why shouldn't that voice be you? We should all be so lucky as to be in the same room as you at some point. You defy all laws of egotism and shout to the mountains that your voice is pure, all of existence can reform itself when someone like you steps into existence and these English words are so filled with pain and anguish but you seem to know how to care and caress the words that we work with and respin them into their most positive forms.

For when the English language leaves your lips it's hard to admit that it has never sounded so beautiful.

You provide a reason to pick up the new words of the season as they are whatever you wish them to be because out of all of the sounds of infinity you bring reason to make a poet want to speak only the words that would make you smile.

Thank you for your depth of character and thank you for your tender voice.

The world can be a dark place but with you here it has to improve because the standard you set leaves us no choice but to aspire to work to elevate our words to a higher plane that can fly like diatribes in the rain and maybe you are the rainbow we have been waiting for that is bright as the fullest colors of the spectrum and from the depths of my soul I promise we will work for you, while we let you know that some good deeds are as powerful as the sun.

thank you Sarah and may all your days be golden as you brighten the days with your powerful shine.

It's as if you have been here before but I think you knew that so welcome back and thank you for your poetry because an old fashioned voice never goes out of style, So Sarah where have you been, even Gaia is looking for you to ask to be your friend?

that that charles would have agreed poem

You can feel poetry inside your veins it's what you go to the store to look for, it's the nourishment that is supplemental. Poetry is the red pill and poetry is not the blue pill. Poetry is what the agents were trying to stop inside the matrix. Poetry is something a computer could write but poetry is something a computer could never define. Poetry is something that will eventually spawn the emergence of true A.I. Poetry is confusing and yet poetry makes perfect sense once you have transcended. Poetry is after the rapture and yet poetry is also not Christian. Poetry is the nuclear missiles that I have between my toes. Poetry is a perfect mouth. Poetry is a perfect aureole. Poetry is pinching that very same teat. Poetry is sexy because poetry is love. Poetry is something that you can only experience. Poetry is scary the way that monster trucks are scary when you think for a moment that people go in droves to see these monstrous machines crush all the little cars. Poetry is like that.

Poetry is a writer that is slacking on his prose. Poetry is a manifesto that is always waiting to be written. Poetry is a little group of people who love each other and can't wait to have their writing read by each other. Poetry is group love without the awkwardness. Poetry is something that I wish I never learned about and yet poetry is what makes me. Poetry is always coming out of me, poetry never stops. Poetry was surprised when the universe got started. Poetry is a cigarette in the mouth of an infant and poetry is that infant being smart enough to light it. Poetry is maturation of the mind. Poetry is the menstrual cycle of an emu. Poetry is something that never ends because when one writer stops, another picks up the pen.

that watch the nips poem

She used my nips
Like etch a sketch wheels
and drew a smile on my face,
then she shook
shook shook shook me
until I was a blank slate.
Now the moment is heated
and we have decided
another human we should create.

that childrens' names poem

Let your children name themselves.

Break with the current modes of existence

and reclaim that which you find moving through your mantra.

Sleep less and dream more.

Push yourself to the limits of imagination.

Cross the barrier and encapsulate your dharma;

your mediation your sovereign nation,

your space to call your own.

Equate with the galaxy and

spend time growing so that you can understand

the changing rate of time to be released

into the future only to be sent back to us

as unfinished.

Unwanting of broken machinery,

we are to present the future versions of ourselves,

that we call our lives, with manufactured organisms of logic,

technological creations that we truly need.

Step into the lab and craft combinations of letters

into organisms that you can then use to obliterate

unchanging modes of dialogue.

Arguments being argued day in and day out for no reason

other than to pass on the tradition of “argumentation.”

A relic of tradition long gone in perfect circles of communities

of poets that train to refrain from destroying all that you hold dear.

We hold the power of your language fastened to the ends of ancient
spears

that we are daily sharpening and waiting to send into the cosmos

as we ride the tails of our words into the beyond beyond absurd

where carefully crafted metaphors come and heal the wounds

incurred by centuries of evolution in destructive directions

that you don't have to believe in

because the truth does not need your belief to exist.

You only need to develop your interface to the cosmos so that

you can push the boundaries of the unseen

into arenas you've never breached

that are not outside of your reach.

Just pull them in and see for yourself that which you need to see.

This is the new millennium ... prepare yourself.

that cincinnati calendar poem

Monday Tuesday Wednesday Thursday Friday Saturday Sunday and
Someday

You might not want to talk to me on Monday
You might not want to look at me on Tuesday
You might not want to hear me on Wednesday
You might want to ignore me on Thursday
You might want to yell at me on Friday
You might want to fire me on Saturday
You might want to watch me get rained on, on Sunday
but on Someday

Yeah, Someday

We'll get together and have a barbecue and eat chicken wings in homemade barbecue sauce, and little kids will be running around laughing, and there will be honey dew melon and watermelon and even though I don't like it musk melon and grapes and turkey legs and ribs, and ribs and ribs and the kinds of ribs that have the thick part of the meat at one end, and we'll give each other advice on how to raise our kids and maybe we'll try and work out that really hard math problem that we all forgot how to do but little Martin needs to find that answer to before class on Monday and we'll all sit down and have a nice meal together on double paper plates because just one isn't thick enough, and then well send the kids to bed and we'll pass around the blunt and play some music and kick back in the vibe and realize that its Someday and yeah Someday is always the day that this happens and I love someday because it's my favorite day of the week and then on

Monday you might want to steal my car and on
Tuesday you might want to kick me in the shins and on
Wednesday you might want punch me in the stomach and on
Thursday you might want to break into my apartment and on
Friday you might want to poke me in the eye and on
Saturday you might want to bitch slap me with the back of your hand and on

Sunday you might want to bitch slap my girlfriend with the back of
your hand but
Someday comes around and again

and now we're in the park and were staring at the stage while all the poets that have been doing poetry for years are performing their hearts out still and a couple young poets are up on stage trying out some new pourings out of the heart and they're maybe 18 years old and maybe this is their first time performing and they're nervous and we're sitting back and watching and remembering why we started writing poetry in the first place, because we had something to say and no one to listen us, and so we wrote, and our grandmothers are sitting in plastic lawn chairs and our parents are standing their watching us perform again and our children are in the front row sitting cross legged and watching us perform and the mayor is there and so are a couple ministers and maybe some people that found out about the event and didn't want to miss a great show and it's our Woodstock, the one where there aren't any fires and there aren't beatings and there are just real chill cats who found a real chill answer just doing what makes sense because this makes sense and that's all the reason we need to be doing it and then on

Monday you might want to shoot me in the heart and then on
Tuesday you might want to stab me in the back and then on
Wednesday you might want throw a grenade at my feet and then on
Thursday you might want me to step on a land mine and then on
Friday you might want to push me off of a tall building and then on
Saturday you might want to give me an uppercut to the chin and then on
Sunday you might want to throw acid on me and then
Someday comes around

and for some reason more people than have ever come together before all come to the Stadium and fill it up and we all agree that we're not leaving until we get something worked out, until we get everything off of our chest and speak everything that we need to hear to everyone that we want to hear it and we finally solve our problem that we know our city has because this is getting old and this is getting tiring and its someday and someday is the one day of the week when something like this is possible and Someday is the day of the week when dreams come

true, why because its Someday, that day of the week dreams always come true.

And that's what happens on someday and it doesn't ever matter what day of the week it is but then it doesn't matter because no matter what day of the week it is because we're always waiting for someday to come around and sweep us off of our feet like we always know it will and every someday, some cats that I know all get together and we have a stiff drink and smile, today is Someday, so what do you want to do?

Monday Tuesday Wednesday Thursday Friday Saturday Sunday and yeah man, definitely, Someday.

that even cupid quits poem

I sling arrows I found at Cupid's garage sale,
and my quiver is quite full.
I reach back and rip one away!
because someone's going to fall in love today.

that what do you expect from me poem

When you don't expect anything from me I'll surprise you.

When your expecting everything from me I'll disappoint you.

Never thought you'd find a revolutionary behind these eyes, but that just happens to be the case.

You might see a leader rise up out of me.

I am crafting a better day and I really want to say

“Come and sit with me and it will be okay.”

followed by

“We can commune and then go back to work.”

Happy that we found a moment where we laughed like jesters, dined like kings on symphonious conversation that brought us close to the edge of elation inebriated on simple verbication.

Word for word we passed the energy back and forth sifted through laughter and tears, we shifted gears, planned a moment beautiful and calm. We floated palm to palm riding out the storm that started to fall. Rain soaking all our pores, washing away every spot that's sore.

We lock lips and start to explore the only idea we understand in this universe.

Skin to skin we start to begin the motion that allows us to transcend. Now we're living in the lion's den.

We have a mighty sword that shines like lightning, through these sub par analogies, I apologize that I couldn't be a better poet.

Just let me change the world So that I can close my eyes and softly die knowing that I lived.

that sitting on my sanity poem

I sat on the front porch of my sanity
and wondered why I left the back porch light on,
maybe because I wanted to leave the door
open so that I could go inside my mind
and swim around my cerebral cortex
where I store my morning glories
that shine several hours before I awaken
because my dreams have been forsaken
and so I keep my eyes shut to fight
the demons that glow so bright
and the angels are the keepers of the light
because they have capitalistic tendencies
and even God can't figure out a way
to make everything free
so even in my dreams God charges me a fee
so that I can buy a ticket
that takes me back to reality
where you can charge me for where I live
and everywhere I go they charge me
they charge me
they charge me
full of energy
so that when I charge back
we can topple their chemistry
with 6 billion credit cards
making purchases on the very same day
that we began to own the cosmos
that is only worth something
gift wrapped in galaxies
and they just finished my transaction
so here comes my receipt
and I leave a tip for God
because I love the
language that I speak.

Blind and Delilah

the cool cult

Cool: a state of knowing why you should care, and ironically not.

Warm: A state of knowing how many people are cool, shaking your head in a little bit in slight disgust, and then being counter through actually caring.

Rated R: No one under 21 can read this. Rated R+: No one over 45 can read this without college student permission. Beginning of story: The Northside Tavern is where the beautiful people of Cincinnati reside on the nightly, nightly, nightly, nightly. The tavern sits in the spot middle of liberal Cincinnati, where eyes look for eyes and skin looks for skin. This night the Lucid Delinquents are playing their futuristic Pink Floyd inspired ballads as they traverse the sound scapes of ambient music loops, tweaked out lead guitars, softer than jazz drums, and a lead singer who spins lyrics around the hearts of everyone that is listening. In the middle of the place there is a velvety, crimson colored couch that “If” and a woman named Delilah are laying across each other on. At this very moment, “If” is rolling up a nice tripnosic Salvia Divorum inspired cigarette.

“I remember you saying you’ve never experienced the Divorum?” queried If.

“No baby, I’m interested though, I’ve heard good things.” responded Delilah.

“Definitely.” said IF

“I could use something intense tonight.” said Delilah.

“Definitely. You’ll enjoy it, just remember that it happens quick and just remember to stay calm no matter how intense it gets, you’ll still have your inner voice that doesn’t change. You’re in for a bit of time travel, my dear.” spoke If. On the table in front of If, were a pack of Marlboro Lights and a small plastic purple hinged duplet filled with 35x extract.

If was slowly putting his voodoo on this paper, tobacco, and divorce. He was mid-spliff at this point, carefully rolling up another gateway to the nebulous regions of the cerebral cortex.

He was happy to be sharing this natural technology with Delilah. A bit surprised that she wanted to take part, he had planned on going on a solo mission to another dimension while the Delinquents were playing, but since she seemed like a beat to If and since she was curious, he figures that tonight he can be a comfortable co-pilot and introduce someone else to one of the doorways of the absurd.

The joint is roly rolled and he hands it to her. She thanks him. Kisses If on the cheek and reaches back to the very first time a mammal inhaled the fumes of the foliage of a forest after a lighting strike and realized that sometimes when cellulose is burned, new patterns of synapse connections are made and for the sensitive minded person, the illusion is broken. The illusion of social structure and the illusion of television and the breakdown of the shoddy inspired never ending commercial art expo that is in constant rotation across all mediums 24 hours a day 7 days a week 365 days a year.

She begins to push down a plastic button that ignites a stream of butane sending up a small dancing tongue of flame that starts the chemical reactions that enable Delilah to stare through and experience the lens that the chemicals that were entering her lungs were creating.

Every moment builds on every moment that precedes it. Eons from our potential as a powerful conscious species , we ingest the chemicals that ignite our passion and spark our intellect just as Delilah is doing at this very moment. She would have a new moment to build on, after this, a new memory, a new experience, a new construct of reality to compare to the baseline, the same bass line that the Delinquents were strumming majestically.

She begins to lean to the side, If wraps his arm around her and kisses the top of her head. It has begun. She is being passed through over shaped hands as the power of the music begins to flutter in front of her. She has nothing to say and it doesn't matter anyways, because the Salvia won't let her talk anyways, just a pure powerful experience floats

behind her eyes and through her skin. It's a moment just for her and just as soon as it has begun it is over and she looks If in the eyes and just smiles.

"What did it feel like?" asked If.

"It felt like I was being passed through time and was being shown infinity as though this right here right now, is but the least amount of truth that we understand. Everything that I am melted into a blather of skin and sweat and I honestly felt this powerful sensation of comprehending the fact that the universe doesn't surround me, but that I and the universe are one. There isn't a difference between the universe and me, and because I am conscious and because I am a part of the universe, the universe is conscious, I have the blood of the universe in me, we all do. The blood on earth is the blood of the universe, the hearts on earth are the hearts of the universe, we are as much a part of the universe as the stars and the moon and the asteroids. We are the force that feels the universe and the passing of time. We are proof that the universe is conscious. Fuck man we are the proof. We are the aliens that we are looking for, we are the mystery that we are trying to solve. We are it, and it with limitless potential. If, we are it. We are the first conscious voices the universe has ever known. This is our universe. This is all ours. This is our species only chance to claim the kingdom. We are this and this deserves us and is us. We are looking at our imagination that is neverending. We are looking at our potential in time. I heard a voice telling me that we are supposed to strive for something perfect and that perfection is our collective human goal. We are the universe If, If, we are that special. We are that amazing. We are that everything. We are the potential of the Universe. We are the hands and the eyes of the Universe. We are what the universe sees, we are the memory of the universe. We just are, If, we are just that special. Does that make sense? "

"Shhh. I know. This is the music of the universe. Try and see it with your ears. Try and look at the music Delilah. It's a nice universe. The television might not be the best part of the Universe, but this right here, right now at the Northside Tavern. Well, this is perfect. We're holding each other, the music is playing, we both know we can dig deep into the ether of conversation , and yeah Delilah. Welcome to Consciousness."

laughed If.

“Its good to be here. I like your velour shirt. Its fuzzy. That was amazing though. I have spent my whole life thinking of the sky as being up there, but the sky really starts right here in front of me. I have always thought that the sun was over there, way up in the sky, but we’re in the sun because we can see it and we can feel it. We are inside the sun If. Were not just looking at it, were inside it. We can see the moon, but we are in the sun. I don’t remember what it was like before I was born but I think it will be similar to what it is like after I die. I’m here right now, aren’t I If. This is real isn’t it? This is real isn’t it. This , all of this, it’s real.” philosophized Delilah.

“Delilah, yeah. This is oh so real. This is real like, all there is real, this is real like there are infinite options real. This is real like if our generation survives the arguments of the generations that came before us, well, if we can survive their taxation on abusing absolute power, well we have a chance to do something amazing you know? You said that the Universe is ours? It is. We’re the first generation that has the tools to go in that direction. We can start it. We just have to hide our dreams in a safe place, wait for time to take care of the problem of the people that are older than us, and when you feel inside yourself that you are powerful enough to stand up to their authority. When you are powerful enough, start unleashing your dream. The younger generations, they want to see people that care. So just care. Avoid all the people that don’t care and just care and spend time with people that care. It’s a hard time for people that care, there aren’t many of us. ” said If.

“Yeah. That’s why you do this, isn’t it? It’s like I was just pulled outside of everything I have ever known and now I know there is something else. I like you so much.” said Delilah.

“I like you so much too. You don’t need to see it all the time, you don’t want to see it all the time, you just need to know it’s there. ” said IF

“Let’s just sit and listen for a while. ” said Delilah.

With that she nestled up against If and the two of them relaxed. Delilah

leaned her head back and gave If a soft kiss on the neck. If gave her a slow hug and pulled her closer. Right now, they were doing what they wanted to do since the first time they saw each other months ago. They don't even know how many times they touched eyes at the local shows in the scene, they became experts at smiling at each other at the shows and they built up a romantic tension. A silent game being played by two people that were in the same scene but weren't in each other's scene. The Lucid Delinquents are covered in sweat and the lead singer, Almedo as he calls himself, has his shirt off, revealing his thin tight frame, the kind of frame that only lead singers have and his long hair harkens back to a time period when musicians paved the way to social consciousness and creative enlightenment. The time when musicians were shamans and lived musical lifestyles and didn't just participate in some kind of lyrical computerized fashion show. There was a time before the glossy magazines and the professional gossips, just like there was a time before the glossy musicians.

These Lucid Delinquents, well they always made If feel like Woodstock could be just around the corner at any moment, not the Woodstock of Fire and Embarrassment but the Woodstock of Aquarius and Promise. Not the generational criminal insanity but the pinnacle of a generation of euphoria. The memory everyone wishes they had, instead of the memory everyone wishes they could forget. The Delinquents finish, give their grand finale and as they strum their last note, an ebony colored woman steps up and gives a shirt back to Almedo, she is his girlfriend.

If looks down at Delilah and she looks up at him and they give each other another soft squeeze together. They head outside. They are both trying to coyly discern a way to keep the night alive for themselves.

If and Delilah are both standing in front of the NorthSide Tavern.

If pipes up. "This was nice. Good music, good people, good vibes. I dig that."

Delilah Laughs. " You dig it?"

"Yeah I dig it." said If.

Delilah just laughs. “ You would say “Dig.”

“Who are you? It’s taken me a long time to craft this vocabulary. Each word is carefully selected for both flavor and perfection.” said If.

“Yeah, so, are we going to keep this party going?” asked Delilah.

“When do you have to be up?” asked If.

“I work late, so whenever.” said Delilah.

“Then how about this, let’s go hang out and listen to music at whoever has the most songs on their playlist?” said If.

“Or we could just go to your place and listen to some music.” said Delilah.

“We can do that. I have some nice speakers and it’s a little known fact that one of my favorite hobbies is staring at the ceiling listening to music with the lights off, except for the colors of my glowing screen that I will try levitate with my mind.” said If.

“We can listen to some music and levitate.” said Delilah.

A taxi ride, a house key turned, a joint smoked and a computer turned on later, the two of them are laying on the ground spread out in opposite directions ear to ear staring at the calling listening to Stairway to Heaven, followed by the entire Pink Floyd catalog, Air, BT’s This Binary Universe, and a number of other choice elegant tunes and every Sarah McLachlan song ever given a trance remix treatment. In other words there was some music to be heard and some time to be spent beautifully doing nothing other than looking at some waves of sound. After some lengthy quality conversation about beautiful fluid topics, Delilah leans over and asks If what he is doing tomorrow.

“I actually have an assignment that I have to go on.” said If.

“What do you mean an assignment?” asked Delilah.

“I am a professional author and on the regular I cover the local night club and art scene and get to know the people that make the night life happen in this small corner of the world. I write the stories that I come home with and as it turns out I am a pretty decent writer and people dig my styles and I earn enough money through AdSense to pay for this apartment and the items you see in it.” said If.

“Really? So what’s your assignment tomorrow?” asked Delilah.

“I’m covering a new invite only club that opened up in Columbus up north. It’s supposed to be straight spontaneous because get this, they don’t have any lights in the main room. It’s just comfortable chairs spread over the floor, not just on the sides and everyone has flashlights and red laser pointer pens and there is some low key European DJ that is going to school at Ohio State that spins the softest trance grooves in the state. The vibe is supposed to be spectacular and I got invited to come check it out.” said If.

“You’re the first professional author I have ever met.” said Delilah.

“There aren’t many of us but every now and again, some guy or girl figures out how to turn that damn computer into a genie machine.” said If.

“A genie machine?” asked Delilah.

“Yeah. I push the buttons and the thing spits out a living for me. I quite like that.” said If.

“Everyone has a talent.” said Delilah.

“Mine is turning ordinary computers, into genie machines.” said If.

“No lights?” asked Delilah.

“No lights. Ill find out if that’s hype or not when I get there.” said If.

If reached his hands up and started to give Delilah a scalp massage. He

started to put a soft kind of pressure in circles on her scalp and in circles on her temples. She liked it. They both closed their eyes and started to stare into the music.

“What are you thinking of?” said If.

“That this feels really nice. Good music, nice lucid feeling, mysterious guy, and a massage. Life is good, right now.” said Delilah.

“I’m listening.” said If.

“Just keep massaging.” said Delilah.

“Okay.” Laughed If.

“I’m studying fashion design, right? It was better before I knew how it worked. Fashion was more glamorous before I knew what kind of work was put into it. It’s so, so, depressing. You have to be making a sale all the time, you’re always selling fabric. That’s all it’s really about. Now they tell you it’s all about predicting colors and new trends and this and that, but it’s really just about making something at a low cost as a company by any means necessary and then selling whatever gets made for as much as possible by any means necessary and then repeat. There is nothing glamorous about it. It’s just a massive sale of fabric at an inflated price. It’s disgusting but that is just how it is.” said Delilah.

“I’ve heard.” said If.

“Here turn around, let me see your feet.” said If.

Delilah turns around and Nicholas sits up and he takes off her shoes and her socks and he slowly starts to run his hands around and under her feet and in between her toes. He is massaging her souls, as she is getting to know his.

(If you are reading this, and you have a special someone, massage their feet shortly after reading this. This is the Universe telling you to do something, and that something is, a foot massage for at least ten minutes. Now back to the story.)

Delilah is smiling.

“Your problem is that you are real. You are a real person who has real dreams and real talent that you want to accentuate. You couldn’t have gotten this far into fashion design if you didn’t. It’s not easy to do what you are learning. You may not like it when you understand it, but that doesn’t mean it’s easy. The thing is, that school that you are going to, that design school. that place is on the cutting edge of capitalism every day. That is where they take in geniuses and they beg them to keep this machine of buying and selling of materials running. They are slyly begging our generation to keep the materials moving. You are being begged to keep this industrial object oriented society alive. It’s up to you and all of your design school friends in your generation. You’re the Research and Development minds in training and the best of you, will eventually learn how the whole thing works from top to bottom.

You’re just being introduced into it. It’s not going to change, you’re just going to learn more and more about what you are already learning about now. You’re learning about the business of selling fabric and dye and how to support companies of people and their families, it’s honorable, but it’s exactly what you think it is, and you’re learning a trade. You help support fashion, and fashion will help support you.

It’s not a terrible dream, it isn’t a nightmare, you’re doing honest work designing clothes and doing the research work that it takes to be a part of a company that wants to survive and that wants to make sure that health insurance is paid for, and that rent is paid and car insurance is covered and groceries can be bought, whenever you buy clothing from a label you’re not only buying the cloth but you’re also helping to pay for all of the bills that the people that make the clothes need paid. You’re buying their internet access and their computers and their video games and their puppies and kitten food, every single piece of clothing you buy is you trading money and making a decision that you want to support the people that make the product that you just purchased. You want them to survive and keep doing what they are doing. That’s the deal, that’s how all of it works. We’re all walking around voting on who we want to keep doing what they are doing. If you keep learning what you are learning, people that aren’t involved in fashion but that want

clothing, will be supporting you and your lifestyle. That's the deal. The trick is to figure out who you think is the most important to you, and who do you want to support? What community do you want to be a part of and in that, well in the answer to that question, you will find your place in life and it will make sense and you'll be able to fall in love with what you are doing." said If.

"That makes sense. Who do you want to be around?" said Delilah.

"People like you. People that might have something new behind their eyes, people that have a dream and that never say terrible things about those that do. People that don't complain and don't have a reason to, the people that work hard enough doing the things they want to do so that they are leading regretless lives. The people that are mad about life and laugh really easily. That's who I want to be around." said If.

"That's nice, I like that." said Delilah.

"We've just been playing hide and seek with each other for a couple months, but it looks like we found each other." said If.

A full body massage, many songs, a sun rise, a knowing goodbye, a promise to see each other again, a departure from each other, two and a half doobs, a post on a blog, a nap and a drive up to Columbus later and If is standing in front of Blind.

There is a line of smart looking men and women waiting to spend some time in the darkness that Blind promises twice a week. Ladies wearing black gowns and black gloves, and men wearing black shirts and black pants. If is the only person out of nearly fifty or sixty people in the vicinity that is wearing any color at all. No matter. If starts to walk in ...

"You must be If. Everyone else knows not to wear color." said the doorman.

"I am If and no one said anything about the color rule." said If.

"No matter, enjoy your evening and I look forward to reading your next posting." said the doorman.

A hostess escorted If to the last room of light before the main spot, a manager came over and chatted with If and they talked about his website and how it was a big hit among a lot of the people at this club. A couple patrons suggested that he be invited to come check it out and that's kind of how the special invite even came to be. The manager tells him that he should use the flashlight sparingly and that the red laser light is to let people know where you are. He's told that everyone in here is professional and one last thing, that it's surprising what the darkness does to people. Something about an absolute lack of light, that changes people.

If shakes the man's hand, thanks him for the invite and makes his way into the club. The door closes behind him and the music that he heard from just outside the door was now ridiculously perfect and loud. There wasn't going to be any conversation tonight. No, this wasn't a conversation club. You can't read lips, or facial expressions. Apparently this was a club devoted to touching and real body language. Slow, conversational, nice touching. Massaging. There was an unspoken rule to be sensual and not sexual, since that could ruin the whole vibe, not that it didn't happen, but it only really happened with the people that didn't get it, and that couldn't control it, it's not a brothel, it's a club exploring touching.

The music has a European edge to it, which makes sense, it is aggressive ambient music. Just the kind that If likes. This is the same kind of music he listens to when he is crafting his craft. He really liked web authoring because he felt published, he didn't need a book on a shelf to be published but he was writing, enough money was coming in to pay the rent and he was being invited to places like this, he was an author, he was published, he was successful, and he was read by thousands of people that could contact him directly. He was better than Barnes and Nobles published, fuck Barnes and Nobles. He had something better than a book, he had a conversation that he was professionally involved in and well, tonight, he was Blind.

If turns on his flashlight and it's not even normally bright, it's just barely bright enough to let him see his way to a place to sit down. There are soft chairs covering the whole floory floor. If finds his way

over to a small vel-vety lounge in the corner and gets comfortable. He turns off his flashlight and turns on his laser pointer. He begins to rock some laser light dancing. He starts moving the little red dot around the room trying to get the attention of other red dots. That is who he was tonight. He was a red dot. He wasn't a pretty face, he wasn't a slim build, he wasn't a nice shirt, he was a red glowing dot floating around the room. That's If tonight , that's all he was. There must have been fifty or sixty red lights bouncing around the room in an odd pattern of coherence that didn't quite make sense. Roughly ten minutes of laser dancing later and he felt someone sit down next to him.

Shortly after a hand was placed on his neck and it began to massage his neck. It felt good. Another hand came over and found his hand and placed a small pill in it. Wouldn't be the first anonymous pill he ever took, so he pops it. A bottle of water comes his way and he swallows it. Blind. Nice place. Random people and random pills, European music and dancing red lights. Futuristic. Damn it is futuristic. It's a small slice of perfection, a club with such a Republican, handpicked clientele that for at least right now, it works. An extensive neck massage later, a euphoric lapse into bliss and a new person sitting next to him later and life is taking on an interesting twist. The pill was obviously ecstasy and as it turns out it was damn good ecstasy too. It found his hands rubbing his face and his neck and the couch that he was on. He finds a set of hands rubbing the couch also from the other side. They meet. The hands feel feminine, nice nails, soft hands. Small. Everything moves slow in the darkness but If's mind is racing as two hands are exploring each other, like a sensual conversation. Like two blind deaf people getting to know each other for the first time. There is just touch in this club so touch is how you communicate. "This is beyond perfection, this is futuristic. What am I going to write about this place? AAAH my teeth are grinding. Fuck it, it feels good. It's not like this is an everyday thing. Oh man, the waves, the universe can feel this good, this is how it can feel to exist, existing feels like this and this hand. When did skin ever feel so perfect and amazing?" said If to no one in particular, but quite fast. She's moving closer. I'm used to making the first move. The darkness really does make people different it seems. The euphoria. Her skin. She moves closer. Lips and fingers, fingers and lips. If moves closer she moves closer. Hands. Back. Lips. Lips. Tongues. Sensual Amazement. A wordless conversation, a sightless beauty. Light creates the

problems of inequality where in the darkness , skin to skin, all that matters is the rhythm. Just enjoy the conversation and curse the light. The massaging continues, tongues caress, the warm moistness of two souls interacting. It was at this point that If makes a small but poignant discovery. This woman, is not a woman.

This woman , well, is a smooth skinned man. Too cosmopolitan to freak out, too saturated in serotonin to care, nervousness, learning. “Holy Shit I am kissing a man. Do I get up, do I pull away? What do I do? Should I care, it didn’t matter a couple seconds ago? Why does it matter now? Who is going to know and who is going to care?” thought If.

It turns out that when a writer who is solely interested in accumulating stories runs into a new situation that would obviously make for great content for a professional online space. That a person like this in a situation like this just rolls with it. Just slides with it. Hesitation. Gender confusion. Is this an abandoning of women or is this the acceptance of men? Delilah! Oh my goodness Delilah? What will she think? Or is this just this moment and nothing more? Since this isn’t a life-style, why does it matter? This mouth to mouth feels so amazing, not unlike a woman, but it’s not a woman, but it feels like a woman and this guy knows how to kiss. He knows all the moves too, soft, fast, soft bite, teeth lick, breath inhale, neck to ear to neck to mouth. This guy has all the moves. I can appreciate that. Why not just consider this a practice session? A brushing up of skill?

The more practice you get the better you get so , fuck it, this is basketball practice for the mouth. I can live with that. He feels perfect, his skin is smooth, and he isn’t pushy.

He gets it. Fuck it, have fun.

This would have never happened in the light without this pill. I love this, this is amazing, this is perfect. I can do whatever I want to do and right now, I just want to experience this moment. Time to slide away, in search of other skin. Several hands, backs, genders, ages and mouths later. An in-vitation to return. A thought of experiencing the original. A drive home. A squat in front of a computer screen. A tap dance

across a keyboard, creates the following ...

<http://www.writealot.us>

Authorial Entry Club Blind:

I'm sitting here with Delilah in my arms after two solid nights of beautiful music and beautiful chemical technology. Let me tell you about Blind. Last night, I was in Columbus, Ohio and found myself in a lovely situation. A club with no lights, Shift into madness when the light disappears, club for your life when the music is clear. Sounds and rhythms biting your ear, waiting for you to bite back. Ecstasy pills and velvet chandeliers. Kisses with women and massages my dear. Inhibitions lost and euphoria found. Ah, the most pleasing sounds. Genderless obsessions with the only skin that exists. Slowly exploring sensuality in brazen opposition to sexuality. Fair skinned men and women getting on with getting it on and feeling the thrills of a beautiful answer that solves an ugly problem. Some people want to be touched and last night at Blind, you could be touched so much.

Hands touching hands, skin touching skin, anonymous sensations. discretion left at the door. There were a couple of us that somehow ended up on the floor. Making out with making up for lost time. Futuristic explorations flooding the night. a couple people pinched my ass. yeah , it felt perfect and right and I pinched back. You'd think this poet crazy, and in the maze of life, become invited to Blind, and you just might see the light. Delilah said "That's it, that's what you do to pay for this apartment and all of this."

If said "Pretty neat huh. This time I wrote something flowery , it's crazy but people like what I do with an alphabet. I get paid to push electrons around the circuit boards of stranger's computers. What do you think?" said If.

"I want you to show me how to do it." Said Delilah laughing.

Then If leaned back and took a massive toke and passed the smoke to Delilah and started laughing.

Moral of the Story:

It's awesome being young and if you explore enough while you are young, well, then you'll have something to talk about when you're older. Waste enough time right now, and you'll just get used to turning your potential into regret.

That's Kablamo!

that letter to city council

Dear Laura Quinlivan,

I would like to help improve the image of Cincinnati throughout the nation by helping us to craft our national media campaign into perpetuity. It was stated that Cincinnati has everything to offer that New York City has and that Chicago has in terms of services that are provided as a City and I would like to point out that that is far from true. What separates Cincinnati from Chicago and New York City is the fact that they broadcast their ideas and inspirations out into the main stream media. Cincinnati does not do that. I have read numerous times about how Cincinnati is a place for people to become trained and then they leave for other cities to pursue their career in creative industry work.

If Cincinnati would like to reverse this trend I would like to propose that we create a citywide radio station whose purpose is to be consistently auditioning new bands and talent with a website whose purpose is to consistently rate the music that is playing on such a station and essentially make it very simple for talented musicians to gain access to the mainstream. This is a service that Chicago and New York City does not provide. A dedicated radio station to new local and national acts. The inception of such a radio station would bring value and excitement to the twenty something crowd in Cincinnati as there is no greater joy than hearing your work live on the radio. I know because one of my poems was read on 107.1 recently and I just tingled with excitement when that happened.

I would like to enable more people to experience similar moments as that would make me feel fulfilled. I would also like to suggest the creation of a dedicated television station here in Cincinnati that focuses on Cincinnati Issues and is operated and run by Cincinnati talent. Our writers and our actors and our performers and our directors absolutely need a professional venue to continue to hone their craft. The lack of any form of infrastructure that supports media expression is a massive deterrent to creative class individuals who are seeking to make a sustainable living at provoking thought and inspiration.

If Cincinnati would like to be a world class city then it needs to have

world class amenities. London has its' own media, New York has its' own media, Tokyo has its' own media, Chicago has its' own media, Sydney has its' own media, Paris has its' own media. Cincinnati currently does not and will never be able to attain the level of exposure that what I assume this last council meeting was about broaching the topic of.

I currently work at Media Bridges and am working to develop technology as a researcher that will allow me to engage in performance computing.

What this would be would essentially be a live stream of what I would be doing with a computer live on television. I would be able to engage in performance writing, I would be able to engage in sharing YouTube Videos, I would be able to engage in sharing music that I find interesting. The convergence of the computer with the television on television would be to the best of my knowledge a first for quite possibly the entire universe. If you would like to be truly progressive as a city and reap the benefits of attracting the kind of attention that you are seeking that would bring in the kind of revenue that our city needs then I would recommend implementing value adding amenities to our Queen City.

I would also like to invite you are an associate of yours to Coffee Emporium at noon to help us begin the discussions that would lead to the Greater Cincinnati Airport becoming the de facto model for airport customer service. This will be accomplished through the development of an in airport talk show that would have a never ending supply of interesting guests as the traveling business class is just that, the most interesting segment of the population. I would also like to discuss the creation of a recording studio within the airport for the purposes of providing a creative release to passengers that are experiencing layovers and in return for taking the time to record their creative sides we will market their music for them and give patrons of CVG the experience of being able to experience the recording studio experience and the relief of stress that comes from such activity. It would also be worth mentioning that the type of transformation that I am proposing would be akin to the way you get off of a plane in Hawaii and they place a lay over your head, well here in Cincinnati when you step off the plane all

of our passengers should be approached and given media packages that promote the music, poetry, and writing, that our city is known for.

I am a graduate of the University of Cincinnati that accumulated 315 credit hours of classroom time before I received my degree and I spent time in Journalism, Digital Design, Fine Arts, German Studies, and finally I graduated from English Literature. I have lived in Cincinnati my entire life and feel as though I understand what would improve the quality of life in Cincinnati as it has been a deep concern of mine for several years.

If we would like the rest of the world to engage our city on a professional level then we need to engage ourselves in the level of professional mass media communications that will attract the attention of a national stage. If we as a city were to host the Olympics we currently do not even have the capacity to cover the event through our media outlets. If Cincinnati would like to craft a message that would resonate with the masses a solid message that Cincinnati could rally behind would be “Cincinnati, this is where the Internet comes alive.” This would be a slogan whose purpose would be to penetrate the concept that all of the billions of man hours that have been spent developing the computational infrastructure that we see before is essentially meaningless work without content. These machines are essentially empty and until a machine is filled with valuable information the machine itself is worthless. It is the information that is valuable , not the vessel that holds the information. You would also be happy to know that Cincinnati has one of the most powerful poetry communities in the United States as we consistently work with HBO Def Poets from New York City and bring in artists from Atlanta, Chicago, and Houston.

The art of performance poetry is very much the most valuable art form of the present day as it usurps all other forms of media currently in operation. would recommend searching for the artists Sarah Kay and Mighty Mike McGee to get a sense as to what is happening in the world of writing and performance art. If Cincinnati catered to these people, these artists and made an effort to become the most friendly city to performance poets you would be surprised at the positive effects that this would have on our entire national image. These poets of today are working to speak the most eloquent and beautiful sentences that can be

crafted and there is currently no city to the best of my knowledge that is making an effort to amplify this new movement of artistic expression and if Cincinnati became a haven for performance poets some wonderful things would be able to happen because there would be a renaissance of empowerment that would radiate through the city from the mouths of the poets that we would cater to.

I would truly appreciate the opportunity to attend more meetings regarding the conceptualization of a branding strategy for the city of Cincinnati and I would also like to share with you my current magazine project that is being hosted online at ... www.writealot.us ... I encourage you to take a look at the writing that I have done in the last week and from your position as a professional writer would you please provide feedback as to what you think of the quality of my work?

I also wanted to share with you a space online that could be a very open and honest space for you to receive feedback on what others would think about in terms of branding Cincinnati who may not have been able to make it to the council meeting today. There is a bit of honest discussion occurring at the following address that I imagine as a Council Woman you would be able to gain a number of fresh perspectives that would be useful to your initiatives to uplift the city of Cincinnati in the eyes of the national community ... (http://www.reddit.com/r/cincinnati/comments/f4ld1/what_should_Cincinnatis_image_be/) ... I am very serious about acting on behalf of my city because as I am growing as an artist and a writer and I would like to explore the idea of mass media and since we are looking for new ways to market the city to businesses I imagine you would be surprised at how a vibrant arts community would be inspirational to the advertising agencies in Cincinnati, the marketing agencies, the graphics community, and the design community. I would like to work on wonderful ideas with you and I believe that I have much to offer.

Cincinnati and would like to begin working to my fullest potential as a college graduate. Thank you for taking the time to raise an issue that I have been contemplating for some time now and thank you for allowing for the open discussion of ideas and strategies that we can pursue to bring value and revenue into Cincinnati. I look forward to meeting with you in person soon and hope that we can work together to bring a

new level of prosperity to our lovely city.

yours,

Nicholas Lawson

that letter to the mighty mike mcgee letter

Mike,

I just watched a number of your videos and sort of feel like I have at least a small idea of what it would be like to be around you. I think I'd have a good time. That being said I wanted to share with you myself so that you could know what it would be like to spend some time with me. From one artist to another I am humbly extending my hand to you. You inspired me deeply with In Search of Midnight recently and I just couldn't stop thinking after just absorbing it. Thank you.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WSFzYTbNT2g>

Michael,

I just listened / watched / absorbed / thought through your poem video for In Search of Midnight. I thought that the repetition of the word midnight took on a rhythmic quality that reinforced the message you kept conveying of people doing what it takes to get by. You were telling the story of the most interesting people in society the people that are working their way up or working their way out of situations that no one wants to be in but that everyone has to go through when your family connections aren't as solid as a power line.

Mike I gotta tell you, I like you. I like your story and I have been following it since I first heard about you. I am a poet. It's all I have ever wanted to be and its all that I will ever care about in my life. All I care about is writing and the quality of the story that is being told. From what I have read you tour mercilessly in a genre of entertainment that is in the process of being built. Its because of people like you that we have a movement and a future in this field of performance poetry. I wanted to tell you about myself because there is a part of me that just wants to be known by you. I just want you to know who I am and to know that I love the song "Central Reservation" by Beth Orton. I love both the electronic remix and the soft melodious version. She is a thirty something singer out of London England and she is my sweetheart though she doesn't even know where the city I live in is on the map. If you asked Beth Orton where Cincinnati is on the map she would probably

look at you puzzled but that doesn't change the fact that she is my favorite singer. Now you know about my musical tastes. I also love Tupac and Rappin 4 Tay.

I'm just hanging out with you right now man. Its me , Beth Orton and a keyboard and I am just rapping with you. I hope you don't mind. I honestly figure that if I write you the longest message you ever received on Facebook that maybe I will stand out enough that you will respond to me in some fashion. I think you are a celebrity, at least you are to me. You aren't manufactured in your personality and you look at the world through honest eyes. I dig that. I dig that heavily.

Can I be honest with you? I think that what you are a part of with Write Bloody is one of the most awe inspiring efforts that I have ever seen online. Here you have Derrick Brown who was a Gondolier of all things one day waking up staring at a group of poets who all need help with their chapbooks and he just says "Alright bet. I will sell your chapbook but you have to do something for me. You have to tour. I will treat you like a fucking king but you have to fucking tour like you are building a genre of entertainment." I dig that and then he signs to his poetry label Anis Mojgani this Bahitian poet who says the most lovely words ever spoken. He signs Buddy Wakefield who worked in corporate america sold it all and just fucking started touring and now he has like six books a CD and a DVD. Then you have Sarah Kay who actually responded to an email of mine when I sent her the loveliest poem I ever wrote, she thanked me and melted my heart with gladness. I don't know if Sarah is part of Write Bloody or not but she should be.

That website is probably the finest example of online entrepreneurship I have ever seen. I can't tell you how amazing I think poetry is in the age of the computer in the information age. If we are in fact in the information age and I don't think anyone can deny that we are then lets ask ourselves ... what is the most valuable information? We still live in a capitalistic society right? I mean I hear stories that we are transforming into Western Europe but really, that's not true we are in a recession. I think you can be considered ahead man, Mighty Mike McGee because if it would interest you to know I think the most interesting form of information the most valuable form of information is well ... art. What is more valuable than art in the information age? In the Industrial Age

art was valuable it gave people a reason to randomly purchase goods and tools and to lump them together. Art in the Industrial Age was a means for an artist to be a spokesman for the tool manufacturers. When you saw musicians at the pinnacle of their popularity in the 80's filling arenas you had to wonder why they were given such attention. IT was because they were artists who were expert musical goods salesmen. Led Zeppelin knew how to sell a fucking guitar. Louie Armstrong could sell a fucking horn and Jim Morrison could sell a fucking microphone and that guy from Def Lepeord could fucking sell a drum and he could fucking do it with one arm. With a single fucking arm he fucking sold an entire drum kit to thousands of people. Picasso could sell paint and wood frames and canvas and gesso. Art is about sales I believe. The best love the sale. I could be wrong but when I see art I see an intricate ecosystem of use and providing.

One man wakes up in the morning and goes to work to build a hammer. The next day he wakes up and gives that hammer to an artist. The next day the artist that has the hammer goes and looks for a nail and one man wakes up ready to build another hammer and another guy wakes up ready to sell his first nail. The artist gets paid to use the hammer and the nail and to validate the work of the hammersmith and the nailsmith. The artist is a collector of sorts who obtains tools and uses them in intricate ways.

Herein lies the problem that we are faced with. We don't live in the age where people are exploring the production of tools. We live in the era where all of the tools have already been fucking produced. There is nothing left to fucking build. We have the internet we have Chipot-lesTM and we have an interstate highway system lled with more cars than there are people to drive them. The system did not collapse it came to full fruition.

This is where I see the beauty of your work and the beauty of my work. We live in the Information Age and honestly the Information Age is the age of artistry. We are in a bit of an unfair situation, this explains your In Search of Midnight poem. Every struggling person in the UNited States is not struggling due to lack of work or lack of ability. We are still the mightiest nation on earth but we are also ahead of the technological curve. Typically a major massive upheaval of society occurs when one a

single new tool is developed. This process normally takes thousands of years in the process of tool development, deployment, skill building, normalization and then a new problem is found and a new tool is built to solve a new problem and this goes on and on relatively slowly because people are spending far too much time talking to each other, toiling in the fields of farming and essentially working on making their lives easier. Much work goes into the creation of a simple life. You have to spend generations upon generations upon generations of intermingling families each developing and learning because of each other to develop a single tool and a marketplace for that tool. A single tool in a warehouse solves problems that you may not even know you have.

Now part of the reason in my belief that you are seeing what you are seeing and the reason that a new genre of expression is building up is because we live in a new era. First off remember we did not ask to be created and we certainly did not have a choice as to when we could have been created. We could have been born in Burma around the turn of the second century but that did not happen. We could have been born in Trinidad during the eighteenth century and we could have been born in Rome during the reign of caesar but none of that happened. We were born at the cusp of the 21st century and in this century we have the following & follow me on this & we have an interstate highway system and access to automobiles that cost roughly \$1000 at auction if you know where to look which means that for \$1000 and some gas money you can travel to the farthest reaches your imagination and patience can take you and further if you have a passport. We have airplanes that will take you around the entirety of all that exists which means essentially infinite space in three days. We have multi room houses with locks and doors and high definition television and high speed internet traffic which essentially means that we have access to all of the knowledge that has ever been created since the dawn of breathing bipedal humans a click away on a mouse and a keyboard which & pardon be for saying this & the keyboard is the laziest invention since the dawn of mankind.

I look at keyboards and I just grimace. I don t mind anything else in all of human existence but I loathe the keyboard. It s the most disgraceful unceremonious banal repugnant sleazy vomit inducing invention since the dawn of people whittling sticks together and making fire. From the

time the universe was created it took all of evolutionary history to come to the point of language. The creation of symbols to be placed in prearranged orders for the purposes of storing information and transferring information from one complex arrangement of neurons to another complex arrangement of neurons and then these languages because there were more than one developed. There have been thousands of languages developed. There has been a constant evolution of the human language for millennia and then the keyboard comes along and spell checkers. This is where I get heated. The powers that be stunted our evolution. That is why we have poetry performances that should be filling arenas with adoring fans falling on deaf ears of people that kind of appreciate it.

I'm looking at this whole world of poetry and I feel like we are the new pioneers of the information age. We don't need any of this and because of the last one hundred years of Industrial innovation we have reached a social pinnacle, some of us have at least those that avoid video games like the plague, and we are just looking at the world. You have that look in your eye Mike. You have that its not that I have seen it all and done it all and can do it all but that I know I exist and I am conscious of my existence and honestly I think this is a fairly strange world look in your eye. It's a very specific and peculiar look. Tell me you don't feel that way? Tell me you don't look at this civilization everyday and just wonder. So you write. That's why I write. I gave up on developing any sort of external value and have completely and whole heartedly given in to the fact that I live in the information age and that my existence has been relegated to pushing buttons and making noise. That's what I hate. I hate what I should have been and I hate how I was groomed to be a button pusher in an age that I should have been scribing my words with a fine quill. I'll never know what good penmanship is because they literally stopped accepting handwritten assignments in school. I couldn't have developed good handwriting if I had wanted to because the teacher was only ever going to accept a print out from the printer. I just stare at the world mike.

I love the poetry that I am hearing and I love the music that I am listening to but I rebel against all of this because there are just too damned goddamned many tools. Its like the Massachusetts Institute of Technology has been having epileptic brain farts for the last one hun-

dred and fty years and crazy shit is just popping up everywhere. Do you realize how long it is going to take for us to find an equilibrium artistically with everything that we are surrounded with. Do you realize that this internet is going to be around forever. We have one hundred years left to live and lets not forget about time travel. Fuck. Time travel is going to become as commonplace as ordering a Big Mac someday because they did it all wrong. There are no ceremonies left. Everything is get grab go. No one cries anymore. This is what I am proposing. I have a group of poet friends that are involved in some heavy activities. We all are. I should probably introduce myself. My name is Nicholas Lawson and I am one of the poets here in Cincinnati, OH. I have been to the Canary Islands, North Wales, Germany, England, San Francisco, New York City, Boston, Orlando, Fort Myers, Bel Air, Cleveland, Columbus, Little Rock and Xenia. I spent ten years at the University of Cincinnati and spent a year studying at the University of Westminster in London England in elds such as Graphic Design, Digital Design, German Studies, Fine Art, and nally English Literature. I've spent probably 10,000 hours surng and staring at the internet. I have spent several thousand hours in a classroom. I've been to probably 200 poetry open mics and performed at probably all of them. I've been performing since I was 18 at Cody s Caf  and then I went from there and started performing at Shakers in Town and then I performed at the Jupiter Room and Cancun s Cantina in Norwood. I can't forget the infamous Historic Greenwich Tavern which has been the stalwart performance space for just about forever. Mark Yates is a God where I come from and I won't hear otherwise. I've worked at Hasbro Games Research and Development as a game developer, Eric Doepkes Architectural, Bacals Caf  as a dishwasher and host, Lees Famous Recipe as a friend chicken cook, Gadzooks as a retails sales clerk and professional flirtsman, Blockbuster Video as a shelf restocker, I worked for Short Vine Redevelopment as a web developer, I worked for the Public Allies as a researcher and I worked for a public television station Media Bridges as a web developer and researcher. That is pretty much my life up to now. I am leaving out some information because my life feels dense and I can't remember it all.

Again, this is what I am proposing. If you have read this far then we can definitely form a relationship that could be mutually beneficial. I know poets. I know great poets. We have a Lyrical Insurrection DVD

coming out quite soon. We have a Hip Hop Album coming out quite soon. We have affiliations with Ohio Chapter of the Hip Hop Congress (<http://www.hiphopcongress.com/chapters/cincinnati-community-chapter/>) through Hakym and Tiffany Shair and we have affiliations with Sunfood Sovereign (www.sunfoodsovereign.com) through Khasa Silasi and we have an affiliation with the Knowledge Nation through myself at (www.writealot.us) we also have the Lyrical Insurrection which has won a Best In Cincinnati Poetry Spot award. We are linked with singers, rappers, poets, authors, actors, photographers, non protesters, and chefs. We have a very interesting and beneficial situation in Cincinnati that on the surface you would never see.

We want to do films. Mike. Can I talk to you about making films. I am just laying it all out there in a short term. This is the information age and the most valuable information is the most difficult information to create and the most fulfilling to experience both on the production side and on the witnessing stage.

I have written Derrick Brown an email before and I guess I didn't make much of an impression. Mighty Mike McGee can we talk about creating a relationship between the Write Bloody Camp and the Lyrical Insurrection Camp here in Cincinnati. We could bridge some important gaps in cultural capacity and we tour as well here in Cincinnati. I have been to Louisville, Indianapolis, Cleveland, Columbus. We enjoy lovely times here in Cincinnati and honestly I would like to invite you to come out and spend some time with us at one of our shows that currently take place every other Sunday for the Lyrical Insurrection.

Oh shit, I almost forgot to tell you two things. One. The Knowledge Nation. That is in line to be what Write Bloody is in your sphere. All I have to do is activate a single plug-in on my Word Press theme and I have a store that can accept credit card payments. That might not mean much but over a 60 year cycle of existence that is going to add up to some money because of the absolute quality of the work that we are going to be representing at the Knowledge Nation and if there are trademark issues we will quickly revert to a moniker known simply as Erithian Nation. I am developing the Knowledge Nation through the perseverance of ten years spent clicking keys on these keyboards and reading and watching movies and watching television and studying

music. I just absorbed so much and now I have a website that is the essence of what I am talking about as an artist and pioneer.

The second thing I wanted to talk to you about that would benefit Write Bloody, Knowledge Nation and the Lyrical Insurrection would be to make films. Mike. I want to act with you. I want to be in a scene with you talking about filming something important that may allow us to continue to lead our treasured lives the way we see fit with maybe some nicer computers to work with. I love me an apple computer even though I do hate the keyboard. I love mice though. I think clicking a mouse is a lovely existence. I wish we had electronic pens that would allow us to have digital handwriting. I would love to spend sixty years of my life using a mouse and an electronic pen to get my creations on the screen. I love this language and I love the work that we can do. Mike, again. Films. We as poets are devout to beautiful writing. I have three screen plays that I would love for you to be a part of when we start production here in Cincinnati. I would also love it if we created poetry music videos more often. There's nothing left to do but to do it and we already do it to death so why not do it to the afterlife and be remembered forever. Which imagine the fact that it's a lot easier to have an eternal personality in a dense media empire than at the inception of one. Reputations fade but prolific digital work at the inception of a new field of expression will be eternal into eternity.

I love to write Mike. If you have read this far then you have the kind of attention span that I admire. If I could leave you a gift for having read all of this I would have left it right here & www.writealot.us & nicholas@writealot.us & www.sunfoodsovereign.com & that is as close to a gift as I can achieve in the written word & links to other valuable information.

Mike you are a treasure on earth. Thank you for your poetry. Thank you for your presence and thank you for your character. I look up to you and your hustle because you are helping to make this poetry realm what it is supposed to be

important.

With the utmost sincerity,

Nicholas reigle Anthony bossart Nicholas Lawson the First

that vanilla sky essay

I watched Vanilla Sky for the fifth time yesterday and I would like to point out how completely unfair it is that our generation is subjected to such mind altering cinematic masterpieces. My life isn't difficult enough as it is to now have to question the very nature of reality on top of all that I have to deal with.

I remember having dreams many years ago where I was approached by two individuals who addressed themselves as technical support for reality interventions and they addressed their concerns with me that they just could not read my thoughts. Now normally I would consider this just an aberrant dream that is in response to the growth of the computing industry and my involvement in the internet, however in light of Vanilla Sky, I would like to better understand the nature of the reality that I am facing. What if I am a client?

What if this is a reality that is being crafted for me by an outside entity that is working to actively provide me with a sense of purpose? I don't know. I do know that I do not remember being asked to be created as that is true for everyone and now that I have been created I feel as though I am inside the mind of my creator. As far as I can tell I was created by Kathy Lawson. In essence this is her world, I am walking around her thoughts, and I am engaging with her creations. I firmly believe that I am inside of the world of my creator whomever that should be. We are all inside of the world of a woman. I get the impression from the world around me that the woman's world we are inside of has been actively trying to destroy herself for quite some time.

I believe this to be the end result of evil men trying to manipulate the goddess without her consent for seductive gains and for destructive results. Vanilla Sky to me represents a reality that is mirrored in movies such as Tron, the Matrix, and Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind, these ideas also coincide with the concept of heaven and hell as the idea of heavens and hells reinforce the concept that what we are experiencing now is not all that there is to be experienced as there is something that occurs after we die that is better than what we are faced with now, there is also the idea that what we are faced with after we die is worse than what we are experiencing now. Either way there is a dramatic

amount of effort placed into the concept that the right now is not worthy of our time, a moment at a later date is and all of the work that will make that moment great for us will be done for us.

I take issue with this. I take issue with the idea that we are to wait for a better life after we die, that we are to wait until we are cryogenically frozen and then thawed to wake up in a better world, that we are to build a computer simulation to exist within that will give us a better world. All of these concepts are forms of escapism to me and serve to only distract us from the now that we have in front of us at the moment.

We are willing to go to great lengths and spend great amounts of time to distract ourselves from the real reality that we are confronted with now in front of us. There is no reason to wait for a better future as we can perfect the present and in doing so the future will be perfected as well. Penelope Cruz in Vanilla Sky accepts the idea that it can all be turned around with every passing moment. This is a very beautiful and true sentiment as at any moment the universe can begin to heal itself to absolute perfection. The degree to which our lives will be perfected is the degree to which we are willing to perfect our lives in the moment. Vanilla Sky is a wonderful opus on the confusing and convoluted concepts that involve the creation of hyper realities where anything is possible. Those hyper realities exist right now in front of us. The conception of the reality that you wish to experience is compounded by the amount of work that you are willing to do to bring such a reality to bear. Look at the character Tom Cruise in Vanilla Sky. He begins the movie absorbed in a world of high finance, powerful humans, and absolute creative authority. This is a man who earns his living being professionally creative. This to me is why Tom Cruise and Life Extension are such powerful allies for each other to each other and by each other. For a writer, the possibility of a reality that is malleable and eternal and timeless is such a beautiful thought to experience because as with Tom Cruise, every wonderful instance of life is experienceable again and again and again.

I would like to point out a fatal flaw that I find quite sinister in the film Vanilla Sky. It is the moment when Tom Cruise is on top of the sky scraper. Now I wholeheartedly disagree with Mr. Cruise's choice to jump off of the top of a skyscraper at any point in his timeline as a

human being. I believe that the entity that was tempting Cruise to jump off of the building was essentially the embodiment of Saytan and is reminiscent of the tempting of Jesus to jump off of the cliff. This creature is the same character as the Saytan in the Catholic Bible.

Now what issue I have with this moment is that , knowing all that Tom Cruise knows about everything that he has been told, to decide to jump off of the building is just disappointing. What he should have done in this situation is walk over to Penelope Cruz who was standing there looking at him and he should have reinitiated his reality at that moment and knowing all that he knew at that moment, walked over took her hand and invited her to coffee.

This may have been to the disagreement of the Saytan but he is only there to provide the highest levels of trickery known to mankind. What would Saytan's interest have been in asking Tom Cruise to jump off of the building been? Well, quite honestly, the Saytan may have issue with the lifestyle that Tom Cruise was living and singled Tom Cruise out for his own special kind of punishment. When faced with a situation such as what Saytan provided there be as normal as possible. If the answer to your problem ever involves jumping off of a building to find the solution, then maybe that is a solution that should not be discovered or unearthed. Never jump off of a building , under any circumstances. If anything is possible then so is being shown a solution that does not involve self-immolation. How different and amazing would Vanilla Sky have been if Tom Cruise had walked over to Penelope Cruise and asked her out to lunch , she could have said yes and all would have been right with the world.

That is not what happened though, Saytan, tempted Cruise to jump off of the building and he did so. That just goes to show you the power of manipulation that Saytan will go to in order to get the affect that he would like to see in the world itself. The matrix is another movie that involves a false reality where falling off of a building is seen as the ultimate expression of one's faith in reality. Again this is devastatingly obtuse and wicked. One should not put oneself in ultimate danger just to discover if one can be in ultimate danger. In other words, do not jump off of buildings for any reason. Period.

Vanilla Sky is an interesting, reality bending movie, that serves to make my life more difficult by proposing quite convincingly a concept that I already take to heart in terms of the holodeck on star trek, the inner world of the computer on Tron, the inside the matrix in the matrix, the inside the mind of Eternal Sunshine of a Spotless Mind, and Lucid Dreaming in Vanilla Sky, time travel in Back to the Future is another example of multiple realities being explored. Total Recall is another. I would just like to point out that all of these films have only served to make the lives of people like mine more difficult. If you really dig in and develop an understanding of these films you end up walking around reality just staring at it and wondering what it is in fact is.

I believe in this , that I am experiencing and I understand that it will improve with time because of the relationships that I am building around me and because of the work that I am doing to improve my surroundings. I cannot and will not allow myself to fall victim to the idea that life will be magically better in a reality that is not this one. If I wish for this reality to improve I must do the work of improving it myself and in starting a busi–ness or a company it serves the purposes of being successful by finding the people that believe similarly and wish to work to collectively improve their surroundings for the purposes of sustaining oneself and those around oneself.

that sarah palin letter

Miss Palin,

I would like to speak to you about the battle of the sexes. I would be willing to as a devout alpha male to concede that you are indeed the most powerful woman in the world. I am highly impressed. That being written. I would like to propose to you the following scenario for your approval. Imagine a scenario where you are running on a treadmill and there is a man giving you a back massage while you are running and it is quite a comfortable situation for you. As you are being given a back massage while you are running therapeutically there is also concurrently a man mowing your lawn and while this is occurring there would also be a man going grocery shopping for you and while this is happening there would also be a man doing your taxes for you to his highest ability with this there would also be a man taking your pets for a walk and cleaning up their litter for you with this situation enacted there would also be a man installing a futuristic shower in your bathroom that shoots sheets of water at you at a lovely velocity and feels as amazing as warm water would be able to feel and while this is happening there would also be a man planting a large number of flowers in your garden and there would also be a man cleaning your silver and there would be a man writing poetry for you that would be about you and there would be a man writing engaging in correspondence with all of the major television networks in order to bring you the type of television engagements that you deserve and that would sustain you much more elegantly than the united states government ever could and there would be a man who would be speaking on your behalf to your congressional representative making certain that your tax dollars are being spent wisely and there would be a man walking around taking photographs of you and your house and your life and they would work for national geographic and there would be a man writing a biography about your life and there would be a man consistently working to book you tickets to all of the most pressing social events in the world and there would be a man who would be working to ensure that your press releases were always timely and hand delivered with a smile and a nod and there would also be a man who would be working to ensure that your car was always spotless and washed and smelling quite nice and there would also be a man working to ensure that your mail was always

taken care of to the best of their ability and there would be a man who would be cooking for you on a regular basis the most elegant meals that the world has to offer and there would be a man whose sole purpose would be to ensure that you have the nest shoes in the world and the finest clothing jewelry and perfume.

I can understand your desire to be the most powerful woman on earth and that you feel that in order to ensure that this happens that you would need to be spend your time in the white house taking care of ridiculous matters of the state when in reality you could be overseeing the assurance of your own personal legacy as the most powerful woman who has ever graced the face of planet earth and I know this scenario may seem appealing but imagine that this would be your situation for at least a span of eight years and quite honestly I feel that this would truly be a wonderful compromise to our tea party surprise party conflict that we seem to be experiencing.

I would like to point out to you that the white house is at this point only that ... a white house ... and at this point the united states government essentially has access to all of the exact same information that the rest of the known world has and as such ... do you really want to work as hard as you are and subject yourself to the kind of treatment that you have been ... just to live in a mausoleum? I imagine that if you could be catered to in a very overflowing manner that you might feel as though what is essentially possible for you after this email is more appealing a lifestyle to strive for than the lifestyle you were striving for before your received this email. I am pointing out that you have options and if push comes to show we could call this the Sarah Palin Treatment and at the very least I believe that it would make for a timeless YouTube video. I look forward to hearing from you and yours and I would like to meet you for dinner sometime to discuss the writing that I am exploring at ... www.writealot.us ... I think you will find that we share common interests and that honestly the future is whatever we would like it to be ... I hope you enjoy my writing and if you reply it will increase the chances dramatically of you being able to wear a recent brassiere hat was created that from what i understand is worth \$2 million dollars.

I hope you find your day to be supremely lovely and that you receive a level of stress relief from this email as this has been therapeutic for

me to write and I hope it has been therapeutic for you to read. I look forward to seeing you in Cincinnati, OH quite soon and believe that we can offer you services in our Republican oriented city that you would not find anywhere else.

Good day Miss Palin and thank you for making our wonderful country that much more enjoyable with your presence.

with sincerity,

Nicholas Anthony Nicholas Lawson the First aka The Poets Lawyer It

Dear Steve Wozniak,

Did it all turn out the way you thought it would? From your garage there was some tinkering done and you developed the first Apple computer. At the time I imagine it was a novel invention but did you imagine that it would turn into this? Did you ever think you would achieve your goal of a computer on every desktop? I understand that at the time you were just looking at the computer as a box that people wanted but what were the philosophical questions like surrounding the computer? Do you feel like the computer truly changed our lives for the better? I know children that are being born today that will never know a world that does not have a computer in it , to them it will have always existed.

Steve, you changed the world in ways that you cannot possibly fathom. Do you feel like it was meant to be? Do you feel like what you did improved the world? You basically created a new path for the evolution of the human form to take. We will never know what it was like before you created the computer in our hometowns. You toppled an institution and to me from my perspective I think that things got and are out of control. I personally don't feel like there should be a business that takes the most powerful computational device known to the history of mankind and sells it like a vacuum cleaner. I think your company should have done more testing over longer periods of time to study how that computer would be used in our lives and I think you should have looked at the work you were doing and wondered if it was worth the effort.

Now that it is here Steve and we have reached CS5 ... I think your company should begin delving into the television industry in some fashion. I think you should start telling us what you created and how to use it effectively. Honestly the complete lack of television infrastructure into the world of the computer is astounding to me. Where are our television showcases that inform us how to use Adobe Photoshop? Where are our television shows that tell us how to use the internet? Where are our television programs that tells us what the computer symbolizes?

I don't think it is taken seriously enough and it seems as though you have not done enough to educate your patrons as to just what they are purchasing. Me personally, I have spent thousands of hours reading internet based web content that is connected to your computers and I have calculated that I have easily pressed somewhere in the neighborhood of five million keystrokes and roughly one million mouse clicks. I have been heavily vested in this machine from an early age never quite realizing what it is or what it is capable of. It is new the way that radiation is new and the way that light is new.

You could have been writers, you could have been painters, you could have been actors, you could have been journalists, you could have been photographers, you could have been professors, you could have been supervisors but no ... you were computer scientists and I don't think you were conducting quite enough experiments. When will the computer be finished? I just want to know, is this computer going to be worked on for the next several decades? Is it going to keep becoming more and more and more powerful? Is that the goal to place as many high powered processors in the hands of people as possible? You have your new iPad and now you are coming out with the iPad 2 and I saw your new application download component that is with your iTunes 10.

Now any families that were in the newspaper industry are looking for work. bookstores are closing down, video rental stores are closing down, the music industry is no longer an industry, the film industry is dramatically changing , all of it is in direct relation to your computer. Do you ever think about the fact that for another several millenia we would have been content drawing, painting, writing, and making films and would never have needed the computer? What about those video games? They started off innocently enough as arcade halls where kids could gather and play and then you made the processors faster and now kids just sit at home playing this game that they think has existed forever never considering the fact that there was a time when playing outside under twilight was the birth place for dreams. You gave us something while you took something away. You told us to think different and now we do think dierent and we will never be able to think the same again.

I am lucky , I have child hood memories of playing in the street and

throwing a frisbee and maybe in my free time I will hire a programmer to come along and create an application on the iPad 15 that lets kids play catch with their iPhone. It just seems to me that you created so much change in so little time that sometimes I just look around and wonder where I am. I think about my dreams as a child and how because of the work you did those dreams no longer apply and might as well just be thrown out with all of the other memories that I used to have about the future.

I am worried about our children and not because of the fact that their lives may be skewed from a piece of technology that reaped in many many billions of dollars of capitalistic revenue. I am worried about our children because they live in a universe that you created that you will never understand. You lived with the computer for maybe half of your life and during that time you were building it and thinking of what it can do, kids today will be living with the computer for 100 % of their lives and on top of that they live in an internet connected world that you never grew up in. Can you name any traditions or cultural institutions that these children can learn from?

I worry that you still believe your values have value in a world where children are being given a very different world to live in than the one you did. Before the computer when life was literally and I cannot stress this enough ... quite simple ... the older you became the more valuable you became through hard work and you could pass on your traditions to your children who would pass on their traditions to their children and on and on and this worked just fine until the computer. Now there is a generation of children that has to move in a completely different direction. We are just looking at you at this point wondering what you did to us and our lives. I read every day about how we have to basically rebuild our social constructs.

Some of us take this all very seriously and I just think to myself that had I never encountered the computer I could be tapping away in an analog world where everything made sense and instead now I have more questions than answers and I believe it will always be like that but thanks to google ... well I can find the answers to all of my questions in a couple of keystrokes. I want for nothing. There is not a piece of food that I cannot have, there is not a piece of clothing I cannot wear, there

is not a bit of information that I cannot find and there is not a place in the world I cannot go and all of this is thanks to you. You have taken the mystery out of my life. I understand every aspect of basically every corner of the world and can explain to you the essence of every political, educational, and entertainment institution.

At this point all I now how to do is replicate and in my career I am going to build a new political institution, a new educational institution and a new entertainment institution because I am thirty and I represent every single person who is younger than me and the older I get the less of you there will be and the more of them there will be. They need to be represented and before they get to the point that I am at there needs to be new ceremonies created, new dogmas created, and new traditions created and I know how to go about doing this. I understand how to heal this and bring us back to a potent state of homeostasis. It is going to take the rest of my life but by the time I am finished every generation after the work that I have done is going to look at earth as though it is a natural playground filled with wonder and amazement.

You might wonder how this could possibly be possible and I will tell you, it simply has to do with the language. At this point words are our most valuable asset. Simply put we are starting with words and it might surprise you to know that from my vantage point I can see into your mind. I have been staring at your thoughts for fteen years. I have been staring at this internet and searching and searching and searching and it dawned on me not to long ago that every moment in the history of mankind has been for the purposes of creating sentences for us to use to speak with and about after the fact.

We live to talk about what we did in the moment prior to the moment we are experiencing now. That is it and that is all that this is. We do to talk about what we did. If we did something good we will have something good to talk about and if we did something bad we will have something bad to talk about. What do you think you are talking about? Are you talking about something good or something bad right now? I also know this much ... we get to spend the next ten thousand years at the very least ... filling these machine with content. Think about every single computer that comes off of your assembly lines, they are worthless. Literally you spent billions of man hours building something that

is inherently worthless. You have created a content management system and here is the thing. No matter how many billions of man hours you spend creating your machine it still only serves the purpose of being a conduit for the arts and information sciences.

I mean you computer scientists and programmers you talk about variables as though they are the last thing you should be worried about, well I am an artist, the variable is the first thing we think about. Buying a computer should not be as simple as walking into a Best Buy and handing a guy that was hired last week \$500 and taking home a ridiculously powerful machine that is only going to be used to go online and look at 'youtube'. That's it, that is all the potential you see when you see those computers? When you purchase a computer today first you should have to set up an appointment with a computer specialist who is there to determine if you deserve one of these machines that you will be getting for free. We are not selling them anymore. No that is not how this is going to work. Our generation has a different definition for money and that definition is time. If I spend time talking to you and working with you I am engaging in business with you. That being said and considering that there is literally no money left for us to spend we have to transform our society from the internet up and we have to pull ourselves up by our websites or something like that.

No tomorrow if you want a computer you have to schedule an appointment with a specialist who will be checking any and all credentials to gauge whether or not you deserve a computer and access to the internet. If you are found to be the type of person that deserves access to all of the information that has been created since the dawn of time, consider yourself lucky. Your computer will be delivered to your home and a team of specialists will come in your home and with your computer you will receive a digital camera, a digital video camera, a complete suite of software, and a high level fiber optic connection to the internet.

Following this we will sit down at your dining room table and someone will go and make some coffee and we are just going to sit and talk. At this point you have been welcomed into the future and we are going to at length discuss the computer and the internet and we are going talk about what you plan on doing with this computer. We have a vested

interest in this moment because we are going to be keeping track of how many Mac Pro's exist in any given community as that is for now going to be our main metric unit for assessing the property values of a given community to begin with. A community will be given a potential metric that is basically a number that symbolizes how many mac pros are within twenty five miles of city hall. Then with that number we are going to estimate how much content should be being created at a given rate and this number will help us determine property values. If you live in a productive community you live in a wealthy community and if you live in a complacent community you will be living in a community that may be functional but will not be considered wealthy.

We will not be selling the machines, no we will be purchasing the content created on these machines and then reselling it in the form of entertainment. Content is the new currency. A dollar bill is a piece of art. A coin is a piece of art. A check is a piece of art. A credit card is a piece of art. We are actually all going to become art dealers. I take a computer and I infinitely upgrade its value by filling it with my several thousand pages of original writing. I just have to write and survive and hopefully in the process I can help to make your lives easier by applying the thoughts that I have been thinking on your behalf.

The creation of art is what generates wealth. All of the people that reside at the margins of society, your singers, your writers, your photographers, your comedians, your poets, your authors, your journalists, your painters, your dancers, and your musicians. These are all of the people that bring value to your community. Everyone else works to bring about an environment where these people can work and produce the kind of content that the entire universe can be proud of and revel in. Your storytellers are the most valuable people in existence and right now is the greatest time to be an artist since the dawn of mankind and I will tell you why.

Prior to computers artists had a finite amount of space to work with. We had sheets of paper that would run out, we had ink that would run out, we had painting supplies that would run out, we had concerts that would end, and we had film that would be used up. Well because of all of the work that you have done these same people that used to be limited by their mediums are now experiencing a state where they have

infinite amounts of sheets of paper, infinite amounts of photographic memory, infinite amounts of time and people who want to listen to their music, and a limitless palette of color. You literally are selling billions of gigabytes of empty memory and the only way we are going to enact value out of these worthless machines is by placing content within them and then selling the units once they have been filled with content. Basically the future of the computer is one that has no applications on it , the future of computing is a machine that is already filled with all of the information that humanity has to offer and then if you would like you can explore to your hearts content. You exist , you exist now, and so you deserve it.

I would like to point out that none of us had anything to do with this and we as a generation are just starting to become powerful enough to make our voices heard. Remember you created us, we did not create you. You created this, we only have been using it. For a long time it is apparent that your lust for financial information has blinded you from the fact that in your wake you have created a new natural environment. We exist in this natural environment and we cannot even learn from your stories about how you made it in the world. Do you know how many ridiculously competent and brilliant people I know that are struggling to survive? Do you know how embarrassing this is for us that are trying to start families and live lives of substance and are thirty years old with multiple college degrees and friends of people who have college degrees and simply cannot have enough money to use to even do business with. We know the money is worthless we watch the news but in your world we cannot even barter with our local shoe salesmen and cut deals that would make our lives easier no we have to use your useless currency and its maddening.

I read about the colleges that you have created and I in fact actually graduated from college this last june. I accumulated 315 credit hours of university time. That amounts to roughly 105 three month classes. I literally took 105 classes that each lasted three months each. Each credit hour of class I took accounted for one hour a week for three months. That means that I spent 315 hours of my time multiplied by twelve weeks which amounts to roughly 4000 hours of time spent in the classroom alone. That is not counting time spent on homework or the three years I spent in digital design school being told that what I was

learning would be useless in five years and taking classes that were weighted half of their credit value because they were studio times and this doesn't count the countless conversations and the countless pages of free form writing that i created nor the times i spent in dierent countries nor the times i spent performing as a poet.

I am the pinnacle of education and have an absolute mastery over the english language at a time when newspapers are failing, magazines are failing but the computer is doing great and everyone seems to be fine and happy just so long as apple keeps coming out with new products. YAY ITS THE IPAD 2 and now five thousand writers are out of a job.

What do you think you were building? Do you know how fucking difficult it is to think of something new to build, its all been fucking built? What the fuck do you want us to? What the fuck would you like our children to do? You mother fuckers went and built it all and sold all for essentially nothing. Do you remember moores law that little fuck-wad? Yeah you know how computer processing power is supposed to double every fucking year and half and the price is supposed to stay the same? Yeah well that is what happened but guess what , that little moores law flies right in the face of every economic principle ever created since the dawn of mankind. Do you know how it was supposed to work? The first computer should have cost a dollar. The second computer should have cost two dollars. The third computer should have cost three dollars and on and on and on. Really Moores Law, who the fuck came up with that? If a new computer is more useful than an old computer then why the hell shouldn't it be priced as such and if we reach a point where the computers are not moving like hot cakes ... mother fucking good because that means we have reached a saturation point and maybe we need to fucking spend some time using the old computers and fiure out what the hell we want them to do before we start working on the next generation of computers. I am not saying that Moore's Law did more damage than the concentration camps in dachau but I am saying that moores law completely and irrevocably destroyed your economic system. Now we have to build a new one.

How much is a single photograph worth? Well A photograph is worth more than NO photograph so even on a small scale A photograph has value. A hundred photos has at least one hundred times the value of a

photograph and a thousand photographs has ten times the value of one hundred photographs, no? A single minute of youtube video is worth 1/10 the amount of value of 10 minutes of youtube time. I am just saying we are doing our part and we are creating the content and we are creating the value on your machines but your credit unions cannot issue federal backed currency fast enough to keep up with the amount of art that has been created.

i am so tired. i just walk around so angry most of the time that i feel a slight bit of euphoria. i just stare at all of this and i eat my food from the free store food bank and i live in my apartment with my roomate hakiyim and his wife surriah and their children yahweh and mes-siah.

i perform poetry in the hopes that a talent agent will see me and sign me to a record deal like they used to make movies about in almost famous. i've been to new york city and then i realize that their artists have an unfair advantage over our artists here in cincinnati because new york city in all its splendor has complete control over the airwaves so even though i have performed at several hundred shows here in cincinnati i cannot earn a living doing what i love because i have to compete with some no name hacks from a city that doesn't give two shits about my own and i drive around and listen to them wish upon an airplane or sing about lemonade or whatever else the fuck they are saying to get on their radio. then i turn on the television and i am staring at some idiots from paradise interviewing their local residents and laughing about how blatantly stupid everyone around them is and then the host from what i understand has a garage that is lled with like 150 cars that he purchased himself all because he took some time to share some laughs and make fun of some people while a fucking camera focused on him.

all i am saying is that you are killing us here in cincinnati. you are fucking killing us. we have nothing and the little that we do have you take from us by plastering your artists all over our airwaves and you don't come here. why isn't there a rule or a law that if you are going to send your cd and if you are going to send your music over the airwaves that you have to fucking come and perform and meet the people that are supporting you and if by some utter chance you can't get to every city that you sell your cd or mp3 or wave le then guess what you don't

get to syphon money o of our system and away from our artists. peep this, we have the technology right now to create the effect where when an artist comes to our town we can place their music on our airwaves then since it would be kind of special to listen to the music from an artist when he is in town but this bullshit about playing some godamned mating call when there is no chance of a mating occurring then fuck that.

i know plenty of talented musicians that are radio ready but you know the fuck happens when we approach the radio stations in our own fucking city, they tell us that it doesn't work like that and that i need to go to new york city to get a fucking record deal with a man that does not have my best interests at heart and then i have to come back to cincinnati and maybe my music will hit the airwaves when i know perfectly well that all that it should take is that i hand my cd to a disc jockey and tell him that i have a show this upcoming week and he should be like bet and it should hit the radio and if my friends like it , it stays on the radio and if they don't it doesn't get played and that about it.

i hate you people so fucking much for putting us through this. i hate your capitalism. i hate the fact that you spent 18 years of my life teaching me what negative numbers are so that by the time i graduated from college i would be smart enough to realize that not only do i have nothing but i have this ridiculous concept of less than nothing. hey here is an idea you know there is no money and i know there is no money so why don't we quit acting like i am going to come up with 100,000 dollars any-time soon. if i did have 100,000 you know what i would do? i would start a fucking on profit bank and you know what the purpose of that bank would be? it would be to dole out that 100,000 to everyone in my commu-nity as slowly as possible so that maybe some of the artists that i know could get a fucking bite to eat after performing for fifty people when no one has enough money to pay at the door. bitch we do this for free be-cause we love to do it and all you we have to listen to on the radio is some bullshit about how CASH RULES EVERYTHING AROUND ME ... MOTHER FUCKER THAT MAY BE TRUE IN NEW YORK CITY but in CINCINNATI its all about DREAMS ... motherfucker here DREAMS RULE EVERYTHING AROUND ME.

I am sorry. I am being crass but I am boiling right now just thinking about your city and the way your city markets itself and just sucks up all of the money in the universe and doesn't do shit for anyone else. you put on a show and that's it. if you want to eat you need our food. what the fuck does new york city do that is so fucking important? i would like to know because regis philbin looks like he is comfortable and all he does is laugh. You had howard stern who threw bologna at woman's asses. you have the magazine industry that picks a woman out of the crowd and just photographs her and her friends and that's about it.

who the fuck are you people and why the fuck are you on my television and my radio and what gives you the right to think you are anything more than just a fucking television show in your own fucking city? do you know how fucking valuable our airwaves would be to us if we fucking had access to them , but we don't because you cut deals with everyone in our city and now we talk about prada and gucci when guess what we have just as valuable garments here.

its a facade i get it. well i can see through the facade and i would rather stay in my own city and build something that we can be proud of than emigrate to a place where god knows what would happen to me. i am comfortable here i have my friends here and my family here and i would like to have a small apartment of my own somewhere that i consider to be nice and i would like to make the kind of art that would speak to the people that surround me and live in the kind of world where people know that i helped build something even if it was after everything had already been built. i wanted to build something and so that is what i am trying to do.

Yeah. I guess I will stop here. If you want to reach out and arrest me for writing this you can call the cincinnati police department and give me the nelson mandela. i work at media bridges a community television station. you can call me at 513 312 5204.

Letter to the Anderson Institute

Dear Time Travel Enthusiasts,

I am not really a scientist but I am however a poet. I am very sensitive to the language that I speak and that I write and I would like to offer the following observations that I have made in regards to my readings on the theory of the multiverse as well as my readings about the work of Peter Lynds and my own thoughts on the nature of time that you may be interested in. I would be very interested in an email exchange of some sort with someone who is an expert on time theory and I would especially enjoy a telephone conversation at some point so that I could listen to how you discuss time and the inflections that are made in the voice when discussing the topic.

My main observation that I would like to see explored in the wake of all discussion of time travel and time control and time theory to me are the end effects that this technology would have on the language of the people engaging in such travel. Prior to the exploration of time information was to be discussed and relayed from person to person and from person to computer in a purely narrative style that involved the disseminating of information in a linear fashion. What I would like to point out is that for a person or a group of people who are experiencing time travel or that have traveled through time, their individual concepts of reality and their individual concepts of how they relay information will be fundamentally different.

How would you explain to someone that yes you exist now and that you were born after this moment first occurred according to my timeline? How would you share the knowledge that you have inside of you with an individual who has never experienced or contemplated time travel? I am curious as to how you would consider the changes that would occur to the English language in the wake of the discovery of time travel? It is a very interesting concept to me as a poet because I would be interested in the ideas and the poetry that would be created post time travel? What would the syntax look like, sound like, feel like when discussing it? It is an amazing concept for me to consider as timelines would involve a need for a new vocabulary that would encompass all of the new situations and concepts that would arise in a

post time travel world. We would need new entirely new words that enmesh the ideas of before and after and present as there would be moments that would couple the future with the present and the past with the present and the past with the future that does not involve the present. Normally the past comes before the present which comes before the future but in a post time travel world the future could come before the present which would come before the past for an individual that was traveling through time.

How would one communicate with the people that need to be communicated with in a post time travel world? How would one describe their experiences, create artwork, make music, or craft narratives and conduct business if one is experiencing a post time travel world? How does finance work in a post time travel world because if time is money and money is time and i am born with nothing but then i encounter time travel and travel to a point where i have money and then can i send myself a check from me to me from when I am successful to when I am searching for success? How would finance work in a world that is post time travel?

I believe that these are all thoughts that need to be thought of because the work of time travel is being invested in now such as at the anderson institute and i would like to point out that the wright brothers developed the early technology with which to fly only one hundred years ago and now we have airports all around the world that are tremendously powerful.

I would imagine that one hundred years from now the work that you are doing now is going to be multiplied and entered into the mainstream society in ways that no one can imagine as of now. You invest one hundred years of man power and imagination into time control and you are going to have a very interesting situation on your hands as people are going to be traveling through time as though it were commonplace and there will come a time when the novelty will wear off and some people will essentially be going to work as time travelers and engaging in the work of the time traveler. How do you feel about this? I can understand the concepts of the time traveler from a simple concept that I happened across, the egyptians built the hieroglyphics several thousand years ago and we can see their work now. Essentially the

work they did then was instantaneously transmitted to the future which would be in our timeline. That being written I would like to point out that we now have the internet and this contraption is going to be viewable in the future the way the hieroglyphics are viewable now. I wonder how you feel about this? Does it ever occur to you that the work that is done today is instantaneously viewable in the future and that with the help of the GPS systems that we are developing and with the help of the computational items that we are surrounding ourselves with that we are essentially providing the future with all of the knowledge that they would need to be able to interact with the past in most accurate fashion. They would have the timing codes for all major events and would also have the coordinates to know exactly where to emerge and interact and then leave with no interaction with the present time period. They would also have the internet that would enable them to deliver messages inherently anonymously that could quite heavily redirect our path of existence. I would imagine that our future versions of ourselves are very interested in the well being of the past because the higher the quality of life we experience for ourselves and create for others now will determine how high the quality of life will be for the future and their future selves.

The further back in time the future can improve the past the better of the future of the future will be, no? I bring this up because I would imagine that this time period would be of great great great interest to the far future as they might understand that this would be the time period where the most oil was being burned at the highest rates in the history of recorded human history and it might be interesting to point out that the fuel that we are burning today to spend time with grandma at easter might be the same fuel that is needed to , i don't know, power a massive endeavor to travel to the stars or develop some important form of medication or possibly to even develop a new material that may be necessary for the computing products of the future that would be inherently necessary for discussing the past with the present. I am just saying, the present definitely affects the future and we as a society are currently engaged in behavior that could to some people be considered harmful to the future of our future and in that future they may be extremely angry at the work that is being done at the present moment by the forces that are currently in power presently.

It would make sense that a life spent experiencing an infinite loop of existence may be perpetually working to improve its core inherent experience, whatever that may mean. For instance it would make sense that a futuristic survival instinct may derive itself from the ideas that once one has accepted that self preservation is no longer an issue and that self preservation has been achieved that from that point forward self perfection may be enacted and as one begins to perfect oneself lifetime over lifetime over lifetime moment after moment after moment that certain levels of achievement may be possible as certain lifetimes and certain situations could arise that were never intended to occur and that from which certain breakthroughs of ones consciousness and ones ability to interact with the outer world could be created.

I write this because I am fascinated with the idea of time travel control manipulation and I wonder to myself that if one is successful at time control that one would at some point reach a point where all that one would be able to do is pass thoughts from oneself to oneself from oneself and that the you that exists in the future is intrinsically connected to the you that exists in the present and that the more energy you exert in any given moment will be remembered by your future self and will provide for an inspiration loop that would with success funnel itself back to itself at a point in the past to be repeated in an ever expanding ability to continually experience higher and higher levels of energy and inspiration which could then be generated and dissipated through artwork or even more importantly shared with the surrounding community of people so that the energy that one is feeling or experiencing could then be passed through to other people and aha moments could be shared and more and other people could then begin the process of self correction for the purposes of self energy acquisitional responses.

it could most definitely be believed that all of this would be possible from pondering the basic principle that what you create now is observable by the future immediately and the more you create the more the future has to work with and the more the future has to work with the more energy the future would have to work with and i believe that this is a very important issue to consider when discussing finite resources and that capitalism may have been an important course of economic discovery to chart up to the creation of the computer , internet, gps , automobile quadrati however now that we have reached a point where

we can disseminate information from any point in our earthly existence to any other point in our earthly existence it stands to reason that much much much much of the burning of the fossil fuels that we have access to at this point can be dramatically slowed down to only the most essential oil consumption possible and I say this with all of the humbleness of a man who has spent a lifetime contemplating the ideas that exist within the movies Back to the Future and Slaughterhouse 5 and the Time Traveler's Wife.

It could surely stand to reason that within our subconscious tendencies there exists a need to understand the inherent ability of one to interact with time a concept that Peter Lynds believes is inherently flawed and non-existent. This is an interesting concept in and of itself that there is a singular moment that we interact with in which there is no time to speak of. This idea could be tested in that we could retract all time measuring items and observe how we would exist minus the watches, clocks, and timers that we surround ourselves with daily. Would we be able to exist without measuring time as Peter Lynds supposes that there is no time? What would be left if we deleted the calendars, watches, and clocks and left the study of time to be left to the computers themselves because unlike organic creatures they inherently base their entire existence on the acceptance and they inherently understand time in a way that humans possibly do not.

I believe that the conversations that I am a part of now will only increase in their ability to experience energy and that the conversations that I am holding and the energy that I am sharing with those around me will one day be the type of energy that we will all be capable of sharing with each other in that we are currently experiencing an interaction with information and energy that is not in line with what we would naturally be more happy to experience. For insurance this language and this technology does not serve to improve the human condition, it might serve to improve the computer's condition but not our own, humans are emotional feeling beings who naturally interact with information and existence without the need for time and now that we are to a point where we will be capable of traveling through time, we should ask ourselves what does that exactly mean?

How can you travel through something that does not inherently exist?

Who is fooling who would be a question that I would like to pose in terms of the idea that when you ask me to be somewhere on time you are essentially controlling my existence in a way that you were never meant to do. It would seem that the human condition is resilient enough to weather the storms of countless millenia of obstacles and we still exist and still create and still perform and still interact and still breathe and still pump the blood of the cosmos through our veins and arteries and in spite of plagues and wars and famines and locusts and droughts we still persevere and have now reached a point where we have essentially gained complete control over our existence and nature in the western rist world.

We have reached a point where we collectively want for nothing other than to perfect our interac tions with each other and at this point it could be deemed that we have breached an apex point of great importance where the ideas of the end of existence have obviously been overstated and that what we are experiencing now will be the foundation for all experiences leading up to the moments when we collectively begin to explore the cosmos en mass in massive spaceships whose purpose is to travel to the far reaches of the galaxy and interact with whatever we should nd in other spaces in other galaxies. At some point some of those travelers would create situations similar to what we are experience-ing here on earth now and at those moments those people that left earth at some point in the future may wish to return to the points in their existence that they cherished the most in order to redirect the energy that they found in other existences back to the moments when it would have done the most good to the most people for the most moments in time.

It could very easily be a cyclical exploration of the amounts of energy that we would seek to have access to with the knowledge that the more energy that we would have access to the more good that we could collectively do to and for each other. Would we be able to send the music from the future to the past as a form of energy that would inform them about how to improve their lives and their culture? Would we be able to send writing back to the past the way we can send it into the future by writing it down on sheets of paper?

The way the language of the english language evolved from the time of

Shakespeare to now would be a good indicator that the language that we speak now will evolve heavily in roughly five hundred years time as the words we speak now will not be the words we will speak then and so the question arises what would be a language that could be spoken that would exist both outside of time and outside of culture in such a way that we could all be able to communicate effectively no matter what time period or energy level we were experiencing ola o taya nomay sentia solatiam enteo namaste denu tellia nom atlantia and then we could transform our thought patterns and cleanse our thoughts through the languages that we would speak at different time periods in our human form's existence.

How does all of this affect what you are doing with your work now? I would say that the existence of this email is evidence enough that you are successful in your endeavors and that through the careful introspection of poets like myself and the inspiration that we can provide to your work and that your work can provide to ourselves that we can quite earnestly deliver messages through each other's work that would be imperative to each other's work.

I would like to point out that there are currently a large number of items that describe this time period currently floating safely in space, at some point into the future there will be archaeologists who will mine the artifacts in space for their relevance. A large number of these items will be earmarked with information that leads these people who are searching for knowledge into space into the work that is currently and has been being done in the last century. I can imagine this would be a time period that would be of great importance to the future because this was when we survived the apocalypse Armageddon end of the world battle for survival attempt to commit global suicide that was the world wars and maybe there are not many realities where the course of events went the way that they did, how many universes exist where the bombs on hiroshima and nagasaki did not detonate, we exist in a time period where both bombs were detonated successfully and as such the wars came to a close and we still exist and there are other generations that are being created that are going to exist further into the future than ourselves and they are going to create generations that are going to exist into the future further than themselves and all of these people that are existing from this point on are going to have expert knowledge of

the work that you have been doing and will be doing for the rest of your careers.

I would just like to point this out to you as as a poet the syntaxes that i appreciate the lines of logic that i interact with as a poet in search of the perfect sentences is akin to the effort that you place into studying the causes and effects of time on reality. What are we to think of a computer that is constantly capturing and cataloging the events and the days and the time and the events of every moment and from this point on and from many points before this we have been interacting with the future in that they know expertly about all of the time that exists post internet ubiquity and even before then through our writings and our newspapers and the such so the future even has knowledge of what happened leading up to the web that has been spun for us and here we are exploring the connes of reality deactivating landmines while we mind our minds and realize the sights that we behold are more beautiful than spun gold and so we grow old with the knowledge that we will be forever young and still we work on your machines and explore your ideas to the depths of your decisions.

I implore you to begin making your work known and begin discussing the inspirations that have within yourselves because honestly the work that we are doing is about communicating with people who existed generations before us and will exist generations after us in an eort to improve the quality of life as much as possible in all directions for the purposes of experiencing higher and ever increasing levels of energy that we can then share and impart into our artwork as we experience the sensations that our language was meant for us to experience.

I will leave you with this and hope that we can discuss our viewpoints at some point because hon estly I am extremely fascinated with your work and would like to discuss with you the ramifications of the ideas that you are germinating now and about how we can best ensure that the work that you do benets the most people in the highest forms possible.

if you have read this far thank you kindly and I look forward to hearing from you soon. I'll buy din ner at a lovely restaurant i know of here in cincinnati oh.

with sincerity,

Nicholas Lawson
513 312 5204

that fill your belly poem

FOOD! FOOD! WONDERFUL FOOD!

NUTRITION! SUSTENTATION!

All just within reach.

Walk to the store and see the selection

Which combination shall you choose?

You have a whole assortment of goods to choose from

So be glad that you are in the U S of A

where everything you need is just minutes away

and today just like before

I will reach for the fridge and open the door,

Pull the Mayostard and Soy Sauce out

and begin the process of a taste sensation.

My tongue cries out for flavor!

My stomach cries out to be full!

I am at the mercy of this devourful being that I call me

as I prepare another meal

I wonder how the food chain feels

about refrigerators.

that family dog poem

Little Cookie, brothers dog
love the food, with mouth and paw
stares you down and wonders why
you don't reach down and dignify
his aching stare , his pounding belly
his wagging tongue, and dutiful patience.
Little Cookie, the wonder dog.
I ask who loves food?
...and you raise a paw.

that embrace the binary poem

There comes a time in every man's life
when there are buttons to be pushed.
There comes a time when a man must move
beyond the analog world and embrace all that is digital and
Through careful plucking of digital strings
informative symphonies must be crafted
that will leave legacies on hard drives
and will enable combinations of binaries
to represent combinations of neurons
while I feel like im being graded on my manipulation of energy
so why don't I manipulate some today
and craft the images that will make the professors say
“You passed.”

that neuronaut poem

I'm exploring the language like a neuronaut finding words and tossing them around looking for which ones rhyme and have a solid sound. What's the newest linguistic flavor? I step back and react to an exact phrase while I sit back and enact a moment and soak up the suns rays ... Vocal chords making noise while we're surrounded with sounds frequencies of energy are affecting us now combinations of syllables bringing us around the one million word mark, or mapped out meaningful frequencies. What does a compression wave really mean? Sonic energy surrounding me every single which way, you make noise and I make noise but just make sure that everything you say sounds familiar and I don't know why randomly speaking in tones, makes cerebral cortexes come undone? So let's add some confusion that you'll need me to unconfuse

“Yo dolla fome day, ent yomma so wah, olla folla doni ah!”

and the congregation stood up to applaud because they follow the men with the message who work hard enough to get you to listen refining the syllables that leave your throat makes you hard to ignore when you're building the boat that saves souls and symphonies and makes it easy for people to believe that no matter what the universe does today... tomorrow is going to be okay. Time to get ready to do it all again and if you've read this far

I consider you a friend.

that recovering psychotics poem

For the recovering psychotics!

For anyone that ever saw the inside of the padded rooms! I'm sorry! I'm so sorry! It wasn't supposed to be like this! Maybe it wasn't supposed to be special but it wasn't supposed to be so finite. We were never meant to be schizophrenic or bipolar or ocd or add or autistic. I'm sorry I've experienced too much reality to subscribe to your fantasies. You weren't there and you sure as hell didn't see what we saw behind our eyes. You didn't see what any of us saw behind our eyes! You saw the after school special version of reality and we saw the theatrical release rated R. My screen opened up and left me reeling deep down in the depths of my cerebellum where moths are lost searching glimpses of sunshine there is a small heart shaped box enclosed with a heart shaped lock. Inside that box is all of the love that I have to offer this world most likely it will never be open again but I am trying and every time that box opens

...

My world closes and firecrackers go off behind my eyes because my love runs deep like sycamore trees and is capable of nourishing a planet if saturated with care. I know the key is locked up inside the mind of my match ... my mate...

who i am searching for with the diligence a poet should because it's as real as a galaxy to me and I want to orbit your cosmos so that we can build starlight and awaken on the equinox holding each others hands blending our realities into something awesome.

that bill hicks poem

I can feel the inspiration flood my temples and then I jump to the keyboard to unload my mental flu that is caused by the effect of all of you, the drugs you've given me your tongues and your hues. In order to break free i have to stop caring about all of you. I have to write for me and say what I need to say, maybe this will kill you and our friendship and our love but I'll be able to say that I spoke from my heart.

FROM YOUR HEART MAN SPEAK FROM YOUR HEART!

I've tried for so long to speak from yours so that you'd be happy with what you saw but when I read my writing it's beautiful as beautiful as my very own broken jaw. You're angry with your revolution because you don't have the money you'll say its over when you're on top and when your laws are in place and when they're your cops. You'll be happy when the revolution is over. I will be happy because that will be the day when no one dies. The revolution I see and the one you see are the very same revolution but were revolving we are E VOLVING a type of electronic emergence that has us splnning around these computers and laughing at their digits.

We're so in love with numbers that we're losing ourselves, we're deriving power from numbers and we're like machines hellbent on seeing the most massive one manifested in front of ourselves, as if quantity ever meant anything in terms of culture? Where culture is always concerned with quality but quality is just quantity of time spent working on something and we're all looking for magic in the mysteries that surround us and I swear to god I'll be a poet for certain and I'll reap the magic that comes from my words I'll count on you to count on me and we'll rework this mystery so that the mystery is easy to believe and hard to forget and we'll make all the women wet. They'll search for the asian lotus and we'll powder our facets with chalk and we'll chisel our abs with running and we'll worship the six pack and we'll sing the songs of melody because the silence truly scares us because then we'll only be able to stare at the night and wonder when that next asteroid or messiah is going to come and from our hearts the world will see that we're going to write the world a new gospel a set of answers that will guide the children into new days and new ways and we'll all be pagan some-

day.

We'll be pagan as were pagin through millions of words that are coming from millions of birds flying through society like they want to be free but really all this writing isn't meant for me it's my attempt to reach out to the great deity as this is my offering this is my stench this is the aroma that my mind permeates the ether with and I'll make the question unique so that I can rearrange your temple and the thoughts that rest just beneath it because when i ask you a question i am asking you to think and one of my questions is going to push you to the brink these are the weapons I use and while you're teaching children with your blues clues you're teaching us with your amber waves of grain that are piling up in silos that are filled with as many missiles as grains of rice in asia that you're waiting to destroy with your manipulative language rearranging station better known as the PC the personal computer because we need personal computing so that we can run the numbers and see that your still lying to us and your bibles are still making us die and your religions are still making witches fry and you're not even worried about what's behind the poets eyes because we've got a grasp of the language that you can't comprehend with your military madness that has us going spastic.

I just want to let you know that your way of life is on death row and were bringing aquarius in tow and jupiter and zeus and saturn and cupid and were bringing bows and arrows and sparrows that are going to spare you and then are going to be eaten by the hawk because the mercy you show for the weak is the mercy we will show for you you damage our brothers to the east and we'll damage your culture in the west and then we'll come running for your brides and your women and we'll amaze them with our incantations and I know this is the lesson I've learned look at my poetry and then look at them I'm one of them but I can see the evil that rests inside of me I'm one of their clones and im aging and dying and leaving behind a morning glory story that even causes Copernicus to worry and Galileo who looked and saw with his very own eye the sensations that brought him in line with the salvation story we were all going to recite next morning glory where we live for the sunshine and spread our breath over existence because there comes a time when we all speak from the heart some of just happen to do it for a living.

that shadowless suns poem

They create no shadows because they are called suns, places where light congregates and salivates on its own origins. The future home of our souls when the closest star to our land expands and engulfs our planet there will be no escaping our emergence to cosmic sands. We will one day be whisked away As the sun expands it's command of the universe And decides to speak it's language to the other stars as we are our sun's experiment. We are the plaything of the moon We are being observed by the rocks radiating outwards, so we must look inwards to find our source of energy. There is no shadow outside the sun and there is no sun inside our minds Brains canvasing around this energetic existence while breathing the breath of circumstance. By chance do you happen to have a dollar? Because the stars are asking for some change and I don't want to be the one to tell them to go away for they shine so bright. So can you spare some change so that we can live another day Because they are looking for charity and if you don't have any They we'll whisk you away to the furnaces of hades. Had you just opened your heart a little bit more you might have felt the love explore your veins And your arteries would have been filled like galleries With dynasties breathing with energy onto menageries And you won't believe me but I saw Neptune surfing the web and he clicked on your profile And called you up so that he could reprogram your mind He wanted you to worship the water and all you did Was piss in the place where he called home And now your time is up and a God is coming for you With a storm behind his eyes!

that pioneer poem

Writing to me is like an exercise in exploration.

Its like an expedition into my the recesses of the wilderness that's resting just above my tongue.

Won't you let me decipher you, you're the one that's moving me. Why do you hide secrets from me? Mental imagery driving me wild A stern demeanor refined for the college classroom

Give me some time and let me explode away from this box full of boxes Manipulating electricity for a moments joy upon seeing the end result Of thousands of mouse clicks and presses of the button And still I press on.

We're working on the creation of information in our visual laboratories we're working on the logic That will be reaching your cerebral cortex soon enough Through the trickle down effect , we're creating the trickles That will hopefully someday tickle your thalamus Where discrete chemicals reveal that you can be tweaked And we are the tweakers of the tweekies Where our thoughts become yours when we develop Ideas that are impossible to ignore.

that metonymy poem

Back to the buttons and then beyond using metonymy gives me reason to believe that I'll pick up these words they give me and make people believe that my college degree has some value beyond the years it took to achieve the moment where societies best deem you worthy of success.

In their eyes again and again you solve the problems that they bring formulating connections and receiving lovely pattern discretion accepting 5 years of rhetoric and then beginning to formulate opinion, to accept or reject the premises placed before your soul there is nothing wrong with following the rules but will following the rules allow you to discover what you really want to do and do the rules and the system take into account what's happening in nooks and crannies that tweak me discretely And make me want to fly and meet thee.

I've wasted enough time and amassed enough words I want to reach out and now speak to the world.

that we that have something poem

Earth is the focal point of consciousness as we are the experts on asking questions and finding those frequencies of energy that float from our throats and embed themselves into the minds of truth seekers who go out into this world and build bridges to infinity.

Laced with the graces of troubled souls there are those of us who strive for lives of understanding as we place our eyes on the circles of time that measure the moments. There is nothing guaranteed but an ending as we should all feel like guests who were given a beginning to work with because maybe that means something and to me something is something and its better than nothing because anyone with nothing isn't here as in they never existed!

They never were and never will be, but us, yeah the lucky us, we're here with something and maybe some of us have something great and maybe those people just need the time the time to fathom their existence and become reminded of the fact that we all saw the stars and loved the night and this was our planet and we were here to carry on traditions while we created new epiphanies for our little ones to ponder so that we could turn on light bulbs and bask in the imagination of a generation of beautiful people who were all absorbing more than a cosmopolitan society could ever pour into a chilled glass of opportunity.

We're all a little surprised to be here and isn't this alphabet astounding forming the foundation for every sentence we speak As we melt our verbs into a soup tasty enough to nourish adult minds and maybe some poetry would do you some good! We all determine our own level of involvement but the deep end of the language is where the beauty lies and the ugly truth resides. We're all here trying to surmise the origins of the sunrise and your eyes seem to be the surprise i am trying to align with and we haven't even begun yet, and the words I'm subscribing to stem from the souls of battered beginnings because I have spent my time languishing in the psychotic sensations that come from disruptions in authentic patterns of thought drowned in drugs from providers with a degree and without I've imbibed on the chemicals of catharsis searching for a creative catapult that would send me to the ends of existence where I could email the Goddess and ask her for her cell phone

number.

So that I could have a direct line to the inspirational vibe that seno-
rita sonnet could provide for my writing As I sat back and tap danced
across a collection of letters that took millions of eons to create and
were destined to defend my fingers from the dawn of time. Yeah man
these fingers were meant for letters and these eyes were meant to read
and its been so long since I've been here. I miss the ceremony of seren-
dipity and the outpourings from the heart and I know you don't know
me but I wanted to share my words And thank you for your poetry
because behind my eyes this is a beautiful epiphany every time I arrive
and the poetry I find here is saturated with soul The kind that allows
one to evolve and find better words to say and better dreams to imagine
We all have our dreams and maybe for those of us searching for the
right words to speak this is where you find your ceremony and from
these incantations The universe unravels itself before us one line at a
time and after a week of searching for meaning leaving here makes me
feel just fine.

Thank you.

that drench me in god poem

Drenched in God the congregation worshipped astoundingly. The stage was staffed by the men and women whose privilege it was to sing the songs of salvation and there I was among the masses amazed at the devotion to the words in the book they were still reading. It's a ceremony for sinners and convicted hearts alike and everyone who wants to explore a tome together.

I thought I understood so I joined the masses at mass and witnessed as hands were raised as we all approached eternity in earnestness awaiting the answer to our collective questions Was there a god awaiting us or was there only the timelessness of eternity? Resigned to my own devices I am awaiting the gorgeous darkness as those around me await the beautiful light.

I couldn't imagine spending an eternity existing because I need my sleep. Ten years ago heaven sounded like a promise worth living for. Ten years on, it sounds like a fable believed in by deceived men who feel beautiful today. Thy kingdom come and we shall build it in your absence should you not return to lead us. This church . . . this endless entanglement with heartfelt thinking, you seem to find your myths useful and I seem to find my custom truths comforting. There is nothing between us that isn't shared by all of us. Dreamer and activist , musician and actor, president and pauper, we all have our future to face and the truth doesn't need our belief to exist.

What is, is, and every man woman or child who has ever expressed knowledge of the hereafter is but a beautiful breathing vestibule of wanting. Knowing the morals of the stories told for centuries my mind interprets my world and when my mind goes so does my world and me along with it. Stars are destroyed with time, galaxies are formed, trees grow, and all start from ,”I don’t know.” and return to “I guess I am.”

Wasn't showing up on earth enough? How much more did we want than a chance to observe the stars and become engaged in the wisdoms that we can find within ourselves? We can tag along with pastors and priests all our lives but they are only leading us into their churches and teaching us to need their teachings. You never graduate from religion

class you just start understanding the teacher or maybe even teaching the class if you attend long enough.

Rising through the ranks of time we stumble through ecstasy drunk on existence. Like so many dreams we've had before we just appear in random situations and interact with our scenarios. If your mind can conjure false worlds at night maybe our collective mind can create collective false movements one mass delusion at a time, as we observe, all that is, in a never ending chemistry experiment that started itself and now wants to know how it forgot how it began reacting at the beginning of time.

We are those beings who are compelled to find such an answer, as our most basic elements cry out for knowledge. We're like leaves asking questions about the tree, and every winter the leaves fall but then every spring they come back again from the very same bud they fell from. No one remembers the seed or the sapling, we are what we are now and will never be what we were. Every adult should believe in their family because such basic communities are the think tanks of creators. Live for the children and prepare them for adult life.

Be acceptable and strive for amazement and surpass expectations at least once in your life. Find yourself a country prairie and sit and stare at the beginning of time in case you have never seen it. Absorb your birthplace as your elements came from those stars that are both burning and cold at the same time. Billions of years ago they existed and we can see their light now but right behind the light from those stars is a vacuum and we are the caretakers of their memories.

One day all of this will dissolve and long after anyone is left to remember what was meant to be remembered we will have a universe that was a beautiful one: and it was: oh heavens it was! we made this so beautiful! We painted and wrote songs and laughed and we explored the hell out of these emotions and every possible combination of every possible moment and yes maybe we were meant to do just that if there was ever a "meant for us," to be meant for. Some of us are fans of positive anarchy where there is no end to the good we can do because maybe the money is holding us back in a world where few know what to do without the rectangles and the circles and the numbers. Imagine a

world minus the system, and maybe we can begin right there. If there ever was a revolution to be televised it would be a promotional video for hustling and going out into the world to discover what good it is that you can do for your neighbor. Right now we have our poetry and we have our wits about us and we are adults , goddamn it we were created without asking to be and here we are in the ceremony of the cypher with the blood and the hearts of the universe right here next to the breath of life that we care for in our chests. The universe needs us to be alive because the universe is lifeless without us. Like a sixteen year old poet seeking to share his work with anyone that will listen this universe is unfolding itself before us one line of writing at a time, one brush stroke at a time, one note, one observation after one conversation after one birth at a time. Each event at a time adding to the culture of collaboration that we find ourselves in and the most broken of us have the most beautiful things to say.

From the shattered pieces of souls falling apart we can recreate our destinies and beautiful states of being. They say a great story always has a beautiful conflict within it that gives the story meaning and value. We need the worst of times so that we can understand when we are experiencing the best of times. How much more amazing are those family picnics when you can understand just how amazing those family picnics are? There was a time when the elders told the stories of how all of this came to be and maybe one day I will be one of those elders and my story of how all of this came to be would be for the purpose of teaching children to cherish women and through that respect we would respect each other and my story would go like this: : : : :

Gather round the camp re kids and let me tell you a story about how all of this came to be...

There was a great nothingness and then the great nothing awoke and there were other nothings that awoke and then the nothings began to walk around and they became somethings and the somethings became something more and then the something mores became something greats and those greats became women and they decided to create us, all of us, every single set of eyes you have ever seen descends from these women that braved the beginnings of beginnings and fought and scraped and learned and laid the ground work for all of this and there

was very little sleep and there were very brilliant dreams and then there was reality and mothers keep these truths inscribed on the backs of their hearts because women have been begetting humans since the dawn of time: There have always been women and there always will be women. We all have a woman to thank for bringing us here: from flesh to flesh we are walking amidst the mysteries that brought us here. I have never met a creature that was not created by a woman and can only surmise that women are the beings that brought all of this to flourish.

I can imagine you are tired ladies, because through you the work of divinity is done. What do you wish for, as I selfishly wish for more time to wish. Thank you for your integral work in bringing us all here and thank you for your heartfelt traditions of bringing us into adulthood. We wouldn't be here without you and maybe the sacred stories should begin to reflect that. As at any time this can come to an end and what then for those that continue on after loved ones leave? What have you left behind? Where are your stories? Where are your drawings? Your photos? Your imprints on this canvas?

Somedays I dream of stone tools and pieces of granite that I can chisel my dreams into because the future only seems to remember the rocks. These fingers have tapped many letters and danced across many thoughts and now here I am, calm as a singer in a room full of recording equipment sharing my words. It's a revolving world and wisdom is hidden and while I stand in that church listening to the spiritual leader speak, the music is no longer playing and my imagination has long since calmed itself down and now I am ready to begin listening again. Try as I might I have no idea what the pastor is trying to say and am happy that so many other people seem to understand. I forever feel like a stranger in whose ever house of worship I attend and no matter how beautiful the music, the words always seem to lose me as I imagine I seem lost to the writers of the words of worship. I can't believe what you believe and must act accordingly as my soul is my heartbeat and I have one as long as it does just that ... beats.

My heart has never not beat but I believe that one day such a thing may happen and I will return to the nothingness from whence I came but right now I am not experiencing nothing, I am experiencing something

and am sharing what I believe the best of myself with people I believe have a love for expression here amidst the chambers of poetry. So thank you for listening to my voice and thank you for listening to my words.

One day I will find a house of worship where I can feel at home. Until then, well, until then, I will just be happy that the universe was created and in that creation there is this microphone and a place to speak into it . It has been a long time since I have been here and I am glad to have found the time to make it back. I'm a student of poetry and this microphone will always mean more to me than God ever will. So thank you for your time, I'm glad to have found something to say and the courage to say it to the people who have always inspired me most.

The poets.

Thank you.

that knowledge of death poem

Sometimes I feel like I am floating six feet above my future there is this small space below my feet that is just awaiting my presence I have blood cells coursing through my arteries keeping my consciousness conscious and there are only so many breaths of life you can absorb in a lifetime to keep the chemicals staring at the letters and discerning an intuitive path through their sounds.

I'm placing my fingers on these symbols searching for frequencies of sentience, preprepared moments of intonations that are derived from a wanting mind proof that against a backdrop of an ever expanding cosmos a single life can experience epiphanistic moments of introspection where what you want to be and who you are could be two very disparate things, possibly these words are a way to create a path between here and there as if I can create the sounds of the soul I want to intone with.

Am I not that which pours forth from such a being there is so much you learn about yourself writing and meditating on your words, what does your vocabulary say about yourself and how do you really know what you have to say unless you take the time to say it and stare at it and absorb your meaning that maybe you can share with your creator as you embark on a journey as mysterious as the creation of a star that is the provider of the essential nourishment we need as a species need as a species.

that parents poem

Dear Mother and Father

On August 10, 1974 you entered into a beautiful bond and have formed a more perfect union and from that union comes us your children, as on your anniversary our entire family has reason to celebrate because you began something that created four beginnings, your children you delved into the depths of love through all of the beauty and spiritual growth that it has to offer and have approached life with a moral fiber and a depth of character that is truly inspiring the two of you have made your lives as parts of the medical and educational communities daily touching the lives of your fellow man and woman and bringing the best out of those same people you have helped your love stands for a truth that is comforting and heartfelt you both serve as role models of devotion and development through all of the changes that occur in life and your children have been able to observe your bond first hand from morning to night as you have remained true and devout To one another and your family as all of your children strive for lives that in some way can mirror the lives that gave them life more thanks cannot be given as from your bond comes the foundations for our future bonds and interactions with life

You

Mark Lawson a Husband

and you Kathy Lawson a wife

thank you for your love and thank you for our life.

that vegan poem

there was a monster stalking my shadows and I was left to discover the truth of the fact that falcons surrounded my paradise keeping me inside of my moonshine that kept me comfortable while I was awaiting the inevitable and you know what i am talking about the inevitable the very first moment we get to live when what we know is confronted with what we have always wanted to know so here I go out into the wilderness of eternity looking for Easter Eggs because i basically believe that god is a chicken trying to cross the road into our reality where we search for saviors to bleed them of their energy won't you walk with me and help me with my cross the fire that I get caught up in daily because I want to imagine that you are beautiful as I grow more delinquent daily because I was meant to be a world war two soldier fighting the good fight while Turning the tide against those that would strip us of our freedom and now I have my freedom and I'm fighting to discover what to do with it I don't think i will ever start a family so what I have right now is what i will always have as I blend into my artwork discovering new ways of screaming look at me aren't I interesting , come into my world and help me decipher myself because I am too tired to do it myself and I have seen the seven signs of the oracle but they just keep telling me to buy my Oreo cookies and I ask if it's okay to dunk them in milk and the oracle says yes and hands me a glass filled with three shots of vodka that I drink quickly and spin into my dervishes of drama because i love my soul even if you think it's awkward and boring I find more and more to discover daily I just don't remember most of the details because I want to be a genius and have bigger fish to fry than the guppies I seem surrounded by most of the time so I guess there are just some things that are better off left to the experts like poetry and sword swallowing and if you are not an expert in either then you probably have some kind of use to fulfill that is beneficial to society in a concrete fashion and women must agree that you are powerful because you are aren't you?

I'm just a fan of the alphabet and the clever tricks that it can do when tapped out just right refined in refineries of whiskey and coconut rum I'm trying to impress you and if i haven't succeeded yet I just might keep trying because look at me I just keep writing and I am waiting for you to tell me how special I am because I am and I know I am and this

is my flagship into eternity because I'm claiming all the land that I encounter I'm not comfortable with the idea that I never asked to be created and now I have to audition for a nicer landlord in the afterlife I didn't have to care to get here and here seems just fine so I am assuming I won't have to care to end up somewhere else after this quit pestering me with your programming because its giving me a glitch and i don't care about your books because your beliefs make my soul itch say hello to the insides of my mind and let me show you the place that I birth my lines right behind my eyes you'll find a kingdom of syllables all awaiting their time to shine as the path to enlightenment and separation from the demise of society that's awaiting us all comes unless we find some passion to push through the motions of music that's waiting for the prophets to rise and paint the way to the secret corridor of order that's found amidst the caverns of curiosity that happen to lead to discussions of introspection and imagination as we walk through sets of sentience where all that's missing are the lights and the cameras because my home town happens to be ready for a YouTube friendly environment and my ride to the cosmos is going to be lined with rhymes that tell the story as I'm doing it letting the pieces to the puzzle line up like grid iron lines and I'm already in the end zone building the stadium around me and that's where I touch down directing traffic like a London bobby just happens to be my hobby and if you think you're thinking of the thoughts I'm writing you're damn right because I'm smooth as a stone at the bottom of the stream of my home team been there for centuries and I'm just finding my pace and i don't mind if it's from NYC just so long as at the end of the day I'm growing and learning how to do me to the nth degree because I'm creating my name sakes and the vision could never be clearer just add some time and give the creators their time to do the things they naturally do because the plans are so far ahead of the moment that the minds on the grind are invisible architects planning mansions with nothing but a clever brain that's ready to drain the funds from the fools because you never needed your presidents anyways as you were never involved enough to participate instead you pick and choose how you're ready to hate and that's just part of the debate because the other half is about how you couldn't possibly be ready for reality because the virtual world pales in comparison to the facts you are not ready to face the news that you've wasted all the time the prophets provided for us and now we've got to rebuild a society that's in need of a shot of adrenaline and I've got the needle

tipped tongue that's ready to inject the serum into the prisms of perfection that we're all waiting to look through and if you're standing in front of me just understand that I'm building my story because at the end of this we all get to share the glory.

Hello and welcome to my mind. Welcome the space behind my eyes. Let me tell you stories and build the bridges to infinity's children with you. We were just that once and have found ourselves here amidst the grasshoppers. Just let me know when you want it to happen and I will jump for you I will leap whenever you want me to leap because it might make you smile and in that moment when your lips are pulled back into a symbol of friendship I will want to embrace you and hold you forever but I won't be—cause now is not the time for that and instead I will smile back and in my smile I will want you to see understanding and a wanting to comfort as these times can be hard and I know I have my bruises and I can see you rubbing yours but we're still here and there is still another revolution of the earth around its axis of rotation ahead and while it orbits that shining star of significance every year we're watching the star shine and we love it Because we are the children of the sun and the babies of the cosmos and as we are growing into adulthood we are finding our way into each other's lives and finding those moments When eternity seems to take a step back and rerelease itself into our eyes Because we can see the future and we want the future it's just a matter of building it Those wonderful extensions into those relationships we are building daily I'm glad I took the time to shake your hand I'm happy for that and for the fact that we spoke words to each other The next time we are in a crowded room together you will recognize me and i will recognize you and maybe we will make our way to the bar together and buy each other drinks and become inebriated . . . oh won't you share your truth with me because I want to share my very own with yourself taking the time to understand the insides of each other's minds because there are no more continents to discover just each other's ideas and maybe you can dazzle me with your prose and i will try and comfort you with my poetry while we are together in a moment at the bar where the bartender is the star and we're asking for the elixir that he is dispensing to help lubricate the cogs of cognition that turn with every word you learn from me and I from you and we from we and this is how it's supposed to be successfully celebrating the essence of existence one conversation at a time making

each other feel like we belong to the human race that's never going to find the finish line because we stopped running years ago and are now surrounded by a social experiment that is changing directions daily as we stop and observe our words like investigators on a search for the crime but there was none that brought us here no rather it was a gift from the universe either this one or the next and our family has been family forever and we will forever find ourselves in each other's lives searching for glory amidst the stories we are all the main characters of as you have your story that you are exploring and I have my own but in this moment we are in each other's worlds interacting and reciprocating our better tendencies and I want to fall in love with you as you fall in love with me and we want to want each other in our minds eyes so that we can explore reality regularly and we can fall forever as far as I am concerned because I'm on a path to the ends of forever and I want to meet you there when I arrive and in that moment I will surprise you like a dozen summer memories who just happen to all involve lemonade and orange juice there amidst the moments we can truly cherish you'll be there and I'll be there and we'll be there and that's what we are talking about right now because we can put our passion anywhere and I'd like to share mine with you.

That libido poem

since i was born all i wanted to do was sex
and since i was young
i just wanted to suck on a nice supple breast
and since i was young
i just wanted skin to caress
and since i was young
i wanted a heart i could undress
and since i was young
i wanted to be a hero
I wanted to be the man i knew i could be
i wanted to be the man who could make you feel free
i wanted to be the man whod make you feel a song
i wanted to be the man whose hand you'd hold
i wanted to be the man whose love you'd strive for
i wanted to be the man for whom you'd walk miles
i wanted to be the man who made you smile
I wanted to be the man you couldn't live without
I wanted to be the man that made you shout
I wanted to be the man that made you scream
I wanted to be the man that made you beam
I wanted to be the man that made you glow
I wanted to be the man that let you know

that since i was young

i knew i would be good to the one
i knew i would be good to the one
i knew i would be good to the one
i knew i would be good to the one
i knew
i knew
i knew
i knew
and now i know
i was too good
to be good to the one
i had to be better with two

and kinder to three
and then i started to see
that one was too few
and all was too many
I could only love the ones
that were ready for love
because my love is hard to meet eye to eye
you also have to be toe to toe
and breast to breast
and mouth to mouth
and all to all
is how I'll fall
when you need me to finish you
and i need you to finish me
and inside this sweet symphony
we can feel melancholy
when each other we cannot see
and i just know
that lifetimes can't be spent with me
there are only moments
when delicate life makes itself known
and in a moment you moan
and i know that i own
your heart
and from this start
we begin to see
that moments are like blades of grass
and a lifetime is like a lawn
and when you're with the woman you love
she is like the
owners among
the blades that are my memories
and sharp as sharp can be
carefully i can pick them up and
pinch them together just right
and i can blow past my memories
and the vibration makes a sound
that my ears can see
and my eyes can't understand

just like in love
your soul makes a sound
that's felt by the heart
sweet as a tart
i know the feeling because love makes you melt
and like steam in the air
you stop and don't care
that you are part of the air
and part of the error
because love is all wrong
and there isn't a song you can sing
or a game you can win
that has anything to do with anything
that has to do with love
and it makes you strong
so that you know
and can show
and it's a language that is not spoken
it's a language that is shown
and when you move an object that makes her smile
that's when you're running loves greatest mile
when your legs start to hurt
and you don't want anyone to put you out
because you have what you need
and that's just love indeed
against greed and speed
love is slow and giving
you before me
and me before you
and together
we can make our orgasmic dreams come true
holding each other
under nights beautiful hue
where you think you know what to do
but you have no idea
until you let a poet come too
and spend the night with you
and let a poet show you
what love really looks like

because until you've spent a night with a poet
can you ever really say
that you spent time with every person
that could make you say

ugh

ah

oh

ah

eeee

ooooh

ah

because if there's one thing
a poet knows all about
is metaphor play
and we'll have you inside yourself
loving your body
and your mind
while you fall in love with us
as you sense

the greatest sense of trust
that you could ever feel
inside of something so fulfilling
that you'll think you've been given a meal
and if you think you're full

wait

just wait

because you've never been fulfilled
until you've been filled with
the love of a poet.

that was read on 107.1 poem

who needs joints more than the cops?
who needs ecstasy more than the strippers ?
who needs cocaine more than the homeless?
who needs LSD more than the computer scientists?
who needs mushrooms more than the poets?
who needs nicotine more than the killers?
who needs alcohol more than the sororities?
who needs crack more than the politicians?
who needs opium more than the therapists?
who needs caffeine more than the capitalists?
who needs aspirin more than the headaches?
who needs Viagra more than the needy?
who needs heroines more than the heroes?

that my eyes are awake poem

10:00 AM

I'm Up...

I'm UP

I'm Up

I'm Up

I'm finally up!

My eyes are awake.

My mind is refreshed.

I have another chance to walk around the universe
and survey my surroundings that are forever changing
as are my reasons for being.

I think I'll manufacture some logic
and try and unwind a wonderful thought in my mind.
I don't need to do pushups or run for something exciting
I just have to relax and get back to the fact
that I'm conscious and I know that
anything else is extra.

I'm one of the sperm that made it into this world
and I'll be one of the sperm that makes it
into the next.

that question for pro athletes poem

1. What if there was a professional dodge ball league that incorporated athletes from different professional leagues for games once a season. They could wear headgear and protective attire because professional athletes can throw pretty damn hard. There could be a number of games leading up to the que de gras where the pitchers from the professional baseball leagues have their game of dodge ball every season?
2. What if the Professional basketball association developed a new rule where you would be allowed to triple the number of players on the court but you would not be allowed to run during the game? Quints would continue until a team scored 23 points in a sectional. There would be five quints to a game and the first team to win three quints wins.
3. What if the professional Football league developed new rules for the super bowl where the center of ever set of downs had to be a cheerleader?
4. What if there were guest referees at the pro bowl? The MVP from the previous season would be allowed to be a referee for the entire following season starting with the Pro Bowl as their inceptionary game? The player would then be allowed to decide whether or not they would like to go back to playing football or they would be allowed to decide to stay a referee or they would be allowed to decide if they would like to enter into the administration of the football league? If they would decide to go back to being a referee, once a season they would be allowed to be a twelfth man on the field for a team of their choosing after their first season as a referee. The Guest Referee would also be enabled with a digital video camera and would be taking classes on digital photography during the week leading up to the game and this player would be allowed to have carte blanche on the days of games to create any type of photograph that they would like with any of the people who have submitted to purchasing tickets at the stadium. These photographs could then be uploaded to the web through special technology that would be developed for the camera and would only be developed specially for the NFL league cameras. There would be one of these.

5. What if the professional golf league had a game a year where they used different weighted golf balls to the discretion of the golfers? The placement of the golf ball would always be the same but a golfer would have a gradient of maybe 35 different weights to use at any given moment? The instrument that they would use to propel the sphere would be a fleet of slingshots. They could have caddy that knew the power of the slingshots and the selects that the slingshots would have on the various weights? The golfers would also only be allowed to play these rules when it rains.

6. What if the professional hockey league instituted rules where the puck was expanded out to a much wider diameter and incorporated light technology so that it would flash with various levels of brightness depending on how hard it was hit? It would keep track of the strengths that it was hit with previous and should it ever be hit the hardest it would trigger an effect with the sound system and visual effects system that would begin playing pre-recorded music videos chosen by the hockey player when he or she is the one that is the current strength leader upon hitting the puck.

7. What if the baseball league incorporated GPS tracking technology within it and it kept track of how far it had been hit distance wise and if the ball was hit into the stands it could only continue when the ball had been returned to the pitcher? The point would be to use as few balls as possible so that as much statistical information as possible could be captured in every single baseball. The ball be registered with the GPS and would track total distance covered over time, fastest trajectory ever, and greatest amount of power achieved at the point of impact with the bat. The ball would be time coded and the timings would match up with the baseball players who created such effects and it would become a new statistic on their baseball profile websites.

8. What if there was a game of professional darts developed that used the javelin or discus as the object of aim onto a target that was developed by a group of landscape architects? It could be like golf in that the discus or javelin would have to achieve eighteen goals before in as close to eighteen throws as possible. The discus itself could be graphically enabled and would shine while being thrown through the air. It would keep track of the distances it was thrown. There could also

be fields erected for this sport where accuracy was also explored as the throwers would have to use their typical form to also get as close to a target as possible, making this the most difficult sport of all, possibly.

that freaks poem

Oh the weird ones! Freaks, disenchanted with the religious superstructure

the ones who wished they could have put the nails in Jesus.

Staring at a mediocre God for mediocre people hearing stories of clicks
of mice turning men into mouseketeers backpacking derelicts standing
at the entrance to insanity wishing all their brethren hello with a smile
and a wave.

the distance between the queers and the straight men happen to be the
same difference between slavery and freedom.

your priests explain the facts of life to you from a book of fiction
while your homeless explain the facts of life to you from a street corner
won't you listen to your weird ones your derelicts

your bible is filled with the kinds of people you hate to see around you
today

so many so surprised by fancy fabrics and glowing screens your heros
hate you and your so naive you love it

maybe we will survive long enough to enjoy your demise until that
day comes enjoy your trophies and your television because there aren't
enough orgasms to save you from the poets!

that NRA poem

They keep wrapping God around their trigger finger,
Ready to empty a magazine full of misunderstandings.
Debating with demagogues who gets shot next
Embracing the safety of an instrument that illusion of safety
And the reality of the world we were never meant to inhabit
You cling to your cliches of capital investments
That invest in capital crimes smiled upon by capital legislators
Because maybe the men who peddle the weapons
Have ulterior motives as bullets are expensive
So lets raise some taxes so that we can invade the next defenseless
country
And shine the might of our military down the throats of the enemies
Of wasps in the wasp nest clutching their communion
While they cannibalize their christ in their unholy tradition
Dedicated to unholy men who burned their communities and now the
funds are collected
From men who have no professional morals as we are all trying to
make it
One transaction at a time and if the bullets are flying so are the doves
That sing their music and you wouldn't need to defend me If your ways
were more hospitable to the reign of diplomacy
That the future clings to like cathartic creationism
Oh you religious nuts following your bible into the afterlife
Maybe you can bring your bullets with you when you leave
Because your community of Jesuits follows your God closely
Now all you have to do is become crucified and you can understand
what Jesus would do
As you would rather prepare yourself for death than align yourself with
life
You have the wrong heros and time forgets those have no clue
Even your history books will rewrite you because while you wor-
shipped war for centuries
Sitting back sipping on your cognac its almost as if the only thing I can
wish upon you is a heart attack.

that they are lying to me poem

I think they are lying to me God because I think you are a woman.
They tell me you created the world in six days I just think it took nine
months of labor it can't be what the big three books say it is no God, I
think you are a woman who is searching for herself.

I woke up one day and was told a story about what happened before I
was born its almost been like a briefing that I was sent to correct they
say there were billions before me but there was never a me that came
before me So here I am awaiting my chance to be remembered for
being created there was a time before me and then there was me and
there will be a time after me but I am here right now sharing my words
and my sentences while I try to think the thoughts that they say I ought
not to and maybe that's just the way it is because they don't want to give
their own god credence but I believe in you because I can see you three
letters for all of you G O D yeah that's what god looks like to me and
they say that word created all of this but I think they are lying because
they left off the "dess"

which is just one "r" short of a dress

that I love to watch you walk in

while I try and serenade the creator of the words we work with here in
this English saturated ceremony

that alive amidst the strange poem

let me tell you what strange is, strange is being alive in a world that is inherently trying to destroy not only itself but anyone and everyone who would try and create more sense and that would bring about a level of existence that would benefit everyone. What is strange is that I never asked to be created and yet here I am , dealing with all of the strangeness that I see surrounding me. At one point I was told that I was the strange one and that I was the one that had the problems when just obfuscation of the facts was the case.

How can you expect me to behave like I have done this before when I have not done this before?

You must understand that I have spent the last fifteen years of my life online. I have been surfing the web since I was fifteen and I am now thirty. I have been online at least ten hours a week that entire time. That is at least ten hours a week for fifty two weeks for fifteen years. That amounts to at the minimum 520 hours a year. For roughly ten years that is 5200 hours and for fifteen years that is roughly 7800 hours and that is not counting those weeks where I read for roughly twenty or thirty hours when that happened, which had a habit of happening.

This does not include time writing the several hundred pages of writing that I have printed out and detailed in my binders at home. This does not count time spent watching movies, watching television, or reading books, magazines, and newspapers. I have also spent roughly 4000 hours in the classroom accumulating time that leads up to my English Literature degree. Then I read about the current state of education and have been reading about the current state of education and apparently in this environment graduating with a bachelor's degree in any capacity is somewhat of a miracle and then , and then even in spite of having graduated with a degree from an accredited respected state institution, I am told that the job market is in steep decline and the future for college graduates does not look well.

You have been training us for college since we were created and now you are telling us that everything you were training us for is meaningless? Is this a regular occurrence in your world? I am not certain what I

was doing before I was created, however I am fairly certain that coming here and involving myself in your problems was not on my itinerary in terms of all of infinity.

I strangely know how to help, and I inherently know how to solve your problems and help you build a sustainable platform for your personal growth and your spiritual growth but so many of you would rather wallow in your ridiculousness and negative attitudes.

Sometimes I just stare at existence and I boil with hatred at all of this. I feel levels of hatred so pure and distilled that I channel into myself knowing that there are times when I do not know how to see straight. I watch what you put on the news and what you put in your movie theatres and what you put online and what you consider entertainment just makes me cringe.

Case in point, the “Saw” movie series. How many saw movies did your society allow to be created? What exactly is the purpose for these films and how exactly is this considered entertainment or useful? You disgust me in ways that you cannot possibly imagine and I just walk these streets staring at you and what you have subjected myself and my generation to and I want to show you what you could have been doing the entire time. Do you remember Casablanca? Do you remember Audrey Hepburn? Do you remember when movies used to be entertaining? Do you remember Gone with the Wind? Do you remember Charlie Chaplin? Do you remember Frank Sinatra? Do you remember your beginnings? Do you remember why you do what you do?

No you give us the most ridiculous contraptions known to mankind and then you wonder why the world is the way it is. You created this with your mass media and you created our problems and you poisoned our subconscious out of some sheer disease that you wanted to inflict upon us. Then you saturated our subconscious with your Matrix Films, Out of the Mouth of Madness, Tron, Vanilla Sky, Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind, and Total Recall. You have consistently brought us to the point where we question the very nature of our existence and you call it entertainment and yet you present it with all of the intentions as to make the concept as believable as possible. Then your reality mirrors your fantasies through the work of Ray Kurzweil and the development

of robotics in Japan and the computing industry in general and the Anderson Institute in New York.

You continually move us in a direction that is not healthy as you have no sense of timing and no sense of what you are doing. You create and disseminate with no overarching theory that directs your most potent actions.

How long have you been doing this and you still have no sense as to what you are doing? You still take shots in the dark that should have by now been disseminated with pinpoint accuracy in terms of solving real world human situations. I'm so tired of you and I am only thirty.

I want nothing else than to lay in a warm bed and dream warm dreams and listen to warm music and drink warm tea and think warm thoughts and you consistently work to take this away from me at every moment of my existence. I burn with distaste for your idea of art and your idea of expression and with your lack of care for how what you do affects the people that you expose to your corruption.

Then you wonder why your system breaks apart when you have systematically destroyed its incentive system and its joy system and its internal reward system. You should be the happiest any generation has ever been at this point and instead you are the saddest and that saddens me and I guess I am just trying to do more than help, I am trying to heal but how are you supposed to heal when that which needs healing is unwilling to heal or even admit that it has a problem.

You created me , I did not create you. Just remember that.

that art of dance poem

We explore the art of war on the dance floor, stockpiles of kisses waiting to be unleashed We dance because we didn't ask for permission to exist And now all that makes sense is this A late night rendezvous serenaded by the sensational songs That bring the memories we want to remember As we jump to the conclusion that all we have to do is dance And the romance will take care of itself As we enjoy each other's anticipation moving closer to one another Brushing up against the people that we desire To be close to as we remove one article at a time While we unwind and define our existence through our enlightenment Because it's frightening to comprehend the words that we do As we are daily through the dictionary searching for the spells that will make it easy to tell who is in love with who and what does all of this mean to you?

Where our direction on the dance floor is towards each other As you never know what may happen amidst drinks and dervishes Turning circles and laughing all night long As we go from one favorite song to the next And the dj seems to be an expert on the subject of movement Because what would we do if there was no place to groove?

And we're ready for eternity and it just so happens that I want to spend it with you So grow with me and glow with me And know with me that tonight is the most beautiful season to be alive And anything can happen one moment at a time So why don't you reclaim your empire And I will descend on your kingdom While we go to blows fighting for the right to know That the nicest fight we could experience Would be a battle of the sexes And the choice of weapons is up to you But no matter what you do or what you choose I'll do my best to disarm you With my flower power hours of happiness That realign my spine with the shakras in your soul And when you are aligned with me We can massage each others chi into infinity.

that stars poem

i want to break free so i can see
the cosmos that's just in front of me
i can see the dark matter
it's all around the stars
your speaking in tongues
that just aren't that hard
to understand and comprehend
it's just as plain as day
and you can see it any which way
and i think we just may break the lights and sway
out and about as we understand the slanguage
it's something that you just have to see
it's psychiatry mixed with cosmology
and everything that we happen to be
just inside ourselves
and inside our lives
beautiful and wonderful and
all precious indeed
take a moment
just take because they aren't given
if you want you have to grab it
and said yeah i just did it
and then face the world that you stole from
and stare them down
and recombine
and mastermind
the reason behind the because
the world ain't right
but the world marches on
fight after fight
with its victims being M.I.A.
searched and found
they're found below ground
and i can hear the sound
of soldiers dying
in the name of advertising
because they signed up for a dream

and ended up with a nightmare
and on a level that you might not be on
that's highly and detestably wrong
when your advertising war
you need truth in your advertising
and you need to pin a picture
on who saved private Ryan
and say sign up for that
i say never
because because the meaninglessness of those moments
will last forever
as i am glad i exist when i do
because i know i am stronger than you
even though you've got the bomb
I've got the song
that can wipe away your weapons
and I'm singing it all day long
and I'll never be a target
because you'll never see the real me
until you promise me safety
in a world that you're making unsafe
I'll go crazy in all the right ways
if you can promise me protection
and I'll be everything that you ever wanted to see
if you can keep me safe and harbor my interests
because i have a life to live
but i notice that you do too
so what are we going to do
as the crossroads are coming
and we're close to the moment
when society capsizes
and the captain abandons ship
and then maybe someone else
grabs the wheel and steers it clear
of the iceberg that's coming
just like it always does
but not this time
because this time
we know we were right
all along.....

that thinking about age poem

Three months from thirty I contemplate the concept that I may have another hundred left to run Surrounded by screens filled with information I wonder what the days ahead hold for our generation. We have what we have been given and then it is very possible we will be given that again and then again and even then again With no place left to migrate we have only each others minds left to explore your construct of reality compared to mine. Maybe we give and take from each other as we all explore our love and evolve into more normal states of being as staring at screens is not our way we were meant for better days that have yet to be created by the programmers who are playing games with social sentience. This sentence was never meant to be written but it was and will continue until they charge us for our alphabet because intellectual property gives us a reason to believe in the foundations of empires burning with desire to believe that they are the pinnacles of their places and spaces that rest above are awaiting our presence with the presents we have yet to claim so bleed with me and seed with me a new state of understanding and in return I will be your servant and lead you by feeding you.

that twelfth man poem

i was the twelfth man on my high school basketball team
i sat the bench all season
i believed in jesus and heaven and hell and angels and miracles
i liked to chase girls and didn't know much about women
i had a girlfriend that liked to kiss me and then i broke up with her for
the wrong girl
i went to collage and learned to draw
i left for england and chased more women
i moved and touched and danced and wrote
as i pushed this body of mine into places i never thought it would go
because i never thought about going but i did and served up shillings
to my soul that was observing with a tender heart this young man that
would grow up to be me.

that nas poem

He said you are just another slave to a page in his rhyme book... So I'd like to point out that you are free wake up with a new look. Nas is like the pharaoh trapped in his tomb... I'm like the grave robber coming for your riches soon... If I could free the world and everyone in it sky's the limit... I'd move with the quickness of a nasa outlaw... Armed with the knowledge to out rhyme all a ya'll... And I breathe the breathe of infinity as i share with you this new prophecy... It came to me while I was searching for the prosperity of a quintillion mc's... Waiting to be given the permission to breathe and travel through time expertly and exhale the words they have been patiently debating... So grab yourself a recording device of any quality and we shall see... In the first days who was going to paint the way to a new day... That we could spend forever rewinding time and rewriting the scriptures... As we proceed to mine these words for the knowledge they glean... And then we the many gravitate to the microphone because the more we rhyme the more we own and the more we distance the future from the ways of the past the more our generation will have a future that will last. So glow with me grow with me and know with me that a knowledge nation is here and the words we are choosing are going to make it very clear... That first you get the power and then you get the respect and then you get the prosperity that comes with englishtic literacy. So run to me and let me make it plain and clear that we're writing the lines that make unskilled mc's contract lockjaw can't talk ya'll so take the time to type as I don't need the hype just give me time to write and everything ends up being alright.

that kiss but do you love poem

You think but do you imagine?

You talk but do you listen?

You kiss but do you love?

You see me but can you know me?

With a universe larger than the one you see inside of me

You can study the thoughts that stem from me forever

Because you'll never find the same one twice

And each one is like its own galaxy

Floating and orbiting

Through the membranes of memory

That are growing daily

And sifting around the stiffness of reality

Then through my eyes you'll find a surprise

Because what I see might not be what you see

Because visualization is a language to me

And what I see speaks to me

But does it speak to you

So just ask me to talk about the universe

And I'll ramble on forever

Traveling and talking

And finding all the places that you love to be touched

As relatively speaking

You really have more skin to touch

Then there are worlds to explore.

So ask me a question

Just make sure it sounds something like

Give me more.

that be kind to your genius poem

maybe the whole world changes
when a genius gets its heart broken
maybe the cosmos folds inside itself
when genius and love become entangled
maybe love is relatively powerful

that alabaster poem

I'm white
I'm white like cocaine
I'm white like semen
I'm white like teeth
I'm white like sugar
I'm white like flour
I'm white like tooth brush bristles
I'm white like the moon
I'm white like the hottest stars
I'm white like the sandy beaches
I'm white like bones
I'm just white

that shel silverstein poem

i know where the sidewalk ends
so i picked up a trowel
and i picked up some concrete
and i started diggin
makin that next square
where the sidewalk ends
because some poets die
only to live on new lives
in other people's eyes
as they are reborn
and rebooted
and sent back out into the world
to manifest new rhymes for us to hear
selling us words that sound pleasant to our ear
i love the life of poetry.

that women of my life poem

Julia

such a cherry blossom i have never seen before
and shall never see again
such a wonderful idea in the cosmos of imagination
i hope a ladybug finds her soon

Shanna

such a groovy woman
i couldn't handle her telling me
it was gods wish for us to split
what could i say
maybe we can argue some other day
as for her today i must pray

Mary

thanks for the dance
it was you and me and you and me and us
out on that
floor
i loved your lips
and would love to have tasted more

Sheila

such a sharp little tongue
you keep it hidden well behind smiles
but sometimes your venom becomes unhidden
such beauty rests in your power
and i wish we could have spent
another hour
together

Lisa

loveliest of all
from a simple smile
you made me unwind
such majesty i have never before witnessed
maybe you'll see me sometime

in old south Africa
maybe you'll be married
to that wonderful man you know
that lived through a life's
horror show

Sousan
intensity you were full of
and caressing feelings as well
i wish i could have read your mind
and read you stories as night fell

Sabrina
such a lovely German
youth wasted on you
was wasted youth
but pureness on your lips
was pureness i loved to feel

Kate
my first encounter with the poles
you were hot one minute
you kept my head spinning
may you find your time
in the big apple
bountiful indeed

Zoë
less is more
when we explore
all that life has to give
and all that love has to offer
your budding blossoms
i remember so well
but ah the stories i have to learn to tell
you see love taught me something
i hope you can see
your lips were by the far the greatest
and your tenderness the tenderest

Sarah
lovely doe
you are so sweet
from such a young romance
we played so sweet
a story here
and tremendous laugh there
sometimes with you
i learned how to care

Amy
more radiant
and so full of love
never another woman i have met
that was so much like a dove
with a laugh like candy
that was so sweet and delectable
you made a boy
feel like he was something

Michelle
if your arm i broke
many apologies given
seeing you teach
seems just like you
i know you'll spread knowledge
that i saw grow inside of you

Amy
London
what can i say
the things that went through my head
well i feel stupid today
maybe some business
we can discuss
and be okay

Maria

the magnificent
most mean with the spoon
you could cook up anything
and we loved to chill
in your room
may your days be lovely
and your time so sweet
I'm so sorry i had to be so unique

lily
soft in the dew
when rain starts to fall
none will fall on you
with fun and beauty
your such a lovely sight
sometimes we can be artists
and sometimes we can be right

Jessica
searching for talent
your great at what you do
just keep those guns moving
and the whole world will thank you

Stephanie
with a wolf for a dog
your softness and tenderness
will forever punk me out
seeing you at the warehouse
was something to scream about

Sarah
with the feline teeth
i hope you got the letter
i wrote it for you
and the conversation we had
we had a perfect time
and shared some perfect bread
i learned so much from you

and life for me moved forward
as i followed your gossamer thread

that meditation on understanding poem

Waiting, trying to be deciphered
Hoping that what I say
will bring me where I need to be
It's me
I am all that you see
Inside this suit
Is just who I am
I'm ready
Work is what I seek
Guide me
So that I may be
What you need me to be
Many years I have studied
Many books I have read
Many places I have been
So tell me
What shall we do
This is the beginning
Of the conversation between me
And you.

that fulfill your desires poem

Fulfill your destined desires to be beautiful!

Consult with your temptations and give in!

Life is worth living and were right here,
right now, living and breathing and being.

I think I enjoy you beside me.

Maybe my words can ease your insides?

Have you ever tried to perform?

What's your favorite color?

Walk around the watchtower,
carrying a glass of water.

Surrounded by keyboards and screens.

pushing words and numbers in ever more tantalizing combinations
reformulating the universe before our eyes.

Special effects shows show us that we're close to creating a new sunrise!

Where will the ideas take us and in which direction shall we go?

Entertainment is ever-present and were falling deeper into our couches.

Why do you think we have an outside?

What have you done out there lately?

that beautiful abstractions poem

Withered emotions dissipating with age, numbness comes and finds me daily. Happiness comes in small doses like candy that I imbibe on carefully, sometimes I think I really need the serotonin, other times I think I just need the withdrawal. Smiles and laughter bring me closer to nirvana! I look forward to ever pleasant release. I've never been an MC, never been able to rock the crowds. I don't really know what I do with crowds, but I do know that I whisper simple truths, conveyed to me to be passed down for centuries.

Prophecies and epiphanies elongate my vocabulary, as I try and play with the words that save the world, Raising eyebrows and kain, because this is the end result of living a life deemed insane. I tap danced across an alphabet while I watched the logic learn from the meaning. My faith had died in winters season, there was no more reason for believing, just sit back and relish in what is.

Dimethyltryptamine might be our most conscious voice, our art form might be our most beautiful choice, practicing pantheons of majesty, we place words above our weaponry. Poets are the subconscious voices of the majority, exploring mental pathways we transcend linguistic lines of meaning, absorbing science and reason and explaining the bass lines of the galaxy.

Infusing rhythms and orchestration into our words we tap into the need to create beauty and it seems that rhyme is reason and like a jig sawed puzzle we poets, take the words from our hearts and place them together as we rework the universe because we want to hear what the language sounded like at the start when all of it rhymed and was of one tongue and American borne i scream from my lungs "I'll be writing poetry until the day I die!"

and on my video tombstone there will be a movie of me screaming I wrote with ferocity because I wanted to feel free! and just when I should be ending this poem I back up and redraw my breath... there are more to these combinations of words than I previously thought, upon closer inspection there is another flow to follow... I draw my breath back and exhale all until i feel hollow. Won't you move with me a little

bit while I show you how to follow I'll pull my lips to yours and well fall down the well of spells, you'll share your cosmos with me and I'll share my nebulas with you. I write like I own the stars but all I have are these neurons that are perplexingly and maybe that's enough for you to love me.

Get past all the drama and chest thumping and maybe it will be my neck you'll be rubbing; placing your body warmth against mine while i place mine against yours, we can travel to other dimensions as we speak the whispers that reside behind our eyes, what do you sound like when you start to cum , what's the secret to unlock-ing your highest sensation? Don't you think it's been too long since we've kissed, rationing your lips to me in a seductive fashion? Let's get together and elevate, I'll take you to a special place, where they serve sushi on a beautiful wooden plate. We can dine on Saki and ask for the mahi mahi, from experience I'll tell you to avoid the wasabi. Now won't you come a little closer to me, you've been coy all night and we've shared some laughs I'm glad you liked my writing, I'm glad you've liked my words.

What should we do next? The season is right, let's take a walk and stay out a little into the night. We can spend quality time while we walk through the breeze. I'll try and impress you by pointing up high, I'll say something like "Did you know that one thing lasts forever, and if you look up you'll see it, it's the sky!" Maybe you'll laugh and do a cartwheel, call me eccentric and cute, I'll bring us back the playground and chase after you, then pick you up and swing you around. Looks like I'll try and make sure your feet never touch ground. Off to the swings we'll go and I'll show you how we used to do it in the hill , and I know, the playground in summer is a lovely place to go so maybe this is the place for us to know that we're old and we're young, trapped in bodies speaking in foreign tongues, this English is gibberish but I'll make do because I can. I'm starting to feel you, I hope you understand, this is all just imagination coming from the fingers of my hand now that we've come this far , thank you for enjoying my chosen words, maybe someday you'll be the lady I write about and I'll show you the meaning of absurd. The sky is falling, and all of it landed in my pocket.

Now I'm carrying axons around waiting for a super nova to make a sound. I delivered my existence to my makers, hoping to understand if

they were proud of me. After encountering the nether regions of urban life, what did they think of me? Hospitals and jail cells... drunken stupors and hot boxes... Had i strayed too far from the beaten path? Did Leary and Keasy and Huxley lead me astray? Should I have taken more notes in D.A.R.E.? or am I perfectly fine just the way i am?

that less is more poem

Is monetary compensation at such a young age really necessary? Won't my life bounce back if I at least try and bounce? Can't I retry and get back to my zodiac sign? Libras balance their lives on the scales and maybe I need to add some weight to the right side, since I pushed down so hard on the left.

I sit lonely among the lonely. In my college hometown, thousands of youth working to get their work done for the sole purpose of working for someone else post-graduation. Working to do the kind of work that is socially acceptable because making food for people and selling clothing just doesn't cut the mustard.

We want to be like the rich folk that have the shiny cars and the big houses with rooms they don't need or use. We want to be celebrities in our communities and it's so tiring and so pointless. If television showed us leaders who used what we learned in academia, if television showed us mathematicians on a regular basis, philosophers debating, medical personnel operating and talking about medicine, history teachers talking about history. If you could get an education by just watching television, with some interaction online, we could make our country better by cutting out all the deliberately useless information. Stop worrying about actors and actresses and people living fake lives. Worry more about the real people that the actors and actresses base their lives on and learn to have fun learning, but if you want an education you have to pay through the nose so that your anchored by debt.

A symptom of the imagination, being taught about numbers so that you can be taught about negative numbers, so that you can be told how far away from zero you are so that you can figure how long you have to work so that society can keep on building buildings that we don't need and are just a waste of space anyways.

Who are the people that are scared of stopping the motion of society? Who is scared of relaxing in the age of post exploration, since there is nothing left to explore? There is nothing left to clean, there is nothing left to do but stay healthy and interact. We're the first generation that was born after the photos of the earth from space. We're post space

travel and your holding us back and retracting our dreams, more than what it seems we're beautiful and there are so many beautiful lonely people. Look at all of the beautiful lonely people, there are so many, so many beautiful lonely people, so many beautiful lonely people, Why are you holding us back? What are you trying to do that is so different from what we are trying to do?

Why are you trying to control us? What do you want from us? What do you think we should be doing? Why are you listening to that religious man? Why are you listening to that politician? Why aren't you listening to your mother and your father? Why are we working for money to pay rent in houses long built for decades , what's the con and are we trapped? Why does religion speak of shepherds and is that why you are trying to push us back?

What's your function and why should we care? I don't want to kill myself but I do want to get out of here. Would the government have as much power if it wasn't for the media? Does the television empower the government and keep them in our lives? Would the government be more effective if they just stayed the hell of of television and relegated themselves to print and the radio? If we stopped paying attention to those that claimed to be our leaders, would they still be?

Are we really locked into democracy or are we just really locked into the TV? How could they send us to war if we didn't know who they are? Aren't they trapping us within their voices with their suits? Couldn't the presidential elite still feel elite if they were marginalized? Does the system work when the leaders are on television or are they just that vain?

Doesn't television need to cover local politics more in depth and local business? I only ask because I know more about car crashes than I do about equity. Are you really trying to improve this or are you just trying to redo this.

that flavor in the language poem

I sit back and enact a spastic moment within my mind.
I think to myself that I am outside the confines of time.
Just another
flavor in the language,
come and taste the rhyme.
Everything's going to change.
Sit back, relax, have a good time,
we're just rearranging some verbs
and speaking in the tongue of absurd.
So come and craft with us
like people never thought we could,
but when were finished,
we'll be rhyming in the studio,
takin photos and makin' art,
because this is more than the beginning,
this is really just the start,
hundreds of poems before this
but this is where I begin to depart
and make manifest the destiny
that is in store for me.
As it's the mind that morphs reality!
So don't fall victim to chemical atrophy.
Keep thinking and trying new things,
and listen to the song
the poet sings.

that even atheists write prayers poem

Lord,

Thank you, thank you for your love and for your care in creating us. Thank you for the mysteries that you surround us with and thank you for the love that you imbedded within us. Thank you for making us beings who look for the mysteries in life. Thank you for putting tears in our eyes and thank you for pulling those very same tears from our eyes when we need to feel their moistness most. You are an awesome God and in your awesomeness you spark the flame that is lit behind our eyes and you give meaning where meaning shouldn't exist. You give flowers where flowers shouldn't exist and you give mountains where mountains shouldn't exist.

Lord we shouldn't exist and through your awesome mercy we do exist and more praise couldn't be given than through the songs we sing to you daily and through the thoughts that we lift up to you hourly. You are beautiful.

Thank you for giving me arms to hug people with and thank you for giving me eyes to cry for people with Lord. Just thank you and thank you for staying true to me when I wasn't true to you. Thank you for letting me take my walk in solitude lord. Thank you for letting me live alone Lord. Thank you for letting me find the music that you would have me find. Thank you for just glowing. Thank you for shining brightly and for being more than I could ever hope to encounter alone. Thank you for showing me that there is more to life than my own interests. Thank you for showing me your language and thank you for teaching me how to speak it. Thank you lord. Thank you for being better than me and thank you for being stronger than me. Thank you for listening to my prayers and thank you for answering all of them. Thank you.

Lord from the highest mountains I cry out you are Lord and from the furthest reaches of my consciousness I ask that you make yourself more real to me. Lord I even ask that you manifest yourself again in our midst and Lord please come and bring another body to this world that is your manifestation. Lord I ask that you give us another face of yours

to spend time with. Lord I ask that you give us another body of yours to spend time with another face to cry with and another face to laugh with and another face to teach us how to praise you properly again with. Lord I ask that you come back to us and show us the way again and straighten our lives again.

Lord be the lord of our lives and be the love in our lives. We need you and we want you to lift the burden of looking for you again and replace it with the joy of finding you. Lord I give myself to you and I want you to push me into all the places that you would have me go and I want you to bring me through all the trials that you would have me learn from and I want to thank you for the opportunity to call you my God again. Just thank you.

Graciously I stand for the truth that you stood for and at times it is hard to learn the lessons that you would have me learn but at times the joy courses through my body and I cannot deny that your road is the road to be taken.

Lord thank you for the spiritual journey, thank you for the spiritual growth that you instill in us. Thank you. Lord with tears near my eyes I cry the tears for having been born 2000 years after you. Lord I want to be more like you and I only have dreams and visions of what you must be like but I strive for more lord. Forever I am wanting to look you in the eye and forever I am wanting to hold you close. Lord you are the lord that saved the world and through your salvation we find solace that we were able to make it 2000 years after you left though didn't leave.

We are still here lord and it doesn't appear that there are any other beings near us or that are within our reach lord. Thank you for choosing the best place to plant us and thank you for finding the water and the land for us lord. Thank you for finding the sun and the stars for us lord. Thank you for finding the animals and the plants for us lord. Thank you for finding the light-ness and the darkness for us lord. Thank you for finding our lives lord and thank you for leading us to where we could live.

Thank you for being our shepherd lord and thank you for finding the

food for us lord. Thank you for the dances and the music and thank you for the writing and the stories and thank you for the numbers and the math and thank you for the pixels and the pictures. Thank you for all of that lord.

Sometimes I think it's hard to follow you lord but then sometimes I think I can be weak. Sometimes I think I can be stubborn and sometimes I think I can be hurtful lord. You stand fast through all of my faults and you stand fast through all of my weakness and you wait for me to be strong again and you wait for me to be patient again. You wait for me to be supple again and you are ready as soon as I am ready and when I am ready you teach. You are always there no matter where I go and like a comforting blanket you warm my soul. You are beautiful in your presence and for all of that I am thankful.

Lord be the shepherd that we need and guide us where we need to be guided to. Salvation is what we strive for, those perfect days where we do all that we are meant to do and through all that we are meant to do we find you. You give us what we need to do and you give us the lessons that we need to learn. You give us the teachers that love to teach and the artists that love to create art. Lord you give us what we need and as a child with a loving heart you joyfully spend craft us into better than we could ever be alone. What more can I say lord, your holiness abounds. Lord you traverse the stars with us and make the stars that we are to traverse to. You know now if we are to leave this planet and you know now what our future is. Thank you for the mystery. Thank you for the oceans and thank you for the skies. Thank you for the trees and thank you for the sand. Thank you for the beaches and thank you for the pastures. Thank you for the animals and thank you for the plants. Thank you for the atoms and thank you for the planets. Thank you for the stars and thank you for the electrons. Thank you for the physics and thank you for the poetry.

Ala toma adi o, cama don't rosti oh. Cola tola fasio drosta toma entio. What are these words that you have me speak lord and from where do they come lord? Thank you for the words we have left to learn and thank you for the language we have left to speak. Thank you for the beds that you would have us lie in and thank you for the people that you would have us lie with. Thank you for nations that you would have

us grouped into and thank you for the future that you would have us sent into.

A blessed day is here and is being spent with you lord. From the humblest place that I know of , thank you.

that linguistical epiphanistic poem

All that exists unfolds to create the patterns of energy
that create linguistic epiphanies.

Language is the reason for being.

We transcribe sonic vibrations with our throat shakra.

We transform air into the kind of energy
that can transform kingdoms

as combinations of sound have the power

to build and destroy dynasties

and bring us closer to heavenly understanding.

that they were devout atheists poem

they were sky is blue atheists unable to take the advice of meandering
fiction weavers teaching hatred as a moral imperative gospel preachers
collecting minds for their mayhem as they planned their free car
washes because they wanted to talk to people about jesus while they
shined the rims of the wealthy handing out sandwiches to people who
weren't even hungry reveling in their ways smiling as they stepped on
the outcasts more mainstream than most can stand angry at anyone
who critiques their creations shilling out opinions on existence that
only insult the cliches they cling to collections of selection of opinions
that are empty calories reforming history on a regular basis to create
conduits to capitalism as you paint pictures of collection plates that
support your holy orders that come from schizophrenic realizations of
the imagination peddle your book and your viewpoints and enjoy your
freedom as your lack of involvement in anything useful only makes so
easy to avoid.

that transcendent goal poem

inwardly i strive for transcendence

as it becomes more and more necessary to prove

i am not who i am

the further i distance myself from the memories

the more i rebuild my aura and sense of spirit

what better places to discuss my inner most thoughts

than with my innermost demons

skeletons who have taken over

closets and created who new wardrobes for me to walk in

it might be adult life but i am back

to my bones and can't find any clothing that fits me properly

that tell a vision poem

Ah the television

The Tell A Vision

The box that searches for the unique people

That aren't necessarily good at anything

Other than doing absolutely nothing

Better than anyone else

A culture of style for the sake of style

As the evolution of marketing makes its mark

And there's lots of money to be made and lost

As its all driven by commercials and the calculating boss

But with all this talk about the economy

I can't help but wonder about the nature of money

The government makes it and then asks for it back

And all I really want to know is , really, seriously,

What's up with that?

that we need a new post office

What the hell do you want from me?
Oh yeah that's right, you want 30 g's
Well let me tell you about my generation
I'm post agricultural revolution
Post industrial revolution
Post information age
Post millennial
Post internet
Post nasa
Post man on the moon
Post programming languages
Post hollywood
Post warhol
Post car
Post da vinci
Post renaissance
Post challenger disaster
Post berlin wall tumbling
Post hussein
Post clinton
Post hip hop
Post rock and roll
Post poetry
Post def jam
Post tupac
Post biggie
Post eminem
Post linkin park
Post jay z
Post nirvana
Post dc talk
Post newsboys
Post soundgarden
Post motley crue
Post 80's
Post 90's
Post wikipedia

Post friendster
Post bubble
Post youtube
Post nintendo
Post sega
Post xbox
Post World of Warcraft
Post Second Life
Post Jesus
Post Muhammed
Post Krishna
Post Saul Williams
Post turn tables
Post microphones
Post electricity
Post speakers
Post Billy Grahm
Post Pope John Paul
Post Ronald Regan
Post photos of earth from space (that's really really big)
Post space stations
Post satellites
Post mini dv tapes
Post voyager
Post star trek
Post Lucy
Post MASH
Post Superbowl
Post Olympics
Post BASIC
Post HTML
Post CSS
Post Actionscripting
Post Kurzweil
Post Jeff Hawkins
Post Peter Lynds
Post Einstein
Post Proof of Relativity
Post Orwell

Post Rand
Post Dick
Post Asimov
Post Apple
Post Microsoft
Post Photoshop
Post Cinema4D
Post Spielberg
Post Lucas
Post Airplanes
Post Helicopters
Post Radio
Post CD's
Post MP3's
Post Cassettes
Post Desert Storm
Post Waco
Post 9/11
Post Oklahoma City Bombing
Post Columbine
Post Virginia Tech
Post the entire span of history back to the beginning of time
Post right now
Post right now again
Post whatever amazing developments were discovered today
Post whoever died today
Post whoever was born today
Post light bulbs which allow for light 24 hours a day which is a huge change
Post Conord
Post round the world in less than a day
Post people having traveled at over 10,000 miles per hour which is something that was unthinkable by all of recorded history up to maybe fifty years ago
Post chemical weapons
Post atomic bombs
Post world war two which was the biggest war that was ever enacted ever in the history of all that exists on every single planet in the universe as the chances of there being life on

other planets is slim but the odds of
other planets being so unbelievably reckless is so much less
Post world war one
Post cuban missile crisis
Post civil war
Post enlightenment
Post transcendence
Post time travel
Post multiverse concept
Post laptop computers
Post cell phones
Post psychology
Post prison industrial complex
Post education industrial complex
Post more than you could possibly imagine and pre everything that is
ever going to matter to the future and the future of our future
Post the point where it doesn't matter how much you try and brainwash
me, Ill never forget because im post a special kind of respect that i used
to have for you.
Post the realization that our generation was sent to clean up your fuck
ups and the generation after us is going to have to try and gure out
what the hell for the rest of the future to do because basically the way i
see it, our generation's job is to protect the them from , well, you.

that lips army poem

Let us take a moment to talk about kisses!

The kind of kisses that melt your mouth, and rejuvenate your soul.
The kind of kisses that have symphonies playing in the background.
Let's talk about the kisses that make you feel like you're in a movie.
Let's talk about all the kisses that you've ever had.

Lovely succulent kisses, placed by a gourmet.

That lets you taste the sweetness of the soul in a moment,

when you find the universe embracing you,

pulling your hair, tasting your teeth,

massaging the nape of your neck,

all at the same time in the darkness of a few eyes closed.

The science of the kiss is but a subtle one,

to be explored by laborers of love

who press on in the battlefield of sex,

making motions with movement

that should never have been thought of.

In these moments lip to lip

you find out you're up against someone that can make you flip

and your soul starts burning again,

while you bequeath your tongue

to be placed inside the mouth of another.

You succulently surrender!

Lose all thoughts of the moment,

as your exploring ecstasy and it feels so beautiful!,

just being who you are and remembering what you did

when you were young.

Methodically break it down;

and assemble a perfect moment for yourself

as you inhale the breath of your lover

as you taste the sweetness of their juice,

massage the pain from their day.

All while you're exploring the darkness together,

that as daylight breaks poem

As daylight breaks so do I , an evening spent with the written word. I go over and over the words I write and I can't help but see this little man that just wants to fight to infuriate and fill with rage. All these words that he's putting on the page so many people walking around numb, if even a brief emotion can be felt any of them just pick one. Feel it to its fullness and lose oneself again Travel the paths of emotions and conquer. We're all here on this little blue spaceship. It's full of everything we need and if big enough pins were to prick our home I know what color it would bleed. It would bleed all the colors that we would ever need to see and in these moments infinity and his brother eternity would come and chant their chants and would suture the wounds because the family of forever knows about All the time. All the time is just all the time All the time All the time All the time Its not fleeting to us, because we can see all the time, We can feel all the time, We can hear all the time, We can love all the time, We can pray all the time, And this is what we do, all the time. So as day is breaking so am I, Wondering who will piece together my heart? Who can love me and pull me back together? I'll keep looking for you, because it has nothing to do with time. You'll find me and I'll find you, and then we'll do what lovers do, and create some moments that we'll always remember and then we'll rub elbows in another dimension and I might have been better before but I broke character and ignored all the parts I didn't ignore before so please pull me apart and tell me it will be better I was happy before I broken, maybe humpty dumpty can put me back together. I'll write poetry to the wind and hope the stars can comprehend the meaning that I am seeking to derive from the moment I was born, til the moment I will die. I will be discerning and learning what this world is turning into and all the while I'll wear a smile because it's glorious and wondrous to see the things I see. Especially the little shining dots that litter my thoughts and affect my lot in life, like my little sprites that come to light, calming my troubles and my past. Prove to me that once you do the math you'll start to see your very own path light up and raise up off of the ground and it will make a swooshy sound like you're just supposed to do it and i'll move it along with my feet. I speak in tongues that get openly made fun of , i rewrite my scribblings so that you can understand my babblings because if you haven't read my writing you haven't read me and more to the point what i store in this box is what i need to breathe because i'll never feel let down by the language i'll al-

ways feel like i let it down because i wasn't unique enough and i wasn't discrete enough but damn it I was always me.

that loveliest image poem

I know what smart is ...

smart is when your standing there observing time
while everyone else is lost in the moment. Smart is retaining the most
detailed memory your culture.

Smart is a long line in a short poem.

Smart is following your heart while being guided by your mind.

Smart is taking your time and living a story.

Smart is a manifesto that's on the tip of your tongue.

Smart is hyphenated words you created yourself.

Smart is Jack Kerouac crying six minutes past midnight.

Smart is finding yourself right where you are.

Smart is what you cannot fathom when you've never been called it.

Smart is when you feel the weight of the world on your very shoulders,
pressing the t-shirt against your backbone because you can feel the
swishing of the ocean massaging your neck and you can feel the hima-
layas pinching a nerve and your not letting go because you know you
can cure this sickness if you just think about it enough if you can just
come up with a combination of words that can be passed on from one
person to another that will make us all understand that which we need
to understand to get on the same page and reform a Reformists age
and move n'sync with the music and the motion that we need to be in
motion with. It's when your thinking of all of this while your watching
the world change and you just want to make your change on the global
mindscape so that you can say you existed and so that the computer
can say you existed and so that we all can say indeed "He existed and
you know what he was smart , wasn't very tidy but damn he was smart."

Smart is an addiction.

that trapped in reality poem

A young poet trapped in reality
I set my sights on just what I need to see
I wrap my words in analogies
Metaphorically I inhale thee
And breath you back out
Spastically
Its like math to me
I'm formulating strategies
Because I feel like rap isn't the path for me
I need to poetically get back to my roots
And see who are the people that im supposed to move
Verbosity
In this realm you see
Is all that matters when the world is free
And English is the weapon that I was born to squeeze
Rat a tat tat
I have a feeling its like that
As the peacemaker gets sent to back of the room
I can understand why unindoctrinated person simply pushin a broom
I go over and over these stories I hear
The more I marinate the more it becomes clear
War is the weapon of choice this year
If you think you're a leader stand up and be clear
As we reprogram the matrix
With these codes you see
It's all about simplicity
And the least you need
Is the answer indeed
Because we're movin it now and were building a crowd
Were pushin the movement and building it loud
A sonic youth that's born to be proud
Were reaching nirvana and I can feel it now
Sublimeness on a whole new dimension
I wanted an answer because I asked a question
The universe made me and here I am
Standing in front of you just a lonely man
With these words that I create

As they are all I have
Preprepared paradoxes that I pop in my gun
I unload and shoot shots just to practice my aim
Flowing through these stenciled energy patterns
I feel found when I walk the trails I blaze
Going places that I know I've made
It's the passion that I crave
Your nothing and then you end up in the grave
So while you're alive do all that you can do
Don't worry about the powers that be
Just worry about the power that's inside of we
because its we that have all the roads that we have to walk
Some of us just know how to talk the talk
While we amble around this tiny park
That's changing more each and every day
Because were movin it now and were building a crowd
Were pushin the movement and building it loud
A sonic youth that's born to be proud
Were reaching nirvana and I can feel it now
Hh Hh Hh Hh
Breathing the breath that I was born to breathe
What is all of this supposed to mean
Ask a poet and he'll describe it indeed
Because confusing convoluted language is all around me
So confuse em back but with a message embedded
Something that will shock em and will get em thinking
That maybe they are sailing in a ship that is sinking
They can't keep on actin the way that they do
We're spending time in world that is shrinking
We're trapped on a planet that is full of mixed up missions
Leaders going this way and that
And no one really knows how to react
When a new voice emerges that calms the seas
You just wait and watch what these metaphors mean to me
I'm crafting my language to mean something indeed
I've heard all the stories and I can't take it any more
I'm tired of listening to tired people telling tired tales
I want to speak my mind and strike you with the tales I've made
I've been around the world and seen many a creature

I've even spoken with God and he says im a preacher
So I'm standing here with these words that aren't mine
I know im borrowing everything I have and I'll pay it back in time
So listen well and listen good
Because were movin it now and were building a crowd
We pushin the movement and building it loud
A sonic youth that's born to be proud
Were reaching nirvana and I can feel it now.

that I've been traveling poem

Thirty revolutions around the constantly mysterious glowing orb and here I am. How many times have I seen that chariot of fire make its way across that floating ocean? The sister of the sun evokes just as much awe from a simpleton like me, as that pearl colored majesty makes its way across a crow colored spectacle filled with tiny needle points of light. I'm standing here on an equally spellbinding sphere in amazement; just me and my blood staring out at all of this that never ends. Somehow this all fits together and I am one of the observers of this entity. This all encompassing spectacle is very real and is the birthplace of billions who, just like me with their own sets of questions stare and ponder like myself. I am daily amazed that I was given the chance to stare at this unending poem. One day I will lose my ability to observe this and like a beautiful tradition I am in the midst of my existence awaiting my departure. Together for the rest of forever we are here together and collectively we have our questions and maybe you can answer some of mine and I can try to answer some of yours then we can commune and share some food and laughter as we explore our sentience with one another and part ways back to our sleeping quarters that rest beneath the chariots of fire and the keepers of the night.

that beautiful symphony poem

There is a beautiful symphony awaiting the choirs of angels who are ready to sing the praises of creation. At any moment the universe is ready to set free its caretakers of song and announce its presence to sleeping souls Who love beautiful traditions more than contemporary technology because so much happened so fast And now we need a new answer to our age old questions because the old age old questions were answered Apparently yes, we can build anything we wish to build, so what now? We went to the moon and built an internet enabled personal computing metropolitan gargantuan planet That still needs its poems. We have the latest conceptualized contraptionologica but we still need that ancient alphabet to run it. This future cannot exist without the past because the past did the important difficult work that we today like to call survival. We dedicated a movie to a single man living on an island, three thousand years ago that was called, well it would have been called Tuesday if the phrase Tuesday had been invented yet. I don't know how difficult a war is to fight but we used to be evenly matched now we enlist genocidal robotic marines To defeat stone throwing McGuyvers who just want to fight the fight that we fought against germany. We are their monster and we never blink. I believe in deities you cannot imagine because I uplift my sentience to places you will not go. Won't you throw your weight around because we used to commune at work and now we have no more communion. I'm worried that we lost something important that you will never remember needing as I pine for an adult life I never was able to know and you grow in a world that you never needed to question. I'm on the edge questioning my existence while you are just a stones throw from never knowing what you have the luxury to never know. They wanted to build and you are happy to have it while I am just staring at the two of you Ready to use your tools beautifully.

that angel irises poem

There was salvation to be found inside angel irises
that stared through the decisions I made and here I am
awaiting my entrance to heaven or hell
but neither matters because both places are not here and here is neither
of those places
So where is this exactly in the grand scheme of things?
Your religious speak of the joyful and terrible places that await us but I
would like to know
What was the joyful or terrible place that preceded our emergence
Into this place as I would call this place more joyful than heaven and
more terrible than hell
Which is exactly what you avoid looking at while you wait for places
that will never be
You could never understand the trauma you have caused the free
As you took advantage of free speech and 501(c)3 and now the money
is all you need to believe
So I sit back with my book of poetry and laugh because you chase
the notions that your books will last forever
and I tell you that even your god has a shelf life when someone like me
writes the book of life
that you won't be allowed to read because you damaged me
I lived a life so perfectly and then you brought me into this
and thought nothing of the kids.

that calm amidst the turmoil poem

i stood inside a hurricane and licked a little lollipop
i knew that all that wind would very soon stop
but not before it tore a tree from terra firma
and planted roots inside my chest cavity
where the fluid of my life came spilling out
and wrapped itself around hickory arteries
that held open houses once a week
for fledgling college students
who have no idea what to say
or what a painting is all about
or why a sculpture matters
or why life drawing is sensual
my arteries are lled with poetry cells
that are mutating daily and keeping me alive
and my veins hold my vanity because
there's someone inside of me

that thinks this poetry will inspire thee
so i keep writing while art shows
are filled with milling students
and self absorption keeps me
coming back to my words that
wreak havoc on my operating system
that has me saving lives three at a time
screaming in the center of a hurricane
that the weather will always remain the same

that shout out to voltron poem

i recombined my mind like voltron
after it was scattered from discovering the truth
and now that i can see the truer side of you
it makes me want to take away all the blue
and paint your eyelids peppermint shades
while i reach around your middle
and hug you while i tickle
and listen while you giggle
throwing jokes along your path
because i know they make you laugh
what better way to be tempted by defeat
than through the avenues of love.

that lets get it on poem

i want to wrestle you on top of the sheets
and slide between satin
and glide over some silk
and then i want to taste your tongue
and massage your gums with my lips
while we engage in behavior
we have been waiting to experience
since before we knew how to exist
and so i kiss you on the forehead
while you lay your head on my sleave
tonight we will know what love is
because we took the time to believe

that what I would have said poem

“can’t we all just get along?” is what rodney said...

well what he should have said instead was ...

YOU MOTHERFUCKERS IM A HUMAN AND YOU TREATED ME
LIKE THAT!

that's all that needed to be said and all that needs to change
is police officers who treat people inhumanely with their weaponry
and their demeanor as they are professionals and need to understand
that the people they are policing for the most part are not
and could never be professional human beings and that sometimes
things happen that are against the law but are not illegal
does that make sense? the law is not the law all the time
its depends on the situation every situation
because sometimes theft is necessary and sometimes so is a joint
you do not own us and this is not yours we respect you
but only so long as you respect us and that is true for all

that what i would have also done poem

i guess i don't understand because if i was jesus

id have been repentant and sorrowful and maligned about my actions
facing crucifixion i would have done more than standing there
speaking in my head asking the wind to come and make it all better
again

no if i had been jesus i would never have turned over the tables
in a temble that was not mine

i would never have faced breaking and entering in a business establish-
ment

that just wouldn't have been my style

but you love him and want to be like him

and worship him and all that he stands for yet you mostly seem not to
read

the book the defines your deity

because if you did you would never follow a man that was an accom-
plished petty thief

now maybe this was impressive in latin and the kings english
but translated into modern day contemporary magazine style writing
english

its just sad what you would consider a god among men

if we are going to worship a man who gave sight to the blind with mud
lets really worship men who give sight to the blind with steel

if we are going to worship a man who allowed people to walk

lets really worship men who bring cripes to mobility every day

if we are going to worship a man who treated lepers

lets worship real people who work with lepers every day

lets worship the real gods and let the false ones fall away.

that professional beggar poem

the more I learn about religion
the more I just want to be left alone
your stylized begging
won't get you any closer to heaven
and you call your meetings services
when your just serving yourself
filling roles we don't need anymore
with a book that you twist into your
messages that you strangely need
to fulfill your mission
that you feel the need to achieve
for your 501(c)3
I believe that you launder more bills
than you do souls
and its something of a mystery to me
how you would rather uplift Truth
as opposed to uplifting Literacy
because if you take the time to read the book
you find its not what you say it is
and compared to contemporary society
its not even impressive.

that singular sentience poem

I've been experiencing tryouts for infinity here amidst
the talent pools of earth
saturated sensations of singular sentience
I am at the center of my serenade that I share with the cosmos
The beauty of existence hit me like a soul train
I have finally found the shore and am standing
staring at my ocean of emptiness
And am ready to begin filling myself with the memories of better days
It takes a long time to love someone who hates themselves so please be
patient with me
I've spent time at four mental hospitals in three cities on two continents
and still have shards of insanity stuck in my eye
I am the person I have always been only more distilled and potent
so bare with me as I unleash my potential that was held back
by pill pushers and republican empires
I only wish to serve and create wealth
won't you take me by the hand and I will earn you a grand
because my story ends the same way it began
poetically.

that shirt shaker poem

shake that shirt now lady shake them pants
listen to the music let's start that dance
because we're surrounded by the music
and we both want to lose it
while we love each others groove and
the rhythm makes us move
and i want to flow with you
around the lights and the smoke
because watching you in those clothes
makes me want to explode with emotion
and its something like a mystery
how you make these sensations come over me
but there you are and the time is right
so when we start the tango just let go
while we let each other know
that we don't need a stage
because this is our show
and this is our night.

that what i want poem

I want to explode with emotion
and fall into the light.

I want to bask in the darkness
and wait for my wife.

I want to hold her close
and i want to kiss her eyes.

I want to live every moment
as if i am about to die.

that memories of youth poem

i remember the first time i ever danced
i remember the first time i let the music harmonize my pants
i remember the way my shirt felt
i remember yeah i remember the music young as young could be
i danced like i couldn't see and didn't care about being free
but i was

that waiting for fame poem

i think i shall be famous someday
this work is what i want to be known for
you never know just what you'll find
when you're waiting for life
to try and take your last dime
it's no use being fruitful
it's no use being wise
it's only useful to look forward to sleep
awaiting the day you can be at one with the deep
knowing that you spent your youth
preparing for your adult life and spent your adult life
preparing for your old age
to be famous for the way you moved
through the trials we all face
is recognition worthy of working towards
because when those that don't know what you know
know that you know what they don't know
and that you are buying drinks
we all find time to smile

that god type language poem

ala fomta yoshama yomoyoy

I used to be a little boy

And I fell prey to the words decoy

So maybe I should enjoy

This time that I have

As I never get back the minutes

That I spend with idle hands

But with my fingers moving

I can move and choose

The right to refuse

Any moment that comes my way

Because I am learning how to drive

The ocean away

So that there is that much more land to travel in

and yeah it's all I know and all I see

and together we can find the time to be free.

that i have days like this poem

You have to love the dick

We have to love the clit

We'll worship each other

Together

And find orgasms

Forever.

that ode to elizabeth poem

Suit on, shoes wet, and willing to dance
for the women I haven't kissed yet
Saturday night and the groove was right
Grammar's provided the space and Goddess provided the night
So I sparked my consciousness and rubbed my hands
The ladies were lovely and the music was grand
On into the night I was dancing for her hand
And we found ourselves from time to time smiling
like genies just freed from the lamp
Nice young blonde, who knew how to move
We canter banded and swimdoddled while
the music gave our souls something to fondle
Round and round each others imagination we moved
Step for step we each knew what we knew
The whole club seemed to be in the know
That there was some real life dancing at a real life show
The drinks were being downed and the smiles were moving around
The mirror behind the bar doubled the occupancy
of the space we resided in
And when she and me held hands and spun
We smiled our smiles and felt the feeling of having fun
I felt a happiness down inside of me that is hard to describe
Because the dance floor to me is where all of life comes alive
As the chaos we experience in a moment like that
Is the greatest moment that can occur to a writer
who pulls his words out of eternity's hat.

that new york city fox poem

Oh she's a master of the universe in training

Gaining accolades like some people acquire clothing

Moving through life ready to roller derby her way into the history books

Waiting to take the stage and gain those Vagina Monologue looks
As she brings eruptions of laughter that matter

And she has her special someone who makes her shine like the diamond that she is

Refined through pressure and her temperature couldn't be hotter
Lined with stars down her side because she is her own constellation
It's a sensation when she calls because through it all she has been so tall
The fox of her city , and when she gets angry she might say ... ya'll!

that time for some poetry poem

now it's time for some poetry.

we upload pages like prayers to God;
a global consciousness is our maker,
as it takes a globe of consciousness
to solve the problem
of keeping everyone, alive and so we strive
to be ever present poets
awaiting our time to shine
when you acknowledge our words and our worlds
that we have carefully refined
for you.

that staring at my navel poem

As I gave birth to my navel,

I saw myself unfold inside my soul,

existence saw fit to remove me from infinity,

I've always existed and always will but different dimensions
serve different purposes within reality.

I think! I know! I feel! I see!

I understand me, but wish to craft true beauty,
something original exists just behind my eyes
and I am blind to the reasons why my words
always fall short of the perfection I wish to behold.

I pull combinations of words from the cosmos
hoping that the next articulation of meaning
will allow me to transcend and defend my existence.

that squeeze a booty poem

Small town beauties,
big city cuties,
both have squeezable booties.

that come together for a storm poem

You're so cool
And I'm so warm
And when we get together
There will be a storm
As we engulf each other's coasts
And toast to the moments we spend together
because I love the way your skin feels
and your moans tell me you love mine
so let us dine on each other's ether
while we seek to place hurricanes in sensuous places
while tornados find rainbows in our eyes
and i can hear the thunder in your voice
can you feel the lightening in mine
channel nine could never have predicted this
no matter what the weather forecast might be
no one can tell us what the temperature is going to be
when you are laying next to me.

that alan ginsberg of the future poem

I've seen the best minds of my generation
rise to the heights of astonishment
while I became lost in my own linguistic epiphanies
Three months from thirty I contemplate the
concept that I may have another hundred left to run write and live
where are these wording coming from
and where will they go when I am finished
marathonning through existence drunk on english
amazed at the places that my days would have me go
so I throw out caution and care while i delight
in simple equivocations of the heart
that stem from ideas gleaned from decades
of learning about centuries that came before me.

that muhajadin poem

I am the master of my mastery of mastering mastery

I am the muhajadin of my mind!

I am the angel that tends my thoughts.

I share my soul with you when the time is right!

I stumble through existence drunk on philosophy.

I manipulate evolution as I embrace enlightened desires!

I feel the fluctuations of time down my spine.

I live for the rhyme because I love the sublime!

that engaged in my fantasy poem

You could never love me, but you might love my words,
as what I leave behind is better than what I am right now.

What I give to you is better than what you give to me,
and from my point of view in the galaxy
the universe revolves around my soul.

I am the center of all that exists
and at the same time so are you.

What you are to you, is more important than what I am to me, to you.
What I am to me, is more important than what you are to you, to me.

Our words are fluctuations of energy that we pass between us
as our collective energy unlocks the galaxy
and makes tools that equip our chemistry.

Mathematically I know the equation that portrays you as equal to me,
but at the same time I keep unraveling this riddle
that grows more convoluted as I grow.

I think the internet should be proof enough that
we are the greatest beings that we know,
as I am the cat that chases the mouse with my paw
playing games like click tac toe.

Laugh when you read this so that you can let me know,
that you understand where this poet is trying to go.

Because I am the ring master of my own three ring show.

that what's on your mind poem

A B C D and the rest of these letters

1 2 3

. , !

Our toolkit, our english toolkit, that is our sonic delicatessen
giving us the patterns we need to express ourselves
and let those around us know what our minds are processing.
Are you thinking about mathematics or philosophy?

Might you be thinking of poetry or prose?

Could you be thinking of cooking or machinery?

Are you unraveling comedy or song?

What are your neurons doing to your mind?

What is your consciousness brewing?

What are the words that you have yet to speak?

We want to know.

that single haiku poem

Just a puddle,
I am,
looking for an ocean.

that simple truth poem

You can't make culture,
unless you're in love,
because it's only through love
that nothing makes sense.

that bread crumb trail poem

I'm laying bread crumb trails to my heart,
hoping that
if you're lost
my heart is where
you will find home.

that facts of life poem

I don't have enough looks to be handsome.

I don't have enough brains to be a genius.

I don't have enough strength to be strong, and

I don't have enough age to be old.

that infinite universe poem

inside an infinite universe.

You move infinite ways,
marking the mayhem
you feel inside yourself with your love.
Spilling out through all your shakras
And you know he'll shock ya
with what he does with his tongue.

You never know what to expect
but you suspect it has something to do with sex...
and you don't know why.

The anatomy of the kiss
is this;
you take a moment
lock eyes with someone,
then you feel the moment
move with passion
to the point of contact
where light subsides
and tongues unhide.

You see
this is the beginning of ecstasy.
Now you're feeling the smoothness;
as you suck in the breath of life,
maybe enact a small smile.

You're speeding up and you're pulling some hair.
You're not letting the juices spill all over
because you're unleashing controlled chaos.

You can feel it together
with hands
flowing a multitudes of motion;
uncontrolled passion mounts;
you can feel the work up;
as you work out the finer points of the moments,
making all the beauty that you would love to feel.
You do it all with your mouth open
like a cowboy you roam the range,
spill over into the soul of this cowgirl,

sweetly singing the swan song of sensuality,
laughing when you feel your teeth get licked.

You pinch the hip

get a grip

laugh a sweet laugh,

at the ludicrousness of the moment.

You don't care that she's pulling your hair
because you feel passion.

You can feel the dare to be more than just another lover,
you try and be the one that gives her something that she'll never forget
as you strive for unforgettable.

Tightening your grip

your starting to flip,

then the moment stops; ; ;

you lick your lips...

awaiting that second kiss.

that i would be terrible at war poem

They called themselves physicists,
they created the A BOMB!

They called themselves engineers,
they created the TANK!

They called themselves intelligent,
yet they were quite not.

Creating our very ending, they waged war with death
while we waged war against.

We're not trying to build a better way to die,

We're building all the reasons that will make you cry.

We need you to shed tears on Capital Hill.

See the blood that you've caused to be bled.

If we do what we we're meant to do,

fluids will descend and you'll know who the new men are.

We're reaching from afar and we need to surgically be precise,
Let you know about the pacifist counterstrike.

That will have you scratching your mind state,
have you itching and scratching,
and wondering,

what was it we were fighting over again?

that you have to have balls poem

There will never be
A better invention,
than a nice round ball.

that truthinista poem

They say time is money!
Ah, but they are wrong!
Money is motion!
It's something I give you
That gets you to move
the way I want you to move.
It's something you give to me,
that makes me want to move.
In this truth we
find that money is in fact motion...
Another phallic fallacy,
is that all men are created equal.
This used to be true,
and became a broken document
when men became created
invetroically and intravenously.
When you started creating
men and women
with skinny metallic penises
that you placed inside the vaginas
of bacteria you changed the course of existence
when you started using the PENIS 2.0
with the Beta Vagina.

that working on words poem

I write today not like I wrote before,
I dig a little deeper and explore a little more,
unraveling thoughts as if I'm unraveling thread.
Spinning a tale that's just beautiful to see.
I can't wait to see what the next word is that will come out of me!
What's the next word that will prove I do breathe?
Digging for inspiration seems to fit all my needs.
I can write until my hands start to break.
When they're broken I'll write with some toes,
and keep on pushing these words out from my soul.

that what the future is poem

The future is ...
half the calories
twice the pushups.
The future is ...
a healthy place to be
a beautiful place to see.
The future is ...
running after work
and jamming on the weekends.
The future is ...
learning the ropes
and weaving some more.
The future is ...
cosmology and astrology
networked astrophysically.
The future is ...
gaia's dream
with a pagan lean.
The future is ...
poetry wrapped inside melodies
right now

that seriously poem

I can't break with tradition I'd feel the need to fix it.

that money in the mouth poem

I'm full of five dollar words,
and three dollar phrases,
crafting out these creations
I derive placid pleasure
from my sunken treasure
that I share each breathless day.

that kind of beauty poem

She was so breathtaking,
she left me winded,
because as she walked around the room
she attracted exhalations
of all who saw her
It made it hard for her to breathe.
So beautiful she became suffocated
as she stole our CO₂.

that emotional moisture poem

Her face was like a tear drop
falling to thy sky.
God was like the tear duct
telling his child goodbye.

that lightning horsepower poem

I sipped the nectar of the Gods
they shared their juice with me.
I believed I saw the future
when I stared at these deities.
They joked about the future,
they traveled to the past.
They were everything in a moment
and I was just traveling by.
They believed me to be immortal.
They said they saw the signs.
I told them of my working mother.
I told them of my absent father.
They came and spoke a word to me:
“Son you are a deity among deities!
Come and take your throne!
Let all the world know!
Your blood runs like thunderbolts!
Your neurons shine like lightning!
Your muscles twitch with horsepower!
Your skin is smooth like polished silver!
Come and spend some time with we,
we will show you the tower.
Your place is here amongst the stars.
Your life is lovely now embrace the power.

that tragic american story poem

My American Dream had a house fire,
and now my 2.3 kids are homeless,
and my white picket fence is charred,
and I'm standing in the rubble,
wondering how did all this happen to me?

that first two lines are my favorite poem

I dig my grave with a silver spoon,
the very same position i hold my wife in,
while we whisper dreams in each others ears,
trying to build a little slumber while we lumber away.
We love what we see during the day
but our dreams are meant to guide our nightmares,
like shepherds keeping them in guided groups
flocks that make them easy to see.
I walk up to a nightmare,
tie its legs together,
and shear myself a set of socks from its wool.
Now my toes are kept cozy from my conquered fear
and in a little more than a year
I'll be a deity to these sheep.

that yes this is completely true poem

They say that failure is a big part of success...
well failure is also a big part of failure.

that lets talk about children poem

This is a test of the Emergency Broadcasting System!

We seem to have too few females

birthing beautiful children so

we are now casting broads to play the part

of mother of 2.3 children,

who just loves her white picket fence.

I'll play the father who comes home from

work everyday to watch the children play

and from this foundation we can celebrate

the tenacity our species has for breeding

because earth will have no more men or women

if we spend no more time in the bedroom

but it looks like we did

and birthed some kids

so I guess we did our part,

even though we have no art

even though we have no music

even though we have no photographs

even though we have no drawings

w even though we have no poems

we have our children

so i guess we did our job, didn't we?

that beautiful infinity poem

Oh won't you imagine with me a beautiful infinity
And I promise we will share some fermented forevers
As we become divinely inebriated on the elixirs
That we pass to each other in heightened levels of conversation
Where we establish our precipice inside of each other's mind
And drop candy into the cortex tissue from mountain tops
Only found through spending time with your brethren

that 1984 reference poem

I used to be a pick up artist
Until love scolded me and told me to be less bold
And sent my life into a tailspin of turmoil
All because I wanted to touch you with pure elegance
I remember when kisses used to be currency
In the sweetest way possible
I remember when love marks
Were marks of honor held up in the battlefield of love
We used to dance because it was fun
Then we danced because we were special
Now we dance because we remember
The days when the suns rays hit us like dandelions
I think I could muster some party
If you could muster some wine
And together we could read 1984
And commit our very last crime.

that abuse me poem

I write like thoroughbred searching for a track
I just love to run man its got me on auto attack
My hands at the keyboard my mind at the helm
You may think me crazy but I know me too well
I love my well thought out ways
I craft sentences to better days
You may think I am crazy
But I know I am me
I've seen your world and what it has
And to me that's just the point
Won't you imagine with me a better way
So that we can see a better day
Or are you too busy catering to old news
Old crews and old abuse
The abuse is the best part of life
Because then you get to write about how you healed
That's not a perfect deal but it is if you get used to it.

that hollywood poem

It used to be called Holly Would
And if she would why wouldn't you
So lets start to act because if you don't
Holly will like she has so many times before
Tinsel Town I see you now
As we feel strong in the land of the Cincinnatus Scholars
Searching for a perfection that can never be
Looking for the W to enmesh with my E
And your leading lady just might have the style we need.

that halle berre poem

And then Halle Berre begot
the Holly Berry
And who doesn't know the power of a
Branch of Holly
As the holidays come every year
And we remember the power of the Holly
That mythical plant that brings lips to lips
In the army of the kisses
That are showered like lavender on mother's day

that angelina jolie poem

We speak so highly of our heroines
Until they start to understand themselves
And take themselves places they have never been
Your story makes its way across the universe
As you are a goddess among gods
And in that moment of Heroine's affliction
I can imagine you felt better than a million dishes
You will never have to wash
Because we depend on your soul
As we grieve the lessons we will never learn
Because we don't have the time or the ability
And when I see you I don't see a Tomb Raider
No instead I see a young woman with children on her heart
And from city to city this is not the beginning
no this is just the start
Of a moment that we will remember forever
As time breathes in the wind
And we can heal any wound
So ignore the voices that snipe from the woods
Because how could your critics
Possibly understand the motivation behind the temptations
That bring about the elation of the cosmos
And everyone forgets that there are reasons why heaven is hard to
achieve
Because for you to receive your blessings that we will never understand
In a needle in a vein in an artery and then straight to your heart
Where the art of living is being explored and I know you want to feel
real
Because I know that you are and when anyone looks at you askance
And wonders why you had the chance
Just remember that the world is your oyster
And Angelina you are the pearl
That grew up in a world that is stranger than fiction
And we appreciate your presence because being around you
Feels like the sensation that heroine brings to you
And I can only imagine that one day
The world will understand.

that good from good poem

Preparing for the emergence of manhood
I stand announcing my freedom to myself
Needing nothing but a heartbeat
I let the paperwork recycle itself
As I never wanted trees to die for me
Surrounded by situations that confuse me
I've heard I confuse you as much as the other way around
Confusion sets in and I comfort myself with letters
Piecing together pieces of sound
Searching for meaning where none can be found
Lifting the language up to Gods that only exist in conversation
I find solace in the understanding
that most of you don't understand
Maybe you never wanted to or maybe you never could
Atheism as a true form of honesty, envelops me
Rips apart the membranes of my cerebral tissue
Sometimes I just wonder what's wrong with you
I know who you see when you look at me
The same man reflected in every mirror I see
Sometimes I think the stained glass was meant to be
The eternal sunshine of the spotless mind
Counting the days until infinity
The same amount of time it takes to create a perfect society
Most of the writing I read triggers my allergies
I don't think anyone really listens to me
Sometimes I wish I could still believe in the heavenly
You stand there worshiping your ignorance
In groups of millions , never expecting anything to change
You don't really want to be who you say you are
Sometimes I think you dream of war
The same situations I call nightmares
You seem to wait for
Cherishing your crosses like you cherish your swords
Honoring your saints like you honor your money
Worshiping your system like your worship your history
Most of you never did anything greater
than making phone calls and drafting plans

Punching buttons and moving mice
Watching others thinking it's your life
I see you standing there on capital hill
Drafting bills to make sure someone gives me my oblong pill
Whose to say what's to be in my mind?
I read and write like im transcribing my life
Observing my dna being etched out by my fingers
Learning about the man my subconscious wants me to be
Looking for the patterns of life
Walking the streets of downtown cincinnati
Staring at babies born to be tools
Looking at me calling me the fool
Your 401k will only keep you fed
so that you can continue to be the walking dead
Throwing parties to celebrate each time you laugh
Posting flyers to advertise the new friends you've made
You find safety in your numbers I find safety in the music
You're used to being wealthy and
if you don't believe visit the grocery
Car after car adorns the road
As the lemmings travel to their next place to complain
You don't want to live but you're not ready to die
Atheism scares you because it shows you who you really are
Takes away your heaven and your dreams
Shines a light at your forehead like an infrared beam
Lets you know that better days come from better people
I've talked to people that don't think you measure up
But here we are in the assembly line of life
What did you want to make today?
Because honestly, I'm running out of words to say
This might be the last time you see me
I don't think I'll be coming back this time
It might be nice to be remembered
I just know I won't be the one remembering me.

that angel poem

As the language enters a new day and all the shadows begin to fall away
we see the meanings we're supposed to say they could never plan the
planet better than those that Plan It.

Planning it on the Planet As the son begins to rise in the east and the
companies begin to earn their prophet the man they've waited years to
speak to and onIntelligence like the command begins to help people
understand that new ways of thinking are in high demand and were all
DIY as the Internet makes people shine.

Conduits to the mind, glowing screens, so serene, no reason to behold
the reason we're all growing old but the change we'll make will create
the state that will help entire nations create a better way to travel to
the place we all find peace, As there's no west to conquer, smooth and
hollow we're allowed to borrow time if we're going to promise to make
something peaceful.

As God is like that Angel who wants you to know your P's and Q's and
when he sees that mission statement , that business plan That envelops
every nation and every woman child and man Hell (he'll) smile and say
... now you understand.

that sci-final exam poem

We're reading science fiction daily

The sun is good

The sun is bad

The sunblock works

The sunblock doesn't

Coffee is good

Coffee is bad

Eggs are good

Eggs are bad

Milk is good

Milk is bad

Fat is good

Fat is bad

Cigarettes kill

Well they always kill

Weed is good

Weed is bad

It's getting hotter

It's getting colder

Glaciers melting

Glaciers freezing

Evolution is real

Evolution isn't

Science fiction man

We're just reading gobs of science fiction.

that listen to the poet's song poem

Just another
flavor in the language
Come and taste the rhyme
Everythings gonna change
Sit back relax have a good time
Were just rearranging some verbs
And speaking in the tongue of absurd
So come and craft with us
Like people never thought we could
But when were finished
We'll be rhymin in the studio
Takin photos and makin art
Because this is more than just a beginning
This is really just the start
Hundred of poems before this
But this is where I begin to depart
And make manifest the destiny
That is in store for me
As its the mind that morphs reality
So don't fall victim to chemical atrophy
Keep thinking and tryin new things
And listen to the song
The poet sings.

that grace poem

It takes a couple sentences to define most words and the more words it takes to define a word the more power that word takes on and it takes all the words ever written to define humanity and since no man can understand all the written words it takes a group of people to define the meaning of one man and all the words that define humanity stem from the prophets whose lives have confounded and helped us find ourselves as our minds are made up of the shadows of greater men than us and in the shadows of great men you'll find lessons that cultivate societies and grace.

that my type of romance poem

we smoked cigarettes for the cancer
we always wanted something foreign in our bodies
like the tongue of a woman from germany
that sipped too much whiskey
and now she's feeling frisky
so we slip away for a moments love
or liebe in her language
she liked me from the start
and her nipples tasted tart
with clothes strewn through the room
this isn't about making someone swoon
just two strangers meeting for a moment
that lasted as long as the cigarette
she asked of me
that brought us
to this moment
and past the point of ecstasy.

that young midwestern poem

All the world is waiting for you to move so move
Be a part of the show pushing life to the extreme
If you want this Encore ... bring it hardcore
Lets do more than they did before
More tools than they had
So more is expected ... drop out of being lazy
Wake from the sleepy sleepy
And lets get this show going
Moving doing losing and then winning
Coming for the trophy
That were all hip to share
Bring your best words but beware
There are many many snares
Booby trapps and prizes
Make a million and then start sizing
Up the competition like your on a holy mission
And you don't trust anyone because
reality makes it that way
I wasn't raised this way
But this is the way I am
Family packs of wolves rushing the stage
Making the moves to make it made
And were making the grade
Moving the moves that make sense
You want to see a man hustle
Watch me run for the ball
I'm almost out of the gates
Give me a year and watch me move
You might not know the thoughts I'm working with
So smooth and in the groove
What are you going to do
When we make mention fo the fact that
Were in a Sim City
pushin for the mayor
And then some more
If we can get it all organized
We can have some nice dinner

And bring in the people we want
Property inspectors in the pocket
Of a pool hall
So squeaky clean you'll think I was pristine
And I just might be
So let's keep on the real
Kindness isn't weakness
it's just knowledge keeping me humble
Dodging the destiny that they said
they had made for me
And fighting to craft a reality my way
Unseen forces
Molding everything around me
But then you get hip to the energy
And you push back sublimely ...
Were just a conversation away from Nirvana
So lets say those words and see what happens
When we break away from the absurd
And bring some common sense to the curb
We'll never be east coast or west coast
Were midwest young and reckless
That's right we wreck less because we're better drivers
Than you are.

that nice way to talk poem

I tied my shoes
with fat string theory laces
and got ready to run
through the warm wormhole
that rests between her legs
hoping to impregnate the Goddess
with some test tube sperm
that I'll break as I make my attempt
to procreate.

that let us think about money poem

Have you ever really thought about money? This is what it is from where I stand. The government knows they make it and you don't Then they tell you that you owe them something that they make They make paper and pass it out among the crowds Its like we could be living so much more peacefully But the government is taxing us, and what are taxes?

Taxes are moments when you are forced to give currency back to the men who gave it to you. Money is off the gold standard, so it's all based on faith. Don't stop and look around , you might question what you see. Especially if you spend a lot of time at the university.

What is money? Look at it. I don't know anyone that knows how to physically make it. I hear the government has money factories where it's made en mass. Wouldn't the society that makes the money have to exist without money? It comes from somewhere it comes from something I know we don't need it but as soon as I start thinking like this A wave of thought passes over me reversing my thoughts I'm sorry for questioning reality I didn't mean to be this way But nothing seems to make sense and I have never been to your planet before.

that lifestyle of the artist poem

Pleasure derived from pain
The lifestyle of the artist
Moving through the tightest
Spaces looking for that which encases
That next awkward position
Where something happens
And nothing does
Because a moment turned into
A lifetime
And it isn't just because
Of some drugs
Complicated complexions
And opening eyes
I remember the very last time I cried
And I forget the last time I lied
Must have been a couple years before I died
I am not alive
Though you see me
I am but a capsule of my past
Floating through the future
Awaiting that which awaits me
Where is it that I am supposed to be
Someday you might see
That a beautiful panhandler I can be.

that how i learned to steal poem

Finding the emotions that you enjoy each day

Is like finding the time to

fly and

fly away

Each day

So I say

Drugs were never meant for me anyways

I had to betray

That who I used to be

And forever

Is what I used to see

But now

I'm dying in the light

Because it isn't bright enough

To me to consider it bright

But my fingers just might

Touch another key

And program that combo

That will end this jumbo

Facilitated dimension

That is either just my minds interpretation of real

Or there is something I can't see

That will be mine

When I learn how to steal.

that clownish poem

What's up with what's down and I feel like a clown
Just sad enough to make you cry
And just happy enough to make you laugh
A designer clown
Here to make you frown
Because I can't draw
But these words can flow
It's not like they show what I know
To graduate into that big audition
That when Ill start to tow
The line that is mine
And I think I can see
That none of this means anything to me.

that words yet spoken poem

A new language was awaiting me words yet spoken , a formal decree that the world has succumbed to blasphemy and if you don't believe, just shake that laffy taffy and get back to me, hopefully you'll laugh with me as we watch the chicken heads fry like KFC Colonel Sanders , McDonald's and Wendys. Damn it's just so plain to see wed rather be wealthy than healthy. They're not sellin oranges and apples to keep the doctor away, they're selling grease and grime to bring him closer so that they have a reason to check in that next blood donor that they'll suck dry like vampires a pint at a time. No ceremony when they take your blood. No religion in the medicine. (which is where is should be) Just pins and needles and meds and feds collecting insurance for the red white and blue cross and blue shield. So many people involved in the scam that the man with the knife cuts once and gets paid twice, hiding behind the logic that you can't put a price on life but they do every single time, we're at war. World War Three is happening right behind your eyes. You'll never see the bullet enter your brains because the bullets are the lessons that have you trained Yes sir! no sir! I'll die for my country sir! I'll die for the rich man whose controlling numbers metaphorical abstractions that just ain't happenin. Who said the constitution is more than just a piece of paper man. We're changing and so are they. Better keep your eyes on the sky and two on the man that says he loves to pray, because there's no God saving us today. The christians talk about the righteous way! The muslims talk about the ocean! The jews have their hebrew lessons! The atheists are at least honest today pointing out that all the people pointing to God have a book that straight tells them what to say while the atheists sit under the stars and heavens. Cybernetic society started with the first symbol. I want something real that I can see with my own eyes. I don't need a miracle when I can see the stars in the sky. I'll fight and I'll die and ask every question why.

My neurons are firing My chemistry is made up. I've got a message to share and I know I need to stand up shout and fight and say what's wrong, finding solace in the language, furthering the cause chanting out these spells until my throat gets raw. Step into the world of Ontology It's getting serious now. You never knew just what to do Until they showed you the information that made a computer do it to. The story is changing and so are we. I remember when I loved Christianity, I too

used to be a sheep. Something about a well spoken man claiming the truth. So who knows the truth, when there's too much for anyone to know? This isn't ancient Rome when there were three books filled with all of it This is 2006 with the internet, the book's bigger than it ever was and the computers are starting to do all the reading because we're getting control of this ship, plant earth I mean we're turning Gaia into God and when we're done we'll leave in ships that will leave you in awe. I'm serious man, I've seen the future people are leaving , gonna happen, sit back relax and enjoy the show... Express yourself futuristically though art is the evolution of language step up and grow a pair say something fierce and then do the poet stare.

that where i want to be poem

I wanted to be more than a monkey with a refined mind's eye and so I write the beginnings of symphonies combinations of letters empowering your energy and as I speak these words in front of you, I affect your chemistry that's just a handful of minerals and 7 buckets of water wrapped around your electricity, rhyme schemes starting to grow weary, this piece is growing cold tts nearly right where I don't want it to be so lets get back to the fact that this ain't rap and I know that.

I caught a case watching the great get greater in linguistic laboratories And the first four letters of culture is what we're all subscribing to As its not a matter of "If you're in a cult..." it's "Which cult are you in?" because there isn't anything that amounts to anything inside of capitalism that someone isn't taking advantage of you in one way or another and you're born carefree and then they start charging you to care and money makes the world go round and round the ritual of work celebrated by the masses as we watch ourselves build marvelous contraptions still trying to affect this universe , afraid to confront life and death from realistic positions we're always the ones that are putting off the most important decisions like opening homes for homeless people so that the homeless have homes or maybe even nothing important so much as a roof ... can't we as a community on some piece of public property afford to build something that can be sectioned off from the collective mind's eye so the wealthy don't have to see poverty and just build a roof and give people the opportunity to be sheltered ... or would that challenge you far too much because if you know the homeless are broken. You'll fight hard not to be yourself ... knowing there isn't anything to do just might bring out the best in you ... we need some roofs ... in a park ... or something And this is just stream of consciousness at this point ... personal introspection ... Neuronautical time traveling inner dimensions ... I wanted to be more than a monkey with a refined minds eye ... And so I write the beginnings of symphonies ... Your amazing to me ... Seriously.

that before the ice age poem

I wanted to change the world before my body grew cold. I wanted to be a chemical reaction that created chemical reactions. Hands and feet all moving harmoniously with glints in eyes, as we all tried to do what's best for the rest but then I realized that that already exists and that I was just on a hippie power trip. Trying to dictate what 6 billion people should do from where I stand is ludicrous indeed but then I realized that instead of creating massive change, create tiny change and just be personally productive because then you can enter into a great relationship with someone you'll love soon. I miss being right all the time because now I'm always wrong, I remember when I had all the answers and now I just wish I could find a good song to sing while I begin to make my way in the world that education prepared me for.

that did you walk on water poem

I tried walking on water once. I remember how I stood under the fiery sun in the middle of summer. I stretched my limber legs and felt a burn crawl up the back of them. Then I ran as fast as I could to the edge of the pool and just tried to sprint across the water. I remember I felt like I was going to be Jesus after the first step. It was always the second step that reminded me I thankfully wouldn't be. At the third step I was waist deep in my own knowledge, so I shimmied back to the ladders and damn it if I wouldn't try again. I was forever trying to walk on the water just like the times I would try to fly. I would stand in the middle of a cathedral in front of a 40 foot tall wooden figure that invariably had great abs and when no one was looking I stretched and strained and waved my hands until my feet left the ground. They didn't. Then I tried a different approach ... I stood as still as humanly possible and just imagined I was floating and waited until my feet left the ground. Through doing this I learned that my imagination just wasn't nearly as strong as gravity, that invariably kept me right where I was. Twas only my imagination that soared as I remember moments like these I was the one that tried the outlandish When no one was looking And today ... maybe I'll try just one more time And hopefully you can watch me fly. Nope. Not today. (perform as actually trying in front of people.)

that what can a pimp really do poem

Decrepit scripture lingers on their lips. Their language is dying faster than they are as the reconfigured meanings of combinations of sound surround cerebral cortex tissue and the issue becomes the ether as the invisible world of wonder meant begins to repeat like Pete that fell off the fence and Repeat and Pete conversant daily working on the plans to bring Humpty Dumpty back again Like in Jurassic Park, because they couldn't put him back together but they did sample his yolk And now they're ready to clone A million eggs for easter To walk around and spray the pleasant sound of pheasants flying through the air

The thing about Humpty Dumpty is that he really doesn't care, he caresses his shell casts a spell and watches the dish run away with the spoon, while a plate is growing cold with Mother L Ron Hubbards food. He didn't want to eat his pork and beans because he was too busy being lost looking for Xenu and the thing about him was that He Knew and now look at this place. Going for a cruise while reading the Entertainment News Sniffing lines of coke while drinking a pepsi All just to stay awake and conversant About the Lexus you want to get so that you can say you're setting the pace that's not made in New York, no salsa in the NY just doesn't seem right, we want to keep it real all day long , even though we're listening to fantasies we call songs that play through the radio while all the pimps walk around feeling way too strong , talking about how hard it is to live their life and I understand their ways but I wonder, as religious as they are why don't they seem to care about other peoples wives and I sometimes laugh when I see their crass and think to myself They do have it hard. But is it hard like the asians in the sweatshops making their gear Or is it hard like the engineers who create the cars they steer Or is it hard like the alligators life for whose skin they love and care Or is it hard like the miners who bring the gold they hold around their chin Or is it hard like the factories who burn the sand to make their shades Or is it hard like the woman who is sucking that dick Or is it hard like the streets they walk on every day Or is it hard like creating the tires that they roll on every day A pimps life is hard, for this is true But when a girl leaves a pimp What can a pimp really do?

that sensations poem

Didn't you see the dupsy dos today?
Didn't you see the mupsy droos, okay?
All upon the midnight hour and a shower
that fell tremendously all day.
Language can make or break simplicity,
exponentially diabolical,
reading makes the mind feel full even though
it's empty. They sent me, just let me breathe.
She wandered around the dance floor, a tease.
A rhyme scheme in english please, cowardly
pent a meet her, bent a greeter, I say.
Tomorrow is just beautiful, I may,
Look around the room and apologize
I had too much caffeine , my lips did fly.
All around the room my energy tried
to be the best I could be , honestly
Stimulation! Sensation! Watch me smile!
The language is technology, see
the words surround me, pleasantly today.
Poetry! Poetry! Poetry! Sleep.

that this is done poem

The goal of writing poetry is to aid in becoming a poet
To wrap yourself around the complexities of language
And enable your words to flutter
Until the only words that leave your lips
Are butterflies and swallows
Whilst you dance a little dance
And enjoy the language of romance
Flipping through englishtic metaphors
Balancing paradigms on platters
That you ingest whilst spinning with Gaia
Braving the universe under the envelope of air
That you pull into your lungs and taste with your tongue
And as this poem spins out of control
The poet declares this work...

Done.

that love culture poem

I shall get there,
You shall find me
Where I need to be
Spanking you the night
after you were bad
I'll get mad ,
Then we shall find some leather
And you'll really feel
like your being punished
Because you really did something wrong
And we won't be able to laugh
Because the leather will make sense
And the wounds will heal
And the hardness will fall
And then you'll make a call
And I'll smoke a bowl
You'll get that next hit
And then we'll admit
That because we're in love
We'll get to make culture.

that 911 poem

calamity makes cousins of us all
9 hundred and eleven deaths
times two is what died that day
and family became a word
that entered every mind of prayer
and we dared not deceive ourselves
of our great loss
and yet we all felt the force of family
and the air was a bit cleaner that day
maybe not the air we breathe
but the air that makes the ether clean
a cleansing happened and we all were washed
in the blood of aspiring angels
who were subjected to the programming of faith
we watched a bullet kill a man
and it ricocheted and killed his twin brother
and on that day we all bothered
to speak in humble tones
because we all understood
what it was like to lose our own.

that revolution in the forest poem

There's a revolution occurring inside the forest because a single tree stopped changing its' leaves it's decided to let them be and soak up the suns energy and now mountains are calling out to farther mountains jaguars are restless in the hills of the jungle and yet the leaves are all smiling while listening to their mother. father sun is smiling and leaving for work this night while the moon baby sits this darling little lumber some dove and the perfect harmony of existence has been reached and in this perfection three entities raise the leaves that are calling out to all come and see a true deity as you come up and wonder at these beautiful leaves sun moon and tree raising the leaves. the parental power of these three, and the mother needs her children to breathe to breathe to breathe and when she dies they will all fall to be loved again by the ground who is patiently waiting for these souls to fall an earth understands natures course.

that moon juice poem

All I did was ride my bike
And I didn't fall off and I didn't care
I was just riding it straight to the stars
With a pit stop at the moon
So that I could bottle a bottle of moon
That would refresh me when the journey got long
And all through time I would remember this adventure
Sippin on some moon juice
In a rocking chair balding and losing all my hair
Because I made it home again , intact
With a story about moving your feet in circles
Until you finally see the scenery that you need to see
While you contemplate breathing
And the need to be.

that word play poem

poetry is about
taking apart the language
and building a poets tree
that lets you see something
you didn't see before
it's about breaking a glass eye
and fixing the fragments
and frag meant aim and pull the trigger
that would raise the figures
on a statistician's workbook
who thinks you're just a number
and you think you're a soul
but your both right
in each others eyes
because as long as your being told what to do
you won't have a soul to listen to
so be the beast they want you to be
and then we'll see what there is to see
when you realize the more you believe
the more they can manipulate your cosmology
and maybe your stars are aligned in such a way
that your planets destroy each other
and leaving you feeling like a disco queen
with no disco to attend

that role ex watching poem

My rolex watch tells me
that my role is to be her ex
and spread stories of how
beautiful her pussy felt
between my legs
while I massaged her temples
that I prayed to daily
sacrificing the emotions
that she cultivated inside my
chest cavity that I could
feel being filled as I filled
that gap below her belly
and intertwined we dined
on each others nectar
that moved our motion for us
while we just watched
in third person mode
the making of the kama sutra
an american art form
because we love orgasms
in this part of eternity and
if you can spare one or two
then you can be a deity
for a million years
but first we need you
to fill out this form
and tell us just how
the soma felt to you.

that god's glass eye poem

write and never look back

write the words your mind embraces
and surprise yourself and others faces

rise up to the heavens high

and give god a moment to

put back in his glass eye

so that you can see yourself

in god's blind spot

and realize the lies

that christians speak

are good for the soul

and the bank roll

but god never sees that

for god has a glass eye

that he got from his years in the military

where some shrapnel didn't miss his head

while he was on a crusade to end

the muslim book trade

and kill their false prophet

because the christians just

wanted all the prophets to themselves

they wanted to have a monopoly on predicting the future

and i just wanted to look at god's glass eye

and marvel at the marble that lied a great lie

if you would want a better world

you would have made it by now

and i could make you all disappear

if i made my final choice

and made it very clear

that i want to get the hell out of here

so that i can reap what i have sewn

that do something poem

if you can do something
that 100,000,000 people can enjoy
you and your family and your family's family
will reap the benefits for having
added to the culture in a cultural way
the only way for the middle class to find wealth
is to serve the community
in a communal way
so dig in deep and see what you reap
when a million seeds are sewn.

that i love to write poetry poem

I want to breach perfection
And create a masters moment
Where all the stars align
And my poetry will actually shine
Because its emblazoned on monitors
And glowing all the while
I love to write the poetry

that lets burn a bush poem

status quo puts on a great show
as we adapt to the advertising
that makes us think we need
more than we do
and look at me
writing words on the most
expensive word dissemination machine ever created
not using it for anything more
than what i was using paper and pen before
but now the words are all glowing
and i think i might be knowing
that it's all a sham
to bring us closer
to damn
nation where the burning bush
is definitely president.

that my goddess calls me lover poem

i felt a burning on my feet
and woke up realizing
the towns people had strung me up
and called me warlock
their hunt was over
and they had found their convert
jesus couldn't save me
because they couldn't understand my spells
that i enchant daily to the deity
i see before me that loves me
for who i am and who i was and who i will be
all together encapsulated inside my body
my deity does not fear me
and allows me to call her lover

that be afraid to fail poem

Never be afraid to fail

Because the world is bent on failure

They failed before they went to the moon

The failed before they drove the car

Success is bent on failure

But then so also is failure.

that all the world is a stage poem

If all the world is a stage
Then i'm a lost audience member
Milling around among scripted lines
Spouted by quasi sentient citizens of earth
Who stare at me strangely
For staring at the stage
Like it's a foreign object
And they laugh at me when I point out
There is no space between the stage
And the audience that I find quite odd
As we await your dissipation of our boredom
With being alive so please when you stare at me
Stare at me with your good eye
Because you noticed me
And I did a dance for you
That brought a smile to your jazz hands
That I was trying to bring together
Because I love applause
Especially when I receive it for my routine
That has been in production
Since I became bored in Science class
A decade and a half ago.

that my culture poem

my culture was buried
in old indian graves
and unused missile silos
where no one dares to look
because cold wars might erupt
or manifest destiny
who paved the way to insanity
and middle age crises
because america was meant for indians
and their spirits will never let us
earn a lifestyle of peace.

that television does not make a man poem

i underwent surgery
and they extracted all my arteries
so now i'm only filled with blue blood
that has no place to go red
so my blood is always running
towards my heart and the start of my death
was the start of my life
that began the moment
my creator and co-creator
came together in coital union
that brought me out of my father
and into my mother
where i gestated until i mutated
into the form you see before you today
where i place letters before letters
one keystroke at a time
because my body was ready for nature
but you gave me virtual reality
and so i have to virtually exist
for even brief moments of time
when i could have been full-blooded forever
but you never seem to understand my dalliances
into an alphabet that rests on a keyboard
awaiting individuals to fragment their sentences
because heaven can't resist hell's romance
and neither plays a role in my romance
with the end of my existence because my resistance
to your ways of commercial enterprise
surprise even the most spotless minds
and i am erasing my memories one year at a time
as i reminisce back to my creation
that i played no role in and now i must avoid
the pain you would bring me
for embracing the pleasure
that i find as i relapse contemplating the absurdity
you have forced me to deal with
because yes i am here

but i played no role in my role as an earthling
you kidnapped me into a war
that i wish to play no part of
because i am a man and i have art to create
and you can't imagine the depths of my hatred
for tuskegee experiments and clip board psychologists
and all i am asking is to imagine a beautiful infinity
because i want to share some fermented forevers with you
together as we become clever with our sentences
and it could be so different but you won't embrace the art of creation
instead you would rather throw nuclear darts
at people who have just as much blood in their arteries as you
but you won't listen and why should you
because dan rather scheduled an interview with you
and he is important because he stood in front of a television camera
that was branding his blood for the whole world to believe
that just because you could paint a moving picture
meant you had powerful beliefs but i read 1984 too
and as it turns out that was like a manifesto to you
but we keep it cool down on internet row
making all the manuscripts beautiful as we borrow
our breath from the sun that's glowing like a fire fly
in the sky giving life to people who would rather die
and the moon is the same diameter as the sun
so when you see a manifesto you better run
because we all know we are ready for tomorrow
the one day that we are supremely unsure
if will ever come and then it does
and we are back at it again
reformulating the formations of society
one breath of life at a time
and i write because i know the power of time
and while my hands are spinning these poems
you need to unwind your totem poles of patriarchy
because im ready to wood chip those columns
into disexistence while i wait for my pay check
owed to me for using the tools you passed out like paper clips
and never thought for a second would change the way society
equipped its hands as you transitioned from one age to the next

without any form of consciousness for an answer that would
solve the problems you see before you today
i came from nothing and to nothing i will return
but in the meantime I've got some ideas that i want to burn
its not your witches that bother me
its your ministers who stand preaching confusion
in a consuming system of memetic control
as you teach weak minds to be strong in weak ways
and we go to college because we want to learn what to say
to make you happy while you change the game and collect
your retirement package and your ages are aging
and our numbers are building as we transition
to a place you will never see
time prepares me for leadership
because i was never promised existence
but here i am sent from the semen of a surgeon
to be incubated in the uterus of a teacher
and dropped like a package of blood
on your existence and these words bring me the power.
i was trying to be strong in what i wrote
because if there was one place bravery was most respected
it was on the page and i was placing my faith in the sage
i burned to remind me that my nasal passages
were sorely neglected and then i sparked some herbs
and felt resurrected to a plateau of platitude
just look at these words and remember that i meditated on them
while i crafted creations that could bring you to the promised land
kicking and screaming i would bring you to heaven
as the semen that birthed me was searching for artistry
because you gave us a pantheon of tools that created the thin film
between industrial ages and information stages
we birth beings that we need to stop ignoring because
you never know what will come from the hands of the fetuses
you allow to grow in your presence and no we do not belong to you
because we have our sovereignty and just
because you walk with cameras in hand just makes you easier
to avoid, which is exactly what i want to do
because the television does not make a man
no that's his job to do.

that where are my children poem

i'll share this poetry with my offspring
that will grow yearly more sincerely
and i'll learn lessons watching
these little creatures that came
from my being and am i being silly
because a part of me wants a child
to raise and watch and learn about the universe from
who better to understand life from
than a fledgling of my energy
and i know i am not ready
but that does not mean i cannot yearn
because my feminine sides want to nurture
my masculine sides want to provide
and my personal side just wants to partner
with that person that can teach me about who i am
as i live to deeper understand
that which i have been presented with

that poetic image poem

i started scrying into my poetry
hoping to see something that will help me see
a truer version of reality
and i intoned incantations
screaming as several entities possessed me
and none of them
ever caressed me like you do
so come and hold me
and take my hand
and we can walk together in this strange strange land
I'll finish college and then we can travel
and find a place where we can get away
every single day
and feel romance tingle our toes
while we create lovely little snippets of prose
and craft otherworldly poetry
for people that really want to know
time is ticking down
wait for me to whisk you away
keep in touch and it will be okay

that was read on 107.1 poem

my soul was caught drunk driving my body
and the existential 5.0 pulled me over
and made me contemplate catharsis
i made the mistake of blinking
they said they thought i was thinking
and then they locked me up
and stole away my body
it's such a hassle getting bodies registered
with the department of mobile bodies
i guess i'll just hitch a ride with some siamese twins
and make them laugh and giggle from within
all the while i'm ghost riding through life
vagabonding with strangers who are stranger than i
sharing spiritual spirits that cause us to drift
and reminisce about that last carcass we had
and about the times we performed high maintenance maneuvers
with females at high altitudes
and then the wind changes an i go on my way
existential departure from reality
i go peacefully and experience a requiem
for a dream.

that theatre of my mind poem

i'm inside the theatre of my mind
and you're playing parts
getting closer to the bullseye
it's time we start
scribing our names
on license plates
so that we know a little bit more
about the people we brandish
our middle finger to

that i want you to read me too poem

i want you to read me too

so that i can read you

and you can tell me

what my poetry

does to you

that i love pussy poem

i've never walked on mountain tops
but i've laid in hotel beds
and screamed i love you
between her legs

that divine comedy poem

a divine comedy

isn't funny

when the tragedy

is about you

that obligatory carpe diem poem

I concur with my delegate
from the poetry nation
It is time to resuscitate ancient phrases
Carpe Diem
Seize the day like you're a leader
In the U S of A
their's no talk of giving
no not today
We're caught up in verbal semantics
You kill nations
We kill namesakes
And phrases make our blood boil
In kettles on KFC its so easy to see
That our religion is growing greasy
And poetry needs me
Because of what I see
From my vantage point
I push my finger to the sky
And point at the glowing disc
And ask why
Is it the same size as the moon?

that unique soul type poem

i travel with the sun to my back
and the moon to my feet
i feel as though my soul is unique
i levitate into brand new space
and feel the feeling of
self given grace

that rize poem

own me throw me
beat me down
destroy our temples
steal our crowns
you hate our magesty
and our imagination
there's more of us
and less of you
and were dying
while were watching you
RIZE.

that i declare my freedom poem

emancipated i proclaimed

that i declare myself

bound by the books

of accountants

and i owe money

to people

that don't even

know how i look

that what's wrong poem

she called me on her phone
that was just another cell
on her body
experiencing meiosis
duplicating all the meaning
she wanted to speak into my ear
i became confused when
i started feeling more attached
to my phone than i did to her
and so i melted it in the microwave
while she was left asking
“what's wrong?”

that glowing words poem

i impressed a piece of plastic
with my finger and lingered
in front of a glowing screen
it seems we're all bearing witness
to the rise of glowing words
and i love to see my words glow
on these monitors
that are monitoring our progress
recording our finger strokes
for other folks that love it when
we consume their tools
that cause us to waste our time
making electrical messes
that a glass of water can fix in no time
or more beautifully a glass of wine
poured on an intel processor
and once your in
tell all your friends
so they can process the meaning
of your request to be left alone.

that P L U R poem

i was caught up in the P.L.U.R.
of the moment
Peace Love Unity and Respect
or rather
please respect my unity
with the universe while
i offer respect to the dj
who brings me peace.

that drinky drank poem

the seed was so thirsty
and it kept telling everyone
that it wanted to be a tree
but no one believed just a seed
so that seed
drank and drank and drank
for thousands of years
and grew until it knew
that everyone knew that it was a tree.

that tritan pta meeting poem

god could give us grades
and then we'd have it made
and he could hold teacher conferences
with himself
the father the son and the holy spirit
announcing at a PTA conference
that they didn't have to be absentee fathers
they just chose to be

that poetic question poem

what do they write
on a poets grave
when they know
he could say it better?

that you've got me fucked up poem

Maybe you've mistaken my identity
And think i'm five years younger
Than im five years older
Than im experiencing eternity right now
Set aside to write the rhymes
That will serve as messages to myself
Bottled up on paper
That will last longer than I will
Acid free parchment
Has done stronger drugs than I have
And i'll combine symbol after symbol
Until I create a symbol of this reality
A multifaceted multimedia coagulation
Of digits and electricity and fiber and ink
Manifested by my hands
As I plan to understand
My aging self as a man
Pulled away from the universe
I reside inside my mind and
Feel disconnected offering up my artwork
As part of the dialogue that makes me believe
One day you'll really see the words
I'm trying to say
Right now.

that here's to the good times poem

Here's to the nights we used to be young
Here's to the swings we used to swung on
Here's to the smiles we used to ash
Here's to the tears we used to cry
Here's to the ideals we used to hold
Here's to the hands we used to hold
Here's to the past
Here's to the wrinkles that have yet to form
Here's to the knowledge we have yet to gain
Here's to the blinkers we have yet to blink
Here's to the tears we have yet to cry
Here's to the ideals well teach again
Here's to the chairs were going to rock
Here's to the future
Here's to the poem that's inside my mind
Here's to the girl that walking a straight line
Here's to the pins pushed in the wall
Here's to the crit were about to tique
Here's to the screens that love to glow
Here's to the poet that thinks he knows
Here's to the present.

that little angels poem

Little angels

Little devils

Little souls

Little planets

Where we play.

that that time travel poem

Maybe life is like a ball of yarn

Wrapped around your time

And you spend a lifetime

Unraveling so that you

Can find the secret

That is your soul.

that there are few patient people poem

I don't run into many people writing
The way I do
Maybe it's just something I do
But these words make me feel like me
And I go back and reread my deeds
And I'll laugh
A big healthy laugh
When I think of the existential 5.0
Pulling me over for pulling U turns
At the corner of We St and Ea St
Where you can find the Sun
Delivering milk in the early morning
and the Moon is delivering the paper
headlined with the stars
that shone the night before
at open mics with poems
ready to glow brighter than the milk man
setting off fireworks behind the eyes
of sensitive minds that belong
in a paradise of purpose where life makes sense
and handbooks are handy.

that life story poem

He said he was just trying to get lucky
She said she just wanted some play
Now they've got a baby to worry about
And neither really knows what to say.

that poem with a story poem

There was a cool breeze blowing across the grave.
Six feet below topsoil,
Inside an old coffin,
Lied a woman with a maggot in her ear.
She was a motionless expert at being motionless
She was all of death, she was every single dying person,
She was HIV and she was the Holocaust
She was gunfire and explosion
She was war and famine
She was spilled blood and broken bones
She was starvation and malnutrition
She was sin and drug addiction
She was house fire and hurricanes
She was homelessness and crucifixion
She wasn't Jesus though
Jesus would never have been in a mess like this
Jesus wasn't any of those things
Because Jesus avoided death
So that he could live in his parents house for all eternity
That none of us were allowed to stay the night in
Because he wasn't looking for friends as much as we was looking for
followers
Who he made leave after all the water and wine had been drunk
And right now thousands of calendar pages later
We find a woman that Jesus couldn't save
But didn't mind accepting money from
When she was busy worshipping him
And since the last bit of dirt was heaped on this grave
Since the last bit of attention was paid to her
Since the last tear was shed for her
Since the last letter was carved for her
Since the last flower was dropped for her
She had been gorging herself on death
She had been rubbing it with her tongue
So that she could taste its finality
So that she could ponder it's complete distaste for time
She was falling in love with death

Because there was no one else to fall in love with
There was only this lid above her
And like the festering piece of meat that she was
She laid there
With a maggot in her ear.

that inhale infinity poem

Inhale infinity

Exhale galaxies

And break free from the confines of reality

As cosmology can set your spirit free

When you realize that truth

Is just a commodity

That's bought and sold like monopoly

A game that's played to win

Through the bankruptcy of your opponents

As it's illegal to share and work together

Because you're the one that has to hold all the paper

So that you can wrap your soul up

Ready to be unwrapped at Christmas Time

The annual moment where it is made very clear

That religion is reason were buying gifts this year.

that kissy kissy poem

how did she feel

when you placed your tongue

in the place where she places

her meals

and did she enjoy

it when you placed your member

in her organization

that playing doctor poem

we played doctor
and i unlocked her
while i shocked her
with my prognosis

that antsy poem

i placed ice cubes in her panties
she began to grow antsy
and whispered in my ear
“Won’t you romance me?”

that clinging to the bone poem

I'm a handful of mineral
Clinging to a bucket of calcium
That has been poured over my soul
And molded with calculating hands
That knew I would never understand
But blessed me with poetry
So that I could find the beauty
The goddess finds in me

that FUCK YEAH poem

not many societies
can jump into the cosmos
but mine can

that dimes of music poem

i bought some wind chimes
for a dime
and now i can hear
ten cents worth
of music
for all time.

that this is for my girl poem

You're the sweetest little candy drop
The sweetest little can't be stopped
Can't we dance dance dance
And build up a night of wonderful romance
Can't we dance dance dance
and build up a night of wonderful romance
you sweetest little can't be stopped
you're the sweetest little candy drop
The Night is young and so are we
We worked all week and now we're free
Softly softly softly into the night
Waiting for the moment and I just might
pull you close and hold you tight
dancing to the music it sounds alright
The DJ's smiling and so are we
the night is young and so are we
Your the sweetest little candy drop
The sweetest little can't be stopped
Can't we dance dance dance
And build up a night of wonderful romance
Can't we dance dance dance
and build up a night of wonderful romance
you sweetest little can't be stopped
your the sweetest little candy drop

that i am searching for the goddess poem

i broke up with God

because I didn't want to be Gay

and now im in search of the Goddess

for in her I want to put my faith.

that deep in the night poem

I write deep into the night

I write to make my world alive

I write because I want to survive

Many different styles

I will search them all

Pertaining to

Explaining you

I become the tool

That speaks the Truth

You need my hues

So that you may color

My encrypted thought

Melt into meaning with time

And when you see what I see

You become sublime

that i'm tired of being beautiful poem

im tired of being beautiful all the time

Sometimes I gotta know

If the ugly man in me

Could make it if he tried

is it the effect you get

when you see my face

or is it the effect you feel

when i describe this place

what's happening inside this skin

maybe im morphing like a caterpillar

and one day you'll see me

banging my head against a streetlight

because all i've been taught to do

is reach for what's bright.

that new words poem

Sometimes I just want to create new words
Absternation, Cosmosigalactic , Denenuay
In the hopes that I mind find her name
The Goddess...and if I do succeed
Then maybe she'll come and find me
And together we can create the definition
That will be absternation
And together our lives can symbolize
Unity in a way that you'll never understand
Until we bring the letters together
That spell out what the universe does to us.

that ghost poem

My existence is filled with
Invisible complexities that
Can only stem from invisible deities
As I combine their words
In ever changing patterns
that they never intended to be sewn
And I sleep beneath blankets
Sewn by slavery hands
While I understand that I have begun
To mold and grow old
And I disappear and reappear
While I bend societies ear
So that I can be the ghost
I want to be.

that new good deed poem

We reclaim our temples
And normal states of being,
Screaming is not our way.
We incite a common mind state
As we gravitate towards understanding,
In a world that is ever changing.
A need for knowledge is upon us
As great is our need for daily vitamin and mineral
Collectively we must carry on these views.
If we do not carry the current traditions of society
Society as we know it shall not prevail and will fall.
We have a need to know because we have a need to lead.
Time as we know it is drawing to a close
For we are breaching the point of it's need.
We have a Knowledge Nation we can build.
This is our first creed, our first good deed.
This is our breaking away, this is our creation of a better day.
This is our influxation of emancipated proclamations.
Spend time thinking and understanding your options.
Develop a single talent to the point of Mysterious Mastery.
Be ever confident in your individuality and ever striving for a good
community.
We find all language as of this day to be not good enough for our
ever changing standards and we wish to move forward and change
what we see
We want all access to all media and we wish to create the mystery :
unforgettable.

that broken hearts poem

I've disappointed friends
I've disappointed churches
I've disappointed lovers
I've broken hearts

But

I've spread love
I've been in friendships
I've been to church
I've been near her heart

that close to infinity poem

So close to infinity
And yet my back feels itchy
It's that close to me
Pushing my wool sweater
Up too close to my skin
And the veil of sweat is so thin
But everything is drawing closer
And I can feel it against my pores
When an event horizon I breach
Whose Gospel will I preach?

that perfection in the mind poem

I see perfection in my mind
I see all the time I should have spent in the gym
I see all the time I should have spent drawing
I see all the time I should have spent learning programming
I see all the time I should have spent writing essays
I see all the time I should have spent writing plays
I see all the time I should have spent dancing
I see all the time I should have spent working in a restaurant
I see all the time I should have been painting
I see all the time I should have spent doing all of this
I'm not a failure because of who I am
I'm a failure because of who I could be.

that holy anarchy poem

they had cell phones embedded in their souls
that they used to talk to god long distance
because they never thought to visit his house
and speak face to face to their creative deity
instead they'd rather conference call him with the devil on the line
praying to everyone just to make sure they were heard
that they were still in the herd
with their shepherd paving the way to safety
while they were in the middle of a three way
devil smiling while god is all in dismay
and we're avoiding fluorescent auras
attracted to the red ones
because we're the real ones
and we just want some warmth
not some robotic tryst in the myst
of holy anarchy

that life and all that life is poem

I found this ...

Life and all that life is;

Forever and that's what life gives;

You never know what you are looking for,

but that's okay because no one is keeping score anyway.

No one that guy with the white hat and the white suit

with the dark shadow and the glint in his eye

yeah that no one that keeps life interesting because

no one is keeping score and he won't let you see his card

that he is keeping scores on.

Beautiful silent no one the giver and keeper of scores

its all been done and its all been done before

so why mourn?

when you're loving your life;

so why cry?

When you gave it your best try;

Really that's all that life is

and that character that was named

that's something else that life gives,

people and places and things and tears

all the reality that will make us human this year.

that be down with me poem

I need someone to be down with me
That unconditional love
That brings you in my life
And heals the sorest spots.
I think you need this too,
Someone to just listen
And be there listening
More than you need food at times.
Everything and everything that everything promises
Is what I want to do for you
And maybe that's what you'll do for me
And we can do for each other
Perfecting love
Hurting and being hurt
And thinking that love is in the moment
When love is in the long term.
We're all facets of pure energy
So we're all facets of the Source
And the Source is when we were one
And the unviverse existed in us
We were the universe and it was us
And in us and for us and through us
Was all there was and then we separated
And manipulated the stars until ...
Until, until, we could see a past version of ourselves
It's like we fell outside of time and landed on this planet
And now we're lost because because
We forgot how to plan our destiny among the stars.

that mind massage poem

she massaged my mind
while i massaged her feet
and we both grew content
coiled and rubbing

that how i feel about writing poem

i drove a pencil
down the freeway
and picked up a pen lady
doodling on the side of the road
we were going the same way anywho
and i think she knew
i liked her cursive ways
she took to my prose right on sight
and later that night
we wrote a story in bed together
that gave both of us happy endings.

that freedom poem

raised with immigrant roots
ellis island and Ms. liberty
indoctrinated us with american spirit
my motherland raised my mother
while my fatherland impregnated her
and while i was raised by their grandson
here in america
the rest of the world spoils us here in the US of A
their experiment gone terribly wrong
like the lost son coming home with an uzi
just to let everyone else know
he discovered freedom.

that manifesto poem

i manifested my destiny
as i rode from east to west
until i came to the corner of
Ea St. and We St.
Where I stood sketching caricatures
Of the homeless because
I felt like that was my community
And on the corner I picked up my charcoal
And dusty paper and sketched until
I made someone smile
And then I smiled and we smiled
And they smiled and they smiled across the street
And everyone smiled for a moment when she saw
Her face at the end of my hand at 3.52pm
She wasn't at work and neither was I
There wasn't any work for us
But it didn't matter because we were smiling
And both knew we would be sleeping peacefully that night.

that brave new world poem

Imagine a group of people hoarding the truth
Robed in ancient garments
Imagine a group of people whoring the truth
Robed in new attire
Imagine they don't believe we evolve
They don't believe we change
And neither does their place in society
Staying their dismantling days
Imagine a different nation state
More fluid than fluid
Where your robed in robes of your mind state
And your mind state is your mental state
That dictates your nation state
That dictates the leaders you follow
Imagine a nation your mind belongs to
That doesn't need your body
Imagine if you can
A world where lines redraw
And were old people say they saw
The New World Order
The Old World Order would dissipate
As they cleanse us in their rhetoric
We wash their feet with our dreams
And accomplish the unseen
It's so easy to see
But I'm looking through dreamers eyes
With rose covered lenses
Covering my corneas
And I imagine more farmers
And less plastic workers
Transition to other systems
Always leave older systems
Without power
There are only so many plugs
For so many computers
So much power
For systems of thought

But I'm just trying not to become a robot
And if I can't evolve then I don't want to create
Because I'll always be exploring the same old space
Let me evolve
Say your wrong
And lets sing a brand new song
A new world religion
Under the cosmos of Earth
Where we raise dreams from the dirt
And let the sleeping dreamers lie
I watch with watchful eyes
As my poetry starts to pry
Into deeper truths that move me to motions
Of revolution emotion
Stand up and sing or stand up and fight
But songs are so much sweeter
And you can either take the blew pill or the read pill
And either way you're going to experience hell
But with no knowledge of hell
No knowledge of heaven can exist
Because you don't know you're out of hell
Until you realize you're in heaven
The whole world should reformulate itself
Slowly so we don't burn our dreams
But it is possible
Because I say it can
And if you say it can
And they say it can
And we say it can
Then earth can learn to understand
We are all in a palace a temple a mosque
Built for worshiping the godhead in all of us
Strain your eyes and look to see
The future that is directly in front of we
And i'll take my step
As you take yours
And we'll just start to explore
This Brave New World.

that other brave new world poem

They gave us Keyboards
And a handful of locks
And with the combination of keys
Hit in just the right order
We can undo centuries of conflict
And write our way into the future
Of a Brave New World
And no door is too closed
That it cannot be opened
We'll dig through the wall if we have to
I'm a Revolutionary.
Come revolve with me.

that they saved me poem

I raise my fist and scream aloud

Thank the Universe for letting me see all the clouds

Blessing us with rain

They are glorious angels I can see so plain

Have another look again

At those floating tufts abrupt

All life arose from simple clouds

Angels seeding existence

Screaming aloud

MY GOD YOU'VE SAVED ME ONCE AGAIN

YOU LOVE ME LIKE NO OTHER

I SPEAK TO YOU AND LOVE YOUR KIND

YOUR MY VERY VERY FIRST MOTHER

I link myself to history

I worship carnal deities

|||||

My whole life starts with me

Your life starts with you

Collectively we can stop it all

Like I'm stopping this poem too.

