



THE WRITTEN WORK OF NICHOLAS LAWSON

Author's Name: Nicholas Lawson

Author's Phone: 1 513 312 5204

Author's Email: erith@hotmail.com

Get in touch with me after reading this, I will buy you a beer.

This writing is for those that know
me and that will eventually know me.

an atheist's prayer

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 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 eyes 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 lightness 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 its 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 craft us into better creations 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 donta 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.

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

Amen.

puppy love

There's a revolution occurring inside the forest
a single tree stopped changing its leaves
it has decided to let them be and soak up the sun's 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 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
to arrive 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 the 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
as an earth understands nature's course.

a small suckling of puppy comes and barks
in the middle of winter
the rocks are too busy rumbling to notice
and the wind is too busy keeping the oxygen moving around the nitrogen
to notice this pup of a pup
barking yipping and yelping
"be the master of me screams the pup"

“I want to be the master my life and change when I feel change is do
not because its what’s always been, but because its when i say.”
the leaves just kept being and didn’t even speak
they were too busy feeling absorbed in their feeling of being unique
alive in a world sleeping under the blanket of death
a rapture of sorts occurred from these leaves
nothing changed and all is changing
a simple tree with parents numbered three
decided not to die
and proved once and for all that nature
will always prove the wise men’s lies
and by ever staying true
they make the whole universe anew.

commerce

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 sanity
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
becasue they have capitalistic tendencies
and even God cant figure out a way
to make everything free
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
i i i i i can topple their chemistry
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.

commence the address

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 traditions 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.

inside the cube

I'm 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 I'm 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 his weak ass is pushing 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 were moving it now and were building a crowd
We pushing the movement and building it loud

A sonic youth that's born to be proud
Were reaching nirvana and I can feel it now
Sumblimeness of 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 tongue
I unload and shoot shots just to practice my aim
I'm getting it straight and I'm baking the game
Making it hot and pushing the spots
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
You are alive and then you end up in the grave
So while you're breathing do all that you can do
Don't worry about the powers that be
Just worry about the power that's inside of each of us
We all have 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 moving it now and were building a crowd
We pushing 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 hell 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 cant keep on acting the way that they do
Were spending time in world that is shrinking
Were 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 cant 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
Ive been around the world and seen many a creature
Ive even spoken with God and he says im a preacher
So Im standing here with these words that aren't mine
I know I'm borrowing everything I have and Ill pay it back in time
So listen well and listen good

Because were moving it now and were building a crowd
We pushing the movement and building it loud
A sonic youth that's born to be proud
Were reaching nirvana and I can feel it now.

someday, yeah someday

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 rained on, on Sunday
But on Someday
Yeah Someday

Well 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 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 well give each other advice on how to raise our kids and maybe well 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 well 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 well pass around the "J" and play some music and kick back in the vibe and realize that it's someday and yeah someday is always the day that this happens and i love someday because it's my favorite day of the week now and then on

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

Yeah, someday comes around and again and now were 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 pouring out of the heart and they're 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 to 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 weren't invited but didn't want to miss a great show and its 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
Tuesday you might want to stab me in the back
Wednesday you might want throw a grenade at my feet
Thursday you might want me to step on a land mine
Friday you might want to push me off a tall building
Saturday you might want to give me an uppercut to the chin
Sunday you might want to set me on fire 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 were not leaving until we get something worked out, until we get everything off 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 it's someday 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 were always waiting for someday to come around and sweep us off 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 think, today is some-

day, so what do you want to do?

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

welcome to post office earth

This is what I know about.

I'm post agricultural revolution

Post industrial revolution

Post information age

Post millennium

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 Husayn

Post Clinton

Post hip hop

Post rock and roll

Post poetry

Post def jam

Post 2pac

Post Biggie

Post Eminem

Post linkin park

Post jay z

Post nirvana

Post dc talk

Post newsboys

Post soundgarden

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 (very obvious propaganda, Vietnam isn't that bad, just watch 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 Conchord

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 I'm 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 figure 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.

spell it out slowly to me

father thank you for the world we see
I stand seeking the gods of eternity
i choose to worship infinity
Inhaling deeply as i breathe
listening to you explain why you had to bleed
so that I could see
what's amazing to believe
and your love is a hard word to spell
Unless you spell it slowly
L O V E
Explaining the sensation, well that's hard to tell
Break through the hatred and ancient wretched smells
Keep on fighting until you reach the highest level
It's felt deeply in the aftermath of a fall, praise god
Of Jesuit scholars and Muslim jins
What's the state of mind that your company puts you in
Are we always wrong when it comes to our needs, or is it something else entirely
Whose the truest person that speaks to your entirety
Are you reaching for straws , feeling existential pain
That gnaws at the soul making it hard to grow
As a christian, just sit and listen to the words the pastor speaks
Then get back to me, surrounding me, wait for the moment to peak
And you just might understand what strengths in the weak

heavenly father thank you for the world we see
I seek the love of the god of eternity
only you hold that title i firmly believe
And so I seek, thank you, I'm so weak.

The work you and your followers bequeath
Is of the highest order of the worlds most unique

We give without thought, with such a small lot
Rising to the challenge to live a life of more than naught
many look for an enemy to be fought
some of us are just tired of fighting
Defeat me , delete me, breach my barriers
So much defense , protecting what little value I have
When I am truly touched my eyes have so many tears to grab
Push out and flow down the face of a man
That's known amazing disgrace
Lord god I'm tired of walking with my head down
But I know your love will pull me back around

Thank you
Heavenly father
Thank you for the world we see
I seek the kind of love that lasts for eternity
From what I can tell only you can provide that for me
And so I speak
Thank God, for I am so weak

it's a big world

I worship Jesus because he is perfectly holy in an imperfect world
I worship the church because I'm tired of being alone
I worship the pastors because they speak into my soul
I worship Pontius Pilate because he played the cards he was dealt
I worship congregations because alone i am so weak
I worship eternity because that's how long it takes to get it right
I worship the sun because of its power is so beautiful to behold
I worship the moon because it is perfectly humble
I worship the earth because that's where I rest my head
I worship death because one day it will steal my breath
I worship beer because of the good times
I worship wine because of the bad times
I worship typography because I love to write
I worship women because I know I am never right
I worship women a second time because i do
I worship poverty because I have seen the light
I worship money because it's a tool that pulls society together tight
I worship computers because we need them? don't we?
I worship books because of the language we speak
I worship music because I love to dance
I worship women a third time because i just love romance
I worship fingers because i have got all ten
I worship language because i love to speak
I worship my friends because they are so unique
I worship my life because it was allowed to begin
I worship the beginning because i know it never ends
I worship family because I am held against a standard
I worship hip hop because it hit my sweet spot
I worship poetry because it hit me first
I worship chilly chills because I've got such skill
I worship the Cincinnati because we take our time

I worship LA for no reason at all

I worship NYC because your great to me

I worship because I have the ability to do so

What do you worship?

this one is about me

I'm less dense than the past
More dunce than dreamer
Playing games until I find my tomb
You don't understand the message
And I am too pressed for time to share
I live with family in a sad, sad city
There's no dance in your step
You lack pep
Two syllable words antiquated realization
That the information we are faced with
Is leaking and we are speaking new tongues
I think I have a game we can play
But maybe that's not what we are going to do today
There is so much time to be gay
Like happy and serene
A new scene Cut next chapter
This is right now but what comes after
There is a giant wearing high heels
The feet hurt but I massage the toe
No one has to know
About the tap dances I do across the keyboard
I was placed here today and hopefully
I will be placed here tomorrow
Shining like an LCD Screen
I walked towards that light
and found a mouse and a keyboard
I sat down and started playing
didn't know what the words would be
that i would be saying
you think I'm weak
but i think I'm Sayan

what more can i say
I'm hot under the collar
like a million little dollars
restart and get back to the formulation
its not what's happening
it's what were saying
stimulate minds
and learn to stop time
then fly through
and do what we do
the way we do what we do

sleep less and dream more

Walk around the worms you find after a rainstorm
Attempt to harm no living life
Eat vegetables and rice
Abstain from wearing leather
Knock before you enter
Wish before you dream
Enjoy the rhythms of a blues musician
Visit close friends and share eventful stories
Stop playing games and start living
Make a name for yourself and intermingle
Pay the men that observe the stars
Wonder where Mars revolves
Be for peace and creativity
Imagine a world without guns
Plan for perfection
Suck a throbbing thumb
Let the pain subside
Observe children
Question adults
Listen to the elderly
We lack austerity
Comedy isn't drama
Just because you laugh doesn't mean it's funny
Confusion is common
Wisdom is hidden
Words are plenty
Actions are few
Music is wonderful
Memorize a tune
What does your life mean to you?
Are you alive or are you just living?

Questions precede answers
Get started today
Close your eyes
And let darkness be your disguise
Juxtapose images and create meaning in ether
Vibrate and embrace harmony
Wait until you realize the melody
Step inside your cerebral cortex and look around
Who am I?
Or more importantly, who are you?

does this impress you?

There are no ancient traditions for us
Only the recent history of warfare
That we believe to be over
How much did a world war really impact us
Could it ever truly be over
How long ago is a generation really?
What is warfare really?
Why do the most innocent politicians
Have the most impactful thirst for blood?
How expensive is oil really?
Shouldn't it be closer to ten dollars a gallon?
The television rumbles on about prices and people
Nothing ever really shows up that I care about
We're all people marketing our children
Won't you have some with me
Or maybe we could go grocery shopping
To purchase some pears for plush lunches
Over wine and under intoxication
We could smoke some weed and become high on conversation
I could take you places you've never been
In the span of fifteen minutes of spoken words
Couldn't we share the time and let the world stand sublime
You know I walked miles to see you and now here I am
Last week was the first time I realized I was a man
How do you feel about my looks? I'm older than my birth certificate.
Aren't we all looking for sensations that are pleasing to our tissue
My mind loves to feel smart
I love to feel happy
The kind of emotions that course through the skin
And give me goose pimples
Its the words that just appear that make me believe

In the formation of futures that I haven't seen yet.
You might not remember me but I remember entering this reality
We have whole worlds left to explore but the real research
Is in the conversation its not what you did
But how much you know about what you did
We're writing essays to the tune of fifty years an hour
The amount of time that it takes to change a mind
From what it used to be to what it can become
Don't you know my love is trapped inside a seashell
That I threw in the Ohio River
It won't be found again unless you want to tap into it
Drawing power from it's fragrance
My love smells like lilacs and lavender
It tastes like blueberries and apricots
It looks like a log cabin built with oaks
You could sleep in my love and rest on my love
And cook with my love while you look for my love
I think with my love and make friends with my love
Sometimes I perform for my love and watch time fly by with my love
I have a history of being hurt because of my love
I've been locked up because of my love
Don't you remember the first time you noticed my love
It jumped up and scared you and then I had to tell you its okay
Because my love is like that.
I lost my love and had to find it again
It made me go insane all over, this love
This type of love is the reason I write type love

I want a confident love but I really want a soft serene love
Your love is similar to my love but my love is bruised like an aging banana
Its ready to be frozen and locked away for quite some time

You can solve quandaries through the lens of my love
My love is useful and inspiring
You can taste my love in sugar packets or pickle jars
Sometimes I have to check into hospitals because my love gets sick
From time to time I need to be reinvigorated
My love makes me tired it's too much love at times
I have to learn how to love with my love
Because my love doesn't come with an instruction manual
I notice when my love brings smiles
And try and fix the frowns that are caused by my love
I have love that makes me seem awkward
It's just that kind of love and if you enjoy my love
I will share it with you and forever together
We can enjoy the wind and surrender our whims
As we navigate the mazes that life creates in front of us

forever and ever

I tasted a raindrop and swallowed eternity.
I waited for the galaxy to sweep me away,
but instead was placed in my space pod that sent me
to the center of endlessness,
where epochs stopped spinning in wristwatchish circles and
grains of sand floated in mid air while all that is became
an oil painting to be admired for all the time that clocks tell time with.
It had been holed up in a bank account with an inscription that said
“Save this for the end.” inscribed on the hands.
That special day when death fades away
and immortality blossoms and thoughts flow like streamlets
washing around the cosmos playing games with starlight.

Won't you imagine with me a beautiful infinity,
so that we can share some fermented forevers
and imbibe and become divinely inebriated on the elixir
that our consciousness has been absorbing
since the inception of the path to paradise that rests outside
the confines of our confounding reality.
Flecks of stardust are confined to our awareness
and we tune in to the melodies that turn the corner
whispering incantations that change lives and suppress pain.
We don't have to feel balmy any more
and can embrace happiness and contentment
in a mind melded world where thoughts and realities
mesh together behind the eyes that view through the prisms that
our problems are separated with, into the multi colored origins of personality.

I remembered the future and forgot the past
becoming centered in this that is all this is and all this will ever be
patterning my movements after giants who have been concentrating

since cells collected and became the combined consciousness of we.
Yes, I can see you but can you see me?
Centered on my frustrations I manipulate my mantra until music sings my name
all my energy is fashioned through these eagle eyes of tunnel visions
Of diamonds shining like lucy in the sky.
Don't forget we are all one body of humanity and our time is now
that we have been saving since the inception of language
Linguistically I send messages of peace and awareness
I hope you can accept this writing as the beginning of tomorrow
Because this is all I am skilled at and without your friendship
I would forever be alone with these thoughts.

your ad here

i was created
i played with an alphabet
i departed
i left some scars in other people
other people left some scars in me
i kissed some girls
some girls kissed me
i walked around
wondered
thought
tinkered
and played
i died at age 84
and was a grand parent for fifteen years
i had some pictures of my children
that grew up to be a professor, a musician, and a corporate executive
i graduated from college after being diagnosed with a bipolar syndrome
i was hospitalized nine times in my life
the medication stopped working three times
i was never suicidal but i was infatuated with disexistence
my wife was schizophrenic and died four years before i did
her love was consummate and we could finish each others sentences
she worked in a book store for twenty five years
i cooked basmati rice and preprepared food
i dabbled in poetry searching for lovely sections of the language
my brother made a lot of money
my sister bought a house
my youngest brother taught art
i struggled because reality never made sense to me
it always seemed strange
even while i write these writings

i didn't know what i am doing
it was odd being the author of these words
the hospitals never did much for me
but they did let my mind know that it was off
my mind conjured disastrous scenarios
i was a war hero in a war that never took place
Rumpke trucks filled with cyanide destroyed new york city
Dick Cheney was a war criminal in my reality
where i came from all the drugs were legalized
war heroes were genetically created from stem cells
where i came from
there was no music there was only tragedy
and suicide bombings happened on new years eve in new york city
i was supposed to take over the canary islands
as my mind lied to me and destroyed what little reality i had left
when i was twenty five years old i started taking pills
and playing with the internet looking for truth that i couldn't find in social scenarios
i never truly realized my full potential but most people said that i did
watching television and surfing the web writing bad poetry was the extent of my existence
i felt special for the first 22 years of my life
I felt like an outcast most of the time there after
poetry took hold of me in at quiet times in my life
i could write a good poem
even if it didn't always make sense
when i was forty three i didn't realize that as an adult man i was still only half way to the finish line
most of my imagination was geared towards imagining a life after this life
i imagined this was a test bed for new life forms and i never truly
trusted that anyone around me was real
women were good to me in my early twenties and my early thirties
i gained weight and lost weight several times over the span of my lifetime
i knew what it was like to be over weight and underweight most of the time

life was good to me it made itself known to me
i left some writing behind and don't know why anyone would want to read it
there were too many opportunities to be published i accepted some opportunities
i liked to dance and found myself moving in sync to the music i heard on the radio
i thought that pop music wasn't as bad as the heretics said
i was usually in search of the perfect song even if i didn't make music myself
i could appreciate it
if i could have gone back in my life i would have taken those high school music classes
i could have used those later
i was always the most important person in my own life and my illness robbed me of trusting myself
and others.

the keyboard was my favorite toy to play with and it reduced writing to an almost masturbatory
habit allowing someone to just sit down and drop some blather on the screen.
I liked cats for their own reasons and i liked dogs for their own reasons, i wish i could have owned a
prairie dog at some point in my life
women never truly perplexed me they just liked someone to talk to and they got mad if you didn't
listen to them but boy could they be mean
men never seemed mean to me at times but they could be heartless and cruel which is different in its
own way
when i finally retired from the mental health field at 63 i felt like i had done more good than harm
to the world and realized finally that maybe there were plans in life for people because it was won-
derful working in a field whose purpose was not to make money
money eluded me most of my life but not because i was chasing it i never understood money it was
just always there when i needed it
i felt like the universe knew who i was at times at other times i felt like i was the new kid on the
block, even at 56 years old
last week i decided that it would be a good idea to share some more of my writing with my children,
they have read most of what i have written.
one day i might be a writer still there might be alphabets in heaven that i could play with, maybe
they have numbers in heaven but i doubt it.

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alone with these thoughts.

stumbling through time

I took a walk through an alphabet
Hoping to find the meaning of existence
Is there a purpose and should I look for it
If I found the purpose would it change my life
For the better? For the worse?
What if the meaning is to live a long life?
Am I far along enough to have already done that?
Maybe I need twenty more to achieve such a conquest of time?
Adult life is intimidating because of the responsibility that it invokes
We are pinnacles of the human condition, aren't we?
Examples of what is possible surrounded with our lives
I explain to children to work hard and wait and adulthood will find you
Children yes children , the same creatures we used to be
Babies and toddlers further back we were
I get lost and mystified when I think of the growth of our existence
Sometimes I trick myself into thinking that I was created only a week ago
Then at other times I convince myself that I have always existed and always will
Sometimes I imagine that if you can create a single moment
That you can create an entire eternity
Time lasts forever and immortals never stops sensing the now
Timeless creatures of indescribable power
We will become these beings eventually
Our path is in front of us
Some of us are mortal and transient
Some of us are immortal and rooted in existence
Since the first movement I have been
I have god inside my bones
I believe I have other purposes to fulfill
That I have a different road to walk
Manic at times Depressed at others
I stand flawed and in pain most of the time

I feel the pain that comes from awkwardness
Compared to the perfection you represent
I stand broken with an alphabet in my pocket
Pulling out the letters I use to represent my sickness
My illness, my ache, my pang and my prick
I have offset the difference between who I want to be and who I am
Surrounded by creators who have always been and who will always be
Are they my overseers, is it my turn to leave, but leaving them means leaving myself
I can never leave but I must always go
Its difficult to explain but godless i make dinner for my creators one dish at a time
Standing for all that may be understanding the care that has been given to me
What should i do next so many leave but isn't it more respectful to learn as much as possible
I have reasons for believing that I am not wrong but I am also not right
Awkward I sit and defend my choices of letters and i defend my combinations
of vowels and consonants
Placing verbs and nouns in the places that i would have them stand
Searching for more meaning than I believe is possible to exist
This is what i did with my alphabet.

i wasn't much

I wasn't much for a friend and I damn sure wasn't much for a lover. I just wasn't good at forming those bonds. I was more loner than socialite. I never felt lonely though, except for once but the feeling past. I remembered the good times and I especially remembered the bad times. I hurt people at odd angles and then I didn't forget the harm I did to other people's psychology. I contemplated suicide a few times but then I thought of Christmas candy and the thoughts past. I was quite good at picking out gifts for other people. I had a taste for the expensive. I had taste. I marveled at people that I thought lacked it. Good taste made life worth living. I had to know if there was a difference between what the wealthy had and what I had. I conducted experiments to gauge whether their nice things were better than my poor ones. I tasted \$150 a shot whiskey and realized Jack tasted just as good. I tasted the expensive food and Chipotle's was just as good. I imagine that the conversations I missed out on from a wealthy perspective were vast. I was just never that interested in earning money, it seemed cheap to me. I developed a rousing love of music in my later days. It was the internet radio stations that kept me coming back for more. They tethered me to that machine something fierce. I don't know if it was the writing that I enjoyed so much as it was the music and the combinations of the two together just a lovely experience. It became my video game. I hated traditional video games so much. I hated television so much but I wanted to be a part of both worlds. I needed to work out more often always as my body was nothing special after twenty five. I couldn't bring myself to care more than enough to be annoyed. I wrote out a need to feel productive I normally only wrote terrible poetry because being a terrible poet was more interesting most of the time than most other people. I felt that television took that meaning out of life. I was exposed to far too many scenarios and knew far too much about life than I was ever given credit for. I knew I was brilliant and that was enough for me.

Life was a giant fractal at every level of life there was the notion that something was new but it was reminiscent of a different situation and the more you knew the more details you could understand in life. The internet shaped a large amount of my viewpoints on life because I sat and listened to hours of stand up poetry and stand up comedy. I was infatuated by the world of performance and the thought that those who were truly stars were more important than those that weren't. I thought that I was a star myself but I couldn't be certain and so I wrote to understand the differences between those that were and those that weren't. From poetry to prose I tried from sci - fi to children's stories i tried but could not come up with much. I had a short attention span most of the time. The rest of

tion span most of the time. The rest of the time I think I was just lazy. I gave myself excuses why I could get to it later and then later showed up and I gave myself excuses why I could work on it later still. I felt like writing for an hour and a half was a lot and I was wrong. I knew that writing for four hours a day should be mandatory and that I had the talent to become a writer. I wrote more than a lot of people around me but I wrote much less than others who wrote much more than myself. I don't think I had any specific talent for the craft as I thought the craft of writing was more an act of will power than it was a craft of creativity.

I was a fan of Anis Mojgani and Saul Williams and Charles Bukowski as writers and other writers who had talented tongues and fingers. The same parts of the body that were most responsible for love and tenderness were the same most powerful aspects of writing, the fingers and the tongue. Spoken and written words just by the fingers and the tongue, those were the important parts of writing. Inspiration was the fuel. I walked around inebriated on half cocked inspirational thoughts. I was jealous of rappers who said they were jealous of me. I was poor and wished I had more experience than what I actually had. I was innocent until I started smoking pot. Time spent in the cloudy fog of ease made me feel dirty as well as enlightened. It took away the pain of irrational worries. Money. Money was the tool through which individuals could gain service from other individuals. It was an agreement and the money itself was worthless, it was the action that it provoked that was the real power. Capitalism worked best when there were arrogant people who worked hard and collected a lot of the money and then asked for others to work as hard as them. When wealthy people become lazy capitalism breaks apart. The money, again, isn't the special part of capitalism, its the most basic incentive to use for leverage to get someone to do something you don't know how to do. That is where money is the most powerful, if you form financial relationships amidst disparate skillful people you could enact a lot of productivity, or something. I don't know I am just ranting, stream of consciousness.

Line by line I express myself for no reason other than its just something that I do. My body feels accustomed to bringing letters together for their own literary parties. That's what my writing is, its a party for an alphabet, just traipsing through the words stringing them together for their own personal purposes.

i damn sure knew how to kiss

Don't you remember?

That time we kissed, I played a mouth game with you and you laughed

I blew air into your lungs when you weren't ready and you coughed

I bit your lip lightly, and you smiled

You liked what I could do with my mouth

We used to play all the time

Age set in and the touching took on more meaning

Less mouth play today than yesterday

We mean it more so it happens less

Small pecks and hugs reverberate with our youth

I played pick me up games at the local coffee shops

Sometimes i picked you up, other times you me

Then we drowned each other with our vocabulary

Telling stories and laughing while wafting down caffeine

I could feel my heart beats increasing

Turning you around I massaged your neck muscles

Kneading to the rhythm of the music that lightly scented the air

I was thin, you were thick, I was thick headed, you were nimble

We meshed and went back to your apartment, your place

You showed me around and I didn't notice

I was too focused on your lips and my wanting to touch them

Touching you made me feel good so I touched

Touching me made you feel good so you touched

We smoked some herb and then slowed down

Youth was in our blood and youth was in our smiles

You had perfect teeth I remember flashing my tongue across them

The bed we laid on was tattered and the bed we made our motions across was bumpy

You were smooth, I was rough with you but you liked it

I liked it we liked it those organic games played with the mouth

Back and forth bodies churning and burning with lust

The night was our caretaker and we were its children

Soft mouths and hard hands were our playthings
I remember the words you spoke
We had our version of romance and it was rowdy
A few moments of entanglement a few moments of foreplay
Holding and pressing all for the moment
That passed and was ingested by our memories
So that we would never forget our fling with play.

forever astounds me

I believe in eternity that ever after ever after
That when explored leaves room for more exploration
The never ending ending that laughs for all time
Cries for what's left and on and on until meaning is stretched
To the Nth degree to the final finality and then we collide with ourselves
Earning moments of beauty and memories that last for all time
Traveling from romantic interlude to violent encounter
Your life can be as dramatic as you would like it to be
But don't forget to sleep that comfortable interplay between waking moments
Rest and relax and realize that you have plenty of time to grow old
Just remember what it feels like to engulf the exact strangeness of it all
Lacking knowledge of how it all began while becoming experts on how it will end
We press on letting our hearts tick the tocks of the clock that measures our acceptance of passing
Passing from here and now to hear and now and then on to hear and now again
Pulsing with brevity we experience all of it but live for much less
Brains scanning the wilderness that we inhabit for any signs of disorder
What cant we control and why cant we control it
Mastery of mysteries that we place heartfelt contraptions next to
We believe in our own omnipotence as individuals we are brief
As a species we are immortal
We pass by for all time a brotherhood of animals fighting for our eternity
Acknowledging how we are small but brave and animated at the same time
Hands moving intricately as we delve into the recesses of immortality
That we pass on to our children one generation of a time
Live stronger than we did as animators of existence pass from one lineage on
We write poetry that never ceases to dull
We create explosions that never cease to excite
Wanting of amazing memories we explore the changes that occur indefinitely
Adapting to each scenario we make memories our prime accomplishment
For the experience of all of it we strive further
A bacterium of salt and vitamin and flesh and bone we are a bucket of minerals

Adapting to each scenario we make memories our prime accomplishment
For the experience of all of it we strive further
A bacterium of salt and vitamin and flesh and bone we are a bucket of minerals
with a mission
To touch the depths of all that is and nothing less.

seek out the truth

Questions precede answers

Get started today

Close your eyes

And let darkness be your disguise

Juxtapose images and create meaning in ether

Vibrate and embrace harmony

Wait until you realize the melody

Step inside your cerebral cortex and look around

Who am I?

Or more importantly, who are you?

asleep at the wheel

They called me lucid
in the world behind my eyes,
always awaiting my return;
they had dinner ready
and a bath was drawn.

Mysterious figures I never remember
always seem to adopt me nightly.

They always understand
when I have to drift away
because they live in a world
that they never have to leave
but I am a messenger between here and there.

A collection of conscious electrons
pulsing through chemistry
bringing word of the universe
that they can only dream of
and it seems
they have just as many questions
as we, about reality.

the power of a single man

The whole world reacts
when a genius breaks their heart.

mating ritual

Shake that shirt!

Now, girl shake them pants!

Listen to the music!

Lets start the dance!

what is this?

You can feel poetry inside your veins.

It's what you go to the store to look for when in need of nourishment.

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 philosopher could write but poetry is something a philosopher could never define.

Poetry is something that will eventually spawn the emergence of true AI.

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 mouth. Poetry is a perfect aureola.

Poetry is pinching that very same teet. Poetry is sexy. Poetry is something that you can only experience. Poetry is sublime. It screams.

Poetry is like that.

perspective

My problem is me, all of my problems start and end with me.
I'm the aspect of the equation that doesn't make sense
I did not exist at the beginning , since the dawn of time I did not exist
For billions of years since the origins of the solar system
I did not exist. I was nothing, beyond nothing,
I was nothing surrounded by nothing
In sweeping fashion a world was created
Millions of years passed after billions passed
Then I opened my eyes.
I have something to look at now and something to look with,
I have a world surrounding me that I can observe.
What should I make of all of this creation?
I don't know. Its strange to me.
Existence. This really is what this really is.
I am what I really am and in light of all of this I see.
I breathe. I move bones with muscles.
This took billions upon billions of years to prepare
Now here I sit in front of an alphabet that predates me
By thousands of years. Writing with an ancient relic.
I play. Perform. Place fingers atop keys
so that I can give you what you need. I have a brain filled with dysfunctional
dysfunctions That elude all forms of normality
I'm strange by strange standards.
Somewhere somehow something helps me make sense of my own personal
absurdities that envelop me and have for the few decades that I have
traveled this trip around the sun.

squeeze a cheek

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

watch

I see myself unfold inside my soul,
existence sees fit to remove me from infinity.
I have always existed and always will as different dimensions
serve different purposes within reality.
I think! I know! I feel! I see!
I understand me, and 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
and become gifted at these poetic linguistic intuitive perceptions.

in the beginning was the word

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 discernible patterns of energy
that can transform kingdomss combinations of sounds have the power
to build and destroy dynasties
and bring us closer to heavenly understanding.

i am

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!

drink water

Subscribe to the souls of enlightenment!
Fulfill your destined desires to be beautiful!
Consult with your temptations and give in!
Life is worth living and we're right here,
right now, living and breathing and being,
so beautifully and sparkingly.
I think I enjoy you beside me.
Maybe my words can ease my 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 are close to creating a new sunrise!
Where will the ideas take us and in which direction shall we go?
Entertainment is ever present and we are falling deeper into our couches.
Why do you think we have an outside?
What have you done out there lately?
I miss you, won't you come hold my hand.

questions

Would the government be more effective if they just stayed the hell off
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 and their suits?

Isn't speeding the worst offense that most of us commit?

Don't you think we're over government?

Don't you think were over organization?

Don't you think we can manage ourselves?

Jeffersonian Democracy!

Small Government!

Less money!

Less tanks!

Less power!

More writing!

More acting!

More art!

More education!

More freedom!

More doctors!

Less garbage!

Less garbage men!

More back yard farms!

Smaller houses!

Less rooms!

More green space!

More trees!

More grass!

More flowers!

The ...

LongTail

what should never have been

I'm in favor of war

I am just not in favor of guns being used

In war

nice but ouch

She used my nipples,
like etch a sketch wheels,
and drew a smile on my face.
Then she
Shook! Shook! Shook!
me until I was a blank slate.
Now the moment is heated,
And we have decided
another human we should create.

blind dates

I sling arrows I found at Cupid's garage sale,
and my quiver is quite full.

I reach back and rip one away!

Someone is going to fall in love today.

do something funny

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

someone's out there

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

this is my problem

As day is breaking so am I,
Wondering who will piece together my broken heart?
Who can love me and pull it 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 moment that we'll always remember
and then we'll rub shoulders in other dimension
meeting up as we always do in every universe we find ourselves in
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 broke,
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.

what love is

She had a family in her eyes.

I had a picnic in mine.

She could see us building a life together.

I could see her taking mine.

valentine's day

I need a sign!

I need to know!

I want to be!

I think I see,

Red roses.

maybe i can write

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

almond faces

Her face was like a tear drop
falling to thy sky.

God was like the tear duct
telling his child goodbye.

i like words

I'm finding that writing is the most sublime way to spend time.
I feel like I actually exist when I unlock the heart of my consciousness.
I break open the lexicon and see what falls out.
I drop a diary inside a bead of sweat
and then read the words the salt spells.
After all the water has evaporated.
We all leave salty marks after we transcend.

hopeful thinking

I sipped the nectar of the Gods
after they shared their juice with me.
They joked about the future,
they traveled to the past.
They were everything in a moment
and I was just traveling through.
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.

depression

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?

dreams

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 group 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.

truthiness

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

a night at the movies

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..

tumult

You're so cool

And I'm so warm

And when we get together

There will be a storm

speaking in tongues

Can you see the morning star?
Can you find the lamp light girl?
Can you find the white horse now?
Ati adi odi ah!
Dova christa oni ah!
Can you find the fighting lights?
Can you find the sleepless nights?
Can you understand the sky?
Can you fathom the sun?
Osta oda edi ah
Davy odi adi ah

smart essay topics

Web 2.0 Strategies

Innovative Multimedia Implementation

Post-Millennial Philosophies

Methodologies of Successful Contemporary Websites

Linguistic Memetic Pattern Creation

Pre or Post Singularity Related Issues

Virtual Environment Business Practices and Problems

Most Effective Outsourcing Strategies

Post-Millennial Community Education Initiatives

Post-Millennial Governmental Policy Creation Ideology

Industrial Age economics of scale vs Information Age economics of infinity

Ayn Rand's Opus "Atlas Shrugged"

a deeper truth

Never be afraid to fail
because the world is bent on failure.
They failed before arriving at the moon
The failed before completing the car
Success is bent on failure,
But then so also is failure.

the problem with white people

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.

one of my favorites

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 is such a hassle getting bodies registered
with the department of mobile entities
i guess ill 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.

a small truth

a divine comedy
isn't funny
when the tragedy
stars you

just another cell

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

attachment issues

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?”

insecure

poem after poem
i'll just start to write
poem after poem
and maybe someday
someone will say
yeah i know him

professional poets

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

does this one work?

i bet space is getting lonely
now that its missing the stars
i can see in your eyes

a toast

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 flash
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 we'll 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.

practical science

I tie my shoes with string theory laces
and I walk among the angels
Carrying my own sword
Cutting down the demons
That try and ruin the movement
Relatively speaking I do not exist
And the distance between me and alpha centari
Is the same distance between where my dreams reside
And my body
And through the Pythagorean Theorem
I square my A's B's and C's
So that you can see the best of me.

the power of a single man

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.
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.

the power of a penny

i'm spent

like five dollars on gas with an empty tank

i'm spent

like dimes on candy fishes from a 7 year old

i'm spent

like life savings on children's college funds

i'm spent

yeah i'm spent

but ill ride this through

a pickup story

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 any who
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.

promiscuity

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 shes feeling frisky
so we slip away for a moments love
or liebe in her language
she liked me from the start
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.

group theory

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 as 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 its need.
We have a Knowledge Nation we can build.
This is our first creed, our first true 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.

life

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

a lifetime in six lines

oh man

oh woman

oh baby

oh family

oh grandchildren

oh happy day

economical entertainment

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

short song

You're the sweetest little candy drop
The sweetest little cant be stopped
Cant we dance dance dance
And build up a night of wonderful romance
Cant 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

youth

The Night is young and so are we
We worked all week and now were 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

an unlikely story

i placed ice cubes in her panties
she began to grow antsy
and whispered in my ear
“Wont you romance me?”

what i am

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
They found in me

purple goals

The thing about ending war
Is that it's never been accomplished before
There has never been a vaccine
Created to cure the thirst for blood
But were getting there soon
So maybe we're due
For something new.

this happens all the time

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

breathing excercises

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 monopolies

A game that's played to win

Through the bankruptcy of your opponents

As it's illegal to share and work together

Because your 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 the is reason were buying gifts this year.

this one is lucky

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.

historic differences

Klu Klux Klan

The master white plan

Black Panther Party

Civil Rights demands

Your color

My color

Our blood runs deep

Seven continents divide us

One earth unites

Globalize and harmonize

Until we hyper realize

And finally unify.

no seriously, shake that ass

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 Wendy's
Damn its just so plain to see
We'd rather be wealthy than healthy
They're not selling 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, Ill die for my country sir
I'll die for the rich man whose controlling numbers
Metaphorical abstractions that just ain't happening
Who said the constitution is 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

i am an idiot

The christians talk about the righteous way
The muslims talk about the ocean
The jews have their hebrew lessons
While 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's changing and so are we
I remember when I loved Christianity
I cant believe I used to be a sheep
Something about a well spoken man claiming the truth
But here's the punch line
Can't trust no one
Because that's also what your local poets do to
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 books bigger than it ever was

let me look in your eyes

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 , it's gonna happen,
Sit back relax and enjoy the show
Maybe 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..

i laught at this one

Femail

We deliver.

words play

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.

speaking in tongues is fun

Yo dalla foam day!
Ent yomma so wah!
Dodi atti yo da!
Crosta yalla holla fah!
This is the language of God!
Streaming through my neurons
is language that I didn't create.
I am a shell filled with verbal technology
that I learned about in the Church of Scientology.
I have 210 credits at the multiversity
that is the evolutionary step forward from a university.
I wanted to make that clear
so that you could understand the language I speak my dear.
I want to say something great ,
and make love with my love,
with a gaze centered just above
the horizons that move
through linguistic epiphanies,
that always seem to follow me,
because I'm a creator neuron technology,
a crafter of words that fly above
powerful hierarchies,
somebody stop me,
or just stop and watch me,
I need to be heard,
That's my word.

i think about insects

i saw an flea stop moving once
when i blew some air it's way
it stopped moving
it bent at the knee
i honestly wonder
if it was scared
i would have been
honestly

when should i stop, if ever

We paved the way to see today
I think I found another way
Softly singing melodies
What is it that you think of me
I earned a dollar for my prose
When should I stop writing
Do you suppose?

i tap dance across keyboards

Trampled and withering
I age like a whispering willow tree
A facsimile sent via telephone line
Bits and pieces of information
Make up my make up
DNA strands unraveling
Formulating my identity
Living like it's something to see
Instead of something that you do
TV , i've got one behind my eyes
I watch while I watch the glowing boxes
And keyboards that I tap dance across
You think I'm special
I just think I'm me.

the game can be confusing

Whispered winter somedays
Sometimes I play my way
You think it's close to today
But that's not what happens upon replay
Sacramental ceremonies unearthed entirely
For the purpose of replaying
Heavenly fathers and earthly mothers
To the tune of a saxophone
Playing late night blues
Before the warm morning sunlight
Begins.

the 80's and 90's

I remember when music was
What you waited for like christmas
When artists were like God
Dispensing raindrops
On thirsty adherents to their shows
I remember the way it used to be
It used to be amazing.

you know

I remember the way it used to be
Touch football in the street
Basketball on weeknights
Baseball in the backyard
Ping - pong at night in the basement
Sports were just what we did with our nervous energy
Even though we weren't as nervous
As we are today
Which is to say
We were better then
But that's not necessarily true
Even though it is
But not really
You know?

rakim's thoughts on me

Shopping for a soul
I think I found nirvana
Basking in the glow of the soul
Of this cat named Nicholas
This cat goes way back
Like an attack on Iraq
Spontaneous bi polar kid
He has potential and a history
Of letting his words bleed
Across the page
Like a gunshot victim in harlem
A place he always wanted to visit
But never had the chance to
Huh.

starlit nights

I look out amidst the stars
Up to the moon and the other
Glowing points in the sky
And I shake my head
Because I am here
And not there
For now.

confusing isn't it

You think but you don't believe
I think you are more like me
Than you know
And I am more like you
Than I realize
Real eyes make for real moments
Seen.

good writing takes work

There has to be some activity
That I can undertake
Which will make my writing
Shine from a wonderful page
I made myself
With my own hands
Letter by letter
I pieced together these sentences
Crying from time to time
Just because I earned the right
To descend into the depths
Of desire that ooze from my scarred heart
A cliché that becomes more so every day

make the animals happy

I played elephant music
in the monkey house
dripped blood at the bat exhibit
and traded sirens with the baboons
life can be an animal house
we're all trying to escape.

whatever

You couldn't explain the changes to him

I didn't want to

Sometimes I remember what we were

Sometimes I think it matters

emotional potluck

I brought a bowl full of tears
to the emotional pot luck
happiness was there with his bottle of jack
so was laughter with all of her friends

i am not a g

A lake bed of street cred

I dipped my toe and was bitten by a crab

Slinking back i neglected to mention

I am too sick to swim

its an awkward learning curve

I spend time writing poetic escapes
Discovering the traditions I was never acquainted with
No one showed me the way
I stumbled on my own words that I had to say
Misplaced poetry
I think myself a quaint collection of contradictions
Facilitated by marvelous mysteries
Just dancing across an alphabet with not much to say
I leave my hands a small amount of freedom
And my mind a small amount of space
To explore the vastness that is poetry.

this one is hot to me

I tasted your equation
And divided your legs
Multiplied our infatuations
While I added kisses
And subtracted clothing
For a brief moment
We were a proof
That math could be passionate

being injured isnt so bad

This is my one and only
My only one life
And mine's been bruised
Baffled and flabbergasted
I done been stuck up and
Kicked up downtrodden beguiled
Genes mismanaged and here I stand
Off kilter and sublime
Waiting for the right time
To express my healing
And desire to realign with the right way
That crucial distinction of a sane man gone sane

this might last forever

Desire to be a member of zion
We speak of the afterlife so little
But every day opportunities arise
To send our soul to the hereafter
We don't remember before
Will we experience the after?
Could this be all that is
Tranquil and respectable this is.
Could you not be but are and all the same
We glide and slide ourselves where we need to be
Life is but a function of salvation is where we find community
You and me and them and they all together for a wonderful day
Picnics and frisbees, grass as green as watermelon rinds
Somehow it all makes sense when we live together.

a little reminiscing

Remember the CD store
Individually wrapped circles of joy
That looked so utterly futuristic and shiny
Moments of rapture for a ten dollar bill
Music made the moments smooth
And my friends and me just listened and swooned
Because we just had to hear that croon
That wonderful lovely ether for our ears

time at the bar

Smooth jazz buttercups
Little lady pick me ups
Jack and cokes and other liquid jokes
Played the melodies of yesterday
And played them lightly
Nightly we play the game of
What's your number and
Do you want mine?

growing up

I lost my passion at college
Traded my heart for understanding
What they took from me
Was more than what I had
You might think less of me
But I'm not who you should be talking to
From what I have been told
You should be talking about that cat from way back
'99 was when I peaked as a personality
Now I just have too many problems with my sanity
So get back to me when I'm healthy
And we can talk then.

bright

Like a lightening bug I shine from time to time
Patchworks of playfulness glowing of the sublime
While an ever present consciousness unwinds inside the divine
Thinking takes its toll on me , I think of myself mad
Capturing creativity seems scandalous of me
Who am I to be a writer? Who am I to shine?
Sitting back and thinking of the past; why shouldn't I?
Of what other good could I be to society?
I think I need some time to write and play with an alphabet,
see what takes shape and what flies off.
I know not, but I think, I see, I whisper quietly.
This is all that I am.

get ready

My writing is a performance of my hands
Fingers and knuckles and the such
Tip toeing across a flat
Almost laughable tool that we use to communicate with
There are vowels and consonants
Numbers and punctuation symbols
From the combinations of these symbols
We explore fictitious worlds and
Remember beings that used to
Tip toe across the same symbols we use today.
It's maddeningly simple and like othello
Requires a minute to learn but a lifetime to master.

how did it all begin

My memory wasn't ready for existence
I just don't recall how it all started
Classrooms were the earliest I recall
Sitting and being lectured time in and time out
Having no control over how it began
And realizing I have not control over how it ends
Sitting back to enjoy the ride while
Playing with the toys I find
Toys and nothing else but
Playthings and buttons to be pushed and pulled
Achieving this effect and that
For no reason other than to conceive a new moment
Grander than the last memories interlocked with other memories
Age a distant reminder that the clock is but a timer
How long before you finally see the light
What if all you have known is darkness
How then will you perceive the flaming orb
A light shining high to be remembered like God
rising above all that exists and nothing more.

mourning star

I played with the morning star
Sitting amazed by his brilliance
Earth's angel told me stories of human endeavors
Both gone amazing and terrible
I sat intoning on his sonic vibrations
While I studied the sinews of his face
Knowing beyond a shadow of a doubt
That he had been there for us
In good times and bad
Like a father or inventor
Taking care of his offspring and imagination
Both as important as the other
Playing games that amounted to work
And working to play games
So that life could take on deeper meanings
All because a fallen angel
Took pity on those that had never risen
To the pinnacle of angelic existence.

a time for a time

I kissed when it was time to kiss
Laughed when it was time to laugh
Played when it was time to play
Now I sit with hands prepared for work
Working an alphabet like a watery rag
Wringing out every possible creative juice i can fathom
It's all in how tight you twist the truth of the rag
Of creativity that determines how wonderful
Your writing will become.

what i did last night

I experimented with daffodils until I could transform them into daisies. I morosed eternally inside the spotted mind of the smoothest mind. I have centuries left inside of me to write poetry about. I have tandems and jehosephats of pumpernickel swimwilliness. I think about the happiness that I am feeling right now and I just want to swim through hopscotches and butternut swirls. I dream fantasies about nightmares and then I reimburse my soul for the cost of existential imperialism.

This is a mind sleepless and on coffee, please do share. I experienced a breakthrough tonight. My illness involves my inner voice. It's a challenge for me to be an olympiad writer. If they write what they write on those scorecards so to do I write with my inkless pen when they are not on the balance beams. How lazy we are grading perfection that is too afraid to cry. A life resolute, a snap dragon in a moonbeam. I think I saw shirley temple drinking a martini. There is just so much to say and talk about.

Yesterday I spent twelve hours ingesting the sun. I became brainwashed all over again and then I spilled the beans and made some coffee with them. This is my breakthrough. I write the next stage in my opus one letter at a time. You said I could write you anytime, what about now, how do you feel about all of this and then how do you feel about this.

I woke up this morning to a cup of coffee after having only slept for two hours. I found my next favorite drug. Coffee buy the pot and then go write and listen to music which is what I am doing. I have the smallest buzz imaginable but my imagination is running wild. I want to write a novel about a fashion magazine that fucked a science fiction zine and then remained friends afterwards. That never happens in cincinnati because there aren't enough people to have sex. Everyone is married in Cincinnati. We just all walk around with our love interest in our heart and we find all the reasons we can think of not to touch. I look at a New York Fashion magazine and I see people drunk on sensuality in the best way possible.

shes going to be okay

Razorblades and microphones,
She wanted to record herself bleeding.

karmonic frequencies

I accumulate karma as I dine on lettuce wraps.
I eat out approximately twice a week.
This poetry is ridiculous but that's not the point.
It's proof of the existence of a writer.
Someone pulled these letters together.
I am that person.

beautiful active voice

Be strong.

Lift weights and accumulate muscle.

Write in the active voice.

Wander about the universe in a drunken state of mind.

Learn to work hard.

Cherish your creators if they cherish you.

Stare at the sun but avoid going blind.

Take chances.

Assume the best of people.

Ignore the worst.

Believe in God.

Write every couple days to remind yourself who you are.

Explore your abilities.

Ask questions.

Seek answers.

Define new words.

Wait for dissexistence.

Believe in eternity.

Question time.

Smoke pot.

Bake cookies.

Smile.

paramedic moment

I broke the silence with a whisper
“Is everyone okay? Do we remember what we were doing?”
They lead as though they have found purpose
I just see complex decisions made one choice at time
Thank you for your thoughts
I dwell quite often on my own
We’re more the same than different
We’re more equal than not
I really want to share my thoughts with you
And this smile that I have.
I laugh when I see people kissing
Stir when I see people crying
Why are you mad at me?

yeah man

I exist. I have an imagination and hot damn I exist.

i sleep too often

Stuttering through conversations
I awaken my enchantment and begin the process of entangled meanings
She placed her mouth against mine and massaged my mind
It was myself that was the essence of the moment
I was heaven and earth and hell wrapped around a skeleton
That was hard like calculus a language I only once briefly spoke
You're my family and I'm your son
You adopted me because you needed change in your life
Adults need children to remind them of their heroism
I discovered my button as I massaged my navel
I used to ingest the blood of another
That I would later call my creator
She held me for a fortnight's fortnight
And I became her son

the nicholas cage

I rest my head waiting for moonlight
You played games with my consciousness
Alluding to all but the essence of the truth.
I gave up searching for more than I was worth.
Essentially I am a pauper in clothing that isn't mine
I have thoughts that don't belong to me
While at the same time
I remember dreams more real than a college classroom
You don't know who I am and that makes me free
I'm meant to be fishing and spending time with the stars
Glowing like embers that never grow cold
We're hot like Nevada and please refrain from forgetting
Just don't remember the illness that found you
You'll be alright, you'll find your divinity
Multiply it by infinity and then reclaim the light as your own
The darkness belongs to me, all of it, I am the dark matter
And I pull the universe apart slowly because I savor the moments
That remind me I used to live and now here I am in front of you
With this microphone and I don't know what to do
Other than play these poetic games
Because this is the only true talent I have
And if you don't agree with me
Then most assuredly I am worth less than a pigeons chest.

still learning about love

Love is such a hard word to spell
It's more than a couple letters pulled from the alphabet
Love is a long kiss followed by a long silence
Love is watching television together and not fighting over the remote control
Love is a home made dinner
Love is washing someone's clothing for them
Love is comfortable like a cherished blanket
Love is the opposite of a first date
Love is real and it requires work.
Love is a short argument followed with a reconciliation
Love is grocery shopping together and clipping coupons on the weekend
Love is a card game of War together followed with Go Fish
Love is family and it's normal
Love is boring there is no excitement just contentment with the situation

Real love does not involve fireworks that's passion and there is a difference
Real love does not mean happiness all the time
Real love is a commitment to be normal and it's about trust
Real love is like being an employee in a business
Real love is like playing positions on a team
Real love is what prepares you for having children
Real love is patience that can never be stretched too thin
Real love might last forever but it might not it depends on you
Real love isn't majestic
Real love is ugly when you see it up close
Real love may be ugly but beauty isn't a goal in and of itself
Real love happens when you let it happen

Real love is what we need. It's what we really need.

writing can be like that

I stare at twenty six letters while I wonder which direction to turn
Wanting to craft combinations of consciousness expanding facets of abstraction
Pulling meaning from nothing and turning nothing into forever
Knowing that one day I will be drafted for my placards that I painted with englishtic graffiti
What does this english language mean to me?
It's an enigma to be deciphered, it's a tool to be mastered,
It's the essence of expression of thought and happenstance
Piece together the future or ruminate about the past
Be so clever or be a clod
We have forever to ponder the pieces of existence that envelop us
Enlightenment creates tools to store moments of consciousness
Books are like freeze dried instances of intellectual might
Some people see confusion amidst the linguistics of englishtic expression
The poets draft glottological creations in an attempt to ascertain perfection
This being said think for a moment about the essence of what is ...

visions

Prepare yourself for powerful dreams and
Confounding realizations as we move further into reality
No one had control over our creation
And now here we are faced with eternity at our feet
We hammer down infinity and sculpt futures with our language
All that we experience is for the Glory of creation
What we remember never happened as the ride supplies all that is essential
More is meant to be learned
Collections of mental material passing forever over our ears
While we listen to deities whisper credos and sing songs of existence
Glory is meant to be absorbed and embarrassment is to be forgotten
What more can we ask of the language that surrenders all secrets
To those that seek to learn and understand the patterns that occur
inside living worlds

here we are

The universe is teeming with life as life is omnipresent
Life has never had a beginning and will never have an end
Every focal point of reference embedded in every soul
Will forever exist for all time and enjoyment is to be found in being
Living and loving and learning of the term PATIENCE
The world is turning and we are along for the ride
Spinning and spewing words from our collective cerebral cortex tissue
Confusing as it is we are the spark of all
We are the collection of conscious material that envelops all that is
We are the creators of existence and we are the caretakers of nature
This world is Gods gift to the gifted who are ourselves
As we embellish our lives with stories and memories and moments of life
Thank you for listening now I am going to get back to what I was doing
Before I started performing and I am going to go looking for my wife.

my god

My God is a moonbeam on a starlit evening
My God is a cool breeze as summer changes to fall
My God is omnipresent because my God surrounds me
I see God as a multicolored multi faceted shape
That is in conversation with itself , i listen
I walk around inside of God I breathe in God
All I can see is God all I have ever known is God
God is what came before me and prepared my life for me
I will never understand God the way an ant will never understand my birth
Small and careful I travel around God and wonder about what God is
God created all and found a place for me in this all
God created my creator who is the creator that created me.
I was created by a creation of the creator and have
been given the power to create myself
I apologize if it takes me a bit of time to conform to all of this inspiration
I have to fathom all that this means to me
and more importantly what it means to you
Writing leaves me breathless I have these combinations of words that deepen as I age
Leaving me feeling flavorful as I explore the words that flow from my fingers
I'm ecstatic when I think about the words that I place upon the page
How mighty is my mind?
Is my poetry what God would create when faced with 26 letters?
What do you do when you only have 26 letters to work with?
How do you piece the pieces together and are you interested in forever?
That a moment of inspirational transcription could leave you
leaving lovers breathless for years?

isn' t that enough

Sometimes I stare at my parents
They never notice but I look at them with amazement
They created me
Called me from the universe and showed me how to live
They frustrate me and give me cause to be amazed
Far from simple they lead complex social lives
Outside the confines of the compound we call home
They are patient and perplexingly good natured
Prayers and lessons are taught daily
Consummate adults leading supreme adult lives
These two creatures that pulled me from a womb
Now watch over my moments and guide me
Mentally i I cower at their good natured power
I wonder what the differences are between them and me
Daily I see them watch me grow
They surround me with acceptance
Even as my mind fails me soundly
What could i possibly do in return for the love they provided
A quiet constant support
Armed with an anger that prunes unwanted behavior
They crafted me and made me who I am today
I am grateful

how i came to be

Collections of selections of memories of the past
Moments of clarity kept for carving out a personality
Experiences of sentience crafted carefully amidst patterns of life
Loving the pain as well as the pleasure and all that's in between
Laughter and tearful moments of physical transcendence
Experiencing peaks of emotional significance
When synapses fire and the body realizes
Miracles and memoirs ready for the last book of desire
I wrote my last poem,
No its too early to retire
Back to the letters
Fingers where they need to be
Poems are what I need to see
The dance begins
My hands begin to sing
Melodies of the mind falling from letters of the divine
It couldn't be so simple
Wouldn't be worth doing otherwise
Centuries of technology and still letters find their center
Star ships wrapped around a poets page
Harnessing all of technology to rekindle the awareness of existence
I'm alive and I have all of these energies inside of me
Like swallows flitting about their little cages
Or parrots replicating the words heard over ages
I am because I try to be
A poet surrounded by a poets poetry.

a nice lil ditty

I sit before a keyboard with a mission in my mind
That I'm going to write until I finally learn to rhyme
Intent on pushing poems i pick letters from the board
The ending of this story is a rhyme you can't ignore
I play the game I came to play and work at my own craft
It's a pain to pick the letters like I'm picking soldiers for a draft
For a war between a writer and his enemy that laughs
You think you deserve to write boy you think you have some skill
You think that when your done boy you think you're special still
You're sloppy on your word choice your rhythm has no flow
You've been writing for forever but you still have far to go
A million letters chosen a million left to choose
I might as well keep writing, i've got nothing left to lose

how does this all end?

uncertain of a prominent future i let time drift by
aware of god yet unrelentingly sinful
it was a habit of mine to enjoy small acts of disobedience
running red lights and stealing candy from a grocery store
i was poor and uninterested in wealth
poverty provided a steady stream of problems
wealth only provided a final answer
i was too lazy to be bothered
my parents loved me
my sister was headstrong
my brother was quiet
my dogs loved me
loneliness followed me like a best friend
i had intimate encounters with the english language
as I worked to create my place on earth where i was king
it helped when i stopped caring whether people knew i wrote or not
i had my time to play with my words
they saved me from poverty which to me is a state of mind
but only because i had never truly been poor poor only poor

