2/28/2022

Simplicity in complexity.

Abstracted to our satisfaction.

She’d always been just a little too phony California for me.

Couldn’t pony to all her baloney

These chords could change this room around.

He could change a room around with just a couple chords.

Done wrong

Done wrong by

Done time

Done good

Done wrong

Done trying

Done dying

Done lying

Terror death, terror of birth

Write my name in cigarettes and knives.

Time ain’t nothing but a lonely beast.

Ol’ King Nebecanezzer cursed by a priest. Time ain’t nothing but a lonely old beast.

Emeral water round my wrist.

Sunlight on a river fish

Golden on his silty bed.

Joshua and my Babylonian coat

Stoned to hell in the Achor Vale

Waxen eyes and nose and lips

Sandusky at twilight, the sweet husk in your voice.

Legacy of greatness-

Wealth beyond comprehension, beyond desire.

Pull your coat close, a bottle me a ghost, a marching band,

A carnival barker.

After the deluge the rust red spikes

And taut rat gnawed ropes hold back moldering canvases from collapse.

In a dirt lot come archipelagio of smash bottle diamond dust mounds and oily irrediscent lowtide lagoons

Undeserved suffering, renewed exceptionalism, triumphant crowing.

We claim America once more.

Mass movements absorb individual angst, alienation, suffering.

Politics is just organized and well-funded kvetching.

Corruption to set your stomach wretching,

The sucker sun is setting.

Surrounder to your puns and be done with it.

I’ve been called, I’ve been called

Herald of the coming Lord

I’ve been called to return with him to glory

I have wandered, I have played I have whiled away my days

But by the blood of Christ I ride on glory bound.

I have preached, I have prayed

followed winding way to winding way

Ate wild locust, and slept on moldering hay

I have languished in my morass,

Longed for your sweet caress,

And by the blood of Christ, I’m ever glory bound

**01/06/2021 “Marcus Song”**

E / AM

I don’t really know where this song’s going to go

It might just stop or it might flow

But I bet if we just laid the bones down bare

We could pair and see where it goes from there.

Keep it to a couple chords to please the Lord

Get the first verse down

And the pen becomes a sword

Flesh and blood, fleshed out in the proud light of day

Hey it’s January 2021

And I ‘m just singing in the afternoon

I’ve been down to Gethemene Gardens

With my silver spoon

Digging in the dirt looking for worth and worms

It never hurts to get your just deserve.

It never hurts to get your deserve

I was waiting for a minute in the back of a hearse.

Sweating out the inside of my mind.

A partridge and a pear tree…

Alive and well feeding on the memory of me.

Left side reaction,

I was called back

Symmetry is sarcastic when there’s no reaction.

I was wasted in the light of the coming dawn

Keep it coming, son,

I don’t know how to turn this fucker off.

Oh… oh…. Oh….oh….

She came on quick

She was trigger happy

Daggers leveled at my aorta

Could not have been happier to see you in short order

we were understaffed and overloaded,

just about to be exploded

Exploited at the bottom of the sea.

I was waiting for a little while, my child

came down in a minute and crossed me down the aisle

Caught me on the flip side of cross-eyed Joe

Picking up what I could from every third row.

Lift the spanner and hit it against the ages

Pray your rages come across as courageous

Cancer determines the answer from the eyes

The sun’s eternal rays are burning my child

Look away from all these earnest, worthless distractions

I can’t be expected to come back to collect you,

It’s now or never,

If its magic we might have found salvation after all,

Walking down the hall, got shoved up against the wall

I was lazy and down at the moment of birth

Curling verses in cursive just for mirth

I was confused, I might have been abused,

See you later alligator, don’t hate on the shadows escaping,

The neon and sleeze,

Worn and diseased,

ashes in a tartan can for coffee

Post marked for the sea

The salaries, the subtleties the allegories wrapped up inside of riddles,

Playing second fiddle to the pope, propped up with

His mutt louse with fleas.

Earnest orbits in outer space

I was lost, nearly erased.

Nearly erased,

I waited a while longer than I had wanted,

Then I came on stronger than I had planned,

Cause I come back, baby, I’ll come back, just maybe I’ll be back after awhile,

Back stairs wit,

Back stairs wit,

Bastard wit,

Back stairs, wit,

Chip Baskets wit,

I was waiting for a little while

Loing than I was comfortable waiting for.

I waited for a little while.

I waited for a whilte.

I waited for a while.

I waited for a while.

I waited for a while.

I waited for a while.

**01/09/2021**

Come on in just a little while.

What’s your favorite book?

What makes you smile.

There’s a picture from another land

that just might be my favorite.

I thought we had an understanding.

But then you went off the rails

Crushed me with your branding.

I screamed at you for your tone

and after all that’s been said and done

I don’t regret it one iota.

I moved to another country

I moved to another state of mind.

Beyond the county line

Taking my time with my modes.

Feeling out where to put my notes just so.

Needed to make a space for other people.

Have to tighten up my process, my position.

And I am there now.

I am at the center.

I have been to the mountain and the mountain is everywhere.

This unconscious process has been difficult to delineate, but we are getting there.

Finding our footing as we go. Making sure to consolidate along the way.

When we slide back, we’ll slide back, but we won’t slide all the way back.

Always forward, forever ahead.

Compared to where I was a year ago, we are golden!

I truly have grown a great deal in this last year and the fact that I am now mailing our letters and postcards is a huge milestone. I had to retreat into myself and sort some things out- my body, my mind, my soul, before I could confidently communicate with other people.

Your ego is but a lawn ornament on the infinite plain of humanity.

A lot of my writing is just ego release. We need to understand this and understand how to mitigate this emotion management aka existing as a human and not allowing the challenge of being a human overwhelm the intrinsic joy of it all.