

Baby's Book
(My God is My doG)

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live...

The first love of my life was a pit-bull named Baby. We were together for one year, one month, and one day. She was my muse.

I had never written poetry, after having her for one weekend I wrote my first poem. In the year that followed I wrote constantly with my Baby beside me.

We lost both homes we had together and ended up living quite happily in my car. Then one day, BAM! she's gone.

And it continues...

My Little Baby

My lil' Baby's all I need
Perhaps her and a bitta weed

I'll tell ya, I feel the love
When in my face, her nose she shoves
Licking my face good morning
Or barking out the fierce warning
That is her stern greeting
For the folks I'm about to be meeting

She's stuck by since I first met her
Figure she just don't know no better
So we each got the other
With everyone else we won't bother

Gutter All-Star

Yep, I'm a gutter all-star poet
Because to rise above it you gotta sink below it
See all waters flow to the ocean
And all power flows in a similar motion
Down here, mired in subtext
Too cynical to be upset
With an eye towards world conquest

Just like Jack Horner
Preaching from his corner
That which should be obvious
But, I'm too jaded to take it all serious
I just show 'em the plum
Explain how they can get some

Carefully living my life
By virtue of a very sharp knife
Too cool to care
About things like my hair
Or my holy salvation
More concerned with self-immolation
As a way to deal with day-to-day frustration

And crying about being the universal pawn
Weeping is my classic tactic for hanging on
With an eye towards world conquest
Down here, mired in subtext
Too cynical to be upset. . .

See, all waters flow to the ocean
And all power flows in a similar motion
Because to rise above it you gotta sink below it
This is what it means to be a gutter all-star poet

A Short History of Poetry

It feels good to stand and say I'm a poet
A tradition from times past
It's part of us, and sure to last
See, in the days of knights and kings
The boss kept a guy, his exploits to sing
Now, before Mr. Gutenberg's press
Passing on these lines needed to be addressed
And wanting his bosses lives to live through time
The early bard would write his words to rhyme

Without fail
He wrote a good tale
Beowulf's the oldest we got
About some Vikings and the monster they fought
Hung-over warriors fighting the Grendel
Straight up battling without tricks or swindles

For centuries folks were regaled
By this and other, similarly heroic tales
But then came the Catholic Church
Brought art and such to a terrible lurch
The Pope gave poets a doctrine
To write your own way could be a sin

Some smart cats would twist the Pope's story
 Some medieval works have some mad allegory
 You know that one called the "Faerie Queen?"
 That one is all about words behind the scenes
 And Milton's "Paradise Lost"
 Actually talks about when Cromwell was boss
 Dante showed Mr. Pope the hell that he had created
 But the church couldn't argue with logic so
 poetically stated
 Then there were the romantics
 Buncha scrawny white boys playing with semantics

For hundreds of years poets followed a set of rules
 If you couldn't conform you were labeled a fool
 Browning, Coleridge, Burns, and Keats
 These fools filled some worthy sheets
 So did many others
 Too many to list, I won't bother

Forward some
 Our lesson comes
 To a fat boy named Walt
 Said all these rhymes, they gotta halt
 See Whitman felt poems need not be confined
 To a pattern of preset rhythms and rhymes
 And let's not forget Emerson walking in God's temple
 Saying language is sacred so let's keep it simple

Time passed, kids got the hint
Tried new stuff, learned to experiment
1950s come; some cool cats take the heat
It was Jack Kerouac, Ginsberg, and the Beats
After poets like Dylan and Lennon and Morrison
went pop
There were some collusions and fusions, and then
came the hip-hop

The '80s opened with a mighty, mighty bang
With some folks by name of the Sugar Hill Gang
And the mighty, mighty Grand Master Flash
First him then NWA printed some mad cash
Three white-boys tried out this new hip-hop toy
Took the shit to MTV called it Da Beastie Boyz

Let's take a moment
So as I can be the proponent
Of Mr. Chuck D and The Public Enemy
Telling us how it was, it is, and it shall be
And the Northwest's Balladeer of angst and hurt
An enlightenment junkie who went by the name of Kurt
Kids adored Mr. Kobain
As he splattered their walls with his brain

Then Dre at last
Having shed his old cast
With a new Dogg to trick, ole Dre went supersonic
They worked up a schtick, then showed up with The
Chronic

Then we started to hear bootlegs of one of the great
bluesmen of our age
Another junked-up white boy, this one using Long
Beach as his stage
But just before his shit blew up big
Brother was called for the heavenly gig
When said right his name Sublimely rolls
The brother, the man, Bradley Knowles
Then, finally, in a case of East meets West
With Biggie and Tupac we lost a couple of the best

Today we mostly get posers
Guys who think we're all punk-ass hosers
Kids who sound like Eminem
Fiddy Cent or a thousand more like them
I try to model my shit on olde time bards
I never knew I picked the path that's hard
But, I'm lucky because I can look back and see
Old poets and their works through history
So, no matter how rough this life gets
I know I haven't written my last lines yet

Standing In Black

Standing in black
Eyes and teeth I see
Gleaming with veiled attack
Muted daggers aimed at me
I stand alone like a light
My instinct flight
My heart says fight

I open, my head, my heart, my mouth
Spilling truths for all to see
Thirty-round clips, like a high school killing spree
Talking in the back, disrespecting me
Smirking, I keep going like I just can't see

Because love comes and love goes
To those who listen to those who speak
To those who seek
To know why
Children cry
Squirrels die
And Presidents lie
They listen at me
And together we
With open mind
Live and love and learn
And it continues...

A Portrait Of The Artist As A Young Man

Just a pharmaceutical frat-boy
Riding on a steel horse
Looking like California
Feeling like Oklahoma
Couldn't find my own lines
I stole 'em from an old friend
I'm just a junkie redneck sure to come to a bad end

One day I awoke
Someone took my dope
Went to the Valley up on the hill
Asked the lady there to give me a pill
No, she said, "why're you so mad?"
"Is it your mom, or do you resent your dad?"
I made me some new friends
Didn't catch their real names
Didn't matter their stories are all the same

Hitched a ride to Cali
With a dude from the Valley
Hope he drove me far
Towards being a great big star
But on the way I fell from the truck, got head trauma
Devil said boy your in luck, I sold my soul for
nirvana

Now I wait, doing no thing
Wishing, I had a song to sing
For life to be happening

I look to be discovered
By some son of a mother
Who will find me?
Don't know where I'll be
Don't know who they'll see
Don't know who I am!
Simply fodder for bad check scams?
Nah, I'm going to be bigger than Jesus
Get me a commercial deal selling Reese's

I'll sell it all for fame
With my parents to blame
But I got nothing to give, less to sell
Go home and mine the big black well?
Nah, The sun and the shadows keep me here
Wallowing in these, my phantom hopes and fears
I'll keep livin' for just one more day
Waiting for people to hear what I say

White Anglo-Saxon Male

I'm a white Anglo-Saxon male
Former protestant but that's another tale
Responsible for all the world's problems
But, this lesbian new-ager, she'll solve 'em
I don't mean to sound bitter
But if that bitch keeps ranting I swear I'll hit her
I hear:

I was born evil
Naturally a weasel
Thriving on capitalism
Causing racism
Acting on sexism
Enslaving nations
Enforcing darkie's station
Placing sex offenders on probation
Enjoying dark, republican celebrations

I fume and puff
Bitch I've had enough
I can't change who I am
Anymore than you can
I never did you no wrong

Hell, I just trip along
Humming my strange song
I know life's not fair
And I really do care
But if the pigs let me go
I sure as hell won't say no
It really does suck
When a brother gets stuck
But, I ain't no martyr, even if I do, sorta, give a fuck

I've never voted nor participated
But they say this the world that I created
It sucks when your skin makes you hated
I don't owe for our forefather's sins
But I ain't going to sit here crying victim
Because that'd be the skinhead's mentality
No I ain't no victim, just a white boy with personality
Nonetheless, persecution ain't right
Even if the folks you're persecuting are white

Empathy

Here's a little poem that hurts my pride
Few years back I fell victim to a hoo ride
I was walking home with my boys on the south side
When up pulled a ghetto cruiser
It was loaded full up of big bruisers
Before shit went down you knew we were the losers

Jeers of "Hey white boy!"
Put a bit of fright in this boy
Two seconds later I'm being tossed like a pit-bull's
chew toy
Dan's on the sidewalk, his jaw's broke
Shaeff dawg's in a pool of blood shaking like he had
a stroke
Stupid mother's laughing like it's some big joke
So don't ask me for any fucking sympathy
But if you're kind I'll kick down a little empathy

Then there was the old dude on the bus
I guess this day he felt like an angry, old cuss
Had his front teeth busted like a crack-head bitch
My presence seemed to cause some kind of serious
itch
White boys weren't allowed in this hood
He explained to me, and he explained it real good

This wasn't exactly news to me
And I'm usually not one to flee
But, in consideration of a few natural laws
I took just a moment for a considerable pause
You see, the old coot did not sit alone
Nah, he sat among a group of dudes with similar
skin tones

So looking at my laces
Relying on my good graces
I avoided eyeballing their faces
Wishing I was smaller
Eating my guts so I don't holler
Not one to be a bloody five-man brawler
At the next stop I heroically slinked away
Choosing to live, to run away yet another day
So, don't ask me for any fucking sympathy
But if you're kind I'll kick down a little empathy

Now one night late in Hollywood
I ran into a skinhead, up to no good
I was feeling a little bit drunk
Maybe too much to smell a skunk
He had a bunch of meth
Something I did with my sets
We got real high
My brain off in the sky

In a seedy room
A chemically-altered gloom
My mind addled
Feeling quite rattled
Pharmacological infusion
Causing Hallucinogenic delusion
He's by the door, I think I can't get by
I start to believe his stories are all lies
Now homie wants to leave with me in his shirts and ties
I got clothes
Don't need to wear those

I start to get thinking
Maybe there's dudes looking
For an otherwise unscrupulous skin
They'll mistake me for the clothes I'm in
So, I step into the bathroom, three stories tall
I lock the door, open the window, and prepare for the fall
Let go the sill, I keep dropping 'til the ground causes
my stall
Flash of pain
No bloodstain
Just the knife in my foot I feel
Shit, Now I broke my fucking heel!

In an alley running with fear
Silent screams, my foot can hear
But I gotta get away, no time for tears

Somehow I climb a wall and hide in fear
Few hours later my boy Marc
Comes by in his big old Skylark
Pulls my ass straight out of the dark
In a few days my boys found the skin
They showed him the shit he'd gotten in
So don't ask me for any fucking sympathy
But if you're kind I'll kick down a little empathy

Why do I waste your time with my tales of woe?
I guess in my own little way I'm just trying to show
No matter your color
Or what's your mother
There'll always be assholes...
So don't ask me for any fucking sympathy
But, if you're kind I'll kick down a little empathy

The Mouse That Roars

I'm a healthy white male, can't deny that
Kinda like healthy, white lab-rat
Came up in a cage now I'm in the wild with an eye
out for cats
Don't know if I'm collecting or giving stats
Don't matter, I'm the mouse that roared
Telling of metaphysical worlds I explored
Giving warning about obstructions, for eons ignored
But the luxury of delusions we can no longer afford

Because now we've got big brother
Taking our homeland security further
G-Dub backed by goose-stepping soccer mothers
Good Amuricans lining up to be arm-banded
brothers

To find those who might ignite
Dirty bombs, to burn city nights
Sam snatched up my privacy rights
While securing planes with guards sans sight
He says war's imminent
So with obstructionist intent
Now he's holding folks nameless as if they're
indigents
It seems 11 score 6 ago we fought redcoats with
similar intents

Then there's the yuppie financial woe
We heard business was good, now nobody knows
Bunch of soft middles punched by dirty CEOs
Except dudes like Buffett and Greenscam's hoes
Since times are hard
The White House is rolling back environmental
guards
With promises of a brand-new oil-well in every yard
Folks, please understand the poor oil baron's never
had it so hard
So to move an agenda George Junior plays the
emergency card

These times were written by Mr. Orwell
Creating wide margins for rich and poor,
sick and well
So only a few may hold the trowel for the power-
filled pail
Saving the spoils of our rapidly expanding nation
For the only richest of all of the future generations
I'm quite troubled by the things I've seen
Paranoid fantasies played out on television screens
I'm scared to choose sides or pick a team
I wasn't put here to feed the police slash prison
machine

We can end this social engineering
So to all those with ears in my hearing
There is still nothing really to be fearing
The nature of power says we can wrest it from those
we've allowed to do the steering

So to those gathered here tonight
You can still do what's right
We can stand together and fight
Take a voice for our nation's victim's plight
And don't be mindless cogs
Or machine-feeding consumerist hogs
Speak up before your back breaks beneath the last straw
(While you're at it, sidestep all those anti-privacy laws)
Now, I say with deep respect and piety
That change always begins within a society
I used to think old Mahatma was strange
But he was right when he said, "You must be the
change."
The Fortune 500 says Bush is better than Gandhi
That's why this is shaping up to be a bad world for
folks like me
Thanks for listening whilst I groan and grouse
But please don't alert the cops, or the White House
My words won't hurt no one, because, you see, I'm
just a mouse. . .

Sister Mary

Sister Mary get your gun
Rise up against your first-born son
His words made all with ears a slave
Leading most to fears and a walking grave
His people were slaves for thousands of years
They are really but slaves of thousands of fears

I do not wish to live as a slave
I do not see it as worthy or brave
Life helps those who help themselves
So I think, "Surely I won't go to hell
Because I stand up and fight
Because I stand for what's right"

They say they are chosen
Because the snake had spoken
He told them to choose their own place
He told them "You are the master race
And this great valley is yours
For today and evermore

Go ahead, kill the ones here before.”
My blood runs deep for sure
And with my focus laser pure
Other ideas I’ll explore
I know in tales of Nordic Lore
The good fight to the bitter end
Even if in the end they’ll never win

All the best books have revelation stories
All of which make a tremendous allegory
Now, I will write my own tempestuous story:
Destruction of the earth is the destruction of your mind
Natural resilience creates re-birth of all, time after time
Right here and now is all that needs your attention
Embrace each end as a chance for resurrection

This shit’s gone on for years
I just picked which team to cheer
Now, in my heart I feel I’m right
Even if it is with those I love I must fight
I have decided, chosen my path
From me, now they feel wrath
Fearful herds my tongue to lash
Changing all to raging bulls
Heaven and earth they’ll pull

One day, merging the two
That's a day that's coming soon
Some might call it heaven's kingdom
I prefer to think of it as a matter of evolution
Of the human kind
A merging of the soul and mind
It's perfectly natural, just a matter of time

Annihilation Hard-On

A lot of my flow is quite simplistic
Some folks have even called it holistic
I like shit that gives the game a twist
Things that make you question why you exist
Explosions, obituaries, assassins, and genocidists

I think the time has arrived in this day
Time to let the cards fall where they may
We all-seeing beyond subtle bluffs and lies
Let's give 'em all guns, find the true lord of the flies

Don't do it for me
Don't expect me to survive scratch-free
See, in this, the annihilation of the human race
I expect my brains to be splattered all over the place
Simple odds, not dumb luck
But in the grand scheme who gives a fuck?

All I know is shit'll go down
I mean, take a look around
Signs are out all over town
Captains are choosing up sides
Weak are praying for free rides
Mindless masses, the usual pawns
Standing along lines long-time drawn

Years of pain and frustration
Rising to inglorious annihilation
Irregardless of wealth or station
Plans for salvation a lie
No hope but to do and die

No sin but weakness
So ignore the mindless
Grab your soul by the throat
Steady the mindlessly rocking boat
Take a hold your soul with a cold lead hand
Make your way out of the walking dead wasteland
Kid, you gotta get past the morons
The only way is the annihilation hard-on

Hooked-Up Facts

See the beauty of Max
 Is he hooks up the facts
 So y'all feel free look this shit up
 As, momentarily, I hook this shit up

Long time back
 In the land of Iraq
 There was an oil-rich prince
 Backed by the British and French
 The Empires had oil-rights worth mints
 Saddam took power, they ain't had 'em since
 So, in this hour with Bluebloods blaming terrorist
 events

Big Brother America
 Whipped into hysteria
 Is helping BP UK
 Collect it's back oil pay
 Sure we'll build forts and stay

Protecting our petrol economy
 Proclaiming pre-emptive hypocrisy
 Me, I don't care what they do
 Killing foreigners for gold ain't new
 But as this Imperium-Americana gets made
 It's fairly important that we call a spade a spade

The First Self-Righteous Church

Welcome one! Welcome all!
 To the First Self-Righteous Church
 Of the Immaculate Insurrection
 Before we begin this day's lesson
 Let's take a moment for brethren in houses of
 correction
 The imprisoned masses
 Locked up to prop up the wealthier classes
 We'll pray that walls fall
 And justice will be had for all
 And so that we can begin
 I must now end this with Amen

Ladies and gentlemen
 Now I think it time to begin
 We meet tonight in the eyes of ourselves
 On the right damned to our very own hell
 Protected from the left by an artistic shell
 Preaching sermons of self-destruction
 Oddly, of this White, Anglo-Saxon Maelstrom
 Words courtesy the devil and Jim
 May the lord giveth mad props to him

In bed with a sacrificial virgin
 Planning a war, maybe a religion
 Inviting us to lives of Abrahamic sin

Dancing in shadows from fires
Burning high up in the city spires
Leaving what's left for those who desire
Lives simply lived each moment each day
We, though, have no political game to play
Old soldiers won't die, we'll probably just fade away

Our goal produced
Lady victory seduced
World's numbers reduced
Surely the children left will make it
The world to be remade after we break it
It is in their future that we are forced to trust
We can hope we taught them to be right and just

So my sisters and brothers
Our message today simply stated
Let's not half-ass or fake it
Don't change it, just break it
Now I've gone and said it
I think in Abbey I first read it

Toss your brick
Move to the sticks
Live like a hick
Life'll be cool
With 40-acres and a mule

I won't fuck with you
 You can't fuck with me
 Through indifference we will be free
 I'll sit and listen to the wind
 The air and sun, my soul to mend
 Thinking this Pax-Americana will surely fall
 Not being one to rush to answer my final call
 I'll be the first to say, "line 'em up against the wall"
 So as not to be nepotistic
 Or thought of as despotic
 I say we just kill 'em all

I speak hidden behind this microphone
 Nothing but words and words alone
 Emerson said reflections of tree and stone
 Slipping in ether with no satisfaction
 Causing no equal and opposite reaction
 Bringing me back to what I already knew
 Basically, that I like this world, here with you

And first to choose
 Will surely be the first to lose
 This anger we hold is old news
 Each consecutive generation
 Feels the pain and frustration
 From tensions untouched by masturbation
 From knowing the powers to be
 Yet restrained by the powers that be

Millions of chained dogs snarling
At this nation's green-eyed darling
Mindless to the troubles in store
Well, now I am here to take the floor
So it is the angry, young male we explore
See my ramblings are no indoctrination
Simply free association
Not a whole lot more

Needin' More

Got everything I ever asked for
Now I find that I'm needing more
Writing this shit and living poor
Avoiding the land of a hundred whores

I need something but I don't know what
I don't need faith that I'll get my final cut
I'm tired of all the old dramas
From all the cute little mamas

But I got my heina
Sweet voice, skin like china
Lady picked me up
When I lost my pup
Red hairs green eyes
Silly girl don't know no lies

Yeah, I said what I meant
Meant every bill that I spent
Even every flower that I've sent
Things are good for the moment
Don't know much of permanence
Except the stars placed upon the firmament

I'm just a regular guy
I like to get high
Getting the tip wet
And flirting with the chick I just met

But I got everything I ever asked for
Now I found I'm needing more
Writing this shit and living poor
Avoiding the land of a thousand whores
Ain't looking for no contracts
Don't need to make no Satan's pact

I got a Boy Genius Max
Good ole Max hooking up facts
The kid likes to say that pussy kills
Pushing me towards my pharmaceutical thrills
All the smoke, dope, and the pretty, pretty pills
That chemical addiction
Superior to my hearts affliction

The player'll get played
Least that's what James said
On the corner sipping Mickies
Just can't avoid the little chickies
I ain't got no fame
Yet, they all know my name

Like Lord High Rock Star
(The kind who lives in old car)
Avoiding the house with locks and bars

Yeah, got everything I ever asked for
Now I find I'm needing more
Always said what I meant
Now I'm needing something different
No doubt, life's hard
If you ain't been dealt all your cards
So I'm playing mine down
Blowing up shit all over town

Was lost now I'm found
Found my dreams
Ain't what they seemed
Can't say what it's all for
Just know I'm needing more

Stump Sermons

I worked today
Spent most of my pay
Picked up the things I need
Two Coca-Colas and a bag of weed

Now posted on my tree stump station
Deflecting nonsensical jabs of insinuation
Then strolls in beautiful guilt
Suddenly I worry about structures I've built
Can I direct my own path
Can I save my own ass?
By using some universal math?
Who am I to know what to do?
I'm just trying to live each day new
See, I long ago gave up my hopes
Including those of peace at the end of a rope

But I ain't scared of nothing
Don't mean my skulls got angry bee's buzzing
Sure at times I'll get mad and sulk
Don't mean I turn into a great green hulk
Nah, I'm glaring at my own expectations
Hopeful thoughts the source of my frustrations
See, I don't always stay in the here and now
I don't necessarily feel qualified to tell you how

But I do think you should be honest
At least to those whom your heart's fondest
And always seek your joy
Like a puppy seeking its toy
But don't make the same mistakes
Learn to feel your old heartbreaks
And that tragically beautiful smile
In that moment you went the extra mile

Temporarily suspending the finite
Simply by doing what just feels right
Sometimes easy, sometimes with a fight
My spirit carries on its tenuous life
Perched safely on the edge of a knife
If you're asking what to do
I guess I'll give my best for you

So, I guess, keep it simple stay on top
And when shit gets rough just don't stop
Stay on the wave
Be your heart's slave
Sitting on my stump today
I guess what I'm tryin' to say
If you want a happy heart
Being you is a place to start

Caged Bird

How did I get here
Behind a mike caught in my fear
With a jazz personality
And a redneck mentality
I was born into a world of problems
Why should I be the one to write them

I didn't ask for this fire
A Promethean desire
To explain what I've seen
Struggling so others see what I mean
Not always sure I do
Feel like I'm in the dark too

Despite misinterpretations I don't dig pain and strife
Hurting others is a hatred of your own blessed life
What about killing yourself?
Same as killing everyone else
See suicide is homicide
If you're Abraham we'd call it genocide

Alas death is unavoidable
Though it often seems regrettable
It happens to the best of us
Usually missed by the rest of us
It's okay to cry awhile
Just don't forget to smile
As I said; death is unavoidable

So is pigs profilin'
Young dudes dyin'
Hungry babies cryin'
Lawyers taking daddy to court
Failing to collect back child support
Army sending friends overseas
In a foreign lands to keep the peace
Really fodder for terrorist bombs
These cats never did no one wrong

There's also getting laid
The pork chops my mama made
Watching cable and smoking pot
Standing on a roof spitting boogers with snot
Watching kids play
A walk in the woods in May

Sleeping late and scratching my puppy
Standing over freeways tossing rocks at yuppies
I've found I can take this life, happy and sad, to use
Feeling all the smiles and frowns and from that I sing
the blues

I look back at some of the things I've said
Mistakes that I've made
Nights spent trying to get laid
Working day and night trying to get paid
But I wouldn't change a thing
Frustration forces me to sing
Locked up nothing else to do
Caught in a cage trying to talk to you

My problems started
As I sat broken hearted
I saw bars around me
Everyone had bars as far as I could see
I realized I built my cage, dude
Do you think you built yours too?
I had help from family and school
Trusted these folks who were fools

They were all stuck in their own cages
Fucking with me, part and parcel to my rages
Maybe sometimes it's not what it seems
A lot maybe me being some kind of drama queen

Complaining it's not fair
But nobody really ever cared
Everybody ain't the richest
Or the coolest
Or the biggest
We're simply the rest
So I guess I learned, I'm just like you
So, how come you don't sing the blues?

Teen Angst is Dead

Teen angst is dead
Kurt baby shot it in the head
Now we've got black clad tools
Shooting up suburban high schools
It seems the word of the day is,
Rather, what our nation likes to say is:

'Pussies are worse than guns
We'll find a war for the tensions of our sons
Have 'em hard up killing for the spoils
In this case we'll send 'em for the dark queen oil'

Killing four-fifth is only half the fun
Here at home keep the public on the run
Keeping control in a crisis
Tapping phones, making lists
Leaving us in the dark
Wary of unseen sharks

Cracking down on all the thugs
Continuation of the war on drugs
Telling universities whom to teach
Coming in to censor my freedom of speech

Folks crying about 6000 popped marshmallows
Didn't say a word bout Taliban blowing ancient
Buddha statues
Stuck our collective head in the sand
Now we gotta send kids to far off lands
So in my meandering way
I guess I'm just trying to say
You need to give it all up and walk away

The Ballad of Sam and Micki

Here's a little rhyme about some kids in Ghost Town
Good kids but they'd been around
Sam's a little southern Miss
And Mick's old home is Swiss
See Micki and his bro arrived three years back
Big bro Rob got himself a gig selling crack
Now all three are sharing Miss Sam's shack

Twas a crisp spring morn
2002 after Jesus was born
Brer Rob asleep on the couch
Sam and Micki snug in a posturpedic pouch
Sam turns to her smiling beau
"Sweetie, your brother's gotta go"
Mick's a regular guy, wants to say no
But just can't seem to tell his old lady so

Well, being a ballsy young southern belle
Sam, she marches out and tells Rob to go
Big bro says no, and then they all start to yell
Mick comes in to try to keep 'em calm
Meanwhile, neighbors sound the alarm
Putting in a call to the nine-one-one

Ole Rob's a pusher, but on the level
S-O-B's got the unnatural luck of the devil
So bowing to grace he takes his leave
But in his rush leaves his Meth stash in a Ritz sleeve
Sam's will sated
She lords it for a sec, ego inflated

Meanwhile piggly-wiggly bangs on the door
Thinking its Rob come back for his drugstore
Mick answers with stash in hand
Surprise, muthafucka! It's the man!
Porkster smiles big as the kids realize their fate
Friday can't believe his luck, a bust served up on a
plate

Sam cries, "No! I have a career."
Cries of bourgeois bliss tasting fear
Boo hoo, boo hoo she moans, "This can't be my
end."
Popo says no, no cuffing her wrists, "I'll be your
friend."
If you feed me information
I'll personally guarantee your salvation

First he gets her name and answers to cursory
questions
Then Sam gets loose and spills out some telling
confessions
About the illustrious Rob
And his nefarious job

Finally done
Eye's red, hoping she's won
Five-O sayeth I don't know
Those are good ones, but not enough
Tell me more, and I'll remove the cuffs

Now the girlie starts spilling lies
Dropping the names of all the regular guys
Meanwhile, clever Rob makes Mick's bail
Back to the Alps on a seven-four-seven they sail

Now our girl Sam is really stuck
Kept talking but now she's run outta luck
Ol' Judge he says, "Sweetie yo ass'll stop this buck"
Yet her false confessions weren't dismissed
No, she expanded a few LAPD lists
Left a lotta homies pissed

Sam got three to five in Chowchilla
Daily cursing a certain Swiss fella
When she gets out she best get gone
Prolly won't be able live in LA long
She'll get no love from cops or thugs
Just one more victim of the war on drugs

A Prayer For Courage

Recently I haven't known what to say
So as I lie alone tonight I'll try to pray
That come the breaking of this day
That the words will come
I needn't know where from

In times past
I've broken the stone mask
Built upon my insecurities
From long forgotten histories
Their purpose becoming a mystery
Because when I see you there
With those long, golden rays of hair
Lost in your stare
Reflections of the hills against skies
Where the earth rises to where clouds fly
These long ago dreamt eyes
Now present, I must ask why

Why, I question my belief
Will lost skepticism be a relief?
The way of the universe is not mine to know
But I do pray for the courage to grow
And of course I pray for strength to get out of my
head
And say the things whenever they need to be said

Tax Evasion

You say you don't like the powers and policies of
this, our nation

Then might I humbly suggest tax evasion?

If you don't support them morally

Then you shouldn't support them monetarily

This isn't exactly legal you see

But I don't like alternatives to peace

If you rise in insurrection

Voice demands with fiery weapons

Someone's gonna get attacked

Chances are they're gonna shoot back

I don't fight with kids sleeping in Army cots

11-Bravos can make damned fine shots

Getting shot wouldn't be much fun

Or worse yet, actually killing someone

I'd rather do time for tax evasion

Than kill a kid in the hire of our nation

Government should be for the people
And people for the government
If they ain't, then it's time for a switch
Don't fret, government's only powerful when it's
rich

Take away all their money
And their smug future ain't so sunny
So save your pennies and all your pay
Save it all and hasten that fateful day
When you have a government that thinks your way

Now That's Entertainment

Friday, chilling at Labor Ready
This day work wasn't too steady
Half past nine and still no work
Me and my boys are sitting like jerks
So I say "Boy's this work-a-day life's a joke
If we keep sitting all day we'll surely be broke

Waiting like this, none of us'll get rich
Besides I'm starting to get a show-biz itch
We chipped in for gas, two bucks each
Loaded up the car and headed for the beach

Sun, Sand, and Surf
Some panhandling turf
Jonnie's doing Texas rope tricks
Jarrett's trying out his mouth harp licks

50 cents, a dollar
I stand and holler
A joke or I'll sing you a song
Talking to little girls all morning long

Unfortunately I'm outta luck
My schtick won't turn a buck
So in a flash of epiphanal inspiration
I realized something about this here nation
Sex and violence is what'll always sell
What followed is a sad and woeful tale

I shout, "one measly dollar and you can see
My dear friend wind up and punch me"
People are shocked they can't believe
What is this nonsense, how can it be?
Skinny white boy comes up and says this won't do
He won't hit hard enough, no son, I want a piece of
you

Well sir, I say, if you want a swing then the price
doubles to two
Kid pulls out a wad, I pocket my dough
I close my eyes stick my chin out real slow

Slam, Bam, Damn seeing stars
Stagger to the grass
Swaying I fall on my ass
I sit, people joke
In a daze head broke

The world's spinning
But I can't stop grinning
A woman pays me a buck to leave
As I'm going I surely I puke and heave
Blood running from my nose
Staggering with red, wet clothes

My friends are all mad
Me, smiling, not really sad
My silent, inner laugh, "I live in such a fucked place
When a dude'll pay two dollars to punch me in the
face"

Linkhorn's Song

I've got a place to stay 'til Halloween
My rent's paid if you know what I mean
For a minute I can sit and breathe free
Maybe I can take a little bit of time for me
Maybe I'll go buy a twenty bag
Maybe I'll go drinking at the Golden Stag
I'll need money, got to get some
Just a little for the months to come

Right now I gotta scrimp and save
Gonna work myself to an early grave
I wouldn't miss a minute
Nah, in the papers I'd print it
If all around you is struggle and strife
Relax and know that this is life
Overcoming obstacles
Melting problems like popsicles

Every monkey's got to find his next meal
Even for the single-celled this is the deal
Throughout life you will overcome many struggles
Food, warmth, and procreation: basic needs we all
juggle
This modern life is more complicated
With social problems more complex than what I've
stated

I've slept in Luxury hotels and in ditches
And I've been with angels and evil bitches
I learned even high-class people have high-class
problems
And like the rest of us they can't always solve 'em

We all just keep plugging away
Wishing for some impossible day
Where we live happily ever after
Prolly the only one who did was the Zen master
And even he had to deal with pain and frustration
As the kids next door fucked with his meditation
He takes a deep breath, does the best he can
This, they say, is the measure of a man

Don't waste time crying
Better to keep on trying
Can't say how to do it
Gotta deal with my own shit
But give it a shot
And while you're at it smoke some pot

Last Week

Last week I found my way here
To begin a whole new career
By politely sticking my dick in your ear
We were rednecks, pedophiles, and queers
Oh yes, and let's not forget this guy here

We regaled in odes to boards blocking skies blue as
Italia shirts
Bemoaned man's mismanaging the wonders of this
our earth
And enjoyed a movie review of some great girth
Don't forget the leather-clad bird
Who confusticated us all with great big words

I fell in love and out again
With myself and my petty pain
Spewing words of narcissism
While practicing my own unique brand of
masochism

My legs shook my eyes glistened
While kind folks listened
Patronizing
Without rationalizing
Yet listening

Most importantly listening
Listening to one another
Working out our problems
And those of others
Some get cheesy call 'em their brothers
It doesn't matter what is said
Even if it is over my head
I remember it all, as I lie awake in bed

Grandma Irene

Last week my sister came by in her big red gizmo
We hopped in and drove it up to Pismo
Being Friday traffic was abysmal
Station wagon brimming full of gear
We headed up to the reunion for this year
Cousins to meet with sweaty cans of beer

Aunts to kiss
Dead ones to miss
Which team are you on? Check the list
Families make up time fast
Combing beaches of reunions past
Hugging grandma tight, hoping this won't be her last

I'm smilin' big as my lies
No drama in my lives
My job's great
I never lie or fornicate

Day gets late we sit eatin' pie
Grandma sits tear in eye
Brood millin, about
Little kids shout
Her own genetic clout

Tall and thin
Or short and stout
Living in sin
In god's light
This is her life

We her future
Kids to nurture
Lil' Bro's to torture
Lives to live
Births to give

Gets about half past nine
60% drunk on wine
We head to the inn
Catch up on where we been
Games for young and old
Around fires that never grow cold

Family forever more
Dedicated to the core
To our matriarch
The kindly kindling spark
To Grandma Irene
Her eyes and soul serene

Loves all the same
Crazy or sane
She places no blame,
And for her
We'll come next year,
the same

Advice Poem

Come on babe give style a chance
You're getting caught up in substance
Just let loose and let flow
Don't tell them everything you know
Just relax and let go
Play with the crowd, have some fun
Grab 'em by the ears and go for a run

Meter setting the time
Syllable setting the rhyme
Life's too goddamn short
For boring epiphany reports

Sex is swell
When done well
An interesting topic
If you can pull off erotic

If not get sloppy
Just keep it hoppin'
Once you flow no stoppin'
Subtlety is nature's invention
So, once you've got their attention
You can work on better than honorable mention

The Fulcrum and lever
So naturally clever
Been around forever
Universally Simple
In this life's temple

With a little flash
Their conscious snatch
Leaving subconscious illusions
Directing future delusions
Creating future solutions

Let loose and flow
Don't tell 'em everything you know
Just give 'em a good show
With the meter setting the time
And the syllables setting the rhyme. . .

Hot Lil' Mama

There's a hot little mama I just met
I can't say that I really "know" her yet
Once she lit my cigarette
She's a Caribbean Gypsy Queen
Skin smooth as mocha cream
Hair like wheat fields burned by gasoline
A poet's wet dream

She swings her lips
To the rhythm of her hips
Beating sub-conscious
Making my heart skip
While her hop trips

Eyes so dark, looks like they're all pupil
Say the wrong thing they'll shoot a look to kill
Deep as her hope
Deep as my fears
Their gaze holding me here
Using the tongue as her rapier
Slashing through the darkness
Our minds to caress
Leaving scars of greater consciousness
With her words a mother to cultures

A future generations thoughts she nurtures
With her words to end this world's tortures
There's a hot little mama I just met
I can't say that I really "know" her yet

Mystery Girl

Mystery Girl In my head
The girl I never see
Mystery girl won't let me be
Glimpses in shadows
Sensing me I know

My mind she controls
This mystery girl
My introvert world
A psychotic whirl
On my dick lacerations
From constant masturbation
Never about her
Quite bizarre
Never happened before

My vivid imagination
In the past erotic inspiration
But my mind's in pedestalic captivation
Her perfection in full illumination
To psychically abuse a desecration
Instead I dream of an introduction
Then somehow a sweet seduction

My perfect girl
My beautiful girl
My peripheral girl
My hypothetical girl

A girl I could marry
Her burdens to carry
To hold when it gets scary
I'd follow her to Anchorage
But I don't think that's the stage
For the epic tale of this age

No the author of my coma
Well supplied with soma
Will place this rhyme
In much gentler clime

Walking on the beach
As our fingers reach
The gentle touch of lovers
Tongue caressing under covers

Silky hairs against my cheek
Hidden symphonies I seek
Bringing sensual bliss
With my subtle kiss

Driven by constant moans
Her angelic tone
Carrying me home

But my problem persists
To her I don't exist
Would she care?
Would my feelings be spared?
Can I survive the crush?
Of learning too much

This is my dilemma
Like a tale from the cinema
To risk the pain
Or a life punctuated by tearstains
For now it all lives in my brain
Still pure
But for me there is no cure
This is my mystery girl to endure

The Time

“The time has come,” the idiot said, “to speak of
many things
Of dogmas, institutions, and presidents who would
be king
Of laws, controls, and the creation of a police state
Of fear, betrayal, and dividing to conquer with hate”
He stood alone behind his microphone
Preaching to the choir, as the congregation thought
him stoned

“Please, please,” sang the choir “Can you tell us
more?”
Among the congregation discomfort grew as they
acted quite bored
The idiot continued
Things he had read
And others had said
Stuff that was in no way new
But all hearing knew to be true

Past performance does indicate future returns
Present circumstances are enough to cause quiet
concern

For all of those oblivious to struggles for civil rights
To the ones who should have joined the fights

Too blindly faithful in their own personal liberty
Too caught up in climbing invisible ladders to see
The connections between human rights and their
civil liberties

Now with terrorist fears they see the signs
They're locking up those who don't tow the party
line

Like Mr. Padilla
Woke up in a morning
To his girl he says, "See ya"
When without warning
He's in the Navy brig
It's like a poke for a pig

A Pig in a poke
His citizenship's a joke
No rights of Miranda
He's bein' judged by military standards

I don't say this in jest
But you could be next
Really we've already done this for years
Black man ain't got no baseless fears
Whitey has been after him
Needed someone to blame for all his sins
So he robbed him, first of education
Then put him in ghettos, sans sanitation

When his baby got sick she was refused medication
All this pain often building up to the point of insane
frustration
And then a brother may go on the attack
Stand up and give Whitey good hard smack
But this kind of offensive tends not to go far
Cause Whitey's got SWAT to lock him behind bars
Leaving only Whitey to interpret the cause
He tells the world it's all just a buncha' cultural flaws
Says, "They don't need no reasons
They're all just a bunch of silly heathens

Yeah, see, all this time
The man he's used crime
To justify legions of stars
Tin stars in crazy black and white cars
Told they are heroes for locking up a people
By rich, old, white men who built Sol's temple

Who else should they believe but the big time fat cats?
In this culture where we give our power to men like that
So worried about the size of our TVs
And the gas mileage in our giant SUVs
We sacrifice our precious liberties
Hoping for a life with more securities

We let them change the laws
Upon which true freedom draws
Upon which freedom of speech and thought rely
Soon to step from the party line may be a reason to
die

They'll just switch labels from BLACK to
TERRORIST
Daily broadening definitions until practically no one's
missed
Then we're all gonna be subject to arrests
Any kinda' grumble'll get you on a list of the second
best

And Whitey'll just say
"They didn't need a reason
All of 'em are just a buncha' heathens"

Why does he go to all that trouble?
Why does he want turn 4/5 of the world to rubble?
He does it for his kids
Just like his daddy always did

Truly, every man wants his descendants
To live long lives more resplendent
So he tries to make empires
It is some natural, selfish desire
Power corrupts
I know it's fucked up

Don't waste time hating on Mr. Whitey
He's kind of doing what comes naturally
You need not despair
The answer is right there

Whitey has the power that you give him
You buy his SUVs and that big television
Distracted by American Idol
People has become your bible
You give him his tax
He shields you from facts

But shit is so distorted
Your taxes are now extorted
The money is all exported
In the end to help the top few
This kinda shit still ain't new

Rand and Orwell say it true
Castaneda and Ruiz have a clue
Live your life well
Don't be a part of Whitey's hell
Don't aid and abet, drop out and hide
Live like Newton's "Revolutionary Suicide"

See terrorism is the best thing ever happened to Bush
Creating fear, to give credibility to his empirical push
So don't buy any of his shit
I literally figuratively mean it
He is Whitey's mouth
Ironically with a slight drawl from the south

Relying on my intuitions
And my voodoo superstitions
I see evil works coming to fruition
But my path to redemption is clear

I can live a life outside this empire of fear
Without leaving, no I'll stay right here
Don't work at no super conglomerate
Or be no bureaucrat for the fascist state
Don't got no time for taxation
Or any other governmental frustration

Got no dreams of slaving for a house
And family ties or other cultural lies
I give Whitey nothing
In exchange I can say anything

Freedom is nothing to lose
Without fears I can't be used
And suddenly my life's work is mine to choose
For it is better to be free and poor
Than enslaved and yearning for more

And with that, the Idiot, he rested
He thought his past works he had bested
"My time has come and passed I spoke of many
things

“Of dogmas, institutions, and presidents who would
be king
Of controls, laws, and creation of a police state
Of fear, betrayal, and dividing to conquer with hate”

So, he stepped down from the mike and returned to
his cloister
Where he kicked up his feet and cracked a can of
smoked oysters

No Se Rente`

“No, no se rente”
“But, dude the sign says apartment for rent”
Folks, I hate to do it but I gotta vent
I’m tired of Latin landlord truth evasion
Muthafuckas won’t allow no white boy habitation

I mean this shit goes way back
For centuries Whitey didn’t cut Pancho no slack
Now he’s half the populace, won’t rent me no shack
This here’s a poet’s justice, I ain’t callin’ for attack

Some smirk and call it ironic
Me, I just hate to swallow the bitter tonic
Then I write this bad poem
Because, golly, that’ll show’em

Don't Let 'em Call You George

Kid, don't let 'em call you George
He was a tall white boy at Valley Forge
Man, use that name your mama used to say
C'mon man your name is Jorge

Calling you George is wrong
May as well make it Uncle Tom
Jorge's got a glorious past
Don't be forced to a lowly caste

Keep your culture
In your heart to nurture
Pass it to the children, future

I hear shit about your tongue
But I know that the day'll come
When we'll speak two languages
It'll take time, change happens in stages
I'm not saying cause shit, throwing rages

But don't let 'em hold you down
You ain't new to this town
All over taking the reigns of power
Some white-folk get nervous in the 11th hour

This kind of shit sure ain't new
They won't change, neither should you
Don't worry, soon'll come the day
When you can make 'em pay
Just don't forget say . . .
Yeah man, the name is Jorge

My Sexy Nymph

I know a sexy little Nymph
Lord, she never leaves me limp
With her touching so subtle
And my animal-like rebuttal

With her softly soothing hands
Driving me to a point I can't stand
No more sweet-faced boy
Transmuted to pulsating toy
Down on bended knee
Seeking hidden symphonies

The lady never tiring
Loosing the tones of desiring
As her pulsing lips I'm admiring
My heart beating mad with exertion
Ever so slowly we begin the insertion

Finally, up to the hilt
Exploring caverns perfectly built
Soon I've caught her excitement
At this point needing little enticement
Gently building speed
We're driven by a common point of need

So, with me shaking and bucking
But we can't call it fucking
So, in the throes of intercourse,
The lady is screaming herself hoarse

These moans I can't mistake for lies
Both of us distracted from the moment to die
Crazed, I grunt a brutish reply
Exhausted and entwined our bodies lie

Lost to all torment
Reposed in a moment
Bodies and spirits spent
I know a sexy little Nymph

Princess Bag Lady

Let me tell ya 'bout Princess Bag Lady
With long legs and eyes so deep and shady
With a smile so tragic
It just smacks of magic

And from those little pursed lips
Her impressionistic poetry drips
On some kinda Jane Austin trip
Where cholera may be the end
For her life's best lover and friend

As she sits, looking all sad
My friends worry she's quite mad
But her actions aren't erratic
She just likes to be enigmatic
With her brain going a mile-a-minute
With a story so long she don't know where to begin it

Really quite intriguing
So, if you're in Santa Monica holler a greeting
To the fair Princess Bag Lady
With those long legs and the eyes so deep and shady

Dave's Place

Friday night at Dave's place
Baby, I won't lie, I tell it to your face
I come for the herb I need
Yeah baby, I come for the weed

I like the Reverend Dave
His face is almost never grave
Doing nice shit with no conditions
Although, I think he appreciates a little recognition

He tries to see that all are heard
As he facilitates the spreading of the spoken word
This is probably a good thing
Passing away poetic evenings
Here, overlooking the pier
And providing room for live ears

Recording folk's music
Helping kids with their licks
With years of experiential tricks

I suppose he's got a good reason
Prolly something to do with girl-squeezing
Most things do...
He wouldn't hold it against you

Writing In the Moment

Look, baby, I got something to say
I heard some things just the other day
Things about some misinterpretations
Of a few of my sundry poetic sensations

Some folk'll hear a poem
And they think I'm talkin' to 'em
My muses are few
The list probably don't include you

I won't be no liar
Lotsa my works inspired
By people I meet
Old friends and the new kid on the street

See, I write in the moment
Trying to express this nonsense
In the style of meter and rhyme
Trying to touch on shit that lives sans time

Yes, this is a piece about misinterpretations
Some hurt feelings and a few libelous insinuations
What I write is purely mental
Which keeps these sheets elemental
As I strive for the universal
Please don't take it all so personal

Somethin' To Say

Like you, I've got somethin' to say
Twelve moons ago I found my way
Before that I was lost
Seeking joy at my soul's cost

How did I arrive at my rhyming salvation's sound?
How was this, my ungodly poetic grace, found?
I opened my eyes for a start
I saw most folks had a song in their heart
We've all got something, our own unique art

There is Sean with his cabinets
The perfect piece he ain't made yet
For Diane it's making a meal
For Max it's always keepin' it real
For Bob it's the art of the deal
Hell, there's a fella whose art it is to steal

We ain't all there yet
But those who are open will find it, I bet
Others don't even know to look
Given their lives from school books

Never stopping to take a breath
Marking time, consuming 'til death

To these lost ones I write
Find a voice. Don't extinguish your light
People and things won't bring you bliss
Look here and you'll find your life you've missed

Happiness comes from your insides
Tied up somehow with confidence and pride
Knowing what you do well
Knowing you can damn your detractors to hell

One thing will get you that far
And that is simply knowing who you are
Nobody can tell you who that is
You could be a poet or a computer whiz
But I tell ya' if you can find you own heart's song
You can find that happiness for which you long

Unwanted Attention

Folks, unwanted attention
Is something I hate to mention
It's a problem, I ain't just bitchin'
So, if your feelings aren't reflected
I'm sorry if you are feeling rejected
But I'm insensitive, quite unaffected

Look, girl, I'll lay my cards on the table
No offense, but your just plain un-dee-sire-able
With eyes so blue and hair so yella
Sure to turn the head of some lucky fella
And that nice little azz
To shake with the jazz
And those brand new tits
Now those are the shit

Having said that, you're neurotic
By some estimates quite psychotic
Issues so deep they ain't cute or exotic
In too many twelve-step programs
Finding peace in your five year plans
Believing someone will bring you happiness
Wishing that love may end your madness
Seeking a true connection

For a taste of self-less affection
Yet having no anchor for the depth
Bewildered by all the years you've wept
Believing your failings created this mess
Well a chickie like that causes this kid stress

Folks, unwanted attention
Is something I hate to mention
It's a problem, I ain't just bitchin'
So, if your feelings aren't reflected
I'm sorry if you are feeling rejected
But I'm insensitive, quite unaffected

I'm sorry dude, I don't want to hear your views on
life
Your confused ignorance cuts me like a knife
I don't have time for your brand of hate
It doesn't matter how many times you tell me I'm
great

As you infuse your own artistic pathology
With some kind of twisted Neo-Nazi theology
See I don't much about Mr. Keats
Except his name rhymes with sheets
I do know a thing or two
But nothing I'll share with you

Not going to waste my time
With your closed little mind
Craving acceptance
From a cat with some substance
Look, fucker, I won't lie
Go crawl under a rock and die

Folks, unwanted attention
Is something I hate to mention
It's a problem, I ain't just bitchin'
So, if your feelings aren't reflected
I'm sorry if you are feeling rejected
But I'm insensitive, quite unaffected

Venice

I'm just a wandering soul
Inner peace my goal
I've been to planets far and near
Only recently I found my way here

To this the Venice Beach
With no real lines to preach
With the bastard children of the lizard king
Dancing in a psychedelic sun, their souls to sing

This legion in the Army of Dust
The ones whose lives aren't discussed
In polite society
Their actions are a disgrace, you see
These kids, dhama bums, living free

Outside the boundaries
On the edge of our society
The ignored and forgotten
Perhaps in school labeled rotten

Now in early adulthood
On the beach sans falsehood
Living the simple life
On the edge of the switchblade knife

Beach bum thugs
Living the drugs
Young bums smokin' stress, sippin' Mickies
And all the little crazy, dizzy, hippy chickies
Vagrant souls
Each playing his role

You got Satan and The Illustrated Man
Hanging out doin' the best they can
Oh yes, and sweet Satan's wife
The gal who looked in her eyes, and saw my pup's
life

And let's not forget crazy Chris
The kid who had the broken wrist
Running from the cops with a hammer in his hand
Hits a post and its over man

Oh, and speaking of cops
The pig's harassment won't stop

Goose-steppers for the graft-man's greed
 Busting runaways for smoking weed
 C'mon asshole, really, what's the need?
 Cops are a tool for those with riches
 Nothing more than piece toting bitches

Keeping the beaches clean for yuppies
 Hassling the folks with pit-bull puppies
 And whose three-day-old clothes
 May perchance to offend the nose
 Of some BMW driving cunt
 Who's got Daddy's bills filling his blunts . .

Oh, there is the circle of the drums
 The gathering for which they all come
 As folks far and near meet to circle at the appointed
 hour
 And pulsing beats and moving feet tap the sand and
 the sun's power

These one's whose lives aren't discussed
 This grand, unholy legion in The Army of Dust
 Soldiers of conscience, rising from slumbers
 Gathering briefly, and finding safety in numbers
 Reveling a moment of tribal fun
 It is to this place I have finally come

Limbo

Stuck in a limbo
Gut's all akimbo
Time's moving so slow
Nothing to say but, I don't know

Beauty's prisoner
Eyes warm, hands frozen or
Her heart's wicked
And this dupe's been tricked

A puppet on a string
Like kitty's plaything
Sitting here sweating
My appetite whetting
Her statements conflicting
My poor synapses clicking
My passivity sickening
Occasionally my pulse quickening

But I'm feeling all wrong
Hiding, writing my song
Occasionally hitting a bong

But, feeling quite weak
Like some wedgied high-school geek
Still looking for an ending heroic
I wait with my attitude quite stoic

Ever opportunistic
Cynically optimistic
I'm looking for a moment
Of clarity from my torment
Plowed by new things I feel
Ever-wondering what's real
Hoping for her heart to steal

Trapped by chances
And age-old dances
Of tense attraction
Seeking a cosmic satisfaction
That's sure to leave my soul in traction
Though it's dead from inaction
So what should I do?
Don't know, but its time to move

An Open Letter

Hollywood, where the road ends
Hollywood, where “real” life begins
Where they’re worried about their hair
But too cool to show they care
Where the ex-cons sell dope
And a hooker will give you the rope

Where the men are women, and the women, men
And anyone who’s in is absolutely down with Zen
A place for party girls and party boys
And millionaires with big Italian toys

The land of silver screens and broken dreams
A money machine where nothing’s what it seems
Standing on the hills like a mag-in-net
For those with youth, and those who want it

A song from a twisted piper
Luring souls still in their diapers

“Come to where the world’s sun sets
You’ll be big “they” just ain’t seen you yet
Maybe Spielberg’ll give you a role
All he’ll ask for is a little bit of soul

Nah, not you, you'll try and try and cry and cry
And on the inside a little you'll just die and die
After years with no progress made
Your hopes, your dreams, and your youth fade
Bitter and angry, lost all hopes
A broken, middle-aged corpse

Leaving only the fears
And the grow larger each year
Maybe you should go back home
Someplace where you won't feel so alone

Maybe you'll marry that special girl or boy
Anyone or thing to bring you a taste of joy
But having lived through this city
You've learned to live without pity

And the only peace I fear you'll find
Will be some place far outside your mind
You're never quite the same
With the city's essence a shadow upon your brain

Help! I'm In the Dark

Somebody throw me a bone
Feel like I'm all alone
Encircled by nerf monsters
Some of whom make great sponsors

Don't mean to be cheeky
But sometimes this life gets freaky
Doors have been thrown open saying "come on in"
I will, but I'll be sure to keep my eyes wide open

Can't deal with confusion
Can't stand much for illusions
I'm wondering if it's all a delusion
Produced by the somas
Fed to me in some eight-year coma

Can Man achieve Nirvana
From a massive head trauma?
Maybe I'm crazy
And my mind's turned hazy

Don't really think so
Yet not sure what I really know
But I'm basically good
Do a lotta things I should
Not entirely everything I could

But if you're shooting for perfection
Your bound for constant rejections
I'm always willing to concede a point I'm missing
So if you gotta something to say, step up, I'll try to
listen

Anyway, I'm sorry for all the trouble
Perhaps we can build something from the rubble
So to all my old friends I just met
Let's get to it, I'm still not dead yet

I Wish

I wish for a lot of things
Not fancy cars and diamond rings
As a kid I found that to be useless
Didn't work so I've tried to do it selfless

I wish my mom's knee weren't in such a painful
state
Or perhaps that she might cheer up or lose some
weight

I wish my boss was crazy rich
And didn't have to deal with folks who make her
feel like a bitch

Don't get me wrong, she's the nicest lady in the
world
But real life don't always call for a happy little girl
And bless her for it
Families depend on her for shit

I wish the pretty blonde lady
With eyes so deep and shady
Could find her true love
And she'll feel he really came from above

I wish Micki might find a school
For her life to earn some tools
I wish Adam will find his way
So he can be happy come what may
I wish a good job for Mr. Brehm, more commonly
Dave
One where he's needed, not treated like a corporate
slave

For you, I wish balance
There'll always be another chance
For me, I wish things'll work out as they should
I gotta think my end will be basically good

I suppose that wish supersedes all other
I don't know the will of our Universe Father/Mother
Man, life works in mysterious ways
Perhaps I should save my wishing for a wiser day

My Church

I'm a natural environmentalist
A hick, born-again neo-humanist
On my stick, skating the New Church
On Venice, unavoidably caught in the lurch

They're doing the infamous Venice shuffle
But, man, I stay cool, my feathers don't get ruffled
By weirdoes from the streets
Or the fat, white tourists I meet

With their stops and starts
As they stop to look at bad art
Or performers who hover like bees
Around the scant shade of the palm trees

All these obstacles don't cause me, or my board to
slow
I just relax, stay loose, and find my way through the
human flow
Something like a fish in a stream
Nice and easy, if you know what I mean

Pupils racked to infinity
Open to things for which I have an affinity
In this church sans steeple
We worship the people

Each one different
With separate lives spent
Each with a similar spark
An inner light for the dark

Some might seem a little dim
That's okay just send a little extra love to him
Don't deal with fear by no physical and spiritual
bashin'
Rather try to confuse 'em, try and hit 'em with
compassion

If you greet insane violence with insane laughter
Its time well spent, you'll look back and be happy
after
Two opposing forces always tend towards disaster
Transmuting the harmful is what's done by the
masters

So, I guess I'm trying to say
To find peace in these trying days
Stay loose and work your way through the obstacles
Hitting 'em all head-on is sure to cause some painful
falls

Think like a fish, a bird, or a bee
Then you'll only deal with what you can see
With your eyes open on this new day
Just stay balanced and you'll find your way

My Mythical Heritage

My name is Handlin
Which comes from Cuchullain
Who I guess was some chief's champion
When Anglicized it was changed to Anluain

From the land of Airthair
In today's Ireland green and fair
In Armagh north of Dublin 'bout 100 mile

Some believe this to be the mythic Avalon Isle
Where the great soul Arthur rested
Whilst his descendants resolves were tested
And their foes they bested

The blood of heroes in my vein
Provides drive for my poetic pain
See the Irish saved civilization
With St. Patrick's writing as meditation

In the Dark Ages continental wars were fought for
national and religious pride
Ireland was spared much of the purging mainly
because geographically, they're outside

Irish monks spent years writing and rewriting
While the rest of Europe stayed busy fighting

They built on a rich literary tradition in times past
In the days of tribal chiefs poets were an exalted caste
All of this history has produced my poems and me at
last

I could waste my time spewing trash
Write some jingle and make a little cash
Works for some, but its not my way
See, the house rules clearly say

I gotta keep my lines straight
Can't write from ignorance or hate
Doesn't mean I have be civil or couth
Just means I gotta do my best to spread the truth

A Poet Begging

Help, Universe I hate to beg
But I've already given an arm and a leg
Please, I need a place
Need my own private space
Not necessarily a stall to share
Perhaps, with particularly fine mare

Safe from those who might harm me
Or even worse my wee, pit-bull puppy
A place for my friends
And those working to good ends

My own fortress of solitude
Where I might write my platitudes
Please don't confuse my ego with attitude
There is one on-line I was shown
A place that I could possibly own
But when I call the owner no one's home

So now I wander like Cain
Safe from harm for a long life of pain
Dodging ever-increasing cops
And bicycles that forget to stop

Alas, I got an old Camaro
But not a single place to go
So I pen these lines and make a show
Of my selfish plea
For a home for Baby and me

War

War

The last tool in the diplomacy bag
Wise ones don't pull it to bluff or gag
Masters follow the rules
They don't jump to the heaviest tool

First and easiest is compassion
Something not entirely out of fashion
Its uses are the widest
Its results generally the nicest

Then there's economic and moralistic sanctions
But enforcing your will can escalate aggressions
The sick and downtrodden
Can turn downright rotten
When their food has been gotten

Then you got your war
A last grasp nothing more
Once committed you can't afford to half-ass it
Intel is key so some fly-by-wire leader won't
crash it

See, all battle is in the moment
Be it of words or of the most violent

You can try the methods of nations
In your ordinary, day-to-day relations
You might think kicking and screaming is fine
But the shortest distance ain't always, necessarily,
a line
Speed, violence, and accuracy
Words that lead to imminent victory
And the damage is much less
Though, all the bodies make a terrible mess

An All Purpose Break-up Poem

Honey I don't know where to start
You had to know, eventually I'd break your heart
It's not what I set out to do
My words at the time were true

But like our first meeting
All things are fleeting
So let us both embrace this pain
And let's go on out and do it all again

Take the happy and sad
Mix the good with the bad
Together we've grown
But different paths we've been shown

Goodbye and god bless
And sorry about the mess

Mean Motor-Scooter

I got a mean motor scooter at one-forty-three
CHiP's on my tail, but he can't catch me
'Cause, I got a mean motor scooter at one-forty-three
Smoke for tires
Four octane fires
Spitting Lady Horsepower's desire
Two-wheels and me
This is what it means to be free

Splitting lanes on life's highway
I'll get their fast, and do it my way
Sure, I may get to the end before you
But eventually you'll all get there too
Tired and half-sick
Four-wheels fighting traffic
Man, that's why you gotta pick
Me, I don't doubt the warnings
But it's me I gotta wake up with in the mornings

Giving up freedom for security
That kinda shit doesn't work for me
So I'll stick to my guts
I won't be found in the ruts
'Cause, I got a mean motor scooter at one-forty-three