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SCARY

GOOD

POEMS

BY DAMON

FREED

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An Artist and A Poet

When the mind is not visionary
And in need of sightly rest, I
Turn to the book and to the page,
And am rightly blessed. For,
When I wake and am naked of
The painter's cloth, I get dressed
As a poet and am quickly off.

When one mode does not work,
The other I fancy to express each
And every idiosyncrasy and quirk.
In this I am grateful and there need
Be no pause with which I am dually
Hateful of singular cause. The
Two methods I express rightly put
Me to the test and have not been
Easily mastered in their own right.

So I will paint and sing until I'm
Dead as a dream to become a
Renaissance man who stands not
On one, but on two sturdy hands!

A Carrier of Souls

At night I go home to an abandoned place
Where the monsters and ghouls show their faces
Where the vents all bellow a haunting sound
Where the heater groans when just I'm around

Where I'll unlock my rusty gate
And do my best to concentrate
On all that is holy and everything light
For the dead, otherwise, are bound to fright

I'm told they have woken to capture the flesh
Of some Godly boy they've yet to catch
I'm told this boy is young and wise
I'm told this boy can hear their cries

I'm told this boy can navigate
Their despot souls from earth to heaven's gate
I'm also told he waits for something unknown
Perhaps it is for the proper groan

Or, perhaps it's for the proper rite
Of passage into day from night
Or, from sin to virtue
Nonetheless, it's that blood curdling curfew

When it's time to turn the hinges
On a house brimmed with gasps and cringes
Where the curtains sway without a breeze
Where the mind is fraught and teased

By the shrillest sounds and throatiest voices
Where I'm tempted to damn them with my choices
For, I am the one whom they'd like to discover
In the midst of the night beneath the covers

Yes, I am the one to send them south
With the simplest whisper from my mouth
For, I have been the judge of ways
For many and many and many of days!

All Hallows' Eve

Debussy in the morning
To start my day off bright,
Yet, Bach is the winner, 'tis
The season for a sinner and
A fright! Toccata and Fugue
In D minor should suit me just
About right! Turn down the joy,
Human beings crave a descending
Mood, who doesn't desire
A ghastly organ brood! I'll look at
Kandinsky for lunch to amplify
My sight, then, I'll listen to Wagner
In the eve for notes of ill reprieve!
I'll play him to the children
On All Hallows' Eve!

Brains on Brains

I will tell you what's darker than black!
Than any fortified castle in history attacked.
Than any brains hath gone before!
'Tis my brains upon this studio floor.
Once she calls upon the haunted winds,
Imagining my eyes and filling them in –
With nature's brilliant and odd hallucinations!

For she wants me dead and fortified
With stone bound bones buried and unglorified –
And though she holds a doll that looks like me
It is she, it is she; her simple projections –
Her midnight glances of past reflections!

Her lake gone still as the mirrored glass!
And that's why I take these pills so I will last.
To exorcise the demons from my past,
So, I may outlive her existence, at last!

But ooh there are so many angry miles to go!
And ooh don't you know the winds they groan!
'Tis the beautiful world that seethes and moans,
And vexed too am I by it!

So, stick your little pins in it,
And limb by limb sew your sins in it,
And breeze by breeze I will do my best to please them,
From ending my cursed life here beneath them.

For a sojourn is all it is to me!
And an overnight visit is what you were to me!
So bloody my eyes with your visions deep,
For you tasted my thighs upon your bloody sheets,

And that's enough for what you have done to me,
To secure these lines in history!

Chump Change (A Ghoul)

When the head aches
Once the body fades
When calluses flake
Once fainting begins
I end and you take off

Down the block
Away from the cops
And into the night
For a fright
Of the thrilling kind.

Halloween ends,
Yet something bends
In the trees.
Between your knees, knocking –
A stalking wind!

A secret where all secrets end!
Where all men do ascend.
And where I append the bloody massacres
Of days.

Because the thrills do end in the days.
Where haze is nothing to get you by!
Where misty incantations of songs are cries!

Where there is nothing but a chill so deep to keep you
going at night,
In this fright of songs and bones clanking and making tones
of fright in the nights,
In the bedrooms at nights!

To twilight!

In the gloom of sleep, you will find –

Nothing but a trick o' treat of good luck to see you sound
asleep at nights,

But, the love is too much at times, the good luck to see you
through.

Painful even.

So, howl a little tune of good luck, to yourself, then!

And a book shall be upended on a shelf, then, and without
my help.

And you will see what it takes to be a good angel, then!

And a monster of good luck!

Death

The pale white skin and blackened eyes
The silence walking, it hears no cries
The wonder on the face of mine
As he gives me a cold darkened look out of its one charcoal
eye

A child as old as the universe was on high
Lurking outside the church in a mental sky
Frightening, as the pedestrians are walking by
Entering three of them that I could tell of, but one for sure,
cloaked, croaked, and seriously demure

A boy, a capture, an innocent guest, to where Jesus, God's
son was laid to rest.
A vision as plain as the day turned night, on the children of
men walking by.
A vision to ponder.
A vision, yes.
But a vision, and scary, nonetheless!

Or not a vision at all.

Enslaved by Desire

A bride bequeathed by sinning
All she had by grinning upon the son –
A vast and lurid whaling sum of money!

And within her grasp a harpoon, a netting,
Of enslaved young children by begetting
One or two to neglect, and her pride was beside her;

For, the grandest sum had won, and upon her grave
She stood over her son, quietly groaning and bemoaning
the sum, then.
Let there be light! Said he then! And into that lurid bee's
hive stung –
The grandest sum of moneys,
Which would then be abandoned on a rooftop high atop the
son's rays!

But oh, wouldn't you know, the netting was too strong,
For, when young boys and girls with greedy hands too
strong grasp at its webbing, even today,
The curse of old Leopold ages the children by 10 or 13 fold
long years, and not by begetting.

And by such, the holy rites of a boy to frighten them with
outlandish toys, was bequeathed to him by her.

And cursed be them by too, too much money,
Those whom arch their backs to the son attempting to
suckle upon His thumbs and taste his holy honey.

Yet, clever be some whom with illusion have run the
course to its highest throne upon the rooftops, beneath the
son's vivid rays!

But, turned have they into withered young men and women
by ages greater than thou,
And entangled have become their hearts and entangled
upon this art become thumbs of money!

So, them with their enlightened thrones scream like
banshees with knees knurled and with glees ensnarled upon
them, with righteousness to begat them in moneys!
And thus, their demise South has grown ill to them,
And all their velvet vests have grown tired of them,
And all the money in this whole wide world could not
detour the wrath of men and women with hunger upon
them.

For, enslaved are they by wealth and fame and every vice
known to tame a handsome youngster's hand from the
money!

And rage is deep, deep, down within their marrow,
And faint are their tomorrows,
And velvet is their heroes' vests for having gone South!

So, dimly, dimly now I write to these sojourners of aged
flesh and bone of anger deep within.

For, once upon a midnight dull and dreary came earthen
fears and a query of fiery light,

And with it "His" name of, Desire.

And abandonment was their games.

And into His flames they have disappeared

Haunted No. 2

I lift my brush to do some work standing above it all

But I don't have a ball in my grip, yet

The circular erudition of lightful colors only exists as a
notion

Upon the potion of days in here

I then clean my brush as Dr. Edwards would clean a scalpel

And the murderous air is palpable

But I do my work then having lifted the knives of centuries
to do some work

To mix my colors upon what may as well be the slate of
centuries

The colors are mixed

Red and purple

Into a myriad of love then

And I put down my knife then and brush

Having cleansed myself of many deaths

The water droplets as blood, the brush as a stick in the earth

Marking my place here among them all

Life's Little Howl to a Murder Most Foul

I wonder what old man Emerson would say,
In a time like this what would he say!

Nature has come to warn us all!
And the President still wants to build his Wall!
God is plenty for us all!
Or perhaps, "Solitude is enough to free us all!"

Anyhow, I'm going down.
While little black faced Billy is not coming around.
Bob Dylan is singing his very last songs,
And Leonard Cohen, his friend, is in the ground.
But I am found here in this studio, now.
And little black faced Billy just came around.

There's enough racism to kill a Priest,
Enough cops to unleash the beast,
Two or three cups of ashes to meet,
In the streets of days while finding the beat.
And Bob Dylan says only dead men are free,
And it sounds pretty neat to me!

I'm finding the love enough for us all,
But one more thank you and I'll make a fuss of us all,
For all of us.
So, stick out your whistles and give us a blast,
Put away your cash and make it last!
Play us a song or two by the stereo,
Be a peasant or a little white cheerio.

Be a rich man with attitude and skinny feet painted black,
Sitting in his penthouse up the street from Zack.
Skateboard down a cul-de-sac after that,

Hit a half-pipe and then take a nap!
Feel what you have then go with that,
In this climate of ours we can't shout and all of that.
Nature warned us about all of that,
And God is coming to an end after the fact.

The Pandemic is on patrol,
The scientists are all taking our tolls and writing in gold,
The artists are fighting beneath of it all,
The laborers are having a ball,
The women are having children like always –
But who's taking care of them in this daze,
Well, they know who has a haze,
Some are marrying and others are going straight,
Some are divorcing what's offered on a plate.

And I'm sitting here going straight.
To the sound of Bob Dylan, going straight.
To the sound of an overhead fan curving it up,
To the silence of the studio carving it up,
And I might have to fill your all's cup!
With tea or coffee and with a sip and a sup!
Up now, UP!
There's poison entering your luck,
And decimation beyond your luck.

So, I wonder, I just wonder what Emerson would say,
Beyond his grave's final days.
Beyond his grave what would he say?

Perhaps this was his way?
Just perhaps he started this way!
In a frantic and furious defeated way!

But you know me, I like it this way,
With nothing on my mind or nothing specific to say.

Capturing the fleeting and indulging the specific,
All the while waves are rolling into the Pacific.
The boats are coming and are on their way,
From here to the Atlantic they're underway.
And this pandemic has gone astray.

And that's all I really came here to say.
But Christ is well and so am I in our way –
So, send me some love and enter this rhyme –
Before the spirits of our world all go Blind!

And Pearl Jam says when the spirit comes to Stand Back,
But I'm sick of that song and its aftermath,
Just so I can sing along,
To dusty lyrics and modern chords,
When trying to cherish this first and our Lord.

But, you see, I can't see,
When being the world I can't see or look,
I'm blinded by love when writing this book,
And my phone just rang right on time!
A call from a lady friend of mine!
Just so I can end this rhyme, and right on time!

Love

Er ee er ee er ee er!
'Tis but a scare if you dare!
Entering the shape shifting night!
A scalpel a fright, a monstrous delight!
No famous men have dared such a sight!
For there was blood in their veins.

So I'll go on where none have gone before.
Having fed on innocent lore.
Having hosted a many of party of the glorious kinds,
Yet even still, what may you find hidden when you look in
this book.

A spineless shark, a crook!?

O heavy is thy book.
And heavier still is mine!
Where others shan't find any blood, to sell,
Or caverns to dwell for too long...

Because song is of mischief!
And wrong is mischief,
For the mind tells us so when in need of something else.

So, I will put your book on my shelf,
And open it once you die,

For in it, not a lie!

But one.

I had fun!

Goodnight.

Maurice, on Ancient Slithering Heights

Voices come and go
Hither to and hath and fro
From beneath the skull of his curled afro
Hither to and hath and fro

But neither do the voices speak
Once withered from the Raven's beak
For he fed from her fingertips
And equally given was she
Upon the lingering steps
Of Satin's game and boiling lips

Yet Christ has long endured the path
Of her and him coming forward and back
And order hath an odd array
And chaos an equally fraught foray

So told was he to enter the night
Upon his Winged eclipse and seldom with fright
And then hath to and to from fro again
Gone in and out and up and down in sin
Only to go up, again!

O Fear!

O Fear! Was it you who stalked the decks of men
On ships of old by nine or ten?
O Fear! Was it you who in the midnight air
Crept into the windows with shapes of terror?
O Fear! Was it thou
Who made men weep from stern to bow?
O Fear! It must have been your ancient seed
Upon which the men of old and new fell under your bead!
O Fear! And with a shot gone red as blood
You shot their hopes with a thoughtless thud!
O Fear! Now new men sit tired and fearful of death
For you aimed your sights on their hearts now gone bereft.
O Fear! And men from here to Galilee
Share now your ancient lack of glee.
O Fear! And now the warmth inside your bones
Is vacating the marrow, is shivering cold.
O Fear! And Halloween is but a lover's plight
To expose what rose into your sights.
O Fear! They mock your wicked ways
And have done so since ancient days.
O Fear! Because you number in so many ways
they gather in groups and crowds of cheer to rid their pain.
O Fear! And now as we sink deeper into these lines
The warm goddess strengthens this rhyme.
O Fear! With one or two lines more
You may be vanquished from my bones forevermore!
O Fear! Yes indeed!
Your evil spirit has unshackled me!
O Hope! Now you rescue me from all the fear surrounding
myself!
Yes, O Hope! You're all the help I need
To restore the strength of men once more from here to
Galilee!

Penetrated by the Night

You'll wake ready and full of life
For a thrill so deep and rife
But this Hallows' Eve is especially dark
It echoes the devil, a knife, and his mark

He's a ghost in the leaves and the rain
He's the host of your lament and your pain
Even still, you'll gather your kids on this evening
And dress them all in cloaks for sweet receiving

But the candy is as if tainted and old
The apples are all wormy and covered in mold
And something's wrong you know you can tell,
Everywhere you look, it's hell!
And you think you're innocent but you've been sold

To the highest bidder on the dizziest night of the year
And all the children are swarming and you hear a sound
Suddenly the mist is thick and the gloom surrounds
A shape appears above the ground

A porch light looms not far in the distance
Silhouetting the shape's faint existence
But the glow flickers and barely lights in this instance
So you hold on tight to your children and hop the fences

Then turn to run among the fallen branches
But the limbs and twigs stifle your advances
As you twist and turn you crash upon a puddle
You see a reflection but your vision is muddled
And the atmosphere is chaos but your vision resumes
It's your two red eyes and shape that reflect in the gloom!

Profil de Lumiere, after Odilon Redon

The priestess enters the dampened cool hallway dark with mischief! Drip, drip, drip – like glass, her reflection lingers in each stony rippling recess. The cobbles clack then grind softly against her sorrowful steps. A warm amber light upon her flesh illuminates the mystery there and confronts the mystery here. She is saddened by this place, but her grace is internal and is birthed into being, not by some maternal likeness, but by her sheer innocence standing before God. She is not frightened! Her fairness and courage maintain a stronghold within the halls. And he is there, mocking every foothold within that corridor. But she will scout the light before the devil's knot grabs at her ankle's pale coloration, for, the slightest brilliant red shall not trickle from her heel. She has not seen the moon in this night, but her steadiness has given no leeway unto the devil's might. Cloud cover, also, mocks the arched window-ways that otherwise would breathe a moonlit breath into the deepest seconds of God's disappearance. Let her be safe and straddled by the isles until the organs sound and His presence again fills the chamber. Or else, may she find purity in light.

Romancing the Fall and the thought of You

I think if I could just write a love song worth hearing, a poem of romance endearing, and worth reading; a painting of love redeeming then everything would be okay in this world. You know, something really good, something beautiful and articulate, and soft! Not a saga, not a drama, simply love and its undertakings in this world. But, I can't. I haven't felt it in so long. Personal love! Yet, I do recall the autumn and its smells, the rain welling up in the corners of the oceans, romantic potions of colognes and perfumes on sweatshirts, jackets, jeans, and hoodies with oatmeal cookies crumbling down our fronts with spicy pumpkin breads and baking pumpkin seeds! Also, warm coffees toasting in the fall airs, the breath between yours and mine, the taste of your lips on mine. Dining in and going out! Letting out courageous shouts of glee nightly in the autumns. And misty evenings of flames on firewood entering the damp airs like creations in autumns past. The beady eyes of opossums on both our faces because our night visions graced us then like tomorrows can! And will. And sweetness must exist, it must, as it exists between you and I, but elsewhere too!

Scott Joplin's Ghost

I enter the bars in this town
And the curtains on the cupboards all sway without a
breeze
There are ancient apparitions
And syncopated fleas

Pimps, prostitutes, and hosts
Men rounding up cattle, nightclubs, and grand little toasts
But I hate to boast
Because on occasion
I've captured a glance or two of Joplin's Ghost

And there are lockers full of white lightning
And streets full of police that are frightening
But I've really got to go
Because I've been accosted down here
By what sits above, for going down below

And she may have enjoyed me
And I may have enjoyed her too
But that's just because I escaped out the backdoor
Of a night with one or two

So, here we go again
Writing to end the pain
Of what sits above for going down below
Right here where Ohio turns to Main

And at three in the morning
With the lights all turned down low
With me on watch on Main Street
Right off Joplin Road

Across the way they sit in troves
They're all lined up in neat little rows
Because on every table the pure white, it snows!

And the baby dolls while they wait on us, and host
They, each one of them, say to us
You are getting served for going down below
Right here on Scott Joplin Road

But I know a backroad, or two, or three, in this town
That might just get you by
Where you can smoke a little weed
Or if you want to you can cry

But you may find out something that you didn't know
before
Down here in the alleyways or on the patios of the bars and
the studios
Right off Scott Joplin Road

And you might be thinking we're not original
For having talked to Joplin's ghost
But after smoking a left handed cigarette or two or three
You might just come close!

Stranger at Midnight

He walks around the town. Sometimes in shadows, and on the ground. He crawls by day and has nothing to say. He is a child at heart but frozen at his core. The ice has embodied his soul! And they're gathered 'round his heart in such a way that one false move could do it. He bends at the knees, just so. And let's go of his heart. And then, in that moment, a lady. Into his vision with red eyes of blood. Blood red eyes. She tugs on his knees a little from across the street, he slips, on the ice, only to break his fall on the ice, and rests in the warmth of sunshine, or was it in her two reddened eyes? Either way... his heart skipped a beat.

The Afterglow

Of all the greats who bellowed a sound,
'twas Wadsworth Longfellow, the late, that I have found,
Who shadows me in history, only to have discovered him,
at last,
Upon a darkened roast of mellowed grounds!

Of all I have written, and of all I have found, 'twas
Wadsworth Longfellow, whom I adored,
That wealthy poet of sultry sounds, that worried poet of
empty towns!
Ye old and mighty hath restored, 'twas my father, my dad,
who cared!
So here I am, daring myself not to falter at the altar of the
old and mighty.

And slyly, slyly... now, my son... he said! And slowly,
slowly, he said!
But shyly, shyly... I told myself, to wait not for help, but
for the sun,
To shine down upon this golden one!
To shine down upon the loneliest folks here and there,
while living, not dead!

So, I took my daily bread, I prayed over it, as to be fed,
And in some yonder feeling of afterglow, I sweat over such
and such a sweetened dough,
For 'twas the morning light aglow just above the softened
snow overhead,
I awoke into a dream of beauty that was soothing like
cream overhead,
And to my sleep, blankets wed!

And plead with this book, and over the weathered head of
this book,
I shall die, yet not until I have penned,
And yes, some gallantly die at life's gentle end,
But I will have sighed and appended that lonesome ghost
until its end!

For in the sweetened sweat of aftermaths, I will have lasted
at least,
until the words have gone gassed from my tongue –
At least until the jolliest young have been warmed, and the
gentlest ladies have been warned,
And the men have all been warmed, by its afterglow!
And my brothers here and there have sworn to share a
thought or two, at last!

And Edgar Allen Poe laughed upon the days that I did gasp
at his writing, as well –
Yet, “Nevermore” was writ and penned upon the days that I
will append his writing, as well!
For both he and Longfellow have written the word,
“forevermore,” as well,
so, I will at last let it stand one time more,
And neither they, nor this rhyme, could contain such a
thoughtful lore!

For upon the vine and in that field, atop the grapes of wrath
the oceans did yield,
One and two, and all the ships went through, that the ladies
hath adored,
And lips to lips my duties are restored!
A gentle kiss, a hippy delight – and upon her thighs a snake
entered the night,
For yes, oh yes, 'twas her delight, to set sight upon an
afterglow of days!

The Creeper

He sits in his chair smoking cigarettes and air

He's afraid of the night and never has a bite

He's the creeper, ever deeper

He's a second hand joker, a first rate smoker

He's the creeper, ever deeper

I'm the *deeper*, creeper, creeper, creeper...

The Gallivants

Upon the breezes of children running by
I sat in my chair upon high
I sat and watched them come and go
In and out and to and fro

One day I drew and then I cried
From my doorstep upon high
My mustache grew and my beard did glow
Beneath the lights from to and fro

In and out of that screen door glow
The door would swing and I went down low
For the Aspen hills that sat below
And on the faces of limbs fallen low

A woman, a witch, and then a clown
As my smile would twitch and turn upside down
Or, they were alien faces staring at me from the trunks
From the Aspens there just beneath our bunks

And they would blankly stare into our souls
While my sister's children inside were ghosts
And the pictures I scouted told a story of love
But what in the hell came down from above?

For upon my sheets and in my room
Was a puritan man in a puritan tomb
And on the closets were locks of steel
But who would go there just to feel?

A puritan does what a puritan can
When turning from one into a man
And all the while lonely I was

With families watching from above

A horror of children a horror of love
A bastard gone and a bastard in love
A drawing with a child, a host
June at the table, with Kevin up close

Ritualistic cleaning of sheets and clothes
A closet, a drawer, my laundry in troves
A murderer, a butcher, a witch, a ghost
Hemmingway in puritan style clothes

Or Jesus in cloth and robes
Was it him or I or the painting on the wall
Or was it the ghosts
Or was it simply the place?

Because god was there watching, sitting, standing, drawing,
and painting
While I was simply his host
Dangling, sitting, sipping from hope
Trying to climb back up my rope

And one day the deputy came up close
Him and I departed with hope
So I sit in my chair these days and write
In hopes of seeing him, God, again up close

And now I have these wings and talons and greyish pose
Am I a gargoyle or a ghost?
Or am I the archangel Gabriel?

Or am I a simple host?

For grey I am and grey I go
To the galaxies to and fro

Yes, I am neither a host or myself
I am Jesus in Puritan clothes.

The Ghost in the Machine

There lies a ghost in the machine
A cog to the gears that smoothly turn
A greyish apparition who yearns for love
He cries and cries in the machine at night
And you all frighten him

For he is love incarnated
Not a warrior of love, but love itself
And she sits by her mirror waiting on him
To greet her

The Last Saturday Night on Earth

It's the waning hours of the last Saturday Night on Earth, as a matter of fact, every Saturday is my last Saturday Night on earth, and I'm listening to Jack Kerouac and those jazzy riffs played by Steve Allen to "October in the Railroad Earth." All my friends are either at home with their girls or out on the town taking in the drinks and night lights and I'm working. They're probably all dolled up in sweaters or scarves or else running into the bars from parked cars before they get too cold while the men stand outside smoking. The women are chatting at tables and the men are not as able getting drunk but it's all for fun and who doesn't need a social life after being inside all day taking care of little Sunny Sam, or little Jacob, or Sally Sue. You know, they deserve some drinks for bringing in the newest generation of slap dash suckers who's hearts will eventually be broken by the hard fast world and whom will be smoking on Saturday nights in the not so distant future.

But for now I'm writing, and to tell you the truth, the men could be in their studios doing their equivalent and making it last, on this last Saturday Night on Earth. And the gals might be preparing meals, or, in their way they might be doing their equivalent by reading to Sally Sue or to little Sam I am with two eggs and ham. Or, maybe someone died in the family and they're all out of town visiting or making arrangements and everything. But I'm

writing.

So, how about I share with you what I saw today
and tell you about the dog barking at me from
across the street, or say, the marigold blooms
in the backyard, or say, the hardy soup I ate
for lunch – broccoli and cheddar with
a hunk of bread and an apple. Or say, I thank
my buddy for handing me down this poem
after one bright afternoon at a coffee
house just sitting there like we do
talking shop with the best of them.
Because the guy can keep up in any
number of ways: with the gossip, with
poetry, with philosophizing on life,
the beats, the streets, and so on.

But I'm writing and there is enough
beauty in the air outside to make a man
need winter all year around.

The crisp, you know, you have to say
crisp anytime you write about the winter;
the crisp apple I ate that was plucked
from the coffee house display right in
front of my eyes and it was enough to
make my eyes water, that honey crisp.

And the pastries were there also, but I
had to pass because I'm watching my
weight these days. My belly is surpassing
my ass.

But I'm writing and I think it's time
to give my buddy a call on the phone.
After all, he just moved to the big city

again, and hell it's got to be great and a little rough at times. But he's soft on the inside and has got a few dimes and hard on the outside so he'll be fine tonight, I guess.

So, I'm writing for now and what do you know I watched a show earlier about a screaming lady. Yes, a screaming lady. She was buried underground, this lady was. The young girl that found her, well, no one believed her so she went to digging her up and sure enough, a screaming lady was there. You see, the dying like to be saved as well as the living. So, I wrote this poem to save myself and you. Hell, perhaps it's not the Last Saturday Night on Earth after all.

At least I hope not. I'd like to read this poem again sometime. And the alleyways of night's streets always get my goat. A host of dim lit darkness on the way to nowhere is what they remind me of. And night turns to day on some alleyways, bums and poor folk hanging out on 10th street and pennies. But, who knows how to mutter like those bums in the wintertime bluesy face of stone. Home is but a two-nickel face in a one-nickel world then. And the jazz from the night clubs echoes sweetly but they only hear pure beauty because beauty is the only universal thing around and the sound comes in waves like Coltrane told Jack Whitten, the man's man, who told D'Amato, who told me who told

my students one day after watching a video of Josef Albers' students. And prudence comes and it goes like the shifting tones of a Homage to the Square at night when staring at the bricks that come in threes and fours. Like the jazzy riffs of Kerouac when listening to his work online. And I'll tell you he liked describing his places in the world's epic isles of alleyways at night. Just like I do.

And I talked to Jack Kerouac tonight. He said, "That's how it goes when moving slow on 10th street and dimes. Because nickels turn into two or three or four at four in the morning on 12th street and 5 o'clock. When tipping the happy hour bartender for good looks and a nice ass. And that's just how it goes some evenings after a hard day's work on 10th and pennies, on 10th and pennies. When she's wearing her skinny jeans and long hair down to her waist just above the place to be when she leaves. Oh, how do you know when a gal wants to go home? You don't, that's how, one thing happens and another and bang boom pow you're in bed with her at 3am.

When one afternoon I tried to tie my shoes I leaned down and tripped over my own shoes and later that day while having a drink outside smoking I looked down and caught the gleam of a penny faces up like a king of diamonds. Ohio Street rolls downhill like water that's actually coffee going up the mountain in a cup beside you in the afternoons on vacation from the

family watching cartoons early morning like
Yo Simmity Sam and Foghorn Langhorn going up
and down talking in a deep voice going down
the mountain. And I met you there on that
hill going up the mountain fast like snowflakes
falling in twos and threes through the trees
on a sunny afternoon. Like steely Mountain Dew
drops of water falling fast down the mountainside.
Like Lilly Jawbone moves fast, or like Taco Sue
moves fast, or like the Roadrunner running
down the mountain chased by old Wily Coyote
down the mountainside on a Sunday afternoon
doing nothing in front of the TV's of dreamtown.

And on this Last Saturday Night on Earth
microbes come and go like TV's running
in houses and static moving to and from left
to right and down and up, and microbial
infections come and go up and down the back
causing infections on children's backs like
tea boiling on ovens at home watching Yo
Simmity Sam on stove glass reflections from
the other rooms in the houses of reflections
of other houses in the glass on windows down
the block from other houses with microbes
and TV's on and coffee in their cups going
up and down mountaintops and cafés with
nightlife or downlife uplife in potatoes with
ham and swiss cheese oozing out from the
sides with chives. At BBQ joints with hamburgers
eating sides of chives and fries with sour cream.

And once I read poetry about butchered cows, too
many non-grass-fed butchered cows, and it about
made me puke. Because I love to eat meat, and I love
docile cows in fields and to paint them alongside

haystacks and fields paved with yellow and green
fields and I once told my friend Ryan to serve
tempe bacon in dirty ashtrays to patrons with
patience in the afternoon. And I told him not to worry,
the poor sons-of-bitches would eat it anyways.
And paved hills of blue flow uphill sometimes and
so do Hawaiian steak outs with knives and objects
used to stab tires and hog roasts with pineapples on top,
or slop on bottoms from too many wasted days
working in the muddy streets of dreamtown. And
about then, I had a thought about red confidence with
too much purple to create red-violet astro niece stools
with mud butts and assholes going downstairs not up
them to protect them at night. Because riots are supposed
to stop at some point when one bartender says to the
next stop the fight. So stop the fight! It's night and the
sky is right in its way with yellow and pink and light
blue streaks of Carmel Apple joy in the wintertime.

And on this Last Saturday Night on Earth I think I might
be on time. Right on time with the rhyming and musical
delights. So, enjoy yourselves with buttered rum, hot
totties, or beers and dance all night long to Jayson Williams
on bass or whatever he has in store for you all tonight.
Because tonight is the night that all might end. And you
can stare into the abyss or you can cook hamburgers
and watch the apocalypse come down in twos and threes
while turncoats on alleyways await sleep in the night's
salty air, so flip a dime on 10th Street and nickels in
their direction if you are willing or better yet join in
the laughter as Ol' Graigor and I paint tonight later
on to the sounds of Al Buckles in the hot night and
Keiffer Buckles in the day.

And jazz plays sweetly at nighttime. The end is coming
but not yet because there's too much left to do, too many

pages left to write, too many young punks left to fight
and to care for when writing in the afternoon on Sunday
night beneath the nightlight of bars in dreamtown
in chairs going not nowhere, but somewhere in the daytime.
So feel good about it and care for one another in
the day. And say, I know a place where it's got beer
that flows from taps and the place is right here. To be,
to get, to tip, to flow, to go when the time is right on
this Last Saturday Night on Earth! So, spend it with the
ones you love and say, nighttime has its way of living
its own way with the ones you love so make it a glorious
evening with friends and behave in your own ways
like friends do in ways love has in store for them
and if the moment strikes eleven o'clock talk to a
young lady about everything you did today
and more. And whatever you do don't bore
her to tears with fears in the nighttime of you
in the daytime as sensitive as it might be to do
so, try to close the door on a love you might
attend to in the future with her loving you the
right way. Be an ass if you have to but love
her nevertheless and if you are proper in doing
as much you will live a good life! Strive to be
proper as much as you can with her in love with
yourself because daffodils don't grow in the
wintertime unless cared for year around. And
closely listen to her cares, those daffodils, and
her, because life is sweet as candy from the
dime store! And trust me I'm a candy connoisseurship
master at night even when the lights are down
and no one is around. You know, art doesn't make
itself without a love interruption from the ladies
you live for so make it for yourself and her bright
impregnated with love and flowers and sensitivity
like you want to provide for her in the daytime.
And if she were to say on a dime that she loves you

sometime then say it back no matter how you feel.
Ain't that the deal when moods defer, for her.

And withhold the love at times if she's taking you for
granted and that old girl will come around again.
Don't break it and she will. Shake it up at times,
make some rhymes, be on time, don't take bribes from
girls who make good on bets with hexes and exes from
the past.

But that's enough of the past already for I imagine
was I to go on writing of it, it would taint this rhyme
like old fashioned wine with cherries. Ain't that scary
enough to think of virginity lost. Love lost. Love gained
is the way to go even in the snow of fields of romance
in the nighttime on this Last Saturday Night on Earth.
So make it last. Make it all last. Smoke some grass and
pass the time like so many whom have written these lines
to bass drums over bass lines. My friend Jon Burkey says
make it swift or else the times pass in furious ways at
times.

People. I mean people at times. You know, why couldn't he
just write back? And yet I'm the one who suffers from it as
well as him in the day. So for God's sake have something
good to say to him if you want his feedback on this thing
or that thing. And in the future now I know how to bless
the kings of summersaulting at night with
trombones that glow and trumpets that know
the sounds of good things in the daytime. And
this rhyme has gone sour if you don't like a
conscious yet swift shower of words that takes
time in the day to say, I love you all.

And I could be peaking in this rhyme that's
right on time tonight, but I'll hang on for the
whole ride tonight, the whole enchilada's cheesy

stuffing with ham and grits and cheesy potatoes
with stuffing and grits with butter, like butter.
Like, I need some butter, some butter, some butter.
At least that's what I had to say to the help when
it came years ago with Barney Knight in the daytime.
And I remember all those guys that have lent a
hand down to me for keeping at this thing here,
Vicki, Alan, Kim, and Paul. For paintings hung
one after one on the wall at nighttime. And night,
well, it comes and it goes, well, it comes and it
goes, well, it comes and goes like twilight leaving
us in daytime and the stars then find light twinkling
surrounding them in the days and two eyes at times
offer us light in the days and nights just like diamonds
do in the day in their way. Two bulbs side by side
in the Christmas Time. On this Last Saturday Night on
Earth.

So God bless the Christmas Tree this Christmas and
all will be okay on this Last Saturday Night on Earth.

For don't the Christknots say that all else has ended
on Christmas when Jesus and the Lord came to tell
us about the ways of the world and that one day
He will rise again to tell us again that somethings are
right and that other things are right and that somethings
are right in this greyish world where what was wrong
becomes right and Jewish lords praise him for being
strong and Nazis praise him for being wrong and
Icelandic strongholds of Vikings come in threes to greet
thee on boats ancient on water or ice in the winter time.

And Christmas trees become ugly in red and green after
years of mothers hanging trees with ornaments from
dreamtown upon them, so spice it up this year with
orange and blues and God forbid the news makes its

way into years of past regrets upon the tree
in green and red stars of plastic in the summertimes
of winter in this God forgiven planet of hot
summers and hotter winters where splinters
are bound to happen when ripping plywood boards
instead of true straight pine trees and cedar trees
up and down hills muddy with train cars in the
wintertime and muddy with buddy's butts from
outer space planes that at times ride through
buildings on fire with orange and blue skies in
fields of orange and blue poppies in the summertime.
And Indian sagebrush and paintbrush grows seldom in
this year gone bad, ice age gone bad, and leaves
not falling from ice burgs in trees because the
seasons are confused and rapid in twos and threes
and fours snoring loudly to praise of Jesus's day
and night in dreamtown. And hot book and grape
juice joy in the evenings with Skittles and dreaming
and Red-Hots dancing in stews of ciders with spiders
clinging to everything I do in the daytimes until
with lighter and torch I burn from them all that
I need and get bitten by one or two or three only
to become a spider also on the beaches of towns
surrounding spider's webs and dirty sheets bloodied
on beds from virginity lost on beds of dreamtown.

From beds on dreamtown. Clouds above dreamtown
that occasionally drown this house of writing, and I'm
writing with the best of them here in this town, and
I'm writing with the best of them here in this town, and
I'm writing with two or three clutches and cigarette smoke
lungs and ashtrays to do some work of good people in
this here cowtown of astro physical stools brown with
burnt sienna and cadmium yellow light bleaching my
sight in the daytime. So, feel good about it in the daytime
and do some good. Paint a red and blue physical astro

niece stool sometime. And make it rhyme with fool
in the daytime when nieces and nephew sit silently so
in the daytime watching the news with their dad's so
the ugly world, the beautiful worlds of dreaming and
seething to and fro beneath the beauty of some gal can
go on and on or some pal go on and on with some gal
go on and on with some pals to the store at nighttime
to get cigarettes and smoke them on back porches to
music and crickets going back and forth and wolves
marching in minds upon cliffs in Anchorage where the
earth quakes while cars go boom and zoom around
potholes in the streets of dreamtown. And Yellow Stone
National Park was fun when I was a kid seeing and
climbing and integrating with natives in lands that
are ancient as can be. Arches of golden reefs at Christmas
time imbue nature's way here in this town because
old buildings crumble at night when the heat is left on
and doors get entered when locks aren't turned and
car doors get broken into when turned into astro niece
cars on blocks with other cars zooming by them so
be careful when exiting onto crazy streets and beats
with engines zooming by in the daytime. Because
fools with lazy attitudes, bums with attitudes get
confused while writing and one rhyming scheme gets
highjacked by speed in the daytime while writing of
weed at nighttime smoked from soda cans and paranoia
still exists in the daytime and the nighttime when
marijuana is illegal and all is legal when morals are
at stake and that's why Potterson called us Outlaws
once upon a time and even though he doesn't take
credit I wrote about it sometime one summer to take
back the credit from outdated fools on coffee in the
Summers.

And the artist is a strange creature who has no place
to fall says Bob Dylan but I know of two or three

couches in this place that could just as well be called love seats in the daytime and nighttime. And Tony Mitchell once had sex in my bathroom while I did it on a cot in the studio because you had to make your way the best you could in those days. And without a place of your own to call home you did the best you could and thank god I didn't have a place of my own then because like other impregnated girls at night I might have burned them all or impregnated girls with spice of life in the nighttime only to remain a young man in the day. So I've done it my way at nighttime's calling of balling young women and dropped them like bad habits in the day and picked them up carefully with two arms in the nighttimes past, in the daytimes past. So, on this Last Saturday Night on Earth I'd like to shout out to two or three because when free I get greedy at nighttime and attempt to pull love and drugs in my direction then and I've been capitalized on before and dropped like a bad habit upon the entry from the door to the studio's grey floor and couch in the nighttime. And yes, I do have a favorite tonight but it changes sometimes when behavior is a blight or theology is a blight or whatever decides morals in this world of ours. Perhaps it's a blend of the two and I'd like to add a third to that mix, art is the highest on the shelf for me and you might try acknowledging that and clap or snap upon hearing it in the nighttime!

And I still haven't called my buddy on the phone because it's days later and I haven't yet ended this rhyming poem or eaten enough food to yet get into too much of a meaty brood with food and dudes yelling at me to say this thing or that thing and trust me you may think we have power

but we don't. At least not when sitting behind a studio of power getting shit on by birds in the evening after cursing birds in the evening and this ain't no lying story of truth. And meaning gets slurred and soup becomes piss, and this is but a joke on them all for making us feel small in the daytime. And you might feel as though you are winning but it's one step at a time and winning is but a desire and success is but a dire winning in the dreams of dreamtown. And was I to hold this dream up high like fireworks in this sky Dylan may just spend some time on 5th Street and dimes with us singing and playing harmonica but he did his dirt already and spent his time already chiming and diming and dining in restaurants on 10th Street and pennies, so as he enters this chimney song or not tonight, may he leave the gift of song on the hearts of strong men and women in the night's air. And I will tell you this one last truth tonight, your song is only highjacked if you let it be by the ancient past. So, won't you rather let it last and wrap those presents in your own way with your own two hands and stand up with ease or with a sneeze and broken back after hanging those bulbs side by side with your two eyes that glow in the snow and elevate your lady's dress with imaginations in the daytime!

And every day I'm on trial. For shit like this here. And every day I stand trial, no matter how queer I am at the sight of jealous men with ladies who deserve better. And better is not just a word you toss around like pancakes on a stove-top, it's something I earned long ago by being myself in the day and the nighttime. And hey, hey, Todd Kreisel goes at nighttime when ladies roll up on him in the day without

something to say to him. And I say hi, because who knows what the weather is truly like on the inside of them, like assholes and elbows bumping side by side in the nighttime or like assholes bumping into her in the daytime and nighttime all day like no one had a care to say that day. So, if I encounter that kind of torment, then the rain perhaps steps outside with myself and beautifies the skies of dreamtown at night.

Because I've been saved at least two times I know of by managers at a bar in this town. At least twice she has rescued me from the storms. And I sought shelter then in her clutches and from their clutches. And I turned to the water glass outside and said a prayer for night before the rain turned to ice between us in my glass. And maybe there's a secret between us, a secret place that I go to in the daytimes between her and I that one night I might go to for something better in the day.

Because I loved her, and I loved her ways. And beauty is that way sometimes, I'm guilty with the rhymes, condescending rhymes about her at nighttime. I write about her and her and it ebbs into the work, like sometimes I'm a jerk and at other times she twerks for me. And she is a jerk for looking at me in ways that I cannot resist at nighttime. Or I could be wrong about her in the days and nights made of stone between sheets alone on empty islands of stone grey sheets in beds at nighttime. But one night it will pan out for me in this dreamtown and perhaps it will be on this Last Saturday Night on Earth. Yes, with her on this Last Saturday Night on Earth. But Earth is just a part of it all, and Heaven sounds like just as much of a ball at nighttime when

I visit the muses in this here studio at night.
Either way, she'll be alright from me and
I wish I could explain myself better but on
this Last Saturday Night on Earth it will
have to wait.

On This Last Saturday Night on Earth I will
love with the best of them all. I will need with
the best of them all. I will consume with you and
her and I going to the bathrooms in dreamtown
all over the place. Amen.

And the homes will be in shelters of crumbling helter-
skelters no longer. The icing on cakes will grace our
faces for longer, for there will be the needs of young boys,
and girls then, with toys by them, and I will eat my cakes
and have them also. But I won't have kids without you
around!

Because when you return a buck or two
in the snows of times you must run out on them to
see who's the best at the games of winning in
dreamtowns across this great and fascinating street
game of love, for the best of them is the best of them,
and that ain't no lie, McFly. Because hours persist as
they pop zits to the sound of glorious tunes on stereos of
this here place in the graces of all seasons. Given the
times. And who wouldn't, given the freedoms they should
have!

Well, maybe some petite assholes gone bad from too
much sun on windy days, here in our dreamtowns, where
I live in streets paved of bricks and houses full of pricks.

And thank you for giving me the gift of this song
and I will repay you in time. But not with money

this time, or any times, or not with righteous scheming,
but with love. And to answer the question of several,
indeed, it comes down from above! So, watch from below
when it snows as we show. Draw a path around their hearts
to the stars with grace and back, to gaze and to stare off
into the nights with love, and then, into the mazes of graces
and distant gazes we Shall Go!

The Man in the Tower

I am a lonesome man in a tower

Hour by hour

I am a lonesome man in a tower

Occasionally, the dead come to greet me

But,

when they knock... I am busy writing, painting, doing
other things

But I acknowledge *their* presence

And when I do the ghosts arise

Their good side

And the light shines down from the wind

And the stones bend

But I do not

The Raven

The Raven dwelled amidst the crowd
The haven smelled of ashes loud
But where else has a Raven got to be
Than here with me!

For, in the mighty house He built
The Raven dwealt and swore,
So God shown down on his son who was prepared!

The Reaper

At night, when I enter the cold
I get into my vehicle, and am bold
Sometimes too bold
And I cuddle up to a liquor store in the nighttime
To buy my cigarettes
The lady from inside, then, as I'm purchasing
Without adieu, says to me, go home
For without the pleasantries
I am rewarded

And the long arm of the reaper, then
Carries me back home, safely
To where I belong
Alone

The Silver Knife

Working against centuries
Laboring with some good tradition on my side
The waves of remorse and loneliness
Double up and are high

But who did wrong
Who did wrong
Who did wrong

It's difficult knowing
Except centuries of regret says something about the church
Says something about confession
Who did the wrong doings

Were they outside the church at one point
Then turned to the church for answers
I bet that's how it began
The cockroaches in through the cracks

Spiny little things and bugs and rats
So there was temptation
And vanity
And gluttony
And all the things that make life worth nothing

And fights broke out
And people lost

And now you have entire countries feeling bad for things
they did not do
Indoctrinated to the evil of centuries' bad doings
And a knife flashed before my eyes
The razor of centuries

To cut with or be cut by it is the question asked of myself
by it

But, I know another way
A better way
A way that uses the blade for good

The metaphorical knife!

Slice!

I'm done with your attitude
Your pretentiousness
Your petty thieves in the night
For it's my way to end suffering not to fulfill eons of it

The metaphysical strife!

And flash, the knife again
Tell me what you want world
By showing me this image upon my inner eye
Nothing and no one is getting cut with it

But, it's fine edge will do for good

There goes the past
There goes centuries
There goes fame

For I my love
Am a writer of truths
And it's been a long while
Since I used a knife

The Spider and the Bat

There once was a spider and there once was a bat!
Neither could bite the other and that was that.
Each had a bite, fierce and strong –

But when one was right,
The other was wrong.

So, the story goes like this...

One, two, and three,
No need for biting when the other one agrees.
Four, five, and six,
The spider and the bat each got their kicks!

And that was that!

The Spider

She sits atop her crystalline web
Black and red with spindly legs,
All eight in place attacking with grace
The faces that pass her by at night time.

With her beady eyes focused on them
To entrance five or ten,
And with a soul gone bereft
Of all that's left of her love!

To entice a mate upon her snowy plate
Icy cold with men of five or ten
All wrapped in guile
Who once had smiled
At her is her game!

Death is her appetite
And blight is her delight
And blood and veins are to be drained
If ever a man should fall victim in vain
To her glossy shape and hourglass figure!

But once upon a time she had a mate she would kill for.
And she prepared his plates.
But passed has he into the gates of a saintly heaven!

Romance is now but her game to draw men near without
shame as she suffers her fate of fewer and fewer and fewer
mates,
For to taste them once was never her game before laming
them to rest in transparent silken sepulchers!

Yet, there she stands atop her snowy web as she deposits them and her bastard eggs upon empty grounds.

The Times of Wrath

Darkened vestiges of thoughtful caverns
Is all that stands between myself and Hemlock
Reaching for Saturn's rings to hang her by a noose,
But Zeus just struck me in the lower back –
And myself is falling down, so it's going to be more
difficult than that.

Darker.

Oil and bunkers glowing with fire –
Backyards and bunkbeds drowning in blood,
Hookers for Hire... Sweet tea is in dire need of getting her
hair loose from a blender. Pain – of mind, of mental
fortitude gone awry!

Darkest.

The sunrise to blind you with.

And a noose after that!

Winter's Lament and Spring's Freshness

Sober winds form in the west and greet me here between summer's sleeves and winter's downy vest of leaves scattered and sprinkled among angel's wanton wings. And I'm tethered to nature's way here in this town but being caught between seasons it's getting harder, I used to know what I wanted to say, but waking up is getting further away. The lament of darkness enters already and the days will soon get shorter and the light begin to smolder with grey ashes upon hills once green and yellow and lush with life. But there is beauty in it all, and I will soon praise tombs and crevasses, barren limbs and withered grasses, shadows upon pure white fields of vastness, and crassness. Because we all know tragedy's face in the winter with its cracked forehead and wrinkled corners of the eyes, so I too will remind you that spring will bounce back with breadth and every step will once again be fresh with turnips under foot and with roots that bind us to the soil and vegetation just above the earth that seeks skylight and calm cool breezes to enliven our auras to new smells with blooms on the cusp of creation.

Damon Freed – Bio

I am an artist who cherishes balance, reason, and ambiguity; and I express it through a variety of working methods, from abstracted realities to nonobjective paintings of grids, I believe reality exists on the edge of perception. And while my Dad has been my best and greatest influence Agnes Martin and Brice Marden's work are among them.

Mr. Freed received his B.F.A. from the School of Visual Arts in New York City where he graduated with honors. His M.F.A. is from Hunter College, City University of New York. Freed has studied with such luminaries as Jack Whitten, Marilyn Minter, David Chow, Juan Sanchez, Sanford Wurmfeld, Tobi Kahn, Lucio Pozzi, Tim Rollins, Alice Aycock, Susan Crile, Anton van Dalen, Suzanne Anker, Donald Kuspit, and Katy Siegel among others. He has been exhibited in galleries in New York City, Saint Louis, Kansas City and Columbia, Missouri.

In writing, his influences are his mom and dad, sister and brothers, and friends, mostly. My inspirations are my family and dearest friends, and the people I meet in every direction! Freed was not formally trained in poetry but is an avid writer of works and spoken word. Damon can be reached at damonfreed@gmail.com.

