



The Wobbly Wheel, Poems by, Damon Freed

7 Days and rest

God says a man shouldn't be alone,
But I'm still alright chewing on this bone,
Just an old dog sniffing the trail,
From here to heaven's gate.
Or am I a cat chasing its tail?

And the birds are veery old.

And the fish are sometimes called feeesh, by men in sheets from here to Alabama and Mississippi!

But sheesh, this isn't a fire,
It is simply a sentence in the midst of dire circumstances of love.

And before Adam was Adam, and Eve was Eve,
It was written that Man was made, and that she was she.

Yeah, I read a bit of Chinese today,
But you decide if it's a synthesis, or Thee Way?

It is simply what happens when the library of God,
Comes to a boy with a bod so sweet and soul gone sour.

You see, I covered beneath the book's weight upon climbing thee steps
To the woodshop after looking for the spirit upon its pages.
The Bible.
I searched for its page on which it STOOD.
And upon the wall it then gave a wink within a hood,
And I found meaning therein.

7 paintings like the days of the week,
7 paintings all smudged in ink,
Yes, 7 paintings.

One day, two days, three days, and four.
Some light, a night, some earth, some sea,
A dome!

Five days, six days, seven and I rested.

Yes, God's love was tested!

But most of all, my own.

With a leash and a whiplash of a tail,
And me in my mighty throne!

A Cup of Blood by My Side

I woke up

Scratched my back with a knife
Sheathed it
Put a smile on my face
The sun's embracing god
Clean shaven
Cravin' bacon
And some drinkable rays of sunshine
Orange juice
And a bagel
Buttered and toasted
Hopped in my car to drive
With a cup of blood by my side
Coffee
To get me there
Anywhere

A Dimension of Mind

Drawing the light from my bedroom in the ward,
Gifting my sight and effort to the Lord and to a
Man of whose name I cannot remember. Who was
Silent as a pinned in sheep. Who probably couldn't
Remember his own name in that place. A military
Man, whose name I've forgotten, who admired me
And I his way with words and bashfulness. His
Candor once he opened up! His savvy honesty or
So it seemed. He looked a little like Sal Williams at
His best. Yet he wrote like himself to the praise of
The people in cell block six. Or at least it felt that way
Once downstairs, actually down the hall eating three
Square meals a day. Or else, staying in your room, on
Guard, eating snacks, like Gushers, and coffee, black
Coffee from the machines. And night's mechanisms
Came alive at night to the sounds of flight in the distance.
A courtyard at night where I was punched in the face
For disobedience of an unearthly and far fetched tone.
Where security should have stepped in to prevent the
Mishaps, but punishment comes and goes in ways unknown
To me. So as the red vomit and blood stew exited my face,
I stood firm in grace, yet ANGRY at her, this giant of a
Bitch. She was taken off into the hands of men, pinned in
For an extra 6 months afterwards. While I headed home
The next week into the arms of my parents' vehicle.

And sunsets come in all colors, but cyan and magenta is
Best at night after a fright from a snake that nearly died
From too much sun whose soul must have ascended days
Earlier. And truck drivers dodging Crows were assholes
In the daytime when all I wanted was to drink my coffee
And smoke my cigs in comfort, not next to machismo bone
Heads. But I've said it before and I'll say it again, the smoke
Bellows by the hands of gods in this place to be and I have
Dodged them like wasps in the sunlight of days behind the studios
Of gentlemen's artistry. Back home now. Eating and stirring
In the AM's. With them. My parents, them watching their television.

Yet, I turn now to the punch bowl as my lighter sits next to me
On my desk of writing! The freedoms are fierce, here. But not
Always, as the mind tends to drift into courtyards with fences
8 feet tall and chained, into bedrooms with single beds side
By side divided in between with older men shouting over and over
That they're not gay, and into shared bathrooms with spewing
Inmates, and into lunch lines of power, and into old ghosts of
Thoughtfulness from within them. Cheers, my friends, as I resume
My fighting for what is real and what is not in this world of men,
And women.

In this world of men, and women!

A Spiral

A man is born, from one life into the next,
Walking as if to search for himself,
To see external beauty along the way.
It is like a spiral inward.
Bound to home.

Along this spiral it feels, at times
Disconnected from its source,
Forgetting,
And then you're found again.

The pathways narrow towards an end,

But really, it's not that way.

It's this way:

As the spiral appears in the mind's eye,
So does this man.

Further down his path.

Smaller yet gentler

To an end,

The end.

A Summer Breeze

In the auburn sunset, I see you.
Golden locks flowing.
All dangling still, yet flowing.
Cascading to effortless winds,
Suntanned and bleached, but barely.
Hand in hand...
Down sandy beaches...
With swimsuits on,
Virgin drinks in hands...
Seagulls as we stand, hand in hand.

As we sit in front of it all.

We walk a little further out into the light approaching darkness...
With wet feet,
Warmed by beach waters under foot.
Graininess, the crustiness wiped off once dried to our calves and thighs,
Knee high.
Wrestling in the sands of times.
A gentle kiss.
In the auburn of days.

Our towels dusted off.
The tides by our sides.
The ocean's tides!

A dream, yet undreamed!
A story, yet unwritten...

A little boy is smitten with wealth on the insides (me, that is) –

Because your bright and golden flowing hair is enough to get him there.

And perhaps, the silver of my wisdom is but a dream to you,

A comfort, under foot, or merely a bottlecap to cut you with, or an aluminum can shining on the ugly beaches of yesterdays?

But the reality is,

My giddiness of heart is enough to elevate your dress in the daytimes.

A simple summer breeze, depleting, just after my glimpses upon your sultry thighs.

The depth of a poem, to be bottled up, seawater on seawater, and sent into your sea, her ocean, deeper than a man's.

Axelrod and The Wobbly Wheel

There was once a family of four wheels and one spare tire
Attached to one was the axelrod of ages
In the family of ages
Was an ageless wonderboy
His name is DAMON

Now, once he got going fast enough the Axelrod would slip into place but he never could
So he thought about it all the time
How could he fit his wheel to her axel
And he thought

Well. His wheel became wobbly once in a while due to bad pressures
So, he filled it up with the air of centuries to make the axel fit into it

But sometimes, when he gets to thinking too much accidents occur on the byways and highways
of yesterday's accidents
And now, the wheel speaks to his pressures in the days and is tried to hers!

She isn't lonely anymore, now that he has reassured her of his accidental sideways glances! But
boys will be boys and girls too, so they get blue together every now and then, together.

And through His eyes they are reassured, together.

Bullet

Money's thin

Wallet's skin

Don't pretend

Skim by

On tea

And cigarettes

The grey of my breath

To kill you by

The pocket's empty

Close

Anyhow

The 15th

Comes soon

Four days

Of the acetic life

Which

I am good at

An icebox

Beer

Whiskey

Frisky

But not late

Risky

But not by fate

Steady

As the hand

On the gun

My bullet

To your forehead

Just beneath

Your bun

For fun

Captain America

It's lunchtime and the sun is beating down,
Sweat wiped from just above my brow, running around
Doin errands with a fat burger hangin out my mouth.
I can't wait to find her between the streets racing from A to B.
Once I get enough cash, I'm gonna take her out! But for now
I'm diming it from here to there. Because someday we will know
How to write the types of checks that don't bounce!

Add it up! A career costs as much as two in this year on this
Planet gone good from too much wine and worry. So, with my
Head to the stars I'm weaving in and out of cars delivering love
To and from the places to be, under the bright of this sun! And its egging
Me on here, that big Bright yellow yolky Sun, and I'm angsty enough for two
Beneath this Moon as well within these nights that are breezy with love.

I do love her!

Don't have a clue yet how she's feeling about me, but I been lookin at her with

My two Big Blues and a razor against my cheek and neck in the days and the
Nights. Cashin these checks of love for her and I. Riding against the sky in these
days to be!

Fantasy reigns, it might be the truth, but here in this smallish town
Of people with gin in hands, sinning to the white lightning outside
In parking lots with friends smoking on chili dogs and crushing
Beers outside the bars, on porches, back decks, and in cars this
Fat burger's got it made, with my cute lil lemonade blonde workin
For hire in a coffee shop down the street and I just got a fresh pair of tires
Underneath this motorcycle of love, Beneath this chopper of Love, sittin above
Its stars and stripes.

Wouldn't take much to make this bike a two-seater and we could even ride a little
Further as I smoke this heater to the sound of luck and love beneath her in this city for hire,
And this gun's for hire!

Commerce and Art

Where does love start, and end?
To whom does it touch?
To whom will it send?
Does it cost too much?
Or does it touch the soul.
What's its goal in the end?
And who is its keeper?
The hallow man, or the reaper?
The sheep herder, or the knowledge of thee old?
The client or museum?
Where does it go in the end?

You see, these questions are worth our time!
Perhaps without them no one would spend a dime –
And art wouldn't be yielded at all, and nor would it find
A soul to design it. Or the time to find it, in time.

Confronting Whiteness

Every day that I confront whiteness
I find in myself a better person

I look to these letters and realize that person
When I sit down to read them, in Black.

When I set out to read Langston Hughes,
Or Maya Angelou, or when I listen to the blues,
Manish Boy is a lightweight tune, compared to
Kind of Blue in the News. Coltrane said it best,
It Moves in Waves, the ideas of the Caves and back.

And I'm somewhere in between white and black,
When confronting the grey of my cigarette smoke haze in this place.
Race is there, whiteness is there, blackness too, and myself.

When I reach for the Moon... when the black night is too much.
I think to myself, why is it that I need this night?
And I don't, but I do. So I tell myself I do, over and over again.
And what is sin? And/or whiteness? Except the difference between you and I's skin color.

So once July comes, you just think to yourself, in that heat,
Why all the girls are so neatly dressed, and the boys on the street.
Blues and reds, the colors of their heads! Purples and greens the colors of their dreams.
And Yellows and Oranges, well, what are they for except that someone must close the doors
Behind themselves in Love. So every day I confront whiteness here in this room.

I find the time to bless the saviors of this world, then. So I learn to dance like the butterfly,
And sometimes in Love I sting like a bee to let them know I'm here doing what I love.

And yes, I'm a color and you are too, but they are too many to count in my estimations,
But someone is taking the score, and what do you know, I just walked right through your front
door.

A little brown man, farting and standing with whiteness, farting and yelling to all the whiteness
That is given. Smiling and singing in a low baritone, to "The National." And it's a moan, a
grown, a low-pitched tone below the best of us that makes this world go around. And yeah, we'll
box, we'll fight, with words in the night, and in the days. Me beneath my haze, and you above it.
And who is it, or what is it, and where is it, in this night? This haze.

Well, it's a ghost in the night and days upon days upon days upon days of time and before then,
even.

Disconnection Notice

Get it out, all you folks.

And I mean, ALL, you folks!

Hippy folks, sideways yolks, forgotten sulks,

Get it All OUT! Once I pooped and I thought,

Hmm, that's burnt sienna and one of my favorite colors!

Mothers, Father's, Friends, Voices... choices, choices.

Once I squeezed a tube of white paint and thought it was sputum,

Across a black canvas. Or, perhaps it looked like jism,

And once I painted a prism of rainbows and wondered

If it was really me who was the gay one. Psychological essences of life.

Twisting the knife into the back of reality. The world, this place, this studio...

It gets the best of, me. And Taurus's are scared of anarchy, and Lobsters are fish,

And goats are not orderly. But, then again, structures of White are harsh in the day's past.

And by everyone's account I might be gassed, but the white and black

Page is not empty on some days, and in this haze of days, grey looks best,

To me. Well, that and yellow. Hell, my disconnection notices linger year

After year in the dayz of haze in here. I just ignore the fucking things.

But on some nights they glow like phosphorescent paint on

Entrances as bright orange colored slips of paper, and each is signed

Personally and dated ahead of time by myself, warnings to buck up.

To get it right! And it's out of sight.

Flowers

Sunflower, Rose, and lily

The nights do get so chilly
O! What of nights begat
Except porridge to eat and rat

Sunflower hath no scorn
The Rose doth wield its thorns
Yet, the lily simply weds
I to the white of her heads

My piercing eyes doth greet
From smoking cigarettes in this heat
And for a moment I concede
Her beauty in victory

O! Yes, I have been known to cheat
With the Rose and her thorns
And when Sunflowers greet
I have not retreated into the nights!

Lily doth thee care!
Of whom I dare!

For when the sun does not stare,
I cannot tempt a rose –
But lily greet!

Gently

When you do it you'll do it,
And she'll love you for it.
They'll love you for it.
I will love, YOU, for it.
And you'll ride the lightning until perfect
Thunder!
So ride. One two three four,
One two three four.
One two three four.
And a one and a two right outside your door!
A loose lamp light, a mini fridge, a gallivanting way out the door!
And lightning and then thunder apart for a millisecond's time!
A spin on a dime, a walk to the chime!
A garnish of parsley, a Tennessee Mash, with no hash, and a gas of a hoot in ol Sedalia. But
paved alleyways flow uphill sometimes and glisten like golden piss,

And by fan draft the fragrance of her in the places to be sets you free! And green fields come and forever they ride into distances at nighttime's calling of fragrant lands!

Harshly

The studio's a blaze on Main Street with cigarettes and gin! A fact most men wouldn't agree to in this daze of lil misses and nephews and young women! Fuck it all here, I have one shot to get this right, so light the eternal spark and flame that lights ways out doors when passerbyers see me at it! Fantastic! What an attic of thought can do to youngsters is beyond our control, here.

But within control is this ashtray and segment of this poem! Because, with one horse by my backside, and another at home where she belongs... in front of me is everything! On but a string of light resting/hanging in the balance of cool breezes, by fan draft set in motion to delightful sounds and harsh steel pedals as they cycle round in front of you!

Inside the Dream

In the morning time I awake
To coffee and cigarettes, and Her!
I argue, I dance, and prance around
The studio floors doing all I can
At nights.
The work gets done.
And I am done with this poem.

You see, poetry and paintings can
Be light as feathers inside of
This dream!

Keep Writing

I always thought
it was a good way
to support the endeavor.

It wasn't clever.
It didn't dissever the poems,

what I thought were poems,
into criticized piecemeal parts.

And now I have many years behind me,
of writing. It's solid advice no matter how you cut it, gut it, rearrange it, derange it,
or estrange it.

And the poems were light in their best ways! The daybreaks of crafts. The seldom buoyant life
rafts drowned in the muck with a how in front of a sky!

You see, it's just writing! You attach to a theme, an emotion and go with the thing. Down eddies
and driveways, between eating at Freddie's, and on highways, in byways near ditches where
otherwise you'd get stitches from driving too fast, from the likes of it.

A cloud light as feathers, a bug passing between I and the weather, the fauna of backyards in
June where hallelujah is in tune. Sweet the sounds of birds from back decks, nerds with sweaters
on, and poetry of songs!

So bbq some words without the tongs this evening and see what happens! Human flesh to the
heat of a phone's keyboard, or better yet human flesh to the Eastern skies, starbird riddled skies
of solitude in this town gone rotten in the towns of men.

And do some writing. Yes, keep writing beneath it all, and for god's sake, enjoy it! Keep writing
in the fall! Keep writing to the sound of it All! And in the winters too, it's like a zoo in the
mind's eyes then too, and oh bless the Spring with writing!

Yes, O, Yes! Keep Writing.

To the berating sounds of church bells,
And to the silence of hells,
In this great country. Where coffee does its tricks, the bricks get laid to the mortar in the days, to
the light, oh yes, and surely to the light of working. Keep writing!

Like a Bald Eagle into the Sunset

Hover as you may

Sailing over yonder fields that sway

But recall, life is but one big game

So, play!

Do not forget your talons dear friends.

Do not forget your beaks!

Wither in defeat.

Or, as you are so bold to do,

Pluck some grand phrases from atop the soil,

“It is not light that we need, but fire; it is not the gentle shower, but thunder. We need the storm, the whirlwind, and the earthquake.”

And all are under the guidance of one hand,

God,

And he has allowed you to run with wolves,

To fly with falcons,

To enter upon the soul of the masses in doing something special.

So fly, do not hover.

FLY! My dear lover.

And doeth as the Eagle upon his dying day,

And you may go in PEACE.

—The quotation is by, Frederick Douglass.

Moon

In the day the moon is brighter,

The sun illuminates it,

Also.

As is the cleavage of your

Breasts.

Sitting there –
Across the table staring at myself!

I beg, I plead, I need
A glimpse of your breasts,
But I go without on this occasion.

As we hold hands into the moonlight,
And the darkness.

At which time my gaze can rest.

And your stare can then plead
With me to touch you!

Movement

As a dancer dancing her
Very last dance.

As Vixen prances.

As Pollock enhanced our world
With his misty incantations
Of Lavender songs!

So long to movement in these
Days gone sour from smoking!

The hours will rejoice yet again
In moving once I quit!

Or before then, so long as the right
Side of my brain remains young,
And cordial!

Cordial to thoughts of
Motion is our potion in these
Days!

Upon which a haze goes
Something else!

Intimations of song!
For which these lines long.
For estimations of
Sensitivity along byways of song!

Old Enough

Yes, old enough.
Old enough.
To strike while the iron isn't hot.
To catch a fish with no bait.
To end a stanza right on time.

To catch the crummy sounds
Of a carousel streaming
Out of a truck.

And each day I'm rewarded
At the end of it,
With Ice cream!

Or something like it!

Paradise Found

I go now

Into the truth once more

Not as a turnbuckle down an alleyway

Not as a rich man (or woman) in a penthouse

But as myself, altered by a perverse misunderstanding of truth

Into a painting

And what will come of it?

A voice

A will

A love letter so fierce as to leave a single papercut on the hands of a lady whom I adore.

And then she will be faced with the truth

And with a decision to make

May it also, be true.

For in these ages of times, we must go on into oblivion without the moon to guide us in here.

Perfection, for John Dorsey

Few things in this world are perfect.

A publication left at will on the top, shelf,

For reading once in a while. At will,

With binding so sweet, delectably sweet.

With covers at odds with another...

Pink and black! Money that doesn't spend.

Signs

So says the symbolist poet,
Everything is in the signs,
And you know it.
The lost children under night's
Sky without a moon or torch
To go by.

When down on luck!
When working.
Once the wallet is empty,

Searching.

For a sign!

Skyscrapers

I.

I went to the Millet show, this afternoon.
I viewed haystacks that looked like skyscrapers!
People that looked like ants.
I was one of those ants!

Come down to Earth every once in a while.
Visit a Museum!

Get out of your own damned heads!

The beds have been made for years – out of straw.
The beds where we go to rest,
And to draw.
To sleep a planetary dream of rest,
And to adore.
And to snore at the lesser works of accomplishment,
But then, to realize they are what it takes to get better.
In looking at them, you realize what it might take, to get better.

A, slowing down. A, steady hand. A gaze of incomprehensible strength, in solitude.

But most of all, humility.

II.

You know Einstein asked a question once.

“If a mouse looks at the universe does it change the universe?”

His question, not mine!

Yes, is my answer.

And his answer you might ask...?

Was no!

So now I have a question of my own to ask.

It was difficult to stare up from below, wasn't it, Einstein?

Slovenly, to Stuart, my friend of friends

I'm done writing about the virus in the ways you understand!
What about your virus that strikes a match at your cigarette between the fingers in my hand.
The damaged lands. The isolated man. The patch grown white with hair on a marble floor!
Yes, I'm here to close the doors on this. To rid you of masks in this winter heat.
To find not only the beat of the lands but to stand and sit with magnificence.
I cry at the thought of you. I shed not a tear in the aftermath of death.
Numb. Thinking dumb. Thoughts for fun!
I bear with it, and you? What about it striking, you!
Are you ready to die...
Will you fly? Or, will I sit at this terminal of painting at the night's end!
To find your end of the table upended some more? To bellow heartfully a snore of patience.
To withdraw in solitude upon broken windowpanes in patience. Drip drop drip drop. Goes the
sound of the doves outside. Will you spin off your axis some more or be like the revolving door?
Letting in the sounds of cotton picked by slavery in the South? Or mimic it with cotton candy to
your mouths! You fucking hicks. Pick up sticks is all this is, to you. Hiccup kicks is all you have
to say! With bitches in fords going thataway ^

Or, thataway, down. You see, slovenly halfwits only exist by night, and I am one not to be
fucked with in your way.

Smoking

In all the world's joy –
I cannot live to see another die
At the hands of my smoking –
The stress is something remarkable –
Isn't it?

I go upstairs to find a video –
Scared I won't make it down the steps.

And yet I do it!

Spiral

In all my days.
I've not seen a man, nor a woman turn a circle complete,
For in the mind's eye is a spiral evanescent, their difference is the same.

Stick to what you know, and you will find out.

“You see, you will know.”

Always learning, and knowing are the same, thing.

An auspicious thing, knowing? Perhaps,

Not what you wanted.

But what you, deserved!

Stand the Test of Time

The thrust of steel from the chamber of my mind
The rust must be polished
The crust dampened
The earth, still

The fools enlightened
The smarts enchanted!
The surfaces sanded by time
The paintings aging
Forged with the Sun

The storm inside is raging

The wind is effacing time

The glamour of it all
The heaviness lifted

The delight of a gifted mentality

The bolted weight of days set in stone

The lifting to the bone

The waging labor

The earnest chore

The settlement of scores.

Star-Crossed & Found, on the Holy Ground

I star-crossed a sign on Tuesday morning,
Said the Rapture is beginning. Man, yawl
Got dinosaurs turning over in their graves
And waves of relief across sages' mouths
From here to holy vows and cows in pastures
On the graves of raptures. It isn't 360 B.C.E.
Up in this place to be and nor is it Chinese
Or monks that lift the diseases of edible skunks
From here to there. But the end of days is
Coming if you worship a cigarette smoke haze
From here to there. And while I may have the
Rites of passage from Jesus AND the masses
To smoke what it is I want in here, the NEWS
Strikes fiercer than any warranted piercer of
Megalodon Sharks from then and now. With
A divided country you'd think the south won
Again and that churchgoers would repent but
Damn the luck if such apocalyptic preying
On the weak isn't my luck on this day gone
Bad from smoking in here. Cigarette lungs
And bat viruses go hand in hand in here,
But masks, yes masks, like always do the trick
To wart off bad juju, and that's a fact. From
Here to New York and back that's a fact. We
All have at least two identities anyways, you
Have heard it said before, so don't close the
Door on Science and the Arts just yet. My cure.
I think the Scientists deserve a break from
Working around the clock as well as the artists
Who have socked away what moneys they could.
The Scientist should visit a museum and the
Artists sciences every once in a while, for relief.

And then its back to work, for good grief in this
Life gone bad from it all. And the cure might
Happen then. Either through love of the craft
Or through divine inspiration then. But I'm
Banking on both to get us there. So cut the checks
Worth cashing, the masks worth coughing into,
The sanitizer worth soaps, and pray or better yet
Hope right into the faces of losers. Because snoozing
On the NEWS, well is as false as it gets from
Bloomberg to Hollywood fits. To Fox, to MSNBC
In this tree of knowledge. Get upset from it all,
And do your best to bawl right into the faces of
Them all for not doing their jobs right, those
Fascist pigs! I've got cigs to smoke.

Still

Still haven't found a woman who can keep up
Still haven't found a window wide enough
Still haven't found a beach worth walking day and night
Still
Yes still, I haven't found her

Still haven't found a picture worth stopping on
The colors keep dropping down
The beat keeps me coming around
And yes, I still hear these sounds!

Still haven't found a woman that could keep me down
Still haven't found a decent town that trumps this one
Still haven't found the sight of ages worth my very last wages
Still
Yes still, God has his way and I have mine.
And you have your thoughts and I have thine.

Survival of The Fittest

There is the food you eat.

Thee particles of light.
The painful silence of
Mind in the day.
And the things you say.
And all are in Love.
Or should be!

The Alpha and the Omega

So, I had this theory of the Alpha and Omega –
While one called the shots the other was the beggar.
What some don't realize is that they depended
On each other, kind of like your Father and your
loving mother! And what fewer realize is that some
people are both, kind of like God, or, a single
man with hope. Because when you're single and
an artist, you must be both the dumbest and the
smartest! And, when in a relationship and
someone steps on you that is just an Alpha
thinking they cannot lose. But, as the Taoist's said,
"Force is followed by loss of strength!" And that's
when the Omega moves up in rank. This is
interchange, my friends, so take it to the bank!
When looking after you, I strongly recommend
considering the two! For, what of the artist if not
a winner, a loser, but most of all a true blue.

The Black Knife

A phone that is memory taking.
The *will* that drives me.
The felt-tip-pen.
Memories written down on a page
Only to be expressed in writing –
By way of the phone in my pocket.

The absolute darkness of found thought.
The eight-ball in a corner pocket.
The monitor going to sleep at night.

The afterthought!

Darkness,

with miles to go

The Bully

What's a bully without his cronies?
Propped up by attention and sheep,
Preying on the weak,
The mindless.

But not the mindless due to their own faults,
Because education is too costly and intimidatingly so,
Yet, people, even the weaker of the masses,
Want on the insides,
What is best for their families.

So, show them what is best Joe Biden,
Show them the strident means of solitude in this time of pain.
Withdraw them from the people of blasphemy and pain,
Our weak people,
Show them with heart, what there is to be gained on the insides.
Standing apart, from the negativity caused by this administration.

When bullies bullied us as a kid,
How you overcame the bully was to isolate, him, or her!

Ignore him or her.
Do not tear them apart with name calling and threatening behaviors,
But dampen their sounds, with strength in solitude by us.
Give them nothing to react to, no people to behave around.
Voices need a recipient.
Watch this person swell up with tears amidst the hopeless nights.

Then, then, they will be very, very weak!

Let him or her be weak, then. And slay him or her with just and righteous behaviors.
Run before their negative behaviors in the Sun of playgrounds, smiling and toying with strength
and weakness, for your own sakes. Be Happy amidst the playgrounds and outlets leading to and
from the playgrounds in this Great Country!

Watch them swell with desire –
Self-destructing, with weak insides
Watch the Bully
Longing to play with the others
With no outlet left to him or her.

Then, and only then, will they ask for forgiveness!

The Cuties of Song

The ink that writes, soaks
The paper, thin as parchment

Yet it goes barreling down
The avenues wide & strong

Vacant of incantations of
Song yet belongs to those
Times lost beneath the ashes
Of yesteryears

If you were to dig some
Up, you may find them
Strewn throughout many of
Lands in tears

Hopkins, Gerard, nearly, was
Forgotten. Ashbery a poet
Nearly forgotten by some
To whom you may know.

Cold – Detached – Behind
His lenses he knew so well
Of glass only to be warming
Sometimes.

Storming Sometimes!
Snoring *ALWAYS* to life's

Many achievements only to
Focus acutely behind *HIS*
Looking glasses, vividly,

To maybe capture the eternal
Song, the infinity beauties,
Of cuties of song,

As I did.

The New York Sound

Uptight and smug
Dodging twerps and thugs
Subways screeching
Teeth clinching

Headphones on the streets
Disconnected beats
Not enough money to heed
The notions in my head
Better off dead

But not on rooftops made of glass
With a fine, fine ass to boot
With some fine, fine grass to root and smoke
With some blokes in arm's reach

Necks to grab and snag
Heads to roll
In the neighborhood's strolling of young girls and boys
With no toys
Just art
To get them there!

But, oh my Gawd, that sound,
Make a grown man's head swivel around!
To the look of young women
Dilettantes
Blondes and brunettes bleached in fishnets
Black headed youngsters
Gunslingers to the sounds of trains in the distances

Instances of men gone awry
Foolish men and women gone awry
Too much pain to cry
The well's all dried up

But there's still a fifth in my cup
A gulp and a what's up!
To the sound of, What's Up Gentlemen and Women
To the sound of heavens and hells
To the sounds of bells on churches in downtowns

Wallstreet crutches
Made to bolster the Duchesses of men

The Hudson at night
River Paintings at the MET
The psilocybin and street cred'
MDMA on the upper Deck
Fireworks and Frank Stella
Black in the Nighttime!

Friday nights and dining
Dreaming and finding
To the Sounds of it ALL!

And we had a BALL!

The Potential, after Justin Horn

How'd I meet you, Justin? If you're out there?

You know that time those two girls sat me
Down on someone's bed in your house you
Shared with Perkins? Yeah, totally botched
It when they both asked me to have sex with
Them. Threesome time! The embarrassment
Was overwhelming, plus, they were meth-heads!
I don't even remember their names! One was
A sweet blonde, and the other a demure onyx.

Anyhow, I remember you at the height of your
Game, all clean and shit, calling me from Sedalia.
We talked like never before on that day. It was always

Difficult walking into the pain thick bedroom of
Marijuana smoke bellowing out in front of posters,
Like Metallica and Pantera.

They say, you know, that you killed yourself with
The bottle, intentionally. Ah, I don't know about
It, but I will say you had the potential of centuries.

The wherewithal to go to school and pass classes.
The need to, at one point. You spoke highly of
Your stepmom! The one in which I don't know
Much about. I think she was the one who was our
City mayor at one point! Well, that she was.

So, here we are. Loving on one another straight to hell,
And heaven. Me smoking, your drinking. They say it
Catches up to a man. I say I have permission from Jesus.
What about you? Did they give you the rites of passage
Down here from up there?

See you in the afterlife. My brother, if you ever get there?

The Quilts are Sewn

Upon the stairs goes something else.
An ear, a masterpiece.
An earring of gratitude.
Hearing their cries!
Wear something dyed.

The slavery I did.
The checks I paid.
From there they were made.
Into quilts for looking at.

Canvases of yesteryears.
We fought for survival.
The fighting was trivial.
But our survival wasn't.

So, I paid our debts.
With a masterpiece of hearing.
The clearing of underbrush.

The sounds of pain.
In through my ears and OUT with the rain.

A raincoat of suffering.
A painting in front of here.
It looks like rain.
But is something of tears.

The Snail

A snail is walking near a cave entrance
She has but a little shell she sleeps inside of
Her trail is as innocent as she is
Napping along the ways
Innocently

There are no drawings of her on the cave wall
Yet, the caveman awakes to her distance from the cave's entrance
She decides it's good to let her walk
After all his drawings are as her
Slow, timely, enduring

You cannot even see them take form in the night to firelight
You cannot even see them in the mornings to the sounds of thunder
Rain does not pervade them, the leaking
As the leaking of lamp light
Pervades

These words

Big artists and fame rise to the surface
Buoyant like dolphins amidst the noonday sunlight
I always wanted to be secure
I always wanted to be known

But, never famous.

You see, the ignoramus and the genius are but one at times
And I am him

THE TRUTH

The truth is...
It's not in art
It's not in religion
It's in love,
THE TRUTH.

Touch

A hand.
Caressed.
By another's is to connection
What song is to poetry, morning glory.
That's the story of love!
To go beyond what can't be touched,
but touched at first,
Nonetheless!

To caress –
To then *feel* the bone and soft tissue
within, Love!

Without love lost no abjectness to it!
Only Love!

My dear lover!

Vomit

I don't write with a theme –
Too often.
But when I do – I soften.

Sometimes, in reverse, I make
Mistakes out of the hardened
Canisters of days.
I paint a mark in the wrong place.

Yet, I press on in a haze!

The smoke persisting from
These lungs.

For fun.

Writing

Does the writing suffer from the paintings?

Perhaps?

I would have spent so much more time reading,
if it was the other way around.

But, as it was, I began as a painter.

It has occupied my time.

I had a studio mate in art school once,
he dated a smart girl of whom I didn't know very well.

Greg always bragged about how "well read" she was.

So, one time, courageous as I was, I asked her,

Do you ever catch up to the others in reading?

I hadn't read many books by then.

She said, "No. But..."

There was something to her voice, then.

Her tone.

It was old.

She liked me.

She liked my socks, too. Harsh White.

She knew something about me, then.

Her hesitation, it spoke about lifetimes.

And it was in my eyes.

You Gotta Hold On

Around here the clock strikes noon and it's
Coffee and a macaroon! Yellow, pink, and
Aqua, full of all that macaroon stuffing in
The coloration of her Chakra. And okra
In the summers next to ham is a pleasant
Meal for us. With some applesauce on the side.

And I hide then. Onto the studio to do
Some work! Yes, I take that trip to that
Part of town! And the blacks all contribute to
My mindset in here, and my friends are in fear of
Them, but really I don't sweat them! Because all
Of them, and I, is running for the stuffing.
And let it be for my little pink and yellow baby,
This morning. And God help us, aqua is still draining
From the spickets, and that the God upstairs is punching
Our tickets to the ride. But it's actually Midnight
And time to go with a heavy glow from the coffee I'm
Sipping on. And the light is beaming. So, I've got to
Let you down the hard way and not amidst my dreaming!

There ain't no macaroon! There never was. There ain't even
Any goons to say goodbye or to quarrel with in this studio
Made of glass. But I ain't weeping inside of it, or maybe
I am? I mean, you all just take your sideways glances
Inside from outside, and keep on riding past us anyways. And
If you didn't keep on trucking, I would probably murder you
Anyways. Justice is cruel at times.

You know, it gets that way sometimes beneath the heat in
Here, with the lamplight leaking and the sunshine
Bleeding all day and all night long! With my hands tired
From typing and my eyes squinting from painting all
Day long praying to the currency of love,

To the currency of love.

So yeah, I'll wake up half-refreshed, like always to the Dark of 3am, somehow, still holding onto it all. To the Under-glow of leafiness-light, to the shrub-light of back porches, and coffee. And perhaps I'll get lucky and catch a white bloom of strength where the glimmer of hope hides by day, but is reflected by porchlight back to me and by crepuscular chance-rays, serendipitous and ridiculous, all in the same striking, aching, pissed off motion!

And it's a mental-mind-breaking potion of love and Care in here, and out there, that gets us going again from Here to there. So enjoy it at least, this time. And It's time to go. To go. Anywhere. But here. Now.

Ain't it all so queer!

Your Beautiful Shows

All of you artists with your paint in hands
There's just one little thing you should understand
It's not a picture you want or a message to say
It's not the darkness in the alley it's the sun during the day

It's not the majesty of the land or the intelligence of the grid
It's not the truth at hand or the lies and the fibs
It's the power of knowing it's a discipline and a path
It's not the mystical inspiration or the rational math

It's not some fame hiding beneath your hats
Neither is it the glory due to that
It's the power of knowing you're the only one
Who can say what you say amongst the weight of tons

And if you think that weight can't be lifted
Because you're not skilled and neither are you gifted
There's one other thing that I need to point out
It doesn't matter if you use a pretty whisper or an ugly shout

To express the emptiness of years or the fullness of moments
All the prettiness or ugliness you'll ever know
Is in the afterlife of your beautiful shows

