

DOPPLER EFFECT

July 26, 1999

blue light heads toward you
red light fades away
cool blue as it warms to you
dead red looking backwards at you
warm to cool
hot to cold
time moves away
gravity holds sway
blue light is the attraction
satisfaction burns away
white light the end point
red light fades away

do you still hear the blues
at places not there any more
back doors mask dread zones
unable to see
scalded by white light
where there used to be
the red shift
the blue shift
the white light divides

what exists on the macro
inspires the micro
everything that's opposite
is life that positive
sound's not the machine
it's the living that sound
is why we are bound

you hear what you hear
you see what you see
you move where you go
you know what you know
division that joins
the addition subtracts
red shift blue shift
white light the end point
black light marks the flow

hurling us outward
soaring
green lawns
rose bushes
stucco houses with redwood front veneers
shingles in need of repair
gutters in need of cleaning
a neighborhood of airplanes disturbing air seeking thermals
wings intersecting feathers
disturbance on the horizon of events
the beat
a flap
the float
perceptible cycle
hesitatingly felt
the edge recedes as we move closer
we reach grasping but nothing
defying our imagination
a prick bursting our consciousness

the place we began cannot be seen
it is the other side of our division
if the line is not division
what is our other side
it is none side
one side
we are divided but not divided
we exist on both sides
i hear the sound but cannot guess the word

water rushing
beyond timbered bridges captures an order
drop that is here is now there
where is there
eventually we follow
path stream creek river ocean
waving to neighbors as we rush by
hello to the joneses, the smiths, the johnsons
every leaf branch rock sandy granule
a universe packed loosely together
randomly separated
unknown to each
brushing together
falling apart
without acknowledgment

apart closer faster further slower

earth

sand castles on the beach

rock broken on rushing water

sand sculpted tall

babel

digging down to raise high

scooping

the river now babel disguises the word

cuts through the heart of the garden

memory of knowledge

listen carefully to the sound of earth brought to water

ash

clay fired stardust

fission fusion hydrogen helium carbon black

elements consumed

fission our incomplete understanding of division

what cannot be buried is left for our children to see

fusion born of stardust

leading edge of the first wave

at least as fast as light

created obliquely

funhouse refractions

inaudible visions

we hear within our circle but not what is outside

Boy D
BAD THINGS HAPPEN WHEN YOU SAY I LOVE YOU
May 20, 1999

bad things happen when you say i love you

bad things happen

not just to you

bad things happen

not just through you

bad things happen

they come to you

shiny fast hard

without regard

your house and home

be it chrome foam dome

when ya ~~be it~~ roam ET phone home

write that tome

a tract a treatise

you get diabetes

with too much sugar

call archimedes

leave my circles

no color purple

paint by numbers

be it funtime runtime fantime wartime

gotta eat your wheaties

to scale the ramparts

go hail the troops

too much violence

too much passion

went out of fashion

sk ~~stole~~ my platforms

bad things happen

when i saw you on the floor

bad things happen

i shoud have hit the back door

you was at the party

joint was jumping

pretty dark haired girl

she do the dance

she roil the water

she change the filter

was it puralator

or drumulator
no a contribulator
didn't wait till later
i roll the dice
she boil the rice
she make it nice
i coil the snake
it start the chase
fell behind so fine
six became a nine
i lost my mind
road that bronco
straight down the freeay
found a glove
size too small
i gave a shove
push push
stretched it out
we gave a shout
let it all hang out
twelve years later
she got a boy by me
six years old
he a handful
he got a mindful
he stroked the water
smooth like stone
hard as granite
we didn't plan it
we moved like snail
not AOL
hard like nail
sixteen pennies
he on the dime
he right on time
we made it rhyme

cause bad things happen when you say i love you
cause bad things happen when you say i love you
cause bad things happen when you say i love you
oh ooh ohhh
uh oh ooh

OBTUSE
February 22, 1999

memories i refuse
memories i confuse
memories i excuse
memories i misuse
memories to defuse
memories that bemuse
memories to turn loose

memories i suspect
memories i reject
memories that infect
memories that inflict
memories that conflict
memories i neglect
memories i forget

passions and memories are two questions
memories of passions cause me question
who will question the passion of memories
passions questions and memories come they may
memories passions and questions come and stay
questions memories passions i send away
questions memories and passions return uninvited they

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questions i confuse
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passions i neglect
passions i forget

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who will question the passion of memories
passions questions and memories come they may
memories passions and questions come and stay
questions memories passions i send away
questions memories and passions return uninvited they
passions to deduce
memories too obtuse
questions two a truce
memory
never to loose the part of me you gave to me
passion
never to feel your face next to me again
question
never to know

three significant years
December 21, 1998

three years
year one for body
year two for mind
year three for spirit
to forty eight
to forty nine
to fifty
to seed
to prune
to shape
three years yes arbitrary
three years by corollary
to the millennium
to the half century
each of these milestones
a celebration to end the child the young adult the young man
to commemorate potential that now must be realized
activity without measured accomplishment is fraud
perpetrated on ideals that is the foundation the rock
our house will rest upon that rock
our house will be the evolution the transcendence of things past
the future perfect
individually
each infinitesimal part
minute but resolutely necessary the glue the mortar
a single grain will be missed if not present and counted
we will hold together
a rock
the foundation that will make our ancestors content and our children commit
we will be become human
so that they may become god

POP HOP
December 11, 1998

hip hop
trip hop
flip flop
straight on top

the warm spot
no chip shot
a bank shot
a double shot
with buck shot
no long shot
i'm red hot
amtrak on the dot

a freight train
hypersonic plane
i'm in your brain
i'm raining you
i'm staining you
draining you
paining you
i'm restraining you

you know i'm loud
a mushroom cloud
got you bow-wowed
kowtowed
meowed
disavowed
bony brow low browed
i'm high browed in crowd

i'm quaking knees
shaking trees
the antifreeze
no cool breeze
no COD's
the big cheese
i'm cream cheese
like black eyed peas

i go down easy
i get real greasy
painting your chin
making you grin

like three wise men
drinking bathtub gin
barking like Rin Tin Tin
making you sing like my mandolin

bluegrass tune on a sunny day
a career day in the NBA
having a field day
breaking up the double play
slap shot on the power play
chasing a cosmic ray
it's a red letter day
thats here to stay

cause it'm hip hop
trip hop
flip flop
straight to the top

LAST WORD
November 16, 1998

still searching for the girl i have not found
what would she look like
would i know
would i be able to touch taste smell or feel her
have i asked myself this too often
what is the statute of limitations for youthful indiscretions
middle aged crimes
follies of old age

i saw the girl i had not seen for five years yesterday
she looked worn
it was not that she was heavier
a little extra is better than not enough
it's that brother booty thang
nor that her hair was grey
as i've attained that status also
the jeans the gingham shirt
the gold reading glasses hug firmly around the neck
did not sum the girl i once knew and still remember fondly
wondering how differently if i had loved less indiscreetly
or chosen completely without hesitation or reservation
never would she have been seen as this before
always stylish though suburban
jaunty flirtatious if conventional
it was an air of resignation
she could as well have been seeing an old peacock trying to measure
when we are young life finds us easily
when we are older we must try to find it
we must expose the dirt under our fingernails
floss the crumbs between our teeth
laugh as we make haste towards it dark companion
the disquiet of our past was too open for us to ignore
we moved quickly not knowing what to say after exchanging pleasantries
it is not as if i do not still care for her
there could be no last word

i saw the girl again as a youth twenty years my junior
the arrogance was a pallid stench
no you do not know me or who i claim to be
you misunderstand what i have chosen to show you
college degrees and authoritarian pronouncements lead you only to the foot of the mountain
climbing is to learn to accept the hand of the drunk
the libertine

the slow
and the righteous
life has many disguises
the offered hand withdrawn does not return
silence will be the last word

i spoke to the girl again from the closeness of my hotel room
she does not want to see me
another time perhaps
we talked
as a pair of gulls over lake superior
just two dancing in the sky
the cool air beneath our wings
water and fire tickling shores i have not seen again
jointed for life
spending less than an instant together
the last word will take place sometimes in another lifetime

i will return home to the girl on Wednesday
to the house that is undone
it will be finished
piece by piece
by color
by brick
by tile
by concrete
by wood
by stone
by toy
by mask
by cape
by whine
by will
the girl
the puzzle
the word
the girl i have not found
i do not know from where she comes or where she goes
when she is ready
it will be she who whispers the last word

REVISIT THE COSMOS

November 3, 1998

drip drip drip of leaky faucets
uncut lumber
molding uncrowned
measure for measure
nothing to measure
everything's measured
too many plans
stacked in the corner
another cup of coffee

collect call from the cosmos
anybody home
answer please
don't make us come and get you

look look look around
wrinkled sheets
bed unmade
cords unconnected
frayed frayed drip dried
no not i'd
like to see
no wolf here
just another sheep sheep sheep

collect call from the cosmos
anybody home
answer please
don't make us come and get you

wound wound wound tight as a spring i am
got no hair like a king of siam
can't let go
can't be out of control
pound pound pound symmetrical squares
beat beat beat neat round pairs
weeds pushing through the cracks
seeds of good intentions
mud filling old holes
seasoning reasoning freezing teasing
drip drip drip
november follows may i ^{pal} another chance
dance with the girl trailing the boy

*dance with the girl
also follows
the dog*

bzile con la niña después de el niño

silver tarps drape
over snails pacing temporary straits
when can sen begin
who's denying
i'm only trying

collect call from the cosmos
anybody home
answer please
don't make us come and get you

EXPOSITION OF A SONG CYCLE
subtitled maybe i'll get it right this time
October 28, 1998

say hello Mr. Porter
love is often the word but it is about opening and trust as much as anything
a feeling a possibility that emotion could play a role in my life again
ambivalence uncertainty whether to share this feeling
am i being an old fool
should i just forget about it and get over it
i can take risks in my art that are dangerous to express in life as they may have real
consequences that can never be undone

before you express your emotion
check your intelligence quotient
make sure you'll pass the grade
or there'll be payback in spades

choosing to express the desire for an opening as a proposition
love as a desire for closeness with someone
wanting to fill the space within
recognition that this question could and will have consequences that are unpredictable as i
can only see life through my eyes

i have seen and know the answer to the question
yes or no is irrelevant
there will still be sadness as even asking the question is the reflection of the sadness that
exists within me that cannot be answered by this question
i am experiencing the beginning elation and closure sadness as part of my memories
i need the fig leaf to protect to pretend that my life is only an allegory and that it is only
inspiration for my art
i can disassociate from my life and live it as an observer
these are my issues
i watch the train wreck of my life as it collides with reality

hoping that things won't change but knowing they must
if i express hope
i will feel pain

the question of fig leaf
opening is a risk that is sometimes painful
already knowing the answer i was hoping for an easy landing
it was not to be
i understand your dilemma
you have been propositioned and you don't know me from adam

the firm no and direct eye contact is very effective
it establishes the boundary that may not be breached

i have no one to blame but me
but it still hurts
a lot

when you act like a fool boy
expect to be treated like a school boy

it also made me realize i'm an emotional idiot
that there are things that are best left unsaid
i am ashamed and embarrassed that i could not speak to you directly and express the
complexity of my emotions without resorting to wordplay
i was trying to show you a little part of who i am
open my door a bit and hoping you would respond
i was hoping that you would read the text and visualize the subtext that is beneath it
the beauty of art is the ambiguity
therein also lies its danger

Mr. Parker is thinking about wordplay
its rhyming timing and having fun
it also expresses the joy and fear of surrender
i have said out of spite and immaturity that i do not ever want to fall in love again
but i feel a physical and emotional attraction that at times makes it very hard for me to look
at you speak to you or be near you
this is also my issue

what Mr. Gossett says is that knowingly or unknowingly we choose activities that are literal
and allegorical translations of our psyche
we all have tapes
sometimes we can eject rewind or put on a new one
sometimes they get stuck
i am a runner
the journey is long as it is hard
it's nice to have a little company

SAME THOUGHT
October 25, 1998

I. HOLD THAT THOUGHT, MR. PORTER

is this love foretold
there's no fool like one who's old
is there a stream that's cold
should i dare and be bold
and say what i feel and pray you feel the way i do

with this song will you consent
will this choice i lament
is this time that's well spent
is my heart content
when i dream that its me making love with you

what can be my alibi
will i pretend and lie
will i start to cry
when the blue in the sky
meet the blues of my soul if we can't be two

it's true that it's you
it's my eyes you beguile
when i'm with you each mile
what's lovely's your smile
that's graces my path when i see you anew

II. HOLD THAT THOUGHT, MR. PARKER

she make me wanna think not enough
 feel too much
 hear too much
 fall under under and under

she make me wanna be scared not enough
 run too much
 see too much
 fall under under and under

who is she
why i can't let she be
why can't i be free from under

she make me wanna get away not enough

watch her hips too much
pull her close too much
fall under under and under

she make me wanna

breathe not enough
moves my lips too much
beg on my knees too much
fall under under and under

who is she
why i think she watch me
why can't i be free from under

please
lord let me be free
no
please
lord let me be free
no

make me your school boy too much
make me your tool boy too much
make me your fool boy too much
make me your love boy too much

she make me wanna wanna
she make me wanna wanna
she make me
she make me
she

III. HOLD THAT THOUGHT, MR. GOSSETT

deconstructing
reconstructing
connecting the text
context of past dots connected
clear to not i
ciphering the loop
deciphering the construct

i do not know you say you
say i should i want to know you
find you on an island
deserted island i have ceased to inhabit
lost island that appears from the dream

sullen mists from here have hidden it
but you called it forth
context that illuminates and hides the text
no i do not know you
should i show you i

do others fall in love
they do not know
they will do

line is circle incomplete
uninterrupted string
cooling of the universe of desire exploded
fragment of light hurdling through the dark time
consort of dark matter
infinite combination unlocks key
time
what will be created from this universe
memory
will we see who we wish to see
mirror
will we become who we are
now
will there be time
here

HOLD THAT THOUGHT, MR. GOSSETT
(deconstruct)
October 24, 1998

deconstructing
reconstructing
connecting the text
context of past dots connected
clear to not i
ciphering the loop
deciphering the construct

i do not know you say you
say i should i want to know you
find you on an island
deserted island i have ceased to inhabit
lost island that appears from the dream
sullen mists from here have hidden it
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what will be created from this universe
memory
will we see who we wish to see
mirror
will we become who we are
now
will there be time
here

HOLD THAT THOUGHT MR. PARKER

(you make me wanna wanna)

October 17, 1998

she make me wanna think not enough
feel too much
hear too much
fall under under and under

she make me wanna be scared not enough
run too much
see too much
fall under under and under

who is she
why i can't let she be
why can't i be free from under

she make me wanna get away not enough
watch her hips too much
pull her close too much
fall under under and under

she make me wanna breathe not enough
moves my lips too much
beg on my knees too much
fall under under and under

who is she
why i think she watch me
why can't i be free from under

please
lord let me be free
no
please
lord let me be free
no

make me your school boy too much
make me your tool boy too much
make me your fool boy too much
make me your love boy too much

she make me wanna wanna
she make me wanna wanna
she make me
she make me
she

HOLD THAT THOUGHT, MR. PORTER
(time to mind)
October 6, 1998

is this love foretold
there's no fool like one who's old
is there a stream that's cold
should i dare and be bold
and say what i feel and pray you feel the way i do

with this song ^{gu est par} will you consent
will this choice i lament
is this time that's well spent
is my heart content
when i dream that its me making love with you

what can be my alibi
will i pretend and lie
will i start to cry
when the blue in the sky
meet the blues of my soul if we can't be two

it's true that it's you
it's my eyes you beguile
when i'm with you each mile
what's lovely's your smile
that's graces my path when i see you anew

letter from your grandmother and other relatives
May 1, 1997

your grandmother writes you letters in the sky
what do they say
are they for you or two brothers separated by time and water and sensibilities
what will you say in response
will you say that you are a fine young man grown straight as the tree planted in
her honor twenty years ago
are these letters for a grandson not her own flesh or yours but claimed as her
own as well
what says your grandfather in skys that change to match his eyes and yours as
the blue and grey that he passed to you through his daughter
he asks have you learned the way of the jungle
the sound of the spirit beast that is you
listen
learn the sound of flowers pushing through april wetness of birth
jasmine rose lily
each their own tongue
smell the darkness of planet moon comet star
pollen for the flower of the universe that is you
listen
your mothers and fathers will be with you and you with them in the jungle
flower
bloom
do you hear echoes of the ones who will come after you who you must prepare
with the same resolute precision that i must prepare you as my fathers and
mothers have prepared me
she says prepare your yourself to dream and to act
your father has learned to dream but has not acted
your grandfather could only dream
your great grandfather could not dream or act
your great great grandfather had his dreams stolen
your grandmother says yours is the dream of names
the book unfolding
the dream of the beast quietly reclaiming the jungle that is theirs

OLD HOME WEEK
9/9/95

Come to paradise
we'll hide our past and forget our dreams
be someone new again
to dream a dream a crazy new dream

there used to be sky
now i wonder why
walls sit four square burnt dodged sienna
colors that were answers searched
found a then when I remember when
places closer to no end than a begin
an end that's mine as his is begin
combine to end again
to wake a fin again
to begin his again

come to paradise
we'll hide our past and forget our dreams
be someone new again
to dream a dream a crazy new dream

pale women dressed in black
pale songs place what was home
silence of single conversations
echoes you who are not here
a romance of seduction to you beautiful woman
appeals to vanity of youth
imagine dissolving reality one more last time
dreaming to cheat what comes
if one has the courage naturally

come to paradise
we'll hide our past and forget our dreams
be someone new again
to dream a dream a crazy new dream

grief uncertainty aloneness
stretching out to differences strangers
forgetting friends
it will go away if you can make it
stain residue come clean

strong water
magic feathers tattoos
strong jujus
hair between pairs
strong legs

come to paradise
we'll hide our past and forget our dreams
be someone new again
to dream a dream a crazy new dream

this morning now sits sign
for sale between two words
two worlds thirty three years
now and then
before and after
the time it takes to lift the grass
plant the post
heave the hoe
gone
to paradise

come to paradise
we'll hide our past and forget our dreams
be someone new again
to dream a dream a crazy new dream

WHY ME LORD
October 6, 1993

this side

they call you carmen
i think you're charming
i'd like to squeeze you
like the charmin
don't want to tease you
i want to please you
when you smile that nice
you know you scotch my ice
when pour my drink
i'm on the brink
should i give you a wink
or should i stop to think
then i see you shake it
i can't take it
i can't fake it
i want to make it

so drop a dime on me
spend some time on me
put out on a line on me
wind the vine on me
charm the snake on me
run the break on me
hit the slam on me
throw the jam on me
spread the honey on me
get funny on me

my head says go
then my head says slow
just say no
but who wants mo'
should you be cool
or let your heart be the fool

flip side

it happened once
caught playing the dunce
straddling the mount

going down for the count
bobbing and dipping
steady taking a whipping
i started slipping
seriously tripping
it wasn't grass
rhymes with brass
she liked to mash
but i got passed
short with the cash
ran out of gas
stuck with the trash
my house was glass

do you need to repent
or let your heart relent
do you ring the phone
or leave it alone
do you chase the bone
or head on home
when you give it a nudge
and she won't budge
can't hold a grudge
you be the judge

my head says go
then my head says slow
just say no
but who wants mo'
should you be cool
or let your heart be the fool

slight reprise

so drop a dime on me
spend some time on me
put out on a line on me
wind the vine on me
charm the snake on me
run the break on me
hit the slam on me
throw the jam on me
spread the honey on me
get funny on me

FRIDAYS
October 1, 1993

every other friday is my day off
i spend the mornings doing errands
i go to the grocery store the cleaners
drink too many mochas
if it is like other days there are times when i think of you
i have often wondered what it would be like if i see you somewhere
would you look the same
would i pass by and not see you
would you not see me
i have seen your old car and what i imagine is your new car
something low and sporty
you always said you wanted to change your image
but you i have not seen

do you ever think of me
i have written you poems and letters
but only one have i sent you
i wonder if you read it
or just tossed it out with the other junk mail
i contemplate who i am
and why i wish for others to fill these holes
and why i have been afraid to let others share these dreams
my thoughts pass quickly and i return to errands

finishing little things i turn to the studio
sometimes i leave the door open
half expecting half dreading that you would come
of course you do not
i am left with solitude
it is no cure but it helps
it breaks the fever focuses forward
today i will walk to the bookstore
buy the voice or a computer or music magazine
have coffee and watch the water

nearing my destination i see your friend maria
she is seated at the restaurant next door with three other women
at first i do not see you but i know you are there
as i scan the table
you are there on the left
the color of your hair is lighter now

but you still fancy bows
i have always thought what would i say to you if we had a chance meeting
i cannot think of anything
i hurry to the bookstore
if you see me you do not let on
i browse the magazines
but i cannot stay
so close so far
it is as if the books the magazines the worlds they hold are pressed against my chest
this life i have chosen weighs hard
it as if all the things we said and did had meaning
could be changed
with one word an utterance a sign
i ~~must~~ leave
i do not look to where you sat with your friends
i ~~am afraid~~
i turn and see maria
i almost fall
the stairs are low and hard
i catch myself and sit by the water
it is solitude
the sparkles the breeze the air
i feel my blood returning
for now i am safe
when i return to the bookstore
you and your friends are gone
i buy a book of poems about love
some are pretty
others not
they help
the double scotch helps more
on my way home from the studio
i am not strong and try to hold back tears
~~this~~ at night i draw the covers and cry myself to sleep

PROLOGUE
September 20, 1993

a circle
a turn
a wheel
from my new office on the ^{third} ~~fourth~~ floor
i can see the water, the city, the freeway
cars stopping, passing, speeding
tires on expansion joints, uneven pavement, rain grooves
alters the basic pitch and scores a rhythm/melody
that travels with us
we have come to believe that speeding is better
when it only makes the treadmill faster
as a child
i knew the name make and model and year of all the cars that would pass our door
now i guess at their stories
the red one the blue one the green one
what would be revealed about their from
radios, front seats, back seats, trunks, hoods, fenders
rearview mirrors
much occurs in the rearview
from making up to making out
oddly sometimes we drive using rear view
moving forward while looking backwards is dangerous
i see it all the time
i have done it myself
i have had too many near misses to continue
there are many other ways to travel
before we were born we did not need to drive
before we were born we understood where we were
before we were born
we are

EPILOGUE
September 20, 1993

a circle
a turn
a wheel
when i was young
i wrote about how i would change the world
as i grew older
i wrote about how the world changed me
as i grow older still
i would like to change with the world

the text has been passed from before we were born
now we pass the text to before they are born
a circle
a turn
a wheel

ARTIST STATEMENT

3/28/92

I.

Before i was born
i knew i was an artist
one who could speak, hear, see and feel
one who could love
while i could not sing with the angels
at times they would let me listen
i would try to mimic their sounds
they would laugh and say
sing your own sounds
sing what you feel
while i could not see them
i would try to picture them
capture their image in my mind
they would look at the image
laugh and say
we do not look like that
imagine what you feel and paint that image
while i could not fly
they would at times let me run with them
zooming off with delicate loops, spirals, and dips
i would chase
running in circles falling down
like a puppy runs after its tail
they would laugh and say
run straight and hard
when it was time for me to go
they gave me a gift
as i could not speak their language
i did not understand
i could not see it or hear it
they left
i tried to chase after them
but i could not yet run straight and hard
and came here instead

II.

when i was young
i was hurt
why i do not know
why i do not care
i could not understand
it did not seem fair

i felt pain and began to turn inward
as i was an artist
i tried to sing
all i could sing was the whimpering of a immature child
i tried to see
all i could see were my eyes ripped from my sockets
i tried to hear
all i could hear was sound of my own voice crying
in school
i tried to recreate what i knew before i was born
some of my teachers would laugh at my sounds and visions
they would say you cannot see that
it does not sound like that
you cannot say that
others would say
do what you feel
and the world will be open to you and you it
what i felt was pain

i began to use my other gift
i began to run
run away from my feelings
not the sprinter
as the pain was already upon me
not the miler
it could not take me far enough
the marathon
would be my distance
run i could for hours
it would I thought take me away from pain
each step would close my injuries
each step would close my wounds
each step would close my visions
each step would close my sounds
each step would close my feelings
each step would close me
each step would complete a circle
with each i would chase my shadow
with each i ran from my gift

III.

for twenty years
i tried to love
how can you love with no vision
no voice
no hearing

no feeling
yes i called myself an artist
the words could be pretty, the sounds nice, the images appealing
others would even applaud my works
but i was closed, incomplete
i tried to find completion in others
i told myself i would love them
throw myself at their feet
plead for forgiveness
beg for their mercy and absolution
yes many deals were made
unions were consummated
each was broken
their completion could not be in me
and mine not in them
with each shattering the pain returned
i did not understand that it had never left
as i was older, i could run hard
but not straight
ending was where i began
the circle kept closing
i began to choke on the pus of festering wounds i could not heal
i chose not to feel
i buried the pain with pride, arrogance, conceit, sex, drugs
and with it i buried my gift

IV.

in 1985
i met her
she was a scorpio
at the time it seemed a reasonable solution
attractive, good dancer, good in bed, employed
she had been hurt young also
with her was a friend
a friend for nine years
he was an old soul
they protected each other
he had been abused by others who sought to have her
by others who did not understand his wisdom
he had been one step from the angels
a great crime must have he committed for him to have been punished as he was
was it pride, arrogance, conceit, disloyalty?
he would not reveal
his punishment was he could not speak the crime
nor could anyone hear him if he spoke
but if you stopped, listened closely

you could feel the time before you were born
most did not take the time
thinking him inferior useful only for their needs
fetch, roll over, play dead, hunts
games he would disdain

together we three would run
we felt before time
we ran in circles
not to escape
but to make ourselves silly
to delight in the presence of our childhood
to prepare ourselves for another
then i did not understand
these circles were not but spirals
the revolutions opened not closed
outward not inward
not with the passionate burst of a sprinter
not with the powerful kick of the miler
with the steadiness of the marathoner
in five years
i began to love myself
i began to love her

he was older
his sentence complete
he could have left
he chose not to
she could not let him go
i could feel his pain
he knew pain greater than i could imagine
my pain paled
while i had run he had persevered
he would not give himself permission until i committed
to what i did not ask
he knew that i knew
we left him to his happiness
the day after there was an earthquake

even though i had committed
there was hesitation
still a fear of feeling and with it pain
still not understanding my wholeness is within
and not within her
still the fear of choosing wrongly
forgetting that i was not in school and there is no wrong answer

still the fear of water
of drowning in the stillness of my soul
but the sea was parting and there was opening

V.

she was a scorpio
she made the water move
returning the excitement of my youth
the fire of the sprinter
recalling a lost dream
buried feelings
unfinished grieving
a chance to make right the past
with lips measuring the wetness of rain on the green hills of spring
hips rolling to the rhythm of waves
eyes reflecting the sparkle i could no longer see in me
when i should have run
i did not
i was lost in the waters of my own emotion
throughout this year and a half
i could see what i was doing to her
it is not that i did not care
i thought i was healing myself
i was but not how i thought it would be
each time she and i made love
was each time i gave less to her
she would beg
but i had left her for her
this was what i wanted
but i could not speak it
fear kept me from choosing
i do not know if i could have changed the past
the future was chosen for me
she could not wait
she waited
through my pain
through the pain i had given her
it was not easy
in the night i would hear her cry
she knew i was not there
at times i would cry with her
but she would not let the bond break
i twisted
i stretched
i pulled
i lied

i was disloyal
i committed many crimes
i could not break the bond
the promise i had given to the old soul

she understood running
i was not the sprinter
quick to choose with a burst of angry energy
not the miler
with authoritarian decisiveness of the kick
but with measured pace
weighing possibilities cautiously
it may have cost me much
but i have won much
the past is past
the future will be created

VI.

this time i will complete my grieving
the pain is great
but i am open to it
i understand the feeling that is my gift
i will use it until i am an old soul

in November
i will be joined with another scorio
her name will be
i cannot pronounce it yet
it means *she who joins line & end*
"she who runs hard, straight and endures
she who will be loved and brings joy to two".

DISTANT ECHOES

June 24, 1993

we were friends once
now we are not
we might have remained friends
but we have not
what we have needed
we have found

LOBOTOMY
4/23/93

lobotomy
dichotomy
tracheotomy
split my head in two
can't think of you

gotta get some air
gotta find my hair
screw 'em if there's no answer
screw 'em if there's no dancer
reality we can make it

*is there an answer
an 1 the dancer*

H
when you're caught fake it
caught
by the rats in their traps
snared
by false hearted women in their webs

by the tail in the trap

snared the women in their webs

lies truths rumours
who said what to whom when
i mean you mean

say what
say that
say when
say then
rap it up
trap it up
trip it up

2 f
i just cry to you
you hurt me too
to the rescue
such a motley crew
chew the fat
chase the rat
round and round
find the ground
where's the start
where do we part
pick one
pick two
don't pick you
pick the lies we breed
pick in the truths we need

2 half

lobotomy
dichotomy
tracheotomy
split my head in two
can't think of you

IN ADVANCE

4/22/93

a letter
a speech
a statement
prepared in advance in case of the call
currently
a soliloquy
a monologue
a conversation
with demons ghosts madmen and borderline psychotics
to be distributed in case of
a contract
a deal
a large one
to reveal the inner workings of an artist who refuses to accept reality
or in case of the call

it is hard for me to accept that you never cared for me
could not consider my emotions
could think only of yourself
could not understand anything about me
my feelings are not options optional or to be optioned but deserve to be acknowledged

it is hard for me to accept that i was that unimportant that you could not tell me
when there was nothing to lose or gain but salvage our friendship
you were living with someone soon to be married
but continue to use me avoiding unpleasant truths
my feelings are not martyrdom but a request for consideration and respect

it is hard for me to accept that i spent a year and one half with someone
with someone i did not know
with someone whose definition of love and friendship
i did not could not and cannot understand
my feelings are not anger longing self-pity but disgust with my own wrong headedness

it is hard for me to accept while i would like to call you speak to you hear your voice i cannot
i do not wish to curse you call you names revile you
there is no point
you would not hear or understand me as we are different
my feelings are not love hate or scorn but resignation

it is hard for me to accept that i refused to see that you could harm me

it is not that you are good or evil
it is your nature
as you cannot see others
my feelings are not a morbid curiosity but that i should stay away from you.

it is hard for me to accept that our relationship was a transaction
measured by what you could take
not by what we each could give
when i could not give enough you moved to others who could offer more
my feelings are not effects to be totaled but are gifts i wanted to share with you

it is hard for me to accept that we did not communicate
that you could not honestly speak of fears hopes needs
discuss the uncertainty
envision a future rather than hint infer and plan a demise
my feelings are not tea leaves but are open for you to see

no letter
no speech
no statement
prepared in advance
can sway
the demons the ghosts the madmen
that chase the answer when there is none
no soliloquy
no monologue
no conversation
with self with you without honesty
can illuminate the duality of perception
resolve the feelings of an artist who must accept the reality
with or without the call

GRAND CANYON

4/12/93

life runs red with arizona sandstone
fine grains
sticking to the soles of your shoes
flecks of your life
of those before and after you
stepping over epochs
wide as time itself
treading crushed powdered bones
fragments of souls
clouds seeding sand
filling rivers
flooding sky wind
drifted compressed piled high sands
carved cracked faulted broken reordered
rivers once emptied now filled

life runs green with california desert flowering
leaves spines needles petals blooms
surfacing with april sun
invisible to unappreciative unpracticed eye
insects dancing on grains of dusts
praying to the beat
the beat
lifebeat created in the first instant
the first drum sound
the bang the boom the beat
reverberating every day in the combination called creation
changing practicing
to get it right
echoing the return to oneness
deserts once dry now wet

life runs black with alpine nights
dusted sprinkled with pinholes glimpses
light
years ahead and behind
confirming the heavens
gravitating dust
coalescing under guise farther than eyes can see
stars created
unseen not revealed

hidden by full moon brightness
pressing together
dissolving distance
bridging canyon space
shrinking time
embryonic revelations of new creation
skies once dark now illuminated

life runs on with every day new day
time filled with purpose
opportunity to create recreate
yourself myself ourselves in new patterns chances
chance
to imagine
to opiate
on being becoming tomorrow
yourself myself ourselves is a seed
a dream conceived in our mind
fertilized in the ground of our consciousness
planted firmly in your body
to be nourished by your milk
one plus tú equals one
doors once closed now open

LAST POEM
(Souvenir)
3/27/93

I give you back your life
I take back mine
The bond between us is broken
The love between us remains
Wear it and think of me
Love him as you would have me
I will love her as I would have you
And we will love each other forever

ANYTHING IS NOT EVERYTHING

3/24/93

Anything is not everything
You said that you would have done anything for me
I have ruined my marriage for you
my life for you
maybe three other
I am drowning as I watch you walk by on white sandy beaches
I will survive.
I will learn how to swim
I will learn to live without you
I will learn to love unselfishly and protect myself
This lesson should have been learned years ago
in a past life
to avoid present pain
I always run in circles, chasing, dreaming an illusion called romance
I should move straight and fast with purpose
Confront life
Life is timing
right place, wrong time
wrong time, right place
I never wanted to be this hurt, this way, this pain, this life again
I will keep it as a souvenir of my foolish heart
Where do dreams go when they're broken?
Do they join others on a lost beach mixing with shells in a child's aquarium?
Do they joint the hearts that have been parted
scratched
severed
sacrificed to make these dreams?
In breaking apart
does everything come together again with new lovers and new dreams?

THINGS TO PONDER

2/18/93

things burn up
stuff burns out
time falls in
everybody do
everybody knew
everybody do
what they gotta do
looked for a lover
found a friend
fell in love
fell outta of love
fell on my face
a short trip down
a long road back
way back when you found a friend
way back when you can fall back in
way back when you remember when
remember the times
walk in
the sea that moves forward and back
fall in
the water that shelters your soul
fade in
the tide that covers your past
fade to black
remember the times
swinging beds
thatched roof
over your head
first sight
magnetic lips
first night
kissing in the park
dancing with the devil in the pale moonlight
salt air beaches
bleached bone covers
ever get over
always remember
pennies from heaven

6:00 PM. IT RAIN

MINDS EYE

11/30/92

in my minds eye clearly i did not see myself

see myself as who i have become

see myself as who i have been

dismissive

self absorbed

detached

cold

in my minds eye clearly i need to remember myself

remember myself as the child

remember myself as the young man

energetic

daring

hopeful

loving

in my minds eye clearly i must picture myself

picture myself as who i could be

picture myself as who i wish to become

supportive

involved

compassionate

warm

in my minds eye clearly i start to accept my life

accept my life as what i am

accept my life as what i create

honestly

openly

freely

whole

PROPHECY

11/17/92

match strike
flame burn
letter gone
memories smoke
ashes left
passion heat smoulder dust
seven thousand three hundred four days
one hundred seventy-five thousand two hundred ninty-six hours
one fifth of a century
one half my time
spent looking for something there not there
each time flame time burn time hot time gone time cold time
why me I ask no reply
why me I ask why not you reply
I not understand
each time same end each time same burn each time same pain each time numb time
numb time make survive time
survive time drowns the flame
hides the fire
buries your passion
dying each day
not know why
not understand death is a slave's freedom
not understand heat is the friction of your resistance to the life being drawn from you
not understand flame is you being used for kindling
not understand ash is the powdered dust of the remants of your soul your dreams your memories
your time
this passion this love these women were not
seven thousand three hundred four days
one hundred seventy-five thousand two hundred ninty-six hours
one fifth of a century
one half my time
now understand
first time not best time not last time not only time not any time just one time
bury them not you
lay them to rest not you
grieve for them not you
we do we have to do we need to do
no blame no reason no why
because
wrong time wrong place wrong memory same end
because
these passions these loves was was not

if selfish if mean if hurtfull if untempered
no other end
flame time is not seflfish time
passion time is not mean time
heat time is not hurt time
seven thousand three hundred four days
one hundred seventy-five thousand two hundred ninty-six hours
one fifth of a century
one half my time
passion time is slow time
flame time is wait time
heat time is patience time
you can't always take a cab
sometimes you gotta walk
walk time is now time

For Art
10/27/92

In the summer of 1968
water ran still
water ran cold
water ran
water
slipped silver stream
pushed
clean sipped sparkling
knifed
cold sunken raised
no one not one soul
alone
just us
just tree
just bird
just bear
just fish
just us
just sound
just no sound
just quiet
just fire
just us

in the summer of 1968
lake without time
time to find key
key without door
door to find self

INVISIBLE DIARY

1/30/92

words we write in an invisible diary
stories of love are penciled in
we hide it so no one can read it
it is it real or make believe

the pages flip forward and back
where i am i lose track
is this a new or an old song replayed
or change again just delayed

we have lunch on fridays
we make love on wednesdays
we play hooky on mondays
we write a new chapter each day

lessons we've not learned completely
lessons one thousand times we write neatly
do we trust too completely
when we love indiscreetly

the pages flip forward and back
where i am i lose track
is this a new or an old song replayed
or change again just delayed

end to end could we be together
end to end could they last forever
end to end would they form a circle
end to end do we begin again

the pages flip forward and back
where i am i lose track
is this a new or an old song replayed
or change again just delayed

as the pages flip forward and back
as the pages flip forward and back
as the pages flip forward and back

ELECTRAGLIDE IN BLACK (PART TWO)

1/30/92

We are riding Jacob's ladder

curiosity

infatuation

obsession

denial

we are riding rung by rung

tea break

lunch break

walk break

talk break

we are riding hand by hand

southland

parkland

shoreland

northland

danger is our surrender

we surrender to the danger

greed is absolute

need is absolution

passion is desparation

satisfaction is complete

we are branded

marked

delineated

defiled

reviled

we are sliced

cut

scratched

scarred

inscribed

we are drawn

etched

engraved

measured

ruled

we are ruled by the other

we are willed by the same

each are ruled by the other

each are ruled by the same

ELECTRAGLIDE IN BLACK (PART ONE)

1/13/92

Electraglide in black
chrome gleaming
wheels turn
it knows
the future
it knows
machine stands guard stands ready
two wheels on pavement
leaning straight hard and sure
saddle wide soft firm and unbroken

staright hard sure
electraglide in black
chrome gleaming
we ride
approach the seven eleven
furtively
recklessly
from the night thru the door into the light
don't move
only we move
hold still
who wants to get hurt
where is it
hidden camera stealing images
on the floor
don't don't turn around
we want the tapes
into the garden
the tapes
forest of celluloid acetate magnetic domains attractions
we want the tapes
don't watch
two minutes is not up
you know when we know
don't watch
hours to minutes
minutes to minuet
a dance that is no mystery
mister me misting you
misting the seeds

bathed in sweat
washed in juices
taste me taste you
sweet sunday
sweet parfait
sweet au lait
sweet tuesday
sweet sunset
dreams unmet
dreams we meet to fulfill
to fill the spaces
each crevice
each crack
each in between
each place for wetness
wetness our ocean
waves of wetness
washing sunset
merging
each wave meets each stroke
each stroke one step closer
we create our children
our sun our moon
rotate and revolve and turn
sweatness
sweetness

straight hard sure
electraglide in black
chrome gleaming
we ride
splattering bugs squashing squishing
deeper into the forest
jungles of matted hair
tangle of wet flowering
leaves dripping oozing juices
warm earthy dampness
ripening
the fruit
ready for taking
peels
skins cast aside skins shead
serpent offers apple
we bite we chew we lick

our tongues flick side to side around
slowly knowingly
swallowing each precious drop
biting chewing licking sucking squeezing
hard
each precious drop swallowed
thirst for more

straight hard sure
electraglide in black
chrome gleaming
we ride
sliding deeper into the garden
twisting pavement slick with wetness
slippery
down into the forest
the jungle moves
parting for
each stroke
each step
each wheel turn
each revolution
each movement
each sensation

we ride straight hard and sure
electraglide in black
chrome gleaming
we ride straight hard and sure
we leave no trace
we ride straight hard and sure
we search for the spot
we ride straight hard and sure
we disappear
we ride straight hard and sure
we find ourselves
we ride straight hard and sure
we find each other
we ride straight hard and sure
we come together

CERTAIN/NOT SURE
12/2/91

waves, you, walking
your eyes arise from the in between blue green sea
matching the sun sparkle for sparkle
in each the sea rolls forward
recedes

waves, you, walking
sleep walking midnite awake
words trailing off pages leaving white space
filled by thoughts of you
black water contrast
white leading edges
lace

breaking concentration
waves, you, walking
alone
silk, prints, satin
together
if we erase two make one
what say you
nonsense to foolish bets, lovers roulette, prior debts
I have no doubts
but I am not certain
waves, you, walking

INDECENCY

11/8/91

are you decent yet, just say yo'
we'll kiss again as we first met
to make love to you with no regret
you're the nectar i can't neglect

are you decent yet, the judge ^{soul} won't know
direct the jury to acquit
it's the habit i can't inhibit
you're the crime i gladly commit

are you decent yet, don't let go
if i run put out the dragnet
it's your lips that's the magnet
you're the fever i start to sweat

are you decent yet, just say no
it's the dance that's our duet
love's the question to our secret
you're the answer i can't forget

stay right there and let's begin
open up and take me in
open up where it's warm inside
rock me on your ferry ride
it's your eyes that starts my rising
you're the gift that still surprising
to feel you soft pressed close to me
in your house is where i want to be
the time for us is now and here
under stars crossed crystal clear
do we care what people say
they can look the other way
i'll be sad when you need to go
i'll remember smiles that graced our show
i'll say goodbye never turn my back
as you sail away along distant tacks

but say aren't you decent yet, just say mo'
'cause you're the nectar i can't neglect
you're the crime i gladly commit
you're the fever i start to sweat
you're the answer i can't forget

LUST, PASSION, LOYALTY
10/26/91

lust, passion, loyalty intersect on the line of your collarbone
tracing the line with my tongue
at your shoulder
wanting to go further
i stop
fading into shadows illuminated by headlights
the line hides
i tell myself i do not want to find it
i tell myself you deserve better
better than interludes
better than etudes sounded
whoosh whooosh whoooooosh
rain
click click click click
rain
ba thump ba thump ba thump ba thump ba thump
rain
can good come from selfishness
can we be loyal to ourselves, eachother and others
i see a sign
it is the shape of your ear directing me to where the line hides
i hear a noise
it is your heartbeat
passion set against time measured by our loyalty to others
i see your watch
encircling your wrist and our time
lust is brief
passion is kindled slowly
loyalty waits
dousing passion with time, memory, questions, possibilities, eventualities
it is no match for the shadows where the line hides ~~waiting to be seen~~
/rising and falling as you breathe / 
wanting to hear
i do not listen
wanting to see
i do not see
i am senseless
i fall
passion touches my hands
i am warmed *simple*
passion burns my ears
i must hear
i open my eyes
i see the line
passion illuminates it course

WORK A DAY WORLD (STRIPPED PAJAMAS)

10/26/91

Another day caught in the slammer
sitting around in stripped pajamas
living small and working the hammer
practicing yessuh, nosuh, the accepted grammar
but jack be nimble jack be quick
little big man gotta work his stick
pump that stick it ain't that slick
you get the shaft he get's the fat
you blaze the trail he rides the rail
what about even
forget it chump be glad you're breathing
if you talk too much
you're going dutch
every day you're working in the slammer
jacking with the hammer wearing the stripped pajamas

ON LOAN FROM THE COSMOS

10/26/91

running down the highway
headlights at my back
running down the highway
i'm moving down the track
running towards the future
nowhere else to go
running from the past
time's moving on too slow
running to tomorrow
i keep running
i keep running
my legs can't set me free
i keep running
i keep running
time won't let me be

BUT ^{you} YOU FIND A STRAIGHT
YOU GIVE IT A CHANCE
SHE RIDES THE TIGHT WIRE
YOU HOLD THE ROPE

SWEET KISSES / ONE WISH

10/24/91

sweet kiss
one wish
we resist
we sigh
we try
we lie
captain may i
you say
i say
you may
can't stay

sweet kiss
one wish
we're tempted
preempted
make believe
we'll leave
we pretend
can't end
we begin
one more
starts four

sweet kiss
one wish
i pray
you'll stay
all day / WE MAY
one night
when right / HOLD EACH OTHER TIGHT
we might
many kisses
many wishes
sweet kisses
sweet kisses