

In This Place:
A Book of the Nineties

Poetry
By John Alan Conte, Jr.

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Author's Note

Self Analysis

Rather than having someone ask questions about my work, I took advantage of the liberty to ask myself questions. Questions which are relevant to my cause and reason for writing.

When I was a young inquisitive adolescent, questions plagued my mind teachers could not answer. The pain was excruciating. I felt bare, alone, bored and restless. Classes crept along while I found myself in another dimension of thought, worrying and wondering about the world. Sometimes I would sneak to the back of the book during lectures trying desperately to discover some answer to ease my thirst for knowledge which transcended the classroom experience. Here is where I found comfort to ease my pain and droplets for my thirst. The appeasement I felt when I read these poetic authors was such an ecstatic relief to this lost young boy that I no longer felt so alone. Although there was no one next to me talking to me like those pages did, I knew there was someone out there that had thought and felt the way I did. I could relate. Approval.

Now at the age of 22 I know I've lived and learned by purposeful trial and error, question and defiance, observation and weeded out advice and I want to be there for the next restless and inquisitive mind with the burning desire to live, to die, to love. For out of extreme chaos and destruction can only come something better. A work of art...a creation.

My poems are Art work...a short film or novel, painting, story, song, an ordinary scene from the stages of life. All written down to give the fast paced American a quick jolt of ecstatic entertainment. A sort of intellectual copulation.

Each page of my book is ornately filled with pictures, each word a stroke or spurt of a painting.

The Artist is one who can best capture the time. For this is art and an art among itself in capturing time. Art work is like a molded reflection, a window, door or vista which shows the world the time captured. How an artist chooses to depict life is creative choice; unless, society or "the crowd" wants to limit this Artistic Freedom so they may project the underlying theme they think should be believed and projected. For choice of depiction is a form of art and art is a form and expression of freedom.

Almost everyone paints pictures in their minds with thoughts or images but few express it with sensitive care.

The soft parade of artists will march on...forever...look what God created!

John Alan Conte, Jr.

Shower of Fires
earthly light
surrender to me
in aborted fright
give me
what I want
to see
struggle of the mind
moonlit sea
Tired bodies
not sure of strength
testing bounds
the accomplished
length.

Panic
Sweat
anxiety
dread
anguish

The unknown second

Fear...Alone
but I don't want

clutches of paws
ripping my flesh
when we try to Flee

Try to be me

Maybe we'll stay
in our garden
savor our wine
while
we consume
blind time of
sensuous minds
coming to the age
of strange, bitter
ripeness
Friends and loneliness
Glorious moments
created
raped
robbed
stolen, captured
written down
to be saved.

To Hear the Call of Thunder

Middle class poets
Joust to their death
adjusting positioning
for
the Prince of the rest
On lawns
of springtime rose buds
the bodies fall
as soft petals
delicately to the ground.
Then the Prince
spins round and round
till his vision still spins while
he stands still to feel.
In the need of arising
the old take their Final bow
to bless and prepare
the new Prince now endowed.

We are all statues of the moment
given eternal bliss for a second
some of us can feel the rain
some of us know the pain
while many others remain cold stone
they are those who never knew fame
the statue without a name
in the great hall of light

Morning January II, 1992

**Let's greet the day
Float through it
Create a new one
if we want**

"No"

the painting seemed to say

"I'm a child!

I have and feel

so many things

I'm unaware of

But I know enough

to express them with

painted images, words

and resurrections

I'm lost in tomorrow

but saw today

I hope not wrongly

I hope little green men

won't spoil my holiday."

Who are you
Where did you come from?

She dances
on glimmering
golden rays...

Above pure waters

depth

animals
run furiously
take breath

exist
without reason

alive with instinct

die
as they die

in the night
where we cry.

A world of rituals, unions, and dances were lost in our austere society.

.....

Dreams are imaginable actions
which are connected to the reality of
Action that makes a person the being -
the being is.

In dreams you can be a sign or
symbol - disguised form.

.....

Do you know what she said
as she slid her hand across mine?
"It's so rrrrrreal!"

.....

(Freedom)
no-thing
not a label
not a fixed entity
not a forced identity

.....

Who'd you let in the dark air?

We sat and watched the sunlight dye
darkness bleed with the moon
aglow
providing just enough light for us that night.

.....

Stares of imagination
Fire with no touch
Ice with no depth

.....

Dreams of Reality

**Mystic garden
skill at night
Take your minds
let's win the fight**

**Red Army chorus
songs of Russian Revolution**

**I stood up
from the beating.
I felt love
as they whipped me
with words of latent say.
I forgave being stabbed.
Today I fell
tomorrow I arose.**

Film is a vicarious religion
where you can act out your unconscious
wishes through someone else's captured
body.

Fear is the embarrassment
of the ego;

Terror
the nightmare
of the unconscious.

**The world
is a sacred
Rose**

**The universe
a surrounding wonder
wrapped in flowing air.**

**Nature can offer
what the eyes
could give**

Halls
Malls
Streets...
leap

off · in · thru
it went
it went
thru
Above beyond

Reckless
black
integers

Rage cage

Hi way
day paved way
night
brought
bought
carried through
by
blindness
timeless
Neon lights
of weary
school children.

Fright
awakened
Fight

Unity of sacrificial
deities
insanity
 or
 honesty?
split realities
concealed behind masks.

dreams, images and resurrections
arise
but don't follow

I got the key
to unlock
to walk
barefoot
on green
beds.

Teenager

Days of envy
days of play
days of sunny
girls leading
to the way.

Everyday Job

She goes
there
everyday.
It's hard
for her
to remember
who she is
while
she acts
out what
her slave driver
wants.

She goes
there everyday
and looks
out the window,
neglecting her
duties
however
only to
feel the
whip
of words
the slave
driver
throws.

She wants
to see what else,
what else her
mind and body
can do
what's
wrong, honey?

Rings of Fire

Everybody
wants
to
be
at
the
sundance.

Everybody
wants
to
take
a
stab
try and chance.

The faces
peeled off
and made over.
Bodies dance
with spirits
of Flaming tongues
and outer minds.
Visioning other.
While they move
their possessed bodies
like animals
wantonness.

Everybody wants
Few resist
Few deny
Few pull away
From the beautiful's
eye.

In the World of Today, 1992, As Always

Breaking down walls of fire
Growing a garden
 with concrete principles
 Liberty at hand
walls made with words
 and a look of an eye
 instead.
Modern slavery is not recognized
when the constitution is manipulative
 and is intended to change;
 to fit thy glove.

Flower Myth

Looking into the water
what did I see?
Penetrating time
I fell in love with me
You came by
tried to pry me away
but looking into the water
defiant I stayed.

Say goodnight to the angels
dim the shower light of stars
drink the heavenly air
for it is time to taste fear.
But first,
 I want to make love with the moon.

It's easier to run and
listen to the sounds of travel
while things flash by...
hearing the silence
of the rivers
which cry their
 deep hollows

Bedroom eyes
white/African lies
America

Stolen bodies of day
thrust into a ship of fear
smelling premonitions of death
filtering through the salt sea air
America

The night guard
delivers gold dust
to the lost American
wasp mothers
who cry for their
husbands who have
been kidnapped by
the persuasive logician
to fly his way
to do battle against
the worker bees
for economic strife
to be slaves
to its miserable life.

Reflected door
through the window
above the city

opened wide
drew me in

Beyond the black hall
in between the walls of fire

An unearthed sin
A mother who bore
A daughter of deplore
incestuously branded by her
seven uncles

A monster had become
A child of what had been done
seven heads among his mass
with pure crystal crowns
polishing their glass frowns

What have I done to be a spectacle
of envision?
for the door to have opened
Instead of staying closed
in the reflective
decision

What to do but cry
when every hope
is in the sky

What for her to do
but lie
when it is just
not I

when it seems
too high
what to do
but try

In my soul lies the great writers
of death; dead writers die.

The Apathy of the Genius

I can express my mind, my subconscious
through not recognizing the concepts in
my mind and letting the abstract ideal
exist.

"There it is!"

"What, is this it?"

"Come on

It is It.

You know my dear colleague.

It, as in it all, by George!"

"All of what, witty friend?"

"Well, damn it

whatever then!"

Time Immensed

Time immensed
we crawl through blackness
penetrating seconds
as the stars flash by.
In our world
I see two things
 You and me
Love cradles aggression
 settles me down
 to be...
The knight of the city streets.
 OH,
Plain Jane
 honest maiden
let's make it through
letting sensitivity overcome.
To live for art
in a world of everything.
 motion locomotion
I loved the beginning
but can't wait to see the end.
Give me your hand
transcending we'll go
 into years
of unknown life
Into the meadow
 filled with lust
 for dawn,
the zest of running water,
seeing a smile on a stranger's face.
 signs of everyday.

Crawling Far

Running from unknown fear into
a darkened maze, the darkness of the
labyrinth that is detected and realized
once you're trapped in the middle.

Walking on
projecting forward like man is
compelled to do picking apples from the
tree blaming darkness for why
we can't see...

Walking farther as a relieved
but not satisfied murderer
stained with a bloody knife
covering the stainless steel reflections
of life

Searching, guessing, presuming
Rationalizing the past by believing his
instinctive lying conscience

Thinking,
Did I trick myself again?
Have I gone too far this time
past the point of reality
past the point of intellect

Shakespeare mildly poisoned himself
But did I overindulge in?
a vivid imagination
writing paper hallucination
one monster in my mind
one sick doctor of the time

Lost in tomorrow
lies a running clown
a giggling old blind fool
and a frightened but wide eyed
excited boy

lost together
to make happiness wither
and
sorrow surrender

In the black hole
which keeps the labyrinth a cosmos
however free
but only free inside the blackness
which surrounds any delight in light

laughing at the wasted happiness
miles upon miles

a cooled toyed frown smiles

while a clown really friles

The king completes a day
the wise man lives old
the fool lies underneath you
as nothing and cold
his story already told.

Vibrations of the Tracks

My dream is smashed
no matter where I go

industrial societies
civilizations impieties
 imperious greed
impetuous power
 everyone
 wants it.
a few
 receive it.
The others,
 cajoled jealously;
sounds like myself
sounds of metal
 steel
 iron
 it grinds
and so does my stomach
 everytime
I hear,
I drink a beer

a good cause?

repression depression obsession

oppression wrong conception
 plain pollution!
No solution no revolution...
 who is to blame?
 who not
I'm paradoxically...
 caught
OH well... the right
 to be - wrong!

Love as it is

Blind faith
being in the making

the long hair
the smile
me seeing me

I cannot be
not all the time

I love
but?
I can't

A friend

me
understanding

I got a feeling
it was forgotten
it just had to be

but love...

Is it there?
why don't you see?

Look above
Look below
open your heart
and give your soul

search in the dark and dusty hole
find the water it has to offer
and then rise anew, refreshed
the inside of you, God blessed

many will remain in darkness

light will be given only to a few

Do you feel summer
can you feel the smoldering heat
 vision the greenery and blues
 ornate colors of soft joy?
it is summer
A time to be nature's boy
A romantic renaissance
 revision of the old timers

slip your toes
 into blades of grass

Dig your foot
 into grains of sand

Think about childhood summers
let nostalgia still your heart
 glisten your mind
all the while living present time

sweet grapes age
make good wine

In the stillness of the night
Even lightning adds tranquility

A flash of heat
soft red lips
skin tasting so sweet

lust and passion;
the silent thunder

the sounds of night
bringing us desirous delight
torturous temptations
lustful lies

acting out my frustrating dreams
reality at my side
sinning with my eyes

the silent rage of tranquility

beautiful woman
exuding the brightness of day
and the experience of night

after each touch
the sky lights up
much brighter than lightning
much darker than hell.

That Black Man

You know that black voice
crying in the inner light?

Her humbleness and pride
decentralizing because of dehumanization

soliloquizing to the world
in the name of nihilistic solipsism
on his dusty wooden floor
while he picks a splinter
out of his barefoot

A lit candle attacking the night

singing a fatalists delight

You know that black man
who cries in the distance?

that black man
no name
just that black man

cold bitter nights
and blistering sorrows
knows him just the same

As that black man
someone living life
smiles and humbly
without a name
however unfortunate
playing the game
that black man that lucky black man.

Hometown

Night...

when the blackness
hides most of the world

there are many cries
from living bodies
we once knew:
vague moans in the cold air

the day...
peoples' eyes are filled with fear,
the plague of uncertainty
and the haunting of precarious pasts
with the only security
lying in the ending
But what haunts us more
is the precarious path
the unknown future
before the past

Blooming generations
filled with hope
and wide eyed desires
greeted by death and answered by depression

We realize who is not
and why...
and wish fervently
to be

Almost Feeling Cold

Death is becoming so real
it is almost scary
so near
so close
so shrill

Faces among us

now dreams

faces

but now only thoughts

Friends are turning into memories
quicker than
true ones are made

We were told
and probably
somewhat believed
we could be anything

but who believed
who really thought?

they could be dead

Each night a click

in Russian Roulette.

I want to be in the inside
looking out and
on the outside
looking in.

Let's walk across the buildings
to the woods and trees
to the sounds of silence
and leave our city in disease

Rushing car not too far
on the road to nowhere
Seeing the shame
leaving me in despair.

Know-one Really Knows

**No one really knows...
so shut up!**

**unless you're going to entertain me
with another vivid story you made up!**

**Go on!
I'm waiting
I've already heard millions since childhood.**

Let's take advantage
of the dawn
start a new day
kill the faults of yesterday
and bleed with
the wrath of the sinful

get out weakness
take hold beastful desires

Animals of day
Animals of night

Rationalizing kills.

Secretary of Sorrow in this Drowning Year

Roommates in perception
we seek to find our truth
we slowly kill ourselves for wisdom.

4:39 A.M.

staring down into a vista between
the buildings at
the red and blue flashing lights
Another tragedy in the Shakespearean city
of life and the not.
looking further through the door,
millions of bright lights stand
out like flames of the spirit
Streetlights, concrete erections with names
endless fireball of light
glimmering
shimmering in the city of black

The concrete jungle
still alive tonight
with ferocious roars
of rolling metal boxes
driven by lonely souls;
in this scene of material things.

A city stage
the setting of concrete buildings,
standing

dancing lights
scattered in blackness
blinking lights
shivering in cold darkness
Driven autos passing by forever

5:11

I would like to pull the plug and go to bed

5:13

in this city of night
are there more souls or lights?

Nothing

Nothing
is more important than a child
nothing
more beautiful, more precious, more special.
The eyes of a child take in...
the ears of a child...
innocent oscillated thought about
the world
clean and untouched
without blemish
without discrimination
without right or wrong.

The mouth and hands of
a child
express what they feel
express what they believe
Reflect the world
as clean mysterious nature.
Listen to this child
for he has not yet been persuaded
He will express pure waters
of truth
which could replenish
our biased souls.

Nothing is more inquisitive
than a child's mind.
Let it blossom as naturally
as the beautiful wild flower
in the wood.
Then try to paint its picture.
Nothing
child
Nothing

Misty mountain mouse
ran into my fountain house
"Hello" I said
"The Queen is dead
and Mary Poppins lives."
The mouse twinkled his nose
as an innuendo for cheese
the kind Old Mother Hubbard gives.
I feeling funny; feeling silly
only asked the mouse to say please.
After tickering on the floor
he gave me a stare of deplore
"Mice cannot talk
cloudy clogged brain
mixed up old man
I demand my jam!"
Finally taking the floor board
out the mountain door,
"Goodbye" I said.
"this time is dead
But this scene
I will always remember."

Dedicated to my nephew Tommy

Awakened Dead Beat Time

Thrusted into a world of unknown
a beat scene where words
are never shown.

Scenes of seconds
stages of the minds
come together in time

Damp caverns
cool caves
inside the ferocity
of sweltering heat,
penetrating seconds
felt by sensitive consciousness
under the blue sky
of sun.

Broken down rocks
sand sediment
cover my feet.
I walk alone
seeing separate particles
in the air.

Feeling the beauty of nature,
the wisdom of the free
genuine creative mind
who never forgot he was a boy
who never gave up on the way he felt.
He may be right, he does what he feels.
He does what he believes.

In this scene
of forgotten souls
and unloving eyes
never indicating
they are alive.

Look into mine!
See the age of time
see the love of life
the scars of the fight
the years of sight.

I float endlessly in the river
 in between the valleys
now bare, no trees.
Perfect sand sediment
for the new age skiers
 sloping down to the waters edge.
I peacefully float along.
 They scream they want
 to drink my blood.
Why don't they just leave me alone?
 I'm forever passing by.

I Wish I Were the Wind

I wish I were the wind
racing through time

seeing all without knowing
just blowing blowing
not caring,
not knowing,
doing my job
my assigned task
without even questioning
what is behind my mask.

to feel the leaves of trees
blow blades of grass
sway the tall
fluster the short

move the clouds
erode all mountains

Anger the crowd
with spraying fountains

I wish I were the wind
for I
would know no sin

lazily one second
hurriedly the other

For if I were the wind
who would be my brother?
Would I need one?

St. Lucifer's Wish

If I sat in God's golden chair
just for one second

I know

I would know
all secrets of the world
all secrets of hell
all secrets of man
all secrets of time
all secrets of space
voidness, being
the cosmos, chaos
life - death
death - life

Gods and God

me!

me mee meeee!

I would know myself

time would no longer haunt me
darkness would no longer
remind me that
day was over
light!
would no longer...

I am not greedy,
however
deathly intellectual
a jigsaw
which needs and wants built
why send me to hell
for trying
to finish the quilt?

They created hell
for all those who do not believe
they try me
they created heaven
for all those
who cannot see

the *darkside
is for unknown people
a place
to speak their golden words

In the black night
when
rain falls
I laugh

When the sky
is blue
and sweltering heat
makes me a voo-doo doll

I...
Love to see the devil

I...
Love to play hell

**A progressive bar in Boca Raton, Florida*

Jackie Jump Start

Jackie was a jump start juke box
loved his rock and roll

success pouring out from the stories
he had been told

Runnin' with the wild crowd
hurtin' for a laugh

giv'n old men dimes for words
to see somethin' he never heard

watchin' the wind blow
seein' diamonds in the snow

sittin' back in time
so he could watch the young grow old

sunshine lit days
the clouds they never came

until he saw his friends standing still
not doing what they will

where is the American dream
of hot dogs and Chevrolets

of growing to be President
but instead look how we were made.

Jackie died to say it
Jackie lived it; to do the show

Gather together people
to do the right that we know.

Martyrdom

The words of time our mine
caused crosses do not bleed eyes
or ears
In the depths of light
or was it blackness?

dusty darkened deranged
stares
from under a snake's eye.

A child walks up the stairs
to his apartment
he finds himself
stepping in a puddle of piss
wonders who would do such a thing
would he do it too
his inquisitive mind
insists.

During the blue sky lit day
a streak of blackness
raced through the sky
living for himself
waving to all suckers
as he blazed by.

In another...
caught up in festivity

there remains an amused
but puzzled child

"why do I cry?"
He asked the rollercoaster man
"go to the house of horrors "
was the curt reply

"For what is there?" Said the child

green eyed scaled faces
melted his skin

however

the boy
then began to laugh

thinking

more damage
to my time and spaces.

Walking barefoot through the snakes
he became caught

in a circular tube
of red hot ash.

no way
in

no way
out

the boy learned
he was just placed there.

Then I took another drag of my cigarette
enjoying those screams
of fear.

Dedicated to Jean Paul Sartre

Flashing images
like a clown's expression
Rolling images
the tail lights
glaring streaks
by the wet pavement
of endless highway.
Images run
shadows dance
as rain drops race
down
the windshield
to be swept away
for new ones
will fall.

**Majestic Kingdom
of hidden dreams
wanton desire
and
the
need for sex
wet earth
muddy people**

Alive
Full
of
glory
exuding
gifts
Displaying
the
innocent
sin
of
sex
self
death
Beauty
eyes
window
souls

Give me
a woman
and
I'll show
you
a man
and
give you
images of
the
cursed
and
the damned.

Highway
full of night
sing to me your
song of the
sacred hour

Chorus of the stream
flowing ravenously alongside
ode to ye
who make themselves
into day.

Tiny minstrels
of pure
soft delicate
sin
Caress her
skin
Flowing in glory
act as her garb

Spring

And then
there was
a strange
sum!
Lighted forest
Dip me in dew
and carry
me through
the meadow

Angel from heaven
 aglow
Thank you for sleeping with me
in your heavenly white satin sheets.
 you sleep with me, the mortal,
because you know I know the true God
 of our kingdom of souls,
because of my strength, because
I know myself without deception.
You slept with me, the rare mortal
man I am, and the act we
commit manifests itself without my
words to any other mortal.
 it just manifests itself!
Angel Goddess,
 but how
 can my betrothed
know?

Me and the Sun God

As light cracks the night.
when blackness turns a softer shade of blue.
as radiant beams of sun chase darkness
away.

stratus of miraculous colors
obtrusive and arabesque
depicting lonely beauty.
Mysteries of natural color
no artist could ever perceive
in originality
appear in dilation.

Darkness falls to the otherside
away it goes. Chased away by audacious
soldiers of light belligerent light
beam armies.

An introduction for the
opulent sun god to arise so he
may act his inspection and portray
his duty.

I, invited by...
a visitor of the mighty
sit above the sun god on a throne
of fire.

I am privileged to see all
to know what is happening
while all lie with eyes closed
lying comfortably in the back
of their minds.

In a dark forest
there sits an obscure flower,
through a tiny opening of
trees and their leaves
I point to it and shine
light upon her.

The light penetrates through
her vista of almost closed
soft delicate

red petals.

She opens up
letting her petals down
ravenously
to smile and greet me
blossoming to thank me
for the heated light.

I quickly asked the sun god if
I may bring the beautiful flower
up to me and caress her

He gently replied, "just

observe

and appreciate as is; do not let,
throw away your lascivious greed...

You are now too strong

and mighty

of a warrior

she would not be in her place

she would be damaged

therefore wither away."

The melancholy shortly left
as soon as I glanced upon
a child racing out of his door,
skipping speedily to his dog
who was chained to a tree,
petting him with love and affection
setting the little beast free.

"Oh great sun god, may the child
come up to me

sit upon my knee

so he to may witness this great

panorama

of life

to see all! to know all! to be
edified like me.

"Oh foolish warrior of wisdom"
the great god retorted, "you are
speaking such nonsense
let him blossom
naturally
like you have just witnessed
the flower
do

Do not rush time
for that is why you are here
away from your people,
so easily forgotten?
Cannot you just sit and enjoy
the honored position I granted you?
Cannot you just speculate
and appreciate
the natural
wondering
beauty
of this intriguing life
without having to touch or
possess
everything which is in it?

Oh little warrior of wisdom
I will teach you yet!

Come...let us rise higher
into blue sky
so you may further
your omniscience, I mean,
omnipresence."

After those incessant
knowledgeable
words,
we then rose some more
wearing the clouds as our sashes
leaving the last space in
smoldering
ashes.

A Tree in the Forest

I knew Bobby since we were young. He was always strong and fertile, beautiful and majestic. He was always kind and generous to young and old; animals or those animals with self proclaimed intellect. Until one day one of those rational human beings wanted to overfeed his stomach, drink beer and indulge in his other addictions to bring bodily pleasure. He said there were plenty more of these dumb things, and if he killed this one it would not matter. Anyway, the more he knocks off the closer he will come to getting the big screen T.V. he always wanted. So he pulled out his saw and said that it would be no sweat. He then began sawing poor Bobby in half. I tried to protest, but the leaves I threw down at the beast with reason just did not do a thing.

Bobby soon fell to the ground with a crackling smash. The murderer laughed and jumped around with rewarding joy.

If I, Bobby's friend, fall down because of one of these greedy monsters, will anyone ever know I existed, or hear the fall?

Rolling Glides of Soft Thunder

Motor · comfort · space machine
rolling speedily into the
concrete seconds of the
future eaten by past.
Jeweled world
of the sacred past
turned into pathways
of space
by transport technicality
raping the grazing land
of walking wonder.
Beautiful sights - once known
for its notorious nature,
now gardens of concrete
fixture for chemical
engineers to play in.

Sick of it all,
the neon lights flashed by
in streaks against the
dusk of coming night.
The power of it all
to control sudden destiny
but not natural law.

Green Yellow Red
if the colors are ignored
the play will cease,
then begin again at the end.
Too fast to be wrong,
fun in the plan,
danger in the song.
Known foolishness conceived
when the step is taken
into the time of a laughing man.

Running Water

I have the youth
of the mystical
not aborted
by logicians
and theorists.

The trees
and mountains
have dark shadows
and I understand
that darkness
is also
a part
of me.

My eyes
shine
like the
summer sun.

For although
"they"
call me a white man
my spirit races
with those
who were minds
of the earth.

Ate what was killed.

Prayed to animals
and stars.

The wind our brother.

The sea the giver.

They call me a white man
but I had nothing
to do with the slaughters
of the Red man

And
the butchering of 60 million
buffalo
to starve the savage.

The savage who was and
still is
more wise/

My heart eternally
bleeds at
Wounded Knee
and Sand Creek
where sacred faces
vanished from the earth.

For although they call me
white man
they cannot control my mind.

I am
Running Water.

Blood wine and water

Eat naturally
And you'll become what you eat

Not a slaughtered pig!

Who wants to be baptized
or blessed
in contaminated waters?

There is this
vision

Either we keep jetting forward
while destroying all nature
(including ourselves)
or we slow it down
go back

We can still be "mannerly and classy"
but we need to lower the
standards and expectations.

Who wants to live in a synthetic world?

I'd rather be Naturally...stoned

Casted spells upon

The master of the game
eyes peer out
wicked willow lies

Forage

Alone in the wilderness
heart sensation
crackling
no one
loneliness
visions.

Ocean roars
jungle shores
the cool breeze of love.
Altered light at night
to affect the moods
to become what you are —
a sexy nymph of the wild

come on over here.
Let it go
come caress your soul
give me the pleasure
of knowing you're alive.
When all else is forgotten
your sex will survive.

**Penn State Classroom. Mr. Keeynes. Political Science 449.
Individual and Minority Rights.**

Fragmented reality
can be taken apart
and put back together
by the creator
as best as possible
or whatever seems fit.

On a calm tranquil day
nature seemed to stop itself,
even the wind appeared to stand still
as it rustled the leaves of the
northern trees.
A silent trill was heard from within
the classroom
while gazing out the window
at the outside world of nature
vehemently free.

Green Choppers in the Blue

This place I've never been
The time when I was born
I dreamed
I prayed
I still.

I was just coming in
while many went out.
The legend but no heroes
I've heard.
Tears plague my face
for it was the human race!
Not a deer, not a hunter.

Killers protecting our? their
property
way over here?
way over there!
anything for greed
but what about love.
an illusion?

Trickery manipulation shrewdness
blindness
poor innocent naive impressionable minds

they fell for it
or convinced themselves to go,
forced to go. Wanting to go
Believing it was good
believing it was evil
believing it was moral?

Coward!
sissy
traitor
no business, not mine, stay out!

Peace -- Revolution
Bed Inn's
an X..., a king

two brothers

Nixon rejecting Lennon,
a Beatle,
"He is dangerous to our country's..."

Peace, man!

"well.well.well."
total hell
and then death.
then more hell for the rest

the survivors?
M.I.A.
No way!

It is the 1990's.

I Dreamt
of you
Last night

You were dancing
on top of the sea.
Darkness bleeding with
the moon aglow

laughing
laughing

smiling like
a
sacred rose

Rippled waves
brought
your dancing
body
to the beach
where
I stood.

We danced
laughed
and
played games
like the children
we are.
We felt the cool breeze
of love
caress
our skin

The sand
was like
cotton clouds
Then all fell silent
but the waves.

