

**THE OPEN CORRIDOR**

time and memories

a collection of writings and thoughts

by george m. ross

1970-1971

this collection is dedicated to Marie R., Cathy W., Terry R., Cathy R., Debbi L., Janet S., Edward S., and all those who taught me of the many faces of love. A special dedication to Lisa C., who taught me there was nothing to fear from the world of computers.

george m. ross

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**BOOK I**

**TIME AND MEMORIES**

**the early years**

the corridor  
  
up in the corridor  
of my mind  
lay memories  
of love, of my past years  
of pain, of existence.  
some struggle  
like tired beasts  
when new memories  
are thrown through  
the locked door  
sometimes  
one escapes  
running, screaming  
towards the exit  
there it is seized  
and ushered  
shamefully back  
to the locked room

(contd.)

(cont'd)

i wonder

what would happen

if i

unlocked the door.

time

i look to the past

seeing the once

present memories

of

joy and sorrow

of

likes and love

and

other now painful

memories

i look to the present

seeing the nothingness

of

mere existence

a repetition of my past

i look to the future

but like a child

struggling

to see

over

an unyielding wall

i can see

nothing

along the meaningless roads  
of humanity i trudge.  
the dust of a time-shackled race  
clouds my eyes

i fall the long fall  
and pass beneath  
the shell of times walls  
of my race

in the meadow of time  
i saw you  
shy; elusive  
and you run  
frolicking  
in time-swept deserts  
of my mind.

i pursue you  
and run  
calling for you to stop  
i just wanted to know your name

(cont'd)



(cont'd)

the signless roads  
hold hidden experiences  
as i walk after you  
for one short eternity  
but knowing  
i'll never find you  
will not stop me  
but the time walls  
attempt to slow me  
and i fear.....

through space

i

fall

the emptiness

of life

alone

i have nothing

to slow my speed

the darkness

is interrupted

by only

minute

particles

of

past

memories

if i could become as you  
for but one time  
i could see as you  
i could see the eternities  
as you see the earth  
and stars

in my shell  
you would wonder  
why things remain as they are  
and why they don't  
change

can you die  
as you live  
can i cry  
in my ecstatic hours?

as one reaches out  
to touch my  
trembling body  
i still cry  
and see nothing  
as you  
see nothing

t r a p p e d

i sit

alone

in my room

staring to the ceiling

listening to those

who know it all

slowly i drift a-w-a-y

i enter my paradise

i run through

my world

of unreality

no matter

how hard i try

i cannot prevent my going there

some day

maybe

i will

break my s-h-e-l-l

and live in reality

yes

that's the way

i think too

to contemplating

to compensating

the revelation

the devastation

making love

from above

shooting down

the gentle dove

yes

that's the way

i think too.

come love  
wake up  
from your sleepy dreams

arise from your pillow  
come out of your  
cloudy dreams

come out  
of your dream-bed world  
another day has dawned

another day has come  
time to do your chores  
to put on your plastic mask  
to face society

time to use your pretenses  
to fake it  
to pretend to like  
that which you dislike  
to reject those  
you really would accept

come love  
try being real  
like your dreams  
come love.....come

smile people  
smile at the way  
you are ruining your earth-world  
smile upon the hatred  
you created  
smile at the meaningless wars  
that kill your sons, your fathers  
smile when you banish your neighbour  
because he is black  
smile at the addict  
and say no  
when he asks for help  
smile people

to escape from reality  
you have to believe me  
isn't easy  
where can you go?  
you can get high  
you say  
yeah, that's easy  
but when you come down  
things are still  
the same  
what do you see  
in your  
escape?  
what can you do?  
what is love?  
you have to find  
your answer.



## ADVICE

do not say no  
to those you love  
but love them more  
from below and above

never say goodbye  
to those you hate but shun them hard  
and leave it to fate

be kind to your parents  
be gentle and true  
never argue or lie  
but always be sure

speak softly and low  
of neighbours and friends  
be stubborn yet sky  
and they'll return again

if you argue with me  
disregarding this poem  
then leave me alone  
be happy you're free.

and the fire burns  
and the waters run  
and the wheel  
spins round

and the people swear  
and someone cries  
but no-one cares

your face is empty  
your eye is crying  
your egg is broken  
your existence  
is temporary

and when you die  
the world continues  
without you

imagination  
seeing  
i ran away  
afraid to get involved  
with the feeling of guilt in me  
sobbing  
fearing  
i stopped running  
consciousness strong, flesh weak  
i returned to help the divided  
people  
brothers  
we fought as one  
involving the white world  
demanding the right of freedom  
justice  
courage  
we battled all  
involving innocents  
freeing the guilty put in hell  
by us  
freedom  
the thought spurred us on  
we spread equality  
smothering discrimination  
relief  
(cont'd)

(cont'd)

complete

the world is whole

now we are all brothers

living, believing as people

equal

i wonder

i wonder what would happen if;  
the big bad wolf got little red riding hood  
if big bad bear ate goldielocks  
and coyote finally had roadrunner stew  
if; the three little pigs' brick house fell down  
frankenstein really lived  
if superman lost his powers  
if birdman lost the sun  
i wonder what would happen.....

i wonder what would happen  
if romeo and juliet lived today  
if we laid down our weapons forever  
if jesus lived today  
if indiana didn't want you  
if i had you  
i wonder what would happen.....

to everybody many

faces

are the same

to

everybody

i am but

just another face

in the crowd

and now

what really hurts

is that i am

just that

to you also

and to many

you are also just

another face

in the ever challenging

crowd of faces

but to me you are

and always will be

my love

if you are  
tell me  
so i am also

if you do  
i will  
also

if you do not  
tell me  
i'm not  
also

she came over

and spoke to me

we talked

about things

about people

about life

we looked into our hearts

baring our desires

our needs

our fears

for that one brief moment

we became one

and she left

and i died

and s.l.i.p.p.e.d.

away.



i wonder where you are  
now my love  
are you alone  
and lonely  
walking down  
the endless road  
afraid?  
are you with  
someone  
who tells you  
those lies you long to hear?  
are you lost  
not knowing  
where to go  
backed up against  
an unseen wall?  
perhaps you're  
remembering the  
love you once had  
for someone  
a long time ago  
that lasted  
like the flickering flame of a candle

revenge

i walk along the road

thinking of you

my brain,

my heart,

are not mine

but yours

my thoughts of

revenge

cause me to laugh

but some day.....

some day

my revenge

will be

to see you

alone, afraid

like me

then i

will take you

back to my heart

and have

my revenge

love.

accusation

to you

i gave my

all

you

stripped

my

shell

empty

then

kicked

me away

thru dream-like days  
you came to me  
teaching me to love  
again  
saying you loved me  
you were mine  
for eternity  
i blindly believed  
but then the day  
of thunder came  
saying you didn't need me  
you left with no good-bye  
stripping my love for you.

now the memories,  
the dreams of the days past  
hang from the wall  
staring with unseeing eyes  
like corpses  
still showing  
their death agony.

yes it was yesterday  
as it is today  
and being so  
it was tomorrow  
and i cried because  
i will never see another  
tomorrow or yesterday  
and you  
through the eyes i once had  
the love i had, the touch  
of your hand on my shoulder  
the love that grew  
and passed  
between us  
faded like a burst balloon  
into an eternity  
that knows no beginning  
except the pitiful  
ending of all dying loves

and i cry  
for a sanctuary  
to die alone.

LADY MIDNIGHT

go toHell

and burn

\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$

it's all that's left

for you

i  
sit  
my seat  
is hard  
the value  
of  
my  
concentration  
is  
nil  
the value  
of my  
co-operation  
is  
one/half  
that  
of my  
disgust  
and  
apathy

you said you loved me  
you said you were mine  
i could take you  
you cried  
you said you loved me  
it was beautiful

i gave all my love  
to you  
trusted you

but now  
you say you don't love me  
you say we are not for each other  
you brush away my love  
unreturned it screams  
in it's death  
but still  
you leave it to die.



i'll miss you  
i'll miss the gentle smile  
that greeted me  
whenever i saw you

i'll miss you  
i'll miss the warmness of you body  
close to mine  
when i held you  
in my dreams

i'll miss you  
even though you said your last good-bye  
to the universe.....  
.....and my name means nothing  
to you now.....

i'll miss you....  
good-bye.

as

you

died

for

them

and

me

we stood and watched seeing

your agony and your sorrow

while

some

of us

gambled

for

your

clothing

yet

you

forgave

us

with

your

love

X-Christ

in a faraway town

( of no importance )

called Bethlehem

a little child was born

in a stable

( much like any mammal )

his mother ( of course )

was happy

but there were no

cigars passed out

just a bunch of angels

singing in the heavens

and wise men travelled

to see him ans give him gifts

today the "wise men"

still gige him gifts

in many cardboard replicas

and his name is ( or must be )

difficult to say

so his birthday is called

X-mas

( cont'd )

( cont'd )

and in many cases  
his birthday is signified  
by many fake bearded slobs  
representing some sort of saint  
who goes around  
in a red flannel suit  
and rides around  
in a magical sleigh  
dishing out toys  
made by his slave workers

and sometimes  
this is the only X-mas  
our children know of

is this jubliant celebration  
really  
X-mas of CHRISTmas ?

i see the stars  
in the sky  
twinkling in their  
cold-hearted splendor  
never failing to  
catch my envy

i see the universe  
the never ending\starting life  
always amazes me

i see your face planted  
in the universe smiling  
looking for excuses to say  
" they're not so bad "  
telling us to open  
our self infatuated eyes  
and become aware  
of those whom we walk over  
every day.

i see  
and want  
to remember  
to forget.

o elusive venus  
why do you hide from me  
why do you deny your gift  
of love to me

o gentle venus  
hear my plea  
remove from my eyes  
the cloak of short lived love  
give me the prize  
of eternal love

dear loving venus  
come to me in my hours of desire  
give to me  
unmisconceived love  
rid me of my  
cynical idealistic  
love  
give me truth  
give me belief.

and jesus came

it can never be

as it is now

the all seeing eye

went blind yesterday

the never ceasing voice

became still

and the birds fly backwards

because they could not

and the grass turned black

because it no longer liked green

and jesus came again

and was killed

because he was not

the one we expected

it can never be

as it is now

gentle angel of the evening  
teach me not to fear  
the satin folds of nightfall  
teace me to fill my emptiness  
tell me my venus is out there  
in the universe of my future  
loves  
teach me to believe  
to accept my present adorations  
are but a preparation  
for a future of boundless love  
make my love know no bounds  
teach me to believe in living  
a life of love  
gentle angel of the evening  
show me how to believe  
in true love  
and forget my cynical approach  
gentle angel

teach me ....please.



to venus

now

as then

to me

you are

as the

peaceful

waters

that once

cooled

my tortured

soul.

today it's cloudy

today

it's cloudy

it's cloudy outside

and inside

my brain is clouded

my thoughts are of

cloudy days

cloudy faces

cloudy

cloudy

heaven is a cloudy place

and jesus ate oranges

picked from cloudy trees

the dying man wanted a coffin

lined with clouds and cobwebs

to assure him of his share of heaven

the labouring mother wanted her child

to have his share of life

so she prayed to venus

to give him a cloud of his own

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

the two lovers  
locked in each others arms  
were laying on cloud nine  
talking of love  
and making love

yet as i pray to you  
to give me the gift  
of clouds  
you give me just  
icy specks of rain  
that fall  
from the clouds.

last night....

last night i drifted away  
into a real unreality  
i was free, my body was still  
but i was afraid  
flying on clouds  
my body still  
on the soft velvet folds  
of the oblong box  
i felt no pain, no regrets  
i was free

i stood and watched as the free knife fell  
unguided to the heart  
of my restraining cords  
as the stray bullet  
frayed the cable  
that binded my brain

i cried for more as a car  
out of control cries for a hard place  
to wrap it's body around

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

but then.....

i returned to my proper place

my chains and cords

had wrapped themselves

loving around me again.

it's the fall of the year

yesterday i said to myself

it's the fall of the year

i'm alone

in my room

i closed my door

and locked my door

i threw away the key

away to the stars

away to the universe

where no-one can find it

but me

today i remain in my room

without the key

i took off society's unseen chains

and the gift-wrapped packages

given to me by society

are resting on the ceiling

looking down on me

laughing

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

i have become an outcast  
rejected by those  
who are accepted by the right people  
the right people  
the right people  
i repeat it because i wonder  
who are the right people  
why are they..the right people  
what have they...that makes them special

i was rejected by them  
for being what i am, me  
for not conforming to their wills and ways  
because i did not become  
plastic or stereo-typed  
just me  
and because i'm me  
i lock myself in my room and cried  
because i was happy  
and a little lonely

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

i can open my door  
because i know where the key is  
but you cannot, because you can't find the key  
i won't open it  
because it's the fall of the year  
and i'm afraid the leaves  
of the dying society might drift in  
and injure me

i have a window  
i can look out and see you  
and them  
i can laugh at you  
but not too loudly  
you might hear me  
i don't want you to hear me  
because you might get angry  
and laugh at me  
and i don't like that.

(cont'd)



(cont'd)

i can give you my gift-wrapped packages

but they are here laughing at me

and i'm afraid to touch them

if you, the right people were to see me and them

maybe you could take them

i don't want them

i don't need them

i'm afraid

i want to be alone

i am a "no man island"

to see  
is to hear a newborn baby cry  
to touch it's hand  
and feel the surge  
of a new found life

to see  
is to hear a person cry  
when the rest of the world is laughing  
or to feel tense  
when all are relaxed

to see  
is to touch a dying man  
and comfort him  
with " you'll be all right "  
and know it's a lie

to listen  
is to hear a robin sing  
above the thunder of guns  
in a battlefield.

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

to listen

is to know

that you are

near-yet-so-far from the one

who touches your hand

to listen

is to know what she is really saying

as she speaks

with silent phrases

to feel is to

see flowers growing in the spring

to see life pulsating

on a dying planet

to feel is to

see one teasing a dying seagull

on an oil covered beach

to feel is to

hear the words

" i love you "

come silently towards you

and touch your heart.

fifteen

a young man  
learning by experience  
stubborn, reluctant  
to admit he may be wrong

he's happy  
he found a companion  
he's too young  
he blew it

alone  
although he's afraid  
he's too proud to admit it  
he's living dangerously  
tries everything that comes his way

too young, too old  
caught in the middle  
of a relentless storm  
very hard on the outside  
but inside, soft, so easily hurt  
misunderstood.

your pleasure

you were walking down the street

displaying your wares

walking up to the man

with a downcast face

offering him a piece of "pleasure"

when he refused you

you swore at him

and walked on

your plastic smile returned

i watched you

continue your

great salesmanship

until you found

an agreeable client

at your set price

\$5.00

for a little

short lived pleasure

that replaces itself

with feelings of guilt

your dying conscience

sends away for the moment.

the skelpter

my eyes are flashing  
with the neon lights  
of my plastic brain  
my thoughts are of  
commercials  
controlled by the media  
my existence is ethereal  
on a plastic planet  
threatened with unimportant details  
such as integration  
the so-called peace searchers  
try to put the unreal with  
the pseudoreal to come up with  
the reality of nothing  
we are the plastic people  
lost in a maze  
on the  
outskirts of reality  
the ultra modern and abnormal  
attract us  
no lasting impressions  
are created within us  
our duty in life has been  
long lost

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

we are alone waiting for  
the key to the locked door  
of eternity  
so we can-enter-and-start-again  
we are the plastic people.

upon his death.....

he was half drunk

enjoying life

but for one

careless moment

he may have succeeded

lying there in a pool of blood

you were saying

"cover me up"

so no-one may see your misery

you didn't want to spoil our fun

by showing us the gruesome details

of your death agony

like a vulture swooping down

to seize it's victim, it came

to do it's duty

the plastic people erupted

from within

unseeing, the flies gathered

around the scene, the plastic men

performed their task

feeding the wounded to the

steel beak. with a roar

of satisfaction it closed

(cont'd)



(cont'd)

the mouth

after

with the eye pulsating

and ethereal cries

it sped to it's waiting nest

to disgorge

it's unfortunate victim.

## Death of a Scholar

i

being of sound

mind and body

do here-by

bequeath

: all my knowledge in the age old

histories of years gone by

to the girl who sits on the floor

in the sky

: all my knowledge of sciences

and practical things

to the goddess of love

whom i never met

: my inherited gifts i bequeath

to the loveless people

falsely known as friends

and last of all

my valueless belongings

i give

to those

who claimed

my love

once upon

a time.....

Christ was a Cop too

black leather jackets surrounded him

the words " Lousy cop...pig!"

shattered the stillness around him

chains, switchblades and blackjacks

flashed

he went down

melting into a pool of blood

a crowd gathered

watching his agony

he, the protector of their rights

he, the guardian of their loved ones

no-one moved to help

no-one cared

to them, he was just a cop

to him, they were people

to be loved

worthy of the

supreme sacrifice

**BOOK II**

REMEMBERING THE FORGOTTEN

1971-1972

love takes away

as

love gives;

love gives

as

love takes away

the  
darkened windows  
of your house  
are all that remains  
to  
remind me  
of  
the joyful hours  
that  
you and i  
spent together  
that  
one  
splendor-filled  
summer

on a soft misty  
summer night  
we walked long thru the forest  
it causes you to become  
a mystical, alienated being to me  
all that i was aware of  
was the touch of your hand  
in mine  
and...sometimes.....  
when you were afraid  
i could feel the throb of your  
pulse

fear not, my gentle angel  
be not afraid for  
i am hear beside you  
never fear the darkness  
i will be with you always  
for i can love  
    i can love  
        again

in  
the  
Valley of LOVE  
you  
&  
i  
were lovers  
until  
the  
Valley  
grew up

it festered with  
thorns  
cutting our minds  
to shreds  
knowing or not  
that we  
were  
there



the forgotten memories  
are suddenly remembered  
those hard moments  
all are remembered

tears fall  
dropping to the floor  
many hearts are sad  
" he was a good man "  
"why him?"  
"why now?"  
"why?"

far off  
He smiles sadly  
seeing the many  
tear stained  
faces  
bent  
downward

in grief  
" if only they knew  
if only they could see  
it is not the ending  
but the beginning"

i cannot forget  
the joyful times  
we had  
each new discovery  
each new experience  
together  
the love that grew  
and faded  
the togetherness of  
planning for the  
future  
all are memories  
that never are forgotten  
no  
i  
cannot  
forget  
all are  
remembered  
all are  
painful  
all are

fearful.

the  
beauty  
of  
seeing  
a  
new  
leaf  
on  
a  
barren  
tree  
is  
nothing  
compared  
to  
seeing  
a  
new  
life  
blossom  
in  
a  
barren  
shell  
of  
a  
man

ANGEL  
REMEMBER  
THE  
PROMISES  
I  
MADE  
TO  
YOU  
ARE  
NOT  
FORGOTTEN

people  
driving  
around  
in high powered  
cars  
with  
low powered  
brains  
are only  
trying  
to show others  
how  
lonely  
they  
really  
are

i sit  
with a bottle of beer  
in my hand  
trying to forget  
your stabbing words  
" get lost "  
but now i am lost

you had no right  
to snap me into  
a world of harsh  
reality

why?

i am officially  
a member  
of the great  
educational  
system  
and/or instution

\*\*\*\*\*

i cannot conform  
or accept the  
wills and w/h/ishes/me  
of propellation

\*\*\*\*\*

i am no longer  
officially a member  
of the great  
educational system  
and/or instution.

look at me  
you see  
i'm dead  
the  
empty meaningless shell  
of flesh and blood  
without promise  
without purpose  
without love  
look at me

before  
with you  
we lived  
we loved  
united  
together

alone  
i  
am  
nothing....



memories

of

objectivity

i

loved

to

watch

eventho

i could not/cannot

see

thru

my windowed

shell

i

loved

to listen

eventho

i could not/cannot

hear a single

word

of

your

utterance.

love

not now

not then

nor yesterday

nor tomorrow

but always

my fear of losing you  
keeps me fearing my every move  
every word i speak  
i speak only truth  
only the way i honestly feel  
there is no deceit between us  
there can be no deception between us

but why do i fear losing you  
is it because without you  
my life will end  
is it that i would become an  
existing shell of emptiness  
drifting thru windswept  
roads of past memories?

reflections from

a window

the day is cloudy

the wind is blowing

the leaves are rusteling

a bird is singing

from a telephone pole

my body is one

i am one

we are one

the ceiling is one

the sky is one

we are one

the universe is one

we are one

you are one

i am one

yet

we

are

two

?

**STOP**

seeing me

as you wish

i was

and

take me

as i am

don't cry

when

you should laugh

don't vice versa

i am;

i was;

i will be i am

i am

my music  
a comforter  
to me  
a drag  
for you  
shareing it  
with others  
too biased  
to love it  
too kind  
to say  
otherwise

your music  
a comforter  
to me  
a pacifier  
for you  
a love  
for me?  
hidden?  
i wish  
to believe  
in you  
not me?

the world is changing

the rocks are transforming

mankind

geosynclinal

etc.

but am i?



go home little girl

to your parents

they love you

go to your friends

little girl

they need you

go to your minister

little girl

God loves you

leave me; little girl

i need you

but it's not vice versa

if you feel  
that you should cry  
cry not for me

if you feel saddened  
make me not the reason  
you are sad

if you have hopes  
hope not  
for me

if you feel disillusioned  
make me not the reason  
for your disillusionment

if you cry  
cry not for me

## SELF

centered

mister

why did you put your car in the ditch?

it doesn't belong there

the wind is cold in my face

my feet are cold

why do you present me with this

interesting spectacle

in such unappealing weather conditions?

i know you are faced with such details

(lack of insurance and intoxication)

but they are not as important as

my discomfort

my feet are cold

i am gold

the road is wet

i am upset

mister

your car is in the ditch

it doesn't belong there

my feet are cold

i am gold

faded photograph

" please let me"

" no, not now "

"please"

" well... ok"

"good, smile"

-

"a little more"

(click)

.....

" i want to talk to you"

"get lost"

"why?"

"leave me alone, will you"

pain creeping into my guts, agony pushed  
aside by beauty, the power of love, angel  
why do you do this to me? you know that  
i love you, why? the faded photograph i  
hold in my hand reminds me of so many  
things, it's raining now, just like it was  
when i walked away from your house the  
last time with no good bye or memory of your  
body pressing against mine to keep me together  
all that is left is the emptiness and memories  
that clutch my heart and tear me apart.

loneliness

for

someone

to

love

and

be

loved

by

is

a

mere

ethereal

existence

which is summarized by my life.

confusion  
not knowing  
what's happening  
when it hasn't happened  
yet.

please

do

not

look

into

my

eyes

you

will

not

like

what

you

see

don't cry too loudly  
for you will break  
the eggshells of my heart

don't laugh too softly  
for you will reach  
my plastic mind

look at my hair  
not my dandruff

look at my boots  
not my feet

look at my hands  
not grasping your body

look at my trembling body  
it was yours once

look at my soul  
free now, from then?



take my hours  
of disappointments  
and forever make me

strengthen me  
so my footsteps  
may never falter  
as i walk the path  
and never stumble  
over my mistakes

o windy day  
blow my troubles away

sun shine thru the mist  
fill my empty life with bliss

moon, your fainting rays  
fall on my darkened, passing days

stars, your cold, harsh, soft light  
stands laughing  
on my loneliness  
as i stand naked  
to you  
stareing at me  
like the eyes  
of a defiant  
gladiator

these four walls  
form a room  
three tables, a sink, mirror and toilet  
and garbage can labeled

### **ISOLATION III**

a bed, and a number 302  
are in the room  
so am i

my hospitalization for my sickness  
thru modern surgery  
me, my uniqueness, my individuality  
gone, i am just like the others  
with sickness like or unlike mine  
" accept this" society screams  
it's all you can do  
i cannot, so a little white pill  
robs me further of my individuality  
making me still further like the others

outside the sun is shining  
the universe is looking down on me  
the pathetic conformist  
but i will wait  
my chance will come  
and then the conformist ideals

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

that have reached me  
i shall destroy  
and become me again.

i  
am  
here  
but where?  
you  
are  
there  
but where?  
we  
are  
there  
like i said  
but where?

the  
other  
day  
i  
said  
if  
it's  
so  
why  
is  
it  
not  
?

B.A.

B.S.C.

M.D.

B.E.D.

H.O.M.

signed

after a name

requires special

consideration

on how to win

an unstarted

argument.

it sounded  
like a  
good thing  
to tell  
everyone  
at the time  
when i talked  
about it

but when  
it began  
i was lonely  
and scared  
shit-less



i walk along the road  
people give me smiles  
and some frowns  
at least of recognition

.....

i walk along the road  
people walk along the road  
no points are scored  
on either side  
we all look to the ground  
with unfeeling eyes

three cheers for a beer

smoke floats towards the ceiling

incoherent babble drifts around

lady lush causes a scene

unseen

thirty-five cents a shoot

per shot

eleven o'clock staggers by

no spies

just a bunch of early arrivals

going home

the late ones are already

there.

a poster on a paneled wall  
memories that have  
as yet to begin  
mixed with memories  
that began  
as well as those that  
are  
but will they be  
are's or  
a continuum  
of past  
prophesies?

a feeling of power  
cost me  
one hundred and fifty  
dollars  
plus about  
three or four hundred dollars  
more  
the four barrel  
four forty five  
still works  
but it makes  
one hell  
of a racket  
and not only that  
it's the first  
major expense  
i have experienced.

i looked around  
and stated  
"why."

they looked up  
and asked  
"because"

loneliness  
is summarized  
by  
too much  
unfulfillment  
that is overloaded  
with no  
astonishment

to

sit

back

to listen

to learn

the already

unimportant

facts

to

fill

one's

self

with

B.S.

to get a

B.A.

wow

i'm learning

nothing

already

i care not to  
prove the unprovable  
i care not to  
touch the untouchable  
i care not to  
cure the uncureable  
i care not to  
speak the unspeakable  
i care not to  
accept the unacceptable

but  
i care to love  
the unloveable  
and endure  
the endurable



slowly

but

surely

i am going

to my destination

which is called

spend a lot of money

and get nowhere

to date

i am one tenth of the way

there

my aim is that  
of a crooked arrow  
i desire to help  
but must be helped  
to gain  
a deeper understanding  
of how to  
solve the emptiness of the  
lives that everyone else  
is living  
and also  
the grotesque boredom  
of my own

i

went into the  
bathroom and  
saw a sign

over an empty  
roll of toilet paper  
it said

K....., S.... M....., and D.....  
University Diplomas

i wonder if that is  
what they amount  
to?

a

single

leaf

falls

noislessly

to the ground

words 1

words, they fill the air around me  
words, no matter where i am or what i do  
people come, and people go  
people say that this is so  
no matter where i am or what i do  
words, they fill the air around me

they say that people care  
they say that they are there  
words they come, and words they go  
still i cannot figure why this is so

words are empty  
words are meaningless  
words, it's everything disguised  
as nothing

words from your mouth  
words from your brain  
words thought over carefully  
but no words from your heart.

words #2

words, they fill the air around me  
words, no matter where i am or what i do  
words of love and words of hate  
it was now or never, but that's too late  
no matter where i am or what i do  
they fill the air around me

they say that people care  
then they say those words of hate  
people, can't you see it's getting late  
to say someday we will be there?

words said now, mean nothing later  
words with people to hold them up are better  
i know the world is getting tough  
but do you want the world  
to be an empty crater?

people gathered 'round the fight  
one was black an one was white  
no matter what, the white was right  
'cause when you're black, you gotta get back

democracy is a mockery of life  
because you're black you gotta get back  
discrimination destroys our nation  
the color of skin says who's to sin  
democracy is a mockery of life

the weak will perrish, the strong survive  
the faces are smiling, but not alive  
children go from womb to tomb  
don't make a sound, you're not a man

democracy is a mockery of life  
because you're weak, you cannot move to speak.

party of the living

come to the party

the party of the living

come to the game

the game of life

if you want to join me

in my fun

if you want to play

you gotta come as one

don't hesitate

don't be late

the only thing you gotta do

is let me make love to you

then the gamr begins

we'll wash away your sins

then you'll never be seen

and the world will be clean

in the middle of the night

our game will reach it's height

then we all go home

but now, we're all alone

and the game continues on

we begin to sing our song

(cont'd)



(cont'd)

come to the party,  
the party of the living  
come to the game  
the game of life.

if i could be

if i could be as you  
and you could be as me  
then the world would see  
that our love was true

world can you not see  
that she's the one for me  
i'm in love with her  
she's the one, my girl

our love was so good  
the way that love should be  
look up and you can see  
the words i say are true

if i could be as you  
and you could be as me  
then the world would see  
that our love was true  
i'm in love with you  
you and only you  
yes, i'm in love with you.

it's a dark and lonely night  
i look up into the light  
hold your picture to my heart  
recalling the time that we did part  
but now i walk alone

every time i try to hide  
you come and haunt me by my side  
i reach out to touch your face  
but my hand only clutches empty space  
and now i cry again

love, you know you're all i had  
love, why do you make me sad  
the days they seem to be like years  
and i am so alone.

thinking back in time of you  
wondering now what then went wrong  
remembering things we used to do  
making love over a coffee or two

thinking back in time and space  
the silent place where feelings hide  
somehow, somewhere i see your face  
i feel out of time and out of place

why does everything come to an end  
forever we said, it lasted so short awhile  
nothing lasts, there's no return  
forever means so short awhile.

as my alarm clock rings

a bird outside sings

i get out of my bed

hold my aching head

after a coffee or two

my thoughts return to you

i think about the things we did

still wishing my life for you to give

i go outside to work

spend a long eight hours there

try to forget the tears that never fell

sometimes i feel that all is well

getting home after spending my time

sometimes talking and making no rhyme

i'm sorry for the things that went so wrong

i'm thinking now and it won't take long

there are so very few words

words you know are kind of like circles

going round and around

but actions, my child, always come true

**BOOK III**

**an assortment**

1973-1975

song for cathy

see the little children  
playing in the sand  
see the little children  
walking hand in hand

their faces, they are glowing  
with the vibrancy of youth  
their faces, they are glowing  
with the radiancy of truth

i remember i was once a child  
playing in the sand  
i was once a little child  
walking hand in hand

the day then came when i  
no longer was a youth  
the day then came when i  
no longer told the truth

i often wonder what it means  
to be a little child  
i often wonder what it means  
to see the years run wild

what does it mean to be a man  
is it no longer truth  
what does it mean to be a man  
and not a trembling youth

why can i see so clearly now  
like visions fled my mind  
why can i see so clearly now  
i don't mean to be unkind

i see what children are now  
they're learning more each day  
i see what children are now  
they just fade away

they go to school and learn  
how to hide the truth  
they go to school and learn  
to be more a man, and less a youth

i see the little children  
playing in the sand  
how i wish that i could join them  
and forget that i'm a man



it's not cool

it's not cool to be a sailor

and sail a rocky sea

it's not cool to be a drummer

and pound a shattered drum

it's not cool to be a farmer

and farm unfertile land

it's not cool to be a woman

when you really are a man

it's not cool to be a singer

when you have no song to sing

it's not cool to be a giver

when there's nothing left to give

it's not cool to be a dreamer

with dreams that can't come true

it's not cool to go on crying

when your last tear has dried

it's cool to go on living

even tho' this life is tough

it's cool to go on searching

until you find enough

it's night time in the city  
things aren't so very pretty  
as the old men stand talking  
at bar stands reminiscing  
lonely sentries in the night

in crowded, smoky taverns  
the ladies of the night  
stand gathered in the limelight  
awaiting to be promised  
a night they can remember

then musicians stand  
pounding out their songs  
with words of love and peace  
that bounce off hardened hearts  
of selfish, shallow lives

the lonely couples stand  
and move across the floor  
in desperate moves of passion  
that end in frantic moments  
on bedsprings in a room

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

meanwhile the world is turning  
like a gyroscopic lantern  
sending out it's flares of warning  
that somewhere, someone is watching  
with tears within his heart.

when i care for you

why do you reply

with empty lies

for me?

when i say i love you

why do you care for me

one moment

then turn your back on me?

i am a man

who really cares for you

there is no-one

that cares the way i do

on the other hand, a man

can only take so many lies

before he walks away

not hurting anymore

now i'm walking

i've got to get away from you

every time i look back

i see you with those lies

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

fragile promises

that break apart

whenever you're around

will go on

even if i'm not there

it only hurts when i look at your picture  
the pain returns to my heart  
i remember holding you close to me  
feeling your breathing next to mine

i've stopped going to those places  
where we used to go  
i don't feel like dancing  
and singing anymore

as i get up in the morning  
i leave an empty bed  
there is no joy in rising  
with no-one to kiss good day

it only hurts when i look at your picture  
the pain returns to my heart  
it only hurts when i look at your picture  
the rest of the time i'm dead.

blind father

you only hear

what you want to hear

you only see

what you want to see

what am i to do?

every thing i do and say

you turn it all around

what am i to do?

you can't seem to hear

all i try to say

you can't seem to see

that i really care

spending time with blind

speaking to deaf ears

careing for someone

who doesn't give a damn

you call yourself a man

you're supposed to be a man

and know just who i am

that i am your own son.

the dreamer sits alone in his cubicle  
and dreams his dreams for you  
builds his life for you  
the dreamer brings happiness for friends  
breaking off the ends  
of things that will not bend  
then they start again

the dreamer watches you  
and you know that he is true  
when life is oh-so-blue  
the dreamer sings his song  
and hopes it won't be long  
'till someone hears the song  
he sings for you

the dreamer dreams his dreams  
the dreamer screams his dreams  
the dreamer passes by  
see the dreamer cry  
see the dreamer try  
to care for you.



into your eyes i look  
into your eyes i see  
the lament of many years  
the remenants of fears  
the memories of tears

into your eyes i look  
into your eyes i see  
the beauty of pure truth  
the innocence of youth  
the real pieces of you

into your eyes i look  
into your eyes i see  
the love there is to give  
the kindness there within  
the smile of hope to live

into your eyes i look  
into your eyes i see  
the hope that there might be  
a chance for you  
to be with me

like wind on a rainbow  
she smiles at him with eyes aglow  
seeing thru the things he tries to hide

she takes his trembling hand  
touches the inner man who struggles to escape  
his crumbling facade

slowly the young man  
calms beneath her hands  
looks into her dark eyes, dropping his disguise

they walk thru the gallery  
with hands held high and free  
the love they found with no disguise

a fantasy.....

he sits and ponders  
alone in an empty room  
emptiness snapping around him  
with hideous laughter

like cold, glistening steel  
the emptiness works it's way  
towards his unsmiling face  
upon which the teardrops of life  
have no yet shed

"Where do I stand?" he wonders  
as his friends pass by not noticing  
the emptiness standing  
around him

oh, sure his friends recognize him  
but who is he to impose  
upon their mirthless gabblings

he turns and walks away  
hoping one will notice, but no-one notices  
that emptiness has just been evacuated  
and that the vacuum in once  
again whole

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

he sits and ponders what  
his next infestation shall be  
will it be a brush with another vacuum  
or a shave by the razor of death?  
will it be an unsatisfied wallow  
in the fields of pretended acquaintances?  
will it be a continuum of insincere trust  
derived from the depths of emptiness  
in a hollow resounding shell?  
or will it be the ultimate  
meaning which evolves itself  
from gutteral trivia and loses itself  
in the monotony of living?

"it doesn't hurt to ask!"  
he screams as his emptiness  
is hurled unrelentingly against  
the blasphemous walls of acquaintance  
with apathy

he falls into the vacuum screaming  
his obituary and wondering why  
the tears won't come.

obituary

this is my epitaph

come on, have a good laugh

this is my obituary

come on it may make you merry

i have puto

on many plastic smiles

i have lived a life of lies

they fall around me, just like flies

if i could only be myself

i might get a little health

if i could tell you hoe i feel

you might think of me unreal

if i could only speak my mind

would you then, still be blind?

if i told you you how i feel

would you laugh and turn a heel?

.....just a prisoner of mind.....

i look out at the other worlds  
wondering who's to blame  
for me being here

i look at all the million faces  
stareing into empty spaces  
they're not in my world

i'm just a prisoner of mind  
not really a mind  
but one with memories  
of pain and who's to blame?

suicide

see the young man  
standing at the bridge of life  
see his face  
drawn and haggard  
from the pain of life

see the young man  
reach out only to fall  
see the, hear the young man  
fall thru the air  
hear the sound of the crowd  
cheer him as he hits the ground

hear the crowd loudly say  
"who the Hell was he?,  
he must have been a fool"

run to him little girl  
he is your comfort  
in this cold, cruel world  
run to him little girl  
he loves you little girl

i've got nothing  
that you could ever use  
run to him  
you had the right to choose

i saw the two of you  
smile as you walked along  
i saw the two of you  
holding lovers songs

i saw your faces glow  
and smiles just today  
i know you loved the show  
so i gladly walked away



so you think you have found love  
because it is returned  
i know the lesson well  
it's mighty hard to learn

you said that you love him  
he makes you feel secure  
but don't speak too loudly  
you still aren't very sure

loving the idea of love  
in so short a time  
don't tell me the story  
do you think that i am blind?

you speak repeatedly of him  
and strain to hold the smile  
you seem to stop and stare  
please stop and rest awhile

when you have the time  
to smiled at my kind  
just stop and look my way  
and i won't be blind.

as i look into the mirror  
the face i see, it can't be me  
where is the smiling face  
the laughing eyes  
that used to be there, greeting me?

the man i see looking back at me,  
why does he look so sad  
has he been hurt like this before?  
his eyes are sad,  
his face is marked with pain

who can he be, it can't be me  
the carefree man who used to dance so hard  
and throw himself in the middle of the crowd  
the songs he sings, just tears they bring  
his voice. it cracks with sorrow

here he stands with eyes downcast  
his words no-one can hear  
he dreams his dreams of life fulfilled  
by a girl who loved him so  
then he turned and she was gone

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

what is this man, this broken man

who stands in my mirror now?

why does he stare at me?

why does he cry with a broken sob

is he a stranger to me

i sit and ponder  
recollecting past purposes  
past articles unseen  
a house: a home:  
a waterfall;  
nine multicolored cows  
sheep; chickens  
a woodland path  
all past  
vague memories seen unseen  
i travel to a distant land  
asking the question  
"Did i live here?"  
beautiful once, but foreboding now  
childhood fades to age  
i lived there once...i think  
death comes  
i lay aside my shovel  
stareing into the grave of my childhood  
looking at unanswewed questions  
past articles  
seen unseen.,

the day life came home, mother cried  
because life was gone so long  
life travelled to a distant land  
to explore the unexplained  
life travelled far and wide  
searching for the meaning  
of nothingness  
life heard many tales  
of nothingness  
some even told him jokingly  
nothingness was a turd laying in a ditch  
with the shit kicked out of it  
life had many battles with his opponent  
death  
but always it was a draw

life came home yesterday  
a broken man, mother cried  
and reached for life with open arms  
life came towards her....  
and mother grasped at the illusion.

when i died last night  
no-one cried  
no-one came to  
wish me off  
on my long journey  
but you smiled  
and clapped your hands  
and you cared

she sat and thought  
of many things  
of children grown  
of babies, of their first home  
of passion filled nights  
on model T back seats  
she sat and thought  
of his death  
the black dress  
of tears crawling down  
her pale face  
she sat and thought  
of beauty, terror and  
emptiness  
with determined, trembling fingers  
she reached  
in the drawer  
pulled it out  
and gazed with glistening eyes  
as she raised it;  
she thought.

he spent many years  
of his life  
many sleepless nights  
denying himself many pleasures  
for the great gift  
of books and notes piled high  
in the four walled corner

upon his graduation  
he walked down to the street  
breathing wisdom from every pore  
and was hit by a truck.



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1954-1973

are all references to a  
person, many know not  
who, but what  
namely me!

the symbol of existing  
not necessarily for  
with love, life  
happens, without  
life doesn't  
believe not  
what you hear  
or see  
believe only in what  
you feel and know  
yourself, love yourself  
for if you do not  
no-one else can.

thru the dimly lit caverns  
across the endless void  
the lonely projectionist stands  
aiming his metallic weappon  
he then shoots his beam of focused  
images at the punctured wall of my mind

as the pictures slowly take their shape  
a groan goes drifting quietly  
from no-one in particular  
reverberates from the audience  
as brief moments of recognition  
accumulate, then quickly pass

then an image comes upon the screen  
and the audience cries in laughter  
then laughter turns to tears  
the image turns it's head  
looks with eyes of light  
at the audience, then freezes as  
th weapon cannot withstand the strain  
of dying love

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

the audience, he stands and gazes  
at her for a moment  
remembering the pleasure of knowing  
both her body and her mind  
he smiles at her for one moment  
then turns and walks away  
lest the movie of his mind  
becomes a pain within his chest.

just another stranger in the crowd

just another body on the earth

why must i be

such a stranger to me?

the end of youth.....

the end of life.....

the beginning of what.....?

**BOOK IV**

**towards the future**

**loss of innocence**

1978-1991

for you

i'll write a poem for you

someday when i have kindness

to say

today there is nothing for you

and me

you escape and i remain the same

not by choice

i'm ready

not for your illusion

i cannot understand

some day some way

i know you may hold my heart

more carefully or maybe

drop it to the floor and crush it

unknowingly



## FANTASY

for you i hunger  
my unsatiated presence  
awaits for your table of desire  
to throw a few scraps for me  
will you ever set a place for me  
to call my own?  
were you a fantasy  
made for my reality?  
no telephone will ring  
to awaken me from this dream  
this fantasy is not shared  
it was not meant to be  
so try and share my  
fantasy of love

## EXPRESSION

what is an expression  
of my desire  
is it when i touch your body  
with my heart  
is it when i explode  
in passions crescendo  
under the touch of your knowing way  
my passion controls me  
it frightens me  
it intrigues me  
you have unchained my beast  
so carelessly  
don't let it frighten you  
when the passionate one  
runs rampant through your field  
of undisturbed flowers  
don't let it anger you  
if the pretty ones get trampled  
before you subdue him  
for he is old  
for he is tired  
for he is young  
for he is refreshed  
for you he hungers  
for you he will die....for you he is.....

time to think  
time to do  
what is this  
that i'm going through  
is life control  
or do we drive  
no time for fun  
just deprived

rewards are not  
for what we ask  
i'm not sure  
if i'm the last

for would you say  
it's not your way  
unwilling to give  
for that i live

my needs are few  
just touch my heart  
and from you  
i'll never part

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

your fire freezes

the flames illusion

and i'll be gone

forgive the intrusion

my spirit walks  
beside my soul  
the road is long  
and i grow cold  
my age is not  
what appears to be

i want to cry  
when i should laugh  
my eyes can't see  
what they should hear

the answer stands  
before my eyes  
is it the answer  
or is it lies

thoughts of you  
send me away  
to brighter days  
when i was alive  
my heart is the door  
you are the key

after the fact

i sit alone and remember

how you gave in to my passion

you released my beast of passion

for the moment

i was so proud of you

so proud of me

a feeling long since evaporated

by the realization of why you did

what you thought was necessary at the time

i thought it was so beautiful

the beauty has now changed

it has decayed

it's flesh turned grey with ugliness

sorrow and my shame overwhelm me

my passion to fear and disgust of self

why did you cry

why did your body lie to me

my anger turns to hate of my passion

i'm sorry

so sorry for my beauty becomes that

that is your ugliness

YOUR FIRE FREEZES  
MY FLAMES ILLUSION  
DISECTING-CONNECTING  
THE DREAMS DIFFUSION  
AWARENESS INVADES  
MY SAD DELUSION  
SO I MUST LEAVE  
FORGIVE MY INTRUSION

i'd like to paint a picture  
of beauty and contentment  
to show the world of just what  
i'm able to do  
i have the tools in my possession  
but no canvass upon wich to paint  
it would be a labor of love  
it would be a portrait of you  
why do you not comply  
with my uncontrolled desire  
to illuminate your darkness

it would be a beautiful creation  
if you passed thru your fear  
and joined with me awhile  
we could run thru the field  
of dreams until we found  
the right time\place to begin  
a portrait of passion untainted  
by our fears of ourselves\each other

in love i would like to take  
your hand\mind\body  
for you i would give  
my hand\heart\soul



Is life worth living alone  
in the outside sphere  
where one can watch the worlds  
collide\unite  
my world is barren\cold  
though not by choice  
the game is played  
the observer observes  
the rules escape me  
i cannot read the language  
i cannot understand the words they play

my sword is drawn though  
rust covers the blade  
in readiness for the attack  
that never comes  
i cannot see you  
you are my ultimate illusion  
in my deviod heart i long  
to touch your soul  
for it needs  
it reaches  
for reasons unknown  
in the outside sphere  
where the other worlds collide

*so here i am at the proverbial  
crossroads of a certain point in my life.  
questions i ask myself now  
will affect the very existence of my future  
my quest is to ensure that the  
actions i do today will have a positive effect  
on that wich is to be my future  
i must set goals for myself  
and stick to them regardless of what the gods  
send to defeat me*

***I AM THE WARRIOR***

*this i will remember  
my fate i will tear away  
from the ever turning wheel of chance  
i will take control of my own destiny  
i am the one they seek to have  
the name they call me now  
they will regret  
for now is my time  
of awakening*

the one who dares to dream  
has awakened from a dreamless sleep  
the chronicles of his life erased  
from long years of abuse\unuse  
his canvass a blank sheet so white  
his brushes new and unused  
the price tags still stuck to the handles  
in silent testimony to the price he has paid  
to the ones who would control his future  
freedom is the choice he would make if he could  
find the way to his meaning

he turns to the one he needs  
only to find his answer  
he stands alone unafraid only sadness at the loss of those  
who never knew him  
a loss to him a tradition long seen  
but never realized a tradgedy to them  
aloneness was not the choice he wished for  
uncompromising loyalty is his offering  
their fear was theirs to face adversely

with brush in trembling hand  
he reaches to the canvass to draw his dream  
colors so bright strokes so bold  
the dream takes shape in ethereal splendor

(cont"d)

(cont'd)

his dream unfolds not yet understood  
the one who dreams the one who paints  
the story untold  
it has yet to begin

remembering

there was a time  
when laughter brought no pain  
that was when you were here  
not there  
when the day is done  
and i return  
to what was once  
my happy home  
no one greets my return  
my time is filled  
with thoughts of you  
remembering  
when laughter brought no pain

Why ?

why does my anger burn  
with fire so hot  
it consumes me?  
i ask the one who should know  
no answer comes my way  
i look to yesterday  
for an answer  
none come to me  
comfort me  
i look to tomorrow  
to ask for solace  
all they that await me  
no sign of you  
have they seen  
dreams of contentment  
mere fantasies of illusion  
never come true  
alone-ness is my companion  
no surrender to make  
no protection needed  
except from myself

do not cry for me  
your tears are not for me  
they are for your own consolation  
i would not possess them  
do not talk of love to me  
your words are a double edged sword  
that cuts you as well as me  
your ways are not for me  
i can not walk in your footsteps  
my stride does not match yours  
my pace is not yours  
do not laugh at me  
your sound is not sincere  
it pains my ears in it's sharpness  
i do not deserve it's unkind hurt  
speak to me with only your heart  
for mine hungers for your words of truth  
it's emptiness haunts me  
it tortures me with so cruel a longing  
i guard it well  
i keep it locked in darkness  
and have lost the key

revival

in quiet silence i have awaited  
to hear your unspoken words of hope  
my walls crumble with the power of  
the soft-spoken manner of  
your presentation  
the truths you speak are your own  
how can they be mine  
i long to argue with you  
and hear your logic  
words fail to come  
how can one so new affect the oldness  
of one of experience  
the new the sunrise of awareness  
is this the revival of my life  
perhaps so  
maybe not



i bear no gifts for you  
i offer my nakedness in  
purity of my soul  
no plastic toys to bribe you  
no flashy lights to astound you  
no fancy words to confuse you  
i make no promise to you

my truth is in myself  
this is all i have for you\me  
to share my soul with you  
my essence if you wish  
is not for sale at the price  
you wish to pay  
for me to tell you i wish to love  
does not mean i am for sale

i give to you this word of wisdom  
for me to love your ways  
i must believe in what you are  
not what you try to say  
i expect that you will find the way  
to love me in the same way

you speak to me of God and Jesus  
and a man called Joseph Smith  
he heard the word from the other side  
and others believed his words.  
you tell me how you believe as well  
you seem to be so very happy  
to share these thoughts with me  
and wish me well each time you leave  
to go your way in peace  
you speak of love and joy so free  
these things i do not know  
to pray you say will lead the way  
my prayers are never heard  
i ask for peace within my soul  
a thought remains a thought  
my soul is mine i want to share  
no one comes along  
i ask for love to share and hold  
my nights are filled with dreams  
no one there to share my fears  
i really stand alone  
i wish you well can you please tell  
me i'm not in hell

put me down again  
i will not fall into your trap  
the thumb you push with  
no longer fits my head  
put me down again  
i will not elevate your ego  
i am at last  
i am at peace  
though circumstances seem not  
to you at least  
your morals are not mine  
i am not what i do  
i am i am i am i am  
those who cannot see  
cannot understand  
those who do not matter  
i do not chose to control  
i do not chose to be what they expect  
i cannot cut for i lost my sword  
i may look but never will i touch  
the unclean ones  
their light has lost it's radiance  
the tunnel is a dead end  
cluttered with skeletons piled at the end  
that light is merely the glow from the bones  
of those who have died there

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

i am not the one

i am i am i am i am.....

to put me down again

you will not like what it does not do.

you used to cause me pain  
words are like weapons when used by you  
you speak to kill or sometimes maim  
just to watch me writhe in pain?  
it worked so very well you saw  
you still would never stop  
i had to grow i had to know  
if freedom was what they said  
still words you used were words abused  
to hurt the one you loved  
i cowered in my ill-fitted armor  
the words still came at me  
i tried to run i tried to hide  
to stop the hurt i felt  
you will never know it hurt me so  
my tears were seldom seen  
it was not right  
you were out of sight you never felt my pain  
a word of love a word of might  
was all i sought from you  
was all i lost of you

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

words like weapons rust with age

the sights will fall away

your aim is failing your weapons

lose their hurtful sting

blood no longer falls to the ground

from wounds you try to open

i may be touched but no longer bleed

from words you aim at me

to my friend.....

we have seen some times  
my friend  
both good and bad  
joyful and sad  
i found a true friend in you  
never questioning my moods  
just trusting me in the moments  
the way i was  
your proud stance  
so glad to greet me  
as i came home from my day  
our walks along the river  
on summer days  
your reassuring manner  
when my heart was heavy  
your comforting presence  
when i was hurting  
these memories i will carry  
in my heart  
in knowing you my friend  
it saddens me to see  
the passage of time  
take it's toll  
on your once proud body  
i see the pain of sadness

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

in your eyes  
and it hurts to know  
that wich i must soon do  
to preserve your dignity  
and be true to the trust  
you have given me  
for you my friend



the beast screams his discontent  
the cage weakens against his  
seething rage  
the bars rattle and fall apart  
as his captors flee  
hiding from his wrath

he stands erect and shakes himself  
growling in his rage at those who would dare  
to call him out  
to tear him down  
to enslave his heart  
and hold his mind

"i'm free at last!" is his battle cry  
those who oppose me will surely find  
too strong a mind  
to capture  
no scorpion's sting  
no lion's roar  
no virgin's lies  
will fool me now

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

the scales unbalanced by weighs of thought

the crab will not withdraw to an empty shell

will not hold on

to the useless ones

to the scheming ones

to the unrevealing ones

he must find the truthful ones

the cage is empty  
the beast is free  
he stands alone in an empty space  
and stares at the few  
an amazing sight  
the many who were there  
have turned and fled  
they could not gaze upon his face

the lies and the stories all fade with age  
the darkness falls leaving only the light  
of who he is  
of what he is  
not what he was  
nor what they hoped he was

the beast is free at what a price  
his dreams have died  
oh how they lied  
oh how they tried  
to seduce him so  
to ensnare him so

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

the beast stands alone

he stares and thinks

he contemplates

on what to do

on where to go

on what to know

on who is real

on who is friend.

the beast he shudders

a magnificent sight

if you are friend

and bring him love

bring him truth

bring him close

you are his mirror

let him take hold

of your love of him

you will know

the love he gives

the peace he lives

the truth he lives

who is this beast so wild and mad

the anger fades it cannot stay

the beast is free

the beast is me.

a progression to success  
in this case  
is just a  
setback in disguise.

sleep no more  
my gentle dreams  
of things that were  
and yet to come  
the beast has died  
and been taken

you sleep no more  
in my silent dreams  
the things that were  
are no longer there  
the beast it sleeps  
it's time to escape

the plan is made  
the lines are drawn  
but what it is  
i'm not yet sure  
a cause for joy  
or a cause for fear  
the battle has started

the war yet to come.



full circle

a chance meeting in a place of no consequence  
two smiles shared a familiar sense  
memories uncommitted, tho yet to come  
of hoping thru fear that naught came undone

a journey was started, destination unknown  
no familiar markings to guide my course  
fantasy co-piloting my uncharted course  
telling me never would i feel remorse

we came together no physical contact  
never planning to have a single attack  
one lonely soul, one searching a mate  
guided only by trust in an unyeilding fate

we sat and we spoke of things yet to be  
my stories were told, i hoped you could see  
a confession of love never to die  
truths that were voiced never speaking a lie

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

one had to go, the time had just come  
one stayed behind for two changed to one  
letters were written uplifting my hopes  
fantasies i set on, adjusting my scope

a journey was taken amidst changes unfair  
my hopes were standing in dragon's lair  
we met and we spoke just like before  
the game was full circle, no-one did score.

what does it take  
to get you to see  
there's someone inside  
this shell that is me?

i'm not who i seem  
not strong and not cool  
but someone who cries  
when thought of a fool

i dress in clothes  
to disguise all my fears  
but behind this smile  
there's more than just tears

i treasure those times  
we laughed and we tried  
to do what we wanted  
with no thoughts of our pride

the old dreams have faded  
the new are just forming  
is it too late  
to look to the morning?

i was so trusting in counting on you  
my heart was laid open just trusting the truth  
my protection was gone, my soul was bare  
a total commitment just all that was there

a moment of weakness in careing for you  
the misunderstanding by you for something i said  
you cut me down, i have no defense  
i'm screaming in pain, "don't pass me for dead"

you are my fantasy, just all that i have  
connecting a past i don't understand  
a one-sided channel with no return  
only i see, i wish you could learn

thru the realms we have travelled, the lands unknown  
are they just dreams i have seen all alone  
the are so real, so life-like to me  
if just for a moment, i wish you could see

the fantasy is gone like smoke through the trees  
all that is left is no one but me  
i stand alone, just feeling the breeze  
you walk on by me, refusing to see

you've held me back  
from seeing myself  
you put me down  
and kept me there  
you bruised me  
you kicked me  
when i've been down  
i reached out for you  
you were gone  
i had nothing but my dream  
of who i was  
and you told me lies  
deceived me  
robbed me of my strength  
i'm not who you thought i was  
i am quite different  
than you thought i was

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

**NO MORE**

i am me

as unchanged as the wind

shut me in and i will escape

i will seep out the cracks

i will be free to grow

i have found my essence

i don't play by the rules

that you expect me to

**I AM ME.**

one stands alone  
on ideals long dead  
and the sheep, they all follow  
fear turning to dread

searching for love  
without paying the toll  
just pretending to play  
a celluloid role

one stands alone  
the way of the rock  
but no one is willing  
they still want to roll

one reaches out  
hoping for two  
grasping the air  
wishing for you

one stands alone  
on emptiness land  
watching for you  
a glistening band

(cont'd)

(cont'd)

a question is asked

though silences heard

an unspoken monologue

but never the word



i walk along the road of dreams  
i haven't been here for quite awhile  
i notice a change, but i'm not quite sure  
things are different, in an unusual way

i search my memories, thru dusty doors  
trying to find the answers that make sense  
but reality seems like fantasy and fantasy reality  
confusion fogs my memories, nothing is clear

dreams that changed, become rearranged  
my heart is sure, of what unknown  
the program is new, but somewhat askew  
i know who i am, location unknown

fear rushes in of change so strange  
a gamble to take, a dream to chase  
to see something through, to change the rules  
a dare to be strong, it's been so long.

daytime has faded to a long cold night  
crying for laughter in a world of tears  
asking for someone to hold in love  
the one i once touched, she is standing so still  
i stand alone, trembling in fear  
is this who i am, undeserving in love?  
i have travelled so far, through unrelenting storms  
to reach my destiny, just being alone  
i cry out in love, my voice goes unheard  
please take my hand, my angel in flight  
don't run away, because of my fright  
i know that my pain is causing you fear  
i'm sorry for causing so many tears  
don't look for logic, love can't be worded  
feelings we have just can't be described  
i know that through all  
my love can stand tall

she comes to me softly on the wings of a dove  
standing beside me, not below nor above  
on knees that are bended, i hear her heart  
the beating i hear, loves message a start

we stand at the brink of timeless attempt  
resolving that nothing could ever be meant  
the time that we spend, not measured in hours  
nor will it erode such as man made towers

contact is made, not a physical touch  
mundane matters, nonsense as such  
we speak with our hearts, never searching for words  
meaning is lost when you use the absurd

tho our bodies shall surely e're be apart  
the mind is so simply the true work of art  
together we stand at the timeless pond  
in wonder of all, ourselves as a bond.

my gentle princess of the light  
you i dream of in delight  
to you i give my heart and soul  
as loneliness takes it's dreaded toll

the days they fade in to the night  
your memories come and calm my fright  
in you my heart, it holds so much  
my soul it cries to have your touch

the days like lightening, fill the skies  
my soul it floats above the lies  
my eyes have seen what is the truth  
in you alone, there lies the truth

as i walk along the street  
promises are made i will always keep  
my love for you will always be  
the purest joy for what is me.

