

**BLACK
ROSE**

DECOY GALLERINA

BLACK ROSE

I didn't want you to give what men give without heart
I didn't want to receive that place where
Red, red roses turn black
I didn't want you to take what men take
Without their hearts

Let someone else whirl, whirl, whirl down
Their flesh to meet shells of fragrant flowers
Dead
Cracking the way things do
Without heart
Without heart

Peel it away, I say, peel it away
Those which harbors heart
Blood and life

I'm not giving what women give, give without heart
Not going where heartless things lead
Bleeding, dead, bleeding
Life filled red, red roses
Black

ETERNITY

When you touch me, I disappear, all melts away
Suspended in eternity, hypnotism, there is nothing else
Every breath of wind
Every breath of wind

Is you

WOODWORK

Sometimes I'm standing
Sometimes I'm standing
Sometimes I'm standing here

And, sometimes it's like...
Oh, I don't know

Then I start to walk, stars all around
Sometimes I'm walking, broken cement, grass and dirt

Then I'm standing, looking straight up
Way up into the sky

I see the millions of miles over me, the constellations

Then I'm walking, branches and leaves
Brushing, brushing by

Sometimes I'm standing here looking up
And, I see your face, your face in the sky
I can't tell you how many times I've seen your face
In the constellations, in the night, in the night

And, sometimes, it's liked...
Oh, I don't know

Then I'm walking, broken cement, grass, the sky above
The sky above, night all around

How many times I've seen your face, seen your face

Your face
Your face
Your face

I can't tell you how many times I've seen your face
In the constellations
In the night, in the night, in the night

And, sometimes it's like...
Oh, I don't know

Then, I'm walking, broken cement, grass
The sky above, night around

How many times I've seen your face?
Seen your face, your face, your face, your face

I can't tell you how many times I've seen your face
In the constellations, in the night, in the night
And sometimes it's like...oh, I don't know
Then I'm walking, broken cement, grass, the sky above
The sky above, night around
How many times I've seen your face, seen your face
Your face
Your face
Your face
Your face

BLACKER

Black is blacker
I see you, the machine you've built, your own
The nadir become the peak
And, for me the nature of black; blacker

BIRDS

What strange birds we are.
Flying forever into the future.

BACK BURNER

Back burner, back burner, back burner man
I won't be on your back burner any more

You ain't got nothin to offer
Nothing to offer
No foolin
No foolin no more!

LETTING GO

I'm letting go of you...you neve...
I'm letting go of you...you abando....
I'm letting go of you...you betra...

I'm letting go of you...
You don't know any better

Now, I do!

WHOSE THE CRIMINAL

A person does wrong...
and, the system that set them up?
Can you electrocute that?

A boy/girl hits the streets
Hardened by poverty and a lack of opportunity
He/she could get an education if he just had the money
His/her mother can't afford decent food
High school is gang town, private school prohibitive

It's a trap, with no other recourse visible to him/her
On the deals, pocket change, another score
Hunt the bucks, petty theft then armed robbery
That's the way things fall

They don't teach you what you need to know
In these institutions
So, you educate yourself as best you can
You ain't gonna lay down, gotta get over, gotta get out

Another deal, the connect is mad, then the fall
One, two, three, something about a knife
It's one, ten, then life
Was looking for a way through
Dealing and whatever looked cool
Didn't want to be just another janitor/waitress
Or kiss ass in a tie with a boring cut

With no education, or what 'they' call one
Was trying to get through

Arms strapped in, that bit of evidence came through
A month, a week, a day, an hour late
A minute after the current flew
He/she wasn't living straight
by the terms they propagate
One turn then another, this man/woman was set up
By one predatory system, then another

Systems meant to break a person's will
I'm not talking about those who welcome evil
Given a choice
He/she fell, stripped of dignity
He/she lost what a man/woman could be

Guilty, guilty, guilty, is all that's heard
CREATED CRIMINALS
And, what about prevention, and all the word intimates

Death penalty, execute all the poor
By offering no opportunity
Condemning them to that fate
Execute the poor...and, what about the system
That set it all up, can you execute that?
Let it sit on death row, for six months
Counting the months, the weeks, the days, the hours
The seconds
The failed appeals
And, the prayers to the cold heart of some judge
With the finest education and right politics

Right politics, let that sit on death row
Then strap it in, let it burn

The system that cuts men's lives off from the start
The system that undermines people's hopes, dreams
That leaves room for only petty schemes
The system that enslaves and destroys
Strap It in, let It burn
See if it can get enough illegal narcotic to numb out
Until the current shorts it out
Let It burn

PREVENTION

What about prevention Mr. Bush?!
Blinded by frustration, resentment, no choice of dignity
He/she forgot what they could be
Mr. Bush, is there anything you could have done
To prevent this?
If you think for just one moment
You will find the weight on your shoulders
You will find your conscience laden
With the fact that the 'crime' is yours
Find yourself guilty by a jury not of your peers
Find yourself sentenced, imprisoned, strapped in
You will take the rap
Screaming on your hands and knees
Screaming "MERCY! MERCY!"
"I was set up!"
You'll find your system just like you made it
A system with no compassion or empathy
A system that will not set you free

BURN IN HELL, MOTHER FUCKER!!

CONFIDENTIAL

When Oklahoma Indian joined the military, he said:
“Well, one thing the military does do...
It teaches you to keep in shape?”

When they recruited Oklahoma Indian,
They wanted him physically fit
And, when they ordered him to pull the trigger
On some other baby’s mother
On another third world brother
The want him muscular

When they recruited Mr. Oklahoma
Mr. “I’d only be working at Burger King anyway.”
Mr. all you’ve ever been is
America’s T-Bone Indian steak
Fresh from the reservation freezer...meat

Watch a little more TV, then tell me how it feels
To have some indoctrinated sergeant
Tell you every move you can and cannot make
Flak jackets, field munitions, running miles every day
Salivating, obedient at the end of it

Tell me, if they ever told you about the enlisted men
Who were experiments in the 50’s atomic bomb tests
And, about those men’s deaths in the 80’s
Swollen with cancer
The Pentagon claiming no responsibility whatsoever

And, tell me, if in their recruiting seminars
If they mentioned the Navajo
Whose coded language proved decisive and victorious
For their country, this country, their home
The hero Navajos who are now being
Uprooted from their ancestral homelands
Regardless of all they gave

And, in those seminars, did they say anything
About how they regularly cut funding from the
Indian Health Service
Or, about how they dismissed a Navy doctor
A man, who tried to warn you, private
Of the STD epidemic in the Filipins
Where you were stationed
Did they ever mention any of those things to you

When they came to your high school
With that glistening sword
A reflection that caught your eye
When they came to your high school
Looking for 'A FEW GOOD MEN'
Offering travel, prestige
Telling you to "AIM HIGH", "BE ALL YOU CAN BE"
Claiming "IT'S NOT JUST A JOB, IT'S AN ADVENTURE!"
Promising that they can
make you a man, Make You A Man, MAKE YOU A MAN!!

Now you kneel there with death on your face
In some innocuous ditch
Aiming your gun at people
Who look like friends back home; same color, same skin

Now you lay there, M-16 in your hands
Decay all around you
And, you don't know why
You don't know why

You didn't take a closer look
You didn't read between the lines
You didn't even open the book
YOU GOT TOOK!!

OH YEAH, Oklahoma Indian
One thing the military does do...
USE YOU!!!
PRIVATE, SHUT-UP
AND, HAND ME THE A-1 STEAK SAUCE

CALLING BIRDS

How beautiful the sunset, how deep my melancholy
How sweet the scent of rain touched earth
How distant the fragrance of you
There is amber light cast upon my walls by the sunset
There are gray silhouettes of snow clouds in my mirror
There is the mingling of spring and winter in the air
But there is no you
I sit here alone and on the evening breeze
Is carried the dreaming of hours in your arms
The wonder of the sound of thunder
And, the feeling that I could reach you without the skin
And, that you would know

But would that bring you to me
As night brings the sound of calling birds

DREAMING

Dreaming
Dreaming
Dreaming

I went to bed last night
I slept alone, again

I heard the moon turn, the sky pass
The beating of my heart

Beating
Beating
Beating

I saw your face
The light of your eyes
The red of your lips

Dreaming
My heart was beating faster

The sky changed, before my eyes, you stood
In my sleep, I whispered your name, your name

My heart was beating faster

I went to bed alone last night
I heard the earth spinning
Felt the wind burning against my skin

I felt your hand touch mine

My heart was beating faster
Beating faster, faster

Your eyes were dark, your hair was black, like the night
Like the night, like the night

I heard my lips speak your name again last night
Again, last night, my heart was beating faster

I was dreaming
dreaming
dreaming
dreaming

My heart was beating faster

RETROGRADE

Lady, you're late on the scent
I'm old news, he's on to the next one
And, there you are, still co-dependent, enabling him

It's not interesting
He's giving old material, ten years out
Where's the new shit?
It's all so retrograde

BOG

Slimy snakes drowning in a muddy bog
Seek a decaying log rotting on shore
"HELP!" they choke

POSSESSED

RAPTURE

Ask not my confidence
Your tale, do not, in my ear murmur
Ask no consolation
Your confessions do not speak
Waste not your breath
This wit is elsewhere disposed
Preoccupied, fascinated, subsumed
Cognizant of no other
Beckon me not
A vexation to my contemplation
Your labor will incite
Only the wrath of my utmost disdain
Oblivious to you
I shall ever remain
For nothing compels my reveries
Holds its intent
Nothing so consoles me
Is so captivatingly alluring
As the seduction and rapture
Of my darling sorrow
The drear greys
The morosely numbing obsidians
Of my precious, loathsome
And explicitly private anguish
Morbidly hypnotic
Is this contrition
My misery

This my melancholy
To this cavernous decay
My skeletal heart
I do clutch
A dire, sweet, sulking malaise
I so covet and cling to
Nothing draws me
Amuses me so sardonically
As my beloved and dearly dear woe
Nothing is so intriguing
As to deliver me
Irk some
All else is monotony
Beauty, joy, sung adventure
Are loathsome tedium
And rescue me not
From the utter and beautiful
Desolation of it
It draws me ever
Here in its soured charm
I languish
Distracted, absent, spent
In the mildewed scent of it
All else I look upon
With chagrin
Willingly haunted
I invite the cobwebbed, withered and tattered
Spectral apparition of my own ghastly demise
To possess my gaze
Rapt, my gaze solely
Toward the descent of it
Opaque its visage

All else invisible to me
Nothing else do it see
Or wish to
Eternally despondent
I shall ever be
This siren's dirge
All I pine to hear
In pursuit of it
My soul exhausted
Oh, the absolute
Drowning
Pity of it

Do not seek my confidence
For I have vowed
My mind, body and vacuous soul exclusively
To the recantation
Of my unreconciled and piteous obliteration
Speak not to me
For I traverse perpetually
This funerary labyrinth
This quagmire of murk
Within

VENUE

I didn't fit the venue
I wasn't quite stewardess looking enough
My black tights weren't panty-hose beige enough
My boots weren't 1-1/2 inch heel enough
My hair was too short AND too long
Not at all sleek, blonde or coifed
My face was just a little too exotic
My lips too full
My eyes ever so slightly too slanted
My nose a bit too round
The birthmark on my forehead a tad too brown
The mole beneath my jawline
 More conspicuous than innocuous
The color of my skin too rare
The holes in my ears; too many
My cheekbones too high
The space between my eyebrows too wide
To be empty

I didn't fit the venue
My smile wasn't quite fake enough
And, when the suit and ties were on the make
I wasn't available
Enough

I was just 'cool' enough
To shoot their synthetic egos down enough
To remind them
Just how boring they were
Boring enough

To live and die
For a gold watch
And, never ask why enough
To take the chance
I didn't say yes enough
In the way I did my make-up
I wasn't quite model white enough
Not quite apple pie, American miss, debutant,
Lilly white, clean, plain jane, safe
Enough
I didn't cow-tow enough
When I spoke
What I spoke wasn't quite company
Quite corporate, conventional, conservative
Or machine...enough

And, I didn't apologize for that, enough
I didn't apologize for being me, enough
To buy in, to be in debt enough
To sell my soul enough
To have bills 'til I died enough
To be buried alive enough
In that rat-race enough
To lie and deny myself and be like them
Enough
To do all the 'right things enough
To be satisfied with advertisement programmed
Desire for commodity
BMW, Porsche, Mercedes PROPS
To display who I was enough
To step on the 'lower' echelon
And, bend over for my 'superiors'

I wasn't quite good enough at saying yes
When I meant no enough
At looking at my face in the morning mirror
And, pretending I didn't see what I saw
Enough
To wear a collar long enough
To hold the leash on others enough...

Enough...
Enough...
Enough!!!

I wouldn't stop thinking enough
To allow myself to be sucked dry
And no longer feel human enough
To FEEL
That I would never want to
FIT THE VENUE
"Do take dictation miss?"

"FUCK NO!!"

GREY OUT

You're not the one to talk, no, not the one, not the one
Not the one to talk to
Can't go there, I remind myself
I continue the play out, not the one to talk to
The impossible, such a sweet promise, never promised
Can't go there
What I have to say, what you can't

The play out, the grey out

THE HISSING

I miss you too much
Sometimes when I'm sleeping
The loneliness creeps up in me
Turning my dreams to nightmares
Of long empty highways
At midnight and moonless

There I stand
Awaiting a passing stranger
Who never stops
I watch the love making
Of those tires
With the black asphalt

Sometimes when I'm between
Dreams and waking in this house
I'm the only one
It comes creeping into my bones, my head
And, this heart on which I sleep, bleeds
Until it is heartless
A shell that cracks, a heap of eggshell
Beside the black asphalt highway

I await the stranger
The lovemaking

The hissing

PACKAGES AND PASSAGES

All of us have relationship with mothers

Birth mothers, adopted mothers, surrogate mothers

Male mothers, mother fuckers, grandmothers, sisters,

Girlfriends, lovers, teachers ourselves as our own

Mothers, Mother Earth, universe, existence

None exactly the same

Packages and Passages:

I've done everything for you, you are safe here, I'm nothing without a man, I'm helpless, receptivity, passive/aggressive, me first, suck up the sun, hide, focus the power you are, forgiveness, apathy, love yourself, I'm sorry, this is real, take care of me, what do I need?, work in the garden, be defensive, cover it up, truth heals, abandonment, meditate, shame on you!, dance, don't come home pregnant, eat right, carry the burden of my guilt, take your shoes off...relax, I'm your mother...you're supposed to love me, isolation, sing, don't let anyone see the real me, eat and this and this and this, bury your pain, have courage, never let your guard down, I'm helpless, be patient, deflect, explore, destroy yourself, listen, protect me, you can survive, denial at any cost, honor your body, despair, feel what you feel, save me, fake it, THIS is prayer, it's your fault, take care of yourself, THIS is a gift, I love a pedophile more than you, don't give up, everyone else is more important than me, play like children, stuff it, disappear, it's alright, don't cry, serve my agenda, think before you leap, cry...it's good for you, vulnerability is power...

Each one of us embodies the omniverse

LET GO THE NEGATIVE...GO WITH THE POSSITIVE!!

DECOY GALLERINA: SHORT BIO 2022

STATUS & ORIGINS: Rebel Irish/Chiricahua Nde' (Chakonen, 'Fort Sill' Apache; the group Geronimo & Cochise are from), Matriarch/Elder, Culture Bearer, Two-Spirit, Cross-Platform/Cross-Genre Life Long Artist & direct descendant of Cochise
Raised in San Francisco/New Mexico/Apache/Oklahoma

STYLES: Psychedelic Stomp to Deep Traditional works

GENRES: Beadwork master, costuming, painter, installation and performance art, video, lyricist, composer, writer, performance artist, actress, singer, dancer, visual artist, perpetual student

MEMBER: Chiricahua Warm-Springs Nde' (Apache) Tribe of New Mexico, Theatre Movement International, Radical Medicine, Idle No More, Member/Curator Komotion Int'l SF, more...

TRAINING: Nde' ceremonies, several decades study and research in Chiricahua cultural aspects with Tribal Historian, Cultural Expert, Linguist & tribal member; Leland Michael Darrow, extensive private training in music, dance, arts & training with Nde' Grandmother Minnie Nicholas in writing, beadwork, painting and with mother Caroline and aunt & Mary Zurega in costuming, music appreciation and San Francisco 'Live Culture'

INFLUENCES/TEACHERS: diverse Bay Area culture, Leland Michael Darrow, Jill Parker, Rene Yanez, BadUnklSista, Rudradeep Chakrabarti, Charles Justin Hoover, Guillermo Gomez-Pena, Janeen Antione; American Indian Contemporary Arts Gallery, Black Panthers and their artist; Emory Douglas, American Indian Movement and Richard Oakes, AIM WEST; Tony Gonzales, La Pena, Standing Rock Red Warrior Camp, Pennie Opal Plant & Isabella Zizi; Idle No More, Upward Bound, Oakland Intertribal FreindshipHouse, Leonard Peltier, Alanon, Ceremony, David Solnit, Norm Sands, Annie Sprinkle, Malaquias Montoya, Juanita Barry, Phil Foss, Santa Fe Opera, Steven Paul Judd, American Indian Film Festival SF, BAAITS Powwow, First Nation/Indigenous culture and struggles far and wide, many more teachers and inspirations

BFA DEGREES: San Francisco Art Institute, California College of the Arts, College of Santa Fe, Institute of American Indian Arts

PRESENTATIONS: San Francisco International Arts Festival, Allan Houser Garden Gallery, Santa Fe, Studio 23, Alameda; Displacement Show, High Street Gallery London, deYoung Museum, IAIA Museum, POWPOWPOW SF, REAL FACES interviews of 500 artists (youtube), Playwriter/performer of "Homecoming" Chiricahua Nde' Apache Odyssey' and 'Haunting Our His&Herstories; Indigenous Children's Boarding School Experiences', Yerba Buena Gardens First Nation Festival, Berkeley World Music Festival, Ivy Room, Venice Biennale, Counter Pulse Theater, San Francisco Independent Arts Festival, United States Arts and Crafts Board, La Pena, Stork Club, Galeria de la Raza, San Francisco Art Institute, many more...

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