



**420 High Ku:  
Two Minds Spinning Parallel  
(Escaping the Past)**

By: S. Peter Mc



ESCAPING THE PAST(credits)

Published/ Copyright 2020,  
Steven Peter Sanders,  
under the name  
S. Peter Mc;

c/o www.420HighKu.com.

(Library of Congress Number Pending)

---

(enter number here)

Edited by Author Eva

Projects by Steve:

[www.420HighKu.com](http://www.420HighKu.com)

[www.Skaliticans.com](http://www.Skaliticans.com)

[www.SnapdragonSeedsMusic.com](http://www.SnapdragonSeedsMusic.com)

[www.SenoritaSol.com](http://www.SenoritaSol.com)

[www.youtube.com/Musicalstyles](http://www.youtube.com/Musicalstyles)

## BIG IMPORTANT INTRODUCTION

Time has always been subjective;  
mostly a matter of perspective.

It can be measured by gears of a clock, or by atoms revolving around a nucleus. Time in the mind of a child waiting to open a gift is different than an adult who just learned of a terminal diagnosis. We all forget our time, until the day we are jarringly reminded of it. Time in quarantine has taken on a new meaning.

Spending time in the same four walls distorts our frame of reference. In some ways the minutes slip by slowly, yet the months have evaporated quickly. How can we exist in between two states of time?

A simple task of fixing the strike plate of my home office door only takes a few minutes, yet for years I was not able to find those minutes until I spent hours in that home office, stuck in a series of endless conference calls. It seems unusual that the boredom of tedious work chores affords me the time to multitask. I've never been more productive! Professionally and personally.

But I have lost a different kind of time to the quarantine- time spent with people. Time traveling freely to beaches, open mics, work meetings, and social time in neighbors' houses, sometimes in our house. It is not safe to spend that time with other people. So I spend the time alone.

My wife and I are lucky enough to keep our jobs and work from home. Our kids are 9 and 10- the perfect age - a mix of independence combined with cuddles. They are homeschooling themselves as we work harder than ever. We are both fundraisers, and with many families hurt by the economic uncertainties, we are both working longer hours in an attempt to make something happen. Sometimes money falls from the sky, but not today. On the flip side, we have time to play family games at breakfast. My lunch breaks are spent with my kids, and I can even play a little wiffle ball in the afternoon before I get back to work. This time has given me those moments.

But then the kids go back to their games, or books, or tasks, and I go back to spending time alone. Maybe more than I ever have. And I've spent much of my life seeking solitude. I used to be an extrovert, but I had to give it up. It was too exhausting.

Honestly, I'm enjoying this time in quarantine. Life since my youth in the 1970's has grown increasingly loud and distracting. As a kid I had only a few television channels: 4, 6, 10, 12, 18, 24, and 36. I listened to records and the radio more than I watched TV. Now my eyes stare into a screen at least 8 hours a day. I can feel that my brain is overloaded. Migraines are mounting. But in my solitude I know I am safe. I know that these strange days will pass, and we will enter a new normal.

In the silence of our minds we can find peace. I look forward to the day when we can all come together to celebrate our newly found peace. Also in my solitude, I have found the time to compile these poems. This collection spans 30 years of writing, from the campus of UW - Milwaukee in 1990, up until the end of 2020 here in San Diego.

I usually write songs, but I noticed there were a bunch of ideas in my journals that fell outside the typical rhythm of a traditional song. I have used some of these poems in some sort of a spoken word kind of way. The rest either have, or will eventually make it into some sort of experimental music/ video project.

My cluttered mind is filled with fragments of verse; the movie screen inside of my brain is constantly making up stories. Just gettin't out.



# Escaping the Past (contents)

Escaping the Past	5
Vapor Nation	10
Dry AZ Dirt.	13
Faces in Place of Ages	19
I, contemplate I	23
STRC PRST SKRZ KRK	27
Hidden in the Light	29
Sliding Glass Door	31
Brain Aches	33
She Wears Wings	35
We all have...	42
Wilderness	48
Spikes	50
52%	55
O!	61
for: Becca's Baby	66

# Escaping the Past

*one*

There is no escape;  
we are trapped inside our minds.  
Can't find a way out.

Don't turn back the clock.  
Do not reset the time code.

Your arms are like branches,  
frozen and covered in snow.

Your mind is rewired  
with radio interference.

Telephones  
are off the receiver.

Speakers are  
filled with static.

Your gaze is shuttered  
behind your double-paned glass;  
your threaded facades.

*two*

Your image cannot  
truly be reflected,  
and expected to  
portray your age.

Imaginary keys  
cannot open locked doors.

Sands are scraping  
through the sky,  
reduced to digital minutes.

Light is obscured,  
eyes do not detect its hues.



Truth is shrouded  
in shallow cortical folds.  
*three*

Soaking in the strange silence of  
snow sporadically smacking streets.  
Speeding - slipping - sliding -  
colliding - refining - revising -  
crying - hiding - dialing in static,  
hums from speakers,  
blown and drowning  
with the deafening  
din of distress.

*four*

Split.                    Can't make sense of it.  
Two hem                    ispheres                    d i v                    e r g                    ed.  
Two minds, running parallel, never converging.  
Two lines, one too bright, the other blind.

*five*

Light bounces off the moon, covered by clouds.  
Light in all its might and power, can't penetrate vapor.  
Light shines truth on enlightened realizations.  
Light grinds lies into blinded eyes.  
Light brings hope to abundant visions.  
Light rings bells when braided rope is tightened.  
Light illuminates the heat of hell.  
Light radiates from the shell of your soul.  
Light \_\_\_\_\_.  
(write poetic line describing light)

*six*

You are correct - the moon possesses  
the timed regularity of consistent cycles,  
turning, falling, orbiting in an imperfect circle.  
Starting, then ending, returning to the beginning.  
The moon is as regular as the dead heat of summer.  
Irregular, like a sloppy tambourine drummer.  
Free, like the arrow of an archer sailing toward its target,  
but it misses its mark just a hair to the right.

*seven*

Rain hits my head with the force of a thousand memories,  
flooding my mind with an expansive ocean, falling perpetually  
as if purposely corrupting my consciousness with clutter.  
Soggy shoelaces are knotted, I'm tripping.  
I'm not walking. I'm still, while sitting,  
driving, parked motionless near the rusted railroad track.

*eight*

Pain. Feeling the weight of one billion uncashed dreams.  
Hearing the screams of discarded trash. History's bins filled with expendable souls,  
tossed aside by those with means.  
Underdogs, desperate for a win, hold their hammers,  
looking over their shoulders, eyeing their masters,  
feeling the boiling point of their past, embracing the hate,  
anticipating the moment to strike, and realizing what's at stake.

*nine*

Train cars trickle,  
like a drizzle,  
slowly picking  
up momentum,  
moving toward a deluge.

Trains have wheels, wheels don't slip.  
Tracks are steel, steel don't feel.  
Storm's overflowing, clouds cry.  
Rail ties rot, time to replace.

Landscape's reshaped  
with the veins of a  
complex commercial  
delivery system.

Work hands are blistered,  
hammering relentlessly  
a thousand railroad spikes.

*ten*

I had a dream  
that I saw a house,  
and I did not recognize  
that it was my house.  
I stood on the porch,  
looked around, with  
no indication that  
I lived there.  
But I had a key  
to the window,  
so I threw my  
leg over the sill  
and crawled inside.

The radiators didn't hiss.  
The hide on the wall  
reminded me of a past life.  
The ice hung from the ceiling,  
a frigid sub zero chandelier,  
dripping icicles on the floor,  
creating frozen stalagmites.  
I dug my claws on the icy  
staircase and climbed.

I took a breath of fresh air  
through the bullet hole  
in the broken glass.  
I looked at a reflection  
of myself frozen  
in the ice, frozen  
in the overflowing  
bathtub of life. Frozen  
in this time of communal  
pain, in this confused brain stat,  
I saw the ghosts of our minds,  
dead in our beds.

There is no escape.

## Vapor Nation

It's  
more scream  
than whisper,  
a dissident  
cry from within...

We're  
losing  
our thoughts  
and screaming deafeningly.

Forgotten silence  
explodes  
in my  
hollow skull;  
the shrapnel bounces.  
Laughter, echoing.  
Why can we no longer think?  
Why don't we dare speak?

You see an angel;  
I can't see through the vapor.  
We're perceived as ghosts.

Y o u  
l o o k    b l u r r e d  
through our  
chilled breath.

I remember you from a Dream.

You invaded my nights and  
gazed into my tired,  
wandering eyes.

You  
don't  
remember me,  
but you are calling  
my name.

A tear  
falls from  
my cheek  
into a glass  
on top of a  
half-melted  
ice cube.

It  
slowly dissolves,  
the moist evaporation  
against my cheek,  
it escapes -

d r i f t i n g.

The ice cube melts and no one notices.

Bloodshot eyes  
turn slowly to  
the TV screen.

Chapped lips  
burn with  
each breath.

Outside  
the sounds  
of the world can be heard -  
the slam of a car door,  
an occasional siren,  
distant voices -  
just enough  
to let me know,  
just enough  
to remind me.  
(I can hear them  
but they can't hear me).

A lonely single star in the southern sky  
burns with glowing  
white intensity.

We assume it  
is hot,  
but no one  
feels its heat.

We  
imagine a  
guiding star,  
instinctively reach for its heat  
but cannot quite  
grasp it.

We  
cry out  
to the being controlling this star  
but no one hears  
us.

An  
ice  
cube  
sits  
in a  
back  
wash  
bath  
at the  
bottom  
of an  
empty  
glass.

It

mel

ts

,

w

hile

no

one

no

ti

ces.

## Dry AZ Dirt.

Dry... and I'm flying.....  
Why does the water taste  
like minerals and lime.....stones?

My tongue is swollen,  
but my lips are dry,  
gagging on the gravel,

(and the dust from the sand pile).

I'm curled up  
with a brain ache,  
the leather tightens  
around my waist.

My brain will not rest,  
endless images whirling,.....  
not sure what I'll find...

(but they're all just mirages  
in the garages of my mind)

Dreams, flooded with screens,  
one ticket to a series of shows at the drive in,



multiplex, perplexed,  
sonically and  
visually assaulting  
my cerebral cortex.

I can't think clearly, but I try.  
(when I talk about it I cry)

The pear tree buds,

but  
irrigation  
evaporates.

The temperature tempts,  
then whisks the moisture away -  
into atmosphere.

Leaves are torn like tissue  
opened on a holiday, reveals  
a well intentioned gift...  
socks, a sweater, or unwanted underwear.

The weather won't change,  
clouds don't rain.

My brain won't cooperate.

I can't meditate, but I try:

strangle  
my inner screams;  
manage  
my thinly veiled feelings;  
mangle  
my mean temper;

stifle my shortcomings  
before they

# E X P L O D E !

I want to talk to myself,  
but the self won't listen.  
It just sits there and smiles.  
Calmly squints, waiting for  
the right time to strike.

I'm tired of struggling  
through my inner strife.

Thoughts (and ideas) bounce like

fallen peanuts and pretzels,  
tossed off the table tray  
as the plane travels  
through turbulence.

Mind is muddled,  
wiry synapses a cloudy cranium,  
Gold flows, fire and freeze.  
(then ceases).

Ideas screech, erratically blinking,  
a stoplight gone haywire.

Poorly timed and in-

consistent. (Dark for nearly a decade,)

then ..... e r u p t i n g

into a p a r a l y z i n g p i l e ,

an unsorted and perplexing puzzle

with j a , g e d

p i e c e s missing.

Then, (I faintly hear )

a crackling guitar -

a song is born and the verses

S  
P  
I  
L  
L

on the floor. \_\_\_\_\_

(your song title)

By: \_\_\_\_\_

(your name here)

I chase the light, watch it escape again,

only to sit alone in the dark,

idea deprived and mind bound.

My mood flies, vibes carried by light.

I rely on the  
strength of the rays:

provides, depletes  
and slowly decays.

A full day's

worth of energy,  
carried into the night.

Above  
a lighted  
candle maze,  
sits a town,  
weighted down  
by anxiety,  
and the slightest  
hint of craze.

The sunlight stretches  
somber shadows  
across the  
shuttered facade;  
penetrates the  
stucco paint,  
stained,  
faded  
flower  
drapes.

As wings  
take flight,  
the hawk's  
soul sings.  
She hunts,  
catches, brings the  
meal to the nest,  
while  
the rest  
of nature  
starves  
at night.

We're hungry for the light.  
We thrive when it's bright.

Sunlight spills 'round silhouette,

showers rays that petals catch.

Energy is disconnect, the ink on fabric  
won't absorb. Retinal sensors can't reflect  
the courtyard scene's spectacular orb.

Candle sparks the day's last shine,

burning slow  
to mark the time.

Dripping  
wax melts below  
and hardens on the  
cold stone floor.

But before it can solidify,  
creeping shadows will recede,  
exposing its fragility.

Hunger for the light.

The time to live is right now.

Thrive when it is bright.

## Faces in Place of Ages

We have but one face.  
If I could choose five faces,  
I would don the face:

of Thomas Merton,  
Gandhi AND St. Ignatius,  
Sr. Antonia;

BUT, especially  
my loving mother + father  
(parents love as one).

I would want to grow up with them, play with them as children, walk with them as they expand their kind minds, their eye-widening horizons, and I'd soak up all their wisdom. I would think, pray and reflect, and learn, and work, and try to change my world, just as they endeavored to change theirs.

I live in my mind.....  
If I could live five places,  
those places would be:

in Sevilla, Spain,  
Mountain, Northern Wisconsin,  
San Diego, CA;

Riomaggiore, Italy and Zihuatanejo, Mexico.

I would want to relive all the memories, watch all the stories as they play out in front of me live, all the laughter, pain, joy, sadness, loneliness, love, kisses, hugs, fights, scrapes, cuts, and cuddles. All the frozen moments in every photograph, echoing the emotion to eternity, rippling my laughter right off the magnetic Hi8 tape of my past, visualizing my soul surfing through the third eye's hard drive, and repeatedly crashing in the rippling waves of all Earth's oceans.

I'm forty-nine. *Fuck*.  
If I could be five ages,  
I would love to be:

twelve, twenty two, thirty eight, five, sixty.

Twelve, open our eyes,

we are  
no longer  
children.

First step into world.

When we're twenty-two,

we are  
not fully  
mature.

Big kids on life's cliffs.

Thirty-eight is great!

Lucky  
to still be  
alive.

Crossing the divide.

At five, we are wise:

loving, smart  
and tenacious

Spend our days playing.

When we reach sixty,

we remember;  
we relish.

Life flashes in eyes.



In my growing age,  
in stubborn complacency,  
I find myself bored.

Growing more and more tired  
as I live through my ages.

Overwhelmed with all:

the faces, \_\_\_\_\_

the places, \_\_\_\_\_

ages...\_\_\_\_\_

circuit breaker's tripped.

Benumbed by my past; present ever persistent; shadowy future.  
The afternoon snooze; daily news, daily escape; retreat hastily.  
Withdraw from the war, retreat into the disease - escape from my life.

It's a long list of holidays, shopping sprees, with all the sounds, lights, glee, economic  
disparity, the endless escape into books, radio, records, tapes, cd's, mp3's, new  
platforms, video players, gamers, podcasts, streaming fees, shows, and movies, app  
based IPO'S, endless Netflix releases,

changing fashion styles,

driving endless miles,

forgotten all the while,

my name in the pile.

## I, contemplate I

I contemplate I am a  
monsoon tiptoeing,  
with skylines  
geometrically true;

articulating awareness,  
precipitating sediments,  
raining sentiments on those  
I don't even know.  
I've never  
had the pleasure  
of their companionship.

I do not  
associate with their  
chronic-enemies,

I do not know  
the destiny  
of the dreams  
they pursue,

I do not know the lands they  
have conquered, manifested by gods  
I do not worship.

I have never met the unfortunates  
they have enslaved.

I don't know their feelings,  
so I can't feel their love.

I've never seen  
their children,  
innocently walking  
near the sea,

reaching to

pick up

w a v e -  
t o s s e d  
r o c k s.

I  
will  
never  
understand  
the realizations  
they have.

I will never grasp the  
enlightening illumination  
their ancestors experienced.

I will never know the patterns  
of thought within their heads.

I don't know their fears, worries, anxieties.

I will never know the reason for their tears.

I don't get their jokes. I cannot relate to their folk tales.  
I've never seen the places they sit and think, or even if they think the same thoughts  
as I, although I am modest in my attempts to achieve the

(unspoken inner silence we all share).

---

(use this space freely)

Teach me the meaning of your spiritual celebrations,  
Let's understand our place in this life, and in the next.

I acknowledge their anatomy, similar to ours with the exception  
of faces, yours, more weathered than mine.

How little I know  
concerning  
who they are,  
yet how  
greatly aware  
of their presence  
am I.

# STRC PRST SKRZ KRK

(stick it in your ear)

At the peak.  
The  
peak  
of the  
frozen  
moment,

(a week from three days ago),

you'll stop to think

You'll stop to think,

and you'll freak.

You'll stop to think, and you'll freak!

You're not  
afraid to fly  
in the skies,

You're not afraid  
to fly in the sky,  
or die!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!  
!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!  
!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Your greatest fear (\_\_\_\_\_)  
lies in the vulnerability  
of opening your mouth,  
(opening your mouth)  
expressing your thoughts,  
blabbing words through  
your beak.

Speak.

Oh sure!  
I know you can talk!  
You can blab,  
you can boast,  
you can roast.  
You can even  
raise your glass  
and make a toast,

but I don't  
understand  
why you  
get weak  
in the knees  
when you convey  
your feelings,  
your thoughts,  
your emotions  
and you  
speak.

## Hidden in the Light

Bored.  
Green light  
on the front door.

Who knew I'd end up  
looking for blue.

Pass by with a  
wandering eye,  
the house of a whore,  
red light on the door.  
Preacher on the street says,  
"Don't you dare, Jesus is lord!"  
I had to fly,  
so I thought I'd try red eye.  
Standby, bumped three times  
until finally, I took my seat:  
Row 22 Seat D.



They passed out  
peanuts as a treat.  
I dropped a few  
but couldn't bend down  
to reach my feet.

Flew all the way from Houston.  
Boy is my asshole tight.  
The conservatives  
in that state  
determine the  
fate of criminals.

"Hey fella watch it!  
The light's turning yella!  
If it were any more yella  
it would be orange like  
the autumn leaves burnin.'

Bright like the  
face of a child  
blowing five candles  
on a birthday cake.

Dull like regurgitated  
Shamrock Shake.

Snoring,  
lulled to sleep  
by folklore.  
DeGrazia,  
Aesop's fables,  
television's turned on,  
awakened by burning cables.

The message is hidden,  
the meaning will flip your lid.  
Simple, quite easy to see  
when your logic's untied.  
The answer unwinds in  
your own mind.

## Sliding Glass Door

Safe and secure with five of his friends,  
feeling like life will never end.  
Happy with friends and nothing more,  
living life behind the sliding glass door.

He can look out and others look in;  
he sees a world of torture and sin.  
This pain and suffering is known worldwide;  
he's happy to live life on the inside

One stormy night his destiny comes.  
Into the liquor store, stumbles a bum  
from a hard day of life on the street,  
begging from folks who throw cash at his feet

The store is full of simple pleasures,  
the bum treats them as valuable treasures.  
He contemplates his purchase for a while,  
sees the six-pack and cracks a smile! (hahahaha...)

He views the beer as a tasty feast  
that will turn his shyness into a beast.  
His sorrows the alcohol will mend,  
but the frightened six cans, they know that this is the end.

This is the end. This is the end. This is the end.

The first can is opened and gone in a flash,  
then used to collect the bum's cigarette ash.  
The second is guzzled almost as fast.  
The third (as you guessed), "Well! That didn't last!"

The fourth has it's liquid spilled in the mud,  
out spills the beer, just like its cold blood.  
The fifth, it prays to be emptied clean  
after the horror that it had just seen.

Now only the sixth one is standing tall,  
shaking and shivering and waiting to fall  
His five other friends have been gone for an hour,  
to make a five story beer can tower

This is the time he always has dreaded:  
the bum grows more and more lightheaded.  
With shaking hands, he grabs the last.  
The can can't shake his powerful grasp

Crushed, and broken, no contents inside;  
lost all its liquid, lost all its pride.  
The life of a beer can is so short and sweet;  
you drink the swill down and crush it with your feet

This is a tale for anyone who knows  
the way this wicked sad story goes.  
Remember the way the beer cans felt  
and their the unlucky way their cards were dealt

So think of this story and think of yourself ,  
and don't put its meaning up on the top shelf.  
They are not alone; there are many more  
who live their lives behind the sliding glass door

## Brain Aches

She's so smart            my brain aches.

My mind      d      r      i      f      t      s

away from the rift between

locked eye contact      -      a stolen gaze,

    glancing from her

face

flashing back to

lace

resting in gentle curves.

spin in

cells

centrifuge,

Brain

snapping  
collapsing,  
synapsing –

the thing that energy is supposed to do.

But as I listen,  
I wiggle.

Does she see my nerves?

She's so smart  
I need a break.  
I can't fake it.

My comments of,  
"That's so interesting", and  
"Whoa! That is soooo cool!" won't do.

She's so smart;  
she clearly sees

it's a monologue of one,  
not a dialogue of you and me...

I'd like to catch her attention,  
but the water-main never cracks, it breaks.

The leak never drips. It rips in a deluge.  
Spilling like cicadas, hatching, hissing  
and singing under a hot sticky sunset.

Sweet in the evening when the day is complete -  
when I've had enough to eat.  
I get a craving from my forehead to my feet.  
I really want to taste something

sweet.

## She Wears Wings

dancing

down the aisle

with style. You're floating, as if you're

partying, dancing, elbow grooving.

Reading what's on your mind, what's behind your smiling eyes.

Hoping that you're feeling the thrust of the climb.

Taking the chance that you'll want to get to know me

as we get high, and higher.

I'm not just along

for the ride.

I'm not the class clown.

I'm not in it for the miles.

I'm in it for the

mellow.

The air is stale,

and the plane's tail

waves goodbye

to the horizon.

Walk by

and I'll take a chance

as you pass.

I wish I could

ask you to dance.

I'd love to

ask you to groove.

My only pick up move

is to dance with you.

It makes me feel free,

feel at ease.

Before I take a chance,

I'll take a breath.

I'll reassess.

Before I think

I got it made it,

I check my competition...

Cocky dudes in suits, ,  
excessive expense accounts  
sick and sinful smiles?  
No.

Sad guys with bad breath,

depressed, middle aged ,mortgaged

Farting (unsyllabled sigh), too freely.

No.

She wants to fly...

She wears wings...

She's wild...

She feels.



But is it for real?

Or do I just dream?

My confidence misses marks.

My aim, below the bullseye.

Adjust my sites, fix my eyes  
on the horizon of lights,

as we fly over  
air-conditioned

Phoenix:

tacky

strip

malls

and

D o m i c i l e s  
S p r a w l i n g

Bullshit.

It's early  
in the flight  
and passengers  
are passing out.

She'll get bored  
and talk to me.

She wants to talk to me.  
What snacks will she bring?  
Pretzels, peanuts?  
Will she give me  
some extras for free?

Should I order drinks?  
Should I show her my soft side?  
Hide my wedding ring?

Or should I stop obsessing?  
I should stop trying to look smart.  
I should just relax as if I'm at a party.

Just be myself.  
Just get high  
and dance.

Thud.

Thunder?

No,  
this is  
the endless desert,  
not a cloud  
in the skyline,  
no raindrops  
smudging  
her eyeliner.

Thud.  
Not quite  
a crack,  
but close.

Vibrate, resonate,  
big-bottomed bass bellows  
through blown speakers.

There it is again.  
It's a thud.  
Definitely.  
Loose luggage  
in the cargo  
hold below?  
A birdbrain  
smashing  
on the wing?

Not at this altitude.  
Not at this speed.  
A thud is not the  
sound you want  
to hear at 30,000 feet.

There's a mono tone auto pilot  
quality to the captain's update, delivered  
half-heartedly, as if he's half-asleep.

I hope he's not half-asleep. I  
hope he's safe and sound.

Sound. What's the sound?

Thud? Thwack? Thwump? Something's loose.  
Was the mechanic thorough?  
Was he pressed for time?  
Pressing his luck?

I'm concerned that  
we're all checked out.

No one gives a fuck.  
Fuck what's that thud?

No one notices?  
No one cares?

It's loud.

There's  
a lady next  
to me on her  
second screwdriver.  
She's getting sauced,  
and she doesn't care. Thud.

The businessmen behind me are  
barking about branding, earnings, and quarterly bottom lines,  
and they don't care. Thud.

The dude with the stereophone earmuffs  
rocking out doesn't care. Thud.

Like playing drums with 2 x 4 stud,  
like working your knuckles to the blood,  
like building your castle in bricks made of mud,  
like the landlord pounding on your door,  
like the IRS coming back for more,  
now it's creaking  
now it's cracking  
now we're going down.  
In this moment, our souls shatter on the ground.

Wait,

it stopped.

Guess I'll listen to heavy trip - hop...

*Suddenly, I'm surrounded by a light blue hue.*  
*Suddenly, I'm surrounded by a light blue hue.*  
*Suddenly, I'm surrounded by a light blue hue.*

It is dark outside,  
but my melting mind's lit  
by light blue hue.

Not fluorescent,  
but translucent.

Two artificial  
to be meditative.

Just fake enough, to feel  
(as if) I'm medicated.

Blue is not mellow  
it's distracting.

Red by it's  
constant conditioning  
Is alarming.

Gray light refract.,  
fog is darkly shrouding.

I prefer deep green,  
it's reassuring.

The light blue hue distorts all other colors:

The light blue hue makes

light gray look dirty.

Fire red look bloody,

pale skin looks sick,

green eyes look deadly,

blonde hair look sandy,

brown shoes look shitty.

\_\_\_\_\_ look \_\_\_\_\_  
(color)                      (noun)                      (adjective)

Hovering above,  
dark skies swallow the airspace,  
circling cities.

## We all have...

We all have places to visit:

Home.

The bathroom.

The basement.

The den.

Our friend's house.

The office.

The downtown market.

The corner pub.

The fish store

with the

big shark

tank.

The bagel shop.

The big house.

The white house.

The safe house.

Grandma's house.

(add location here): \_\_\_\_\_

Parks.

Forests.

Campgrounds.

Farms.

Bike trails.

Playgrounds.

Beaches.

Backyards.

Temples.

Rasta mountain.

Samadhi.

The endless recess  
of our own imagination.

The deepest crevice  
of our own lover's heart.

(The center of our souls).\_\_\_\_\_

We all have things to do:

Love. \_\_\_\_\_

Hate. \_\_\_\_\_

Hurt. \_\_\_\_\_

Heal. \_\_\_\_\_

Disgrace. \_\_\_\_\_

Replace. \_\_\_\_\_

Work. \_\_\_\_\_

Shit. \_\_\_\_\_

Fuck. \_\_\_\_\_

Eat. \_\_\_\_\_

Hurl. \_\_\_\_\_

Die. \_\_\_\_\_

Smoke. \_\_\_\_\_

Explore. \_\_\_\_\_

Trip. \_\_\_\_\_

Read. \_\_\_\_\_

Fly. \_\_\_\_\_

Travel. \_\_\_\_\_



Swim. \_\_\_\_\_

Ride. \_\_\_\_\_

Listen. \_\_\_\_\_

Write. \_\_\_\_\_

Play. \_\_\_\_\_

Converse. \_\_\_\_\_

Talk. \_\_\_\_\_

Yell. \_\_\_\_\_

Scream. \_\_\_\_\_

Curse. \_\_\_\_\_

Learn. \_\_\_\_\_

Recite. \_\_\_\_\_

Educate. \_\_.

We all have things to say:

everybody's got

A little something special

they would like to say:

Hi. (Pretend to be someone else)

How's it goin'?

Great to see you.

Fuck you, you miserable prick!

Beautiful weather, ain't it?

I'd like to get a master's degree someday.

This beer tastes great but it makes me pee.

Whu'd the, you fuckin' wha' me?

I'm so drunk I can't even see.

Peace be with you.

Ah. lick me!

Hey I'm lookin' at the TV.

Did you see the new line-up on Channel 33?

I bought a new couch...

to support my fat ASS!

And I drink!  
and I watch TV  
and during  
commercials  
I get up and pee.

- Drums.
  - Cymbals.
  - Rhythm sticks.
  - Congas, and the
    - palms of the hands.
  - Fallen log.
    - Hollowed and beaten
      - with rocks and
      - thicker sticks.
  - Deerskin stretched tight.
    - Heartbeat pounded out loud.
    - Red-hot fire hand frenzy.
    - Big drum dancing
      - trampoline parachute.
  - Rhythm sticks
    - to reach vibrating souls;
    - pounding proud
    - and parading.
- Dancing spirits
  - on the vibe
  - of the drum skin.
- Echo station... .. analog transmission.

# Wilderness

Outskirt society,  
nobody around me,  
never lonely.  
Single-celled society

Spending my time  
in the wilderness;  
crowded street blocks  
I will never miss.

Livin' my life, being myself,  
gotta escape, gotta be free, gotta be me.

Spending my time, contemplate life, rising up high.  
Ten thousand miles of wilderness to explore.

Living my life,  
being myself,  
learning my mind,  
let's see what I can find  
in the wilderness

Riding on the back  
of a motorbike-  
living life as a nature hike.  
Riding on the back  
of a motorbike-  
living life as a  
nature hike.

We're waking up  
and finding ourselves  
in a situation  
of potential destruction,  
self-induced Armageddon,  
apocalyptic confusion  
and hell-bound migration.

The alarms are blaring;  
I can hear them warning,  
but what I see is  
what we ain't doing.

We can escape  
the grip that's yankin'  
our tighty-whities,  
led by what the speakers  
convince us to believe.

The only thing  
to acknowledge is  
the voice in our  
wilderness guiding  
us home,  
the voice in the  
wilderness,  
never leave  
it alone.

## Spikes

Babbling, boisterously!  
Rabid baby talking  
preyfully to birds.

Fly gracefully low,  
wings gliding along pavement,  
reflecting heat, providing lift.

The streets, manicured.  
Owner's pride, for all to see.  
Polished to a sheen.

The ornate fences,  
oppressive walls lining lawns  
always topped with spikes.

They keep the people  
away from the owner's house,  
and back on the streets.

Won't eat off the streets,  
but they will: ravenous birds.  
Birds certainly will.

My coffee pleases,  
addiction rings my birdcage;  
the birds search for seeds.

Find none on the streets.  
They will spring in a flurry  
for one muffin crumb.

Silk scarves hide the lines,  
obscure the mannequin's neck,  
reveal strategy.

Pulled in by the lull of accents,  
flatter into expanding wardrobes.

The unworn clothes in America's walk-in closets  
could be sewn together into a sail big enough  
for all of us to travel to a new world.

Or they could be  
fashioned into blindfolds,  
blocking the beauty of the true world  
Brushed hastily underneath our familiar façade.

Take  
your  
sword  
from  
the  
sheath.

Cut  
the  
ripcord  
from  
your  
back,

then  
let  
it  
retract...

Listen  
to  
your  
voice  
box one  
more time  
with the  
programmed  
language  
of your  
manufacturer's  
mind.

Let your doubt die.

Searching for your sound.  
Proudly sing in your true voice.  
Speak it 'til complete.

- - - - -



Fall deep into world;  
obsessed with depravity.  
Cactus - pierce my skin

Stuck, can't seem to move,  
stagnant, like drying puddles

of  
Wednesday's  
deluge.

At least I'm in shade.

Flies land on the cactus spikes;

take a closer taste.

The scent of my impending  
death is traveling with  
the Santa Ana.

A thirst to die for.  
One last swig of Gatorade,  
my blood sugar spikes.

I think of spilled drinks;  
how just one sip would, for now,  
have kept me alive.

- - - - -

From the coast,  
lay the rails west -  
one inch at a time -  
in a straight line.

Perpendicular  
to the pine ties,  
treated with  
chemicals,  
but the bugs  
will bore,  
and develop  
a taste  
for it  
anyway.

Over  
hills,  
through  
mountains,  
racing over ravines,  
out to the western slope,  
slowly sauntering downhill to the  
plains of the rising prairie,  
the elevated plateau,  
through the Rockies  
and down again  
through the  
central valley  
until you hit  
the Pacific,  
and hammer  
home your  
last spike.



52%

52% happy.....

sweet.

Life is a luxury.

Perks'been pouring'in all day.

The scale has been tipped,  
Rounds are repeatedly flipped.  
Sadness swiftly stripped.

I don't need 100%, or even 99.

52%'s just fine.

Basically half

but

better.

Better than a text,

a letter.

A postcard  
from the past.

Being in the middle's  
better than last.

But don't believe me.

I've  
never  
been  
near  
the  
bottom.

Never even close to rock-bottom,

Hoverin' just below the belt.

I've

spent

years

being

about

as happy

as a kick

in the nuts,

a misplaced punch

to the gut,

sliding south,

just low  
enough to

sock me  
in the sack.

Suck the air out of my lungs.

Gasp!

22% happy.

There's plenty of people  
worse off than that.

80% happy is a disappointment to some.

Most never see half that.

If you're 100%,  
you're high  
and lying.

There's always some asshole who's gonna say sumpin stupid, mess with your vibe,  
take you down a few points -

---

down to 97%.	
There's always some prick talking too loud -	
95%.	
There's always news	
about people dyin' -	
90%.	
We always hear stories	
of people who kill -	
85%	
What's on fire - ?	
71%	
Politicians lie -	
68%	
Not thinking straight -	
55%.	
Just don't give a fuck -	
35%.	
Consumed by hate -	
28%.	
Jealousy and rage -	
22%.	
Anger and fear -	
13%	
Greed and death -	
0.0000000000000001%.	



It's in our eyes. We see it in the eyes of our neighbors,  
and the hearts of strangers. It's in the hate on tv,  
It's in the digital voices; podcasters, radio announcers.

Rhythm of breathing.  
Felt in the bones of beings;  
fabric of meaning.

Things certainly change. Sigh in exhilaration, excited smile,  
Despite our bruising, cry with anticipation, we strive to survive.

\_\_\_\_\_ 38%.

I'm so bothered. Are you?  
What gets you to tomorrow?

\_\_\_\_\_ 44%

That sunset is only (kind of) pretty.

50%

I'm alive (and that's  
a great reason  
to be happy).

\_\_\_\_\_ 52% happy

I'm pretty lucky. 52% : ?

O!

O,  
Wha?  
Was that?  
A shot?  
Where did . . . that thing go?  
How . . . . . big  
the pine . . . . . tree's growin'?

G r o w i n g   o l d,  
t            h            e  
p            i            n            e  
t            r            e            e  
S h o t   i t s   m o t h e r l o a d

of pinecones.

The elm

Is too big,

the pine

slender

and

sexy,

smells

like a

holiday.

T h e        W e e p i n g

W i l l o w ' s        w i g

c     a        n        b        e

w     e     a     v     e        d

into

wreaths

of rings.

This trail is treacherous and  
I don't know where it goes.

But I don't care.  
Maybe I'll see a moose,  
or a bear, or some loons.

I'll most likely hear some ATV's.

When I hear the sound:  
dirts, revvin drunken engines-  
motorized gearheads.

With a gun at their hip,  
slinging a .22,  
caliber's higher  
than their IQ's.

Born with too much  
beer in the bones.

Motorheads don't care  
about pine cones.

Suns going down,  
head back downtown.

O!  
Someone took a  
shot right past my ear.

Two  
more  
shots  
whizby.

I duck and cover,  
the dickheads laugh and mumble.

My  
heart  
in  
my  
gut

as their

bikes idle, and finally,

they give it some gas. Roll off through the mud  
to hunt for their next laugh.

Wildflowers could be  
killed by frost,  
or trampled by motocross.



## for: Becca's Baby

or, for: \_\_\_\_\_'s Baby

(Age, Experience, Perspective)

Look into

the eyes of a child.

Listen to words

formed fresh  
in their minds.

Feel  
the satisfying smile.

Walk barefoot  
in the wet grass,

swing carelessly  
on the swing set,

climb high into  
the tree house,

take your blanket  
and sheets to build a fort;

we'd feel much safer  
if we all built a fort...



Do you remember  
the first time you cried?

Did you feel cold?  
Hungry? Sick? Tired?

Who recognized your cries  
before you even knew how to smile?

Do you remember who  
deciphered your cries  
to make you feel like all is fine?

They knew how  
to stifle your cry  
and in the process,  
they taught  
you to smile.

Do you remember  
the first time you smiled?

Did you set your sights  
on familiar eyes?

Did you hear their  
sweet, calming voice?

Did they make you  
feel that all is fine?

Do you know how many  
people held you  
by the time you  
were one?

Do you know how many  
people loved you  
before you life  
had even  
begun?

You won't remember  
the very first time you smiled;  
but we all learn it:

the day we come alive.

Do you remember  
hearing your first word?

---

How did these words  
make you feel?

---

Did you overhear conversations  
before you could even see?

---

Do words  
make you hurt?  
Do words make you cry?

---

Do words make you scared?  
Do words make you smile?

---

A child speaks.

A child cries.

A child smiles,

but not all

the time:

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

In warm weather,  
flowers thrive,  
but leaves  
fall from trees  
at zero degrees.

