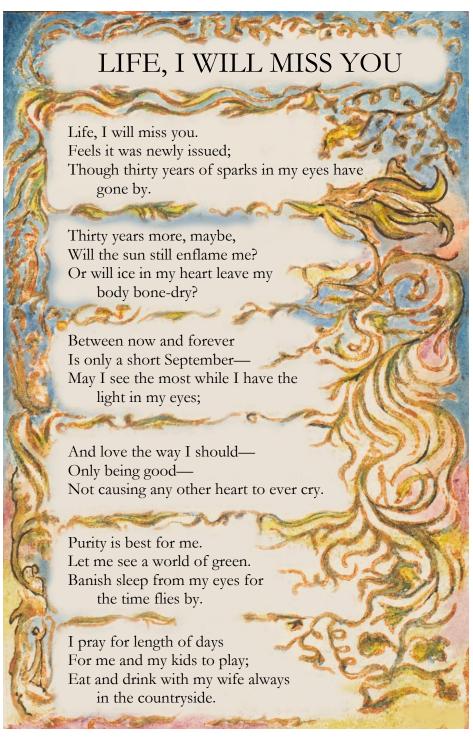
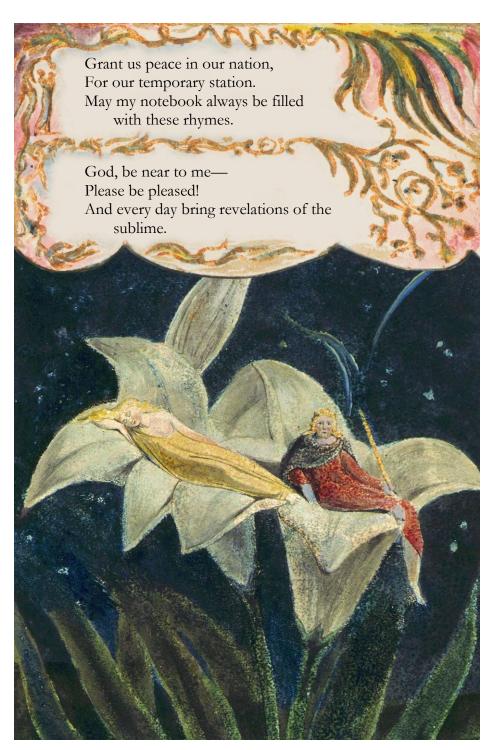




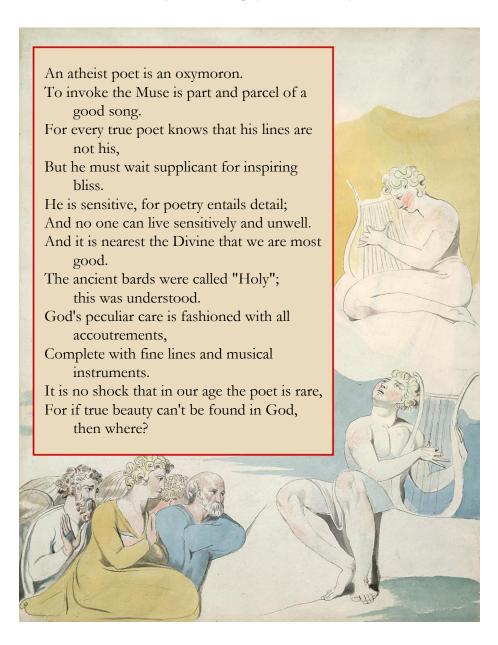


A Sunshine Holiday





ATHEIST POET



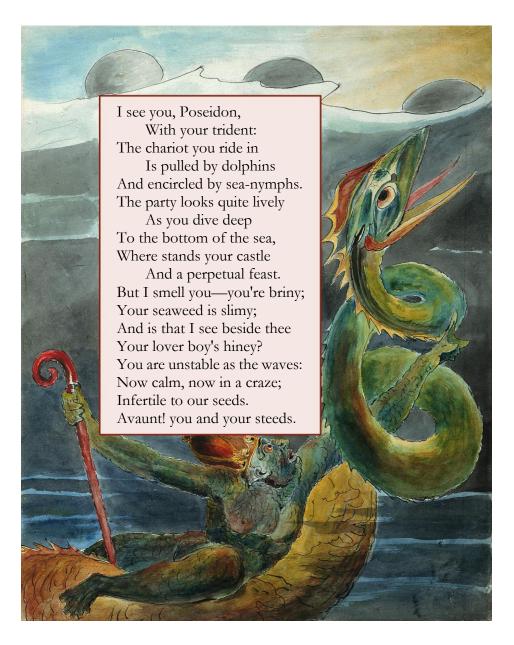
OL' BEN FRANK

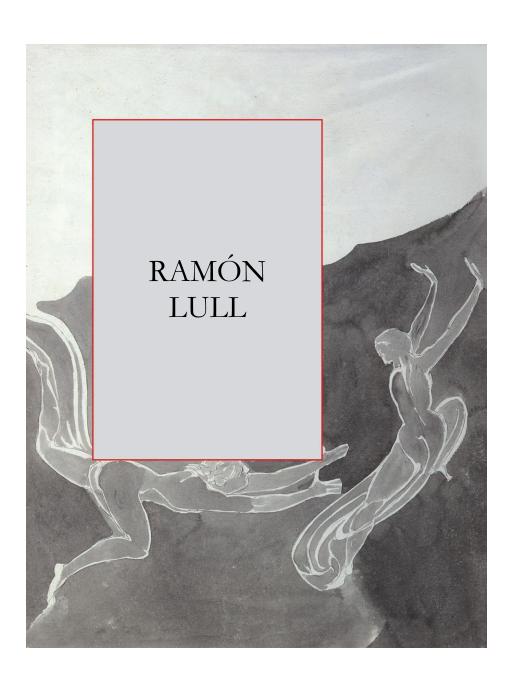
Ol' Ben Frank retired at forty-five. The Bloods and the Crips expire by forty-fives. We all want to be kings, unhindered in our desires. And unless we inherit a fortune from our sires, We can come about it through diligence and due time; Or through crime, plunder, violence and rapine. Rabid canines are shackled in chains and shot dead; Law-abiding citizens are privileged to keep their head. What separates men from the beasts is one thing: Reason; To dwell among men one must abstain from treason. Throw Daniel's enemies into the lion's den, They'll perish; but how is it lions don't rule men? Our thoughts are our fangs; our wisdom our claws; Superior to brute strength are all the laws. Ben Franklin built on the foundation of his genius, Putting all the money he ever got into his reading. The riches of wisdom transmuted into gold; Although he had to wait until he was a little old. But then he was free to make your bifocals, Play with electricity, and travel the globe— Instead of being locked up in an institution. Salute Ben Frank for signing the constitution! You confess him the better man when you do ill For money and find his face on the hundred dollar bill.

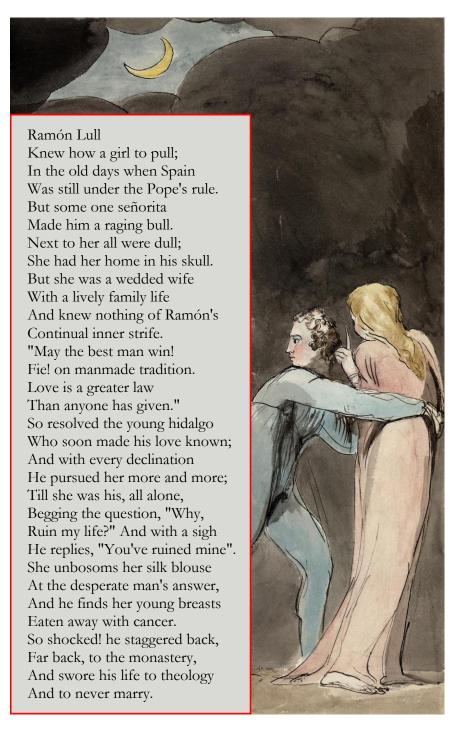
"Tricks and treachery are the practice of fools, that don't have brains enough to be honest."

—Benjamin Franklin

POSEIDON





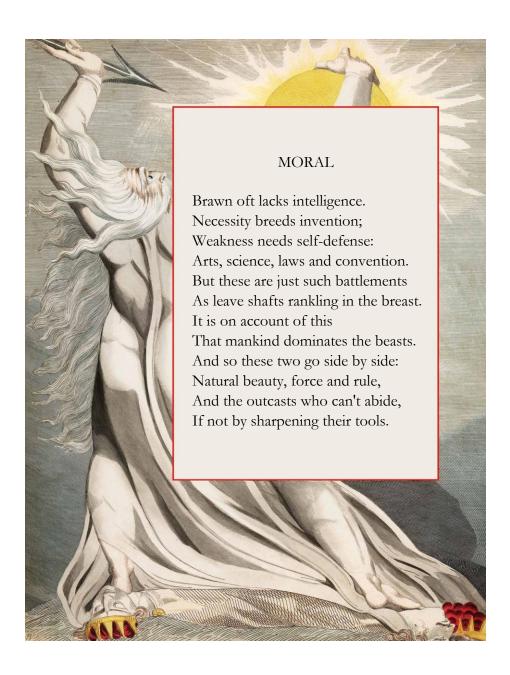


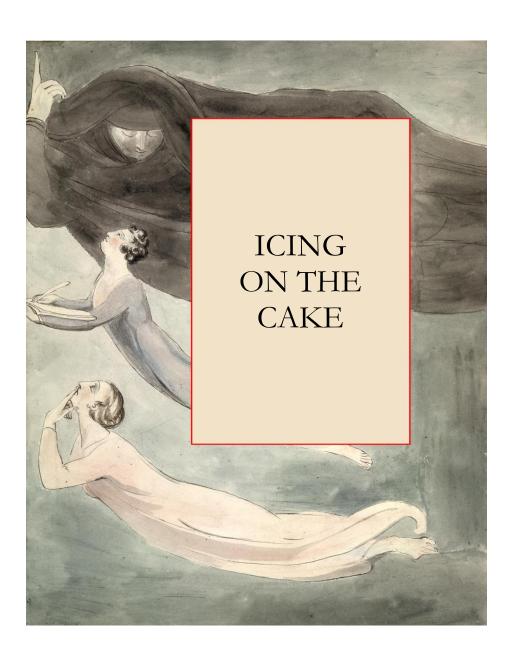
PROMETHEUS TO ZEUS



You are the boss;
You hold it down,
Exuding your energy.
Let all toss

Down their crowns For Zeus the Almighty. None could ever contradict you— So you stole Europe away, And turned IO to a heifer And left her that way to stay! Such insolence reeks of the menace— Tho I know you're wont to say, "Greatness can have no limits, But it sets the rules to play. It is survival of the fittest— The race would fall into decay Without a god to snatch his wishes. Who needs humans anyway? They serve me, not me them; And it is a mercy shown When I rule them from Heaven And take their tribute that I own!" 'Tis true, 'tis true, Lord Zeus, We confess you are thrice blessed. But can we not come to a truce? Leave them their own women at least. You scoff now, hardy and loud And turn your back on the crowd. But what's this? I've got your torch! Leaping from Olympus' porch. Go now, man! and take this When someone bigger would do you harm. You need not fear a lightning fist Once you have donned a firearm.





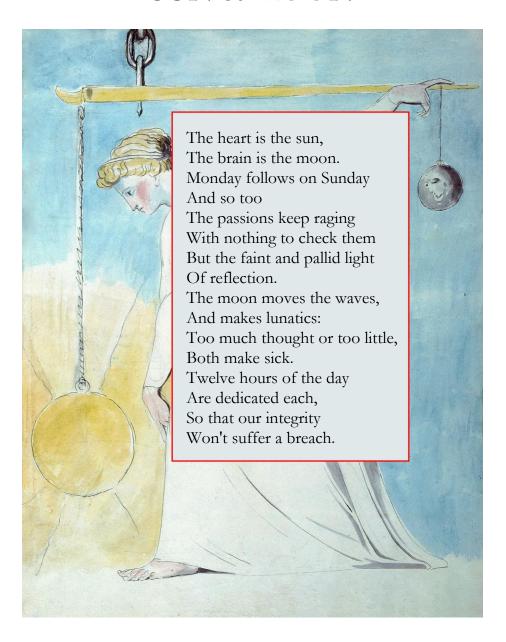
Anything past thirty is icing on the cake. The twenties are when we see the best God makes— Whether soldiery or poetry. The daemon leaves off At the first disturbances of a catarrhal cough. The demi-gods start to lose battles afield— Still hungry for victory, yet forced to yield. Many species expire at the time of procreation; And every thirty years arises a generation. Think how many friends at that age are still here... So many die in so many ways every year. If we haven't drunken deep by then, it's our fault; And scarcely will extra time ever put a halt To self-induced ignorance. And why fear so to die? It is our duty. In war it is cowardice to fly. If ever a Roman soldier abandoned his station, He with a tenth of his legion faced decimation. That's how they took the world; and nothing leads to slavery

Like when those who should be brave start wavering.
Kill us all past thirty for the sake of the teens!
The time of team sports, young love and pipe dreams.
The Viking men bewailed a natural death,
And if they 'scaped the battle unscathed they slashed their own flesh,

So at least they could die with some type of war scars. We're content to go nowhere, if just we go far.

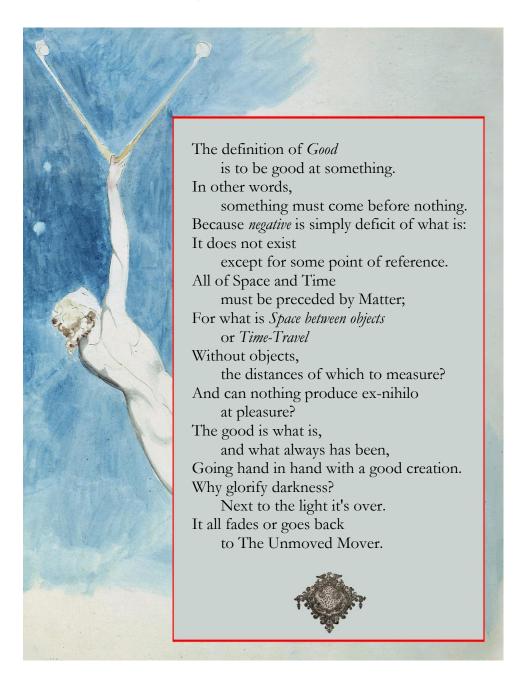


SUN & MOON

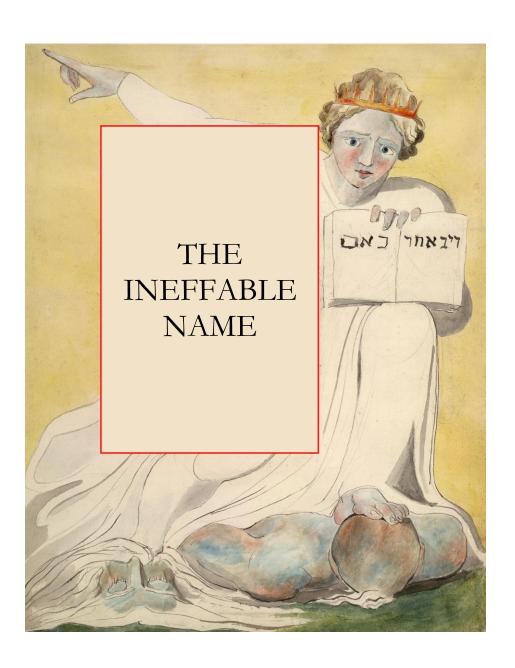


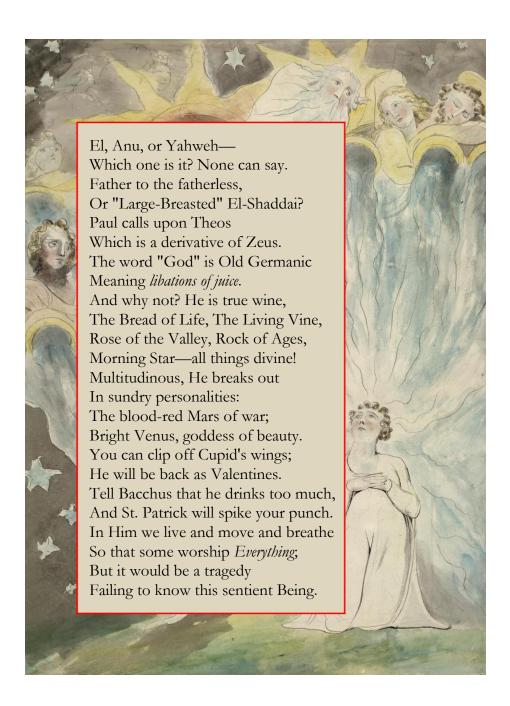


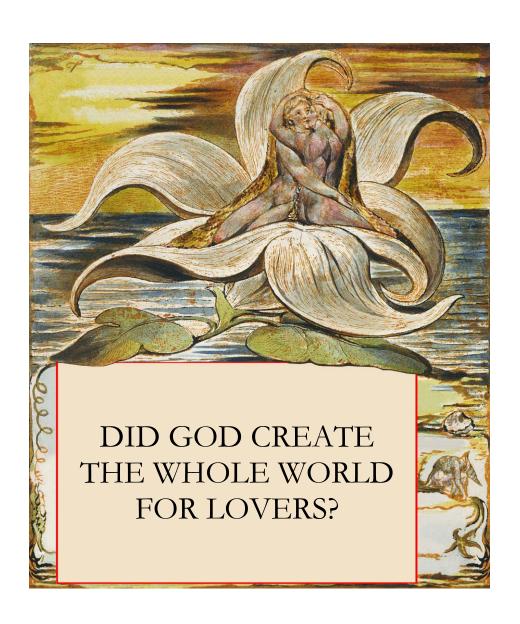
THE UNMOVED MOVER

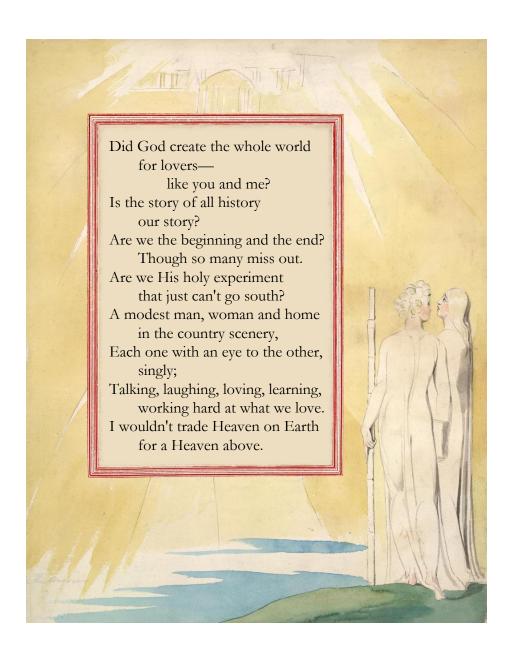






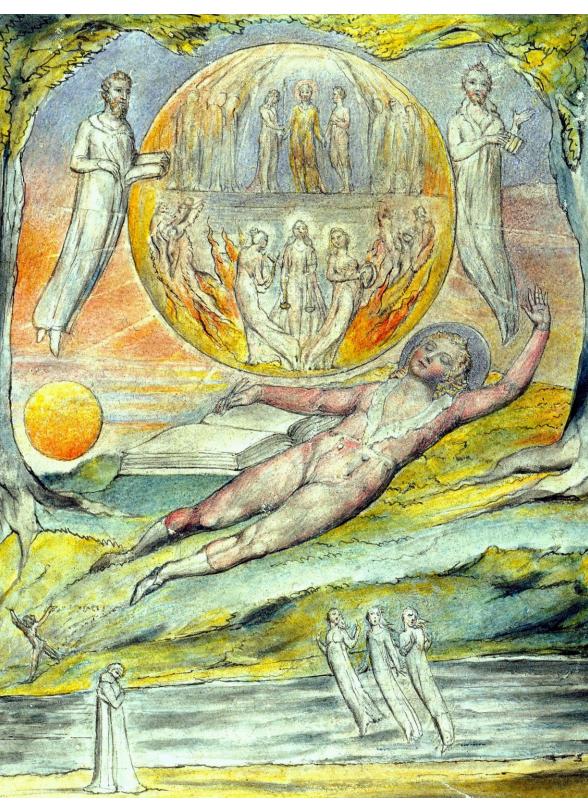






TRAIN STATION (A DREAM)

Everything is cloudy, Everything is grey; Like a black and white movie On an overcast day. Walking through a train station, I can hardly lift my eyes. But one grabs my attention: The conductor walking by. He has a long black mustachio That curls up at the ends; His face seems to glow, He enjoys how it bends. I trace round one of the circles— It seems to never stop— Like a hypnotic spiral, Till I reach the tip-top. And at that very place The point lands on his cheek Color starts to fill his face Like a watercolor leak. And so spreads part by part The whole canvas of my heart— An innocent private pleasure Brings color to the dark.



The Young Poet's Dream

