

The background of the cover is a watercolor illustration by William Blake. It depicts two nude figures, likely Adam and Eve, lying on a green ground. A vine with green leaves and small clusters of grapes is draped over their bodies. Above them, a bird with outstretched wings is flying. The sky is filled with swirling, dark, and colorful bands of paint, suggesting a dreamlike or ethereal atmosphere. The overall style is characteristic of Blake's visionary art.

# REVERIES

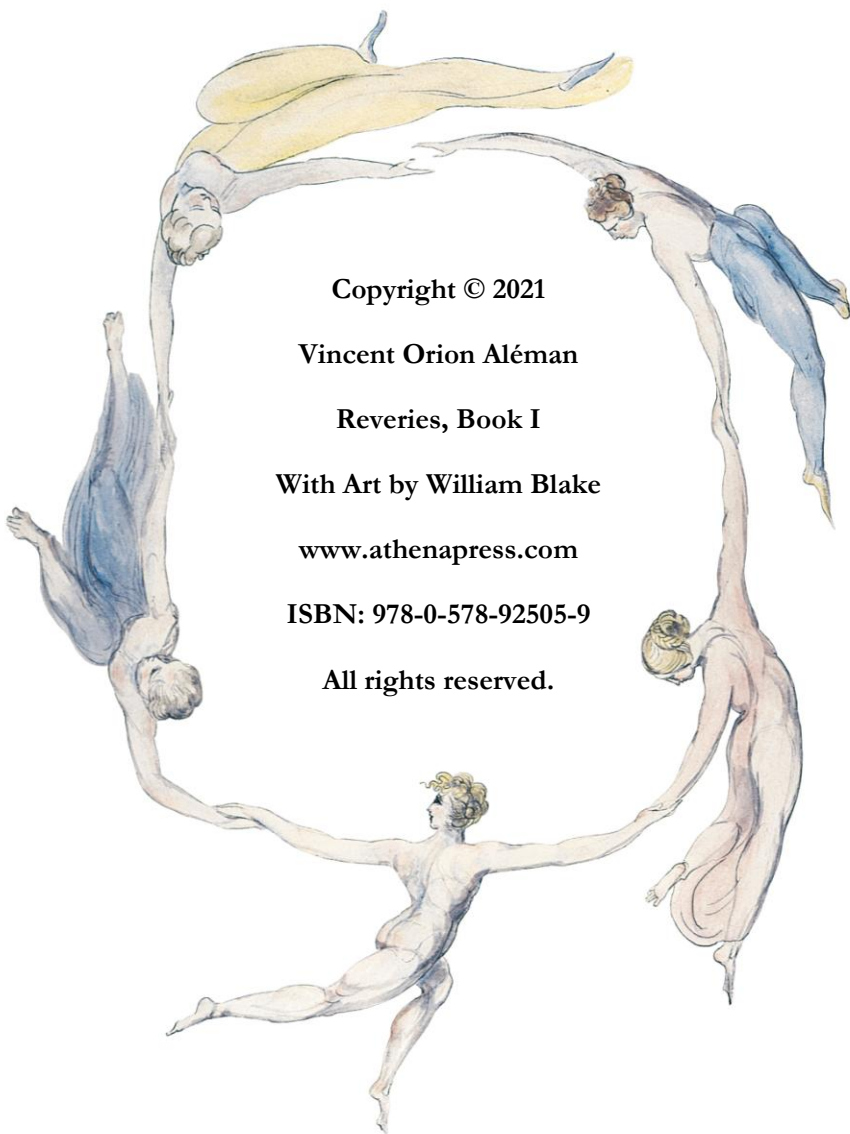
BOOK I

VINCENT ORION ALÉMAN

WITH ART BY

WILLIAM BLAKE

ATHENA PRESS



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Reveries, Book I

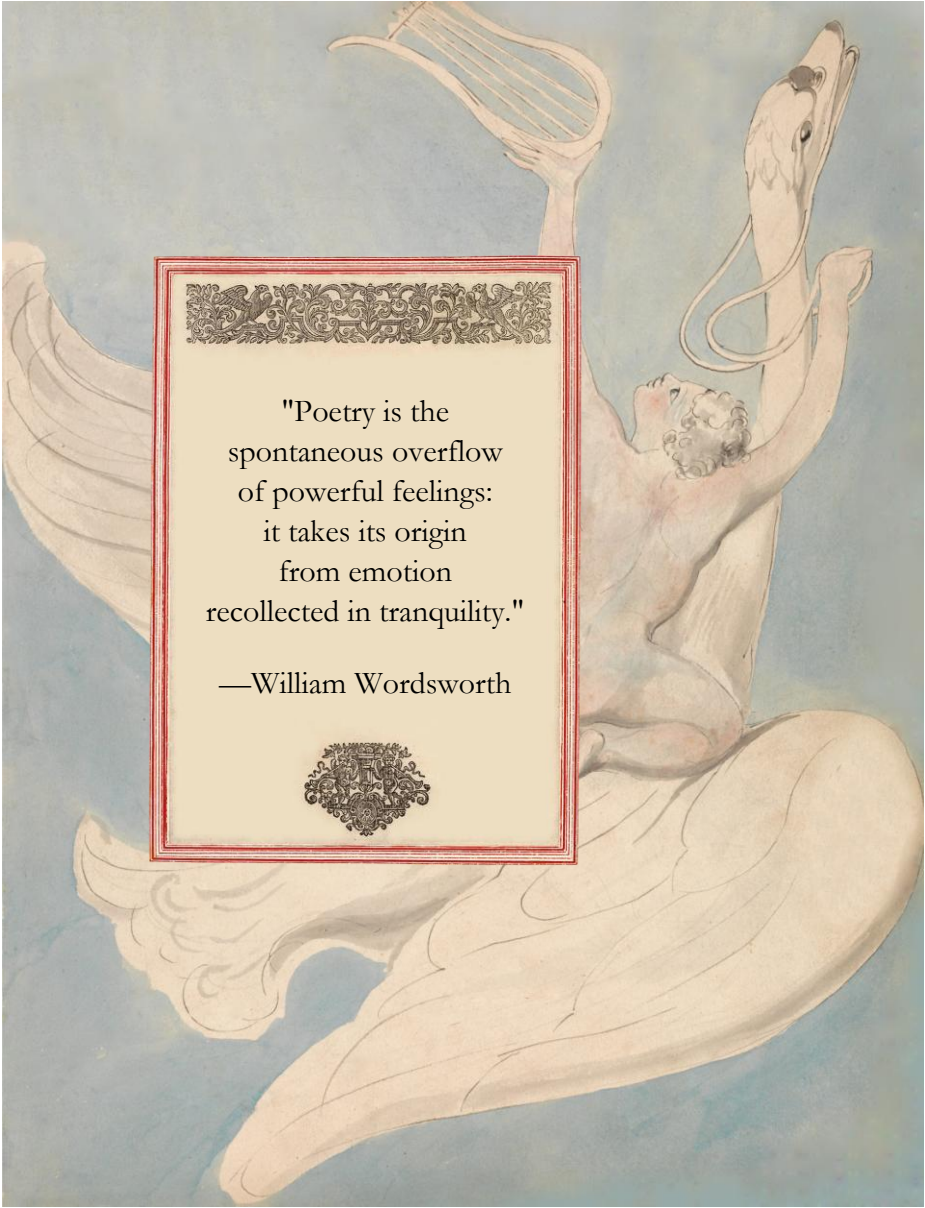
With Art by William Blake

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"Poetry is the  
spontaneous overflow  
of powerful feelings:  
it takes its origin  
from emotion  
recollected in tranquility."

—William Wordsworth



## Reveries [rev-uh-reez]

Loose musings; daydreams;  
*The random thoughts of a poet.*





A Sunshine Holiday



# LIFE, I WILL MISS YOU

Life, I will miss you.  
Feels it was newly issued;  
Though thirty years of sparks in my eyes have  
gone by.

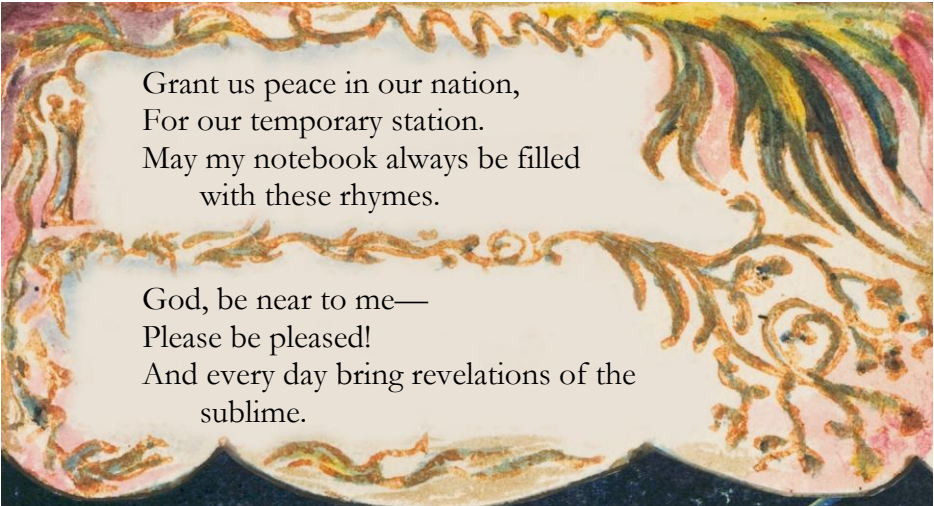
Thirty years more, maybe,  
Will the sun still enflame me?  
Or will ice in my heart leave my  
body bone-dry?

Between now and forever  
Is only a short September—  
May I see the most while I have the  
light in my eyes;

And love the way I should—  
Only being good—  
Not causing any other heart to ever cry.

Purity is best for me.  
Let me see a world of green.  
Banish sleep from my eyes for  
the time flies by.

I pray for length of days  
For me and my kids to play;  
Eat and drink with my wife always  
in the countryside.



Grant us peace in our nation,  
For our temporary station.  
May my notebook always be filled  
with these rhymes.

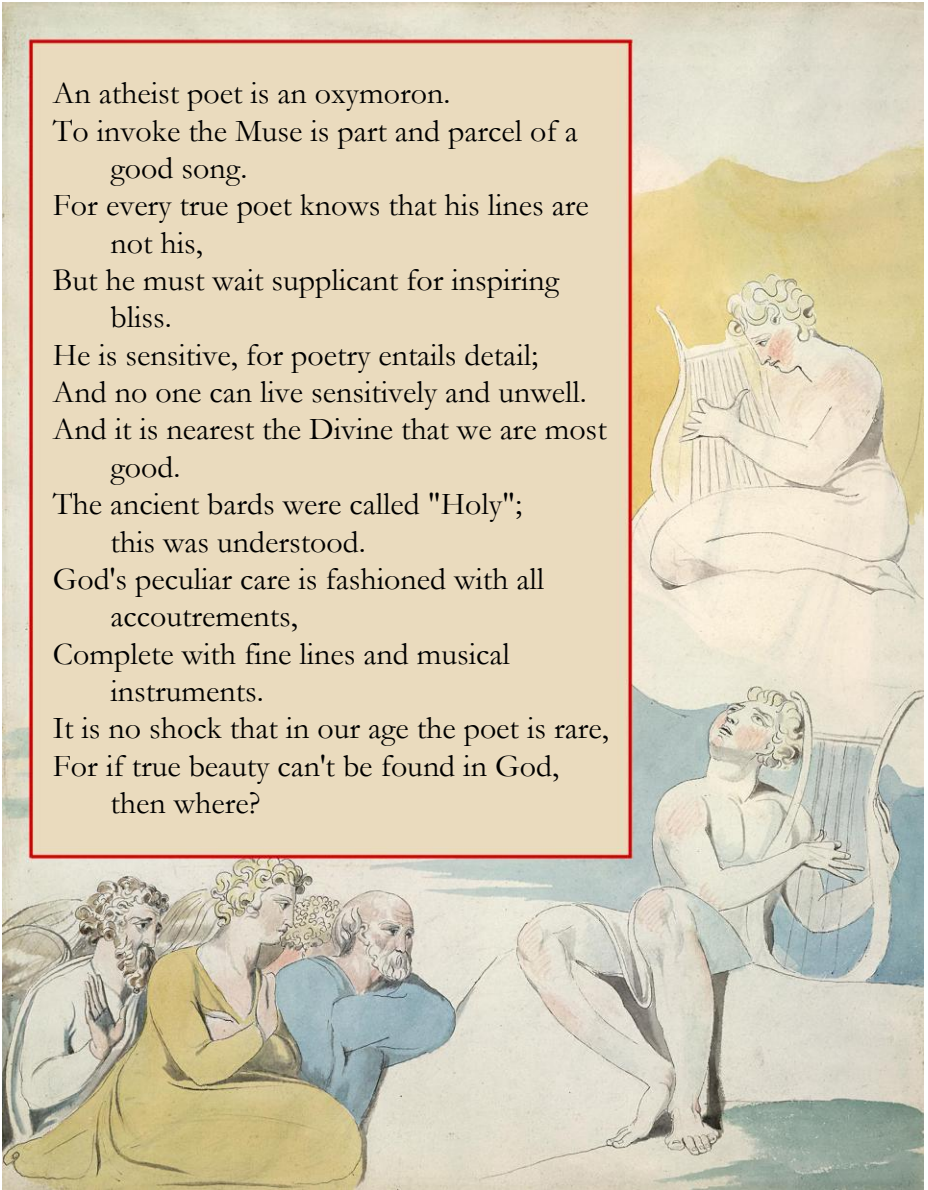
God, be near to me—  
Please be pleased!  
And every day bring revelations of the  
sublime.





# ATHEIST POET

An atheist poet is an oxymoron.  
To invoke the Muse is part and parcel of a  
good song.  
For every true poet knows that his lines are  
not his,  
But he must wait supplicant for inspiring  
bliss.  
He is sensitive, for poetry entails detail;  
And no one can live sensitively and unwell.  
And it is nearest the Divine that we are most  
good.  
The ancient bards were called "Holy";  
this was understood.  
God's peculiar care is fashioned with all  
accoutrements,  
Complete with fine lines and musical  
instruments.  
It is no shock that in our age the poet is rare,  
For if true beauty can't be found in God,  
then where?



# 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.

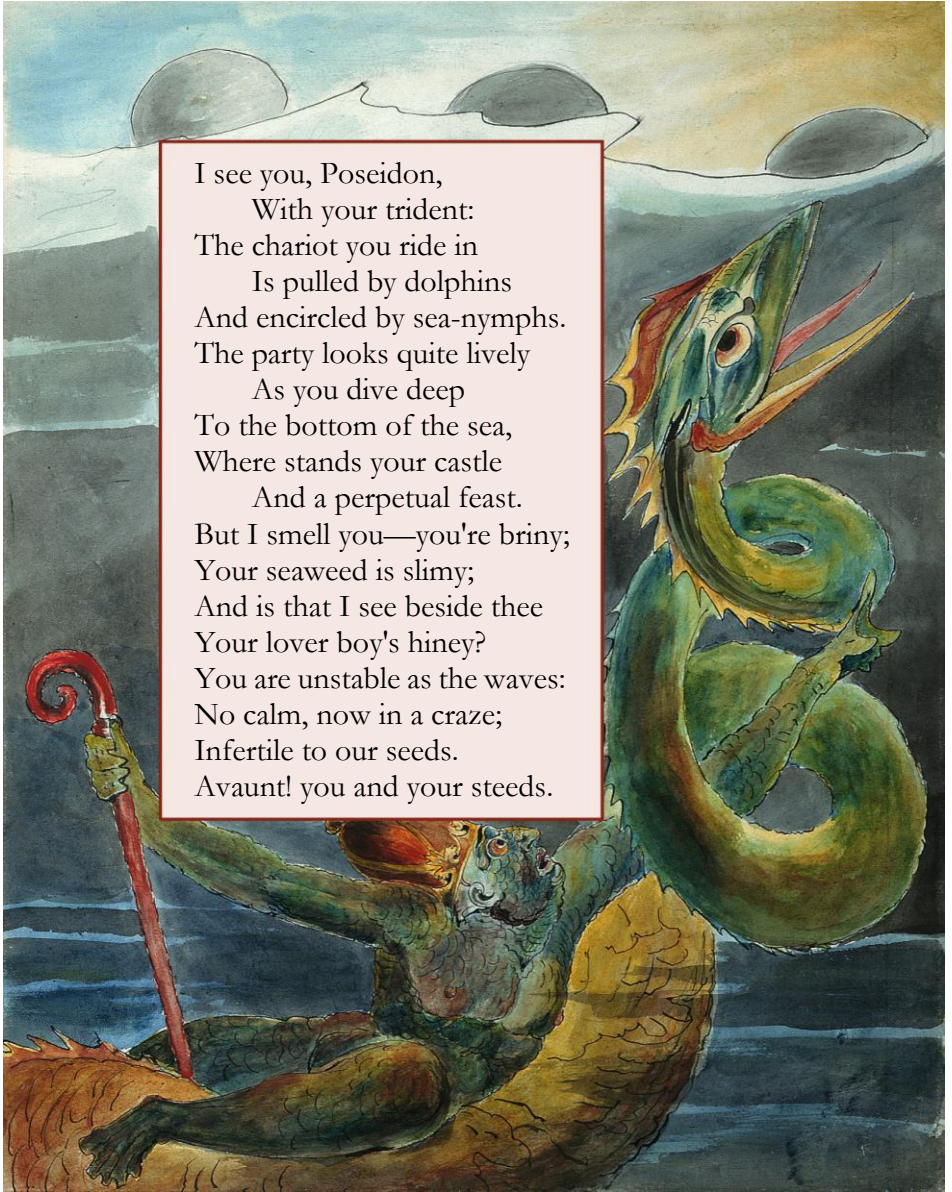


"Tricks and treachery are the practice of fools,  
that don't have brains enough to be honest."

—Benjamin Franklin

# POSEIDON

I see you, Poseidon,  
With your trident:  
The chariot you ride in  
Is pulled by dolphins  
And encircled by sea-nymphs.  
The party looks quite lively  
As you dive deep  
To the bottom of the sea,  
Where stands your castle  
And a perpetual feast.  
But I smell you—you're briny;  
Your seaweed is slimy;  
And is that I see beside thee  
Your lover boy's hiney?  
You are unstable as the waves:  
No calm, now in a craze;  
Infertile to our seeds.  
Avaunt! you and your steeds.





RAMÓN  
LULL

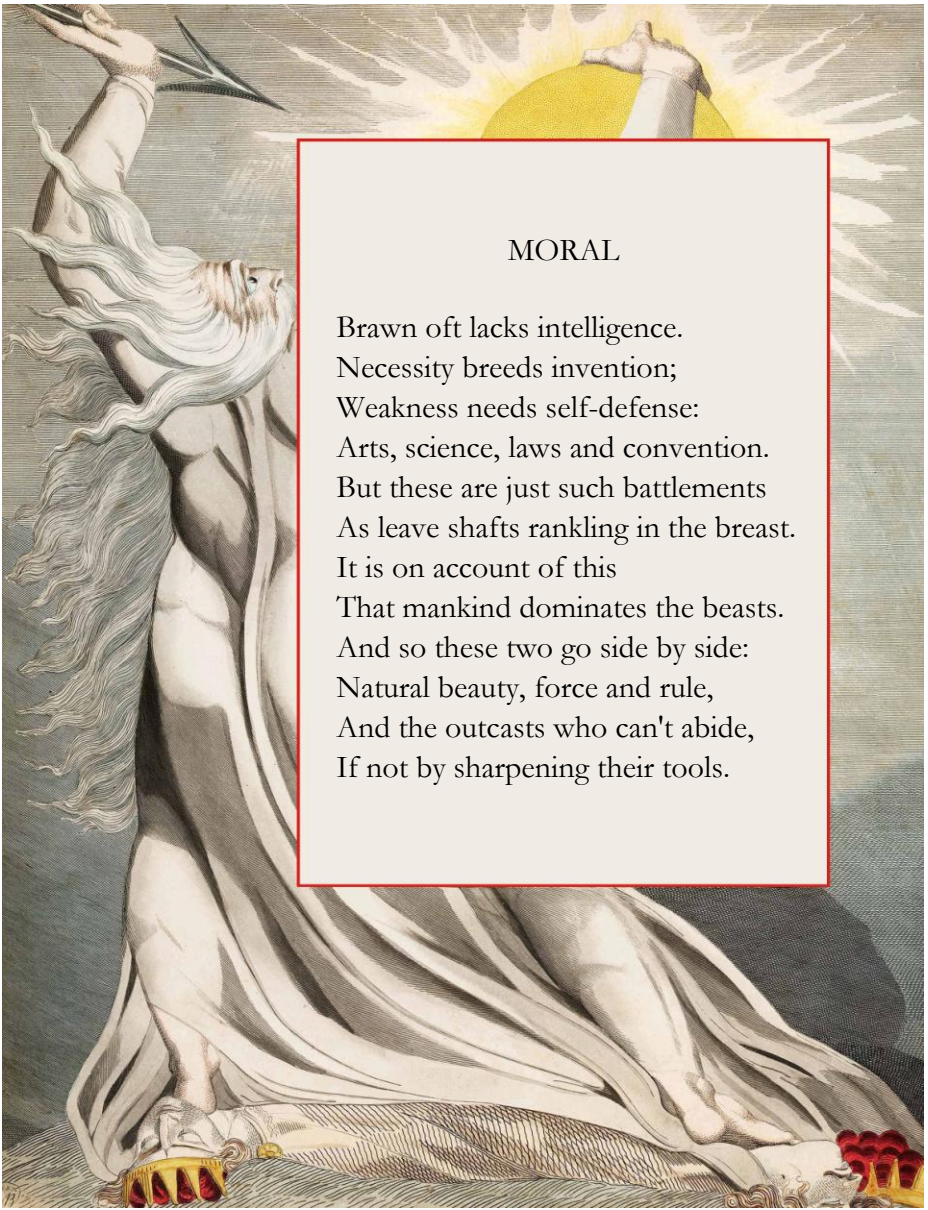
Ramón Lull  
Knew how a girl to pull;  
In the old days when Spain  
Was still under the Pope's rule.  
But some one señorita  
Made him a raging bull.  
Next to her all were dull;  
She had her home in his skull.  
But she was a wedded wife  
With a lively family life  
And knew nothing of Ramón's  
Continual inner strife.  
"May the best man win!  
Fie! on manmade tradition.  
Love is a greater law  
Than anyone has given."  
So resolved the young hidalgo  
Who soon made his love known;  
And with every declination  
He pursued her more and more;  
Till she was his, all alone,  
Begging the question, "Why,  
Ruín my life?" And with a sigh  
He replies, "You've ruined mine".  
She unbosoms her silk blouse  
At the desperate man's answer,  
And he finds her young breasts  
Eaten away with cancer.  
So shocked! he staggered back,  
Far back, to the monastery,  
And swore his life to theology  
And to never marry.



# PROMETHEUS TO ZEUS

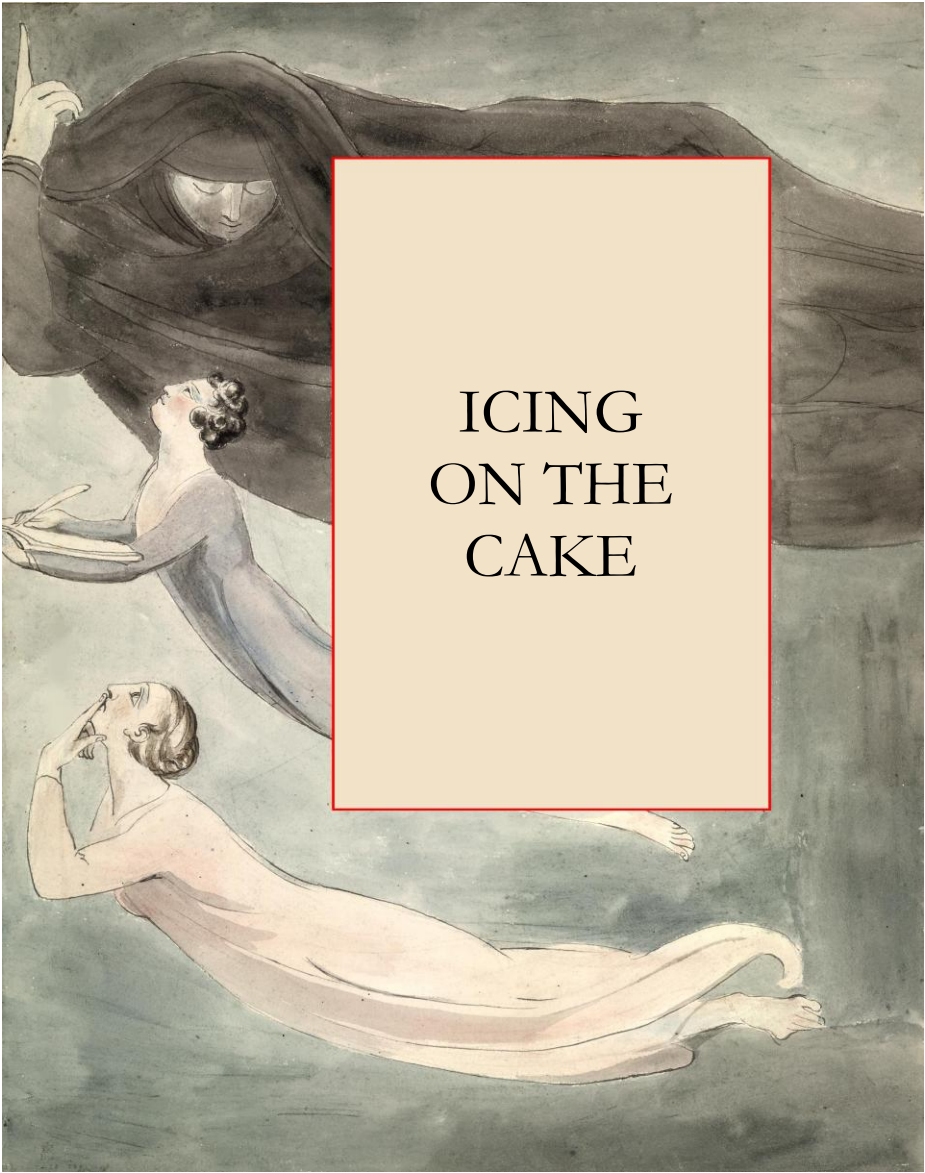


You are the boss;  
You hold it down,  
Exuding your energy.  
Let all toss  
Down their crowns  
For Zeus the Almighty.  
None could ever contradict you—  
So you stole Europe away,  
And turned IO to a heifer  
And left her that way to stay!  
Such insolence reeks of the menace—  
Tho I know you're 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*.



## MORAL

Brawn oft lacks intelligence.  
Necessity breeds invention;  
Weakness needs self-defense:  
Arts, science, laws and convention.  
But these are just such battlements  
As leave shafts rankling in the breast.  
It is on account of this  
That mankind dominates the beasts.  
And so these two go side by side:  
Natural beauty, force and rule,  
And the outcasts who can't abide,  
If not by sharpening their tools.



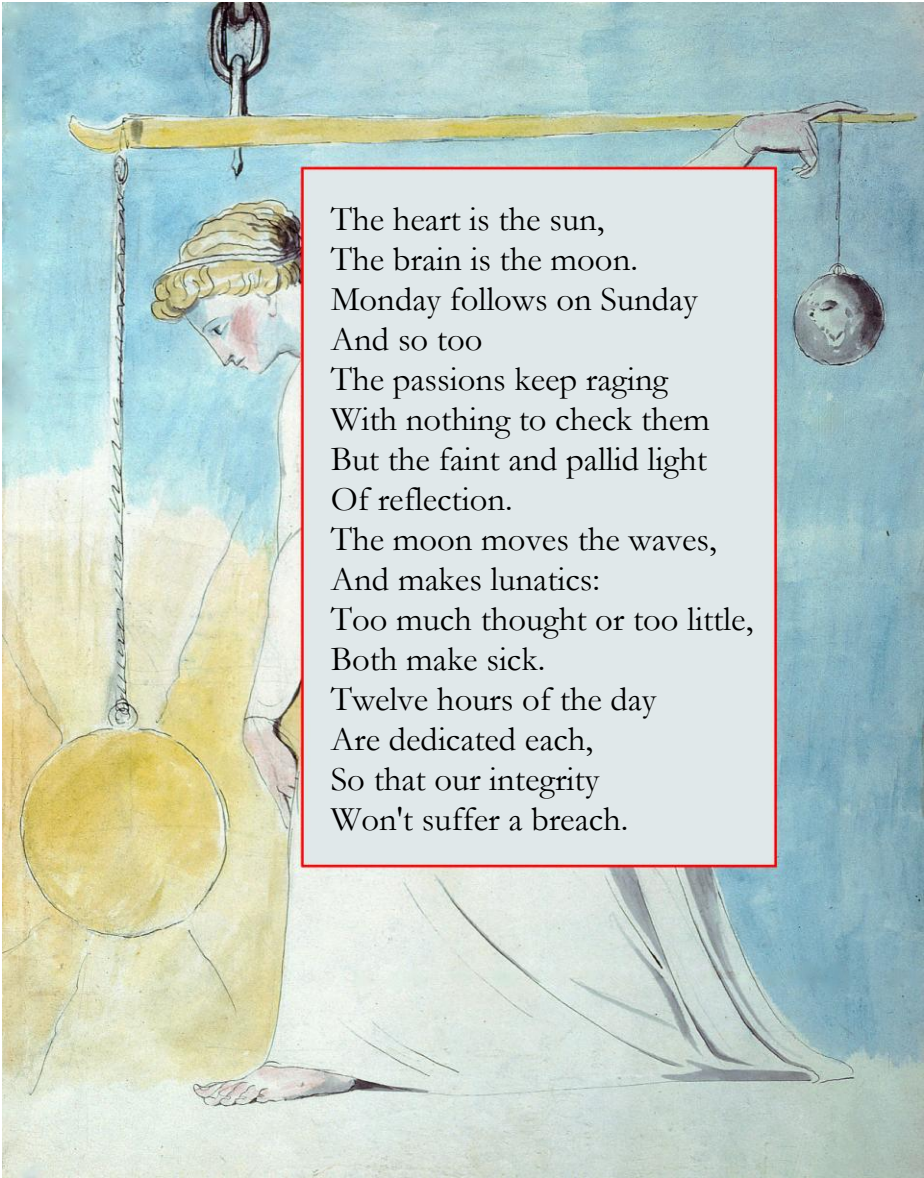
ICING  
ON THE  
CAKE



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 putting off 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 heart is the sun,  
The brain is the moon.  
Monday follows on Sunday  
And so too  
The passions keep raging  
With nothing to check them  
But the faint and pallid light  
Of reflection.  
The moon moves the waves,  
And makes lunatics:  
Too much thought or too little,  
Both make sick.  
Twelve hours of the day  
Are dedicated each,  
So that our integrity  
Won't suffer a breach.

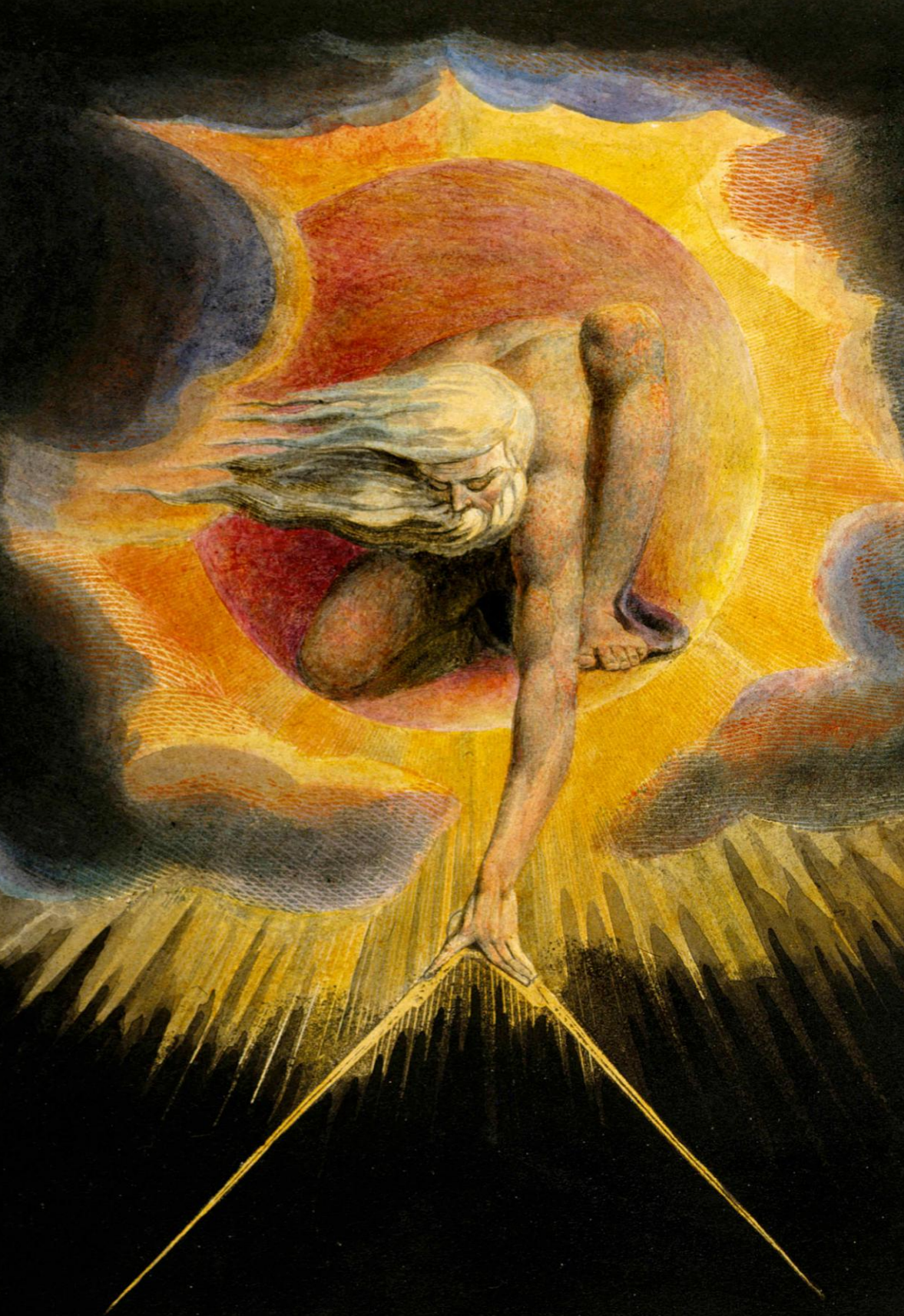


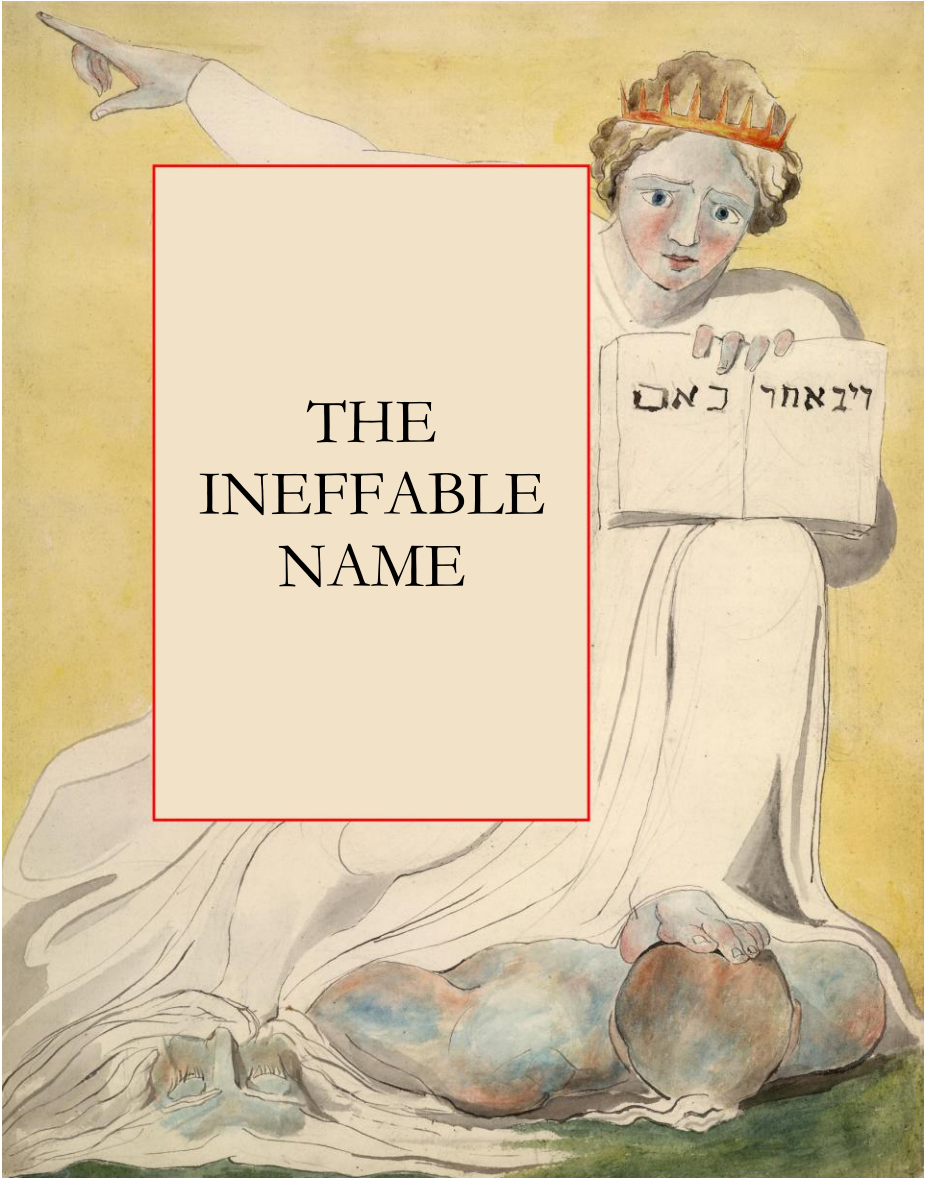
# THE UNMOVED MOVER



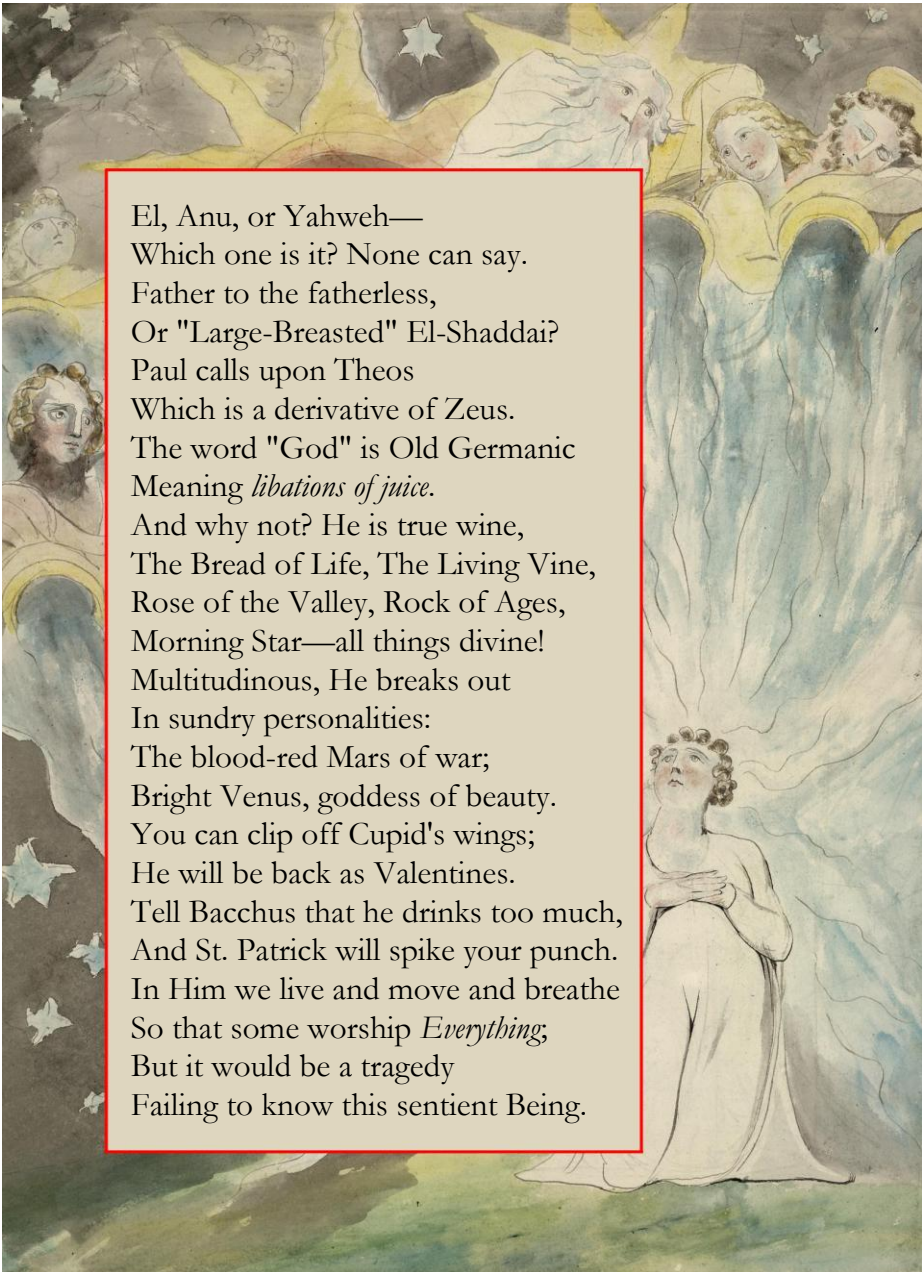
The definition of *Good*  
is to be good at something.  
In other words,  
something must come before nothing.  
Because *negative* is simply deficit of what is:  
It does not exist  
except for some point of reference.  
All of Space and Time  
must be preceded by Matter;  
For what is *Space between objects*  
or *Time-Travel*  
Without objects,  
the distances of which to measure?  
And can nothing produce ex-nihilo  
at pleasure?  
The good is what is,  
and what always has been,  
Going hand in hand with a good creation.  
Why glorify darkness?  
Next to the light it's over.  
It all fades or goes back  
to The Unmoved Mover.



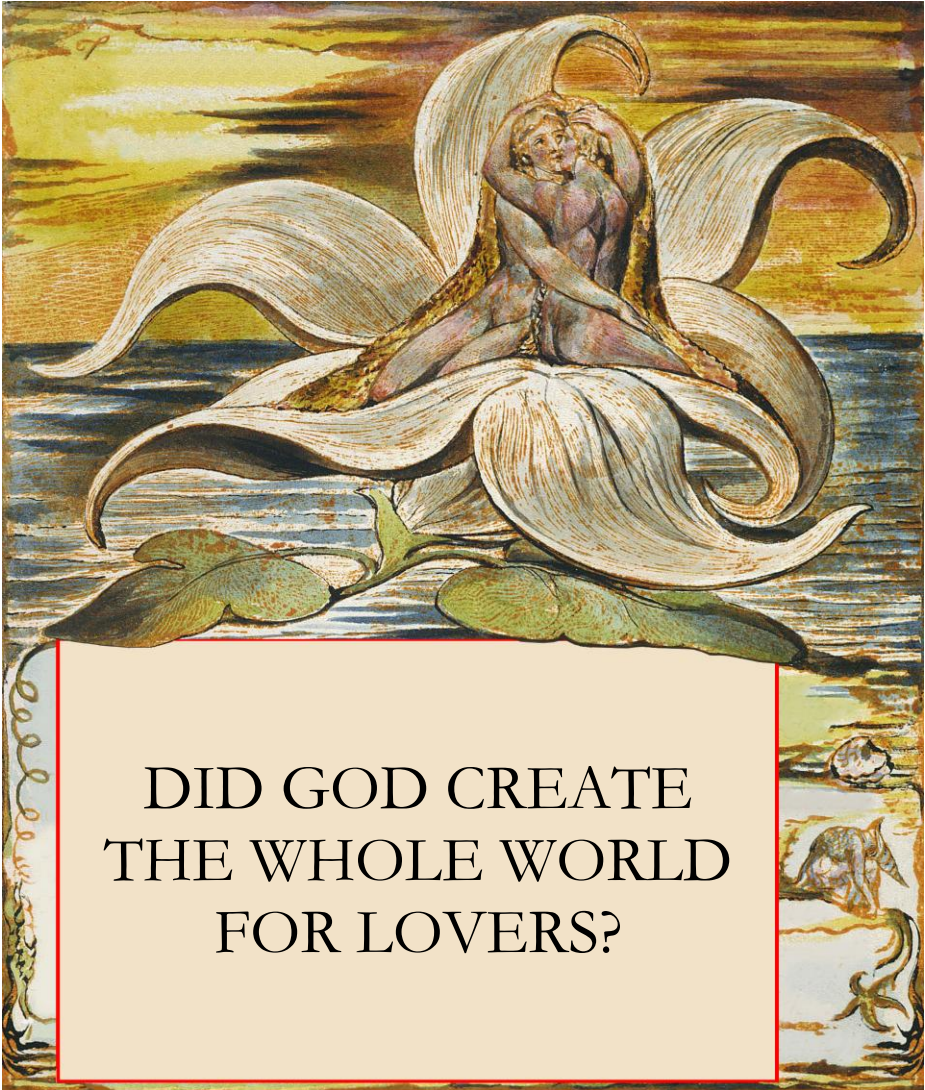




THE  
INEFFABLE  
NAME

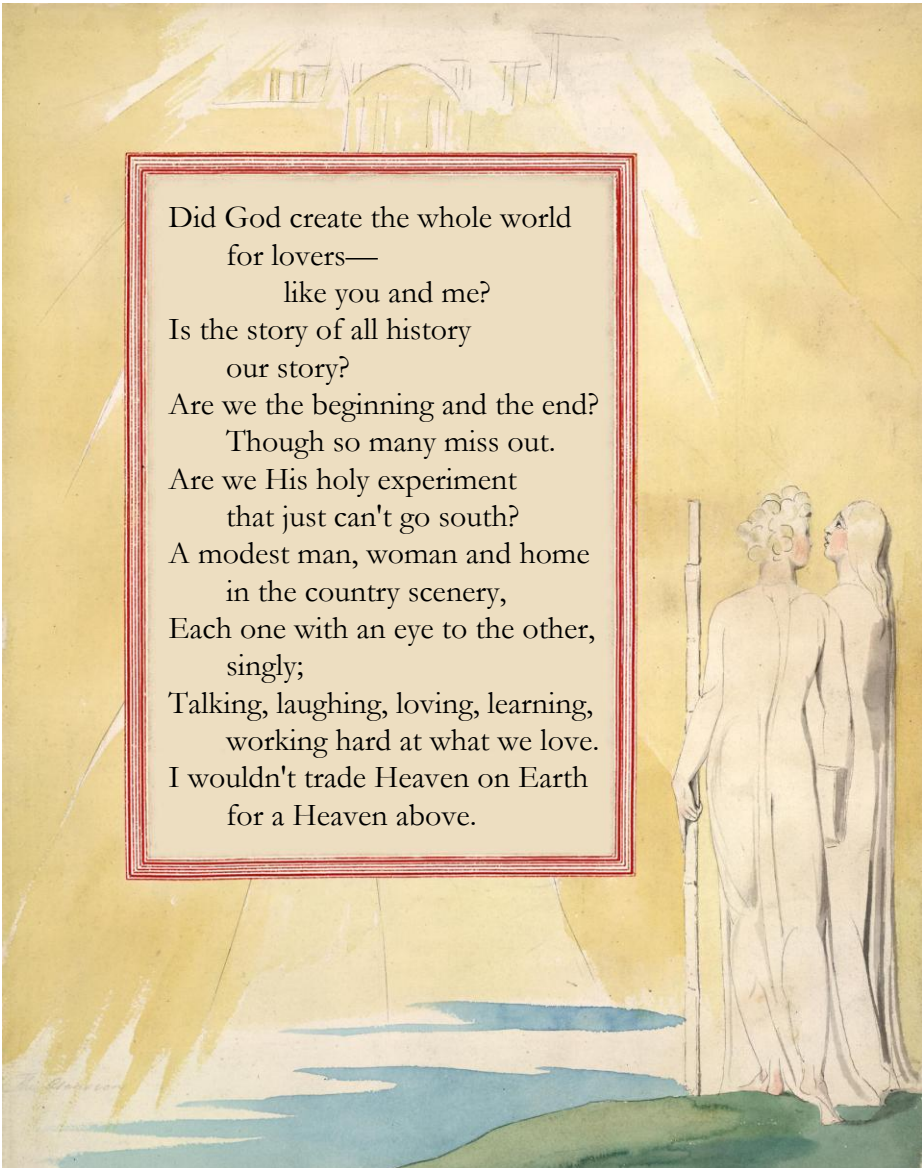


El, Anu, or Yahweh—  
Which one is it? None can say.  
Father to the fatherless,  
Or "Large-Breasted" El-Shaddai?  
Paul calls upon Theos  
Which is a derivative of Zeus.  
The word "God" is Old Germanic  
Meaning *libations of juice*.  
And why not? He is true wine,  
The Bread of Life, The Living Vine,  
Rose of the Valley, Rock of Ages,  
Morning Star—all things divine!  
Multitudinous, He breaks out  
In sundry personalities:  
The blood-red Mars of war;  
Bright Venus, goddess of beauty.  
You can clip off Cupid's wings;  
He will be back as Valentines.  
Tell Bacchus that he drinks too much,  
And St. Patrick will spike your punch.  
In Him we live and move and breathe  
So that some worship *Everything*;  
But it would be a tragedy  
Failing to know this sentient Being.



DID GOD CREATE  
THE WHOLE WORLD  
FOR LOVERS?



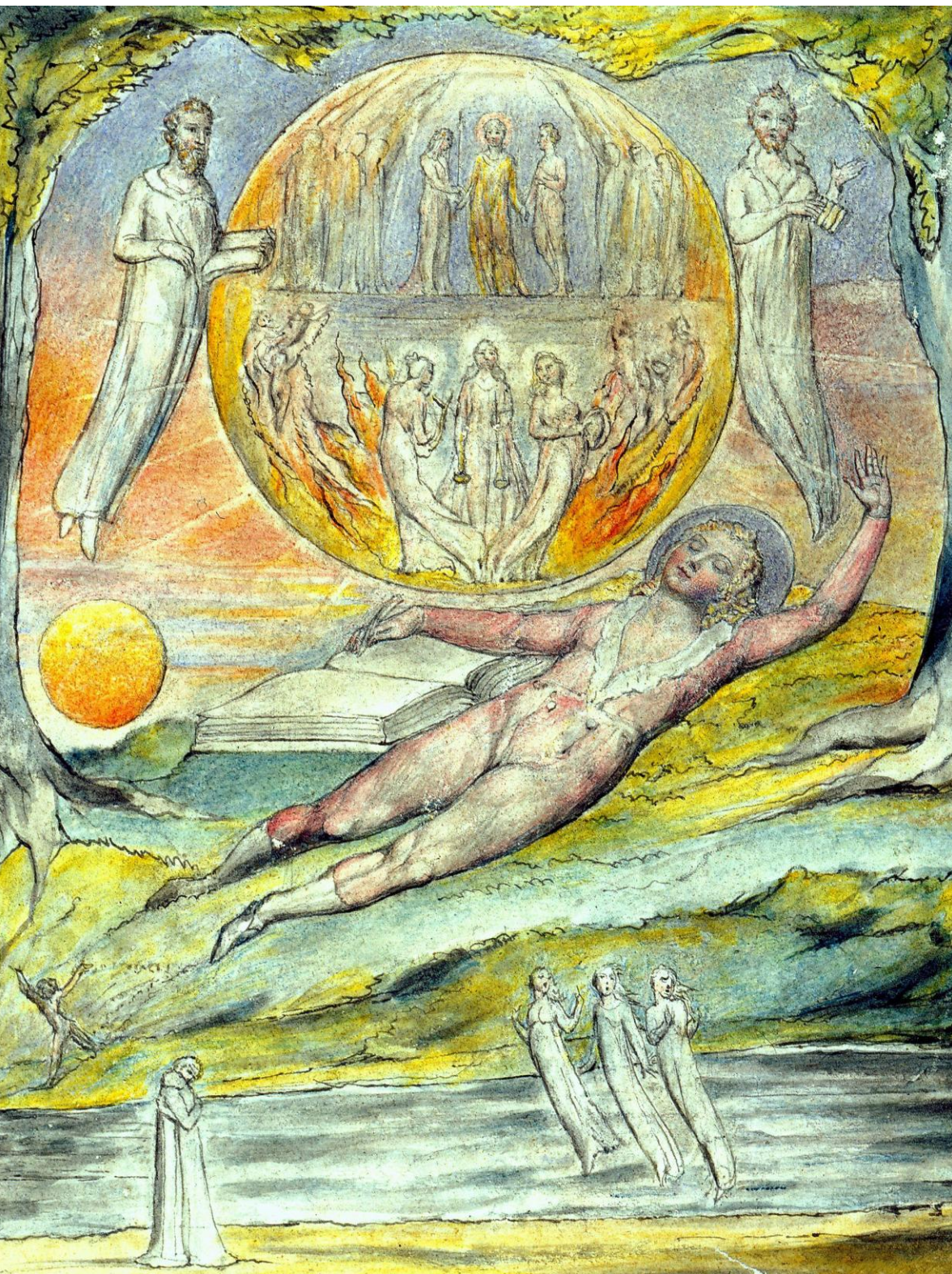


Did God create the whole world  
for lovers—  
like you and me?  
Is the story of all history  
our story?  
Are we the beginning and the end?  
Though so many miss out.  
Are we His holy experiment  
that just can't go south?  
A modest man, woman and home  
in the country scenery,  
Each one with an eye to the other,  
singly;  
Talking, laughing, loving, learning,  
working hard at what we love.  
I wouldn't trade Heaven on Earth  
for a Heaven above.

# 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

END OF SAMPLE